

2.

Most of the important by-laws can be grouped into four divisions. One class, no doubt, had important immediate objects though to present opinion they may appear foolish or even slightly unjust. Again, there are others which are well founded and perhaps still topical that have never been invoked. There is a third group, which consists of those constantly in use and well known. A decision on these will be fairly easy; the first will probably be deleted by the Honorary Secretary; the other two will no doubt be re-ratified without question.

The most important group, in the respect that we should give most consideration, consists of those which through a later interpretation may have escaped the original intention of the framers. For the by-law once passed is unalterable, although it may in all probability be given a different reading by whomever is called upon to administer it. So it will be seen that ratification is only half the story. Unless we lay down an interpretation at the same time we will have already missed the spirit of amendment, which was to make the by-laws as lucid and available as possible.

Almost as important is the actual work of codification, no mean job, will be the manner in which we are to vote. In effect the motion is practically the same as writing a very much enlarged and revised Constitution, requiring just as much consideration. Obviously it would be unfair to present a new constitution for acceptance without everyone knowing well in advance exactly what was at stake. Each by-law should be considered on its merits, a process which in a normal debate may take an hour or longer. If we are to vote on a large number, even fifteen or twenty, the normal procedure must be inadequate. Even with debate strictly limited, which it should not be, we would have an all night sitting on our hands.

One suggestion, which would ease the difficulties, is to circularise members with a list of the by-laws to be submitted several weeks before the meeting. It may be possible to add a few words of comment and leave a space for voting next to each by-law. In this way voting would be reasonably secret and could be accomplished speedily. Debate need then be only on disputed points and would not be unduly prolonged.

There are still six months before we have to decide and no doubt some procedure will be worked out before then.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.NEW EQUIPMENT.

"Dear Sir:

I am grateful to your goodself and Jess Martin for bringing the matter of the "Reserve for New Equipment Fund" before the Club members once more, and so keeping the subject evergreen.

I have been awaiting the opportunity to fulfil the "threat" to express a few more thoughts on club equipment of which readers were warned in the July magazine, when I hope I exposed the fallacy put forward by a certain section of the Club (not over-conversant with the financial facts) that the expenditure of £93 on a new duplicator was an extravagance when it was but a long-term investment showing good returns and accruing more savings in ten years than the initial capital outlay! Since then no one has come forward to challenge the figures or logic so I can assume their silence is but acquiescence.

In the nine years preceding March 1947 the stencils for this Magazine were cut commercially by a lady who at that date sold her business, the purchaser whereof declining to continue our work as she considered it no longer a commercial proposition. Nor would anybody else take it on. However, our own Gwen Rootes then nobly volunteered for the onerous task, using, of course, her EMPLOYER'S typewriter in the non-business hours. After some 6/7 months Gwen found another job outside the city area which rendered continuance impracticable. Our then Editor came to the fore with his ageing "Royal" machine on which the magazine stencils were typed in the sanctity of his flat by nimble-fingered club typistes who worked in "shifts" during the immediate post-publication evenings. He was good enough to make the machine available for the four following years, during which period repairs to the tune of £10 were necessary at HIS expense. The Club, realising, after it had been told, of course) that stencil-cutting is wearing, especially to the platen, voted a £5 reimbursement out of MAGAZINE funds, not CLUB funds, mark you!

During the four-year period his machine turned out no less than 806 pages of magazine stencils, which at the previous commercial rate were worth £80.12.0. With the increased value of labour, I would put the actual saving at £110. And there still some members today who think no money is being raised for club funds!! If the amount of £110 SAVED isn't raising money without going through all the motions of debit and credit book entries, I'll need a lot of convincing!

Add to this saving the fact that many bushwalking employees knocked out stencils for 107 duplicating jobs over the same four years on their employers' machines. Included in these are our own Club Annual Reports of a dozen foolscap pages or so, Hints to Prospective Members, Code of Ethics, Federation Annual Reports, to mention a few. £35 might cover them.

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Without Mr. Colley's and various anonymous employers' typewriters, your magazine would have cost you an additional 6d. per copy, or 6/- per annum, whilst the "Printing Expenses" in the Income and Expenditure Account would be considerably jumped up.

When Mr. Colley relinquished the Editorship this year the Business Manager, at his own expense, acquired the former's old machine, so Club members still enjoy their 1/- issue at the bonus rate of 6d. as a result.

