

# THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

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## C O N T E N T S

				Page.
My Lady Goes Walking	...	...	by I. A. B.	1
Water Worries on the Wollangambi	...	...	by Edna Garrad	3
Rock Climbing in the City	...	...	by Lyrebird	5
Technique of Hill Climbing	...	...	by Marie B. Byles	8
Some Aspects of Our Military Value	...	...	by Ubi	9
Services Committee	...	...	...	10
Conservation	...	...	by Abores Australia	11
Federation Notes	...	...	...	12
Scorpio	...	...	by Canopus	13
Muskell and Dawn	...	...	by L. Greenacre	13
What do you think?	...	...	...	14
Glowworm Gleams Again	...	...	? ? ?	15
Wagging Tongues	...	...	...	15
Our Own Meeting	...	...	...	16
A word from the Librarian	...	...	...	16
The Voice of the Social Committee	...	...	...	17
Goodman Bros. Photo Supplies Advt.	...	...	...	17
Paddy's Advertisement	...	...	...	18

MY LADY GOES WALKING

by I. A.B.

My lady has a personality  
Especially when she goes walking  
And it changes from walk to walk and from season to season  
It partly depends on the clothes she wears  
But it also depends on her moods and her movements  
I am not thinking of the personality which she reveals when  
she speaks - that is different, something in which I  
am not interested at the moment. I am only interested in  
her personality at the distance.

Maybe it is early morning in the cool and she is wearing dark blue shorts and a scarlet jumper. Her movements are light and brisk as she swings from one side of the track to the other, leaping the fallen timber and dancing along. She fairly races at the foot of the hills and goes straight up them and over with the effortless ease of a rosella swinging in its flight. Her hair is hanging free with little bits of bark still in it and the sunlight is shining on it.

Maybe it is midday in the summertime and the way is uphill. She is wearing a very brief pair of khaki shorts, a khaki shirt, a pair of shoes and sox, a battered straw hat with a drooping feather and nought else that I can observe except a monstrous heavy pack - if she might be said to be wearing it. All the colours are the same and they are the same as those of the rocks and the ground and the tree trunks and of everything else on which the harsh yellow sun is shining. Her movements are slow and laboured and the sweat is running from her in little trickles. She merges into the landscape which is perhaps just as well.

Maybe she is wearing wine coloured shorts and a grey shirt and steps along quietly with grace and dignity her blue rag hat flopping easily. If the grade is steep she will rest by a rock and fan herself with her blue floppy hat. Then she will move on slowly with her hands under her pack straps.

Or maybe she is climbing the mountain vertically with lilli-pilli in her hair, the berries brushing her brow as she looks down into the chasm below.

Or maybe she is striding along with a relentless vigour and set purpose accelerating slightly on the hills or as the heat increases or the journey lengthens

Or maybe she pads along barefoot with the quietness and constancy and tirelessness of a small bush animal

Maybe she is wearing long full slacks her legs like beautiful tree trunks, moving easily and languorously in the cool creek tracks or in the early morning, but becoming slow and laboured on the uphill grades

Maybe she is wearing jodhpurs (especially if she comes from Melbourne). She may as well be wearing long sleeves and a big hat and boots too. Anyway the effect is to widen her beautiful form unduly in some parts and narrow it unnaturally in others. Her gait is gawky as if she had just alighted from a horse which she had ridden for the first time. She has achieved the height of non-seductiveness.

As I said before my lady has a personality when she goes walking  
Sometimes bright and colourful like a mountain parrot.  
Sometimes dun and quiet like a heron  
And it is fortunate that it changes from time to time.

WATER WORRIES ON THE WOLLANGAMBE

by Edna Garrad.

It was one of those trips where everything is prefixed by "if only". If only the train had not been an hour late, the service car driver would not have had to leave us at Mount Wilson for an hour whilst he did another job and we would have arrived at Mount Irvine for a normal lunch, instead of having it at about 3.45pm. This meant that instead of arriving at our intended first night camp site we had to carry water so that we might camp as soon as night came.

