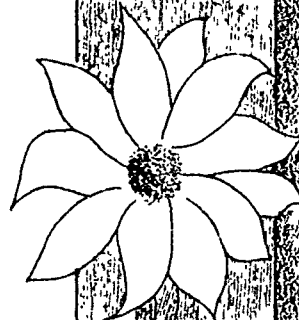


No. 6

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S.B.W.

"THE BUSHWALKER"

A Journal devoted to matters of interest to Members of
the Sydney Bush Walkers, Sydney, New South Wales.

No. 6.

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Publishing Committee:

Misses Marjorie Hill, (Editor), Dorothy Lawry,
Brenda White, Rene Browne and Mr. Myles Dunphy.

PLATEAU PLODDING.

One December evening last year, in the wilds of Ultimo, Myles Dunphy chanted magical words such as Guouogang, Budthingeroo, Whengee-Whungee, Wooglemai, to seven very interested youths.

As a result of these incantations, on Monday the 21st December, seven of our party, tuckered for ten days, invaded the Caves Express with 50-65 lb. packs.

At Katoomba, Don Wallace and a touring car awaited us and we did the 58 miles to the Kanangra turn-off in record time, arriving at 3.45 p.m. At 6.45 we sighted, and shortly after camped within view of, Cunningham's Hut. Old Cunningham seemed quite pleased to see us, and after paddling in the Budthingeroo Creek running through his selection, we cut bedding, swatted spiders, and by eleven o'clock were s'endormix profondement.

Next morning, without packs we made our way to "Green Hillock" 4,300' and took prismatic bearings to all the prominent points. The Paralyser, Cyclops and Baldy Harry on the Thurat Range were facing us, whilst Gangerang, Guouogang (Goo-wo-wo-gang) and Mount Jenolan were plainly visible.

Roly Wayland's old selection and the Swamps heading Mumbidah and Kanangaroo Creeks lay below us. Descending we made our way to the place where the Kanangaroo dives over the divide, but a dense fog obscured the scene and its persistence lost us a fine view.

Rather than retrace our steps through the Swamps we followed a quartz ridge separating Gap Camp and the Kanangaroo Creeks. This ridge right angles the Kanangra track, which we shortly after intercepted.

A rock cairn and a three bell blaze mark the spot, a half mile North of Sally Camp, from which the range strikes off at 5 degrees South of East.

From Sally Camp we struck west to the Emperor Pin and followed an unmapped main ridge out for a half mile and returned to camp via the Kanangra track.

Our mileage was 15 for the day and our boots sopping wet.

On Wednesday we broke camp and moved four miles ahead to Little Morong Creek which flows past Pleffer's Selection and there set up camp. The range found the night before then claimed our attention. It terminated in Box Creek, which we decided to follow down to what Myles calls "Dungalla Falls." This granite boulder-strewn country is truly weird and seems to be a sanctuary for spiders.

We pushed on till nightfall which, however, prevented a thorough view of the Cascades. "Teaing" at 8 p.m., we sat round a cheery fire till 10.30 with a six mile walk still ahead of us. Having but one torch with us we made slow progress back, arriving at 1.30 a.m. Mileage 18.

Thursday: Myles discovered that he had left his camera case and maps somewhere along the last night's route. We decided to retrace our steps, but to search for an object of less than one cubic foot capacity in more than 10 square miles of country seemed futile.

The Dungalla Falls were magnificent and are built up of three cascades. It was great sport pushing large boulders over the edge of the second cascade, to see them bounce, then fly to fragments below.

Whilst returning, Myles remembered leaving the case on a boulder and subsequently located amid prolonged cheering.

The return journey was more difficult than the previous night's, for there was no moon to help us. Luther's slash blazed dray track, very ill-defined, proved a godsend and with much relief we again set our feet on the Kanangra track (12 miles with short cuts).

