

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

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Since taking over the Editorship of the Sydney Bushwalker, it has been my policy to obtrude myself as little as possible in its pages but rather to encourage others, especially those who have never written for it before, to do so. With the exception of one article, written I regret to say under a nom-de-plume, (Had I not called myself Lyre-bird who would have believed me?), I have not until now written anything for the paper.

But I would like in this issue to say that I have not attempted to limit the scope of the articles submitted, While I may not necessarily agree with the sentiments or ideas expressed, I consider that these articles have been written by club members, men and women of mature age and that the Sydney Bushwalker should be an avenue of free expression for members.

Owing to the exigencies of war, many people are unable to go into the bush, unable to come into the clubroom; the clashing of stalwarts no longer cheers our meetings but the pages of the magazine are still available for the spontaneous burblings of the irresponsible, the gauntlet-throwing of belligerents or the calm reflections of the more sober-minded.

You may not like some forms this expression may take; some may bore you, others irritate you but remember, the writers are people actively interested and ask yourself - "What have I done for the Magazine, What can I do in the future?" You may be too busy to go walking, - but there are few who can and walks articles must of necessity become fewer. If the magazine is to survive, other articles will have to be written. There are many subjects apart from walks which concern bushwalking, of interest to some if not all members and in which you might be something of an expert.

Criticism is welcome but this, whether favourable or unfavourable, is useless without co-operation. The magazine is yours. Don't only read it. Write for it!

THE EDITOR.

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THE MAN BEHIND THE COUNTER

M.B.B.

A hard-worked member of the Federation's Conservation Subcommittee had got an equally hard-worked member of the Lands Department to strew the counter with maps. They were parish maps of the Blue Mountains and her object was to pick out as large an area as she decently could for the Deputation to place before the Minister as suitable for reservation.

There were some cryptic pencillings on one map.

"Could you tell me what these mean?" she asked politely.

"Oh, it's no use your applying to take up that land for settlement"; he said brusquely, "that'll all be reserved for public recreation."

"Are you quite sure I couldn't get it for a farm?" she asked innocently.

"Certainly not, you're only wasting your time."

Was he surprised that she seemed very pleased about it?

As a result of the deputation there are more pencil notes on those maps. They stretch from Rocky Tops, King George, Bilpin to Wentworth Creek, and they also embrace the country south of Glenbrook to the Warraganba.

True, all that the Deputation has done is to get the lands earmarked for consideration after the War. But it is gratifying to know that any one, who wants to filch them in the meantime, will receive no encouragement from the man behind the counter.

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TASMANIAN HOLIDAYExtract from letter from Jean Harvey

As you may guess, we had a heavenly fourteen days in Tasmania and crammed every day with as much as we could. Had quite an interesting drive into Launceston, what struck us first were the hawthorn hedges, of varying heights from 3 to 25 ft. all in full berry and not much greenery about. These hedges are used as wind breaks and are very pretty especially as they are alternated with gorse hedges which at the present time are in full yellow bloom.

Spent two whole days in Launceston, most of the time in the Cataract gorge - not unlike Glenbrook in formation - with an amazing volume of water roaring over the rocks. In one of the openings in the gorge, about half a mile from the entrance to Launceston Harbour, the Council has seen fit to cultivate fern pines of varying sorts, interspersed with the greenest patches of lawn over which strut peacocks, not a whit disturbed by human beings. The sides of the cultivated parts are set with hundreds of daffodils and the place must be a picture in the spring.

Visited the Museum, which apart from the usual collection, has a joss house which was actually used by Chinese up the East Coast of the isle and is, I believe, the only one in captivity. Brian tried to get a snap of the same but the lighting was disappointing.

At 8 a.m. on the Tuesday morn we set off in the service car for Hobart, via the Great Lake. Went over some wonderful mountain country all well over 4000 feet, and at 4.30 the car dropped us at Rainbow Chalet, Breona, right at the top of the Great Lake. The snow lay on the ground and went to our heads; we hurriedly changed and out into the wind to see what we could see. Came in to lunch starving, wet of foot and frozen but only gave ourselves time to eat and out again, this time to climb one of the many peaks which surround the lake. The lake itself is a huge affair, so large that you can't see across to the end - 130 miles in circumference. Our peak gave us quite a goodly view and there we clambered about, mostly over slippery, icy boulders; all the afternoon and during the windy gusts took refuge on the lee sides of the rocks. Quite a little snow fell while we gazed and gazed and we were very glad to get inside and dry off. Unfortunately we had only arranged to stay one night and the car picked us up on the Wednesday morn and took us on.

