

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

A Monthly Bulletin devoted to matters of interest to
The Sydney Bushwalkers, 5 Hamilton Street, Sydney

No. 101.

MAY, 1943.

Price 4d.

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FAREWELL SUMMER

James Devaney.

Oh the long summer twilights, lingering now no more
Faint summer scents and happy bushland cries!
The grey thrush pipes a few sad notes beneath grey skies
He has no heart to sing -- Summer is o'er
The cuckoos now are gone, the summer's darling guests,
The Bluebirds, the wood swallows, all are flown;
Sadly the branches sway their cold abandoned nests;
Softly the first cold winds begin to moan.
Farewell, summer! Every hill and dell
Seems whispering low, a lingering faint farewell.

COST OF THE MAGAZINE - THE BUSINESS MANAGER

In the last two years the cost of producing the magazine has increased rapidly. Covers have increased 60%, stencils 50%, stencil cutting 33-1/3% and other costs in comparable proportions. If the price remained at 3d., there would probably be a loss of nearly £10 this year.

This position was explained to the last General Meeting, and it was decided to increase the price to 4d., at which price there will probably be a loss of £3 to £4. Annual subscription rates will now be 4/-, and 5/6d if the magazine is to be posted.

The circulation of the magazine has not decreased. There is still the same amount of voluntary work put into its composition, duplication and distribution. The magazine committee will be very disappointed if there is any falling off in sales at the new price.

SOUTHERN ALPS AND ALPINE HUTS

Edna Garrad.

I have always been a trifle "sniffy" about huts, regarding them as dirty and rat infested. However after a recent holiday down Kosciusko way, I have decided that my prejudice arose from pure ignorance, and I have been completely converted to their many advantages in high country and to their general desirability. In view of the activities of the Hostel Movement and kindred bodies at present, I thought perhaps those members who do not know the huts might be interested to hear of those we visited.

We camped first, immediately in front of Foreman's Hut, situated just over Charlotte Pass, using the building as a wind break. At this height we were above the tree line and there was little or no shelter. It was cold and windy at night and we were glad to use the fireplace situated on the verandah as it would have been very unpleasant cooking over the usual campfire. We made beds of sweet smelling heather, surmounted by blankets from the hut, and were very comfortable. Foreman's has recently been renovated and is a somewhat comidious hut of three rooms and verandah. We were expecting the owner, Mr. Wallace, to arrive any day with his men to start mustering the sheep but saw nothing of them. Using this campsite as a base we explored the lakes and Kosciusko and Townsend. The only thing that impressed me about Mt. Kosciusko was the inscription on the tablet erected there:-

"from the valley of the Murray's pinnacle rocky and naked predominate over several others was chosen by Strezellecke for a point of trig. survey. The particular configuration of this eminence he recorded struck me so forcibly by the similarity it bears to a tumulus elevated in Krakow, over the tomb of the patriot Kosciusko, that although in a foreign country, on foreign ground, but amongst a free people, who appreciate freedom and its votaries, I could not refrain from giving it the name of Kosciusko".

Mt. Townsend however provided one of the most magnificent views imaginable. Visibility was good and we looked away south into the Victorian mountains, range upon range of misty blue, surmounted by a bank of white cloud.

Away below to the right was the lovely valley of the Geehi, which we subsequently visited, and which realised for us all that this first glimpse promised.

In order to secure an early start down the Ramshead Range we moved up to Seaman's Hut, arriving in a gale of such force that we could hardly stand against it. Lying snugly in bed that night I appreciated the advantage of being within four stout walls. This is a two roomed hut with lobby containing wood (the hut is well above the tree line and no doubt in winter is kept well supplied with wood. We carried all we could find up to it for our own use), and contains a stove which serves the double purpose of warming the hut and cooking. There is very little space on it for cooking and it is obviously not intended for anything but a temporary abode. There are windows on each wall and you have lovely views of nearby peaks, hidden by skudding clouds at times or lighted by sunrise or moonlight, but in all circumstances delightful.

Following a very enjoyable trip down to the Murray we returned to Foreman's and as Mr. Wallace still did not put in an appearance we took advantage of the beds, and after a very strenuous climb up Hannels Spur (and after arising at 5 a.m.) we did appreciate those beds! We hope some day to meet Mr. Wallace in order to thank him for the use of his hut. Our feed for the second week was left safely there whilst we jaunted down to Victoria.

