

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

A Monthly Bulletin devoted to matters of interest to  
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EDITORIAL

For four years I have been calling for contributions to this magazine and reminding you all that unless you kept your editor supplied with articles, reports, verse, etc., there could be no magazine. Now I am laying down the Editorial Pen and taking up the Presidential Bone, so this is my final opportunity of again thanking all those members who responded so freely and repeatedly to the call for contributions. They made my work a pleasure, and they made the magazine. I sincerely hope they will have many more inspirations and continue to assist the new Editor to make "The Sydney Bushwalker" an ever more popular paper.

In "Club Gossip" we announce the forthcoming marriage of our Business Manager and Production Staff (Jean West) to Brian Harvey, the previous holder of those important and laborious jobs. What the magazine and the Club owe to those two, particularly to Brian, cannot be told, though some indication is given by the fact that the work is to be split up in future. We wish them both every happiness, and hope that it will not be too long before they are able to return to Sydney to live.

The new Business Manager and his Production Staff have certainly been set a very high standard. If they and the new Editor co-operate as well as the old publication committee used to, they will be a very happy family. They will all be appointed by the new General Committee at its first meeting and, whoever they are, they have the very best wishes of their retiring comrades. May their work prove as great a pleasure to them as mine has been to me. DOROTHY LAWRY.

CHALLENGE OF THE ROPE.

by E. Garrad.

It was a mountain train, and the carriage of the type with irregular seats and low divisions. We sat at the end of the carriage facing the central corridor, and it was obvious that our small party was creating a lot of interest.

I amused myself by thinking dispassionately of how we must appear to our fellow passengers. Both my companions were somewhat disreputably dressed - although quite unconscious of the fact and, to their way of thinking, suitably clothed - and they had each in their own way made themselves entirely at home. The lad on my left sat with a book of poems in one hand and a meat pie in the other. As I glanced at him I found something rather amusing in the solemn air of dignity with which he consumed that pie. Our leader, on my right, was busily tending to the ends of a length of rope that lay coiled at his feet. I was serenely shelling a couple of pounds of peas. Perhaps, I thought, we did look odd?

Then, as I studied each face, I was conscious that the opinions of our fellow-travellers differed very widely - from amusement and curiosity to contempt for fools who risked their lives on the end of a rope. There was also fastidious distaste of folks who had not sufficient appreciation of appearances to refrain from doing menial tasks in public places. Nowhere did I see any evidence of a sympathetic understanding of the happy anticipation with which we were proceeding to our destination.

They could have no realisation of the challenge to adventure that lay in that innocent coil of rope. They had not known the breath-taking anxiety of watching a leader negotiate a difficult turn; the moment of sudden panic that pervaded your heart when, for a split second, you lost your nerve and gazed fearfully down to valleys hundreds of feet below, and then gathered together your courage and serenely carried on up the rock face; the triumphant thrill of attaining a mountain top after hours of patient and strenuous endeavour; the voluptuous pleasure in flinging yourself to the ground in relaxation - every nerve conscious of the beauty of the sky above you and the perfume of the vegetation around you.

Poor souls, they did not know!

-----  
Vast is the Chasm, and in the deep below  
Silence has fallen asleep beneath its tree;  
Yet we, above the stark declivity,  
Still hear the hush of winds we do not know;  
For, in the vague that covers all, the slow  
Trail of the air, like floating hair flung free,  
Draws with the moving earth; which far stars see  
As some titanic head swayed to and fro.

-----  
- Mary Gilmore.

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE B. S. C. !

The Bushwalkers' Services Committee was one year old at the end of January! That it is a lusty infant was shown by its First Annual Report, which was presented to the S.B.W. at its 14th Annual Meeting by Maurie Berry, the Convenor of the Committee.

The "B.S.C." acts for and is supported by (and composed of representatives of) most of the clubs affiliated with the N.S.W. Federation of Bush Walking Clubs. Its energetic members have met regularly at Paddy's little room each first and third Wednesday throughout the year, and have despatched over 3000 photos, 1500 packets and parcels and 69 letters to the members of the various clubs who are on service and whose duties prevent them from enjoying the usual benefits of club membership. Of these, 23 were in Australia and 41 abroad. (The River Canoe Club and the Campfire Club have their own comforts funds and have not given the names and addresses of their members to the B.S.C. for bushwalking literature, photos, etc).