We changed cars at a scream of a place called Bronte. It's a wooden hut; a picture of a fellow in a huge sombrero lent the walls colour. It's said to be the coldest place in Tasmania and certainly lived up to its reputation. Saw a huge mound in the distance, said to be Frenchman's Cap, all glistening in the sun and we've promised ourselves a visit there next time. On we went through some lovely bushland; ablaze with heath, shoulder high, and lunched at Ouse (pronounced Oose please, just to be different) and then crossing and re-crossing the Ouse River, through luscious green valleys and

grassy mountain (sheep country) into the lovely Derwent valley. It's so lovely you just look and close your eyes and try to capture the picture for all time.

This brought us through New Norfolk, past the Newsprint Plant, Cadbury's and numerous other factories, into Hobart, the prettiest of cities, with Mt. Wellington behind and its harbour in front. It reminded me very much of Sydney, even the shops are alike though of course on a smaller scale. Hobart even has ferries, small editions of the Manly ferries and of course we went across to the other side.

Visited the Tourist Bureau for information and had just left its portals when we ran right into John Harvey. Much handshaking and talking ensued and we became frequent visitors to the Harvey home. John took us along to the Hobart Walking Club and they arranged a walk up the Mount for Sunday.

Set off bright and early, clad in breeches and long sox, and half way up (4100 ft. above sea level) ran into a snow storm which became a blizzard as we went higher. It was so wild that all ideas of reaching the summit were abandoned and we took refuge in the club's hut not far below the elusive top. Spent a pleasant two hours there in front of a roaring fire regaling and being regaled and after burning the feet out of my sox (moral, don't play with fire) descended from the mount in the lega only.

We were pretty tired and footsore, as you may well imagine but we were determined to reach the top, so rather unwillingly, though neither would admit it, we caught the noon bus next day to The Ferns, about half way but around the other side of the hut from Sunday's climb. After lunching heartily, we both tucked away huge meals the whole holiday) we set out and after many slippings and slidings in the drifts managed to make the summit, to be met by a party of skiers and a howling gale. Didn't stay too long admiring the view which was fragmentary owing to the mist (there's always a mist on or over Wellington) and stumped on frozen feet to The Pines again, where we picked up the bus and in half an hour were back home again.

Took several tram rides, including one in a double decker. These trams are open to the four winds on top and sway and jump alarmingly --- quite a thrill in fact to watch and see if the tram will make the bend.

We spent our last one and a half days at Port Arthur, a really delightful place where one could spend weeks on end, lovely old ruins hiding a hideous part and the loveliest gums you could wish for. These Tasmanian gums have a pinkish tinge in their bark and the effect is very beautiful.

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SPRING COMES TO AUSTRALIA

From "Earth Kindred" by James Devany

. On the memories shore
 Of old Mediterranean She did stand
 Suddenly still, facing the south once more,
 Her eyes softened with memories of a grand
 Lovely and lone old land
 Where the bush listened: banks whose blooms were o'er.
 This beach without its birds, the unnested tree,
 Whispered and waited all the wide bush o'er -
 Then slowly south moved She.

.
 Ah, then - then it began -
 The joyous mustering of her migrant clan!
 The hosting swifts swooped in the upper air,
 And snipes and whimbrels from a far Japan
 Gathered; the turnstones congregated there;
 Godwits, o'er solitary ways,
 From desolate, dark Lapland's bare,
 Ice-bound, abandoned bays;
 Out of the white unknownness of the north
 Came arrowing forth
 Grey plovers, knots and stints and sanderlings,
 Sandpipes on brave, brown, impetuous wings,
 From bleak Siberian tundras, many a one,
 From frozen Arctic shores without a name.
 Lit coldly by the midnight sun,
 They heard her call and came,
 Her wild, world-winging retinue, that led
 With screams of joy her all-triumphant way,
 As eager children romp ahead
 Calling on our too-laggard steps to haste
 Southward She came, though fain to dally a day
 Now here, now there,
 Wayward and wanton everywhere;
 Even the outworn old Egyptian waste
 Flushed faintly at her passing, for She shed
 Laughter and light the land and ocean o'er;
 In the blue skies above, white clouds sail'd on before,
 Till once again,
 In midway isles beneath the tropic sun,
 Her brightest couriers joined the train
 Of their long wished for, long awaited one -
 The brilliant rainbow bird, the blue
 Kingfisher, and the shining bronze cuckoo.
 Over the outspread isles to friendlier skies
 And eagerly She comes,
 Dreaming of hills whereon the blue haze lies,
 Knowing
 Soon She will see the old familiar gums,
 Soon she will see the palms of Queensland growing.