The next hut visited was Pounds and by this time we were so converted to huts that we did not make any attempt to erect our tents. This hut consists of two rooms and is provided with 5 or 6 bedsteads and mattresses, beds one above the other bunk type, and contains the usual cooker. This hut is situated in the loveliest valley and we felt content to stay there indefinitely. We were now down amongst the trees again, and all around were green ridges with snow gums throwing out their branches in fantastic shapes. The Snowy River had greatly increased in size and here were long pools that we felt must abound in trout.

Whites River Hut has been described to us as being in the most beautiful valley of the Range in Winter, and we understand that in Spring with the surrounding hills smothered in purple heather it is very delightful. However it was the only hut we found in a dirty condition and we were not impressed. As we left and looked back down the valley, glorious banks of clouds were crossing the horizon, and this somewhat tended to give a happier recollection of the locality.

We had intended to stay a day or two at the Tin Hut, not knowing that anyone would be there. On arrival it was evident that someone was living there and we found that it is occupied by sheep men all the Summer. We camped nearby and thoroughly enjoyed meeting Amos and Tom Blyton, who provided us with chops for breakfast and a loaf of bread as a parting gift next morning. We were very glad that night to cook at their stove. This hut is situated on top of the range at 6,200 ft. and once again it is not so comfortable for campfires.

The following morning was very misty and the weather not very promising looking and we decided to move down to the Alpine Hut, where we knew we would have ample accommodation in the event of extended bad weather. The walk down in the mist was very pleasant and we passed through groves of beautifully

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fantastic gums that reminded one of Walt Disney's drawings. The Alpine Hut which is the property of the Alpine Club is a popular resort for members and friends for skiing in the Winter months, in normal times. It is a commodious hut with several dormitories, shower recess (we heated water and had hot showers and you can imagine what a joy they were after nearly a fortnight out) and a combined kitchen and living room which contains a large fuel stove. There are good ski runs in the near vicinity. The following morning we went on to the range and spied the land out for our trip to Jargungal which we planned for the following day. After lunch on the Valentyne River (and a long sunbake which was a feature of our days when times permitted) we paid a visit to Mawsons Hut and as usual were received by the men living there with great friendliness and hospitality. They were always a little bit staggered to have five women descend on them and apparently our party was a record in this regard. They brought in a couple of horses for the girls to ride, and here again we were presented with a loaf of home baked bread, and enjoyed afternoon tea with them on that and the following day.

The next morning we arose at 5 a.m. (in the dark) and had eaten breakfast and climbed on to the range before the sunrise. We made our way through frost covered grass and shrubs, and on the tops there was a thin layer of ice on some of the shallow pools. We had a most enjoyable walk across to Jargungal and reached the trig, about 11 a.m. This is truly a glorious mountain, and its peaks are visible from almost any point on the range. The view from the trig, beggars description, and you look out on to a magnificent panamora of mountains and streams.

We left the mountains with very happy recollections of the friendliness and hospitality extended to us, and a whole hearted admiration for the sheep and cattle men who keep their huts in a state of cleanliness and order that would do credit to any housewife.

Many of the huts are available to walkers or anyone else passing through but of course you do not know who else may be there, and many of the men rely on the huts and would not have necessary gear for camping, so that you could not plan a trip on the assumption that you would be able to use the huts. If the Hostel movement or the National Fitness folk could arrange to have huts for walkers at appropriate intervals on the range it would indeed be grand. Although we prefer to camp whenever conditions are anyway suitable, there is no doubt that when you get above the tree line, it is not often that you can be very comfortable in a tent, and also it would be very helpful not to have the weight of your tent on a fortnight's trip.

MAP MAKING by "Klister"

All of us use (or ought to use) maps in connection with our walking. We scale off distances or directions confident that the information so obtained will be reasonably accurate. How is the map made so accurately?

In rough sketch maps we have drawn at one time or another we have found it difficult to produce something of sufficient accuracy to permit of the attachment of a scale. Another illustration of the difficulty is given by the misshapen maps of Australia produced by the early navigators who could fix the position of coastlines only by astronomical observations and dead reckoning.

The accuracy of our maps rests on a system of triangulation i.e. the surveyors set up and measure triangles all over the country.

If you hark back to schoolday trigonometry or even geometry you will remember that if the length of one side of a triangle be known, also the magnitude of the angles at each end of that side, the lengths of the other two sides and size of the remaining angle can be readily calculated.