We did not know anyone who had made a trip into the Wollangambe area and the local opinion seemed to be that we would not be successful. However our leader, Dorothy Lawry, picked out a likely-looking side creek on the map and we planned to climb down it to the Wollangambe Creek, follow down and camp at the junction of Bowens Creek, leave packs there and do a quick trip down to the Colo and back, then if possible to return via the ridge that rose between Bowens and Wollangambe and back along the ridges to Mt. Irvine.

We reached our intended first night camp site at about 10 a.m. the following morning and as there was some doubt regarding the possibility of obtaining water on the ridges, we collected a couple of bags to take with us for the rest of the day. From Tesselate Hill we crossed a saddle and on the far side were confronted with the alternative of working either to the right or the left as the ridge was not negotiable. Unfortunately we went to the right and had a terrific time with lawyer vines and every known obstacle. (Imagine this with water bags!) At lunch time we found that we had gone beyond our main ridge and had to climb the spur and retrace some of our way. We had most impressive views of Wollangambe and Bowens Creeks and judging by the cliffs that line them both we realised that we were not to have an easy time. We camped at a point on the ridge above the gully we hoped to negotiate the following morning and then had a minor tragedy. One of the party tripped and spilt a bag of water! The other bag had sprung a leak and this left us with a billy about two thirds full. However we made do for the night and the following morning at crack of dawn I arose and went looking for water for breakfast. After climbing down through about four rows of cliffs I found a small pool and staggered back with the two bags (one leaking abominably). However it was clear that we could at least negotiate a good distance down the creek and we set forth in high hopes.

There was very little water, just an occasional pool and we made good progress for quite a time. However we were then confronted with a very deep drop (which in normal times is probably a lovely fall) and it was clear that we must leave the bed of the creek. By this time the cliffs on the far side were in sight and we felt that we must reach the Wollangambe after having got so near. We climbed out to the left and were fortunate in finding a reasonably simple way down.

Wollangambe Creek is delightful. Lots of water rushes between large boulders, sparkles over rapids and then lies in deep pools reflecting the high imposing cliffs. We had a swim and began rock hopping. It is a mile an hour country, and the trip altogether might be described as a five day test walk! The following morning we arrived at the junction of Bowens Creek, where

we camped in a most delightful cave, situated about twenty feet above water level and with a soft sandstone floor and high roof. It was here decided that rather than go on to the Colo we would attack the ridge and see if there was any chance of our climbing it the following day. We had no difficulty for some hundreds of feet and then came to a corner where there were good hand and foot holds but it was necessary for your body to hang out in space in a somewhat awkward manner. To express it mildly Grace did not care for the look of this manoeuvre and as by this time it was getting dark it was decided to turn back and risk the balance of the climb the following day.

It was much harder work next morning with packs, and Dorothy's pack was so heavy that each time it had to be lifted up a chimney or ledge, it had to be partly unpacked - gunny sacks and tent removed - and this of necessity made for slow going. Uttering encouraging words to my companions I dashed ahead in energetic fashion and again and again had to leave them perched on a narrow ledge whilst I went ahead and found negotiable ways up. I found later that they did not appreciate these waits. Grace sang every song she knew to keep her spirits up and as Dorothy looked down to the water some hundreds of feet below, her only comfort was that as we had no ropes (and therefore were not mountaineering) her personal accident policy would operate if the worst befell her. She also tried to imagine the discomfort of any coroner who might have to come out and view the scene of the accident!

When we came to the awkward corner previously referred to both girls refused point blank to go around it. I was absolutely determined at this stage that we would get up (actually it gave me the horrors to think of climbing down with the packs again) and after some difficulty found another way up. We did all kinds of unorthodox things and any experienced rock climber would have been horrified, but we got there! And was it worthwhile!

I have seldom seen such a grand and impressive view and it ranks very close to Kanangara in my estimation. The top of the ridge for some distance is not more than 20 feet and it sweeps back somewhat like the prow of a ship. The creeks come together through the high cliff walls and then go out through another gorge to join the Colo. Needless to say we had not carried water up the ridge and we continued on until we reached the camp site above the creek we had climbed down. This was about 2.30 and we had not bothered about lunch.

