

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to The Sydney Bush Walkers, Box 4476 G.P.O., Sydney, 2001. Club meetings are held every Wednesday evening from 7.30 pm at the Wireless Institute Building, 14 Atchison Street, St. Leonards. Enquiries concerning the Club should be referred to Ann Raun, Telephone 798-8607.

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N O V E M B E R, 1980.

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by Christine Austin.

Members of Party: Gem Gagne, Fusai Dargan, Ann Parks, Keith Cairncross, John Redfern, Ray Kirkby, Reg Alder, Pat McBride (Leader), Christine Austin, Craig Austin.

A little smoke haze was all that marred the view as a party of ten recently strolled out towards Mt. Tarn in the Budawangs. The leader had clearly specified that it was to be a relaxing trip. Some people, like my father, chose to ignore these remarks, refusing to stop even when given permission. Others took full advantage of their freedom and became engaged in a heavy conversation about drugs. Craig and I took every opportunity to analyse any unknown flower. This can be rather unrewarding and frustrating at times, as anybody who has used "Flora of the Sydney Region" would know.

Soon there was a quick side trip up Corang, but the distant peaks were obscured by smoke. However, there being no bushfires in our vicinity, we could see our destination. Pat continually cherishes the desire to sleep on mountain tops and Tarn was to be it for tonight - with or without water.

At lunchtime, beneath Mt. Tarn, I was awakened from my drowsiness by an interesting conversation. Reg Alder, a long-time S.B.W. member and now a Canberra resident, began discussing the first trip down the Kowmung. This was achieved by the famous Tigers, two of whom later had their pictures in the S.M.H. for their efforts. Reg said that as a very new member and a young lad he had felt greatly honoured to be invited on a Tigers' trip. He'd spent a nervous week beforehand, wondering if he'd be able to keep up with them. Needless to say, he did.

Our ever optimistic Patrick assured us that there'd be water on Tarn. Gemma wasn't so sure, nor was I, but everybody of course hoped he would be right. To climb Tarn, we followed the track to the base and then turned south-east. We then walked until an obvious ramp appeared, the beginning of which is covered in Zieria (or more appropriately, Stinkbush). Reaching the summit, we hurried to the tarn itself, but found it dry. Craig then found water some distance away and so it was near there we camped. It was a glorious place with the sunset glowing on the rocky turrets of Tarn. Soon all the tents were up - a rather palatial one inhabited by Ann and Keith; some others exhibiting the more usual bushwalking shabbiness.

The conversation swung around to drugs again. We discovered Keith was a bio-chemist. He was pounced upon! "How many cups of coffee can you drink a day?" - "That is the limit to one's alcohol consumption?" This bombardment lasted until Keith was forced to retire earlier than everyone else.

In the morning, it was decided to explore Tarn itself. Soon a few different groups developed, some wishing to wander about the grassy areas. Others, like John, Pat and Craig, felt like some rock-climbing. The former group soon began to descend the mountain - morning tea being the aim.

On the way, we were hit by a sudden strong shower, which did a great job of clearing the air. Reg found us a former camping spot of his where we sat and enjoyed a cuppa. Pat soon strolled in, saying the others were just behind.

When after another brew the others hadn't appeared, we assumed they'd missed us and gone on, so we followed them. Half an hour's walking passed and the track dropped to a creek. And there, in the middle of the track, sat John with an injured arm. Craig explained that he had tripped whilst rocketing down the hill and in flinging out his arms, had damaged one. It was obvious that hospital treatment was necessary. John walked the twelve or so kilometres back to the cars, with Gemma at his side. At the cars, Reg suggested that Canberra hospital might be the best bet. It proved to be a good idea, for John was quickly being attended to by a bevy of beautiful nurses and sisters.

John being in good hands, we left him to attend to our ravenous appetites. Reg led us to a hamburger shop. Although we thought siting take-away shops well back from the main streets was a good idea, it takes a resident to find one for you, even when you're starving.