Now the surveyors, when setting out accurately to map a new country, decide on the base line possibly five or six miles long on a convenient plain where it's length can be measured very accurately with special and elaborate equipment.

Then an instrument called a theodolite, which is used in the accurate measurement of horizontal and vertical angles, is set up accurately over one end of the line and sighted on to a target on some convenient mountain or hill. The angle between the base line and the hill is then measured on the theodolite. Similarly the angle subtended by the hill at the other end of the base line is measured. The surveyor then calculates the distance of the hill from each end of the base line and so knows all about the triangle thus formed. He then uses the two sides so found as bases for two more triangles using other hills.

Where he mounts his target or theodolite he erects a mound of stones. These are usually on hill tops and are what we call "Trigs".

Now the country is divided into a system of triangles called primary, secondary and tertiary triangles. The primary triangles may have sides averaging perhaps sixty miles or more in length but occasionally the sides may be over a hundred miles long. The sides of secondary triangles average around ten miles, while tertiary triangles have sides of from one to three miles long.

This triangulation fixes the position of a large number of points on the proposed map. Then the surveyor takes the area of one of the tertiary triangles and with a light theodolite, tape measure and several other useful instruments starts the process of "filling in" all the topographical details, always with relation to the triangulation system. When "filling in" of all the triangles has been completed we have a map accurate in scale and meridian.

The order of accuracy of the triangulation is really amazing. After working from the base line and calculating through a large number of triangles a check or "base of verification" will be made i.e. a triangle will be so set out as to allow one of its sides to be measured. The measurement so obtained with the accurate measuring gear will be compared with the calculated value. The Salisbury Plain Base of Verification in the trigonometrical survey of the United Kingdom showed a difference of $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches in 36574.7ft!

The accuracy with which survey work can be executed and results calculated is really surprising. Take, for instance, the engineering survey work in connection with the Simplon Tunnel under the Swiss Alps. Like most tunnels it was driven from both ends simultaneously but starting at different altitudes and having special drainage grades. It is $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles long and took seven years to drive, and all the while the direction of drive of each heading was directed by survey.

Notwithstanding the great difficulties in co-relating the surveys on either side of the Alps, the tunnels met with a difference of alignment of only 8 inches and a difference of level of 3 inches.

BUSHWALKING BY AIR ACROSS NEW GUINEA

By J. Debert.

Flying along the coast...the Owen Stanley Range majestically rearing its great height into the high heavens in the distance.....a rough and rugged country for any humans to fight in, rough but beautiful.

Beautiful valleys with low-lying clouds and early morning mists enhancing the glory of the landscape. A perfect bank of snow-white clouds draped on the mountain tops. It's good to be alive! The thrill of peering into the fathomless depth of blue water, looking for fish -- or "subs". The fascination of flying over innumerable reefs with their wealth of vivid colourings. Reefs are more delightful than ever when gazing down upon them from a height.

Cocoanut fringed islands looking like emeralds set in show-white claws in a setting of azure blue. Golden sands and rugged rocks. Other islands with cocoanut plantations covering the whole area. Native villages, so square and so squat and looking so very neat and tidy from the air. Catamarans pulled up on the beaches, others filled with natives out fishing. Sailing boats, some with white sails, others with russet or red, making pleasant picture book paintings to gaze down upon.

Delightful bays, some small, others large, sweeping into great half circles of golden sands. Rivers, large and small, winding their serpentine ways like snakes through the thick jungles.

It had rained heavily in the early hours of the morning and the muddy coloured storm waters stood out sharply in contrast to the clean blueness of the ocean. The cool inviting green of certain patches.....lovely lagoons, refreshing to look upon...the wonders of the famous Coral Sea.

I am still a boy at heart. I stand up all the way with my head out of an open gun turret. The force of the wind blows with pressure on the back of my head. I am revelling in every minute. A grand show! Fancy being paid for doing it!

Now a lengthy period over stretches of reef. A few vivid green grasslands. The symmetrical beauty of cultivated cocoanut plantations. A boat towing two launches, looking like toys in a child's wonderland playground pool. Hardly a ripple on the water.

Now, a big river, its long valley running miles back into those ever wonderful mountains, its muddled waters stretching three or four miles out into the sea.