THE BUSH TELEGRAPH

by "Mumbedah".

It came to pass about three years ago that a certain young lady lay languishing between her blankets in the suburb of X, while her friend was away on a weekend trip. It was a beautiful moonlight night and quite suddenly there sounded the patter of raindrops outside. On rising and going to the window she found that no rain was falling and quickly jumped back into bed only to hear the rain again, and taking fright, covered her head with the blankets! The bells of St. Y's church struck ten.

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The afternoon was sunny and the air exhilarating as the party walked to Clear Hill on that afternoon on "the official weekend". Glen Raphael reached, the walkers boiled the billy and grilled their steak - there were no vegetarians in the party, thank Heaven - and soon were settled down by the friendly campfire. About eight o'clock, up came the mountain mist and the leader became uneasy about the weather. On questioning the prospectives (who had come unheralded) it was discovered that they did not carry a tent, notwithstanding all warnings about telling the leader of their intention to be present on the walk. As they discussed shelter for the night, light rain began to fall, not sufficient to drive the party under cover, as they were able to sit by the fire until about half past ten. As with all good leaders, it was his responsibility for the safety and health of his charges, and he was indeed preoccupied with the problem of accommodation, particularly as the rain commenced to be of the horizontal type, being in a windy spot. Sardining five into a two-man tent, the party put in a reasonably dry night, and awoke to find the sun poking through the clearing mist, to shine forth in a short time and gladden their hearts and to soften the feelings of the leader. On so on went the "official".

Not it happened that the leader and the certain lady had arranged to endeavour to transmit thoughts at 10 p.m. that night, the leader being of the idea that he would be in the responsive mental condition at ten o'clock lying quietly in his little tent after all had retired, but the campfire had proved attractive even with the descending dampness, and his uppermost thoughts (and curses) were with the unexpected rain - yes, there was rain in those days up there. Any thoughts transmitted by the young lady were lost in the ether, but it goes to prove beyond doubt that the transmission of messages is possible in the bush today amongst members, a practise which was and still is, highly developed by the black-fellows whose country we enjoy. It is very interesting to note that the victorious result of a famous Jack Johnson fight in New York was known in the Congo many miles inland before the news was telegraphed. As an adjunct to our many bush-walking attributes, it might prove a fascinating sideline if a few of our members tried out an experiment of this nature and published their results in the magazine for mutual interest of the "leader" and the "certain young lady" concerned in the foregoing. It is an essential part of the contract that absolute peace and quietness should reign as the two parties endeavour to "transmit", otherwise noise and chatter distract the powers of concentration necessary to think of the other person and nothing else. Let's hear how it goes!

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O N D O G S

In the June issue "Ginger Pup" asked, "Is anybody able to tell me why certain ridges on the mountains are called 'The Dogs'." For two issues we waited for someone to tell us. Nobody did. The prestige of the "Bushwalker" was at stake. So we called in our extra-special reporter and said to him "Go! find the answer to Ginger Pup's question." And he went - straight to Myles Dunphy. As he asked the question we thought we heard a faint whirring noise as that wonderful automatic filing system, located somewhere between Myles eyes and his right forefinger, clicked into gear. (We suspect that this anatomical wonder occupied the space devoted to bone in our own cranial cavity). Then Myles spoke, and the answer came out, in perfect order and precision of detail. This is what he said:

Before the region now known as the Wild Dog Mountains was mapped there were only two points named at all. These were the Black Dog Rock (at the foot of the Black Dog track) and Mount Mouin. "Mouin" is an aboriginal name, the meaning of which Myles could not trace, so he took it to stand for the original blackfellow. The only other named place being Black Dog rock, and the fact that dingos were very prevalent there, gave him the idea of naming the surrounding mountains and ridges as different kinds of dogs, which might be imagined as belonging to the Blackfellow "Mouin". So the mountains south of Mouin were called "Warrigal" (native name for dog) "Dingo", and, between the two, that flat clear little plateau, often likened to a cricket pitch; was named Merri-merrigal (Merri-dog; gal-place of many dogs). Thus native names for dogs were used for the nearby mountains. The ridges running from these mountains to the Cox were named, starting from the Black Dog and going west, as follows: Black, Red, White, Grey, Spotted, Brown, Yellow, Brindle, Blue and Bad Dog (cant get off this one)-Some extra spurs from these were named Blue Pup, Brindle Pup, Yellow Pup, Brown Pup, and Kelpie Rock. The gorge between Harry's River and Kanangra River was called Merri-Ganowry Gorge. It means the tribal ground of all the dingos. But why, you may ask, amongst so many dogs, is there a "Black Horse Gap?" This was named because of an old Black Horse who used to graze there in his old age, and come up against your tent for shelter when the wind blew cold.

This explanation would have satisfied a common Bushwalker, but not so our super XX special reporter. He went further - to the Roots, and the Roots knew. He knew how the Black Dog got its name. One of the original Carlons wanted a route to take his cattle across the Wils Dog Mountains instead of right round the big bend of the Cox, so he asked an aboriginal to show him the way known to the natives. The aboriginal took him up the Black Dog Ridge, and at the top the perspiring Mr. Carlon exclaimed "Thats a black dog of a place"! Evidently in those days the lingua Australia had not got beyond the one syllable stage,

And if this doesn't satisfy you, Ginger Pup, we refer you to Wal Roots! article in the 1935 Bushwalker Annual. If this is not enough we refer you to the Mitchell Library, and, if you want to know more, we refer you (in the words of Stephen Leacock) so far that you'll never get back again.

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THE BUSH IN SPRING

Ray Birt.

"Where fountains sing and many waters meet,
October comes with blossom trammelled feet,
She sheds green glory by the wayside rills,
And clothes with grace the haughty-featured hills.
She is the Queen of all the year. She brings
The pure chief beauty of our Southern springs."

As one walks amidst the scrub at the present time, the above lines of Kendall's are brought forcibly to one's mind, for October surely "clothes with grace the haughty-featured hills". It is an re-curring wonder to me, that so much beauty can arise from such barrenness. Among the flowers that cover the slopes with a veil of loveliness this month is *Kunzea Capitata* (Pink buttons) named after Gustav Kunze a botanist of Leipzig. The flowers are in rounded heads the petals and numerous stamens, the latter twice or three times as long as the former, being a purplish pink. The stem of the plants have a spindly growth.

Patersonia Glabrata (Wild Iris) is named after Colonel William Paterson who did very good work in Australian botany in the 19th century. The stem of this plant grows to a height of 3 to 6 inches, with two rows of narrow spreading leaves, hairy at the base. The protecting outer bracts are narrow and from 1 to 2 inches long and often slightly silky-haired. Each flower bud is still further protected by a small scaly bract and the flowers, purple blue in colour, usually blossom singly, twisting up and fading after a few hours.

Now welcome to the King of the bush flowers *Telopea Speciosissima* (Waratah) The large showy head is not one flower but consists of numerous small flowers which are closely arranged in alternate pairs on the thickened end of the stem. The flower buds are protected by small bracts and the whole head is surrounded by large coloured bracts, which are a prominent feature of this species. The flowers are on short curved stalks and the 4 petals are joined into an irregular tube; split on the outer side, through which the long curved pistil protrudes. The 4 stamens are on the lobes of the petals which hold the end of the pistil fast until the pollen is ripe. Then the lobes open and roll back, revealing the stamens and the released pistil springs almost upright, its end covered with lightly clinging grains of pollen. Waratahs are very well supplied with honey and so offer a great attraction for bees, insects and the Honey-suckle birds. The name Waratah is of aboriginal origin. *Telopea* is taken from the Greek *Telopos* - seen from afar - which is well named, for the conspicuous heads of crimson flowers on the tall slender stems are a striking feature in the bush.

Boronia Serrulata (Native Rose.) The popular name evidently alludes to the close cluster of pink flowers which grow on the end of each branch and have such a strong aromatic scent. The name is, of course, a misnomer, but too wide spread for correction. The specific name is given in description of the regular saw like edges of the leaves, which are almost square and about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch long. They are regularly arranged in erect over-lapping pairs which mostly hide the stem. The edges are saw like and the oil dots most distinct. Closely clustered flowers terminate each branch and the four incurved petals overlap in the bud. The *Boronias* were named in memory of Francis Borone, an Italian, who lost his life while plant collecting in Greece. Space does not permit of many others which are in bloom, but the study of those mentioned will I am sure give great pleasure to him who has eyes to see and afford much needed relaxation in these times of stress.

