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THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

A monthly Bulletin devoted to matters of interest to the  
Sydney Bush Walkers, 5 Hamilton Street, Sydney.

No 39.

MARCH, 1938.

Editor :- Marie B. Byles  
Business Manager :- J.W. Mullins  
Publication Staff:- Misses Clare Kinsella, Dot English,  
Flo Allsworth, Kathleen McKay,  
Messes John R. Wood, Brian G. Harvey,  
Stan Lumsden.

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EDITORIAL

THE HATED BUSHWALKER

We had occasion to attend the Land Board Enquiry as to whether Mr. Milligan should have an extension of his lease of the land which lies south of Garawarra. The thing that struck us most forcibly was his hatred of bushwalkers. It was they who destroyed his fences, frightened his cattle, stole staghorn ferns, and generally interfered with his legitimate activities.

"How ridiculous", you will say, "the man did not know what he was talking about." He didn't, but unfortunately his views, however unfounded, are those of many people. What can we do about it? Possibly very little; but it is essential that we should be absolutely beyond reproach. Are we sure that we never get over a fence but always get through it, never scare cattle so that they run away, never throw a tin into the bush but always hide it carefully, never in any way interfere with the rights and property of others or the beauty of the bush?

Mr. Milligan's application was refused, but don't get the idea that our reputation had anything to do with it. In fact we were glad that our principal witness was Miss Thistle Harris, who could truthfully say she was not one of those hated bushwalkers and that it was for the good of the public as a whole that this land should be added to Garawarra.

GROWING UP WITH SWAG AND BILLY  
OR THE FATHER OF THE BUSHWALKING MOVEMENT.

Being an interview with Myles J. Dunphy

By Judex.

Myles began his walking career at a very early age. He was the chronically "lost child." These first walks were in Melbourne. But the really interesting first walks were in South Gippsland - a tiny boy amid giant trees soaring 250 feet without a branch, and for his companions - spiders, tarantulas, half-wild cats, and tiger-snakes, not the sort of companions one would chose for a little boy, and they were certainly not of his parents' chosing. Indeed, they did what they could to keep him away from such things and he remembers suffering parental chastisement with the fronds of one of the very ferns he had carried home. Between times he attended school in an interesting building used alternatively as a school house, a Salvation Army Temple, a Methodist Chapel and a Roman Catholic Church. The Salvation Army used to play the band to make the others come out when they thought the latter had had a fair innings.

For the rest Myles remembers the little village of Outtrim for its coal-mining, its huge tree-stumps and its train of small carriages hauled by a dinkey engine with a large funnel.

The next move was to Wollongong - wide and windy with fresh beach air, broad swamps, wild swans and many seagulls, a complete contrast to the verdant forest but just as good for a boy in search of adventures. There were black snakes, frogs, water voles, fireflies and the Mount Kombla Mine. For a brief interlude he was dragged off to Sydney which he hated and still does. Then back to the same kind of country at Kiama. It was the beginning of real walking and a real bush existence. He climbed Saddleback and Bong Bong, revelled in the forest of giant ferns, since almost gone, hunted for Minnamurra oysters and Omega fossils, and went to school near the sea with the grand beating of the surf a continual back-ground of music to the fascination of the recently introduced new school syllabus.

Out of school they learned how to make slings, the southern Queensland Blacks' Boomerangs, cord-thrown javelins, and bows and arrows. But do not suppose Myles used these weapons to destroy the animals in the bush. On the contrary at a very tender age he remembers the chill that struck his child's heart when he saw a black swan walking down the street and a man struck it over the head saying, "Good for Sunday's dinner." Still he and his mates were not saints exactly. On one occasion they had the fire brigade out as a result of their efforts to make a shooting star by attaching a kerosene flare to the tail of a large kite!

Then the Tec. College and other reasons took him to Sydney and the real business of walking started with how to carry things and where to go. He solved the first with swag and billy, and as we know Myles still seems the modern rucksack and swears by the old Dungal special swag with one arm round the nose bag to balance it and the other carrying the billy and rifle. We have never found out just what happens when he wants to blow his nose. Where to go was solved by long tracks in National Park, Sydney to Newport, Glebe to Parramatta - all tracks and fields in those days.