We turn suddenly. I sense something is wrong. Word comes there's a "yellow" on in my part of the country. We are in sighting distance, only 15 flying minutes away. The gunner in the rear turret has no need to make

signs to me to search the skies. I'm ahead of him gazing into the sun, to the north and up above.

It's thrilling!. We make a semi-circular turn, glide gracefully down almost to the tree tops. We fly under hill tops, over ridges, up rugged ravines; we gaze through the tree branches above us.

The pilot makes the most of wisps of misty cloud for covering. We are well camouflaged against the trees and valleys; still we are taking no risks. The pilot is going home to the mainland next week and he wants to go home whole.

But in spite of our care and our coverage we still scan the skies incessantly. Guns are cocked ready. They're not needed this time. After half an hour of hedge-hopping amid mountain ridges the "all clear" comes through. Back we go and soon we're landing on the little strip of New Guinea we have come to call "home".

FLOWERS OF THE SOUTHERN ALPS.

Ray birt.

"What pleasure lives in heights?" the shepherd sang. A flower lovers answer to the question would be "The charm of alpine plants and the peace of the high hills". Snowfields have great grandeur, but those who go to the high places in winter for snow sports miss the beauty of the lovely alpine gardens with their numberless wild flowers. Early summer is the pleasantest season for rambling where the snow lies deep in the wintertime. It is spring on the Mountains when summer still reigns below and summer when Autumn has come to the lowlands. For the pleasure that lives in heights we must be grateful to wild nature who has planted her alpine garden with snow-daisies, dwarf everlastings, sweet-scented stackhousia, companalus, violets, buttercups and hosts of other small beautiful plants.

The snow daisy of the N.S.W. blooms from December to March. Its large and beautiful white flowers make a grand display when thousands are gleaming together in the sun, but the plants look dingy and bedraggled after their flowers have faded and ice-cold water from the snow drifts is tinkling down the Mountain side. One sees them in hosts and in charming groups and they look their best when growing along the shore of a blue alpine lake. Hardy perennials, they withstand months beneath the snow, but will not flourish in our gardens. Clemisea Longiflora (snow or Mountain Daisy) looks silvery, because the plant is covered in silky hairs, particularly the under surface of the dark green glossy leaves, so that it may fairly be called the "silver daisy". Some of the Alpine daisies have mauve flowers, others are white but much smaller than those of Clemises.

The golden daisy, an everlasting, grows in colonies on the Mountains. It forms cushiony masses of silvery leaves and above them nod golden flower heads on upright stems from a few inches to about one foot high. This sturdy little highlander is a variety (Auricep) of the common hoary sunray with white flowers which grows so abundantly on sandy loams in lowland areas.

Generally, alpine forms of plants that grow far above the snow line are rather different in form and have more richly coloured flowers. The alpine bells (*Wahlenbergia*) are of a deeper hue than their lowland cousins,

Australia's only Gentian - our sole representative of a genus with more than 300 members has white flowers, striped purplish or blue; now showy like the Gentians of the European alps, but a pretty little wild flower very pleasant to meet when one goes rambling on the Mountains. We met large quantities of these delightful blooms in the Wilkinson Valley.

We saw only one clump of native edelwiss - a rare little alpine of silvery brown appearance. Silver edelwiss forms carpets pretty enough for elves to dance on - unless they prefer a polished floor, and that many a mountain boulder would provide.

Alpine *Stachhouisia*'s bright green mats almost hidden by fairy size, white, creamy flowers may be found wherever there is moisture. Lake valleys of Kosciusko are flaked with *Stackhouisia* in summertime as if snowflakes lay unmelted in the sunshine. Purple eyebrights and snow *Aciphylla*, a small perennial with white flowers delight in the little clear water streams that make fairy cascades on granite rocks. As dainty as many other alpiners is the *Pratia*, with starry white flowers, it grows flat on the mud. Favouring wet depressions it may grow in company with the dwarf buttercup and the snow penny-wort. We saw traces of orchids abounding, but alas, were too late for their blooms.

All the wide valleys are beautiful with wild flowers of a 100 different kinds, when old "Kossy's" white mantle has become a thing of long shreds and big patches, when snow gums again show fantastic roots grasping the ribs of the mountain and small brown butterflies are welcomed by heath flowers on the Plains of Heaven. Every hour that a sun-dial counts is enchanting in alpine gardens, with a blue sky over them and the air as clear and pure as water rippling down the moraine from thawing drifts.

