

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

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EDITORIAL.

THE KOSCIUSKO STATE PARK.

According to Webster the word "park" has several meanings, but there can be no doubt that the sense in which it is used in the above title is "A tract of land set aside to be preserved as near its natural state as possible to which the public have access for recreation and enjoyment".

The Kosciusko area is not well situated for a park, because it is too far to be seen and enjoyed by the average person. Compare it, for instance, with the Blue Mountains area, which is perfectly situated because it is within easy reach of most of the inhabitants of the State. Better transport might have made it more accessible, but there have been no improvements in transport for many years. The night train takes nearly 10½ hours to cover the 267 miles to Cooma and it is usual to waste some five hours in covering the remaining 50 miles by bus to the hotel.

The park is used by many classes of people seeking recreation - skiers, walkers, campers, hikers, hitch-hikers, motorists, fishermen and some who just like to sit about in hotels. None of the users of the park have representation on the Park Trust. Before it was made a park a lot of money was spent in erecting the Hotel and Chalet, mainly for the benefit of skiers, whose sport is heavily subsidised by reason of the large annual loss shown for many years by the Hotel and Chalet - a loss borne by the State. But there have been no additions to, or improvements in, accommodation since the park was created six years ago. Nearly two years ago the Department of Tourist Activities exhibited plans and models for a tourist hotel and cabin colony for 1,000 guests at Smiggin's Holes, together with several 108-bed ski schools. The foundations of a building at Smiggin's Holes, which were presumed to be the start of these great plans, have now been swept away to make room for a workmen's camp. Foremen's Hut, for many years a boon to skiers and hikers, has been removed by the owner. There is only one small hut in the summit area which can be used by those who cannot afford accommodation at the Chalet or Bett's Camp.

Though nothing has been done specifically for the walker, he has nevertheless obtained some indirect benefits from the creation of the park. On the credit side there is the almost complete absence of bush fires over the past few years, a considerable reduction in the fly population, and an abundant growth of wild flowers. These improvements are probably due to the removal of stock. Round every stockman's hut there remain grim reminders of former fires in the shape of hillsides covered with dead trees, but between the dead trees there is now a healthy growth of young saplings, so far unscathed.

On the debit side there is the large scale destruction of the natural beauty of this unique area by reason of the Snowy River scheme. Already hillsides are scarred by roads; huts and tents are springing up everywhere, oil drums and other of the impedimenta of public works litter the landscape. When the dam is completed it will, like all dams, be an ugly stretch of water surrounded by dead trees, bare rocks and mud, and will disfigure the Chalet area. In contrast to the stagnation in expenditure on "recreation and enjoyment" some £185,000,000 is to be spent on public works within the park. It is, to say the least, a strange procedure to call a place a "park" and then tear into it with bulldozers and explosives.

All this is being done in the sacred names of "progress", "security", and "development", the costs of which in terms of landscape disfigurement only a few misguided nature lovers will count. But we at least have a right to protest against the misuse of the term "park". The area is a large catchment area and little else. Any benefits received by walkers are merely incidental. And our case for the creation of a large natural park in the Blue Mountains

is strengthened. Though the Blue Mountains too will be disfigured by a great dam, large areas could be preserved for the enjoyment of the people.

SOCIAL NOTES FOR JANUARY.

There is an alteration in the January Social programme. Instead of the Play Night on 19th, there will be a dance. The play will be presented on 23rd February. This change is necessary since so many people with parts in the play will be holidaying over Christmas and well into the New Year and rehearsals are impossible. Grace Noble will be producing the play - an adaptation of Thurber's "The White Deer", and already a great deal of work has been done.

AT THE DECEMBER GENERAL MEETING.

December's General Meeting would rank as a perfectly normal, undistinguished one. The President was in the chair, about 60 members present, and three new hands welcomed: Betty Sisley, Olive Symons and Bill Harrison. Mr. H.A. Lindsay of the Adelaide Bush Walkers was with us as a visitor.

Minutes and correspondence took their normal course, and the meeting was informed by the President (in answer to a question regarding valuation of Portion 7 at Era) that the form of protest against the Valuer General's figure was being submitted.