The accounts submitted gave the number of photos and club magazines despatched, and in addition many hundreds of other magazines, books, etc. have been sent away. No wonder the members of the B.S.C. are always asking for donations of bushwalking photos, magazines, etc., though, of course, their main cry is for the names and correct addresses of all club members in the Navy, Army, or Air Force, or Merchant Marine. The Women's Auxiliaries of the three Services are now also included on the mailing list. If you can supply any further names or addresses, or changes of address, the B.S.C. wants them.

Each week the mail brings the B.S.C. several letters of thanks and appreciation from the Lads, and "The Sydney Bush Walker" takes this opportunity of conveying to the hardworking members of the Committee the deep gratitude of all their fellow bushwalkers. The B.S.C. has done, and is doing, a splendid job.

FOURTEENTH ANNUAL MEETING

Friday, the 13th March, 1942, is an historical date for the S.B.W. for that was when the first woman President was elected by the Club. It was noteworthy also that only one Past-President was absent when Dorothy Lawry became a prospective member of the "Past Presidents' Union". Our first President, Flight-Lieut. Jack Debert, had been moved to Sydney just a fortnight before the Annual Meeting. Frank Duncan, as Organiser of the Re-Union, was present to tell us where it would be held. Lieut-Colonel Harold Chardon was home on leave for a day or two and no managed to get along to the meeting. The one absentee was our next President - Cliff Ritson, who resigned from the Club some years ago. Tom Herbert, arriving late, caused a stir as he completed the roll. Wal Roots, now back from Brisbane permanently, was well to the fore all evening. Maurie Berry was there to present the excellent Annual Report of the Bushwalkers' Services Committee; and Richard Croker also had a front seat.

Another old member we were pleased to see was Joe Turner, down from

Armidale on holidays. Yes, of course, he had timed them very carefully so that he could attend the S.B.W.'s Annual Meeting and Re-Union.

This Annual Meeting is also notable because at it the Club created a new office - that of "Honorary Membership Secretary" - and elected a very capable member to fill it.

Here is a full list of Office bearers and Committee, etc., for 1942/43:-

President: Dorothy Lawry  
Vice-Presidents: Roley Cotter and Frank Duncan  
Hon. Secretary: Mrs. Jean Moppett. Hon. Assistant Secretary: Jess Martin.  
Hon. Treasurer: Doris Allden. Hon. Walks Secretary: Charles Jones.  
Hon. Social Secretary: Doreen Helmrich. Hon. Membership Secretary: Edna Garrad  
Committee:- Win. Duncombe (Dunk), Grace Edgecombe; Reg. Alder, Ray Kirkby.

Delegates to N.S.W. Federation of Bush Walking Clubs:-

(replacing Mrs. Merle Iredale as Delegate and on Committee till July)  
Bill Hall.

(from August next for twelve months) Marie Byles, Dorothy Lawry (On Committee)  
Wal Roots (on Committee) and Joyce Kennedy.

Substitute Delegates from next August:- Alex. Colley and Bill Hall.

Delegate to Parks & Playgrounds Movement: Mrs. Hilda Stoddart.

Trustees: Maurie Berry, Joe Turner and Dorothy Lawry.

Hon. Auditor; Tom Kenny-Royal. Hon. Solicitor: Marie Byles.

For yet another year the Entrance Fee and Annual Subscription remain unchanged at 2/6d. and 10/- respectively. The meeting also decided not to change Section 4 of the Constitution, so Alan Hardy's motion was lost.

It was announced that, as it will be impossible to buy any more Badges while the war lasts, the Committee had decided that the stock on hand will be kept for new members and lost badges cannot be replaced.

Only one new member was welcomed at this meeting - Miss Rita Stanford.

The Mandelberg Cup was presented to Beverley Druce and Allan Wyborn.

Members were pleased to hear that Bill Henley has been appointed as Honorary Ranger.

Three members volunteered and were elected Room Stewards for the ensuing two months; they were Alex. Colley, Doreen Harris (Tuggie) and Marie (Fifi) Kinsella.

The meeting closed at 10.30 p.m.

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POTATOES AND MILK.