And now, to further these few remarks, you doubtless are aware we appointed a sub-committee to bring out a club song-book - no less than a 50-page edition has been approved by a general meeting. The sub-committee is now embarrassed because the member who was going to do it on her EMPLOYER'S machine has left her job for the country! The club portable, used by the Hon. Secretary, will not cut stencils, a fact any typiste will support.

I am sure no further evidence is required to convince members that there is a definite need for a second typewriter in the Club - and not an ancient decrepit model either. It is high time members had the privilege of using decent equipment - they use the best on their walking trips - why not the same for club work? Had earlier committees had the wisdom to purchase a NEW duplicator instead of one of ancient lineage, it could have been had prewar at about £38 and we would still have had it for many a year. A new prewar typewriter would have cost about £48. And there would still have been £14 in the "Special Reserve" which has now lost half its value, in fact, not worth half the face value of the depreciated Government Bond which purports to represent it.

It's time members realised they will have to foot the bill of increased costs in common with the rest of the community and delve their hands into their pockets. The present method of raising funds from theatre parties is negative, futile and non-co-operative. At the first party there was a mere handful of members whilst their office colleagues made up the bulk. It places an additional burden of unfair and undignified work on the shoulders of the Hon. Treasurer who organises the entertainments, and who has to entreat people to pay out 10/- (in this case) for a seat, with a small benefit to our funds, when a direct 5/- increase in the annual subscription would better meet the situation and leave the member 5/- better off! In any case, the theatre-goers, if the subscription is increased, will still have to pay out their levy - hence a double slug.

The only equitable manner of raising money for general club purposes is to call in an equal contribution on all sides by raising the annual subscription by say 5/-, if even for a couple of years, then reverting back as may be disclosed in the balance sheet. Any additional sum so raised can be set aside per capita and transferred to the Special Reserve. The Club could then be run on a business-like basis instead of scraping along as though dependent on charity. As a 24-years-old organisation of nearly 300 members, many of whom occupy high positions in the city, we are behaving more like a society of depression pensioners down to their last pennies than a group of citizens enjoying the greatest financial boom ever known in this fair land.

- Brian G. Harvey. "

A NEW ANGLE.

By Betty Hall.

Peterson's cartoon in Wednesday's "Sun" (29th August) shows a battered Mother Earth, hair (or trees) torn out, overworked, neglected, and undernourished, being confronted by a son yelling "Hey! Feed me."

This cartoon emphasises an angle to conservation that we should all consider. As bushwalkers we have been mainly concerned with the preservation of the bush in its natural state, but it is as well to remember that unless steps are taken to ensure that the land already cleared is irrigated, fertilised, re-afforested and saved from flood, then it is "our" bush that will in turn be opened for new sources of timber, fresh pastureland and vegetable growing, while soil erosion gradually extends. We can see the beginning of this process in timber cutting in Government reserves and at Yeola. Although much of the bush around Sydney is unsuitable for crops or pasture there is still much timber there and a vigorous re-afforestation programme in woodland already cleared could save it.

In the clubroom we recently saw a film on the National Park Trust in United Kingdom but while this film showed the excellent work done by the Trust, it only painted half the picture. There was no mention of the beauty spots spoiled before they could be reserved or of the ribbon development between London and Windsor that ruined many acres of market gardens. United Kingdom is a country almost entirely dependent upon imported food and although there are great differences we can already see the danger signs here in the butter shortages and the periodical shortages of vegetables and milk due, among other things, to lack of flood control. Unless these problems are solved the bush will suffer and we must realise that our problems of reserves and sanctuaries are directly affected by the Government's attitude to conservation in general.

In supporting Mr. Weir in his stand against cuts in Government expenditure on conservation work we have made a start, but as was pointed out at the meeting, Government departments do not always carry out their stated intentions and I feel that every club member should keep a vigilant eye on conservational work in the press, at public meetings or wherever they are mentioned.

In England during the war it was proposed to use the Abbotsbury Swannery, a huge sanctuary for native and migrating waterfowl, as a gunnery range, but after letters of protest, meetings and deputations organised by various trusts, wild life preservation societies, clergymen and others, a new site was found. Preservation of the bush and the wider problems of conservation are far more vital to Australia and deserve the close attention of all bushwalkers.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

(A further instalment of "The Way to a Man's Heart").

By R. Cook.