Friday: Breaking camp early, we set off for the "T" (Thurat) tree from which we reblazed the track to the Upper Morong or Boyd Creek, and camped at the first water. We all felt tired, but set out light-heartedly enough for Gentle's Sheerdown, after lunch. At the Thurat Trig we found a message left by Max Gentle in a syrup tin and shortly after topped the Thurat Range.

The view was most comprehensive and beggars description by its vastness. Crossing Danae Creek we followed down a ridge through thick jungle growth to Gentle's Sheerdown, reached by crossing a narrow neck with a sheer drop either side.

A fine view of the Kanangra Gorge and the Spires with Big Misty and Thurat in the background made camera fiends jump with glee.

After building a rock cairn we reluctantly left just as the sun was setting. The jungle presented a little difficulty but a fog which blew along later was a veritable nuisance.

We arrived at the Thurat Trig at 7 p.m. and one of the party exercised his artistic taste by drawing up a document headed:- "Dunphy's Mongrels", with the names of members of the party, destination and date, to be placed in the above mentioned tin.

The fog meanwhile got very thick so it was necessary to walk caterpillar fashion after our leader. Myles' bump of location pulled us through and a compass course brought us in a direct line for the tents. Mileage 13.

Next day we broke camp and made for Roly Wayland's Swamp. His hut was deserted and in complete disorder, so after brief inspection we hunted rabbits with many explosions, but few mortalities. Our party had rabbit stew for dinner, which latter was a sumptuous affair taking fully an hour. We had each a pint and a half of rabbit, then superimposed a layer of stewed fruit, and finally held that in position with a layer of trail cocoa. Slept well. Mileage 4.

On Sunday we decided to visit Gallop's Lookout, so made our way to Rocky Top, which was to serve as a departure. This country is a veritable maze; there are no definite ridges and a series of swamps with similar characteristics prove confusing. It was necessary to back blaze as our parish map, the latest survey (1899) had but a single traverse on it, the rest being left entirely to one's imagination.

We followed approximately the above traverse and after lunch made the Boyd Range. Here prismatic readings to Mt. Goondel, Mt. Wollara and the centre of Burns' Gap were taken.

Retracing our steps we saw a diamond blaze of the S.B.W. at the head of Matheison's Creek, put there by Bob Savage and his brother. We later discerned a 997 survey blaze on a Black Butt. From this point a short range leaves Wooglemai Creek at right angles and leads one direct to Gallop's Lookout. From this rocky outcrop an intimate view of the country is obtainable. Mt. Colong, Mt. Shivering, Spring Range Misery Ridge and the Boyd Range are only a few of the features visible. (More prismatic readings whilst camera fiends curse the sun).

It was easy work following the blazes back, but even then we arrived in camp, feeling very tired, at 8 p.m. (12 miles).

Monday: S'reveilla 5 a.m., and broke camp shortly after. From Rocky Top we plowed through a Sally jungle and followed a quartz ridge leading to Mt. Wollara. The going was rough and got steadily worse, culminating with a sudden drop into Margaret Creek.

The water was delightful and hard to leave. We had about a 200' direct climb to get out of the gorge and found ourselves on Mt. Wollara's flat top facing Barallier's Crown. We could not find a suitable place to drop off into Christie's Creek down which we had hoped to force a way to the Kowmung River, so decided to take Myles' short cut from the Jingera track by moonlight.

We struck back to the Creek, dined, climbed out and walked Northerly to the Mud Hut. The point at which we struck the Kanangra track was blazed for it gives ready access to Mt. Wollara.

Leaving the vicinity of the hut at 9.30 p.m. we negotiated the ladders to Mt. Maxwell in complete darkness, for the moon was not due till 11 p.m. The Kanangra Gorge was but a deep shadow in the general murkiness. Finding the track across this plateau was difficulty itself, but the start of the Jingera track had us sorely puzzled for some time. At every stop one or more of the party fell sound asleep so at 1.30 a.m., still on the Jingera track, we decided to stop. I have never slept so soundly before or since, and was quite peeved on being awakened at 5 a.m. next morning after our 21½ hours effort.

