

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

A monthly Bulletin of matters of interest to the Sydney
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Editor: Alex Colley, 55 Kirribilli Av., Milson's Point.
Production and Business Manager: Brian Harvey
Reporter: Jim Brown
Production Asst: Bill Gillam
Sales and Subs: Helen Brooks
Typed by Joan Harvey

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Editorial

A Conservation Supplement

For some time your Editor, egged on by the Business Manager, has been considering means of publicising our conservation ideals. The first idea was to publish an Annual containing 16 pages of articles on walking, 16 pages of photographs and the like and 16 pages of conservation. It was not anticipated that it would pay its way, but the gap between cost and returns would have been too big. A good quality publication would have cost somewhere round £150 for 500 copies - i.e. nearly 4/- a copy.

Here the matter rested for some time till we discovered the possibilities of the multilith process - like the walks programme and the photographs in the magazine. Five hundred copies of a similar Annual in this style would cost about £80 - over 3/- a copy.

So the idea of an Annual was out, but we might still revert to that old standby, the Club's duplicating machine. We could bring out a conservation supplement on the machine for a few pounds. But who would buy either the supplement or the magazine? Probably about half a dozen people outside the Club. It wouldn't be worth doing unless it was put into the hands of the people who count in conservation work - some of our kindred associations, key officials, and perhaps parliamentarians, Councils and editors. They wouldn't buy it - we would have to send it to them free with a special personal letter each, and then some of them might read it. It is doubtful, however, whether they would read an ordinary roneoed supplement. The busy man's defence against duplicated material is to lose it quickly. We might deceive them by having a printed cover and a couple of photographs inside to attract their attention. Then we would be up around the £20 mark again.

As one of the Club's objects is "to establish a definite regard for the welfare and preservation of the wild life and natural beauty of this country", we could, and should, devote Club funds to such a purpose. Even our ex-Assistant-Treasurer could not restrain us.

But the funds are probably the easiest part. We would need writers, some photographic assistance, and extra assistance in typing and editing. (It is no small feat to bring out twice as many copies of a double-sized magazine). If those who could help would do so willingly and enthusiastically it would not be such a hard job. But if members were not enthusiastic it would just be a lot of hard work for one or two people.

We suggest that the subject of the supplement could be "The Greater Blue Mountains National Park". If you would be willing to help produce it come along to the next monthly meeting and say so.

AT OUR OCTOBER MEETING.

Reported by Jim Brown.

The more voluble types must have been absent from the October meeting, which remained as tranquil as some of those early in the present year. About 50 members were present, and the Club acquired one new member, Ken Harris.

Amongst correspondence was a letter from the National Park Trust, advising that the trees mysteriously cut down in the vicinity of Waterfall Creek were not victims of Trust policy. They certainly hadn't organised or endorsed the destruction. There was also a letter from John Kennedy, believed to be a member of Y.H.A., seeking rugged types for a mapping reconnaissance of the Wolgan-Capertee country.

Correspondence originating from the Club included a letter to National Park Trust, Sutherland Shire Council and the Minister for

Lands protesting against dumping of sewage in the National Park behind Bundeena.

We learned from the Social Secretary that the Commodore of the Cruising Canoe Club had made a piteous plea that we defer our epidiascope night so that they could have the use of the infernal machine on the night of their one and only meeting in the month. As our Club had some hard in its being out of order for their previous meeting, we felt we should meet them, and the Social Programme was adjusted.

Another Trustee was required for Bouddi, it was announced, in succession to W. Holesgrove.

The President pointed out that the Ski Sub-committee was due to be re-elected at the next monthly meeting: it was announced in a hesitant fashion, probably with recollections of sundry movements for its abolition last year.

The meeting had been sharpening its claws for the anticipated revelations about Bushcraft from Bill Gillam and Dennis Gittos, but in the absence of the latter with his report the whole business had to lapse, and to the amazement of all, delight of many, and disappointment of some, the meeting was over at 8.45 p.m, which probably created a record.

SOCIAL NOTES FOR NOVEMBER.

The social programme shows two important events this month. The first is the presentation of a number of excellent slides by Mr. E. Slater on the 18th, and the second is Ira Butler's film night, featuring the Grose Valley, on the 25th.