Then he and his friends started the Orizaba Tourist Club complete with uniform and numbering in its hey day twelve stalwart lads. This Club is the first milestone in the history of the bushwalking movement in N.S.W.. It faded out because of the inability of the Orizabites to go into country sufficiently wild to suit Myles. The nucleus of the second Organization was Herbert Gallop and Myles; they called themselves "The Pilgrims" and went pilgrimages to the Jenolan-Kowmung district. Then the

Mountain Trails Club came into existence; at first in an informal kind of way, and then in 1914 organized as a proper Club.

The rest of the story is modern history. We all know the keen interest Myles has taken in the growth of the Sydney Bush Walkers, and how

"Myles thought girls couldn't walk,  
But now they walk for miles and miles and miles!"

We also know how he is reputed to carry two axes, the one to mend the other in case it gets broken. And of course we all know the colossal work he undertakes in planning and mapping the national parks and primitive areas which will one day be a monument to his memory.

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WALKING IN THE NEW FOREST.

HAMPSHIRE - SOUTH OF ENGLAND.

By Doreen Helmrich.

The New Forest has been preserved for us thro' the whim of a King, 900 years ago. William the Norman fancied the country for hunting, so villages and churches were destroyed and cultivation abandoned, and the land became a Royal Reserve, containing even now 92,000 acres of fascinating walking country, of wood, heath, swamp and pasture unique in beauty in all England.

I went there first in early Summer, to Lyndhurst, the capital of the forest, where "woodlands run right up to the old houses like a sea, and the parks surrounding the mansions are mere incidents in the scenery, lost and absorbed in the wild woods around them."

We walked along a forest road from here and came upon a village which seemed to have found its way there from a fairy tale - just a village green, surrounded by beech, oak and thorn trees, and a row of white, thatched, rose-covered cottages, in strange contrast to the wild forest into which we plunged almost immediately. Here were oak and elm trees, but mostly beech, their branches drooping or wildly outflung, and we could see distance mistily thro' the columns of their trunks, we became connoisseurs of beeches in this silence that could be felt, and "then came upon a hurrying stream dancing thro' the wood, golden clear with topaz lights. It had banks of turf as tho' nature had tucked in a coverlet on either side, and embroidered it with flowers. It may be doubted whether elsewhere in England is to be found anywhere to excel it or equal it in the completeness of its beauty, and in the strange perfection of the growth not only of its trees, but of its turf, its flowers and its lawns, to which the will of man has not contributed the laying of a sod or the setting of a daisy."

From the quiet of these tall trees we came to an open green, and a mob of small wild forest ponies which scattered at the first sound of approaching danger. And so we went on to lunch beside the sparkling Highland Waters, where the beeches met overhead, their trunks ivy covered, the ground pink with last year's leaves.

Spanning the stream nearby was a picturesque tiny Roman bridge and we sat idly speculating upon the Legions which may have tramped there, till Time forced us to leave, unwillingly and with deep regret - a regret which was much increased a few minutes after when the heavens opened and a deluge came down upon us as we were crossing a wide clearing! We thought we had better imitate Br'er Fox and lie low, so we crept in under the tall thick bracken and meditated, to the accompaniment of the

drip, drip of the drops.

It soon cleared again and we began the difficult task of trying to follow forest paths from a map - they didn't seem to correspond at all. We completed one very good circle, but that didn't daunt us because we were walking mostly beside a stream over springing turf, and we eventually found the quaint Forest village of Minsted, and partook of tea at the village Inn, which I think was named "Ye Olde Stag's Head" or it may have been "The Hostel of God Begot."

My second visit to the Forest was in early Autumn, to the smallest of villages, fittingly called No-Man's-Land, for it truly seemed to be at the end of the world - just a handful of thatched cottages flung carelessly at the foot of a long hill. We tramped up this hill to the heath country, thro' gorse and bracken and heather till we came upon a valley which glowed with the glory of Autumn itself. We were looking down, across yellow clumps of gorse, across red gold bracken and the purple mist of heather. The cool fresh turf beyond was dotted with dark, glistening holly trees, whose berries were not yet red, but the deep tangerine colour of Southern oranges, while guarding the mystery of the Forest stood the beeches, their leaves showing the first faint tinge of that flame which would presently consume them utterly, till they fluttered, spent, from the branches to become part of that soft carpet of rose spread over the earth beneath.