Myles' short cut was like walking down the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle for we dropped some 2,500' in less than 2 miles and hit the Kowmung near Orange Bluff too tired even to swim. During the day the heat grew intolerable - birthday suits became fashionable. Mileage 16.

Wednesday: Broke camp again and reluctantly moved upstream to the Bulga-Denis Canyon. The going was at first difficult till the third natural water gate had been passed. Thence onward the job was simple - one had merely to imitate a sponge and become alternately wet and dry. After lunch we swam in a fine pool near Blue Bush Point, then commenced wading again - a kind of busman's holiday.

Sunrise then Sunset Bluff were passed and we were once more in typical Kowmung country, much relieved, for although impressive the Canyon rather dampens one's enthusiasm. 4 miles.

Next morning we moved to Church Creek and made a prolonged stay at the famous Mulberry Tree, then spent the rest of the day cave hunting. The vicinity of the caves is protected by every variety of prickly plant conceivable. Bathurst Burrs, Prickly Pear and other Cactus plants, thistles, nettles, thorn trees and even a stinging tree occur. The last named, like a giant stinging nettle, had a trunk about 4' in diameter and large leaves covered with fine hairs, contact with which I found surprisingly painful.

Camping near Venn's, sometime Hayter's Hut, that night, we made an assault on the pseudo caves again next day with negative result. Our food being at a low ebb, for we were one day overdue already, we decided to leave Church Creek, and did so that night. We climbed 2,000' in one mile and crossed Scott's Main Range in pitch darkness with two torches between eight of us.

A Bandy-bandy or Ring snake, semi poisonous, went through some graceful hip exercises for our special benefit, and shortly after we struck Water Gully. We arrived at 11.30, camped at the forking of Scott's main track and the Kowmung track, and after light refreshments were to bed by 1.30 a.m. Mileage 4, but rough.

Saturday: Sundry articles of food being conspicuous by their absence, we had a patchy meal and scooted for Yerranderio. The whole township was discovered sitting on the verandah of Golding's General Store awaiting the mail car. The township stared fixedly at us, and seemingly held their breath so to our relief the store opened its mouth and swallowed us. Once inside, we proceeded with much gusto to swallow the store.

The party split up at this stage, four went to Katoomba via the Scott's Range, and Clear Hill, the remainder by mail car to Camden. The driver of this vehicle uses only two wheels at a time and has an offsider to hold things on. Speed is everything in this service and the offsider, when not acrobating on the trailer, was busy promenading the running board, presumably to prevent useful appliances such as the battery box from falling off. We had a most interesting 50-mile journey, and if I were a small boy I would still be deciding whether to be a bread thrower and acrobat or a grimly determined mail car driver.

-- FRANK MORT.

Those composing the party were :-

Myles Dunphy (Leader)	Norm. Hodges
Len Bourne	Jack Osborne
Herman (Norm) Colton	Don Wallace
Herbert Freeman	Frank Mort

"Ten, Twenty, Thirty, Forty, Fifty Miles a Day"
(Oh! Yeh!!)

Oft have I heard the above extract sung, carolled, yodelled, screeched, and otherwise mangled, in a well-known song, and just as oft have I sniggered to myself - albeit very gently! I feel intrigued, curious, and inquisitive as to who or what this peculiar animal is that careers about the country at so unseemly a pace! --- surely not a Bush Walker! I am a B.W.; I repeat it: I am a B.W.! --- and do I career about N.S.W. in such a manner that the passing gum trees look like a high fence? No! Is it sensible? No! Should it be done? No! Thank you, we are all agreed on that, I see.

I will tell you about a hike I had with the Bush Walkers (yes, I said 'Hike'). It was a Saturday afternoon at 2 p.m., after lunch, that we all met at a big railway station - I forget where, but you take a tram down Pitt Street to get there - 'n' we all got in the train (all except the Scot, that is, because his calendar was wrong), and it moved out to the tune of "Whoopee!" sung (?) in altos, tremolos, bassos, tenors, and fivers.