The mug used in measuring here was an average sized bushwalker mug which holds 13 liquid ounces.

This list has proved useful in calculating food for a long trip and also in rationing it on the trip.

FLOUR	2 heaped dessertspoonsful	=	1 oz.
	1 mugful	=	8 ozs.
SUGAR	3 level dessertspoonsful	=	1 oz.
	1 mugful	=	12 ozs.
TEA	5 level dessertspoonsful	=	1 oz.
ROLLED OATS	3 heaped dessertspoonsful	=	1 oz.
	1 mugful	=	5 ozs.
DRIED POTATO	3 heaped dessertspoonsful	=	1 oz.
	1 mugful	=	5 ozs.
DRIED CARROT	3 heaped dessertspoonsful	=	1 oz.
	1 mugful	=	5 ozs.
RICE	3 heaped dessertspoonsful	=	2 ozs.
	1 mugful	=	12 ozs.
CUSTARD POWDER	2 heaped dessertspoonsful	=	1 oz.
SALT	1 heaped dessertspoonsful	=	1 oz.
POWDERED MILK	2 heaped dessertspoonsful	=	1 oz. (barely)
		=	$\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk.

WEEKEND WALK - 28TH, 29TH JULY, 1951.

(This extract from a report by the leader is published for record purposes and information.)

Spencer - Mangrove Creek - Popran Creek - Calga - Mooney Creek - Somersby Falls - Gosford.

Attendance: Gladys Martin, Gladys Roberts, Kath Brown, Edna Stretton, Molly Gallard, Dorothy Byrne, Beverley Price, Marge Barnes, Nell Jordon (Visitor), Jim Brown, Ray Moore, David Ingram (leader).

Probably the most remarkable thing about this walk was the fact that 9 girls and only 3 men turned up for a test walk in almost unknown country (as far as S.B.W. is concerned). The weather conditions were ideal even though tents and water buckets froze stiff on Saturday night and ice formed on a billy of water.

It is essential to catch 6.37 a.m. Newcastle train to connect with the launch for Spencer at Hawkesbury River (departure time is 8.0 a.m.). The trip up the River takes just on 2 hours, and the scenery is most impressive. Another point in favour of this area is the comparatively cheap transport. Fares for our trip were :-

Rail	Sydney - Hawkesbury River, Return	-	5/4d.
Launch	Hawkesbury River - Spencer - Single	-	1/6d.
Rail	Gosford - Hawkesbury River - Single	-	<u>2/8d.</u>

Total 9/6d.

The skipper of the launch was able to manoeuvre the craft into what is left of the old Government wharf at Spencer on the East side of Mangrove Creek, and land the party safely. From this point the old mail road was followed for several miles up Mangrove Creek. The road is overgrown in parts, and is very boggy where improperly drained. Would be BAD after heavy rain. In several side creek valleys it was necessary to go a fair way into the valley to cross behind the mangrove swamps (both Mangrove and Popran Creeks are tidal). Some of the flats have obviously been occupied at some time where a few bush lemon and orange trees were laden with welcome fruit. Most flats are ideal of camping and well watered by side creeks, but could be uncomfortable with mosquitoes and sand flies in hot weather. About 8 different species of Acacia were noted in Popran Creek, all in bloom. About 5 miles up Popran Creek, a striking similarity to Burragorang scenery was evident, although the hills are much lower. Just past a sawmill on Popran Creek we crossed on to an ideal camping flat to set up house and bathe soon after 4 p.m. The ladies of the party are to be commended for their effort in setting up their tents and campcraft generally.

