

the bush, provide not merely a recreation or a pastime, but are the means of bringing us tremendous joy in good times, and peace and comfort in less happy ones, so it is most important that the Club - as a means of knowing the bush and helping others to do so - shall continue.

During the twelve years of its existence, The Sydney Bush Walkers has weathered many internal storms; let us, by our united efforts, make sure that this greater external storm will be weathered also.

RICHARD CROKER.

SEARCH AND RESCUE

by M. Bacon.

The N.S.W. Federation of Bushwalking Clubs combined much pleasure with the business of training its members in rescue practice on the weekend of September 9th and 10th, in the Springwood-Nepean district.

Seven parties set out on Saturday each to get "lost" in their own section. After a reasonable delay, seven parties set out to locate the "lost" parties and gain the decorated leather "scalp". Before it could be legally taken the condition of the lost party had to be treated. You can imagine Ron Eddes' consternation, as leader of Search Party No.4, when he had to treat Jean Trimble, Goldie Lawson and Tom Moppett for starvation! Also the whoops of joy given when Stewart Turnbull, as leader, had to treat "Tuggie" for a broken leg and carry her to aid half a mile away. Did he and his two pals do it? No; but as unattached walkers lured into the stunt by the excellence of the S & R Section's circular, they were allowed to "squib" it this time.

In spite of having to do something to earn the "scalps" in addition to finding the party, six returned to Headquarters with their "scalps". The seventh "lost" party, led by Ossie Brownlee, eluded their searchers by going upstream and staying within about a quarter of a mile of Base Headquarters. It was part of the game to be found and to leave adequate signs. Ossie was tracked a mile or so upstream in soft, sandy country, but when rocks had to be covered, the searchers said he must have taken wings.

Careful planning had resulted in searchers and rescued in most sections being members of different clubs. Such mingling of the various clubs was good, but what impression did visitors get of S.B.W. members listening to the Comedy Harmonists broadcast from portable radio sets around the campfire? Let us hope the S.B.W.'s were also taking lessons in campfire singing from this and again combining business with pleasure! Yes of course the radio sets were part of the S & R Practice; they were to enable the searchers to receive messages of instruction or recall. If the Comedy Harmonists came over the air instead.....

And, Oh! the number of small cars that disgorged large numbers of large walkers and larger packs on Sunday afternoon! Such a retrograde step! Oh no, just keeping up to date by using the speedy auto. These were provided by the Federation for co-ordinating the parties, picking up messages and helping to bring the parties together for fraternising at the end of the

exercises, each party having been given a fixed hour to leave its allotted area.

Many experiences were told on the homeward journey. The "flying squad" found out where and from whom came the calls heard at 10.30 a.m. others learned just where the other party was lost in the neighbouring section; how in the valleys smoke signals did not reach over the tree tops, but were carried down by the down draught; that green casuarina (or she oak) makes good, thick, white smoke; also of the excellence of binoculars.

There was general agreement on the excellence of the organisation; the thought put into the instructions given to each leader two days before the practice; the splendid map showing the areas to be covered by each party; and the friendly spirit of co-operation.

The manoeuvres were brought to a close by a brief description of the weekend events over Station 2 BL at 9.15 p.m. on Sunday.

A STATEMENT OF POLICY

Paddy is pleased to announce that he has ample stocks on hand of imported ducks and japara. This fortunate circumstance is not the result of shrewd foresight, but just a fortunate accident. The effect, however, is the same. It means that for months to come Paddy-made gear will be sold at the same prices as have been charged in the past, despite increased cost of locally purchased goods and the higher rate of sales tax.

There is no knowing what the months to come have in store for us all, but walkers may rest assured that Paddy will at all times do the fair thing and not take advantage of circumstances, to raise prices out of proportion to costs of production.

PADDY PALLIN

327 George Street, SYDNEY.

Opp. Palings,

'Phone B.3101.

THE COX AND THE COW

By "Mumbedah".