We got out at Engadine, because that's where our tickets were for; then with all our food -- except some butter, jam, bread, eggs, tomatoes, milk and meat which Milda Hacartney left in the train -- we began our hike.

After about 5 hours hard going along a terrible road (it wasn't even tarred in parts) we staggered limply into camp at 4.p.m., our aching muscles shrieking at every movement.

The remainder of our hike is best told simply:

4:01 p.m.	Swim.
5:30	Tea.
6:30	Still tea.
7:30	Finishing tea.
8:00	Supper.
12:00	Bed.
3:00 a.m.	Still in bed.
5:00	ditto.
7:00	Enter the Fruit-saliners, frothing at the lips and feeling peeved.
8:00	Breakfast.
11:30	Breakfast finished.
3:30 p.m.	Breakfast digested and us feeling thin.
4:30	Feeling even thinner!
5:30	Ravenously hungry.
5:32	Swim.
5:40	Having tea,
5:50	Had it.
6:00	Returning home.
9:00	Got home.

P.S. Will the recorder kindly note:
Total mileage of trip: $3\frac{1}{2}$
Time in days: 2
Food in tons for 8 persons: 7

And we're all going on another hike when we're better!

Yours truly,
Road-Hog.

A COMPLETE OUTFITTER FOR WALKERS.

For some time past the need has been felt for a specialist in walking gear. To fill this need is the aim of "Paddy" Pallin, whose goods are now becoming favourably known amongst those who "barge" through the Bush.

In "carrying gear" he supplies anything from the humble haversack at 2/11d to the superior steel frame rucksack at 60/-. Between these is a wide range to suit all backs, fancies and purses.

His lightweight tents range from 22/6d (6' x 4' x 3' "A" tent) upwards and they are made from japara, with that particular care which is so necessary in a small tent.

Down sleeping bags (from 35/-) are a recent addition to his stock. Groundsheets, capes, lightweight water buckets, aluminium butter jars, japara ration bags (from 3d) light steel tent pegs and lots of other odds and ends which are so useful in camp are also on the list.

For those who burn midnight oil making their own gear he sells japara, proofed ducks, canvas, leather eyelets, rivets and other gadgets.

He also fits or sells those cunning mysteries, "Zip Fasteners" (6" strip costs 1/3d) which effectively seal that pocket containing your wealth and return ticket.

De-hydrated vegetables, he also supplies for those hardy ones who go into the wilderness for weeks at a stretch.

A money-back guarantee of satisfaction goes with all goods.

On the water is a consignment of light-weight green rot proofed material - more news of this later.

The address is -

F. A. Pallin.

2nd Floor, 236 George Street,
(near Bridge Street), Sydney.

N.B. A good range of maps is at the service of all walkers, who are welcome at any time to take a tracing of the particular locality they desire,

KOSCIUSKO, CHRISTMAS 1931.

The best way to start a walking trip is to ride as far as possible. All the best walkers do this. Accordingly we, meaning Win Ashton, Marjorie Hill, Brenda White, squired by Bill Purnell, Reg. Shortridge, and Edgar Yardley, took train for 270 miles to Cooma on Friday, December 18, 1931. We would have gone further, but owing to lack of lines to run the train upon, we were forced to de-train. Not to be cheated of a ride at this early stage of our walk, we immediately seized upon a motor car, loaded it with baggage, and utterly regardless of the infinite perils of groaning chassis and flattened springs, set out for Yarrangobilly Caves, only pausing long enough in Cooma to religiously register our votes. This at 8 o'clock on Saturday morning.

We passed through undulating, uninteresting country, very bare and dry, to Adaminaby; a pin-sized country town with possibly two pubs, a post office and usual appurtenances. Here we made a second frenzied attempt to procure a fly-veil for Edgar. Poor Pommy! He had neglected to bring either hat or veil, in his blissful ignorance imagining us to be on a kind of Arctic tour. Whereat the others told alarming yarns about the size and ferocity of Kosciusko's flies, and Edgar searched the stores unsuccessfully.