Back at the hospital we found my parents and sat quietly talking in the foyer. Soon a shrouded, wanly smiling figure was wheeled past. It was John, whose dislocated arm had just been "reduced" by a doctor, a nurse and a strong towel. An hour later, we bundled a rather sleepy John into the car and drove to Sydney, arriving home at the ghastly hour of two a.m.

The next day John said to me, "What was the name of that lovely nurse?" We knew he was well on the way to recovery.

QUOTE FOR THE MONTH.

Better to hunt in fields, for health unbought
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draft.
The wise, for cure, on exercise depend;
God never made his work, for man to mend.

JOHN DRYDEN. 1631 - 1701.

TWO BOOK REVIEWS.

by Ainslie Morris.

"Australia on £15 and £20 a Day" by John Godwin and "Australia - a Travel Survival Kit" by Tony Wheeler.

"The first question every Australian asked on hearing the title of this book was 'Sounds very good - but can you do it?' The answer is yes, absolutely,...."

You see, John Godwin knows the sceptical Aussie, because he is one himself. He can offer insights and blend them with the outsider's viewpoint, because he has lived in Brisbane and America for the past twenty five years. As well as having that essential qualification to write a travel book in Australia, that of being Australian, John is a fine investigative journalist and author of books including other budget travel guides.

The contents are clearly set out: an Introduction, which I learned quite a bit from and recommend to all those who fell asleep, as I did, in their Australian history lessons at school. Then: Australia: A Budget Survey; Getting to and Around Australia; Sydney; Melbourne; Adelaide; Brisbane; Cairns and the Great Barrier Reef; Perth and the Far West; Canberra - The National Capital; Alice Springs - the "Red Heart"; and Tasmania - the Island State completes the eleven chapters.

So, it's a book packed with facts, but kept light. It's on cheap thin paper, well-bound and not too thick and as well, it's light in style. On our language - "it takes a bit of getting used to. As does the general habit of using the feminine gender to describe situations as well as places, conditions, or persons. Remarks like, "She's beaut' or 'She's bloody crook' can refer to his wife, his hometown, the weather, or the outcome of an election."

I found much of the book enlightening as it revealed unique Australianisms which only foreigners notice, some not so flattering - "Australians abroad have been described as jars of Vegemite closely followed by tourists" - but always good-humoured. I don't know how you'll feel about John Godwin's remarks on our meat pies, but I can take plenty of remarks as:

"Few people in the world are quite as 'meetable' as Australians."

"Australia has excellent food,....while I have strong reservations about Australia's national dishes, there's only one word to describe her beers and wines: magnifique!"

I got very tired a while back of hearing Australia continually knocked, mostly by people who'd never travelled in any difficult or tough places overseas. John Godwin has travelled widely and so avoids the temptation to knock, except very humorously (those meat pies), or when quoting us - like the coach driver on his trip to Canberra.

"Once he referred to an extremely unpopular politician who had just lost his cabinet post. 'Oh, yeah, him,' drawled the driver, 'I hear he's been appointed ambassador to the Bermuda Triangle.'"

Well, how useful is a book that carries on like that? I can assure you, very useful. I'm not going to quote the sections on the currency, climate - when to come, travel documents, what to pack, where to stay, where and what to eat and drink, fares - but it's all there in detail and up-to-date in the 1980-81 edition. So if you know anyone planning a trip here from overseas, it's a "must". For visitors from Greece and Italy or other European countries, or from Asia, it lacks information on air fares to get here and on ethnic clubs, interpreter services and the like.

If you do have contributions to offer which will improve the book, John Godwin invites the reader to send them to him. I'll be informing him about bushwalking - where to get information about clubs, walks and equipment. We might build up some friendly contacts with America and British walkers if they can visit our club.

And if you don't know anyone overseas who might like the book as a present, you can always give one to yourself. Even if you don't plan an interstate trip - and for that I'd certainly buy it - I'd get a copy just to find out more about Sydney, where I've lived as a non-tourist all my life. It's surprising what poor guides we might make to our own home town. As well, for anyone going overseas, there's a list of budget guides on page 22; I know that "Where to Stay U.S.A." helped to give me an extraordinary trip when I was very low on the dollars.