How many of us "go down" the Cox and on return fail to rhapsodise on its beauties? Are not our photograph albums bulging with records? No matter how often one may have been on the river, does he or she cease to appreciate the marvellous change of scene at every bend, the looming ridges the sun on the sparkling rapids, and the stately groves of casurinas? Perhaps it is the casurina which gives the river its greatest charm! The grove at the Cox-Kowmung Junction is probably the most picturesque and impressive, while that opposite Konangaroo Clearing, viewed against the early sun, is a spectacle never to be forgotten. (I can hear Wally Roots sigh as I write). Again, the green, cool glade on the wide river flat opposite Gibraltar Creek, with sunlight filtering through, comes a close third. But does one not notice that all, or nearly all, the casurinas are fully grown - there are few saplings? "And, why"? you may ask.

The value of this tree as stock feed in dry spells is very high and it is undeniably truth that the cattle are eating the succulent tops of the young plants as soon as they appear. A cursory examination of the Cox and its tributaries will certainly disclose this state of affairs. To add insult to injury, during a recent drought a certain well known cattle man of Burrangorang, employed an axeman, not to lop, but to fell a row of casurinas, a couple of miles above the Kowmung! To the walker this act showed lack of intelligence, for surely no person would kill the goose that laid the golden egg! I do not deny the right to lop a tree to feed starving stock, but to destroy the source of fodder supply is beyond my comprehension.

There are therefore two main menaces to the future of our tree. The first can be overcome to a great extent, by the active cooperation of organised walkers. I suggest it is not too much to ask walkers on holiday trips (not "Tiger" walks) to devote a little of their time to keeping their favourite river in order, because if they don't, nobody else will! One can easily spend half-an-hour before moving off each morning ("Tigers" move off in the dark) in the protective measure of erecting a wooden guard about five feet high, round a thriving undamaged seedling. Your discarded tent poles will make an excellent basis to start on!

The possibility of transplanting should be fully investigated, but it may involve too much attention to be maintained by the irregular passer-by, like our famous Oak at Morella-Karong!

The second menace is not so easy to combat, but I suggest a tactful letter addressed to those holding grazing rights of the Cox might rectify the potential destruction. In any case, it would be to their mutual benefit to preserve the trees for future droughts. I feel confident our good friend, Norbert Carlon, who is disgusted at the tree felling would be strongly behind us if this project were adopted, and he could impart sound advice on the subject.

Another point not to be overlooked is the continued supply of firewood. With the increasing popularity of walking, it is essential we should have an eye to the future so that readily accessible firewood be always available.

When our Greater Blue Mountains National Park dream is realised, I hope to see a regulation to exclude cattle from the domain as they are destructive to saplings on the river banks and in addition erosion results from their grazing on the heights. Scott's Main Range proves this, for they have eaten down the grass and thereby caused soil erosion as is clearly shown by the great heaps of earth and rocks at the mouths of watercourses on the Kowmung. Thirdly, their absence would tend to rehabilitate our marsupial friends to the feeding grounds of their forefathers. Lastly, the terrain is most unsuitable and uneconomical, as more cattle are lost by poorness of food or break their necks over precipices, than ever greet the slaughterman!

Unless steps are taken NOW to protect the trees, in the years to come we will possess a miserable waterway lined with gaunt white spectres to remind us that we failed to fulfil our obligations to protect the country for posterity.

I write in the hope that conservationists and Federation Delegates may consider the matter of sufficient importance to set the necessary machinery in motion. Such an action, if made known to the authorities, would undoubtedly lend weight to our claim for our Park.

It might be of passing interest to learn if the Trustees of Blue Gum Forest have any afforestation scheme to ensure the perpetuity of their reserve, which may serve as a model on which to base this project.

LATE NEWS FROM THE MAPPING SECTION OF THE RIVER CANOE CLUB.