On to Kiandra, which as every school-boy knows, or should know, is the highest town in N.S.W., being 4,600 feet above sea level. Kiandra used to be a big gold mining town with a population variously estimated as between 10,000 and 30,000 souls. Poor souls! When gold went, they went too, leaving only about 100 behind to sit on the pub verandah and talk about the good old days. Today the town consists of a score of straggling houses at the foot of a scarred hillside, surrounded by miles of bleak and barren upland and marsh.

Yarrangobilly, where we reluctantly left our car, proved a pleasant spot, a little oasis of green set deep in a limestone gorge. Here we foolishly allowed ourselves to be herded into a second-hand-looking enclosure marked "camping ground," instead of camping at a safe distance from the Caves House. After lunch we inspected the Jersey Cave, which is awe-inspiring in its beauty and effectively lighted by electricity. The guide did not appear to be much of a geologist; but was undoubtedly an excellent showman.

Nobody needed rocking to sleep that night, as we had enjoyed little or no sleep during the previous night.

On Sunday morning we were up and away early, so early, that if there was any camping fee we felt justified in escaping it. Then, because the sun was hot, packs heavy, and the distance 14 miles, and the road the shortest way, we took the road back to Kiandra, whence our real walk was to commence, along the Great Dividing Range from Kiandra to Kosciusko. That night we camped at Bullock's Head Creek, a half-mile from Kiandra. Ample opportunity was here afforded for us to test our tents, one of which had been made especially for the trip. No sooner had we made things snug for the night than down came the rain in torrents, driven by a high wind. The tents proved "O.K."; except that the window of the new one wouldn't fasten and Marjorie "got it in the neck." But no one else was perturbed.

In Kiandra on Monday morning we met two interesting people. One, Inder Singh, who for 30 years has been supplying the district with fruit and vegetables, a very intelligent, well-spoken Indian; and Bob Hughes, the "oldest inhabitant," whose son, Billy Hughes, is a ski-expert and guide over the ranges in snow time. Following Mr. Hughes' directions, we made good progress and actually didn't get mislaid until after lunch, when we found we were heading for the Tumut River, or thereabout. We repaired our error and reached Nine Mile Diggings during the afternoon, camping in a sheltered gully on the side of what we hoped to be Cabramurra, or Tabletop Mountain.

On climbing the mountain the next morning we were doubly fortunate, for not only did we decipher the name, "Cabramurra" on the remains of the trig., but we met a boundary rider, who pointed out a prominent, snow-covered peak in the distance as "Jagungal," or "Big Bogong." Heading south we crossed Happy Jack's Creek, a tributary of the Tumut, traversed miles of grassy valleys, and finally halted on the lee side of a hill to shelter from an oncoming storm. A few hailstones, followed by a wonderful double rainbow, and all was fair again. From this time onward there was never any sign of rain, the weather being fine throughout the whole trip, varying only from hot to very hot.

An important rite was witnessed this night. Marjorie and Edgar made damper for their respective food parties while the others looked on, trying hard not to give advice. Marjorie's dampers were plain and to the point, while Edgar tended towards mysterious ingredients and secrecy; but hard work, fresh air and starvation rations made those dampers taste heaven sent.

Every step we took brought those alluring snow-clad heights nearer and when on Wednesday evening we camped, we were abreast of Jagungal which is about three miles off the main range. The day had been spent in climbing steadily through sparsely timbered upland pastures, coarse grassed and often swampy. When we struck a track which seemed to go in our direction we followed it; otherwise we kept the sun at our backs and steered southwards. That night was cold, the glass touching freezing point, a point which made Reg. and Edgar combine their sleeping bags and sleep together for the rest of the trip.