The Federation Report called for a few comments and decisions, for it canvassed Club opinion on an offer of volunteer fire-watchers in National Park during the bush fire danger period. Brian Harvey mentioned that a similar offer had been made to the National Park Trust several years before but no reply had been received. It was felt that the offer should be repeated, and, as only a dozen or so weekends were involved, no volunteer could expect to be called on frequently. Several questions were asked: Who would watch on Mondays to Fridays? Would fire fighting equipment and communications for the isolated watchers be available? The answers were that the risk of fire was less during the week with fewer irresponsibles abroad, and that it would be up to the Park Trust to supply equipment and communications. The Club then gave its blessing to the scheme, and fifteen members volunteered to take their turn as watchers.

Also questioned by the Federation, the Club agreed that joint walks organised between the Clubs would be worth while in establishing good relations.

Alex Colley enquired if Federation had discussed the report of its delegates to the Forestry Advisory Conference, and was informed that no report had been presented to the Council.

Brian Harvey drew attention to the proposed amendment to Federation constitution, requiring an increase in delegates and clubs represented to provide a quorum for meetings. He felt that the proposed amendment didn't go far enough, and moved that our delegates seek a further increase to 15 members representing 8 Clubs. After a few polite enquiries as to the numbers normally attending Federation meetings, we espoused the cause.

The President announced that Jack Wren had left the Committee, and accordingly a replacement Committee Member would be elected at the January meeting.

We approached the matter of the Annual Re-union: unlike the motley array of last year, there was only one location nominated - Euroka Clearing. We went on to elect a convenor of the appropriate sub-committee which was Gil Webb: and we appointed as committee members, Edna Stretton, Kevin Ardill and Ernie French (vested with the customary power to co-opt).

As the business ended, Mr. Lindsay spoke briefly on the need for more creature sanctuaries and National Parks, pointing to projects taking shape in Victoria and along the Murray Valley, and mentioning that a move for reservation of an area in the Mount Lofty Ranges behind Adelaide was under way. He mentioned his association with the Rural Broadcasts Organisation, and stressed the necessity for co-operation in all conservation programmes.

The meeting closed quietly at 9.0 p.m.

SUMMER TEST-WALK.

By Kath Brown.

Most people dislike being too energetic in the hot weather, and club members, perhaps wisely, invariably prefer a lazy camping trip with swimming facilities to walking, let alone test-walking, on summer week-ends. Jim and I are no exception to this rule, but just the same, prospectives must be given some opportunities even in summertime to complete the necessary tests, and anyway Jim has a theory that walking in hot weather is possible and even enjoyable if you start early, have a long, long rest in the middle of the day,

and have fairly frequent opportunities to plunge the body into cool water, at surf, river or swimming hole. To this I add that a shady hat and scanty clothes are also a help.

So it came about that on the first week-end in December Jim led a party of four prospectives (eager to get in another test), David Ingram and myself, out from Warrimoo to do (in a day and a half) a trip which by way of Long Angle Gully, Yellow Rock Creek, 5 miles of the Nepean and a long ridge up into the foothills would bring us back in a big loop to the railway line at Blaxland. This trip has not (to our knowledge) appeared on any S.B.W. programme before, and although it would not take us far from the well-known railway line and Nepean River, we were hoping it would have all the necessary aspects of a test walk, and would also provide good swimming.

The afternoon had become cloudy and dull, and though I knew I would be cursed by all the Sydneyites who wanted a hot week-end for sunbaking on the beaches, I was praying that it would stay dull because it would be so much cooler and more pleasant for us.

An easy walk along road and track brought us to Long Angle Gully, which once had a fine stand of bluegums, is still lovely and green, but the many tree-stumps are mute witness to the depredations of the timber-getters.

There is a rough and rocky ridge of about 400 feet which we crossed to reach Yellow Rock Creek, a small stream in a very scrubby valley. We came to a little flat about 4.30 p.m. and decided to camp, although the scrub had to be slightly trampled to make room for the tents. With $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours of daylight still ahead it was an easy matter to make ourselves comfortable for the night, get our fires going, our dinners cooked and eaten, and then we gathered round one fire for a good chinwag before turning in.

Sitting round the fire we were interested to see a firefly, with a light which flashed on and off, fly from the opposite hillside towards us and then off into the night.