Of course you all know by now that the Xmas Party will be held at C.U.S.A., third floor, on Wednesday, 14th December. Tickets are 8/6, obtainable from me or Jean Harvey. I would like the folk who are interested to purchase tickets at least a week before the event, so that figures for catering will be as accurate as possible. Tables can be arranged if the necessary information is given to me. The Social Committee can guarantee you a bumper night.

- E. Stretton,
Social Secretary.

MONEY MONEY MONEY.

Owing to rather heavy losses recently on Australia's greatest sporting event, the Treasurer is experiencing acute financial embarrassment.

CAN YOU HELP?

Stop being one of the forty odd unfinancial members and spare the Treasurer from the debtor's prison. You may post cheques, money orders or postal notes to G.L. Webb, 4 Mt. Warwick, Holbrook Avenue, Kirribilli.

HOME ON TIME THIS TIME.

By "Billy the Cook".

It was only when I collected the cook that I learned we weren't going over Barrington. "Peter has found a new ridge called the Mt. Royal Range" I was told. I was just working up to a terrible rage and choler when I realised the rest of the food party had all the meat and immediately calmed down. Eve led Adam astray with an apple but this is the first time she has tried two loin chops.

So off we went to Scone, which part of the journey is best left unmentioned. At Scone we stretched our contorted limbs and settled down in a brand new bus, till the famous halfway house at Gundi was reached, where an obliging hostess drew beers all round (or nearly all round) as the sun came up. By this time the heroic adventurers for Mt. Royal had precipitated themselves to the back of the bus where the map was produced - for the first time I fear - and the relative merits of North and South arm of Stewart's Brook were discussed. Woman's intuition was discarded and we took the North arm with the main party.

The canny bus driver would not with his new bus go past Belltrees and we were packed into an old claptrap which rocked and bucketted its way up Stewart's Brook till, with a groan and a grunt it tipped us out for a breakfast of Aspros and eggs.

Inleisurely fashion we wandered up the ridge to Breakfast Hut where, paradoxically, we had lunch. Here the adventurers, looking somewhat less heroic, bade farewell to Dormie and his Sybarites and pushed into the unknown. Reaching the crest of the first ridge we saw that we would have to go down into the South Arm. So, grasping the map in one hand and a wire fence in the other, we set off for the water. By 4 we had reached a point on Stewart's Brook several miles from where we had left the bus at 9. Quite good going.

Having seen enough of Stewart's Brook we decided to leave it and rushed up the first ridge we could find. When it grew dark we decided to camp and look for water. Three of us set out in three different directions. I gave up after half an hour; Peter went further and climbed a long way down to a creek, while Harry Snowden, who wanted a swim, went back to Stewart's Brook.

The loin chops which had caused the rot were eaten, and like Adam's apple they were very sweet. After tea there was a slight attempt at conversation, but six very tired walkers crept into their bags as soon as possible.

Judith Norton, who is definitely a rival to Cotter, woke us in the morning with a cup of tea. Breakfast was done with very quickly and at last we set foot on the Long-Cockroach Ridge, or - as per epigramist Harry - "Lousy" Cockroach Ridge.

Up and up we went, past numerous saddles and swamps, till at last we were on the watershed of the Paterson and Hunter. We knew

we must be on the watershed because it went down on either side, but just where on the ridge was hard to say. Like the Easter trip, we soon found everyone was a navigator. Price's Postulation was we were on a shoulder of Lousy, but after some debate this was discounted and we toyed with Harry's Hypothesis that we were still at Stewart's Brook. This was treated with as much contempt as Brook's Boloney. There was definitely a large peak in front of us and the poor weak walkers decided to sidle through some rain forest.

Peter found several new types of nettle, Harry found an interesting new crooper, apparently a cross between a choko vine and an octopus. Helen, I believe, acquired another language called "Alpinehutski" and we all learned our lesson.

If anyone, even the President, suggested sidling in my presence, I will promptly give him the bird.

We had at last left "Lousy" behind, and off we rushed along the plainest ridge in search of the Cockroach. On the map this seemed to be quite simple, merely a matter of following a flat straight ridge. "There for lunch", "We'll have lunch on the creek on the other side", "If we go round the edge we will be on the Mt. Royal knife-edge by one" and other expressions of hopeful confidence were bandied.