On Thursday morning Marjorie, Win, P'll, and Reg took a before-breakfast stroll to the top of the Big Bogong or Jagungal. Brenda was wisely nursing her wounds, sustained in that affair with the bicycle, you remember. Again taking up our loads, mercifully growing a little lighter by now, we resumed our amble, keeping to the top of the range. A notable feature of the high ridges was the keen, constant, westerly wind blowing hard and dry, and tempering the fierce heat of the sun. The wind was very severe on the skin, making us redder on the right side than the left, and cracking Reg's lips so badly that he dared not laugh. A pained expression in lieu of a smile was the best he could do.

At three o'clock in the afternoon we sighted Dicky Cooper Hut, several hundred feet below us on the western slope of the range, and there we wended our way and pitched our tents. Christmas Day! Bill's suggestion that we should make this a day of rest was unanimously accepted. We gave thanks for the rest and immediately rock-hopped two or three miles down the Dicky Cooper Creek for morning exercise. After lunch, a little stroll up Gungarten (the third highest peak of Australia) was mentioned, whereupon Edgar volunteered to stay and cook Christmas dinner, and Brenda decided to nurse her wounds again. Gungarten was reached after a very stiff climb indeed, but fine views compensated. We will remember that Christmas dinner for a long time. "Stoo", containing every kind of dried veg. we had, and lima beans. Christmas pudding with pink strawberry blanc-mange for sauce; lucky charms in the pudding, too,- (Brenda got a goat) and even a Chesterfield to complete the repast.

The hotel register at Dicky Cooper is kept on the walls and is written in charcoal from the fireplace, so before we left on Saturday, Bill duly inscribed our names thereon, together with the potent talisman S.B.W.

Shortly after regaining the range we had our first glimpse of Kosciusko itself. Its bald, rounded top did not look half as grand and majestic as that of the rugged Townsend, a mile or two to the west. In a little while we saw portions of the long serpentine road which climbs to the summit of Australia's highest mountain. That night we camped on a small tributary of the Snowy River, between the road and the range, opposite a moraine of huge stones (evidence of one-time glacial action we are told) and only about 4 miles from the summit. The Snowy River is aptly named, being fed by the numerous rapidly melting snowdrifts on the sheltered side of the range. Our water supply, a brawling torrent during the hot day, died to a tiny trickle after sunset.

On Sunday, we left our tents standing, and became tourists, doing Hedley Tarn, the Blue Lake, Mount Townsend, and the summit of Kosciusko. We also indulged in toboggan races across the large snowdrifts, using ground sheets as toboggans. This was fraught with much merriment and excitement; for sometimes a fair speed would be attained, and, the snow terminating suddenly, coarse grass and boulders would be all that was left to slide on. At the summit we met the first people we had seen for five days, heard election results and other news, and caused mild excitement among the tourists, when we explained that we had walked from Kiandra, and had not come from the hotel by car! We accepted a lift for six miles down the road to Charlotte's Pass, and returned to camp.

Our objective, the summit of Kosciusko, achieved with lots of time to spare, we decided to take it easy for the rest of the time. A quiet little stroll down the Snowy River to Jindabine was agreed upon, and on Monday morning we packed up and moved off down the stream, following a well-beaten track which made progress easy.

Bill again inspected the fishing lines, visions of large rainbow trout returning as he gazed fondly at the turbulent, boulder-strewn, but ever growing Snowy. After 5 or 6 miles we came to a stock yard where the track suddenly vanished, and to make matters worse, the valley began to close in and became precipitous. We struggled on, crossing the river in an effort to make better progress. Brenda, of course, fell in, but the terrific heat made a dip in the water anything but a hardship. At three o'clock we surrendered unconditionally, all desire to follow the Snowy having vanished, leaving only the desire to escape from it. We were separated from the Kosciusko road by a high range, the Perisher; so turning our backs on the perisher below we climbed high out of the gorge to camp in a high saddle near the top of the range. Everyone was extremely weary, for our first "easy day" had been the most strenuous up to date.

