

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

A monthly Bulletin devoted to matters of interest to
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AN AMERICAN WRITER OF THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH

The bush is beautiful in an eerie way, it is never, to my mind, melancholy; it is rather almost unbearably and unreasonably cheerful when bathed, as it usually is, in incredibly bright sunshine. Really to see the beauties of Australia -- and especially of the bush -- one must retrain one's eye. Only when native-born painters appeared did the true appeal of the country get transferred to canvas. When clearly seen -- when intruding memories of other beauties are put aside -- it is magical. It is beautiful. And it is Australian. There is even an occasional surprise. Sometimes one will see a tree apparently covered with large pink and white flowers. As one approaches, the flowers take wing; they are galahs. --
From

"Introducing Australia."

by C. HARTLEY GRATTAN.

OVER THE GAP:

Dot English.

I had a two man canoe that I kept in Debert's backyard at Balmoral, and the idea was that he and I should paddle it over to Dave's place at Watsons Bay which was to be the jumping off place for a big rock-climbing expedition round the cliffs of the Gap. As an amateur fisherman Dave was well acquainted with the hazards of his local rocks, and all the fishing fraternity accepted it as a Fact (Don't argue!) that to get from Watsons Bay beach to the Gap round the base of the cliffs was an impossibility. That was like a red rag to a bull to Dave whose chief obsession in those days was to go round Exploding Fallacies. He broached the matter to the Tigers one Friday night. He bet it could be done. Would anyone take him on? He was willing to bet them ten bob. Nobody put up any mousy. Nobody ever did, since the time they had been so badly bitten. It happened like this: We had finished one of our Tiger trips, arriving at Katoomba station only a few minutes before the train was due out. Dave, as scheduled expert, knew this, but did that make any difference to Dave? Of course not. He bet the assembled company that he could chin a bar over the waiting room door more times than anyone else. He bet them ten bob, and most of the gang, considering themselves each individually less of a rabbit than Dave, took him on with alacrity. So Dave started the contest: One - two - three - four - (Go on you beaut!) - five - six - seven - (He's getting red in the face the rabbit!) - eight - nine - (He's weakening!! His chickens' insteps can't take it!!).

In the thick of all this red-hot interest the train had quietly sneaked into the platform, but we were all so intent on watching for signs of cracking on the part of the straining victim that we were oblivious to all else. But not so Dave. Just as the guard raised his lantern and blew the whistle Dave did a last magnificent Ten! - dropped off, grabbed his pack and bolted for the train - and the rest of us did likewise. When we'd got ourselves all stacked in and settled "You owe me ten bob!" says Dave: "And so do you Smithy - and you too Debert, and all the rest of you," says Dave, "You can pass it over now." Hell's teeth! The roars and bellows of indignation!! "You low down swab Stead" howled Debert above the uproar. "You knew that train was coming." "Listen," said Dave, and his eyes glared as he held up his hand like Moses calming the Waves - "Listen!" - and momentarily the wolves were silenced to hear him deny it; (the liar) - "Of course I did!

So, as I said, nobody risked any money on the bet, but we all agreed to meet at Dave's place on the following Sunday to watch, or to help him explode another fallacy.

In addition to his reptile pets Dave had a pup - a Chapman pup - and he proposed to harness this to a row-boat and come out and meet our canoe somewhere in the Open Ocean.

As the canoe had never been outside before we decided to give it a try out on the Saturday, so, with the Charming Kiara as ballast, Debert and I put out to sea. When we got between the Heads and the big green rollers came heaving in, the shores looked a long way off. "If we sink I can swim it," said Ah Jack, knowing that his daily dozen performed under the pier at 5 o'clock each morning kept his muscles in Marvellous Tone. "Same here",

said I, thinking ditto about my daily dozen performed 8 hours a day 5 days a week on my unresisting patients at hospital. But Klara, who had never so much as raised a threatening ruler to her two-score gosling-necked class-birds, doubted the strength of her unused muscles to get her to shore. The time seemed ripe to turn the craft and make for home. This was managed with difficulty and we had a hard paddle back against a rising wind. Somehow we felt we'd sorta had enough of canoeing for the week-end, and a telephone call from Dave early on Sunday morning saying the seas were running too high to take out a row-boat, let alone a canoe, strengthened our decision not to tempt fate and the sharks too far, so we went to Watsons Bay by tram instead.