As we have previously advised our readers, the River Canoe Club of N.S.W. is prepared to allow members of any of the affiliated Bushwalking Clubs to peruse the special river maps that have been prepared by its very active Mapping Section. We are happy to announce that Map No. 11 has now been added to their collection, and that it covers,

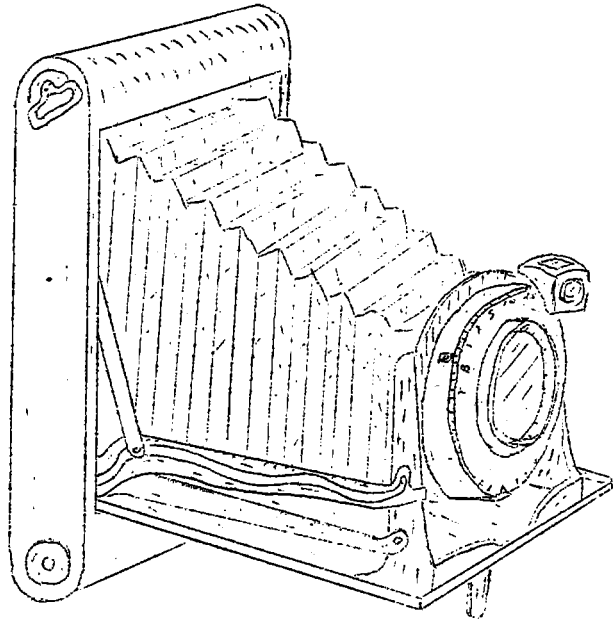
THE MANNING RIVER (Barrington River Junction to Wingham section).

THE VORACIOUS VEGETARIAN

The snail's a vegetarian, he doesn't care for meat,
But oh, the lots and lots of food these lettuce-lovers eat !
Where you and I would be content with one nice juicy chop,
The vegetarian requires three-quarters of a crop.
We go to bed at ten o'clock; the snail sits up all night,
Indulging uninvited his voracious appetite;
Instead of gnawing at a bone, as dogs are glad to do,
He'll eat a row of peas and beans and all your seedlings, too.
The dog or cat is cheap to feed, an economic pet,
And dogs, may easily be trained, are versed in etiquette;
But vegetarianism is a very different tale,
And none may curb the greed or mend the manners of the snail.

RUTH M. BEDFORD

In "The Sydney Morning Herald" June 1933.



————— H. V. LECKIE. A.R.P.S. —————

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"THE "TIGERS'" TRUCK TRIP

By Clare Kinsella,

Accepting an invitation to go walking with the "Tigers" is tantamount to stepping up to Olympus, shouting rudely to Zeus, "Hi, big boy, here I am -- do your worst" and being certain that he will take up the challenge and start dealing out the vengeance of the gods without delay.

My first "run" with the "Tigers" plunged me into the gloomy canyon of Arathusa Falls where I walked or rather crawled, two hundred yards in seven hours, wore out the seat of my pants, frayed my nerves and was left a prey to nightmares for weeks. My second trip was travelling the length of the Kowmung where we leaped and scrambled from burning rock to burning rock from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. day after day, the few hours in between being given to fitful sleep serenaded by mosquitoes, on rocky ledges above the roaring stream.

I was told by one of the "Tigeresses" that they'd become meek and gentle as gazelles, and therefore joined the party which, on King's Birthday weekend, went to Fitzroy Falls and the Upper Kangaroo Valley. But, bless me, if they didn't break out in a new place - it wasn't the walking that provided the thrills this time, but the truck - and, what a truck !

We were to meet at 6.30 p.m. behind Redfern Station. Eight o'clock found the street littered with bushwalkers consuming oranges and fish and chips, but nary a sign of a truck had been seen. An hour and a half's wait is liable to try the patience of the hardest and a rousing cheer rose into the night when, at last, the truck showed its nose around the corner. We clambered in and settled ourselves, it didn't take the truck long to shake us into position.. There we lay under a canvas awning making a rather ignominious departure from the city. After all, I suppose onlookers wouldn't have known the difference between us and a load of pigs rejected at the markets - we grunted quite a lot in the process of settling down. If they'd looked in of course, they might have known.