SOME STARS IN THE NORTHERN SKY

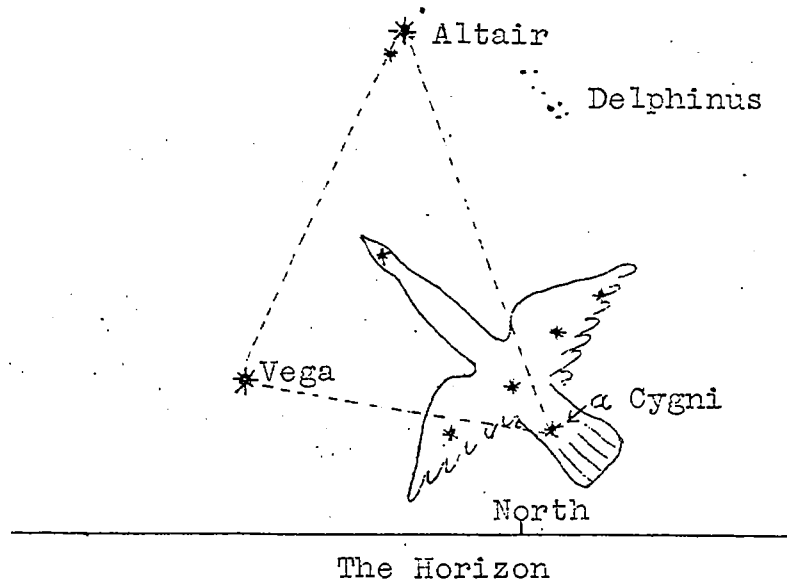
by "Canopus"

The diagram below shows some of the more brilliant stars in the Northern Sky. The stars shown will be in the positions indicated at 9 p.m (daylight saving time) on Oct. 2nd. The plan is a small scale one, the highest star, Altair, being about two-thirds of the way between the horizon and the zenith (directly overhead). The triangle joining Altair, Vega and alpha Cygni (the brightest star of Cygnus) will help you to pick out the remaining stars.

The constellation Cygnus (the swan) is directly North. To the West of it is Vega, the brightest star in the Northern hemisphere, but only the fourth brightest seen in the Southern hemisphere. It is part of the constellation Lyra. Lyra was the harp Apollo gave to his son Orpheus, one of the Argonauts. The muses taught Orpheus to play this harp so sublimely that its melodies moved even the beasts, the trees and the rocks. The constellation does not look like a harp, Vega being the only bright star in it.

The bright star Altair, is in the constellation Aquila, the Eagle. Aquila was sent by Jupiter to carry Ganymede from Mount Ida to Olympus, where he was made cup-bearer to the Immortals. Aquila is imagined as flying across the celestial river - the Milky Way. Altair is one of our "neighbours", being only 16 light years away.

To the East, and slightly below Altair is Delphinus, the dolphin. This little group of stars readily suggests the curved shape of a dolphin (porpoise) leaping out of the water.



AT OUR OWN MEETING

A letter was received from the Rangers' league inviting any Club members who would like to become rangers to join the League.

The Services Committee are short of Penguin books, digests etc. and would like members to send in any they can get hold of.

The Coast and Mountain Walkers are opposed to the erection of a hostel at Marley. It is their opinion that the structure will be inimical to the walking fraternity and is not in accord with the purpose of national parks. The C.M.W. asked our club for support in its opposition.

The matter was discussed at some length. Flo Allsworth told us that the hostel would accommodate 20 people, that it would be fitted with beds and cooking facilities, and was for overnight accommodation only. No roads would be made to it, tracks only being allowed. Mouldy Harrison questioned whether a building was permissible in a reserve for flora and fauna, but Marie Byles pointed out that the National Park is for public recreation, and so long as any member of the public can join the Hostels movement, the hostel is permissible. The President said that the Federation anticipated a large increase in the number of walkers due to the shortage of tennis and golf balls. Laurie Rayner and Wal Roots thought that bushwalkers should take the lead rather than follow late in the hostels movement, in fact Laurie suggested sending a bushwalker to the hostel every week end to teach appreciation of the bush.

It was decided not to support the C.M.W. protest.