Smithy and Jack and the Little Colley were not going to risk their valuable necks - their country might have need of them - but young Stoddy and I, who put our survival value at zero, were eager to accompany Dave.

It was cold; there was quite a wind and the sea was roaring in. Mary and I wore swimming costumes and jumpers, but Dave went one better with a thick tweed overcoat over his trunks and a cap pulled in low thuggish fashion over his sparse thatch.

We ran along the beach to warm up, ducked under a pier and through some barbed wire onto a nice deserted beach, and so round to the cliffs. We followed Dave over the well-worn fisherman's tracks, sometimes half-way up the cliff and sometimes at water level. At one spot we had to wait our chance between waves and make a dash for a far ledge on the cliff above high water level. Mary and I skipped across as directed and just reached safety as a huge breaker came crashing in, but when we looked for our leader, who had stood back to give us first chance on the fairway, he was nowhere to be seen. Then the big boomer wave, which had snatched at Mary and me and drawn back growling, came racing in again, and riding on the crest of it we saw a gentleman's tweed cap, and under it a pair of glasses, so we guessed that the dark shadow trailing behind them was Dave's overcoat, and inside must be Dave. Well, that was just too funny! As the green waters surged in among the scattered rocks, Dave grabbed one and hailed himself out of the drink, dripping wet from stem to stern but no damage done, and his glasses still aboard what's more!

We had now reached the spot beyond which, according to the locals, further progress was impossible, but now we all had our ears back properly and carried on round ridiculous ledges till we found ourselves pulled up dead by an overhung cliff - almost a cave, reaching right to the top of the cliff; nor was there any hope at sea-level either in the way of lower level rocks such as we had been following till now, for this stratum fell away suddenly leaving a sheer wall. Opposite, some 20 ft. away, it commenced again, but between these two low walls huge green seas came swelling in, rushed into the cave bombers-fashion with a nasty splutter and suck, then came roaring out again. A grisly spot in very sooth!

"This," said our leader, "is where we swim."

"O break it down Dave", said I, not relishing the prospect.

"..or sit on the rocks all night and freeze", continued Dave as though he hadn't heard me. "The tide's up by now and covered our tracks, so we can't go back."

Well! Hell!! Here's a to do! I was quite sure I wasn't going to hurl myself into the bombers, and I was equally sure I wasn't going to sit there

on a 9 inch ledge all night and watch the tide rise. I cast my eyes over the cliff above and saw a few finger and toe holds - the makings of a feasible route, which I certainly intended to try out before hurling myself into a watery grave.

But Dave's mind was made up, and choosing what he considered a propitious moment he put his cap and specs into his overcoat pocket and dived in. But alas, he couldn't reach the other side before a great surge of white water came sucking and thundering out of the cave, and Mary and I watched aghast as he was carried out to sea as helpless as an ant being washed down a flooded gutter. The next big wave brought him rushing back again, and in vain we tried to clutch him as he was tossed over the rocks; the retreating undertow clutched him and a second time he was carried swiftly out to sea. When again the sea-green monster rushed snarling towards us, hurling Dave before it, we could see he was nearly exhausted and if we missed grabbing him this time it was the end. I felt a nasty empty feeling inside - not so much at seeing a man drown - that was easy - but, at the thought of having to go back and break the news to his family that we had stood by and watched him drown.

Mary and I threw ourselves onto our stomachs as Dave came hurtling past and by a miracle we managed to fasten on to his sleeve and collar and held on like grim death while he struggled for a handhold; and so to safety - just in time.