Ah, bitter pill it was. Our nice even ridge soon turned out to be a succession of minor peaks and major saddles. We plunged down the peaks and laboured up the sides, by which time it was dinnertime, and Cockroach still as far away as ever. The girls looked so pathetic that Peter abandoned the idea of a dry camp and he and I climbed about 600' off the ridge to a creek and back again.

Two more major traverses were necessary before we reached the first of the twin peaks of Cockroach. Cigarettes and chocolate were consumed, then up another 700' to Cockroach itself at 4 o'clock. The view? - ah, wonderful. A rough and wild horizon, distant blue hills, lush green clearings and a suggestion of a violent storm over Barrington. How we hoped those lovers of ease were getting a soaking. "It always rains on Barrington" was the tone.

But the outlook! Our hoped-for ridge to Mt. Royal was definitely a Blue Duck. It meant having to go down many hundred feet and then through several miles of rain forest. We licked our wounds and said a few words on rain forests, and looked for a new ridge. After much sucking of oranges and puffing of pipes we decided to go down a ridge more to the West, skirting Mt. Royal and its tributary Pinnacle, to a clearing which led, we hoped, to our last peak - Pietrie's Point. This proposal received the assent of a majority, so off we rushed for the clearing. Harry was almost led on to the wrong ridge by a woman but when it was discovered neither had a tent they returned to the main party. A clearing was reached about an hour after dark and as soon as we found a flat spot we dumped the humps and ate. After tea Harry produced cigars and rum, giving me a 50-50

of rum and coffee, which was murder, brother - really murder. When I woke it was eleven o'clock and someone was rolling me off the groundsheet so they could go home.

We rushed through breakfast on Monday morning and advanced pell mell on the clearing, only to find a rather frightening valley between us and Pietrie's. Although this was of major proportions it proved no more difficult than the saddles of Sunday and by 12 o'clock we were on a timber track. About a thousand feet above the creek we found the bed of a former creek, which prompted the remark that we were probably several million years late for an easy trip. It was 12 o'clock when we reached a hut shown on the map, which left seven miles if we were to catch our transport at the correct time of 2. After a block of chocolate Peter and I left the slow freight and rushed off to catch the car. My memory of the next two hours is curiously dim. I can see Peter's legs moving up and down at a tremendous rate and a voice telling me to keep right up or I'll be left behind.

We stopped for an instant on top of a hill, just long enough to break some chocolate and hand it to Peter as he shot past. A timber getter directed us to a short cut which, like all short cuts, we couldn't find. We went in the way he waved his hand however and came upon a rather bored taxi driver at five to 2. Gratefully the two of us stripped off while the driver went in search of the others further up the road.

By three we were all collected, including a round dozen of leeches on my feet. Driving furiously we found time for a quickie at Singleton, it scarcely touched the throat, then up to the station with two minutes to spare.

Price! I congratulate you. A truly enjoyable trip. Wouldn't it go well next King's Birthday with all the peaks and saddles covered in snow? Oh yeah!

Shortly after arrival in England Roy and Kath Davies set off on an unplanned cycle tour of the British Isles. First they made their way to Cardigan, in South Wales, then across Ireland and over to Killarney. Here they practised their "bushcraft" by lighting and concealing a fire 50 yards from a "no camping" notice. The lakes, they report, were very beautiful and the local crags impressive. From there they went up to Northern Ireland and across to Scotland. Altogether they covered 1,500 miles, staying in hostels most of the time. Dave Ingram has shown up and is reported to be "flying around the countryside at great speed". Many other Australians have visited them and they don't wonder that the British rations have to be reduced now and then.

TREE STUDY

by Jack Thorp

Placed third at our Annual Exhibition.

The judge, Mr. Eade, said that the print quality of this study could not be improved. The subject, a pleasing group of trees on a sunny day, was simple and effective. It did not have quite the same general interest as the first and second photographs (see previous issues). If it had been possible to get a slightly lower camera angle it might have been improved a little. The lights on the tree trunk were a bit lost against the background.

Photographers might note too that this simple silhouetted type of photograph reproduces very well by the multilith process.