The truck owner had mixed his bookings, this truck was a substitute and he had to leave us at Liverpool to the tender mercies of Jack Debert, but he'd been driving for a couple of weeks, so we felt comparatively safe.

We sped along through the dark night, seeing nothing, but hearing and feeling a lot. At length we left the good road and turned off for Fitzroy Falls and went flippety-flop like flap-jacks in a pan.

We arrived at Fitzroy Falls, crossed the bridge and stopped. Ha! the first sign of temperament ! Debert pressed and pushed, twisted and turned, but nothing happened. From the passengers came much advice and caustic comment. Such Debert took with his usual sang-froid. At last Geoff was tempted from his sleeping bag and managed to start us off. At 2 a.m. we checked into camp with Gordon and the others, who with commendable foresight had travelled in Bertie's car, and it was not long before we were sleeping the sleep of the just alive. But first Debert like a motherly hen fussed over his chick, covered its engine and saw that it was comfortable, but all to no avail. Next morning after inspecting the Falls and the

valley below, we prepared to climb aboard, but the truck refused to budge. The boys rallied round and pushed it back along the road, but we had a delightful interlude in the sun until somebody managed to get it going and off we went along the road between undulating, grass covered hills with patches of cultivation and low stone walls crossing here and there.

On the crest of a hill we came to a sudden halt and when the experts got to work, they found that the fan belt had slipped and the fan had cut into the back of the radiator which could no longer hold its liquor. It had run dry and continued to do so at frequent intervals from then on. As if this were not enough we found that Rowley had surreptitiously sneaked a very dead rabbit into the truck and was sitting on it -- why, we didn't know. Tim snatched it away and for a while Rowley was a little restless but he eventually calmed down.

At last we arrived at the falls where we lunched and it was decided that some should go on down into the valley while Debert and a few stalwarts took the truck into Robertson and returned in Bertie's car to join us for tea. But this was not to be. The main party got down through prickly scrub, then brush, where the trees grew strong and tall, meeting overhead so that we walked in a soft twilight with centuries of leaf mould as a padding for our feet. A length we reached the creek and followed it along until, just on dusk we came to a patch of green and open land which was the only possible camp spot. Our party was small, a couple of the lads had stayed at the top to direct the truck folk, Rowley stayed about half way down for the same purpose, then Tim went back to stay with Rowley, so that there were bushwalkers scattered all over the district.

That night we watched torch light talks between Rowley and Tim on the hillside and the other people at the look-out on top. We wondered at the fate of the others and were rejoiced to see Billy Burke's bright smile come over the rise next morning. We learned that the garage man at Robertson had not enough spare parts for the truck and Bertie drove them into Bowral to get them. Here they met with sundry adventures which included a blow out and they arrived back at the look-out about 10 p.m.

When we were once more united we set off along the valley in pleasant sunshine and finished up at nightfall in a deserted house. We stayed there until after lunch next day, a very lazy time, then climbed the hill opposite the farm, to where the truck was awaiting us.

Although the garage man had done his best, the poor thing was far from well. The spark plugs wouldn't spark, and we limped along on one cylinder, chugging and spluttering along the road, emitting nauseating smoke which poured in on the passengers. To make matters worse, one stanchion holding up the awning, broke and the canvas folded gently down on us, making the atmosphere so close that Rowley spent the trip with his head over the side only drawing it in now and again to reiterate his determination to travel, in future, in a sixteen wheel truck - Government owned.

Then the lights failed ! We waited until Bertie's car caught us up so that Debert could see where we were going by Bertie's headlights. Sometimes, however, Bertie's lights were missing and we had the pleasure of going up the Razorback on one cylinder and no lights, and Debert with a three weeks old license. There's no doubt some people have all the fun ! Some of the passengers

became a little restless and agitated on these curves, with a constant stream of traffic speeding past, but Debert stuck to the wheel with exemplary fortitude and eventually deposited us, safe and sound, in the city at 11 p.m.