Soon after starting the next morning we resighted the road, and on reaching it, the only topic discussed was the consumption of certain alcoholic beverages at certain licensed premises further along. On reaching the Hotel the first place we visited was the bar; but second, and more important still, was the bakehouse, whence the girls emerged with twelve pounds of fresh bread. An "open go" on the tucker was declared. There followed the first square meal (for Edgar) of the trip. Recovering from unaccustomed food, we followed the road for 9 miles more and camped on the River Thredbo at the "Creel,"

Here the trip really ended, for on the following afternoon Bill left us to return to the city. There followed much eating, sleeping, swimming, and general loafing, interspersed with visits to a neighbouring deserted cherry orchard. Then once more we took car, this time for Cooma, whence we travelled by train to Sydney.

EDGAR YARDLEY.

THE LAW AND THE WALKER, RAMBLER, HIKER, TRAMPER AND CLIMBER.

You may take which of the above species of pedestrian you chose to call yourself according to your prejudices and the country from which you are sprung. In the following the term "walker" will be used, not only so as to avoid offence to the prejudices of the Sydney Bushwalkers, but also because the law stated is wide enough to cover anyone who walks, be it only round his local suburb on a Sunday afternoon.

There are three kinds of land over which you may desire to walk, (1) Public roads, footpaths and reserves, (2) Crown lands, (3) Private lands.

Practically all roads in New South Wales have been duly dedicated to the use of the public and there can be no question as to your right to use them. There are very few footpaths compared with the number you find in England, but where they have been publicly dedicated the same applies. Public reserves are in a similar category. Unfortunately in New South Wales only a few tiny trifling areas have been reserved, and possibly one of the matters that the Bushwalkers might take up in the future is the reservation of large areas of still unalienated Crown lands as has been done in U.S.A. and Canada, so that it is often possible to go for a day's motor run, let alone a day's walk, without passing out of them.

For practical purposes Crown lands, as long as they remain Crown lands, are in much the same position as public reserved, because the Crown is a very benign owner and has no objection to people wandering over its lands at their own sweet will. Indeed there is one famous case, where solely to protect the public enjoyment of certain Crown lands, it brought an action to make an individual pull down a fence he

had improperly erected, It may also be mentioned in passing that the land between high and low water mark at medium tide is almost invariably Crown land in New South Wales although it is sometimes vested in such bodies as the Harbour Trust.

Crown lands differ from public reserves in that they may be alienated at any time, and then all possibility of your freely enjoying them ceases.

They differ from private lands in that you may never get a right of way over them by long user. It is vain for you to show that you have used a certain footpath for twenty years or more. It would make no difference were it fifty or a hundred. At any time the Crown may block it up. Again, in point of fact, being a benign owner, whose sole desire is for the welfare of the subject, it is probable that, so far from blocking it up, it would dedicate it as a public road, but if it does so, it is solely as of grace and not because of any right in the public.

There remain private lands, and, as any walker knows, a fence of any kind, especially a barbed wire fence, is an incentive, not a deterrent, to walking on the land enclosed.

In England it is well known that the notice "Tresspassers will be prosecuted" is a "wooden lie." The Crown takes no action against tresspassers and nothing in the nature of a criminal action can be brought; therefore you cannot be "prosecuted" As far as the private owners are concerned they can only sue you for the damages suffered, and this is not a prosecution.

This is also the law in New South Wales as regards unenclosed lands. But as regards enclosed lands, that is the lands through that inciting barbed wire fence, the law is different. You are liable to a fine of £5 for trespassing on enclosed land, and £10 for leaving a gate open or a slip-rail down, and, as the recovery of these fines is in the nature of a criminal action you can be said to be "prosecuted" In addition the owner can recover from you for the actual damage you have done to his property, and he has a perfectly sound right of action even though the damages awarded are only a farthing. He can also bring an injunction to restrain you from continuing to trespass. And he can even forcibly remove you from the land provided he can do so without committing a breach of the King's peace, one of the most sacred things in the eyes of the law and which is very often indeed the test of what you may and may not do.