The President drew attention to the subscription being raised by the Club towards the erection of a fence at Garrawarra. We have promised £10 and Flo Allsworth is collecting.

Fred Kennedy and Beryl English were elected room stewards, for the ensuing two months.

FEDERATION NOTES.

Several of the matters brought up at the last Federation Meeting were discussed at our own half-yearly meeting and are reported in our own notes.

The new Assistant Secretary of the Federation has resigned but her place has been taken by Miss Tony Day.

The Federation has decided to hold its Annual Camp again this year and Fitzgerald's Creek, the same place as last year was finally chosen. The date is yet to be fixed. Wal Roots is the organizer with the power of co-opting.

LOST, STOLEN or STRAYED!

Dunk's Diary entitled "The Wanderings of Winifred" cannot be found and Dunk can't remember who has it. If this notice should catch the eye of the culprit - well he or she will know where to return it.

 LETTERS FROM THE LADS AND LASSES

Letters this month were received from -

Geoff Higson,	Bill Burke,
Jack Debert	Betty Prude

from the S.B.W. in addition to seven letters from members of other clubs.

Jack Debets's letter came to us from Northern Queensland where he was waiting for something to take him to "places overseas". In the meanwhile he was thoroughly enjoying the beauties of the North "Only returned two hours ago from a heavenly two day stay on Magnetic Island. Gkorious almost full moon-light nights, Swaying coccoanut palms. Perfect sun risings. Vivid Reckett's Blue water. Beautiful bays with refreshing water that never gets below 70° F. Silver seas in the bright moonlight. Birdlife galore. All sorts of new varieties. Bird watching. Sun baking, swimming, just loafing. "alking for miles. Climbing hills. Plant life is super. Bougainvilleas, poincianas, crotons of every conceivable hue, pandanas, palms, kapok trees, at present displaying a pretty yellow flower which lights up the country, scalyphas, Norfolk Island and Hoop Pines, gums, casuarinas, in fact everything we have in Sydney plus a hell of a lot more."

Bill Burke's letter had quite a lot of it cut away by the censor, here is some which was left:-

"Apart from the training, life here has been very uninteresting over the past six weeks. Spent a week in Tel Aviv, during which I did practically nothing. Surfing and sun baking on the shores of the blue Mediterranean with an occasional boating trip on the Yarkan river was about the sum total of it all. I set off with great plans, a trip up country to Nablus, plus a day or two at one of the community settlements, but a couple of days loafing in the sun took all the energy out of me. The training at the moment is very interesting, but the man with the scissors will only cut it out if I attempt to describe it, so will leave it entirely alone. The present camp is ever so much better than the previous one, a bit of dust when the wind becomes a little fierce, but nothing compared with the sand that used to blight our lives. Leaving the sand behind we also left the fleas. Our mess is claimed to be the best in the Middle East and I'm inclined to believe it. He's not a cook, he's a wizard, judging by the meals he turns out. They were AI when the unit was full up, but now our numbers are so small anything is liable to happen. About the only thing he hasn't produced up to date is a cake and it wouldn't surprise me to see one of them. The worst of the hot weather is over now, the nights gradually getting cooler. The rock melon season has come and gone. They are lovely while they last; far better than the ones produced at home, but unfortunately the climate is so hot that the season only lasts from two to three weeks. However the watermelons and the grapes are still with us, so we are not entirely deserted, The melons are not so good as those back home, but we gorge ourselves on them just the same. It is great when out on a route march to stop by a melon patch for the ten minute rest period."

Geoff Higson says: "The training is very interesting but is only the start of things to come later. We have had one two day trek, one three day trek. Test bushwalking on a war footing. The surrounding country is pretty if taken from a scenic point of view, but when you have to run up a mountain over 1000 ft. high the scenery loses a lot of its glamour.

CHEERING UP THE CLUB ROOM

"Little Lulu".

We were thinking T and me that Something should be done about making our Club room an 'ome from 'ome, that it needed a few feminine touches, such as a floral frill around the base of the blackboard. We thought "After all, it may be tough not having a man around the home, but it's much worse not having a home around the man". On going into the matter we find a surprisingly long and somewhat contradictory list of requirements but never fear, all tastes are provided for.