We picked up the owner of the truck at Liverpool and what Debert said to him we don't know. Luckily the conversation took place in the privacy of the driving cabin, otherwise our ears might have been scorched.

I'm looking forward immensely to my next "Tiger" trip. I sometimes wonder, what "divertissements" they could possibly have up their sleeves for next time, but of what use is idle conjecture? I am content to leave it in the lap of the gods.

FEDERATION NEWS

From the report of the Federation Council Meeting held on August 25th the S.B.W. learned, among other things, that---

Arising from suggestions made at a meeting of the Kuring-gai Chase Trust which was attended by representatives of the Federation, Council decided to co-operate with the Trust in an effort to locate and preserve Aboriginal Carvings in the Chase, and to ask Mr. Debert to organise parties to do this work. The Federation was asked to suggest four suitable honorary rangers for the Park, who would have the power to prevent damage to Rock Carvings in addition to the usual powers of a ranger. It was decided to ask Messrs. Debert, Pryde, Pallin and Kilpatrick to become rangers.

The Ball Committee reported that the attendance at this year's Ball was 252, and that the net profit amounted to £30/7/3d. It also made certain suggestions regarding next year's Ball and asked for instructions. After discussion, Council decided to book the Show Boat for a Saturday night in October, 1940.

Advice was received that Miss Byles and Mr. Pallin had convened a meeting for September 19th to discuss the formation of a new Camping Club for the less energetic walkers and older people. (As this magazine goes to press before that date, the result of the meeting will have to be reported in next issue. - Ed).

Mr. Loder resigned from the position of Convenor of the Publicity Bureau, owing to pressure of work and study, and Mr. H. Salmon was appointed to fill the vacancy.

The Publication Committee advised that it was ordering a thousand copies of "The Bushwalker No. 3" 1939, so there should be no shortage this year. Watch for it, folks, it should be on sale towards the end of this month!

According to the report received from the Garawarra Park Trustees, the Federation was asked to suggest four suitable honorary rangers for the Park, who would have the power to prevent damage to Rock Carvings in addition to the usual powers of a ranger. It was

the Ranger considered that five or six rangers were necessary in view of the large number of people using the park, and he suggested a visit from a constable to control rowdy elements. The Trust expected to receive a grant of £50; and it had decided to leave the administration in the hands of the President and the Secretary, and to hold meetings only once every three months,

Arising from the recommendation of the recent Federation Conference, the Council decided to change its meeting night, from the fourth Friday each month to the third Tuesday.

Also it was decided to form a Finance Committee, and Messrs. Wyndham, Gleeson and Freeman were appointed to it.

The proposal for an annual re-union camp was discussed but the Council's decision was deferred until next meeting to enable the delegates to ascertain the opinions of their clubs. This matter was considered "At Our Own Meeting" in September.

EDITOR'S NOTE

At the end of last issue we published two verses without title or author's name. They were untitled when we received them from a member for use as a "fill-up", but the omission of the author's name was purely an oversight on the part of the stencil-cutting typist, for which we apologise to "A.E."

If you, Reader, should know, or come across, any short pieces of verse or prose which you think would be suitable for "fill-ups", the Editor will be grateful if you will let her have them - complete with the name of the author, or of the book or magazine from which the quotation came, of course.

QUOTATION FROM "SUNLIT TRAILS"

By Archer Russell.

It was a sunny day, and it seemed as if every bird in the valley had foregathered in the dappled sunlight to sing us along the way. Every nook and bush and tree seemed to hold a feathered choir, some fluting, some whistling, some warbling, and all in sweetest mood. Even the wattle birds, mouthing noisy gutturals in the gum-tops, and the green keets that screeched across the hills, vied one with another in keeping attune with the songbirds' symphony.