Well, things were not so hot, Dave gasped and spluttered and brought up half the ocean before he was in a condition to discuss our next move. But this was settled for us by young Mary who had worked out a theory while Dave was being impotently carried back and forth by the sea, that one should jump in just before a big wave and trust to luck that it would land you high up on the other side, and if you grabbed a rock quickly you could nip smartly to a safe height before the returning surge tore you from your mooring. To demonstrate her point, and before we could stop her, she plunged in in front of a huge oncoming surge, and before it came roaring out of the cave she had scrambled out of its reach, to our great relief. Well, now that the party was separated there could be no thought of trying to fight our way back the way we had come. Dave finished spitting out the ocean and the next thing I knew he was into it again and racing up the rocks on the other side with Mary. So there were two safely over, and now it was my turn. I still didn't fancy death by water, so yelled to the others that I was going to try the cliff face first. If I fell in I could then take my chance on swimming. However I didn't fall in - I always feel pretty much at home on rock, like a fly I suppose - and next thing we knew we were round the jutting cliff and into the Gap itself - myself still some distance up the cliff and Dave and Mary on easy walking rocks down below.

So far we had had the day all to ourselves, but now Great Heavens! we were observed by the fishermen and the commotion they set up! you'd think we were all still standing on the brink of death instead of being as safe as..... Certainly the bedraggled Dave and Mary looked like suicides who had carried out their sorry purpose and then repented, and perhaps I looked like another who had changed her mind in mid course, but we were rather startled at the rescuing zeal of these gentlemen who threw down their rods and lines and came dashing and shouting towards us, "Don't move!", they screeched at me, "Don't move! We'll get you! You'll be all right!" - and all that when it was just a matter of walking down a further 6 feet of rock as

easy as a Pitt Street pavement. Someone grabbed my ankle, and someone else my legs, and half a dozen blokes clumsily hauled me down. Dave was just getting his mouth set to say something rude, and so was I, when we thought "well, they meant it kindly any way" and refrained. Without too much explanation we left them and climbed up their ropes and wire ladders to the cliff top. There we saw Smithy and Alex and Jack grinning down at us, but the huge crowd of Sunday afternoon sightseers who had watched the latter part of our doings and were herded up there awaiting a spectacle, somewhat appalled us, so we ducked off along a ledge just below the top, out of their sight, then down the road and so back to Dave's where we spent the rest of the afternoon playing with his snakes, drinking afternoon tea with biscuits on the lawn, and looking at Dave's stamp album and books. There was one written by Mr. Stead Snr. called "The Rabbit in Australia" - "And he ought to know all about it", said Smithy with a pointed look at Dave; "he reared one!"

- - - - -

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Madam,

In your January issue I have just read a most enjoyable description of a walk through National Park, last November, by some of our members. ("Grey Day at Era", by M. Bacon) Shame on me for not reading the January Sydney Bushwalker till the 9th March! It won't happen again.

A considerable number of the lovely Spring flowering plants abounding in this area are mentioned and, I am sorry to say, nearly all the names are spelt incorrectly and in one or two cases I suspect that the author has wrongly identified a species.

This is most serious: (a) for its misleading effect on our own members, increasing numbers of whom are anxious to learn about the flora and fauna of our bushwalking country, but whose scientific knowledge is so limited that they regard as infallible information given in our monthly magazine and (b) for the fact that our journal is sent all over the world, is probably read by many botanists and any technical or typographical errors reflect on the club as a whole.

I feel that we should have a small committee to assist you in reading technical articles and, in the meantime, have taken the liberty of preparing a list of errors in this. One realises that some of those may have been typographical errors but even so they should be corrected.

- | | | |
|------------|------------------|-------------|
| Godenia | should have read | Goodenia |
| Grevillia | - | Grevillea. |
| Eriottomon | - | Eriostemon. |

I suggest that the species "daphnoides" mentioned was "buxifolius", sometimes called "Native Daphne". This lovely plant is very common in the area mentioned and, in any case there is no Eriostemon daphnoides listed.

Fulcras	should read	Fulcras
Dalmanias		Dillwynias.
Compholobium	-	Compholobium
Comasperma	-	Comasperma
Dampierias	-	Dampierias
Sowbest	-	Sowerbesa.

I hope that the above corrections will be accepted in the right spirit by the authors.

Yours sincerely,

DAVID D. STEAD.