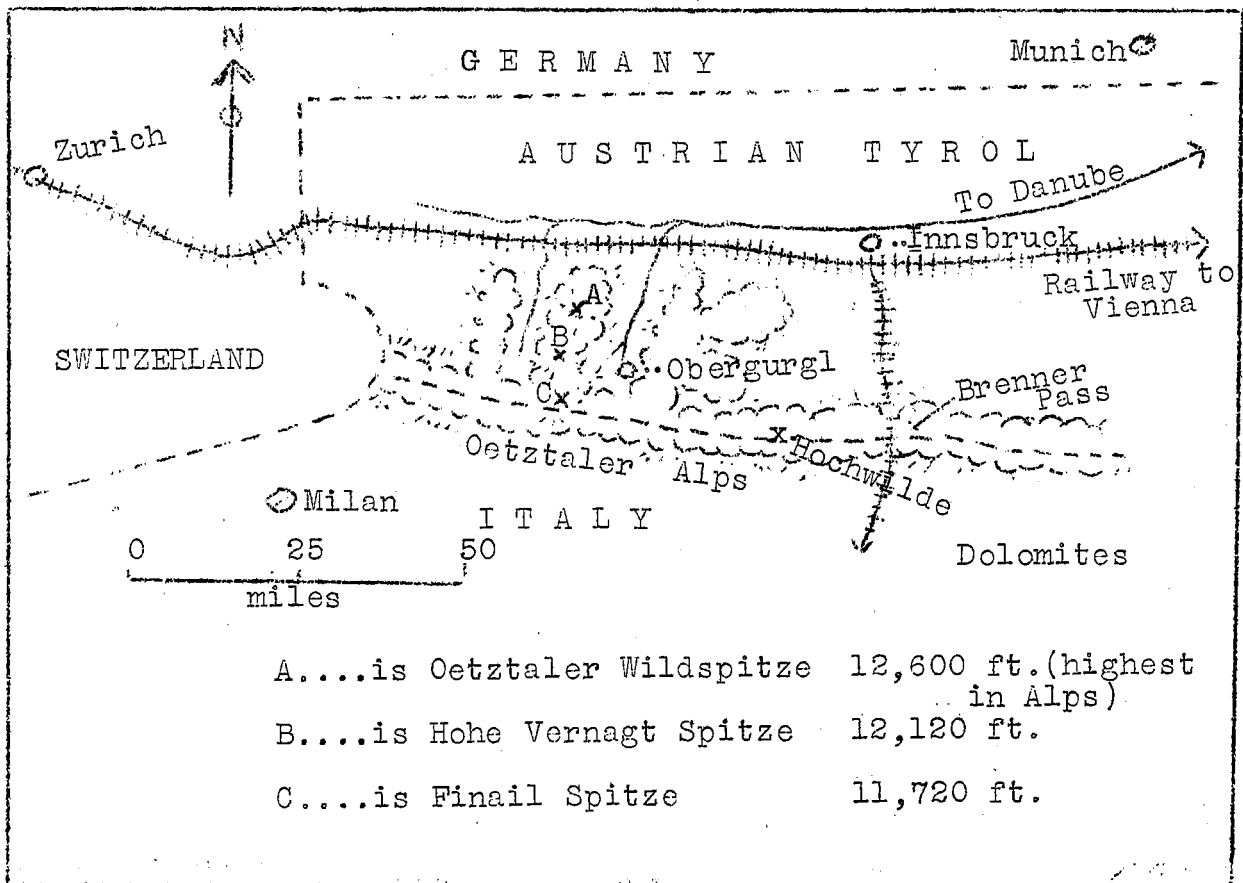
Next morning at 8.50 a.m. we re-crossed the creek and climbed up about 650 feet by a steep road behind the sawmill to the site of the old Calga School. Then nearly 3 miles North along the old Peat's Ferry Road. By walking on the old formation (the road has recently been re-aligned) we were able to see a wealth of wild flowers bursting into blossom - Showy Mirbelia, Boronia Leadifolia, Pulteneas and Dillwinias, Sprengelia, Red Spider Flowers, Hovea, Needlebush (Hakea Sericia) and Eriostamen Buxifolius. South of the Moat Trig. we turned East, then almost South. Owing to many diverging timber tracks we came down North of the Gosford Water Supply on Mooney Creek instead of crossing at the Dam Wall. Here lunch was enjoyed at Noon. Crossing the creek was scratchy as was the Native Holly on the Eastern bank. At the top we struck Grant's Road just near the Somersby Falls turn off, whence it was 2 miles to the Falls. Somersby Falls were running strongly and were well worth the 30 minutes spent in viewing the Three Falls. It was just over 2 hours' walk to Gosford Station via Somersby Falls Road and the old Mangrove Mountain Road, arriving soon after 5 p.m.

S.B.W.'S ON TYROL'S SUMMIT.

By Frank Leyden.