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ON COLOUR BLINDNESS

"It is interesting to find that most flowers which depend on birds for pollination are red, while pure red is a very rare colour among insect-fertilised flowers,

We know from experiment that bees are incapable of seeing 'red', while the eyes of birds are blind to blues, but are stimulated by red, so that the flower colours are what we should expect."

The above statement is quoted verbatim from H.G.Wells, and I think it requires modification. The birds referred to are honey-eaters, but many other birds are certainly excluded. For instance, you have all remarked the Satin Bower Bird and its preference for blue.

By the way statistics show that 4% of all males (European) are color-blind, and while this does not affect the individuals very much, they should be aware of their idiosyncrasy. It means that there are probably six or eight colour-blind males in the club and probably each and everyone of them is ignorant of the fact. Are you one? asks Morris Stephenson.

ON BUSHWALKING

As not one of our new or prospective members has yet supplied us with any Highlights on Bushwalking for this issue, the Editor turns the spotlight on the official trip of the last weekend in August. There certainly were some highlights to that walk! It was listed to go from Wondabyne to Spencer, but when the leader learned how seldom the ferry ran from Spencer down the Hawkesbury River to Brooklyn, he changed it to an exploration of Kariong Peninsula, Wondabyne to Wondabyne, and went up there the previous weekend to scout out his route.

There were about eighteen in the party which set off on the Saturday to enjoy the splendid wildflowers and magnificent views of Kariong Peninsula, and, in addition, one girl had arranged to join them on the Sunday - at a specified time and place, the route to which had been described by the leader.---"You turn your back on Mullet Creek and follow the ridge at the

back of the Station till --- then --- etc. etc."

The train crawled across the Hawkesbury River Bridge, then thundered on northwards; the party prepared to alight at the small, unattended platform that constituted Wondabyne Station - but the train did not stop. The station had been moved about half-a-mile to the North, to a more convenient site near a stone quarry!

The leader explains that it was dark when he was at Wondabyne the previous weekend and he did not notice that the station was not in its usual spot !! Still, that did not help the girl who spent the Sunday alone in the bush. No, they did not "find the spot" where she would wait for them; the party was too busy having adventures.

Although it was only August, from one point they counted the smokes of eleven bush fires, and in the middle of the night they had to get up and fight a bushfire that was threatening their camp. On Sunday one section of their route crossed an area they had seen the day before green, smiling, and ablaze with wildflowers. Now, alas, it was a blackened desolation. And this was only August!

Then one of the boys strayed from the party and the other ninety and nine --- sorry, seventeen only - were delayed for quite a long time till the lost sheep was found and returned to the fold.

One of the girls provided the next excitement by having a fall, and the leader held his breath, and all the men of the party had secret palpitations, until it was clear that she was not injured and would not need to be carried back to the railway.

By the time the leader had recovered from the shock of a second girl going sprawling - again without any serious damage being done - he had decided that his party was quite large enough without collecting another girl; and anyway it was after the arranged time of meeting and they were nowhere near the spot, and she might not have started out; and if she had she was quite capable of looking after herself -- And so she was. Really he is a very good and careful leader, but it certainly is a little hard on bushwalkers when stations go roaming round the countryside !

Now, which of you readers can tell us a better bushwalking story than that?

Don't be shy, and don't put off writing it till next year; do it now, and hand it to the Editor next Friday night - or post it, care of the Club.

Remember, this is your Club Magazine.

AT OUR OWN MEETING

The Half Yearly General Meeting was held on September 8th. The members present were pleased to welcome the following new members, Misses Doris Young and Edna Stretton and Messrs. Fred, Kennedy, Jack Manson and Thomas Ramsay.

It was announced that Audrey Lumsden had been appointed to the new office of "Keeper of Timetables". And everyone was asked to co-operate by supplying her with information regarding the lesser known services.

One interesting item from the correspondence was that the Federation has adopted the suggestion made at the recent Conference and Council has changed its meeting night from the fourth Friday to the third Tuesday for an experimental period of three months.