10/3/44

YOUR OPTOMETRIST

F. GOODMAN, M. I. O.

Optometrist and Optician
20 Hunter Street, Sydney
Tel. B3438

Modern methods of Eye Examination and Eye Training
Careful Spectacle fitting.

Fixing an appointment will facilitate the reservation of time for giving you proper attention, but should you be unable to ring us beforehand, your visit will be welcome at any time you may choose to call.

THE BLUE LABYRINTH INCIDENT.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MEMBERS AND PROSPECTIVE MEMBERS OF THE S. B. W.

It has been my lot to appear before you in the role of humourist so often that I am now expected to be funny. Brother, this isn't funny; it's going to hurt.

You are a prospective member of the Sydney Bush Walkers, or maybe you are a new member, or an old one; this interests you all equally.

To the prospective member this is a warning. You do not know the Bush Walkers. They have many virtues which can do you no harm, but they have a deplorable fault of which this letter is intended to warn you of only, not to indict any one person. I could have written this had this incident not occurred, I use it only to give you strength to my message.

An official week-end test walk was led in the Blue Labyrinth. You do not know the place? A veritable labyrinth of thickly wooded ridges and gullies, monotonous in their similarity and uncannily confusing to even experienced walkers, a place in which so many experienced walkers have been bushed that it has become legend. This is where the walk was led; by whom it does not matter; it was recently.

On the walk there were four or five men and a woman, a new member who became ill and slowed the party down. On Sunday a decision was made to leave the woman with a map of the area to find her way to an arranged spot whilst the party of men went on the scheduled walk to pick her up at the spot at the end of the day.

The distance she was to travel was not far, a matter of a few miles I believe, but she was to be left alone in the Blue Labyrinth for a day.

The leader said he did not know that she was sick. That may not have been obvious, but she was obviously not a competent walker. In either case she should not have been left alone.

She did not arrive at the spot, and was lost until a search party arranged by the leader of the walk, after returning to Sydney on Sunday night, found her on Monday evening. She had been lost in the Blue Labyrinth for two days and a night.

I am sure that not one of the many who have been bushed in this area will disagree when I say that a lost, inexperienced or sick walker could die of exhaustion before being found in the Blue Labyrinth.

An S.B.W. test walk was given precedence over the safety of a person's life.

This is the whole story in fact. Nothing else matters.

Everything possible was done by the search party to see that she was restored to safety.

On the following Friday night a meeting was held in the club rooms. The purpose of this meeting was a little obscure, but it did little more than make heroes of the search party and add embarrassment to the wronged one. On asking what was its purpose, I was told, to acquaint prospective members with the correct method of precaution when lost.

The lost one had scratched indistinct markings on or near her tracks to

indicate her direction. Indistinct, she said, because she was ill. Not only physically I imagine, but mentally sick of the inconstancy of her fellow men. And their pathetic attempt to aid her own safety was chosen as an example to prospective members of how not to leave directions when lost! Was this not adding insult to injury, -----uncouth?

Grim, isn't it? This is not cheap melodrama, not the comedian realizing his life's ambition to play drama, it is not a display of literary word manipulation; this letter will probably never be printed anyhow, but it gives me an opportunity to get something out of my system accumulated by years of observation of club life.

What has happened to this woman can happen to you prospective. I warn you, there is a shocking lack of tolerance in the S.B.W.

Here I must remind you again, I am not referring to anyone in person, I am referring rather to an atmosphere into which you are to be included.

Far too many, after having completed their test walks, having had the S.B.W. badge firmly pinned on their manly bosom go forth into the world of walkers to criticise all as weaklings who do not wear the badge, to scorn the slow walker, and look upon him as an encumbrance to their walk, to be only too eager to dub the walking public outside the S.B.W. as "hikers".

There will be many members who will rush to defend themselves from this accusation, and rightly so. Perhaps I should have begun this letter with, "To Whom it May Concern".

Remember this. There are as many and more good walkers outside the S.B.W. than there are in it.

Here prospective I plead with you, please do not add to them in their intolerance. Please have a little understanding and tolerance. This is a Recreation Club.