TEN YEARS ON COMMITTEE

For a whole ten years Jean Moppett has been a member of the Committee, and a very hard working member too. For most of the time she was Assistant Secretary and when Tom went away she took his place as Secretary. As Wal Roots said at the annual meeting, the Secretary's job is the key job of the club. It has been fortunate for the Club to have an old member continue so long in office. There have been a lot of changes and a lot of new members in ten years. But it's still the same old club, and one can't help feeling that Jean has had a lot to do with this.

Now she has acquired a house and expects to be pretty busy making it ship-shape. When she first took it it was nearly obscured by luxuriant herbage. One week-end last month a team of Bush Walkers arrived with various implements and disappeared into the undergrowth. By Sunday night a garden and lawns was revealed. It reminded one somewhat of a newly shorn sheep, but there was no doubt it was a garden - with lawns too. The herbage was piled in a great heap at the back. Anxious neighbours peeped from behind blinds, awaiting the great fire and smoke. This time they were spared, but it's going to be a bon-zer fire when it starts.

LETTERS FROM THE LADS AND LASSES.

Letters were received from the Services Committee this month from:-

Ninian Melville	-	C.M.W.
Allan Hardie	-	S.B.W.
Bruce Evans	-	Rucksack
Jack Spain	-	S.B.W.
R.Huntley-Tucker	-	Rover Ramblers
Geoff Higson	-	S.B.W.

ALLAN HARDIE: As you probably know, I am fortunate in being in the same Searchlight Unit as "Peter" Page. He is out on location, while I am in the Q. store. Peter once remarked to me how lucky we were in not having to leave our Australian main. Although we are up here in the tropics, we still have the friendly "coolibah" trees around us, but we now live on closer terms of intimacy with the gum eucalyptus than heretofore; for, whereas in civil life we visited them only in times of recreation, they are now our everyday environment. At night the peaceful silence is relieved only by the sound of crickets in the long grasses. I went out to Peter's location the other day, in order to deliver some blankets to the men there. He is in a most forward position to greet the Zeros when they come over. Getting there in a truck was an adventurous ordeal. The ground was very bumpy; and, had I sat down instead of standing I hardly think there would have been a sound bone in my body, after all the bouncing about to which we were subjected. Possibly you think I am exaggerating, but the grass was so tall that the seeds hit against our faces as we passed through them in the truck. At times we climbed up and descended in places as steep and as rough as the Kedumba Pass, but, of course, not for so long a stretch. I did not think a truck could conquer such rough ground. When I met Peter, however, I found him in a joyous frame of mind. He told me there was a river just below their camping place very much like the Cox, and he then took me to a look-out they had cleared. Down below, sure enough, was a watercourse with sandy bottom, casuarinas and all, just like the Cox. He was in his element, without a doubt, his only complaint being that his back felt sore at night from having done so much digging during the day.

GEOFF HIGSON: I am as fit as a fiddle. The powers that be have been trying to train us to a standstill but we have gradually worn them down and they have now eased up and for the last few weeks we have had quite an enjoyable time. Plenty of swimming, walking about-----beautiful clear days and warm nights. I have only used my sleeping bag (army issue) once since we have been here and that was yesterday. It rained on Saturday night and everything got wet and yesterday was very overcast so I didn't bother getting up and had a very restful day. Remember me to all the Club, I hope to be back some time to resume my walking activities in peace.

JACK SPAIN: I am still playing nurse maid to a flock of training aircraft. I have had three years of training schools and am I fed up. I have found South Australia and Adelaide very quiet. I get into Adelaide for a three day weekend every fortnight and know my way a bit around the place. Bushwalking is unheard of down here and when you mention the subject the people stare at you with an amazed expression.

BRIAN HARVEY: Our fresh(?) meat supply is about exhausted and we will be on tinned meat from Thursday next. The meat has been in the refrigerator three weeks and isn't particularly palatable, but curried, or drowned in sauce or smothered

with pickles, isn't so bad. We still have some fresh spuds, onions and pumpkin but they are on the decline.....

I have some good cloud studies - the vast white clouds here would send the S.B.W. photo fiends into a frenzy. We lay in a bay yesterday with high ranges on either side--3000' and 3750' respectively---with their peaks in the clouds and the sky reflected in the glossy water..