1. T. wants a lot of oddly shaped nooks and corners with concealed lighting, (so concealed as to be practically invisible).
2. G. wants much brighter lights and a chandelier covered with those jolly little dangling prisms.
3. Easy chairs for sleeping in comfort at general meetings. Ear pads to be fitted at the back of each chair to shut out (a) neighbours who start snoring (b) talkers who become boring.
4. A revolving dome for the committee room with sliding panels for escape of hot air and so that the committee can improve the shining hour by studying the shining orbs. Suggestion that dome already supplied by Roley, ruled out as exaggeration, besides his only revolves at the sight of certain colours, such as redheads (females only).
5. As a long standing member of the N.O.C. I put in a special request for a sound proof room for either (a) the lecturer or (b) the Noises-off Club.
6. Coloured chalk for writing up walks. The walks secretary to use special code (see below) thus warning his friends (if any) as to character of leader (if any).

Red. for "Time Bomb Bushwalkers" in fact for any early risers and late setters.

Green And how.

Purple. Likes to languish lilylike among violets and other pansies, on soft green campsite by the river's brim (see Wordsworth etc) To be tolerated in summer time only.

White. Believes that the S.B. Flannel flower is the white flower of a spotless life; insists on washing self, clothes and billies on all unimaginable occasions. Appears to be haunted by what Lady Macbeth said to her dog "Out damned spot".

7. A revolving rim to the floor This starts to move automatically at a reasonable hour; and ends in an escalator which tips you into the street. Instead of long drawn good-byes from 10 till midnight, you simply step (or are pushed) on to it, and all is over (Ww hope).

We have had to censor the rest but you see the idea, we offer it free of charge to such really inventive folk as "Glowworm" who might be able to make a little pocket money bu it, in addition to the said worm's already enormous income from blackmail.

WHAT DO YOU THINK ?CHARLES JONES replying to MUMBEDAH

One would expect that contributors to this magazine, having in mind the present paper shortage, would at least acquaint themselves with their subject before wasting half a page on personal abuse and useless destructive criticism involving a subject of which their very words reveal their ignorance.

It is not my intention to occupy valuable space participating in a wordy battle as to the pros and cons of the Club's affiliations - least of all with someone who hides behind a non de plume. The club has discussed and decided -the question of affiliation with the National Youth Parliament is settled.

One point of the article under review calls however, for a word in reply. Strange as it may seem to Mumbedah and his ilk I have no proprietary rights on this organization, in fact have had no dealings with it except on S.B.W.business.

I trust that our friend, who flatteringly chooses me as a subject for the somewhat venomous scribings of his doubtless capable pen, will in future either acquaint himself with his subject or else "stick to walking".

MARIE KINSELLA:

"Mumbedah" is interested in Conservation, but he obviously knows nothing of the aims of the Youth Parliament or he would not so distainfully dismiss it as an embryo Hitler Youth Movement. If, instead of burying his head in the sands of mental erosion, he took even a slight interest in progressive movements around him, he would see that the objects of his organization are to interest the youth of Australia in all problems concerning the country's welfare.

"Mumbedah" stresses the importance of conservation, if he had a little more knowledge of movements and their influence, he would realize that if he wants people to become "conservation conscious", all avenues of influence should be explored.

Perhaps the Youth Parliament is not particularly interested in Conservation at the moment, but where we have a body of young people who are sufficiently interested in their own country and the problems that confront it to-day to give time and energy to their consideration, would it not be wise to interest and influence them in the great question of Conservation. Who knows that the delegates of the Youth Parliament of to-day may not be the politicians of to-morrow?

WHAT DO YOU THINK ?PURITAN WRITES:BUSHWALKERS, WHAT IS HAPPENING TO OUR COMRADESHIP?

The "What do you think"? Section of this Magazine was introduced to help people to discuss puzzling problems and questions of interest to them, but it is degenerating into a sparring ground for Personalities and rantings. Let us put an end to this!

"The Club" has always stood to us as a place of good companionship. All our political and other opinions were of little importance against the background of Adventure shared, of hardship endured together on trips. of the excitement of exploration - against our joy in the beauty of the bush in Spring, of views among the mountains, of the extreme pleasure we felt in wandering along shady rivers in Summer listening to the sighing of the breeze in the Casuarinas and the song of the birds.

These are the things that matter so much to us; these are the fundamental things that do not change though civilizations scumble and Social systems fail! It is hard for those of us who can't go into the bush often now, to keep

our sense of proportion, but the Comradeship of Bushwalking is a rare and precious thing and it is worth all the effort any of us can make to preserve harmony in our Magazine and in our Club.