OCTOBER HOLIDAY.

R. Cotter.

At first we worried about the weather because September had been very wet and our walk was to be a river walk. The next worry was when a food party member resigned at a late hour, and finally when we assembled at Blackheath the party was three short and the cars were ready to leave! However the car driver agreed to wait and the next train brought two of the team who had been unable to board the train at Central. The other was not seen until a week later.

Finally we left Blackheath. It was a perfect moonlight night and the drive down into the valley was most enjoyable.

The sight of the mist-filled Cox Valley shining in the moonlight as we descended into it down Black Jerry's Ridge brought a wistful "I wonder what exposure you'd need?" from one photographer.

We reached the Cox by various ways and supper fires were lit whilst the sleepy heads went straight to bed.

Saturday morning we got away to a late start at 8 a.m. We had only gone a few hundred yards when there was a chorus "There's Max". Coming down the ridge was Max Gentle in a white cap.

When we came to cross the Cox at Harry's River it was so fast that only the two strongest men were able to cross under their own steam, and that after a gruelling battle with the rapids. In fact at one stage Owen O'Donnell's pack was all that could be seen of him. However he finally surfaced with his glasses intact and reached the other bank. This somewhat dampened the spirits of the weaker walkers but we tackled the crossing, forming a chain by holding hands. Len Fall, being tallest, took the lead but midstream he was swept off his feet. Fortunately the heaviest woman in the party had a firm grip of his pack and the rest immediately tightened their grip on each other and we swung back in to the bank.

While we had been battling with the stream Claude Haynes had been exploring and he now returned to assure us that he had found an easier way across. On tackling this we found it chest high but not running too strongly.

Max, having just watched all these antics, decided it was not for him so with a parting shout "I'll see you at Easter" he retraced his footsteps.

Before starting up Harry's River the party dried out slightly and had a snack. The going up the river was slow because of the increased flow of water but no difficulties were encountered. That night we camped a little distance above Diable Creek and as we were much behind schedule a council of war was held. It was decided the main party would not reach Jenolan but that Rex Hest and Noel Riley had a good chance. With the party's best wishes they left at 8.30

Sunday morning and the main party with another late start retraced its steps to Diablo Creek and shot up a ridge to the Black Range.

We lunched on a tributary of Little River and at the ruins on Little River the photographers spent some time trying to snap the blossom. Mary Macdonald climbed a fence to get the best viewpoint but found she needed more than two hands so had to ask Edna Stretton to push the plunger. This Eddie did with such gusto that she nearly knocked Mary off the fence.

The photographers were the last to reach the Cox which was still running a banker.

Some boys camped nearby had been fixing wire across the river and we crossed over to an island quite easily by holding the wire as a support. From here to the other bank the wire went across a pool neck high and it was a case of get across as best you could. Mary showed us the best way by just hanging on to the wire and kicking and we all followed suit and got over with our packs more or less dry until Claude, bringing Edna's pack over, tried a new method and filled it with water. I am sure the boys who put up the wire had their reward in the laughs they got out of us.

We had a good camp fire that night and what our singing lacked in quality was made up in other ways. The girls kept a constant lookout for Noel and Ron but there was no sign of them.

Monday being an easy day we made another late start and after we had been going a short while the rain started. However this cooled down the walk through Megalong and after two perfect days we could not grouse.

Noel and Ron caught a later train than the main party, having had quite a strenuous trip.

THE RABBITS CHECK OUT.

Jim Brown.

History is absolutely rotten with instances of men who didn't know when they were beaten. Journalists prate glibly of "unconquerable determination", "unwavering resolution", "unyielding spirit" - good ponderous, resonant phrases usually signifying practically nothing. Somebody who has a line of men's pants to sell advertises with the slogan "Men of Stamina". Yes, the admiration of the whole world is directed to and lavished on the man of iron will, he who will endure untold hardship (another lovely old cliché, commonly used to introduce a harrowing story which certainly leaves nothing untold).

There they are, the men who were not ^hoverthrown by adversity but took arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing ended them. Do you see them - the early navigators, sailing their worm-riddled

ships, driving their scurvy-sick crews beyond the ends of the earth? Napoleon, intolerant of the stupid word "impossible"? Or Bruce, in defeat, learning his lesson of perseverance from the legendary spider? Oh, of course, human beings suffered, but that was a detail, for they must have suffered cheerfully for such men of endurance and tenacity.