Grace nobly offered to go down the gulley and get water, and Dorothy arranged to have a rest and meet her half way up and help with the water bags. In due course they set forth and I occupied myself making an arrow in stone to indicate to future parties where to turn off for water, etc. Dorothy returned about an hour after leaving camp but without Grace. Despite continual calling, and taking different routes going and coming she had missed her but naturally expected to find her in camp. Somewhat perturbed we set forth with torches, first aid kit, and billies to get water. We called continually and could not understand why we received no reply.

My imagination worked overtime and I had most dreadful mental pictures of what might have happened to her. We went down to where I had got water and then further down the creek, but saw no sign of Grace.

Returning to camp we persuaded ourselves that we were following her footprints, but this was a barren hope.

It was now dark and as a last resort Dorothy decided to go out on the ridge in the direction of Mt. Irvine and call from there. To our great delight we had a reply - from way across the valley some miles away.

It seems that Grace had missed her way going down, and rather than waste time had decided to come back to camp and get instructions from us. However she was then unable to find the way back through the cliffs (probably by this time most abominably tired after the morning climb) and she worked her way further and further to the right until she lost her sense of direction. When she at last heard Dorothy's voice she had got back to the top of the ridge, recognised certain features and realised where we were but without a torch decided that it would be futile to try and reach us and was resigned to curling up where she was for the night (Still poor soul without water).

It was a very happy reunion when Dorothy and she got back into camp and three hungry women put away an enormous tea (which included a pan full of meat fritters each) before turning in to a well deserved rest.

Next day we got back to Mount Irvine. It was a strenuous trip but most satisfying and we heartily recommend this country to our fellow walkers.

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### ROCK CLIMBING IN THE CITY

by "LYREBIRD".

My friend Bill and I had not been in the bush for a long time. We work at ----- making ----- for -----, which you can see is a pretty important war time job and we felt we must have a break. At last we managed to get a weekend off, both of us. We wanted to do something strenuous and thought of a few rock faces we knew on King George, so we hopped up to the railway to catch the 1.30 train for the mountains.

"Sorry", said the chap at the booking office, "no travelling unless on a war time work."

My friend Bill and I looked at each other. We had been so busy making ----- for ----- that we weren't up in these matters and didn't

know of the big change over. We got the same answer everywhere and at last it dawned on us that the only place we could go was round the harbour on Showboat or on a run to the zoo.

My friend Bill wouldn't agree to either of these, he was determined to do some climbing. "I've an idea," he said, "we'll stay right here, camp in the city and tomorrow we'll climb the harbour bridge."

"Now don't be a fool Bill, we'll never get away with a thing like that, the police would be on to us in half a second," I replied.

"Can't you take a risk? We'll fix them without any trouble."

After a fair amount of persuasion, I agreed. It was just about dark now and fairly cold so we thought it best to find a place to put up the tent. We had no idea that plain earth was so difficult to find in the city; everywhere we looked there was either asphalt spread over it, or a big pile of bricks holding offices and things. It wasn't any use going to any of the parks, there were too many people about in spite of the cold night. At last we managed to find a bit of bare earth and we soon had the tent up. Our biggest problem was water and firewood, but my friend Bill is fairly resourceful. There had been rain a few days before and he hunted round till he found a pool in a gutter. There were no tadpoles in it of course, but we thought we'd take a risk of its being pure, so Bill soaked it up with his handkerchief and squeezed it into the billy. We'd raided a few "BE TIDY" tins and with Bill's old straw hat, we soon had a fire going and the billy boiling. As we didn't want to burn the whole of Bill's hat we went to bed early and slept well.

Next morning we were wakened by some bird singing. A night-watchman on his way home, probably. We packed quickly, had breakfast with cold tea and set off for the bridge.

Of course we could have climbed from right underneath up on the iron railings but my friend Bill wanted to do rock-climbing and we decided to try the pylon. We looked coldly at the policeman as we pretended to admire the bridge (really sizing up the situation) but decided to leave our packs in his charge -- without asking, naturally. When his back was turned, taking only our coil of rope and some chocolates and raisins in case we were hungry on the way up, we made a dash for the chimney on the eastern side and with my friend Bill leading, the ascent began.