We wandered thus for miles thro' valley and forest till we found ourselves on a road again, but we had brought with us a picture of nature in a mood so beautiful that it was etched in our memories for ever.

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LUCK O' THE WOODS ( A FANTASY ).

There was a man who slew a tree,  
Not for his needs, but wantonly;  
Not that he needed beam for dwelling,  
Nor grass for kine, nor log for selling,  
Nor bridge to span a chasm o'er,  
Nor fire for hearth, nor plank for floor -  
Not for just reasons like to these,  
But only that he hated trees.

Therefore the dryads came in tears.  
And little gods with pointed ears,  
And small, plump beasts, all bounce and fuss,  
Furry and somewhat fabulous,  
And exiled birds with broken cries,  
And small slim elves with starry eyes.  
They did not curse him - no, not they,  
Only they took his luck away.

Dire danger came not to his side,  
But all his joy in small things died.  
He heard strange mutterings in the rain,  
And doors he shut swung wide again,  
And gear he hoarded went to rot,  
And spring came and he noticed not.  
No blossom throve beside his door;  
The zest that he had known before -  
Zest of the hungry man at bread,

Zest of the weary man for bed,  
Zest of the thirsty for clear springs,  
The morning heart that thoughtless  
sings,  
Left him, and friendship's fount  
was dried.

Only a dog kept by his side -  
An old dog, grey and tried and wise,  
With trouble in his dimming eyes,  
Who wondered, groping in his mind,  
How man - so wise - could be so blind:  
To hoard his money, count his gear,  
Check off each day, and tell each  
year,

And devious long reckonings cast,  
Yet not to know his luck had passed.

Up in the woods were scented flow'rs,  
That waited for the moth-winged hours,  
And honeyed cups for bees at morn . .  
Love wrought . and little trees were  
born.

In all these things he had no part -  
A shadow with a withered heart,  
A husk so empty, shrunk and dry,  
That Death, the reaper, passed him by.

- Ella McFadyen.

NIOKA.

Flo Allsworth.

The very name spells charm, and it has charm - the charm of the Trimbles. About thirty of us were invited for the week-end. Joan arranged with the busman to drive us to the farm and we being keen advocates of the walking cult were jubilant at having to do nary a step of walking. I arrived with about a dozen others on the first bus. We were welcomed at the gate by Jean and her Mother and a few of the superior of our clan who go places in cars. We had picked our campsites on the softest spots of grass in the back yard and had had refreshments when the second bus arrived. We all joined Mrs. Trimble at the gate to welcome the new comers. They had refreshments, picked out the remaining good spots for their tents, and after that we wandered round the poultry yards and cow paddock, picked out a hill to climb on the morrow, peeled dozens of spuds and shelled innumerable peas, then Morrie produced a quoit and some one else a ball and we played games. The dogs thought the ball game was put on for their especial benefit and ran themselves almost thin trying to get a tooth into the ball, but the ball throwers were "Olympic standard" so the poor dogs didn't get a look in.

After our round of games we were ready to live up to the S.B.W. reputation and we certainly did justice to the dinner that was set before us. It is no small task to feed such a large party of S.B.W.'s and we haven't ceased to wonder at Mrs. Trimble's wonderful ability. The lads of the party also showed their ability - they had the washing up done in a thrice.

Saturday night was of course sing-song night in fact it was a concert. Ray Bean played "The Anvil Chorus" as an overture. Alone he did it with the help of a mouth organ and Mr. Trimble's forge - loudly went the organ and louder the anvil or was it the hammer, and louder still the corrugated iron, anyway the effect was alright and caused much laughter. After the overture Rene played the piano and Mr. Trimble sang, then we had choruses doing full justice to the Bush Walking songs. Joan sang and recited the fairy piece she did for the concert. 'Twas the first time I had heard this piece and it certainly sounded charming. Ian also sang and recited and Jock gave us "Dangerous Dan McGrew" and so the night went on with plenty of singing till the witching hour and then we all crept off to our tents.