Your rights against private persons, as has been already indicated, are great than those against the Crown in that by showing long user of a certain footpath you may acquire a right of way over it. This is certainly true of private lands held under Old System title. It is not quite so clear that it applies to lands held under the newer or Torrens Title system. There is, however, one case which seems to show that even Torrens Title lands may become the subject of a right of way by mere use. A resident in Strathfield one day woke up to the fact that the footpath encroached some feet on his garden and that, according to his certificate of title, he could shift his fence a few feet further out. When he sought to do so the Municipal Council objected. The Court held that after long user by the Public it must be assumed that he had dedicated that strip of land as a public footpath. This case has never been overruled and, until it is, it would seem that you can get a right way over any private lands at all.

MARIE B. BYLES.

My dear Young Nieces,

I have received such a sweet little letter from Birdie Kookoo, a young reader in Era Vale, and, as it's a problem in which all we girls are interested, I'll let you hear what she says herself:-

"Dear Aunt Tabitha,

I have just turned 66 and I have a boy-friend who is several years younger than myself. He was 34 at Christmas and is just too awfully nice. Although we have known each other for nearly THREE WEEKS, he is still awfully shy, besides being a little deaf and having all his money in Consuls, which I don't think is very safe, as they lose their jobs so easily these days. I have been out with him several times and one night he stood at our gate till nearly 7 p.m., and I really thought he was coming to the point. But he didn't. Ephriam is such a nice boy, but I do wish he'd be more practical - you know what I mean. Us girls are not so simple as he thinks. I think he's afraid of Mother really; he says that a young mother-in-law is a nuisance.

Could you advise me what I should do? I hope you will be able to suggest a way to get him to come round. Father would be so grateful. Excuse this scrawl, but I seem to have lost my glasses.

Birdie."

Dear Birdie,

I can quite understand your problem; it is quite a common one, what with money being so tight, and the Boys not so courteous as in the days when I was young.

However, are you quite sure you LOVE him? Perhaps if you were to wait a few years you might meet the ONE MAN - the GRAND PASSION that comes to all of us girls once only in a lifetime. Still if you're sure he is IT, train all your charms on him and go for him neck or nothing. You will find he only wants bringing out of his SHELL, and then YOU HAVE HIM. Buy him a Baby Austin or a sporting set of Goldfish; it is from spontaneous little gifts like these that the Best Results are known to follow. He'll FALL FOR YOU - sure!

Go in and win, Birdie, but first of all find out if the Consuls are Scotch. I once met a Scotch Consul in Nijuinorgorod. He was so NICE. So if your Boy Friend's Consuls are as nice as he was, they won't ever need to go on the Dole, because the Scotch always have a wee bit of money in the Bank. Don't they?

Your loving Aunt,
TABITHA McSPORRAN.

(It is regretted that direct answers cannot be posted to correspondents).

SOCIAL NOTES.

This last month has been a very busy and gay one for most people, and no less so for the S.B.W's.

There was a successful Surf Carnival held at Era on 20th March, with a good parade in fancy dress. Members arrived with original and entertaining costumes, entering fully into the carnival spirit. Rome never saw, not even in her greatest days, a chariot race such as took place on the sands of Era. There were many falls, only one chariot finishing the course. There were a few sore heads after the pillow fighting contest, but who minded that? About one hundred and fifty members and friends attended.

Tuesday, 22nd March, was the date selected for the Club's dance in honour of Bridge Week. The attendance was very poor, only about thirty-eight availing themselves of the opportunity of a good night. However, those who were present enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Novelties and prizes were provided to add to the amusement. Everyone received an Easter Egg and a model of the Harbour Bridge. The financial side shows a loss of 2/5d.

RENE D. BROWNE,
Hon. Social Secretary.

The novelties left over from the dance were sent by the social secretary to the Carlingford Home for Girls, where they gave great pleasure to the children.

Wanted, volunteers to set a trail from Katoomba to Jenolan Caves, via Nellie's Glen, Dyson's and the Black Range, as a certain young lady, it is rumoured, is going to make her 7th attempt to traverse it during Anzac week-end. Tea is suggested as a useful and sure trail for her to follow.