Footholds and landholds on trimmed granite are not very big, but we've had a fair amount of experience and were not at all nervous.

When we were about half way up we heard a short but didn't like to look down as we had as much as we could do to hang on. Once my friend Bill's foot slipped and he slid down two blocks of granite but then he got a good grip and managed to pull himself up again. We kept plugging on steadily until we reached the level of the little windows in the side and decided to switch over from here to the underneath of the roadway. It was rather

a ticklish job getting ourselves round the corner but Bill has double jointed knees and ankles and it's wonderful the things he can do. Once we were round the corner we found there was nothing else for it, we'd have to make a leap to get to the nearest steel stanchion. How Bill managed to turn from facing in towards the rock, I don't know, but he did.

By this time we gathered that there must be a fair crowd down below, there seemed to be a lot of noise and the policeman kept shouting quite rudely at us. We took no notice and Bill tensed himself for the leap. Lightly he sprang, giving himself a push off from a good half-inch heel hold. For one awful moment he tottered in mid-air, but making a superhuman effort he jerked himself forward and just made it. He then tied the rope securely to the stanchion and swung the other end back to me. There wasn't much of a place to tie it but right in the middle of one block I was able to tie a double clove hitch and got ready to go hand over hand across to Bill.

First I had a look down below and saw the policeman had multiplied himself to hundreds and crowds of other folk were mixed in. Then I noticed a boat anchored right under us and chaps with hoses as though they were preparing to aim at us. Why, I couldn't understand.

"Well that's pretty cold treatment," I thought, and began to move. When I was only a quarter way over I felt the rope sag ominously and I could tell by the look in Bill's eyes that everything was not quite right.

Suddenly the knot I had tied gave way and with a sickening jerk, I dropped, but at that very second I was struck by an all powerful jet of water from the water-police hoses, which lifted me high into the air. Then the chap who was pumping must have stopped for the jet dropped half its height, and we with it. But there was someone with brains down below and the next minute up I went again and landed as lightly as a wet feather right beside Bill.

"Look up", said my friend Bill, and there above me I saw hundreds more policemen looking down on us with such queer expressions on their faces.

"I guess we can't go any further", murmured Bill, "but after that I feel fine".

We had a bit of chocolate and began to climb up to the road way. On the way up and when we got there the police had a lot to say and we let them run on for a while but then my friend Bill explained the situation; that we worked -----, making ----- for -----, so that mollified them a lot, and we gave them some of our chocolate and raisins which they thought was very kind of us and they handed over our packs and we parted friends.

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## THE TECHNIQUE OF HILL CLIMBING

by Marie B. Byles.

Tourists in Switzerland have often remarked how extremely slowly the professional guide will start up hill. The young amateur will rush scornfully past him, but in the end it is the professional who reaches the top first, not the young enthusiast despite the advantage of youth on his side.

Why? Because the professional understands the importance of rhythm in the technique of hill-climbing, an importance which is recognized by all Himalayan climbers who have to preserve every atom of energy. There can be rhythm only if the pace is so slow that it can be kept up for a long time without breaking the rhythm by rests.

This is the technique of hill-climbing, a technique which few bushwalkers learn because we have not very long climbs to negotiate, but in reality it is just as important here as in Switzerland. Bushwalkers tend to think that frequent rests make the climb easy for the beginner, when exactly the opposite is the case, for when you rest you break the rhythm, put a strain on the heart and lungs when you re-start, and in the end you probably do not reach the top as soon as you otherwise might.

It should be possible for the normal person to climb 1000 feet or more without resting, and if he cannot do this, it shows that the pace is too quick and should be moderated. Young people can go more quickly than older ones, and usually men more quickly than women. There is no reason why everyone (except the leader) should not take the pace that suits him, and test of what does suit him, is whether he can climb 1000 feet without resting, without breathlessness and without any strain, or whether he could, if required, carry on a conversation while climbing, - not that the last is recommended. As for the leader, it should be his duty to moderate his own pace to that of the slowest in the party; otherwise there will be a tendency for the slow one to strain himself, especially if he is a beginner and does not want to be considered a weakling.