Now, on the other hand, take me. I know my limitations. I can give the game away with the greatest facility. I am one of the Sissy Bushwalkers. I am a pansy. I am a rabbit. So what? I can prove it. More, I can double-prove it. Consider these case histories.

Chapter 1. Hurley's Hateful Hike.

I've been loth to speak of this trip before, but since the leader has purged her contempt before the competent tribunal (Committee) and the two prospectives concerned have been admitted to full membership, I feel I need no longer cloak my shame. The occasion was the 4/5 June, the walk an official trip from Robertson to Yeola, Carrington Falls and Minnamurra, Ø denotes may be considered a test walk, and the type - wet. Awful wet - seven inches at Robertson that day, unless someone tampered with the rain gauge.

The leader caused a mild flutter at Central, appearing in groundsheet, hood and boots - rest of attire a matter of conjecture - and it was raining as we jaunted south. At Wollongong the skies smiled, the R.R.R. Coffee was passable, and we were so elated we didn't even notice the muddy clouds wreathing around the Illawarra Range, but as the little branch-line train snarled its way up the pass the squalls broke. Sheeted volleys of rain and wind set us rocking on the tracks, made rivers of gutters and torrents of creeks. At Robertson we were half-blown, half-washed into the waiting room which at first appears to be an annexe of the Ladies Room (vide Madden's Maddest Mission, S.B.W. magazine, circa August 1948).

While the wind hammered watery nails into the walls there was some vague, romantic, visionary talk about carrying on with the trip when the storm abated, though it would have been patent to Blind Freddy that the weather was there for an extended season. Presently it was conceded that the river at Yeola would be impassable, and we all looked relieved. We aired cautions, hopeful, diplomatic views - four committee members, one past committeeman, two propps. - trying to reconcile impossible conditions with the "Bushwalkers go through" tradition. Tradition was being watered down. We'd do the walk along the tops instead - when it was fine on Sunday we'd introduce some hard going to bring it up to test walk standard. Hm. That is, if we ever got away from Robertson Station. Presently one of the Committee members ventured, "All I say is, let common sense prevail".

It was said! We all talked blatantly about going back that day - provided the wretched branch line wasn't washed out. First, though, we had to prove to ourselves that it was really too violent. (That was not the original motive - that was simply the way it worked out.) We set out for the local pub to fill in waiting time. Useless groundsheets flapped madly about our necks, rain that felt like pellets of ice rattled on the capes and stung our legs, and we were blown willy-nilly about the roadway. One of the lightweights was whisked from the tarmac and only the gluey roadside mud saved her from a barbed wire extrication job. Wet to the middle, we flowed into the Parlour (cosy, old-fashioned term for lounge), and ordered drinks to suit our var ying ages and degrees of chilliness.

One of the lasses shivered in saturated shorts until the proprietor's wife produced a pair of her husband's bags, and took the shorts to be dried by the kitchen range. That proprietor must be a massive bloke - it would have been easy to fit another member of our party in the other leg if necessary. Our spirits rose as the "local's" spirits diminished, and when we saw a goods train claw its way east into the cyclone at 3.30 we deemed it reasonable that the afternoon trip to Wollongong would go through. Scourged again by the raging wind we staggered to the station, there to drip in growing pools on the waiting room floor, and listen for the thin, wind-tattered whistle of the 4.42.

Chapter 2. Washout at Wanganderry. or, "How We Did It Again".

You couldn't have got wet in better company. There was that much to be said for my official trip out from Mittagong on September 23/24/25. I say "my" official trip but, to be exact, I was the misguided creature who volunteered its leadership when the original author feared it may coincide with his annual holidays. It's another story how he was NOT on holidays when Brown's Blizzard Bound Bush Walkers moved south, and how he was NOT a member of the party, but I shall say no more of his duplicity, lest the Editor blue-pencil me (and with some justification).