But fireflies were not our only winged visitors. Mosquitoes were there in their hundreds, and most of us had very little sleep that night in consequence. Reveille at 5.30 was almost welcomed, in fact two prospectives beat the gun, declaring they had had enough of being eaten alive!

The morning was again dull, which was just as well, because as soon as we started off we had to climb a hill. We could have reached the Nepean by following our little creek down, but decided that although prickly bushes on the ridge were probably no more pleasant than scratchy scrub in the gully, up higher the going would be more open and consequently quicker.

So up 400 feet again, then a couple of miles along the ridge top (and the bushes were very prickly) to an outlook of the river and the plains. The river winding and muddy, but the farms on the far bank looking very nice and green. A steep hillside led us down to the river and soon we were walking along a little track through deserted farms on the near bank, looking for a suitable swimming spot. It was very muggy now we were down to a lower elevation and the thought of a dip in the river (muddy or not) seemed very pleasant.

The recent floods had left the banks muddy too, but at length we found a place where it was more sand than mud, and a gentle slope. So an hour passed very enjoyably as we splashed or rested (and incidentally acquired quite a lot of sunburn as we found later).

At this stage we were about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from our projected lunch spot at the junction of Fitzgerald's Creek with the Nepean, and we felt that another hour would easily see us there. Well, an hour and a quarter did, but not easily. Very soon the old farmland gave way to scrub and tall grass, and a couple of side creeks grown thickly with lantana had to be negotiated, so this stretch of the river proved much more sticky than expected. However it lifted the walk from being a "possible" test to a certain one, and did not distress us unduly.

At our lunch spot we had another lovely long break - a swim, or rather a splash in the cobbly entrance of Fitzgerald's Creek as the Nepean was flowing too swiftly to be safe just here - a laze - and of course the inevitable and appreciated mug of tea with our lunch. The sun had come out by now, but some casuarinas provided pleasant shade.

We pushed off at 3.30 to do the climb back into Blaxland, taking the ridge immediately behind our lunch spot. It rose steeply about 700 feet but was quite easily negotiated. Up top there was more prickly scrub, but before long we picked up a road and by 5.30 had reached Blaxland.

By this time we were all rather sunburnt and tired, but felt we had had a really good week-end and were not at all "burnt off", despite the fact that it had been a summer test-walk.

Mr. E. Caines (Ted) Phillips, of the Cruising Canoe Club, advises that map No.3, illustrating the canoeing possibilities of the three lakes of the "Tuggerah Chain", as well as the extent of the canoeability of the lakes' many creeks, and the Wyong River, is now available for perusal by those interested.



ORCHID BALLET.

Photograph placed Second at the S.B.W. 1950 Exhibition

by John Noble

Commenting on this photograph Mr. Max Dupain, the judge, said that the subject had been treated romantically, rather than in a scientific or analytical manner. The lighting was dramatic and the distribution of light made it a good eye-catcher. The spacing was extravagant, and a viewpoint might have been chosen which would give a more concentrated presentation of the three elements of the picture. This would automatically mean a closer shot with more detail. There was a tenderness expressed in the print which made it emotionally appealing, and it was highly commendable because of this feature. For exhibition purposes a much larger print - about four times the area - would have been more suitable.

CAPERS AROUND CARLON'S.

By Bob Bull.

The trip was a buck party consisting of seven husky (or rusty?) males. In case you don't know, a buck party is one which does not wash up, shave, or worry about torn pants or any of the other attributes of a normal respectable trip.

Our happy gathering disappeared down Devil's Hole while the taxi driver shrieked a multitude of warnings to us about the man-eating snakes and wild animals which inhabit the peaceful, lovely Megalong Valley. The poor chap was quite sincere, some hard-hearted bushwalker must have pulled his leg quite unmercifully. Our laughter resounded up the crags and far down into the valley before us as we quickened our pace, for we wanted to make Carlon's homestead that night.