The author claims for the book that "it tells you how to enjoy the best Australia has to offer at the lowest possible cost." It does do just that, as does Tony Wheeler's book also reviewed here. (1980-81 Edition of Australia on £15 and £20 a day, by John Godwin - an Arthur Frommer Publication, £4.95, available from The Book Shop at Lane Cove and other booksellers).

"Australia - a travel survival kit" by Tony Wheeler, pub. Lonely Planet, £3.95 (1979).

This is a neat little book, very similar to the book by John Godwin in layout and information supplied. It does, however, provide sections for each state on bushwalking. The book is one of a series including such titles as "Europe - a traveller's survival kit" which is aimed at the Australian reader. So, if anyone wants a book with plenty of facts but without the anecdotes and style of John Godwin's travel guide, this book is ideal.



eastwood camping centre

BUSHWALKERS

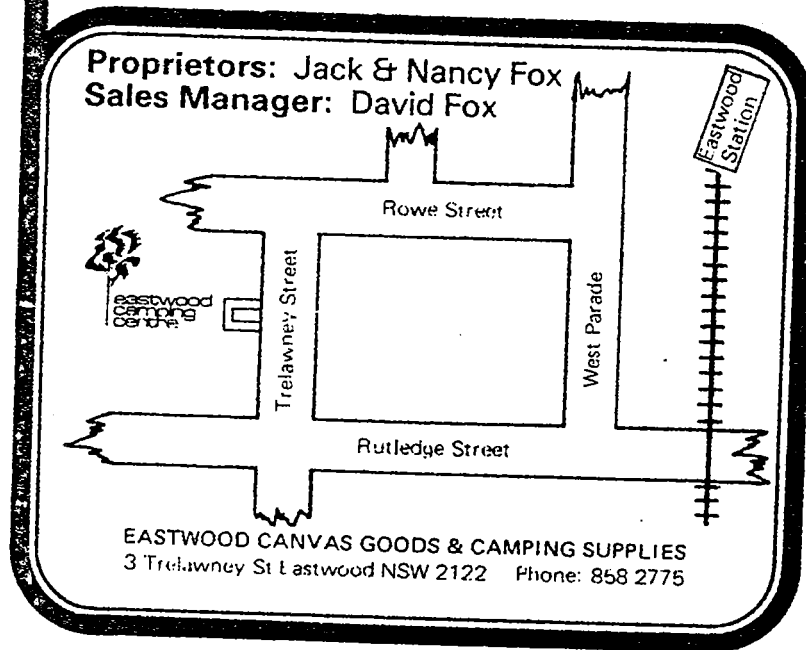
Lightweight Tents • Sleeping Bags • Rucksacks •
Climbing & Caving Gear • Maps • Clothing • Boots
• Food.

CAMPING EQUIPMENT

Large Tents • Stoves • Lamps • Folding Furniture.

DISTRIBUTORS OF:

Paddymade • Karrimor • Berghaus • Hallmark •
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Companion • and all leading brands.



SITTING VERSUS DOING.

Dot Butler.

"All the world's a cell for sitters to sit in" James Joyce gloomily pronounced. Me, I divide people into Sitters and Do-ers. Bushwalkers, of course, fall into the latter category.

In August I had a few weeks at Coonabarrabran where son Wade is carving a farm out of the wilderness. After a couple of days weeding the vegetable garden says I to the boss-man, "What else needs to be done?" "You can dig post-holes along the boundary line of the upper paddock - 2 feet deep." Thirty post holes later: "What else needs to be done?" Says Wade, "You can bore holes in the fence posts round the lower paddock or you can tie down the wire I've already put up." (It's a kangaroo-proof fence 7 ft. high.) "We love kangaroos but we'd rather see them in our neighbours' paddocks." I opted for the tie-wire job - at least you could sit down while tying the bottom wire.

A couple of days later - "What else needs to be done?" "You can dig an 8 inch trench down the mountain side from the top tank to the house tank so I can bury the water pipe." Backing down the forested hillside wielding a mattock through rocks and roots, musing on Sitters versus Do-ers, finally the job is done. "You've done that very well," says the boss, "If you like you can dig another quarter of mile of trench from the auxiliary dam to the orchard dam where I have the pump set up." Right, sez Fred. Better get a move on! So off to the far paddock at crack of dawn with my mattock and spade and bottle of water.