.....We put down a small detonator this morning and blew a lot of fish to the surface which we ate tonight with much gusto. The fish were the same as the coloured ones we saw at Taronga last year but tasted the same as ordinary fish despite their different brilliant hues.....

Many thanks for the gum leaves - we burned one in the ash tray last night and sniffed at the delicious "smoke". Oh, to sit by the camp fire again..... I can just picture the gum lined track and the willows as they come into view after one passes through the gate in Green Gully. It's all palm trees on the fore-shores here--millions of them--and behind them the steeple-rising, jungle-clad ranges.

G O S S I P

Well the Easter holidays are over, for the lucky "four day-ers" as well as the "Three-day-ers" and once again we can circulate on Friday nights without disturbing the monotonous chant of 8 oz. of raisins, 12oz. of sugar and don't forget the tin opener.

As usual Bushwalkers were fairly evenly distributed over the countryside. The Mountains sat back and defended themselves against the attack of their worshippers, the Wollondilly River had a surprise visit from a party of eleven who were even more surprised to be down there at all after the way things looked a few days previously, and we hear that poor old Yeold received some "hurry up".

Complaints are seeping in from Max Gentle that he is not the Man he Used to be since joining the Army, in fact he is getting soft he thinks.

On April 17th John Hunter and Joan Atthill were married. All of us who have known these two have appreciated their friendliness and good humour, and may we say their great forbearance. We sincerely hope that their life together will be "Track and Easy" all the way through.

Tom Ramsay was also married a few weeks ago to Mary MacGregor sister of our Malcolm "Goldwyn" MacGregor. The first part of the honeymoon, through some small mischance was spent in the bandstand at----- (security reasons) We have not heard if the combined band chivalrously gave up their stand or were absent anyway. Unfortunately evening concerts are not a feature of this resort and the appropriate slow music was therefore lacking, however!!!!

Did you know that Gordon and Jean Mannell have been in Sydney and in to the Club recently, though by this time they will have returned to the country.

The winner of the purple certificate offered in last month's magazine for the solution of the set problem, receives our commendation for the answer so clearly and humourously given at the last General meeting. The little homily on Common Sense in Bushwalkers will we are sure, be taken to heart. We are so pleased with the ready response to our questions that we are encouraged to ask another, (as soon as we can get another purple certificate) Watch for it!

AT OUR OWN MEETING

One new member, Stan Ricketts, was welcomed by the President.

The business manager of the Bush Walker wrote to the Committee, pointing out that, in view of the rising costs of material, it was likely that, if the price of the Bush Walker remained at 3d, there would be a loss of between £9 and £10 this year. If the price was increased to 4d per copy, the revenue would probably benefit to the extent of about £6. This question was discussed by the meeting. The Committee recommended that the price remain at 3d and that the Club subsidise the magazine for the amount of the loss. After discussion, it was resolved to increase the price of the magazine to 4d.

At the request of the meeting, Marie Byles read out a list of definitions as understood by the Lands Department and definitions of proposed types of reservations. The list was prepared by the Conservation Bureau of the Federation. The conservation Bureau recommends adoption of three types of reservations applicable to the needs of the bush walking movement. These types are - primitive area, bush walking area and hiking area (see Federation report). Laurie Rayner suggested that the titles "virgin", "primitive" and "improved" areas would be more descriptive and John Johnson ("Johnno") suggested the titles "primitive", "primitive walking" and "walking areas".

Marie Byles announced that it had been ascertained that the valuation of the privately owned land between Garrawarra and National Parks was about £3,000. It was pointed out that this area was the most popular camping area in the state. The Government has recently spent £1,000 on the erection of a hostel which would accommodate 20 people in the week-end. Possibly 200 people on an average camped on this area every week-end. It was resolved that the Club request the Federation to approach the Government and urge it to resume the area and to incorporate it in the Garrawarra Park and, at the same time, to approach the National Fitness and Hostels Movement, asking them to support the request.

The ex-Social Secretary explained how to get an invitation to supper after a lecture. The best way is to tell the Social Secretary of a good lecturer and persuade him to come along, to propose a vote of thanks, or to engage the lecturer in conversation after the lecture.

The Services Committee hopes to be able again this year to compile a set of re-union pictures for members of the S.B.W. The song book of bush walking songs is completed and was posted during the month to all walkers in the fighting forces.