Sunday morn we were up betimes and after breakfast some of us strolled down the road. Some found a nice sunny spot and read books others inspected Mr. Trimble's workshop, others played games while those athirst for adventure went on a rat hunt. This is considered an exciting sport for the uninitiated I had better give an outline: First of all one must have a poultry farm the more fowls the better - they make most of the din; then some dogs and good strong waddies and a few picks and shovels, let the dogs into the fowl houses and watch the feathers fly. After the dogs have scared most of the wits out of the fowls and they have cleared out of the houses, nose around and see if there are any likely holes then start the pick and shovel work, soon the dogs will start in to dig. Then of course the rats should come out and all those armed with waddies give chase. I was in a nice sunny corner of the garden reading "Man Shy", when I heard a terrific din and thinking something must have happened hastened fowlyard-wards only to see the whole contingent leaving, they had only caught one and 2 half rats leastwise that was their story, a poor catch, so were seeking permission to do a little more hunting in the next farm, permission granted, I went to look on and I saw the whole process except the rats. It seems the depression has taken its toll on the rats as well as on us. In the peak period I believe there were dozens and a rat hunt was worth while. However I will leave it to the tuffer members. I'd rather read.

After lunch Morrie decided to uphold the prestige of the Club by taking us to the hill. There were thirty members when the intention was announced and three went a walking. We left via the cow paddock climbed about a dozen fences and came to ? road crossed that and ? creek then over more fences and eventually we came to the water canal. Climbed the hill along side the canal and were rewarded with one of the most expansive views it would be possible to get around Sydney. Right at our feet was Prospect Dam and a little to the left was Sydney, the Bridge towering over the North Shore area. Morrie picked out quite a lot of landmarks for us in the different suburbs then we looked in the opposite direction and picked out Mounts King George and Hay and further south Colong. It was a beautifully clear afternoon the hill had about 100 trees on it so we have named it 100 Tree Hill - very original. After taking the view in we returned, this time via the road and got back just in time for tea. The non walkers hadn't lazed altogether; some of them had played tennis.

After tea we had another sing-song until the bus called for us, then we sang very heartily, "For They are Jolly Good Fellows", and said good bye to "Nicka" all hoping Jean's family will let us come again sometime.

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THE STORY OF THE FRIEZE

Now in the City of Sydney in the land of Aus there lived a man named Jack the son of John and he was a scribe. And as he worked diligently at his desk he heard a voice which said unto him: "Jack thou son of John", and he lifted his head and turned himself about but he saw no man save his brother scribes who were bent over their tasks. And he said unto himself: "Lo some foolish person joketh, yea doth he think to pull my leg." But even as he thus spake, he again heard the voice saying: "River flows, Bush grows, Wind blows."

And Jack the son of John sighed prodigiously and resumed his labours, until his appointed hours of labour were done. Then returned he to his dwelling place and fed.

Having thus refreshed himself, he sat in a comfortable place and mused within himself on the strange voice he had heard. And lo he saw a vision of men doing splendid things. Yea men in tiny ships sailing on unchartered seas and men exploring the frozen wastes at the uttermost ends of the earth.

And he said, "Lo these are men", and his soul yearned within him: "Oh that I could do as these men do."

Then he heard a voice saying: "Thou fool hast thou not thy mother and thy sister to keep, how is it possible for thee to venture then into the wilderness?"

And he said: "Alas verily! Thou sayest sooth."

This thrilling story will be continued in our next issue. If you can't wait come and have a look at the Frieze in Paddy's place and read the story for yourself.

F.A. FALLIN,  
Camp Gear for Walkers,  
327 George St., Sydney.  
Opp. Palings.

Phone  
B.3101.

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NEWS FROM HERE THERE AND EVERYWHERE

Preserving Our Wild Things

The Wild Life Preservation Society acts as a watch-dog for the State, ever on the look-out to prevent destruction of native flora and fauna, and the work it does for us is beyond praise. This year it has widened its activities and purchased a piece of land at Avalon as a fauna and flora reserve; it hopes by this means to educate public opinion in the appreciation of wild life. If you are ever that way you should inspect the reserve and see the giant angophora in the middle of it.