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SOME ASPECTS OF OUR MILITARY VALUE

bu "Uhi".

Now that a military organisation has seen fit to use members of our Club to further their (i.e. the organisation's) interests it is opportune to point out the number of members we possess who have a definite military value if only that of confusing the enemy who may be following them. Many there are who by nature or art or lack of one or the other or both are equipped on belligerent lines.

I have noticed the military correspondents are as adept at equivocal statements as astrologers, turf guides and such-like. One reads for example - "The Battle of the Arafur Sea would appear to suggest that aircraft-carriers are no match for armed sampans in choppy water. One cannot, however, be too dogmatic as the sampans were only 190 miles off shore and therefore in water well known to their owners and also took the carriers by surprise by throwing butterfly-nets over the planes as they attempted to rise. It remains to be seen, however, whether an adequate reply can be made to armed sampans which travel equally as well (with the tide) under water and without a crew. One should treat with reserve the results as several new factors emerged notably.. ..". If, therefore some of my statements are present indicative readers will know that as a military expert I am the veriest type and most likely would, if unmolested, attempt a bare-faced prophecy and so ruin my infant career.

All of the warlike types in evidence may not be equally useful, may even be of little value; but it must be understood at the outset that in wartime everyone must do a job even if it is only nullifying the work of ten others.

Time Bomb Bushwalkers appear quite inoffensive when they arrive at a pleasant camp-site at night and one is inclined in consequence to treat them as harmless. But at about four in the morning they reliably jump out of bed in the pitch dark and threaten to "go off" in twenty minutes. Utter consternation follows as erstwhile wardens are wakened, tents collapsed into breakfasts and breakfasts postponed until lunch when a shorter repeat performance ensues. This type may be extinguished by being completely smothered in dry sand.

To disclose the strategic positions of other walkers is the task of the "Tracers". This is done by reconnaissance, remote patrol or the employment of secret agents and as a result two and two are often put together. Places quiet but within very short walking distance are considered by "Tracers" to be good Operational Stations for night and daylight sweeps. This category being always female, can be coerced into harmlessness only by being given the slip - or at least the equivalent in coupons.

A most insidious variety newly arrived with the approach of Winter in the Anti-personnel Bushwalker. The "Anti-personnel's" first day on the track appears unexceptionable but it is noticed that he does not go near water

but to drink. Each succeeding day is the same until the evidence is overwhelming and even his best friends begin to wonder. Attack from leeward and steadily reduce with water.

Our fourth sample is the High Velocity Walker. This specimen is generally husky, lusty and male and can speed from, say, Katoomba to Kanangra River non-stop crushing everything before it with tank-like certainty. However, he never stops walking until night when he is completely exhausted and is, therefore, unfortunately "not dangerous".

"UBI".

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"READ, MARK, LEARN AND INWARDLY DIGEST :: "

All the "Digests", "Penguins", "Bulletins", "Man" or other Magazines, Periodicals, etc., you may have - then hand them to -

THE BUSHWALKERS' SERVICES COMMITTEE

to send to the boys in camps where reading matter is scarce.

Joan Savage, Grace Jolly, "Tuggie", "Dunk" or Maurie Berry will be only too glad to relieve you of that big parcel of magazines when you bring it into the Clubroom!

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If it is not convenient to bring the magazines to the Clubroom, they may be dropped into "Paddy's", addressed to

THE SERVICES COMMITTEE.

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## CONSERVATION

### (II) How Bush Fires Destroy our Timber Resources.

by Abores Australis.

We all know that bushfires destroy our forests because we have always been told that they do. But have we ever bothered to stop and ask why? After all, gum trees are remarkably like the cat with nine lives. When they have had every single green leaf burned off them, they promptly start to reclothe themselves; and in a few months they are green again, while two or three years after, only the experienced eye would know they had been through a fire.

Yet from a timber point of view they might just as well not be there. Why?

The reason is partly that the fire destroys the soundness of the timber. But more important is the fact that it encourages the growth of epicormic branches, and every branch means a knot, which destroys the value of the timber and renders it practically useless anyhow for all except the roughest work. The callitris or white pine is an exception to this rule that knots render a timber useless. But this is a soft wood. Most of our timbers are hard woods. But even a soft wood is more valuable without knots. Those lovely little tufts of young shoots, which spring out of the trunk of the tree after the bush fire has passed over, have sealed the doom of the tree from a timber point of view and it would be better not there.