Within sight of Duncan's farm we met Mr. Carlon who, mounted and waiting, gave us his assurance that we would have a fine weekend. No one could possibly doubt him if his assumption was based on the wondrous scene stretched out before us. Far down Megalong the evening shadows were melting the sunlight from the trees and spreading up the valley towards us. From the deep purple of the far distant ranges to the cliffs beside us, brilliant in the reflection of the sunset, everything was bathed in the radiance that can only be seen for a few short, fleeting moments before the mantle of darkness descends. Our photographers were inconsolable because none of them had any colour film to do justice to the closing beauty of the day.

It must have been the realisation that night was fast approaching that spurred the party on after Mr. Carlon, who was jogging along ahead of us. Bill Borrell was left pondering over the beauteous mountain terrain but was given a swift boot in the pants by Bill Harrison, which certainly seemed to give him a little bit more speed of pace. Trying to keep up with a fast walking horse was fun and it raised a subject for keen debate. Could not all leaders conduct walks from horseback with a mount for every purpose - horses for tracks, sea-horses for rivers and horse-flies for places like Tarro's Ladder and Carlon's Head?

We bid goodnight to Mr. Carlon down on the creek and proceeded upstream a little way to a perfect camp-site. In no time at all the tents were erected and smoke was drifting lazily down the valley. Suddenly a loud shriek rent the air and Jim Hooper dived for the creek with a smouldering foot. John Thornthwaite, filled with a feeling of good fellowship, had set out to make a fire for three of us, but he neglected to notice that Jim's boot was under his tinder. Much to the victims chagrin, everybody thought it was a

great joke, but our attention was very quickly transferred to Bill Borrell's culinary specialty of the year. It was a salad of enormous proportions topped off with a lobster. Our friend Bill Harrison was seen concocting a really terrifying mixture that looked like yellow cement. He said it was custard but when he had eaten it, mixed with burnt apricots, the reactions were most unpleasant. So bad, in fact, that he would not stop talking until 1 o'clock in the morning when several boots connected with his cranium and sent him to sleep.

The leader (yours truly) did some cooking too. He "ran up" a damper, but as it was a bit watery, willing helpers thickened the mixture with powdered milk, then threw the mixture into the fire. Hours later it was hauled out of the ashes, after many rude remarks, and tried by its baker (who later suffered from severe indigestion). The party, after hesitatingly devouring the remains, dealt with him severely, and then sent him to bed in disgrace. Never again will this ungrateful mob enjoy a Bull damper!

Strolling into Carlon's next morning we were confronted with a report that ours was a mixed party! To a group of assorted fuzzy-wuzzy, bluebeards this came as a great shock. Some gentleman (?) had been watching us with a pair of binoculars and, after spotting some of our company, had come to the conclusion that a few of us at least were females. Can't really blame him because one "recently" imported model wore a pink milanese shirt and a Parisian model of dirty purple, suitably adorned with scrambled egg, tilted invitingly over one eye. Our observer thought that one of our number, who habitually wears a yellow, woolly cap, was an attractive blonde! Jim Hooper clinched matters by prancing up hill and down dale taking photos. Our short-sighted friend actually thought that our Jim had legs like Betty Grable!

About eleven next morning the ascent on Carlon's Head was started by our party of seven, & a visitor from Carlon's. About half way up John was seen hanging by his eye-lashes from a piece of chain. Bill Borrell was being lacerated by David's hob-nails on his face while Bill Harrison could not see where he was going because his hat had fallen over his eyes. He ran madly all over the mountain before some one tilted his bonnet off his eyes, back over his ears, and let him see again. At one stage Jim was sitting on Ron's face in an effort to haul himself up the chains while David was performing some amazing gymnastics by clamping the chain in his teeth and swinging like a monkey. Pity some talent scouts from Wirth's circus weren't there.

Well, one by one everybody clambered over the top and --- murmured all sorts of things from (censored) to Eureka! We just sat and gazed at the glorious panorama stretched out before us.



Our eyes dropped naturally to the green well of the valley from whence we had come, and strayed from the ridges nearest us spreading like an outstretched hand to the ranges in the far distance. With such beauty laid out before us, the warm sunshine and the sleepy, comfortable feeling of having expended some energy on a worthwhile project, how could anyone think of getting on the track? Someone did, but stipulated that we could all have lunch at Corral Swamp if we moved off then.