Mountaineering in New Zealand

A crop of newspaper cuttings brings vividly before one the keen interest taken by the N.Z. public in mountaineering and the consequent prestige and influence of the mountaineering clubs. Will bushwalking ever have the same prestige in N.S.W.?

Our own party's exploits do not figure in these cuttings, although they have climbed seven peaks in wonderful weather. The most spectacular feat recorded is that of Marjorie Edgar Jones who made the second ascent of Dampier and climbed a couple of other major peaks on the way back. It was a long and arduous climb, the party being on the go for 32 hours. Marjorie's is the second ascent; the first was made by a Sydney girl, Freda Du Faur, 24 years ago, and her account of it may be read in "The Conquest of Mount Cook" which is in our library.

Fatal Accident in the Tararua Tramping Club

January's issue of "The Tararua Trampler" tells the tragic story of how Norm Dowling was killed on Mount Evans. It happened at the end of a long and successful climb when they were nearly back at camp. He was leading, slipped and fell headlong dragging the others with him. They crashed on to a rocky shelf and then on to a snow-slope. It was a fall of 500 feet and the marvel is not that the leader was killed, but that the other two survived. We extend our sincere sympathy to our friends of the Tararuas on the loss of one of their ablest members.

Londoners Protect their Open Spaces

The movement for the preservation of the wild lands seems to be spreading everywhere. Our friends, the So-Pats, (Southern Pathfinders) devote a very large part of their Annual Report to this subject and it is interesting to see that their work does not stop at propaganda, as with us, but extends to collecting substantial sums of money. Their report is accompanied by a friendly letter telling among other things of their Christmas Dinner which is held in a country inn and preceded by a five mile tramp.

Walking Club in Western Australia

Victoria, N.S.W. and Tasmania seem to have had a monopoly of walking activities, but we hear that a walking club has at length been founded in Western Australia, started by a member of the Melbourne Women's Walking Club.

Visitor

We have been pleased to welcome to Sydney and to our walks Miss Eileen Bass of the Tararua Tramping Club. She was introduced by Mr. Jock Macpherson whom some of us met when he was in Sydney some time ago.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE POLE-CUTTERS?

By Dorothy Lawry.

Man is the most destructive of all animals. Of course, he is also the most constructive, but we do not want artificial rockeries, or concrete promenades, in the bush!

Most of the destruction of our heritage is so obvious, and rouses such righteous indignation in the breasts of all nature-lovers, that the details hardly need stressing here - deliberate firing of the bush by graziers; cutting of living trees by vandals and thoughtless youngsters just for the joy of it; shooting of helpless birds and animals by sportsmen; and the litter left by picnickers. All horrible! All to be prevented only by the gradual education of the whole community through continuous propaganda, and example. Each and every one of us who loves the bush, and hopes to continue enjoying it in the years to come, must do his or her share of this educational work, by example as well as by talk.

Before we express our opinions of the destroyers, let us question ourselves. Are we quite blameless? Alas, no! Even the most careful of us, the greatest bush-lover of us all, cannot avoid causing a certain amount of wear and tear on the country - and how many of us do anything to offset this wear and tear? How many of us even do only the least possible amount of damage?

Many of us burn more firewood than is necessary; many of us always cut green sticks for our billies; some of us even cut poles for our tents!!

Yes, there was a case recently at Burning Palms when a fairly new member of the S.B.W. cut green trees for tent poles - and the shack owners said, "Bushwalkers again!"

You know the kind of sneer. You have sneered it at other destroyers; but this time it was "BUSHWALKERS again!"; and evidently this pole-cutting was not an isolated instance for it was "Bushwalkers AGAIN!"

What shall we do with the pole-cutters?

Shall we kick them out of the club because they are giving it a bad name? No, because then we would have no control over them. Get them in a corner and tell them just what we think of them? That would relieve our feelings - but would it stop them from pole-cutting?

So far as the trees are concerned, this pole-cutting is utterly tragic. At the same time, however, it is quite ridiculous that there are Bush Walkers wandering round under the weight of tents which are so large and heavy that poles have to be cut for them. What do these pole-cutters think they are? Bedford trucks? Or just poor, ignorant, inexperienced innocents who have never heard of Paddy Pallin, or seen a lightweight tent?