Two days later - "What else needs to be done?" "Well, there are stumps to be burnt out on the new road I'm clearing into the paddocks, or you can finish the road up to the mountain top where I'm going to build the observatory." (This is going to be a rival to the Siding Springs observatory). As a change from mattock wielding I chose to burn out stumps. Dig around the stump, pile up the firewood, set it alight and move on the next. In the end thirteen stumps were blazing merrily away and I was kept busy collecting firewood to keep the fires going. Treading on a few red hot coals in bare feet (too hot for shoes) is just an occupational hazard, but dashing through the scrub for more firewood I ran a large ironwood splinter into my heel. Seven thousand curses!! That night I got Rona to do a bit of probing with a darning needle and tweezers but what with my bucking and squealing we got nowhere: Rona is too tender hearted. After a sleepless night I said to Wade, "Right! People have had a leg amputated without anaesthetic. Do something about this! So Wade threw a maggotty sheepskin and some salted down kangaroo skins off his table out under the trees and on this I lay face down while Rona sat on me holding my ankle in a vice-like grip. Wade sharpened up his skinning knife. "This might take a bit of time while I get through the leather," quoth the surgeon getting to work on my heel. Meanwhile the big red rooster assaulted hens under the operating table, the dog rolled in the dust and crows cawed derisively in the callitris trees. The patient bore it all stoically, Finally, success! and out comes a piece of ironwood half the size of a match.

Clever boy, Wade. He can do anything. And to think he was only 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. - not so long ago either.

Next day I left for home as I was picking up some New Zealand relatives and driving them to South Australia to Colin and Jane Putt's place. This is where the sitting began, and it was very nice for a change.

Two thousand miles later I was sick of sitting. By this time we were all up at Wilpena Pound, a great basin of sandstone, one of the most exciting and impressive features in all the 78 $\frac{1}{2}$ thousand hectares of Flinders National Park. Its 10 miles by 4 mile oval rim is a wall of red terraced cliffs whose scenic impact is unique and dramatic. Formed around 500 million years ago due to massive upheavals of the ancient sea bed, Wilpena Pound is 1,000 ft. above sea level and its surrounding peaks rise to around 4,000 ft. The highest and longest mountain climb in the Flinders is St. Mary's Peak so Colin and I made this our objective.

We set out at 7 a.m. The Notice at the base of the climb said it would take 4 hours to the top. We went up through Callitris forest to Bannon Gap, then the vegetation changed to mallee, sheoaks and yakkas (black boys). On the stoney track were numerous skinks. In fact there are at least five species of lizards here. Now a steeper climb through gums and low mallee scrub, haunt of grey-fronted honeyeaters and ground wrens, to Tanderra Saddle. At the end of the ridge the summit rocks began and it was a hand over hand climb to a rock shelf. 150 ft. of elevation is then lost in a downward drop, then up again 700 ft. to the top. From the summit, to the west where willy willies dance over the bare ground, we could now see the enormous dry bed of Lake Torrens with saltbush plains in the foreground, home of the great red kangaroo.

It was only 9 a.m. The climb had only taken two hours so we had plenty of time to go out to Edeowie Gorge, visible as a huge gash in the red rock a couple of miles away to the N.W. From our viewing point on the summit of St. Mary's Peak we carefully picked out our route, then set out down the mountain side following rocky scree runs so avoiding the prickly scrub - down to a clear little creek just below the foot track. Now, if you want to get a good view of the Gorge you leave the vicinity of the track, which seems to end there anyhow. "The Park Board ends it there on purpose I imagine," said Colin "They don't want tourists straying into the dangerous Gorge." Now we were in a great expanse of low wattle. We had picked out this yellow plane from our mountain lookout as being the best route to follow and closer acquaintance proved our choice was right. It was an easy scrub free run to the next little creek. Head around this and you gain the opposite rim of the Gorge and can look down into its amazing tumble of huge red rocks and scrub choked gullies; no wonder the Park Board try to keep their tourists from getting a tantalizing glimpse of this fierce country - their Rangers aren't too keen on rescue operations. Above in the blue two huge eagles soared - they would have had their nest in the inaccessible gorge.