Rain didn't deter the stalwart hearts who met at Central, nor the one who chased the 5.21 down the platform after waiting as long as he dared for the balance of his food party. Driving rain, a leaking carriage roof, the snapping of bubble gum by youthful fellow travellers didn't greatly enliven the trip, but arrangements worked smoothly and at 9.30 p.m. at the Wanganderry turn-off, we were hurrying up our tents in light rain.

It rained quietly all night. We lit breakfast fires and ate in abduled tents in gentle rain. Moved off at 8.30 in quiet rain, back a mile down the road, and turned north into the straggly upland forest. It rained. In fact, it just darned well kept on raining in a calm, insidious manner.

Pushing through wet scrub is a bad business. You find a trail of sorts and it doesn't quite coincide with your bearing, but you follow it because it's a break from bush bashing. We did just that, and at 10 a.m. still in steady rain, we were in a nasty little gully west of the correct ridge.

We worked east on to the spur in a sticky tangle of spiny, pea-flowered shrubbery. It rasped our cold, wet legs cruelly and the going became so disagreeable that at 11.30 I led the party off the crown of the ridge and down towards the east arm of Wilson's (Wanganderry) Creek. Cliffs there - probably not impossible, but the vision of tangled valley and misted gorge ahead not inviting.

By universal consent we looked for and found a generous sandstone overhang for early lunch and discussion of the situation. Having already done it once and got away with it, I rocked the party by recommending retreat. Such the influence of precedent! Had the really truly leader of the trip been there the question would probably never have arisen, but Jupiter Pluvius was here dealing with far more malleable material. The party looked it with disbelief, but I was infinitely resourceful - I discovered arguments for retiring with the prodigality of a conjuror producing rabbits from a top hat. What's more, I convinced them. Gradually the murmurs of incredulity and dissent were stilled.

A goodly fire was built, viands produced and various people set about catching trickles from rock faces in buckets and billies. Still the pestilential rain.

Now then, since we were turning in the trip, should we remain overnight in our snug overhang, or beat it back to the road through the lacerating scrub tangle to pitch wet tents in the rain? Out of six people we obtained some fourteen various opinions and verdicts over a period of time - the time it takes to eat a leisured lunch. The arguments were decided for us when we found that the water bucket beneath our most promising water point had yielded less than a pint and a half in two hours. "Gee", said Don, "I don't want a dry camp!" "Dry camp!" we echoed with horrible sardonic laughter.

So it was back to the road in rain developing into a windy downpour, back to camp a hundred yards east of the point where we had left the road eight hours earlier. The other two tents shared the Fire (note the capital) that night - a Fire carefully coaxed from seemingly saturated logs into a roaring, searing furnace. The Fire was built between the two tents - and they were hardly six feet apart - so that the occupants slept salamander fashion in a boiler room atmosphere. Vapours curled from the leeward tent of Ron and Noel, and at intervals frightened faces peered out as the flames licked the steaming japara.

It rained all night, but with first light came a lull, then a tiny patch of pale, clear sky which widened till the sun, coy at his first glimpse of Wanganderry in at least two days, winked a tentative eye and then smiled. A chill southerly shepherded the clouds to

regions which certainly didn't need them less. And we road bashed in thirteen miles to Mittagong.

The pastoral country was green and fresh in the weak sun, the massed clouds pictorial, but it was still road-bashing. The little girl in the cafe couldn't identify the battered, unshaven team as her customers of Friday night until Meadows unleashed his baby-blue eyes and animated eye lashes, when we were persona grata.

We entrained, and Don discarded a pair of boots from the carriage window, after significant gestures to Sunday afternoon strollers who came to investigate. Two of the party actually thanked me for the trip as they left us at Liverpool. Don went his way to explain to his food party (Don't be unkind to him, food party - his unfailing cheerfulness meant a good deal to us that weekend). I drained the bitter dregs of defeat again (good cliché there, d'you see?), and have since been carefully cautioning people about the Club, "I've had wet weekends" or "I'm a fair weather walker from now on".

Well, I'm a pansy. I'm a heel. I'm a sissy bushwalker. So what?"

THE "SYDNEY BUSH WALKER" LIBRARY.

By Jess Martin, Librarian.

It is obvious from the number of books missing that many members have forgotten that the Club has a "LENDING" LIBRARY, and how many of our newer members are familiar with its contents and how it was first established?