It may be objected that pinus insignis, or common pines used for box making, grow with branches right from their feet. The answer is that the lower branches are carefully cut off by the forester as the tree grows upward. In the centre there is always the remains of the knot where the branch formerly grew, but the outside timber is fresh, clean and free from knots. Also this, too, is a soft wood.

The destruction of the soundness of the timber, and the development of knots are the two things that make bush fires fatal to a forest. The development of a strong young crop of seedlings or "regrowth", is what makes a bush-fire beneficial. Foresters often try burning-off to effect the same result, but somehow man-controlled fires do not seem to have the same effect as the uncontrolled and far fiercer heat of the bush fire. Next time you plunge through a nasty thicket of young gum-trees, so close together your rucksack frame gets stuck in the stems, don't curse, just say "What a magnificent young regrowth; I wonder if it was caused by a bush fire."

However, although the regrowth caused by a bush-fire is welcome to the forester, it is small consolation to have lost thousands of trees which have grown for anything up to a hundred years and get in return young seedlings which have a hundred years leeway to make up. So bush fires remain the nightmare of the forester and keep him chained to his post during the summer months.

(Next month- "How the danger of Forest Fires is lessened").

### FEDERATION NOTES

At the Federation's June meeting a delegate reported that he had learned from a member of the N.S.W. Rod Fisherman's Association that there are certain noxious birds and animals in the Kosciusko Alpine Reserve. Each year cormorants eat many thousands of trout from the streams of this sanctuary and the local residents have an annual cormorant-shooting weekend, at which about a thousand of these birds are destroyed. Foxes and dingoes also cause much damage in the district.

This fisherman said that his Association is very keen on conservation, but believes that if all shooting in the Kosciusko Alpine Reserve were prohibited the cormorants, foxes and dingoes would breed there and prey upon the sheep and wild life of the surrounding areas. However, the fishermen and the bushwalkers are in agreement that tourists should be prohibited from carrying guns in the sanctuary.

Federation decided that a recommendation should be made to the authorities for permits to shoot foxes, dingoes and cormorants to be issued only to local residents who are favourably known to the police, to cattlemen and to people under the control of cattlemen.

. . . . .

The report of the Tracks and Blazes Committee has been held over from publication in this issue as the C.M.W.'s reaction to it proved to be unfavourable. Arrangements have been made for further information to be received by that Club so its members can consider the matter further.

. . . . .

At the Working Bee last May the hut at Maitland Bay was thoroughly cleaned as it had become available for use by the Trustees of Bouddi Natural Park and the public. We understand the permissive occupancy of the land on which this hut was built has now lapsed and the area has been added to the Park.

. . . . .

A letter was received from the Under Secretary for Lands advising that, owing to shortage of staff, it is impossible at present to do any field surveying of the boundaries of those areas in the Blue Mountains, etc., which Federation requested should be reserved as Primitive Areas and Parks. Therefore no formal dedication can be made yet, but while the matter is in abeyance the Department will see that these areas are protected from selection, etc. Large sections of the Blue Labyrinth, the Mt. Hay Highlands, and Wondabyne Peninsula should, therefore, be safe for the time being.

. . . . .

SCORPIO

by Canopus.

If, in the early evening you follow the Milky Way down towards the Eastern horizon for about two-thirds of the distance between the Cross and the horizon you will find the constellation Scorpio. The most brilliant star in the constellation is the ruby-red Antares. Antares lies near the northern end of the constellation in a position which might be described as Scorpion's neck (if scorpions can be said to have necks). To the right of Antares, stretching right across the Milky Way, is a large loop of bright stars, the end of the loop curving downwards towards the horizon. To the left of Antares are three stars about equidistant from each other and at right angles to the "neck" portion of the constellation. These form the scorpion's head.

Antares is the largest star known, its diameter being nearly 500 times that of the sun. It was called Antares by the Greeks because it rivals the red planet Mars, which they called Ares.