Let us be kind to any individuals of the genus "pole-cutter" whom we meet; let us lead them kindly but firmly to admire our own lightweight tents; let us point out to them the dead sticks used for poles, or that we have simply tied the tents to living trees for the night, and tomorrow will release the trees from their burdens and go on our way. Let us introduce these innocents to Paddy, and help them choose their new tents.

Kind we should be to the poor innocents, but need we really smother our mirth? The sight they present is too amusing. Let us enjoy it to the full! After all, they are asking to be laughed at when they stagger round the bush under the weight of heavy tents - and axes!



Again, mentally, we see them cutting green trees for tent-poles, and our hatred of this unnecessary destruction flares up, so that only by the exercise of great self-control can we continue to show kindness to these comrades of ours, and merely vent our scorn in laughter .....

Come, sing a new chanty; and add extra verses as you think of them!

(Tune: "Early in the Morning")

What shall we do with a pole-cutter? (3 times)

Every time we see him.

Ha-ha! and how we laugh now (3 times)

Every time we see him.

Show him a real tent and make him pitch it (3 times)

Every time we see him.

Ha-ha! and how we laugh now (3 times)

Every time we see him.

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FEDERATION NEWS

June Holiday Week end - This has been restored in spite of the inconsiderateness of our present monarch when he decided to be born in December. Our thanks are due to various recreational bodies with Jack Debert representing the Federation.

Kowmung House - The owner complains that bushwalkers have been leaving it in a shocking condition. We cannot believe that any member of any club is responsible, but if you know of any bushwalker who was in this locality over the Christmas holidays, please let us know, so that the matter may be fully investigated.

Road round the Foreshores of Kuringai Chase - The Federation is endeavouring to prevent this from going any further and thereby ruining the marvellous beauty of this unspoilt region.

Bundeena - Marley Road - The trustees of National Park assure us that this is not to be made.

Conservation Bureau - It has long been felt that the chief work of the Federation should be the reservation of parklands and primitive areas. A standing subcommittee is now to be appointed to deal with these important things. Its constitution will be approved at next meeting.

Information Bureau - The work of this has been so great that it deserves a section to itself - planning trips for enquirers, making maps, surveying, plotting footpaths, etc. etc. etc. - but what else can you expect when the information officer, the indefatigable Ninian Melville, spends his holidays on the good work?

-----  
When the earth is mad with song some blue September morning  
In the grove of Myall trees that rustle green and grey,  
Through the plumes of trailing leaves hung meet for her adorning  
See a dark-browed dryad peep and swiftly draw away.

Dorothea Mackellar.

SEARCH AND RESCUE SECTION IN ACTION.

By Tom Herbert.

The Search and Rescue Section of the Federation received its first S.O.S. call on Monday January 31st., when a young man and woman failed to return from a one-day walking trip which commenced on the previous day from Heathcote.

A member of the S. & R. Section received the alarm about 5-15 p.m. on Monday and after checking up with the relatives of the lost people set in motion the machinery for organising a search.

Paddy Pallin's rooms were used as headquarters and Paddy's 'phone ran hot with calls to relatives, police and volunteers.

All available information was obtained about the lost walkers from their relatives who, however, seemed uncertain as to where the couple actually intended going. Kangaroo Creek was thought likely and it was certain that the only food they took was a few sandwiches. The heavy rain on Sunday night and on Monday and the prospect of another stormy night increased the pessimism of the relatives who were prepared to do anything at all to help a search party away.

The register of volunteers was quickly examined and about 20 members were 'phoned. As it was after business hours only those with private 'phone numbers could be called and also calls were limited to those who were recorded as being available to search on week days.

When the list was exhausted seven members had volunteered and the following party left Sydney by motor lorry at 4 a.m. on Tuesday - Jean Trimble (S.B.W.), Tom Herbert (S.B.W.), David Stead (S.B.W.), Horry Salmon (Trampers' Club), Eric Jenkins (Trampers' Club), Ted Phillips (River Canoe Club), and Jack Watson (Rover Ramblers).

Several relatives of the lost people also came in the lorry and on reaching Heathcote were joined by a party of police.