Corral Swamp was invaded a little while later by the seven males but they did not stay long. It seemed to be an accepted fact that we would all race into Katoomba to catch an early train. The only trouble was that everybody cheated by catching the bus to the station and we all agreed to disqualify ourselves from the minor marathon. The last the citizens of Katoomba saw of us was a bunch of chaps racing madly around a bend and up on to the platform. The Railway Department obliged us by supplying a special compartment. Or was it that the other passengers did not appreciate our company at its true worth?

ENGAGEMENT

Congratulations to Walks Secretary Don Frost and Gwen Jewell on their engagement, which was announced at the Christmas Party. May all their Christmases and the days between be happy ones.

WOMBEGAN CAVES TRIP, AUSTRALIA DAY WEEKEND,
1951.

Those going on the Wombegyan Caves trip over Australia Day weekend in January 1951 are advised that the party will be proceeding to Mittagong, not by the 5.21 p.m. train on the Friday night (as shown on the Walks Programme), but by the 8.38 a.m. train on Saturday morning. The reason for this alteration is that the journey by car to the caves is better done in daytime rather than at night, so that the rugged country gone through and the breath-taking experiences of the car ride may be all the better appreciated.

The cost of transport from Mittagong to Wombegyan Caves and back again to Mittagong on the Monday will work out at two pounds (£2) per head (with a strong possibility of a refund), and will require to be paid to the leader, Mr. A. Hardie, on or before Friday night, the 12th January, 1951.

Another correction has to be made to the Walks Programme. The distance travelled will not be "Nil" as shown, but will be a minus quantity, the walking being underground and not on the surface.

A. McF. Hardie,
Leader, 13/12/1950.

FUN AND GAMES SECTION.

Well, we did have a Christmas Party after all. All sorts of spirits were in evidence including some very happy spirit. Were we stagnant? The funny part was that the few critics who labelled the Club as "stagnant" and "almost defunct" were not noticed among those present. Like the advertised "inner cleanliness" I fancy the "stagnant" feeling must be a personal complaint. To those happy characters who were so intent on enjoying themselves that they nearly went through the floor of the Coronet, we promise a happy, fancy and dancy New Year.

Suggestions for a midwinter party or Ball, a basket dance in the Club, plus several dances at the Ingersoll Hall are in the hands of the Social Secretary, so polish up your dancing shoes. On January 19th there is a dance in the Clubroom in place of the Play Night. If you haven't been to one recently drop in and get a shock. If you've been to a party in the last 10 years you've probably still a party cap or summat. Let's make the dance on the 19th a Mad Hatter's Night. With prizes for the most original and humorous hats I think the results should be good - if not good oh. The more the merrier, so bring along a friend or two - if any. Be seeing you.

Kevin Ardill.

I PAY THE PIPER.

Jim Brown.

Ask any pipe-smoker and he will tell you it's far and away the most satisfying smoke. Why? Probably because it's essentially a peaceful smoke. You see, it's practically impossible to smoke a pipe when agitated - the damn thing just keeps on going out, and after you've inhaled great quantities of phosphorus fumes from matches, you finally light a cigarette. So, paradoxically, the cigarette becomes associated with a state of tension and its relief: the pipe remains symbolic of repose, contemplation and tranquility. Consider the Redskin and his pipe of peace.

Now the perfect place to smoke a pipe is around the campfire, and I became an inveterate pipe-smoker almost as a consequence of being a bushwalker. But, oh dear, the hazards of taking a pipe into the scrub!

The first pipe I ever smoked was a sweet American-made briar which I picked up in the Solomons. It gave me several years of cool smoking between 1944 and 1947, but in that year I made the grievous mistake of taking it on a number of trips: its career ended when I bit clean through the stem. Perhaps I shouldn't blame that entirely on walking, but the tragic pipe mortality of the following year can be charged completely against the lure of the bush. By the way, it was the last pipe which I chewed to destruction, my dentist attended to that.

February 1948 saw me on a trip with Meadows and Phil Hall from Robertsonto Yeola via Belmore Falls. We halted near the top of the Falls about noon, snatched a bite whilst a sultry drizzle of rain fell, and I had just got the gun alight for the post-luncheon smoke when a car halted at the far side of the ford. One man and a bevy of women-folk appeared.