MUMBEDAH writes:

Bill Hall hit the nail on the head in May issue when he stated the personal enjoyment of the member derived from walking was paramount in Club affairs. No truer words have been written. There is a large percentage who have joined only to gain knowledge of country otherwise closed to them and to enjoy the social gatherings on Friday nights, but who are loth to accept an official position in the club or lend a hand at a working bee. Others have joined because the club has been a means to get into the bush to study say, botany and the like, but we don't see them rushing as a Federation delegate. It is about time a lot of us remembered that as a member we should inculcate the same club spirit as our founders, which is now sadly lacking, and push aside our self-interests. Our prospective members should be acquainted that we are striving (and have striven) to hold the country they will enjoy walking in if they become members, and that the club does not want them simply because they are caught with the idea of wearing the Flannel Flower. Good on you Bill, keep the flag flying!

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IMPORTANT DATES

FOR YOUR
SOCIAL CALENDAR.

OCTOBER	16th (Friday)	<u>THE BUSHWALKER SERVICES COMMITTEE WILL ENTERTAIN.</u> This will be a <u>BIG EVENT</u> , taking the place of our Annual Concert.
OCTOBER	30th (Friday)	<u>EPIDIASCOPE NIGHT</u> Don't disappoint us, Photographers! (We know you won't).
NOVEMBER	27th (Friday)	<u>"FIJI TODAY"</u> , A talk by MISS ESME BROWN.

On Edna Garrad's Test walk along Kangaroo Creek a few weeks ago, no less than three people's shorts developed serious and alarming splits. They were, the very best pair of Ruby Payne-Scott, the second best pair of Ron Baker, and the fourth best pair of Joan Atthill (swank!)

All this remember only THREE MONTHS AFTER RATIONING !!!

What will we be wearing TWENTY YEARS AFTER ???

Let your imagination and your ingenuity run riot and come to the CHRISTMAS PARTY (Club room, Friday 18th December), in the type of outfit you calculate Bushwalkers will be wearing AFTER TWENTY YEARS OF RATIONING. (Advt.)

DOREEN HELMRICH,
SOCIAL SECRETARY.

WE HAVE HEARD.

The John Harveys and the Brian Harveys have been wintering on the snow-slopes of Mt. Wellington and have enjoyed the hospitality of the Hobart Walking Club. The Hobartians too, have been feeling the pinch - loss of active walkers through mobilization and the closure of their favourite cyries through lack of petrol. (John Harvey has been starting the Hobartians by wearing his shorts in the snow, while the more acclimatized "Taswegians" appear in their breeches.)

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Congratulations and our best wishes to Marie Urquart and Les Harpur who were married recently. We hope Les will not be too busy in the new home to flatten out some dints in a pile of billies we've been saving up for him to help in our austerity campaign.

Rita Stanford, tall and slim in her blue W.A.F.'s uniform was seen in the club recently. She and Betty Pryde are at the same station but so far Betty has not been able to manage a visit.

Others whom we seldom see were Arthur Salmon, paying a flying visit to the city and Ken Matthews who has lost pounds and pounds and pounds, and is thinking of having an extra coat made of the cloth not now filled up in his waistcoat. Being so fighting fit he threatens to come in and liven up the monthly meetings.

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SPRING IS HERE.

"X Battalion V.D.C. will consider themselves a Japanese landing force who have succeeded in landing at Ding Dong Reach and taken possession of the heights around Trig map ref. 734421. Y and Z Inf. Battalions will attempt to dislodge them". So ran the screed,

The Intelligence Section was looking for a suitable C.Pip (Observation Post). "The end of this spur should be pretty good" said the Sargeant, but our thoughts also has strayed. How could we help it. All around Nature was saying "Let's forget war and thoughts. Spring is here". Tender green foliage was bestarred with flowers, Boronia of three or four varieties like miniature flowering peach trees, dylwinnias ablaze with their yellow blossoms and shyly peeping from tufted crevices were Black-eyes Susans. Every bare patch had clumps of wild Iris: delicate blooms challenging the austerity of their surroundings.

Ha! Austerity. That's the word. We'll need it all before we have dispelled the menace which threatens our homeland.

"Yes Sarge. This spot looks pretty good. Let's have a look at the visibility from that rock over there".

x x x x

It is possible to mix a little bush walking with our war effort.

PADDY PALLIN,

CAMP GEAR FOR WALKERS.
327 George Street
SYDNEY

'Phone B.3101.