The bushwalkers divided into three parties and were taken by lorry to three different points along the road between Heathcote and Waterfall. The first party struck out along Goonigal Ridge, the second along Kangaroo Ridge and the third along Ulvola Heights. The three parties were to meet at 10 a.m. at Karlovo Pool where police and other searchers were also to meet.

No. 2 party, consisting of Tom Herbert and Ted Phillips, after following Kangaroo Ridge and coming down onto Kangaroo Creek found a battered suit case and a towel spread out on a flat rock in the creek. Inside the case was an envelope with the missing girl's name written on it and scrawled on the rock was a message saying that the two were following the creek downstream. Close by was a rock shelter with the ashes of a fire still warm. Hot on the trail the bushwalkers moved quickly downstream and on the way called back some unattached searchers who were apparently wandering through the country without a definite plan.

On reaching Karlovo Pool No. 2 party found that the lost couple had just been brought in by a relative who had come across them as he was walking upstream from the pool.

Although within three miles of Heathcote the couple were hopelessly bushed and had decided to follow Kangaroo Creek to Audley. Exposure and lack of food had effected them and their progress would have been slow and painful.

Jean Trimble proved a real "stout fella" by attending to the girl, calming her hysterics and giving her a complete change of dry clothing.

The S. & R. Section has proved its worth. Volunteers from the Section were actually searching the country within 13 hours of the alarm being given and this

despite the fact that it was a week day and that several hours of darkness had prevented an earlier start.

In three hours the bushwalkers had systematically searched the country between Heathcote and Waterfall and bounded by Ulivola Heights and Prince's Highway.

The police greatly appreciated the efforts of the S. & R. Section and Inspector Harrowsmith who is in charge of the district showed he had complete confidence in the bushwalkers and welcomed their co-operation.

Mr. Bert Hickey, one of the lost couple, expressed his appreciation by donating £3 to the S. & R. Section and this money will be used in providing first air material and other equipment for future search and rescue activities.

At present there are 62 volunteers registered with the Section but more are needed as the recent emergency showed that many factors permit only a very small percentage of registered volunteers to get away at short notice. The bigger the number there is to call up the better the chance there is of getting a party of adequate size.

So, Bushwalkers, enlist now!

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CAMP FIRE CHATTER

By Firelight.

The older members of the Club will be glad to hear that at least one of the "Hippos" is still as tough as ever, and has recently been disporting in the flooded Macleay River in a way to uphold the glory of the tribe.

If you want the thrilling details, ask "Duch" about her recent canoe-trip.

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"Orang-outang" Roots also showed up again the other night - complete with wife and imps. Theirs was only a hurried business trip by car from Brisbane this time - but they are looking forward to their annual holidays in March - and so are we.

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March 15th. and 16th. will be big nights for the Boy Scouts of this State - and for our pal "Scotty."

On those nights, at the Sydney Town Hall, the Boy Scouts' Association will present a Pageant "The Story of the Fleur-de-lys", written by Rover Ian Malcolm.

We hope "Scotty" will get down from Newcastle for the performance so that we can applaud him as well as the Pageant. If not, we'll just have to congratulate him the next Friday night. He is sure to be at the Club, as usual.

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By the way, Hilda Macartney Blunt one of our delegates to the Parks and Playgrounds Movement of N.S.W. is now the popular Social Secretary of that body. Our own club is also drawing on Hilda's time and organising ability, hence the successful picture-night at the "Mayfair" on February 23rd.

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According to letters received from Gwen Lawrie, she is working so hard up at Katoomba that she seldom has time even to look out of the window at the glorious walking country that is so tantalisingly near.

KANANGRA-KOWMUNG-RESERVATION

The Editor,  
"The Sydney Bush Walker",

Dear Madam,

In reply to the letter from Mr. Gibson re the Kanangra-Kowmung Reservation published in your last issue we would point out that the methods employed in securing this Reservation were successful only because of the immense amount of ground work done by Mr. M.J. Dunphy for many years in surveying and making known to the public this unique area.

We consider that the methods referred to in the above mentioned letter were "model" only in this particular set of circumstances.

For the Committee,

(Sgd.) Richard J. Croker,

Honorary Secretary,

The Sydney Bush Walkers.