Despite the shortage of potatoes, Paddy still has ample supplies of Dried Potatoes. 2/9d a lb.

Sunshine Milk still available at 1/3 per tin.

Japara Tents not affected by Government call-up.

Paddy can still supply all sorts, shapes and sizes of lightweight tents.

If you are interested in all purpose gadgets have a look at Paddy's new idea - The Poncho - which obligingly acts as cape, groundsheet, waterproof sleeping bag or tent fly. One use at a time of course not simultaneously. And the price folks is 24/-.

PADDY PALLIN,

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SYDNEY.

CAMP    GEAR    FOR    WALKERS.

CLUB GOSSIP

This month we have so many announcements to make, so many congratulations and good wishes to extend to all those concerned, that we can provide the usual formal set-up. Yes, its like that among the healthy, happy members of the S.B.W.!

Births

On March 5th, to Merle and Ken Iredale - a daughter - Christine - All three bubbling with joy and health.

Also early in March, to the Whiddons - ex-prospective (nee Herring) and ex-member Frank - a son - and much rejoicing everywhere.

Engagements

Two of the best, Jean West and Brian Harvey, recently announced their engagement, and are planning to be married on Anzac Day.

Joan Atthill and John Hunter have also announced their engagement - no date fixed yet for the wedding - but are they thrilled!

Marriages.

Ray Been and Sister Linda Pratt fixed on Easter Saturday for their wedding so - unless he forgot to go along, or arrived too late - by the time you read this the old Bean will be a happily married man.

Another wedding planned for Easter Saturday was that of Ada Mead and Mr. Jim McGrath of Queensland. Ada delayed her departure from Sydney for several days so she could attend the Re-Union and bid farewell to a large number of her S.B.W. friends.

We wish them all - all the best.

.....

Another member who has gone Interstate, though only temporarily, we hope, is Dot English. This time she has departed for a year or so, to a job in Melbourne. Really it would not surprise us to hear before long that the S.B.W. had developed a "Melbourne Branch".

Reading down the list of members attached to the Annual Report, how many names were there of members unknown to you? Probably one such was "Ethel Powell". She has not had time to do much walking for some years now but has not missed an "Annual Meeting" for ten years! She was sitting in the front row this year, along near the stage.

Another old member who was at the Annual Meeting, and the Re-Union on the Sunday, was Ken Matthews. He also does little walking these days - because he spends his spare time riding a pushbike all round the countryside. "Cosy Kenny" is becoming a real tough guy.

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BRUNI.

by "Ubi".

'Twas in the days of holidays and, with King's Birthday ahead, the Hobart Walking Club daily scanned Mt. Wellington with expectant eyes, for as soon as the snow arrived the Club metamorphosed into a ski-ing club. I alone (not having been initiated as yet into the joys of that sport) was pleased when, as the holidays were imminent, the mountain had not drawn on its winter cap of white.

A band of rebels at length decided it was time to organise a walking trip as a second string to our bow, and Bruni Island was chosen. Bruni lies south of Hobart, is about 50 miles long and consists of two islands joined by a narrow neck of sand dunes over which goes a road that is liable to be covered by the sea during storms. I knew little about the island but put my trust in the promoters, especially when informed that this locality is generally warmer than the mainland of Tasmania.

The weather left no doubt that we should walk, and at some unearthly hour on Saturday morning we boarded the ferry at Middleton to cross D'Entrecasteaux Channel to Bruni Island. From Simpson's Bay on the Channel we "bussed" to the seat of operations - Adventure Bay on the sea - then settled in a hut for the night.

As we started out next day on a round trip, my more erudite companions told me of the early history of Adventure Bay and at each step I am sure my tread became more respectful. Surely this is one of Australia's hallowed spots - if this generation has room for such feelings.

Tasman attempted to land there in 1642 but was blown out to sea by a storm and eventually landed on the East Coast of Tasmania. In 1773 Furneaux, a companion of Cook, replenished his water supplies in the bay, which he named after his ship "The Adventure". He, through confusing several natural features named by Tasman, is responsible for the mis-naming of these places - a mistake which is still perpetuated. Cook himself anchored in the bay for several days on his third voyage in 1777. In attempting to make the bay in 1792, Bruny D'Entrecasteaux in the "Recherche" and "Esperance", with Huon Kermadec as second in command, through an error on the part of the pilot (Raoul) accidentally discovered the Channel which bears his name. After him Bruni also is named; Port Esperance and Recherche Bay recall his ships, while Huon and the pilot should be proud to know that their names have been given to a river and a cape which are two of the finest features in an island packed with surprises.