Bush Walker, hiker or tramp, they are all entitled to the common decencies of mankind which was denied this woman, they are all human.

Apologies have been made in the right places and errors of judgment admitted in this matter; these errors of judgment I am warning you of: they are much too frequent, as this incident immediately following the Era fiasco proves.

To you members old and new I will say only this: this woman merely became ill and was unable to carry on at the pace set by the leader. Think back. Can you remember the occasion sometime, somewhere when you had that horrible feeling that perhaps the test walk was too much for you, that perhaps you would be looked upon as an encumbrance? You had that experience too, didn't you ----- didn't you ----- DIDN'T YOU. RAY BEAN.

DRIED FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

We have received an S.O.S. from Ray Kirkby in Brisbane. "Do you think that the method of drying various fruits and vegetables could be obtained from the past masters and mistresses of these arts and published in the magazine? Up here it is impossible to get anything to eat for a trip and I have long been intending to do some drying but have lacked the purpose required to catechise those who claim to have had successful results."

SEARCH & RESCUE



L. Harper.

C A M P T A L K

Unless you were totally incapacitated or in one of the Services you came along to the Annual Meeting on Friday the 10th March. For further details, see Page 13 of this issue.

The Re-union was to have been held at Marley and whether the Military Authorities heard tell of it or not, we don't know but they decided that though they had lots of places for playing with guns, they wanted to play with them at Marley that week-end. Last minute alterations were therefore made and the re-union was held on Middle Harbour Creek a few miles from Gordon on the North Shore line. (A Bushwalker spokesman denies that this spot was chosen with a view to its nearness to a well known two-up school mentioned in all the papers this week and since raided).

Until more figures are available it will not be known how many members had an unofficial re-union at Marley. However, remembering the launch service from Bundeena we still think that the return from Marley (had the official camp been held there) would have been like the Retreat from Dunkirk and never would so many have been carried by so few. And now our cigar has gone out.

Considering it was a last minute choice the camp spot was well chosen though a trifle hilly and those people who camped on the other side of the creek simply weren't visited. A flat place was found for the CAMP FIRE which was centrally situated and convenient to all. The fire was started by the new President Dave Steal simply by rubbing two sticks together. Just imagine! He also treated us to some fireworks, very much like old times. Someone held down Joan Savage at this point of the proceedings.

Enlarging on the argument of the previous night at the Annual meeting re Youth versus Old Age and the desirability or otherwise of youthful members holding office in the club, the new members for the year were lined up against all past committee members old and decrepit and ran the gauntlet. The aged did very well.

With their usual tenacity Bushwalkers clung to the Youth theme and and shouts of "Is he young and is he virile" were heard with embarrassing regularity for the rest of the evening.

It was very difficult to walk round the camp without falling over at least a couple of babies or a Mother supplying nourishment.

The Butler baby was having her first re-union and she and the Iredale's youngest had their own day nursery up on the hill where they were visited by baby worshippers and camera friends much to the agitation of the palpitating Mothers below.

Joan and Harry Savage's child seemed to enjoy her first re-union and the centipede which slept with her. She also took her teething troubles most good humouredly as well. Wal Roots children were inseparable from Richard and Marjorie Croker's Diana, and all youngsters enjoyed the swimming pool. In all sincerity we really think that the Bushwalkers children are really nice children.

John Wood and Laurie Greenacre have become engaged. As John is Social Secretary we think he ought to throw a party to celebrate the occasion. We all congratulate them both.

P.S. Only about a dozen members were virile enough to see the night out at the re-union.