They walked down the far bank until they found a crossing would be necessary to reach the rim of the falls. There was a pause and some twittering, and one woman took off her shoes and began to wade. Silly, silly, woman! Those stones were greasy with rain and moss and whizz! she plunged in about the knees and dropped the shoes.

Meadows was first to re-act: with ardour which wouldn't have shamed the traditions of knight-errantry, he was into the creek to intercept the bobbing shoes. Yes, but his enthusiasm outstripped his caution, he forgot he was shod with slippery sneakers, and bingo! he was down in the drink, desperately holding his hearing aid aloft as he went down for the third time.

I was next in. With Meadows' example before me, I was cagey; also his floundering had washed one shoe within reach. I rescued it, and reached for the other - just a shade too far. One careful step into the creek - that was right - no, the eddy carried the shoe away. Quick now, as the sluicing water brought it back. Now! I had it! No, blast it, I was sunk to the waist, and the pipe which had been in the corner of my mouth sizzled as it whisked down Barrangary Creek.

While Meadows and I crawled from the flood, skidding and sitting down in it again, Hall crept along the very edge of the fall, to make a brilliant save. Meadows was too concerned about his batteries to care much - I about my gun. Especially when we inspected the unprepossessing array of femininity for which we had been dunked.

I didn't grieve greatly over that loss, however, for a short while before my mother had presented me with a super-lightweight pipe: this was in deference to my newly acquired "falsies" and in very short order I was again able to stick the stem between my teeth and boast, "Look, no hands"!

This light job was short-lived. On a long trip to the Victorian Alps it slipped from my shorts pocket while gathering wood for our camp on Cabungra River. Panic! There were five days walking ahead, not a vestige of civilisation as denoted by shops, four ounces of coarse pipe tobacco, and no gun. A feverish search next morning located it, spun about with spider web, in the frosty snow grass where I had been timber getting, but there was now a decided split in the fragile stem. A string binding held it together for the rest of the trip, and then it was pensioned off.

I paid the piper again, and went back to a rugged masculine job which smoked hot and long. Too hot for the tongue, and too long for the good of my pocket. Perhaps it was as well that its life was only two months, for I managed to do it in when crossing the Labyrinth. It happened so. With Hall and Meadows I reached the lost Euroka Trig at 4.15 p.m. on a May evening. We dallied too long and, although the Erskine was only a thousand feet below, the last difficult descent was reached in impossible light, and we were compelled to make a dry camp on a rocky ledge, about two hundred feet up.

The next morning I wasn't my brightest, and when we came to a spot where a jump of about eight feet on to a leafy shelf was the only way, I hesitated. In fact, with visions of slithering over the lower ledge and down another uncertain depth, I dithered for some time, telling myself: Jump, you mug! So long as you relax and double up as you land, it'll be right. Just let yourself go. Double up! Well, I doubled up, all right. My knees retracted

perfectly and struck my chest, and my feet held in the loose leaf mould. I doubled up and smashed the pipe stem in my shirt pocket. That made the score three in four months.

After this appalling run came a welcome break. I broke the successor in during that winter, and it lasted me until the following winter, when it was nice and prime (depending on the point of view). It fell from my pocket at a camp on Blackheath Creek and I stepped on it. Rolcy couldn't have done a better first aid job than Kath did, using three matches as splints and a length of sticking plaster. I was actually able to keep it in service until the next was grown mellow and cool.

All in all, after the bad spasm in early '48 I was lucky and my comforters bore a charmed life. From May 1948 until November 1950 there was only the one victim to the system - the Blackheath Creek affair. I was able to build up a small battery of sweet-smoking, evil-smelling pipes which were a delight to me and an offence to my fellows.

The blow fell at the December Committee Meeting: I made to remove the pipe from my face to pass profound comment on some topic and, lo, the bowl came away in my hand, and the ragged stem remained between my teeth. My gem of logic remained unsaid and perhaps the Club will be the poorer for it. Vaguely I remembered striking the stem hard as I knocked out the dottle the previous week-end.

Is this the beginning of another era of desolation? Am I going to spend the next six months in smoking hot pipes cool? Will I leave a trail of shattered briar where'er I walk? Or has someone a small steel case, suitable for carrying a pipe? - a lightweight steel case, of course.