From the Federation report we learned that, during the recent Federation Conference, it was suggested that a Federation Annual Reunion be held, so that the members of the various Federated Clubs could have the opportunity of meeting each other. After discussion, it was decided that our Delegates be informed that this Club does not support the suggestion.

Three motions were brought forward to make alterations to the Constitution. It was proposed by Tom Herbert that an addition be made in the clause covering the rejection of prospective members. This motion was carried and Section 5, Sub-section (h) of the Constitution now reads:-

"Section 5, Sub-section (h) (as altered 8/9/39)

On completion of the foregoing requirements and subject to sub-clause (b) the prospective member's name shall be submitted to the Committee which may elect, defer for not more than (2) months, or reject him as it thinks fit. No prospective member shall be rejected until the nominator has been called upon to give his report in terms of sub-section (f). If the prospective member is not elected the amounts referred to in sub-clause (g) shall be refunded."

The other two motions, proposed by Jack Debert and Alex. Colley respectively were lost.

The prospects of holding a Bushwalker Concert were discussed, and the Social Secretary (Edna Garrad) reported that the Concert Committee was finding considerable difficulty in securing a suitable site for an outdoor concert. It was moved by "Mouldy" Harrison, that the Concert as held in the past, be not held this year, and the motion was carried. A small entertainment may be held in the club room later in the year.

Apropos of the foregoing, Frank Duncan suggested that the Club hold two Annual Reunions, one for members only, as usual, the other to take the form of a campfire entertainment, to be held at a place easily accessible by road, to which all members, prospective members and friends could be invited. The meeting accepted the suggestion, and the Social Committee will go into the matter fully and make a report at a later date.

Before the meeting closed the President spoke briefly regarding the present unsettled conditions in the world and urged members to continue to bushwalk whenever possible and to carry on the Club and its traditions in spite of the difficulties we would all have to face during the troublesome times ahead.

CLUB GOSSIP

Here is some more news of our own "Legion of the Lost". Early in September there were great doings up in Brisbane; our old pal, Les. Douglas, and Miss Lorna Mackay were married, and Wal. Roots was the bestman.

Another of our members who will be a married man by the time you read this is Jim. Muir, who is making a special trip to Sydney from Coolamon for his wedding on September 30th to Miss Marguerite Aourousseau.

For nearly a month now, Rita Hundt has been wearing a lovely diamond ring. Yes, Cupid at work again; and the lucky man is Mr. Tom Barnes, not yet a fully fledged walker, but Rita told us she met him while spending holidays at Blatches' at Colovale.

On behalf of all their bushwalker friends, we wish them all -- Good Walking, Good Camping, and the Best of Luck always!

Winter is over and summer is just round the corner. It must be! Wiff Knight is back in Sydney. Have you seen his photos of his Queensland trip yet? He took a lot, and some of them illustrate the trip which he has written up for our November issue.

Just as we were going to press Hubert, the Wireless Bird, came flying in with word that young Bernadette Carlon was married at Parkes about a fortnight ago to Mr. Fred Allen. Lucky chap! Cheerio, and best wishes from all the Bushwalkers, Bernadette!

Look out! Here comes a Ripley ripple to rock the boat! From certain reports in this issue of this magazine you will gather that at least one Club member had received the impression that the Federation meetings were definitely changed from fourth Fridays to third Tuesdays as a three-months' experiment. Where this impression came from, or how it was received, is the problem we ask Sherlock Holmes, or Mr. Ripley, or you to solve. For a starting point we tell you the impression of all the Club's delegates, who, of course, helped to make the decision. They all gathered that the night was to be changed IF a suitable room could be secured, and they expected to be notified of the next meeting. Whether or not the censor thought the notice would be of value to the enemy is not known, but it is a matter of history that on the third Tuesday in September, 1939, the Federation held a meeting at (we had better not tell you where) and the Sydney Bush Walkers were conspicuous by their complete absence!