LETTERS FROM THE LADS AND LASSES

Letters were received from the following members of the walking fraternity during February:-

Gordon McIlveen	Peter Allen
Russell Huntley-Tucker	Arthur Austin
Sheila Hayes	Bennie Bryant
Jack Adams	Betty Pryde
Bill Burke	B. Evans
Frank Gentle	

Bill Burke - 21.2.44. Ever so pleased to receive your very interesting letter. Made me sigh for the "good old days". This rambling round with the A.I.F. is quite a good pastime, but I do miss the joys of preparing food lists and poring over maps and whatnots in planning a trip. I like to know the "whys and wherefores" of what we are doing, but the army doesn't believe in that. Usually we just tramp along - like logs of wood, is the popular description - until someone calls a halt. It becomes a bit monotonous having every decision made for you. With any luck at all this should-----
 We've spent the past three weeks waiting for-----
 that never come in". A platoon was sent away the other day to cut wood in preparation----- a shortage of coal I believe. Got back to the battalion too late to be in any more of the fun and games. It was still on, but we were in reserve and our assistance was never called for. Tramped the last few miles to Sio with the lads. It didn't mean so much to me but it was a treat to see the look in the chaps' eyes when the order to about turn was given. One of the platoon's captives graced the page of the newspaper that arrived last week. The section leader stumbled across him and others too weak to move in a kunai patch. Home sweet home at present, apart from general restlessness, over the forthcoming leave, could hardly be improved upon. A real James Fitz island setting with, of course, one notable exception - a conspicuous absence of the female touch. Occasionally one or two Marys shepherded by a police pass along the road, otherwise life slumbers on. Still living in our little one man shelters. I managed to get a second groundsheet and they together with a six inch thick bed of kunai make a veritable mansion. Young Smithy is our prize exhibit as far as shelters are concerned, after three weeks in this spot he has got as far as propping his groundsheet up on four sticks. Still even that, for him, is a mighty effort. On the trail he looks at the sky "Oh it won't rain" and places his trust in providence. I'm afraid its been sadly misplaced many times, but he never gets downhearted. I crawled out one morning to find three inches in the pannikin and him still sleeping peacefully on. Our time is taken up with sports, lectures, quizzes, swimming and day dreaming. Occasionally we have to do a jaunt over the mountains just to let us know that we are still in the army. A Militia brigade band turned up a couple of times and that together with the wireless and the brigade gramophone provides a welcome break. Music soothes the soul they say and it certainly is a pleasure to stretch out on the grass in the cool of the evening and listen to it. My one ambition is a hot bath, after nine months without it becomes rather an obsession. Even the hospitals up here don't provide hot water except in very limited quantities. During the scrap the Yanks dropped a note asking for our co-operation while on leave, commenting on the disciplinary action taken by the Division on its return from the Middle East, and they said "You not only hurt our pride, but also our eyes and jaws for many

days to come." Should be interesting to see who we do scrap with on the next leave. Just about all the news for the present so Cheerio, Bill.

IT'S NEW! IT'S NOVEL!!! IT'S NUTS !!!!!!!

B. S. C. SECOND HAND SALE - 21st April, 1944.

Have you anything you wish to turn into GOOD HARD CASH?? Let us do the "turning". Bring along your cast-offs, be they tent pegs or tin pans, billy hooks or bottle knives, out-moded clothes or obsolete boots. Anything or everything you have discarded is something the next person is wanting.

Send along your wares and we do the rest. Mannequins and Super Salesmen provided. Remember our motto "Business is Business" spelled with a big "S" as in Swindle.

Conditions of Sale:- Mark all articles clearly with an attached label stating price required, keeping in mind, of course, that our reputable Selling House must maintain its standard of profit.

We sell for the best price we can obtain and pay you the listed price. If no higher than the listed price is obtained we charge 10% commission.

All ware to be delivered to the Services Committee care of PADDY by noon on Friday 21st April. Late comers must bring theirs along to the S.B.W. Club Rooms by 7.30 a.m. the same day.

All you need to do is ROLL UP IN THOUSANDS to see our Super Salesmen on the job making money for you. There is sure to be something on the list you can't live without. So here is your opportunity to obtain it at a ridiculously low price.

NO TAXATION! NO COUPONS!!!!!! NO QUOTA!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

just

C A S H and C A R R Y.

REMEMBER THE DATE:- "Black Market Friday" - 21st April, 1944.
at the S.B.W. Club Rooms, 5 Hamilton Street.