The likeness of the constellation to a scorpion is obvious. The Greeks believed that it represented the horrible scorpion that frightened the horses and brought disaster to Phaeton when driving the Sun Chariot of his father, Phoebus Apollo.

"Canopus"

Acknowledgment "Canopus" wishes to acknowledge the following sources of information:-

- "An Easy Guide to Southern Stars," by M.A. Orr.
- "Stars of the Southern Heavens," by James Nangle, O.B.E., F.R.A.S.
- "The Stars in Their Courses," by Sir James Jeans.



WHAT DO YOU THINK ?

Alex. Colley writes:-

It was Dave Stead who first pointed out to me that there are no young casuarinas along the Cox. They are all eaten by cattle. Droughts kill some of the big old trees, and floods undermine others. Every time you see the Cox there are many newly fallen trees. If this continues there will be nothing to hold the banks and they will be washed away and replaced by boulders and gravel. Before this time let us hope that the Greater Blue Mountains National Park, or a similar scheme has become a reality.

Dountful asks:-

Why is it that when looking westward from the highspots around Sydney that Mt. King George and Mt. Hay appear higher than all the surrounding tablelands, when the mountains south of the Cox, reputedly higher and approximately the same distance from Sydney, cannot be seen?

"SLEEPY SUE" writes:

In reply to "Black Billy's Query re the lack of camp-fire singing now-a-days, I would like to suggest the recent plague of radio as being largely responsible- first because people have got into the habit of listening, rather than singing themselves; and secondly, having escaped into the glorious and rare silence of the bush, it seems a pity to break it.

The club songs are, I think, just dying of old age and although new and exciting trips are being done continually the people who do them aren't people who write songs about them.

-----  
ANOTHER LETTER FOR THE CORRESPONDENCE PAGE - OR IS IT?

Dear Clare,

I have never looked upon you as a lady, and perhaps that was part of your attraction for me, but I see now that I was wrong, your ability to resist the temptation to open my fan mail before forwarding it to me, stamps you as a Lady with a capital L. Don't worry Clare, dear--I still can't help liking you in spite of that. It's all rather contradictory however, 'cause no lady should have published my rather confidential and personal letter to you as you did, but it's all for the best, as the fan mail proves, for instance three ladies all called "G", have written to me so nicely; One suggests a visit to the Glaciarium where she thinks the two of us would cut a dashing figure. Number two is passionately fond of music and would like me to hear her sing -- perhaps it's as well -- I'm not musical -- I heard her at the last re-union!!! The Third would like me to take her dancing on the Showboat, she thinks "the harbour is such a good place at night for a murder!" I'm just a little hazy as to her meaning, but of course she can't mean anything unpleasant, the committee was always so careful about the compatibility of prospective members and I've always trusted their judgment unreservedly.

C. Also wrote to me, but not so pleasantly, she said she'd like to get her teeth into me and as I said before, she is rather long in the tooth, so I think I won't come down to the club room on Fridays until she cools down.

As for the "nom-de-plume" for the Nature Notes I had an anonymous letter from someone signing himself "Centipede- with big boots on" and suggesting I leave off the "G" at the beginning of my nom-de-plume "Gloworn".

My latest idea for your magazine is that I should write an answers to correspondence page, a la Dorothy Dix, you know the sort of thing. It goes something like this:-

Question-- Should I go co-tenting with "X" who is a Committee member, or would it be irregular?

New Lady Member.

Answer -- No dear, not yet, wait until you've been in the Club a while, get on the committee yourself and then it will be quite the thing.

Clubman.

#### WAGGING TONGUES

What was the REAL attraction of the recent day walk which called out 22 members? It certainly wasn't the leader, no one took any notice of him except to wait for him and tell him each time they altered the destination. Of course it may have been the one and a half piece bathing suit so capably displayed by one of our girls, it would have sunk a thousand ships. Some trellis work with a little lattice kept it together. Hope we are not too old fashioned.

Four tough Guys had a quiet week-end in George Dibley's cottage in Katoomba. Decisive handling of Tim Coffey each bedtime, by shutting him in a room by himself, gave them a comparatively quiet night. But it took them three hours to cook the breakfast.