Leon Blumer, Dave Pritchard (ex-Sydney) and myself left Innsbruck (see sketch) on 16th March this year for a nine-day ski tour in the High Oetztaler Alps, the biggest and highest group of mountains in Austria. Snow lay deep and heavy on the mountains and down to 2,000 feet for it had been a severe winter. However it was the time of spring and sunshine (we hoped) and the time for the high ski tours. We saw whole villages smashed to pieces, as a result of recent avalanches near Obergurgl some weeks previously. We carried no food but the day-long and half the night climb up the glacier in deep sticking snow to the Hochwildhaus hut, 9,600 feet, exhausted us. Next day the guide and myself alone climbed the nearby Hochwilde 11,600 feet. Weather was bad but we got glimpses of the magnificent view down into Italy, for we were right on the border.

Leon and Dave got their baptism of the high mountains next day in the crossing in bad weather of the 11,000 feet pass, Schalfkogljoch. Onward mile after mile of downhill powder snow brought us to Samoar Hut. These huts are provisioned and staffed. One has excellent meals and sleeps warm in clean sheets for 8/- to 10/- a day, in the remotest places in the Austrian Alps. The full moon view of the great giants of rock and ice that night gave an unforgettable sight. But we had to continue in bad weather and grope our way next day up to the 10,000 feet Italian Hut, Similaun, right on the border. That evening came the worst blizzard



I have yet seen in the Alps. The hut was encased and sheathed in foot thick ice and shuddered perpetually as the wind thundered like a great organ note.

The following day was extremely cold but with wonderful luck the sun came out and the wind stilled sufficiently to give us our first great summit, Finailspitze, 11,720 feet. The first section of the ascent was made on ski, then on foot, roped up. Kicking steps we proceeded along a very narrow ascending "razor edge", with steep glazed ice on our right and rock and snow precipice to the left. It was about a mile to the highest point. Some of the sections were tricky rock and snow climbs on the rope belay, other parts delicate cornice work. On the summit, where we still kept single file, we shook hands and acknowledged a climb of the best. A great sea of peaks and glaciers unfolded about us. Returning to skis, we swept down a magnificent run to Vernagt hut.

Bad weather came again but a couple of days later Leon and I with the guide managed an ascent of the wonderful Hohe Vernagt Spitze, 12,120 feet. We got to the top at sunset, but the views against the light were outstandingly beautiful, even though the wind and cold was almost unbearable. The peaks turned orange, then deep red, as we descended.

However, it was the nearby Wildspitze, 12,600 feet, and highest in Tyrol, that we mainly hoped for. First attempt a few days later we were beaten back from the higher glaciers by the weather. The next attempt was better. The Wildspitze looks the biggest too, for it is girt with the biggest and wildest crevasses, seracs and broken ice in the whole of Austria. A scenic paradise, but no place to be alone or lost. As usual we skied up as far as the ice, then roped up; just guide, Leon and myself in that order. The upper ice ridge on cut steps was delicate. Sloping plate glass, steeply dipping for hundreds of feet on one side and rock precipice for thousands of feet on the other. At the great iron cross on the summit we beheld, on every hand below us, a wilderness of mountain grandeur. The little flannel flower badge has been coming to the highest and furthest places. In intense cold, almost unbelievable, we managed the tricky descent, the last leading, on to the skis through the ice fields and on to the next hut.

FIELD WEEKEND WITHIN THE PROPOSED KARIONG NATIONAL PARK.

The Field Weekend set down for October 27/28th will be held at Dillon's on the headwaters of the Patonga Creek about four miles from Woy Woy.

Dillon's is an old clearing on a volcanic neck surrounded by sandstone country well known for its floral wealth. Nature Preservation interests are working for a National Park on the surrounding Crown Lands - at least 8,000 acres. We would like you to see it for yourself!

A truck will leave Sydney at 9 a.m. on the Saturday with direct transport; or the site may be approached from Woy Woy or Wondabyne. Whilst the main work of the Field Weekend will not commence until Saturday afternoon, people interested in learning something of the Natural History of the area will be catered for earlier in the day.