Retraced the steps and back onto the track by 11 a.m. We had an early lunch by a little tadpole creek and then a 3 hour stroll back through the beautiful park-like Pound where, if you are lucky, you might see euros with their characteristic shaggy coat and rufous shoulder patch. Weebills and miners call loudly from the big red gums which grow thickly along the course of Wilpena Creek, and thornbills haunt the native pine thickets. White-faced herons hunt for frogs in the numerous swampy areas. This is ideal reed-warbler habitat. We were dive-bombed by a nesting magpie. A brilliant flash of red and the red-capped robins fly by.

This has been a good year for rain. The native flowers were unlike anything in the Sydney sandstone; yellow cassias, prickly wattles with huge golden heads, the native hop in all shades of purple and red, porcupine grass (sometimes erroneously called spinifex), yaccas, and of course that tree characteristic of the red country - the native pine or callitris.

By 3 p.m. we were back at the car where we were to meet Jane and the others. By 4 o'clock Colin's car load were heading back to Barossa and work the next day, leaving three of us to continue on for a further three or four days.

During the latter years of last century a succession of good seasons led to grazing and wheat farming being carried on in the Flinders, but the inevitable drought brought this to a close. Nevertheless evidence of settlement remains in the form of deserted homesteads and the ruins of whole settlements where rock walls made by the early German settlers are still intact. These signs of early habitation are a unique feature which do not detract from the place as a National Park.

The Flinders Range National Park was created in 1972 by the amalgamation of several reserves. It is well worth a visit from us in the eastern States.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS OR 'PHONE NUMBER.

Would members please let the Secretary know of any change of address or 'phone number for inclusion in the 1981 List of Members, as this list must be prepared by the end of January 1981.

SHEILA BINNS, Secretary.

Phone 789-1854.

MT. JELLORE - OR

by Barbara Bruce.

Rain. Everybody wanted it. The country was dry and screaming for it. Grey clouds had been hovering in the skies on and off over several weeks, but they always refused to drop the vapours they seemed to hold. On the Sunday morning, 19 October 1980, you could thus have been forgiven for thinking the grey clouds which hid the sun early on would, as a matter of course, pass over and leave us with a sunny day.

However, this day was destined to be the day of change.

Bob Younger was chauffering, as does Peter Miller when he gets the chance, three females. We were heading for Mount Jellore, and hoping to meet a few more cars at the Wombeyan Caves turnoff.

The first foreboding sign came when we failed to discern Mt. Jellore from a distance. Oh well, maybe we wouldn't be able to see Sydney from the top today - that's okay.

Bob likes to digress along the pretty drive through Buxton, Balmoral and Thirlmere, re-emerging on the highway shortly before Mittagong. At first it was only a few spots - nothing to worry about! Then down came the deluge - and that left us in no doubt what sort of "sunny" day we were going to have. The longed for, drought-breaking rain would be falling today.

At the Caves turnoff we met Frank, Tony, Peter, Roslyn, Jim and Ann, Joe and a couple of others. Joe decided to return home. The rest of us, including Fiona, June and myself, considered the alternatives: Joadja, Berrima, Bowral. We'd try Joadja; a wander around, perhaps a cup of tea. The idea was good, until we reached the gate to find that the property had been closed "until further notice". And it's still raining. Let's go to Berrima then. There're things to see there and the historic pub - we deserve a drink. Tony and co. opted to go to Coolana, so here they bow out of the scene.

Frank guided us on the short cut to Berrima, only to find that the pub was closed for another hour. Disbelief! Not our lucky day. The rain held off, at least, while we toured the antique shops and the Berrima Court House - incredible that should be open.

Eventually we enjoyed a friendly drink in the pub before partaking lunch rather coldly under the shelter in the park, with a cup of tea boiled in Bob's communal billy on Jim's portable stove.