Adventure Bay is a sleepy little settlement from the neighbourhood of which great quantities of timber have been cut. Although, once you leave the town, the forest affords little evidence of milling, huge piles of sawdust in many places tell their tale.

Following an old railway line with wooden rails that was built for hauling timber, we made towards Cape Connella through trees and scrub so thick in the swampy parts that I can still recall the feeling of walking between walls and remember my recoil from that dank jungle. The sense of oppression left us,

however, when we came out on to more open country above the sea cliffs and looked down upon a very indented and islanded piece of coastline around about Arched Island. Close at hand were the cliffs about Cape Connella - breath-taking -- a sheer 900 feet to the water. We lay on our stomachs and watched the swell of the ocean below and marvelled at the time taken by rocks to reach the water.

Instead of returning the same way, we decided to walk around the cliffs to Fluted Cape, which is the headland at the southern end of Adventure Bay. The scrub-pushing was no intense for a few hours that had any one member of the party been responsible for this cross-country stroll I am sure we would have pushed him over the cliffs. It was nearly dark by the time we made Fluted Cape. The 965 feet of the cape, which overlooks Penguin Island lying at its base, was all the more impressive in the twilight against the background of a brilliant sunset reflected in the bay. We threaded our way back through clearings where the glow-worms were already bright, over the modest Endeavour River, to our hut, which faced the sea and Fluted Cape across the bay.

As so frequently happened in Tasmania, (ah, I was young then!) several of us finished the day by attending the dance in the village. I cannot remember clearly after this lapse of time, but I am sure there was a present a goodly company of island Venuses.

Next day we had to meet another party, camped near Cape Frederick Henry, which is the headland at the northern end of the bay. The bay (comprising in the centre the sand dunes connecting the islands) is very wide and a whole day was occupied in doing this stretch. The weather was astonishingly warm, so we swam often and admired the colourful shells of the scallops, which congregate in D'Entrecasteaux Channel in greater and more luscious numbers than anywhere else in Australia.

I shall not soon forget the camp site that night - among the timbers of a ship which had run ashore. We slept on great beams and used others to support the tent. From our fire, which seemed to have been conjured up by a benignant genie, leapt rainbow flames due to the copper nails and minerals in that ship's pathetic shell.

Our friends had been scouting around so we, having only a morning left, were able to benefit from their reconnaissances. We were taken on a conducted tour almost of the tourist variety, saved only by the knowledge that it was not pre-arranged or premeditated. We first climbed Cape Frederick Henry, which is not the cape named by Tasman but considered to be such by Furneaux. This headland is unique in my experience and delighted me in so far as it is not only rugged and grand but every rock on it is a mass of fossils of primitive sea creatures and growths. This way, ladies, for the mutton-bird rookery -- like a large rabbit warren on the top of the cliffs -- but, oh! does one need a gas mask! Or does one wonder any more at the origin of the phosphates of Nauru!

It was the time when the penguins have migrated and you might think that



we were doomed to be disappointed in this respect, but no, they had all migrated by one - a half-grown fellow we found in a burrow and hauled out for a closer inspection. It would have been nice to have seen the penguin battalions marching, but after such a magnificent trip, varied with so many "-ologies", dared we complain?

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THE VOICE OF THE SOCIAL  
COMMITTEE.

SAYS

PLEASE

NOTE!

April 17th  
(Friday)

8.15 p.m.

DR. IAN HOGBIN of Sydney University will lecture on the adventures of "An Anthropologist in the Pacific" and illustrate his talk with slides.

April 29th  
(Wednesday)

We will have a party -- either a Dance or a Theatre Party.

May 2nd & 3rd

FIELD WEEK-END -- There will also be a Working Bee at Bouddi Natural Park on this week-end. These two events will be combined. Please see the leader, and alter your Walks Programme accordingly.

May 22nd  
(Friday)

8.15 p.m.