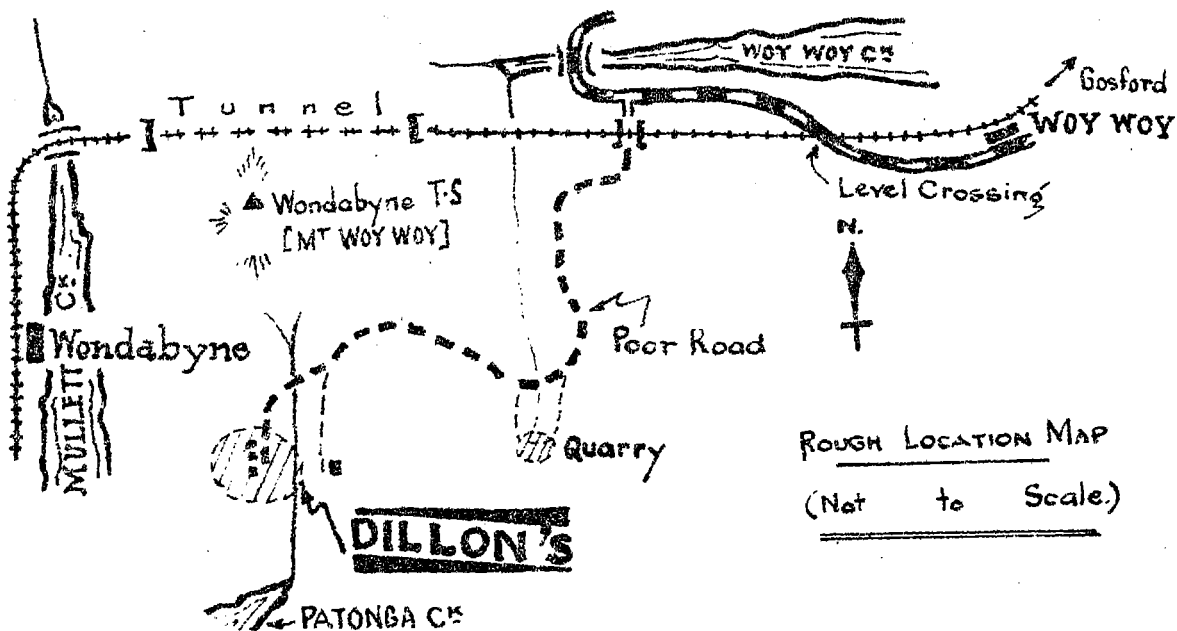
For those wishing to do so, the return route will be via Rocky Ponds, the Palisades, the Broken Bay National Fitness Camp and ferry to Brooklyn. Arrangements will be made to have the truck at Brooklyn for return passengers.

An early contact will be appreciated.

Business 'phones:
 WB2520
 WB2528
 WB2529.

Allen A. Strom,
LEADER.

6 Coopernock Avenue,
 Gymea Bay.



THE TRUTH ABOUT LONE WALKERS.

By Wonofem.

Every one of us has looked out of the window to view a clear crisp, fine day and wish we were at the mountains.

I had four full days ahead so decided to be off. The weather was getting colder and rain forecast, so into the pack goes the big $4\frac{1}{2}$ lb. wall tent plus 20 pegs, an extra pullover, parka, inner sleeping bag and two pair of socks. Now, I think, if things get too bad I will have to ask the Carlons "can they put me up" so just in case in goes an extra clean singlet and shirt, also a pair of sandshoes for Galong Creek. The mention of Carlon's partly dissolved my fond parent's fears, who thought I had cut out these solo stunts after joining the Bushwalkers. However, he insisted I be well provided for in the matter of food, so added to my normal provisions is an extra 12 ozs. luncheon beef, 2x8ozs. beans, 1 lb. dates, enough salt to make Cox River a backwater of Broken Bay, extra sultanas, Vita biscuits, jam, etc. etc. All this extra I had to lug because Pop had read in the evening paper "Your Stars Tomorrow - Cancer - Avoid travel Friday this week".

At Central I buy fruit, board the 9.58 a.m. for Katoomba. Blonde flapper recognises my presence by standing on my toe, while saying a fond goodbye to boy friend. Boy friend keeps repeating "He ought really be at work". Man in train with three small children offers me newspaper to read - I happen to know his relatives at Rylstone - farewelling him I forget my apples (4d. each). Hope his kids beat the blonde to them.

Am forced to sit on seat in front of the Carrington Hotel and use Dormie technique to get by bulky pack on properly. Walk 100 yards down Katoomba S treet and see dried apricots - better have $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of these. 4/8d. a lb., used to be 1/8d., but just to show the man I am not robbing him also purchase $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cheese and I cannot resist one of those half vienna loaves and 1lb. steak. Gunny sacks now brought into play and all set to go.

Arriving at start of Narrow Neck I decide not to boil billy, just have a light lunch and admire the view. I saunter out to Corral Swamp thinking of all the grand people who have appreciated the Narrow Neck Peninsula.