Frank and Donald, Jim and Ann went their separate ways after lunch, so then there was one (carload). Bob, June, Fiona and myself took a leisurely tour around Bowral and visited fabulous Milton Park, former country residence of the wealthy Hordern family. This fine, well established garden display is open to the public in October every year. It must be said that during our garden inspection the rain had abated. As a matter of fact, it did not return either, and on the way home we enjoyed a sunny finale to quite an unorthodox "walk".

THE OCTOBER GENERAL MEETING.

by Barry Wallace.

Well, there we were see, about 40 of us peasants in the hall, and Bob Hodgson in the chair beating the daylights out of the gong and calling for order. Eventually most of the mob settled down, except for the Noises Off Group in the kitchen area, and to tell the truth I never did get to write down the exact starting time, what with the confusion and shouting and all. But it was 20 something or other and the meeting definitely started before it finished. If you can work it out from that, send your entries, together with negotiable notes of an appropriate denomination, to the editor. There are no prizes, but you will feel better, if you like that sort of thing, that is.

Anyway, as I was saying, there were five new members to welcome. There was Rosaline Tayler, Reginald Forsyth, William Holland, Mark Dabb and Bruce Dunn, and we welcomed them in the traditional way.

The minutes were read and received and nobody thought they were worth arguing about. Fergus Bell has volunteered to visit the Club and explain F.B.W. policy on S. & R. prerequisites, and we are going to invite him to do so.

Correspondence In comprised a notice of the Paddy Pallin Foundation awards for 1980, a letter from Don Reid on behalf of the 1981 Annapurna Expedition thanking the Club for its support, a letter from A.C.F. accepting our offer of a full-page magazine ad., a letter from the N.S.W. Minister for Planning and the Environment advising the appointments to the Heathcote National Park Board of Management, a letter from the S.P.C.C. about pollution sources in Jerrara Creek and last but not least a letter from the A.C.F. regarding the campaign for the Great Barrier Reef. Correspondence Out was our letters to the aforementioned new members.

Then it was the Treasurer's turn to regale us with tales of monetary splendour. We started the month with \$2438.62, we spent \$74.40, earned or otherwise acquired \$247.90 and ended up with \$2612.12. The Coolana Account had a closing balance of \$283.33.

Federation Report brought news that the fees announced in August are invalid, or illegal or something, take your pick. In any case fees this year will remain the same as for last year. Bankstown Walking Club has applied for, and been granted, membership of F.B.W. Federation have received a letter from Friends of the Earth re use of the Total Environment Centre.

All of which brought us to the Walks Report. Ho Hum! First up was Peter Harris' Touga Creek birthday party - er! walk! There were 28 people, and a right bludge it was too, by all accounts. All of which took place on 12,13,14 September. That same weekend there were three day walks. Roy Braithwaite had 5 prospectives and 5 members on his Lilyvale wildflower walk to Bundeena; and David Ingram (the original) reported 20 members and one prospective on his Koolewong to Wondabyne walk. Hans Stichter had

25 people out in the Faulconbridge - Glenbrook area on the same day.

The next weekend, 19,20,21 September, saw John Rodfern leading some 18 starters on a rather cold Kanangra trip. Brian Hart's Wollemi Park trip attracted 17 people but was transferred to Wattigan State Forest. Ainslie Morris led 21 people on a wildflower walk in Dharug National Park on the Sunday. They even had their verry own wildflower expert. Barbara Evans, meanwhile, led a group of 8 through Heathcote National Park from Heathcote to Waterfall.

Over the weekend 26,27,28 September yours truly led a party of 17 people on the Bonnum Pic - Wollondilly River circuit in perfect weather. Peter Christian led from home base with a party of 6 autonomous people on one of the two Sunday walks. Ian Debert led the other Sunday trip in person, with 6 members, one prospective and one visitor. They reported a long lunch.