An illustrated Lecture will be given by MR. PRICE CONIGREVE.

May 29th  
(Friday)

8.15 p.m.

This will be another Stunt Night, so begin now to collect ideas.

ALL THE ABOVE ITEMS -- CIRCUMSTANCES PERMITTING, OF COURSE!!

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4/42

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RE-UNION 1942.

The Drought Gods strode through the land panting with hot breaths and dried up all the waterholes and creeks. The re-Union Committee also strode, panting, through the bush searching in vain for a suitable spot to hold the 1942 Re-Union. The precious water became scarcer and more scarce, the Committee looked at many sites and were disappointed. They inspected our own "Morella-Karong" but found that, though the area had recovered well from the disastrous fire of two years ago, once again the shortage of water made this an impossible choice.

Time galloped on - the appointed hour was drawing near and still no spot selected - the members, old and new, were beginning to ask, "Where"? The Drought Gods laughed and continued to dry up more and more waterholes. The Re-Union Committee became very worried. Then, one day, some members found a pool - a deep pool - that, try as they would, the Drought Gods could not reduce to any great extent. There was also a fine camp spot nearby. The members liked what they saw and straightway told the good news to the Re-Union Committee. "The pool is deep enough for swimming", they said. The Committee was delighted and went off to inspect the place, and found it good. Thus it was that the Re-Union of 1942 came to be held on Heathcote Creek about half-a-mile below Myuna Creek.

Beautiful weather helped to make the affair the grand success it was voted by all the eighty odd members present. From early Saturday morning till late Saturday night they came along to join in the fun and receive their cute gumleaf name tags from the indefatigable "Dunk". Sunday saw additional "re-une-ers" joining the happy groups gossiping by the little tents dotted among the trees.

A real old time reunion spirit graced this year's event, marred only by regrets that some members were absent through force of circumstance.

The camp-fire was considerably smaller than usual owing to certain regulations, etc., but the items given in the light of its lesser flames were just the same old campfire frolics and much enjoyed. "Tuggie's 'love potion' that got out of control; Ray Bean's advice about "What to do in an Air Raid" as recommended by the N.E.S.; and the treatment meted out to victims by the "Worst Aid" squad were all good fun. Wal Roots, Frank Duncan, Edgar Yardley and others combined to make things go with a "zoom".

The singing of Peter Page and Joyce Dummer helped the evening to pass very pleasantly. "Tarro", complete with flute, played a great part in the general success of the camp fire.

This year there was something entirely new to be witnessed, when the "Bone of Office" and the Club Symbols were handed to Dorothy Lawry and so the Club's first woman President was initiated.

After supper the folks began to move bedward and finally about twenty people were left singing softly around the embers. The last of the revellers went to bed at 3.30 a.m. and silence settled over the peaceful camp.

Sunday saw fun and games in the swimming pool and endless chatter as old friends greeted each other and "re-un-ed" in traditional style.

The Damper Competition was not as strongly contested this year as in the past, but the entries were of a high standard and "Bonnie" Rolfe scored the first prize, for the second time, with a super specimen.

Before as well as after lunch members began to pack up as some had to return to town early to take up N.E.S. and other war duties. In a steady and gradually increasing stream the folks wended their various ways to the train and so into the evening, when the Re-Union of 1942 came to an end leaving memories of one of the happiest Re-Unions in the history of the Club.

-----

Not on silk nor in samet we lie, not in curtained solemnity die  
Among women who chatter and cry, and children who mumble a prayer.  
But we sleep by the ropes of the camp, and we rise with a shout, and we tramp  
With the sun or the moon for a lamp, and the spray of the wind in our hair.

-- J.J. E. Flecker.

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R E M E M B E R

for your Easter Photographs (and for those afterwards)

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LETTERS FROM THE LADS - No.14

From:-

Major R.W. Savage,  
NX34963,  
Signal Training Battalion,  
c/- No.2.Aust.Base Post Office,  
A.I.F.

12th March, 1942.

Dear Walkers,

This is answering two letters from the Sydney Bush Walkers and one from the Rover Ramblers. It is being written from somewhere in Australian waters with a borrowed typewriter having only a red ribbon so whoever gets the carbon copy will be lucky because the red ribbon is lousy.