Erect tent (very comfy) and prepare fireplace, everything looks goodo - but what! no matches? Nothing to do but don the sandshoes and race back in the semi-darkness to Katoomba. I headed for the first light and saw a lady and gentleman having dinner, but the dog saw me, and Lord how he could bark. My new acquaintances were very kind and supplied me with two boxes of matches (just in case), asked me to have a cup of tea and wanted to know where this Corral Swamp was, as they had only lived near the Golf Links for two years.

I raced back to the camp (by torch) had dinner and settled down. Must have just fallen asleep when I awoke to hear the biggest pair of feet ever thundering down the hill: these were supported by smaller feet, but all were in such great haste that they missed me. A little later

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still a third pair passed. Suddenly I thought "Could this be the Marathon to Kanangra"?

I dozed off to sleep until I was awakened by a small boy who asked could he and his friends tent with me for the night.

W. "How many of you are there?"

Small Boy: "Ten, Mister".

W. "Haven't you got a tent?"

Small Boy: "Yes Sir".

W. "How big is it?"

Small Boy: "20x4 Sir, but we are growing and can't all fit in sideways".

Then I realised I was dreaming (lone walkers do sometimes) vide the steak and new vienna loaf.

Up at 6.10 a.m. and rather amused to find myself singing "I have heard the Mavis singing" (you do this sort of thing on solo walks). Breakfast completed and then I receive four visitors. Invited them to use my fire (infallible method this to win friends and influence walkers). The new arrivals were Frank Craft and his son, both of Wellington, N.S.W., (Crafts Walls were named after Frank) and Roley, a nice chap and an old friend of Peter Page, who mentioned he was not the "Fox on the Cox". Craft insisted that I inform Myles Dunphy that the correct pronunciation of Guouogang is GOL-E-GONG.

We were joined by two new arrivals who came from the direction of Glenraphael. I recognised one of the Cromac boys who participated with our square dancers at Dex's Creek last October. They proved to be starters in the Marathon who got as far as Glenraphael. They threw down their packs with finger tip control while I told them the story of the matches. They replied "if you had waited until we came along we could have given you some, as that was all we carried".

At Glenraphael I met three young ladies who were a week out from Bimlow.

At Clear Hill I became a true Marco Polo boy by discovering that Duncan's Pass, or the Wallaby Track, just don't exist these days. As it was risky using cord I decided to lighten the pack, go down the spikes come up again with empty pack and again descend, but alas, on repacking I could not get all my gear inside pack and continued with oddments dangling outside. Suddenly I remember my gunny sacks which must now be inside pack and hence the dangling oddments. At this point I take one step forward, hit something, and land flat on my chest. Light rain fell so I went down into Glen Alan, erected the tent, dug a trench around and congratulated myself on my commodious accommodation. The rain soon ceased and the next four days were perfect weather.

I had to return via Clear Hill to clear up this Duncan's Pass mystery.

On the top of Debert's Knob I came upon a tragedy of night life. Lying on its side in the centre of the track was a large black cat with the body of an opossum on top of it, the opossum's head had been

swallowed by the cat and part of its neck was in the cat's mouth. Both were dead. How did the murderer die?

Now for this Duncan's Pass. I followed the turn off at the bottom only to find myself working my way around a cliff, through bushes and at times on a sort of animal pad, until I eventually came out twenty-five paces above Taro's Ladder, where stands a big rock. My conclusions were that those who do Clear Hill that way deserve a medal and the spike exponents live in false glory, if not cissies.

The four days were enjoyable, not a dull moment. I had time to observe and think, and recommend all walkers to occasionally have a few days on their own. They will think of good companions on past outings and learn to appreciate the company of those who go with them on future walks.

I came back to the "official" on Max's recent Sunday walk, heard the Editor was desperately short of a few lines (plus other gossip), but above all I enjoyed the company of the other members - and, by gum, the girls looked lovely.

FEDERATION NOTES.

By Gladys Martin.

The Meeting of the Federation on 25th September was confined to routine matters. The following, however, are some items of interest :-

BARRINGTON TOPS. No further information has been received in regard to the sale of Crown Land in this area. It appears, however, that a deputation has been made to the Minister by another body.