The October Long Weekend saw Peter Harris leading his Deua National Park walk at Kanangra Walls? He had 10 starters. They endured heat, flies, thirst and long queues. It seems Kanangra Walls is being loved to death. Brian Hart reported 7 bods on his Coricudgy walk. There was no report of Vic Lewin's Budawangs trip, and Leone Vella's trip was cancelled. There was an unprogrammed gathering at Coolana that weekend with about 25 people turning up to walk and laze as fancy took them.

General Business brought a motion that the Coolana Committee clean out the Coolana hut and prevent any future accumulation of extraneous items.

Then it was just a matter of announcements, and it was all over at 2109.

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SOCIAL NOTES FOR DECEMBER.

by Peter Miller.

Wednesday, 10th December:

General Meeting. Dinner will be held before the meeting at the Nam Roc Chinese Restaurant, 538 Pacific Highway, St. Leonards. 7 - 8 p.m.

Wednesday, 17th December:

S.B.W. CHRISTMAS PARTY.

The Christmas Party will be held in the Clubroom from 7.30 p.m. onwards. Please bring something "interesting" to eat. Drinks will be provided by the Club.

If any member would like to contribute a musical item or other form of entertainment, please advise the Social Secretary.

An invitation to become a member of the

AUSTRALIAN CONSERVATION FOUNDATION

What it means to be a member of ACF

- You can help save our forests and bushland and Australia's unique animals.
- As part of a national organisation which speaks with a strong and informed voice, you can influence decision-makers for the good of conservation.
- You receive news on the environment in regular issues of the Newsletter and Annual Report.
- You can have a say in ACF affairs, through postal ballots and Council elections.
- You receive special book offers and opportunities to take part in social activities.

Most members subscribe to Habitat Australia - the bi-monthly colour magazine which provides information and inspiration on the environment.

We need your membership. Will you help us? Join us now. Ordinary membership £15.00. Student or pensioner £7.00. Habitat subscription £12 (£10.00 for members).

Send us the coupon below, or appropriate details:

To: Australian Conservation Foundation,
672b Glenferrie Road,
Hawthorn, Vic. 3122.

Yes, I would like to become a member of A.C.F.
(\$5.00 ordinary membership; \$7.00 student/pensioner)

.....

Yes, I would like to subscribe to 'Habitat' magazine
(\$10.00 for members; \$12.00 for non-members)

\$.....

Total

\$.....

Name: _____

Address: _____

_____ Postcode _____

Madam Editor,

I read with humorous interest Owen Marks' and Dot Butler's adventures in Mexico and a question was raised concerning their encounter with an anthropologist who told them that cave men never existed. They will be pleased to learn that it is now becoming a new theory, a theory put forward by a Swiss scientist, Adolph H. Schültz, although I am not quite sure when. He wrote an article, "Some Factors Influencing the Social Life of Primates in General and Early Man in Particular" in which if, I can humbly condense 32 pages to a few paragraphs, his theory runs like this:

Today if Simians are sick and cannot keep up with the group they seek out, instinctively a cleft or cave in which they remain until better or dead, safe from molestation from predators and flies attracted to their wounds. The deeper the cleft in the hillside the more cooling to the fever and the more likely to obtain water which is all they need to die by. The majority of caves and fissures produce only bones and skulls, that are, in the majority of cases of wounded or diseased apes. The early hominids are no exception and also withdrew to the best available hiding places as soon as they became too weak from one cause or another to keep up with the group. The primary role of caves, for primates connected only with illness and death, may very well have influenced the later behaviour of, "cave men", especially their attitudes towards the skeletons found in the innermost depths.

Incidentally in the many regions of the total range of early man, caves were not sufficiently numerous to shelter enough "cave men" to maintain a visible population. For routine usage and before the added protection of fire early hominids found greater safety during the night in trees than in caves.

Snoring is also analysed. In a dead sleep, primitive man, snoring in a cave, would make more noise than one who snores out on plain or in a forest, and thus would get eaten first. Who knows!

Even though the club may be eternally dying, at least the magazine comes up with something thought provoking in nearly every issue. I find the magazine keeps me in contact with the club while I am studying and unable to go walking.

Yours sincerely,

FRANK TAEKER

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

TO PADDY PALLIN,

who turns 80 on the 28th of this month.