THE SANDS OF TIME (OR THE SILENT FOOT).

Once more the time is up. It is now our bounden duty to inform our Annual Subscribers this is the last copy of their financial year, and, to ensure an unbroken continuity, the Business Manager would appreciate a remittance as soon as possible.

If so desired, magazines will be reserved and held in the Clubroom for 5/- per annum, or posted, for 7/-. Make sure of your copy - be a subscriber - its 1/- cheaper.

One of our December complimentary copies came apart from its cover and was returned unclaimed. Would the Club which didn't receive the December issue please let us know?-and we will rectify the matter.

Brian G. Harvey.

NATIONAL PARK: Federation Council decided to ask Clubs for volunteers for fire-watching duties in National Park and to offer the National Park Trust their services during periods of extreme fire danger. Heavy Winter rains have resulted in a bumper growth of plant life which, when dry, will be a severe hazard.

AMENDMENT TO CONSTITUTION: Notice of motion was given to increase the necessary attendance for a quorum to nine delegates representing four Clubs.

SOCIAL: Federation Ball will be held at Sydney University Union Hall on 4th May.

YEOLA: The question of resumption of land for a reservation was re-opened and the available data will be sent to the Sydney Bush Walkers for perusal.

INTER-CLUB WALKS: To promote goodwill, the Social Committee offered to act as intermediary between Clubs desiring "combined operations".

NORTON'S BASIN: Private landholders warn Bushwalkers to keep off the North and North-Eastern banks of the Basin. Walkers should camp on the Southern and South-Western sides - the area bounded by the Warragamba and Nepean Rivers.

THE INFORMATION BUREAU COMMITTEE: - is busy preparing pro forma for compilation of particulars of all official Club Programme walks. All leaders will be required to co-operate.

The magazine is always open for the publication of information on projected walks. But we wish to remind leaders that programme walks are approved by the Committee, and any alterations to walks, except unavoidable changes such as are occasioned by time-table alterations, also require Committee's approval. Though there is no harm in repeating the information on the Walks Programme, the main purpose of notices in the magazine is to provide additional information. - Ed.

The cutting of tall timber permits the entry of sunlight, smaller scrub races to fill the gaps, natural feeding is restricted or lost, erosion takes place. Firebreaks may be essential, yet it must be remembered that it is the prolific growth of small scrub as the result of previous fires that is often the chief menace. In virgin country, or forest sufficiently long regenerated, the undergrowth is seldom dense and a great measure of the fire hazard may be removed by periodical raking of fallen leaves and twigs along strategic lanes. These lanes may be traversable by jeeps so that fire-fighters can reach the seat of a blaze with sprays, and if necessary, as a last resort, burn back from selected lines.

- John Béchervaise, F.R.G.S. - "Walkabout" 1-6-50.

DISASTER IN GEORGE STREET.

Paddy regrets to announce that the fire which swept 327 George Street on the night of 25th December destroyed his stock and workshop and that, as a consequence, he is unable to render that service to the bushwalking fraternity which has been his pleasure in the past.

In the meantime Paddy craves your indulgence. Temporary factory premises in the suburbs have been secured where a limited production of walking gear will be turned out, and his current city location is Room D, 1st Floor, Y.M.C.A., Pitt Street (near Bathurst Street - opposite Bennett and Woods). Telephone enquiries may be made at Paddy's home 'phone number JML610, but Paddy would prefer a visit at his temporary quarters if it is not inconvenient for customers.

Watch next month's advertisement for further announcements.

PADDY PALLIN,

CAMP GEAR FOR WALKERS.

(All walkers, particularly those who can remember the days of swags rolled in blankets, will feel very sympathetic towards Paddy in the misfortune that has befallen him. Time was when new premises could be rented, new stocks and machinery bought, and staff retained with little loss of time or business. But in these days it is indeed a stern struggle to get together anew all the essential elements of a business like Paddy's. Walkers will sincerely hope, for their own sakes as well as his, that he is able to surmount these difficulties in the shortest possible time. We hope that before long he will once again be able to supply us with the economical and high grade lightweight equipment for which he has an Australian wide reputation, and that he will once more have time to give that kindly and expert advice that he has so patiently made available to all inquirers. - Ed.)