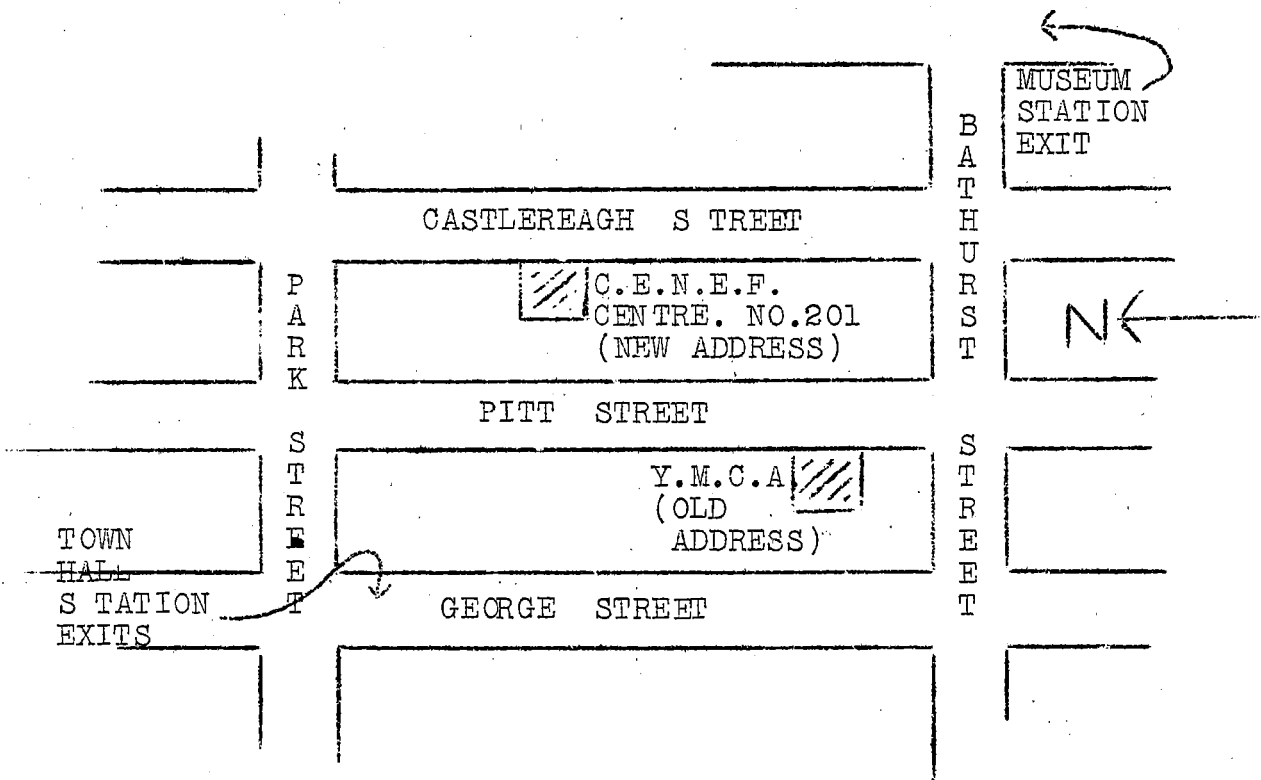
BUNGONIA. Further action is to be taken in regard to damage by Limestone quarrying in this area.

THE PARKS & PLAYGROUNDS MOVEMENT. During the evening, Mr. Hume, of the Parks and Playgrounds Movement, addressed the Meeting and gave some interesting and informative facts in connection with their activities.

NATIONAL PARK. Following a letter in the "Sydney Morning Herald" it was decided to write to the Trustees of National Park pointing out that the Park was badly littered with tins, etc.

MOVING NEWS.

Thanks to the kindly help of the walking fraternity Paddy got safely moved into his new premises in record time. We still have with us plasterers, painters, electricians and whatnots, but business goes on. Just to remind you here is the map again. We'll be pleased to say "How d'ye do" to any old friends (and new ones too).



We are moving into the new factory next week but extensive building of staff amenities have to be completed before fresh staff can be recruited. Therefore it will still be some time before production is back to normal and repairs and alterations can be taken. We are doing our best.

PADDY PALLIN,
 CAMP GEAR FOR WALKERS,

Basement, 201 Castlereagh Street,
 (Between Park and Bathurst Streets),

'Phone: M2678.
 (Doubtful)

S Y D N E Y.