One evening in 1932 Mr. W.J. Cleary visited the Club to give an address entitled "The Literature of Walking", during which he quoted from many poets and essayists who all delighted in singing and writing of the beauties of the countryside enjoyed during their rambles. The suggestion was made that the works quoted by Mr. Cleary would form the nucleus of a fine library, the idea was enthusiastically adopted and, in the capable hands of the first Librarian, the Library was an established fact.

From time to time new books have been added. The more serious side of bushwalking is catered for in books on Map Reading and Making, Astronomy, Meteorology, Photography, Birds, Trees and Wildflowers. The "Sydney Bush Walker" Magazines, which cover all phases of our activities, from the first issue until end of 1948, have now been bound and are available (for reference only). Magazines which are published by other walking clubs are also available for reference.

Unfortunately, our space is somewhat limited, but fresh books of general interest to walkers can always be added to our shelves by donation or the following procedure :-

'The Librarian to purchase any book when nine people sign a petition for its purchase and pay a fortnightly subscription in advance. It shall be the duty of the proposer of the books to collect the subscriptions and hand them to the Librarian. Non-fiction books of interest to walkers are to be purchased by the Librarian when five people sign a petition and pay a fortnightly subscription and the Committee votes the balance of the purchase price. The Committee shall not, in any period of six months, vote more than £2.10.0 for the purchase of such books.

"The charge for new books shall be 1d. per fortnight (or part thereof) per 2/6d. (or part thereof) of the book's purchase price. The charge for books at present in the Library shall be 1d. for the first fortnight and 2d. per week thereafter.'

Now that the confusion into which the Library had been allowed to lapse has been straightened out, it is hoped that sustained interest in our Library will be renewed.

ADDITIONS TO LIBRARY.

The following books have been donated to the Library by Mrs. J. Morris :-

"OUR SANDHILL COUNTRY" by A.M. Duncan-Kemp.
(Life of Nature and Man in South-Western Queensland).

"AN AVIARY OF THE PLAINS" by Henry G. Lamond.
(Sketches of Bird Life in Western Queensland).

KOALA SURVEY.

The following is extracted from a letter received from Mr. F.J. Griffiths, Chief Guardian of Fauna, in reply to a request for information which would enable members to help in the search for Koalas.

"The object of the survey which the Fauna Protection Panel is at present undertaking is to find out, not only where koalas are living at present, but also where they are known to have lived in a natural state, but are no longer found. All this information is very necessary for any plan for the conservation of the animal.

"From information at present available, it would seem that koalas have lived in almost the whole of the coastal strip of New South Wales as well as in parts of the tablelands. They now live in certain areas near Sydney, particularly on the peninsula between Narrabeen and Palm Beach. Your report regarding Berowra Waters is confirmed from other sources.

"The principal food tree of the koala in New South Wales is the Grey Gum, but they also feed on other species including the Forest Red Gum (or Queensland Blue Gum), the tallow wood and the red mahogany.

"When climbing, koalas make long, fairly deep, scratches on the bark of the tree trunks. The scratches might be 6" long and are different to the marks made by opossums which are short and more like claw marks. By the age of the scratches you can tell whether koalas are likely to be living in the vicinity.

"I might add that as koalas are nocturnal animals, they are not often seen during the day time, but just at dusk they frequently move from tree to tree.

FEDERATION NOTES

by Brian G. Harvey.

MINUTES of the September Meeting were not adopted as some doubt arose as to the authority of certain delegates to vote on the motion to lift the suspension on the Bushcraft Association. Evidence is promised, which, if unsatisfactory, may result in the previous voting being held invalid, and the whole matter being raised again.

AN AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION which will enable greater consideration to be given to the affiliation of new clubs, was adopted unanimously. Applications will now have to lie on the table for two months.

NOTICE OF MOTION to amend the Constitution to provide for a Minutes Secretary was given.

THE ANNUAL REUNION CAMP Committee Report was received. It indicated disgraceful conditions at the last reunion. Camp hygiene was neglected, rubbish scattered freely, profane language used, tent cords slashed and animal antics indulged in generally. Apparently young walkers of the irresponsible type were mainly responsible. A motion by the C.M.W. "that the Annual Reunion be now known as the Annual Circus" was lost!! (Not fully justified.)