On the ship with me is Don Wallace from the Mountain Trails Club, a wireless officer with Corps Signals and Lieut. Crosby also from Signals. He is the lad who owns Crosby's house on Barrington Tops. Crosby is a fine chap with a good opinion of the organised walking clubs. He is an English chap whose people have held land on the Tops since 1910 but mostly at the Tomalla end of the Range.

The S.B.W. letters are dated 26 November and 14th January and the Rover Ramblers letter was dated 16th February.

We do not expect any leave because there seems to be a job ready for us to do but should the "powers that be" send me to the vicinity of Sydney on a Friday night, I will be seeing you all.

The main news of interest to walkers was the adoption by the A.I.F. of a metal framed rucksack for ski troops. It took some doing but I had a three pocket model constructed in Beyrouth using Army Web braces for shoulder straps and the Army Web Belt as a "Tummy" band. This enabled ammunition pouches and compass pockets to be hung in front of the Rucksack like the "Shebas" that Paddy used to make. It helped to balance the load and saved the Ski Trooper from carrying anything except his rucksack and rifle. In order to get the rucksack adopted I loaded it up to about forty pounds and got various senior officers to carry it around. We had two Paddy made rucksacks at the School which were brought by Instructors but the local product carried just as well. Just before I left I got permission to have made in the Lebanon a number of Eiderdown Sleeping Bags on the Paddy model and some experimental tents but I left before this could be done.

The opinion is held by dyed-in-the-wool walkers that the Army should adopt the metal framed rucksack but they forget that a soldier seldom carries his pack except when moving from camp to camp, going on leave and so on. Usually it is carried on a truck and in action the soldier only carries his haversack on his back, the pack being dumped and sent up as required. We all know what a nuisance the metal frame of a rucksack can be in a vehicle and so I think that the Army is quite right in not using a metal framed rucksack for the ordinary soldier.

With Ski Troops however we had to face the problem of patrols carrying arms, food, ammunition and sleeping equipment for about five days and there of course the frame was essential. My personal opinion is that the Army should adopt a frameless rucksack which would carry better than the present pack and as an experiment I have had a frameless rucksack made from a square pack with a haversack cut in halves and each half sewn onto the side of the rucksack to make pockets. So far it is very successful. Another thing I did was to purchase locally in Beyrouth three metal framed rucksacks without outside pockets for use by despatch riders who sometimes did runs of two hundred and fifty miles with heavy loads of despatches. These also were successful.

Regards to everyone,

BOB.

P.S. David Kernohan is on the ship.

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#### FEDERATION NOTES

Last month the Minister for Lands received a deputation from the Federation, which was supported by the Parks & Playgrounds Movement and The Schools Branch of the Australian Forest League. The deputation was arranged by the Conservation Bureau, introduced by Mr. Joseph Jackson, M.L.A. and filled with hope by the sympathetic hearing granted by the Minister. If the hopes of the Conservation Bureau really materialise the result will be four more parks.

At the March Council Meeting the President announced that the picture - "Leura on a Hot Day", by Bert Gallop of the Mountain Trails Club - which has been receiving so much attention lately, is now the property of Mr. George Fakhup, a friend of one of the Rucksackers.

Word has been received that the Garawarra Park Trust will be happy to co-operate with anyone willing to do any re-forestation in the Park. Hopes are held out that the National Park Trust may be willing to provide seedlings from its nursery, and the whole matter is being followed up by the Federation. In the meantime, we have had rain.....So, what about it? Any Ideas?

A bright one came to light at the Federation meeting after a report had been received that a Boy Scout had been caught in the act of cutting down a tree at Cheltenham and had been spoken to. The suggestion is being passed on to that Scout's Troop, and to Headquarters, that all such offenders should be called upon to plant another tree at the scene of the crime. In this instance Marie Byles has offered to lend the necessary tools.

Talking of Marie Byles - preparations, and Propaganda, for the Working Bee at Maitland Bay are going on apace but the Trustees have had one serious setback. A bushfire swept large areas of Bouddi Natural Park, making a clean sweep of much of the country between Maitland Bay and Little Beach, so there will be no track-making in that section this year. The affiliated clubs have been asked to indicate their preferences among the following jobs:

Straighten up the fence at Maitland Bay, which has been broken down, allowing cattle onto the beach. Tools required - wirecutters and hammers.