Alan Wyborn (Walks Secretary and Walks Recorder) brought up the subject of walks records. He said that these were very handy for people going into an area for the first time. Plenty of walks had been done in the last two or three years and very few had been recorded. He thought it would be a good idea if new walks were fully recorded.

MRS. HOUGHTON (Angela Neal of the C.M.W.) would be glad to see any bushwalker who gets as far north as Cairns. Here's the address:

"Miamura", Esplanade, Cairns.

FEDERATION NOTES.

As reported in the last issue, Beverley Druce has taken on the job of Assistant Secretary, in place of Miss Toni Day of the C.M.W. who had to resign, as the Federation meetings clashed with her Technical College lectures.

From correspondence, it was learned that Mr. E.D. Hordern is the sole owner of "Hordern's Block" at the Blue Gum Forest and that he is not prepared to sell it. Marie Byles, the acting Honorary Secretary, has arranged to interview Mr. Hordern and hopes he may instruct his executors to hand the block over to the Blue Gum Forest Trust.

Members will be pleased to learn that the Railways Department has been persuaded to stop the 12.55 p.m. train on Saturdays at Lilyvale.

The Parks and Playgrounds Movement would like to know if the area to the North of Jervis Bay is worth reserving. They will be pleased if anyone can supply information about the area.

The following definitions have been suggested by the Conservation Bureau for proposed reservations, which it is hoped will be obtained in the future:

Primitive Area - large area to be kept in its virgin state. Any proposed improvements such as roads for fire-fighting purposes, tracks, propagation or eradication of fauna or flora would be only for the purposes of keeping the area in, or restoring the area to, the same condition as it was in previously. No permanent settlement, no tourist roads and no buildings except for rangers or naturalists, would be permitted. Camping, hiking, bushwalking and trail-riding would be permitted if such did not interfere with the fauna and flora.

Bushwalking Area - a smaller area strictly roadless to be kept as far as possible like a primitive area, except that bushwalkers, trail-riders and hikers would be freely admitted and tracks would be made for them.

Hiking Area - a small area to be kept roadless but in which buildings and improvements, such as national fitness camps, youth hostels and picnic sheds would be permitted.

The Recreational Areas Committee of the National Fitness Council is suggesting an amendment of the law to enable councils to keep lands which would otherwise be sold to recover overdue rates.

Kuring-gai Chase Trust has offered the use of three buildings, now existent to the Hostels Movement. These are - a cottage at Towler's Bay, the motorists' pavilion at Coal and Candle Creek and a building at Apple Tree Bay.

Dorothy Lawry has been elected again as Editor of the Publication Committee.

The Federation would be glad to hear of anyone prepared to take over the jobs of Hon. Secretary and Advertising Manager.

IMPORTANT DATES
FOR YOUR SOCIAL CALENDAR

- May 21st 8 p.m. NOVELTY NIGHT for SERVICES COMMITTEE
Come along and bring your spare pennies.

- May 28th 8 p.m. Illustrated Lecture by DOROTHY BRIGDEN
"CAMPING WITH THE ABORIGINES - FAR NORTH".

- June 18th 8 p.m. CLUBROOM PARTY
(Details later).

- June 25th 8 p.m. ANNUAL PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION
Messrs. Alder, Cotter and Gilroy will receive all your exhibits.

FOR ALL YOUR PHOTOGRAPHIC REQUIREMENTS

and for

EXCELLENT DEVELOPING WORK

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PADDY'S AD.

In No.2 Issue of the Sydney Bushwalker way back in August 1931, Paddy's Ad. appeared for the first time. Since then without fail month by month Paddy has been the Mags most regular contributor. Editors may come and Editors may go, but Paddy goes on for ever-until alas! Catastrophe! Paddy was so busy signing forms and unravelling red tape that the last minute ticked by and the ever patient Miss Dube' (that's the lady that types the mag.) had to finish off without the long standing 'ad'. The record of nearly 12 years was broken. Did the Heavens fall? Did the earth rock? No! Did Paddy get letters demanding an explanation? Did the phone run hot with anxious enquiries? Not a bit of it. Did anyone ever mention it? Yes. A wee small voice said it missed the 'ad'. Paddy was touched. So here's the prodigal (whom nobody missed) back again.

PADDY PALLIN
CAMP GEAR FOR WALKERS
327 George Street, SYDNEY.

'Phone B3101.