THE UNIVERSITY BUSHWALKERS gave notice of a motion to rescind the minute that the Annual Reunion be held in September. They pointed out that University examinations are held in the succeeding months. Clubs are requested to consider an alternative month.

FEDERATION DANCE. It was decided to investigate the possibility of holding a Dance in the near future. The date will be advised as soon as known, if a hall is obtainable.

OUTDOORS AND FISHING. Clubs are asked to contribute articles to this Magazine on our point of view on conservation, and records of trips which would interest a non-bushwalker.

CONSERVATION was defined as "The prevention of indiscriminate slaughter and/or mutilation of indigenous flora and fauna and the landscape".

A CODE OF ETHICS was adopted unanimously as a standard for members of affiliated clubs. Copies will be circulated. It does not contain anything the S.B.W. has not taught and practised since its inception, but it will be of immeasurable use to the erring and misguided organisation in our midst, and fills a long felt want.

NATIONAL PARK. Copies of the S.B.W. correspondence with National Park Trust were read, intimating that the Trust was not responsible for the felling of gum trees at the junction of Hacking River and Waterfall Creek.

All who attended Laurie Rayner's lecture on New Zealand should have a very good idea of what it is like to walk in N.Z. The rocky peaks, "U" shaped valleys, rain-forest and shallow rushing rivers are quite a different proposition from our warm open bushlands. Nevertheless it seems that our walkers might teach them a bit about lightweight equipment - weight doesn't seem to count over there. It was a pity the epidiascope wasn't up to scratch because it was a very good selection of photographs

Best wishes to Olive Cann (nee Jurd) who is on her way to her husband's home town of Kilmacott, W.A.

As the summer is upon us again we refer readers to "L.S.B.A.'s" article in last December's issue entitled "Tragedy on the Cox." "Sunstroke," he wrote, "is no respecter of persons, however tough that individual may think he is. Wear a hat during the next three months on your walks, even on overcast days, for the rays still pass through the clouds. A predisposing factor is the carrying of a heavy pack on a very hot humid day, with its attendant exhaustion. The onset of the symptoms may be gradual, with complaints of headache or drowsiness, dizziness and nausea, with flushed face. On the other hand the victim may suddenly collapse. The pulse is rapid (normal 72 beats per minute) and the breathing noisy and difficult. Artificial respiration is necessary if breathing ceases. Temperature may rise to 107°F. The patient should be laid in the shade with head and shoulders raised. Douche the body with cold water, apply wet packs, especially to the head and spine, as these parts are congested. Continue until relieved and temperature reduced, when patient should be given plenty of fluids. It will be wise for the recovered patient to avoid the midday sun by walking in early morning and late in the afternoon on return journey."

Speaking of accidents, newspaper reports indicate that the C.M.W. members injured near Wattamolla (Sth. Coast) were the victims of the Bushwalkers no. 1 enemy - the loose rock.

ANOTHER WORD TO THE OUNCE-COUNTERS.

Those wise ones who watch warily the ominous ounces will be interested in the light weight wipr pocket rucksacks Paddy has introduced. They come in the usual two sizes - 3 pockets and 4 pockets.

The three pocket size is the one usually favoured by ladies and it carries up to 30lbs. weight. The pack is made from a lightweight but strong proofed duck. The straps are of soft chrome tanned leather which always remains soft and pliable no matter how often it is wetted. It requires no attention in the way of oil or dabbin. The frame is made from aircraft steel. The total weight of this rucksack is just 3 pounds, a saving of 1½lbs. on the standard type rucksack.

The 4 pocket model is similar to the above except that it is the standard 4 pocket model (capacity about 40lbs.) with the usual inner money pocket. This rucksack weighs 3½lbs. (a saving of about 1lb. 10oz. on the standard type.)

Both these rucksacks are sturdy, serviceable jobs but naturally have to be treated with that little extra care that is required with lightweight gear. For instance, the frame is not intended to be sat on - but then ounce-counters wouldn't do such a thing, would they?

PADDY FALLIN,

Camp Gear for Walkers,

'Phone :
BX3595.

327 George Street,

SYDNEY.