Clear lantana at Maitland Bay. Tools - tomahawks, picks, shovels, brush hooks. Where is Grace Edgecombe?

Clean up shack and surroundings at Maitland Bay. Tools - Shovels, hammers, matches.

Or would you prefer to clean up the track from Killcare to Maitland Bay? Or make fire-places? Or dig wells?

Workers provide their own tools, so - what have you?

The authorities who will have charge of the evacuation of stock over the mountains if the expected emergency eventuates, are reported to have been having a working bee of their own - or maybe it was fun and games. They succeeded in blasting out a "negotiable route", 8 ft. wide, and the Kanangra Ladders are no more.

Bushwalkers also, or some of them at least, are preparing for "The Emergency" by attending special training camps arranged by the newest branch of the Federation - the Bushwalkers' Emergency Committee. The B.E.S. hopes to get some definite job but in the meantime is concentrating on two things - improving the bushcraft of those attending its camps, and establishing small food dumps at various points in the mountains in case its members have to operate there.

A programme of these camps is displayed on the board at Paddy's.

-----  
GOOD COMPANY.

It is enough to lie on the sward in the shadow of green boughs, to listen to the songs of summer, to drink in the sunlight, the air, the flowers, the sky, the beauty of all. Or upon the hill-tops to watch the white clouds rising over the curved hill-lines, their shadows descending the slope. Or on the beach to listen to the sweet sigh as the smooth sea runs up and recedes. It is lying beside the immortals, in-drawing the life of the ocean, the earth, and the sun.

I want to be always in company with these, with earth, and sun, and sea, and stars by night. The pettiness of house-life - chairs and tables - and the pettiness of observances, the petty necessity of useless labour, useless because productive of nothing, chafe me the year through. I want to be always in company with the sun, and sea, and earth. These, and the stars by night, are my natural companions.

-----  
--Richard Jefferies.

CALLING ALL PHOTOGRAPHERS

THE BUSHWALKERS' SERVICES COMMITTEE OFFERS PRIZES OF  
TWO GUINEAS - FIRST PRIZE  
ONE GUINEA - SECOND PRIZE.  
FOR THE MOST INTERESTING SET OF SIX PHOTOGRAPHS

C O N D I T I O N S

1. Any Federated Club member may submit entries.
2. All entries to become the property of the Bushwalkers' Services Committee for distribution.
3. Snapshots are all to be approximately  $2\frac{1}{4}$  x  $3\frac{1}{4}$  prints mounted on quarto paper (size of this circular) so that the sheet can be folded into an envelope.
4. Snapshots may be of any topic which competitor considers would be of interest to a bushwalker.
5. Competitors may write in pencil on the back of their entry the name of any member of the forces to whom the snaps are to be forwarded.
6. Competitors may submit any number of entries. Competitors name must not appear on the entry, but a nom de plume must be written on the back of the print and also on a sealed envelope containing the competitor's name.
7. All competitors shall make available to the Services Committee, if required, extra prints of any entries they desire at the Committee's expense.
8. Judging will be by popular vote when entries are exhibited at the under-mentioned Clubs.

THE COMPETITION CLOSES ON THE 25th APRIL 1942. HAND YOUR ENTRIES TO:-

Miss V. Champion - Coast & Mountain Walkers  
Miss M. Horne - Rucksack Club  
Miss D. Harris - Sydney Bush Walkers

or

PADDY PALLIN.

JUDGING TO BE HELD AT: THE RUCKSACK CLUB,  
399 George Street on .... 29th April, 1942.  
THE COAST & MOUNTAIN WALKERS  
38 Clarence Street, on .. 30th April, 1942.

AND FINAL JUDGING AND ANNOUNCEMENT OF WINNER  
AT: THE SYDNEY BUSH WALKERS,  
5 Hamilton Street, on.... 1st May, 1942.

Members of all Clubs are welcome at exhibition of pictures in the above Club Rooms.

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GET BUSY AND LET US HAVE YOUR ENTRIES. THEY DON'T HAVE TO BE NEW SNAPS. SURELY YOU HAVE SOME NEGATIVES TUCKED AWAY THAT WOULD BE JUST THE THING TO AMUSE THE JUDS.

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