Father, Mother, and Little Joey Kangaroo were hopping along through the paddock. As they bounced along, Joey kept popping out of Mama's pouch like a little Jack-in-the-Box and diving back again, delaying the progress of the tour. Father Kangaroo began to scold Joey, when Mother intervened. "It's really my fault" she said "I've got the hiccoughs".

AT OUR OWN MEETING.

PRESENT: About 93 members.

NEW MEMBERS: Betty Jeanes, Elsie Kaye, Gloria Harkness, Jeff Lucas, Brian Barden
Leon Blumer.

Moved by Miss R. Payne-Scott, seconded by Mr. J. Noble:

"That Clause 9, sub-section (a) be amended by the addition of the following:
No club member shall be a member of the Committee for more than three
years in succession".

Amendment moved by Mr. M. McGregor, seconded by Mr. D. Stead:

"That the words "be a member of" be deleted and "hold the same position on"
be inserted. Lost.

Motion and Amendment - Lost.

President: Mr. David D. Stead.

Vice Presidents: Malcolm McGregor and Paul Barnes.

Secretary: H. Alder. Ass. Secretary: J. Moppett

Treasurer: J. Noble Walks Secretary: A. Wyborn

Social Secretary: J. Wood. Membership Secretary: E. Garrad

Committee: E. Isaacs, R. Payne-Scott, F. Leydon and B. Barden

Federation Delegates: C. Edgecombe & Mr. J. Huter (to sit on Committee from 1/9/44
D. Lawry, M. B. Byles

Sub. Delegates: B. Druce, R. Perrott.

Parks & Playgrounds Delegate: Mrs. H. Stoddart,

Trustees: D. Lawry, J. Turner, M. Berry

Hon. Solicitor: M. B. Byles.

The position of Hon. Auditor was left vacant. Any qualified person who applies
for the job will be warmly welcomed.

Re-Union place was changed owing to the fact that the Military were likely
to be shooting over National Park at the week-end, the Re-Union to be held
at "Bungaroo" on Middle Harbour Creek.

AMENDMENT TO CONSTITUTION: Moved by Mr. W. Hall, seconded Mr. J. Johnston:

"That Clause 7 be amended by the addition of the following: "The trustees shall
deal with any real or personal property in their names as they may be directed
from time to time by the Club in General Meeting provided that they shall not
transfer mortgage lease or encumber any real or lease-hold estate in their
names except as they may be directed by a resolution passed by a three-
quarters majority of the members present and voting at any such meeting four-
teen days notice in writing of intention to move such a resolution having been
previously posted to every member. Provided that no purchaser mortgagee lessee
or encumbrancee shall be concerned to enquire whether such notice has been
given or such resolution passed". Carried.

MISS D. LAWRY (VOTE OF THANKS). Mr. Myles Dunphy moved a vote of thanks to
Miss Lawry for the very able manner in which she had carried out the duties
of President during her terms of office. Mr. D. Stead seconded this motion, as
he wished to place on record the Club's appreciation of all Miss Lawry's
work for the walking movement, particularly in regard to Conservation.
Carried with acclamation.

Meeting closed at 10.55 p.m.

THE FOOD FRONT AND OTHER THINGS.

Here are a few topical wisecracks from the pen of the British Ministry of Food:-

"A vitermine's a thing that's fatal to yer if yer don't eat it."

"Auntie throw her rinds away
To the lookup she was taken,
There she is and there she'll stay
Till she learns to save her bacon".

(Fancy having bacon to save the rinds from !!)

"Food obtained by methods shifty
Is shared by Hitler fifty-fifty"

And here's a beaut that will appeal to the Celery Crunchers -

"Don't waste fuel on a vegetabuel;
It's to your credit
To shred it"

To return to less exciting topics, Paddy wishes to advise all those walkers who haven't already found out for themselves that the shop doesn't open until 12 noon each day and closes at 5.45 p.m. Saturday open at 9 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. as usual.

This doesn't mean that we have an extra few hours in bed; it merely means we can devote a little more time to producing and repairing goods.

There's a good time coming.

PADDY PALLIN

CAMP GEAR FOR WALKERS

727 George St. SYDNEY.

'Phone B3101.