Conditions on the land will be much brighter in the future. Joan Atthill has joined the Land Army. She is very absorbed in lectures on pigs these days and we expect to hear of more suckers being taken for walks.

On a recent official walk the party came on a soldier standing guard. He was hungry, no provisions had come through for several days. Bert Whillier was deeply moved and handed over two or three pounds of his lunch.

"That was big of you," we said.

"Yes," said Bertie, "specially coming from me."

AT OUR OWN MEETING.

The meeting opened with the welcoming of a new member, Miriam Lennox. June Winebury has been made a member too, but was not able to be at the meeting.

It was announced that Frank Freeguard has been transferred to full membership, at his own request.

The Coast and Mountain Walkers are holding a Tree Planting day at Garrawarra on Sunday 5th July, and would like as many walkers as we can get along to come to give them a hand.

The theatre party at the Minerva realised £1/4/- which has been given to the Bushwalkers' Emergency Service towards the formation of food dumps. Several such dumps have already been established.

The report of the committee formed to report on a policy for the Federation re the marking of tracks was read by the convenor, Marie Byles. It was approved by the meeting. The Federation have not yet adopted it, as the Coast and Mountain Walkers do not agree with it, and it is hoped that after discussion by the clubs complete agreement will be reached.

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MAGAZINE NOTICE

Would you please hand in your contribution for next month's magazine by Friday 10th July, or post before 17th July to

C. KINSELLA,  
42 Point Road,  
WOOLWICH.

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**BUSHWALKERS !**

Attention is drawn to your thriving Club Library ----- join in the queue and climb the world's highest peaks, explore the thickest jungles, tread the untrodden wastes with intrepid explorers----- all for only one penny per week!

PLEASE NOTE: Donations to the library are very welcome, so if you have any books of interest to walkers, and would like to share them with your fellow members, please trot them out!

Your librarian quickly becomes bored with inactivity, so see to it that she is kept as busy as usual!

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THE VOICE OF THE SOCIAL COMMITTEE

S A Y S

PLEASE NOTE THE FOLLOWING DATES:

July	16th	Thursday	7.45 p.m.	<u>VISIT TO THE OBSERVATORY</u> N.B. As parties are limited to 15, please notify Doreen Helmrich as soon as possible if you wish to be included.
July	17th	Friday	8. 0 p.m.	<u>MR. NEVILLE GAYLEY</u> , one of our best known Ornithologists will tell us about " <u>BIRD CAMOUFLAGE</u> " and illustrate with coloured slides.
July	31st	Friday	7.45 p.m.	<u>CLUB ROOM PARTY.</u> Fun and Games, and Dancing.
August	15th & 16th			<u>SPORTS CARNIVAL</u> , at "Sunnyside", North Richmond (We hope!)
August	21st	Friday	8. 0 p.m.	<u>MR. JACOBS</u> , lecturer in biology, will tell us " <u>HOW PLANTS RESPOND TO ENVIRONMENT.</u> "
August	25th	Tuesday	7.45 p.m.	<u>DANCE AT "PAKIES".</u>

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C O U P O N S

"Now our days of philandering are over". Socks and neckties, hats, and shoes are no longer to be bought lightly on the whimsey of the moment. Care, caution, thought and deliberation are all called for in the distribution of our meagre ration of coupons over our annual requirements.

Camp needs are not entirely untouched and now the wearing of ancient antique and amorphous straw hats will become a national service instead of a means whereby walkers may work off their inhibitions.

Most of Paddy's things are not yet enmeshed by the web the rationing commission has flung out.

But here are some items which are affected.

	<u>Mens</u>	<u>Womens</u>
Shorts	12 coupons	no stock
Lumber jackets	12	10
Cape with collar or hood	33	22
Waterproof hood	6	3
Cycle Cape	12	10
Leggings	4	4

6x4 Cape-groundsheets without collar or hood do not require coupons. Likewise groundsheets, rucksacks, tents, sleeping bags (if any) buckets, tucker bags &c., require no coupons.

'Phone B3101.

PADDY PALLIN,  
327 George Street,  
SYDNEY.