

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

A Monthly Bulletin devoted to matters of interest to  
The Sydney Bush Walkers, 5 Hamilton Street, Sydney.

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WE EXTEND OUR SYMPATHY

On Eight-Hour Day the Black Dog Track was the scene of a tragedy and, although those concerned did not belong to any walking club and may not have been known to many of our members, we feel that all bushwalkers will extend their very sincere sympathy to Mr. Jack Downing and to the relatives of the late Mr. Fred. Salmon.

As a free-lance walker, "Old Fred" had been known for years to the Carlons and the folk who roam their section of the Blue Mts. Because of his age (62) and somewhat indifferent health, Mr. Fred Salmon was not one to do "tiger" walks, but he knew and loved the nearer and easier parts of our favourite haunts. There was one spot, a little farther off, that he had long wanted to see -- Mangaroo Clearing -- and this Eight-hour Week-end he achieved his ambition.

On the Monday the third member of the party went on down the Cox's River and up Kedumba, leaving his two older companions to make their way slowly up the Black Dog Track en route to Katoomba.

The climb out from the river proved too much for "Old Fred", and, while walking along the track, he collapsed and died. It was a death any of us could wish for, but for his friend ... Mr. Jack Downing is a man of about the same age. He tried to revive his comrade, unsuccessfully, of course, and

then, because it was growing dark when he gave up his efforts, he kept vigil by his friend's body all night. Next morning he had to leave it to walk to Carlons' for help. Fortunately, an S.B.W. member, Charles Culberg, was staying at Carlons' and he was able to spare the older man the ordeal of leading the police back along the track to bring in the body.

Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to Mr. Downing in his terrible experience.

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#### FEDERATION NOTES

At its October meeting the N.S.W. Federation of Bush Walking Clubs received a request from the Federation of Victorian Walking Clubs for advice regarding taking school children from the poorer areas into the bush. It is hoped that the reply will enable Victorian children and walkers-in-charge to have as much fun and happiness as the Playground Walks have brought this year to many Sydney children and the girls who took them walking.

The Soil Conservation Bureau wrote suggesting a meeting between representatives of the two bodies to discuss means of bushfire prevention. It was arranged that Messrs. W. Holesgrove and R. E. Mitchell would go and see Mr. Messer, and we hope to have some results of the interview to report next month.

Have you any suggestions to offer for bushfire prevention? Or for another very important matter - improvements to be included in the proposed amending Act for the protection of native birds and animals? The Chief Secretary's Department has written asking the Federation for any such suggestions, and it in turn is circularising the clubs. This is a matter for individual members to think over and act upon - and that means you!

Stoddy and Tom Herbert are now delegates from the Federation to the Health and Happiness Movement, so we should be kept well advised of the developments in the proposed Youth Hostels Movement as they occur.

Did you go to the Bushwalkers' Ball this year? Delegates were asked to "get expressions of opinion from their clubs" regarding the desirability of holding next year's ball on the Showboat again, or in a hall as previously, and as to whether Saturday night had proved satisfactory, or whether members would prefer a week-night. Next year's Ball is a long way off, but bookings have to be made about a year ahead. This year there was a record attendance (256) on the Showboat on Saturday, 12th October, and the table-decorating competition was NOT won by the River Canoe Club. Hearty congratulations to the Y.M.C.A. Ramblers on their well-deserved victory!

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GAMBOLS IN A NEW ZEALAND SPRING

part of a letter from

Dot English.

It's great to hear how your native garden blows. Here we see nothing of wild flowers, but there are compensations in all the awakening life of the English trees and the meadow life. An early Spring has flitted in. The country is green and lovely. Myriads of little white daisies dot the lawns and paddocks, the willows by the creek are all trailing soft lazy green veils in the water, tiny catkins are sporting all over the trees, wee lambs are springing and frisking in the meadows, and velvety brown and black-and-white calves have their heads together and are butting each other round the countryside in pairs in the delirious intoxicating joy of their increasing powers. It's a goodly thought that whatever hell may be polluting the air in Europe, Spring still comes round with rousing cheer. The whole land here smells of orchards and flowering plants and trees, and yellow pollen from the pine-trees, which furnish wind-breaks wherever you look, drifts about in golden clouds and lies thick on the ground like sulphur. I thought it was sulphur when I first saw it, as White Island, a volcano off the coast not many miles away, is reported to be erupting at the moment. They say the sulphur often drifts over the land for many miles when that is happening. However in this case it was pollen.

I have been having quite a few interesting week-end trips lately. Recently I went to Tongariro National Park for some ski-ing. We had a most marvellous time there - camped in a little hut in the beech forest at the foot of the mountain. We set out early in the mornings, spent all day on the snow, and always managed to be last off the mountain. I suppose you have been up Ruapehu? It is the most perfect expanse of ski-ing ground it has ever been my good fortune to be on. Literally miles of slopes! Imagine ski-ing down off the top of the world, 9175 ft. high, down and down and down into the setting sun. I've never seen anything more beautiful than the pure white exhilarating top of the world at sunset, nor anything more breathtaking than the vast illimitable sweeps of snow-slopes as the blood-red sun drops down behind a snowy peak, lighting up the clouds bright as a parrot's wing. There's something about the high snow mountains that gets you pretty near to the heart of life and supplies an answer to the mystery of our existence. One of the Alpine Club lasses, Nan Stewart, and myself are going up there again next week-end, and I daresay Labor Day will see us there again for the last of the snow.

Week-end before last I took a bike-ride to Auckland. One of the greatest excitements in this little place is to be able to "go up to Town", Town being not the local village but Auckland. The train service is putrid, and the service car too expensive, so there was nothing for it but to cycle. It was a 200 mile trip - magnificent weather though somewhat windy on the plains. Fighting a headwind for 36 miles across the Hauraki Plains was somewhat strenuous, but I always enjoy that sort of a fight. I left Waihi about 11 a.m. Saturday and landed at Auckland at nine that night, feeling as excited as a country cousin getting her first view of the bright lights of city life. I had my sleeping bag with me (No good Bushwalker travels without her pack) - so I climbed over a fence and bedded down in the first likely-looking park I could find. Woke suddenly about 2 a.m. on my heap of grass under the gum

trees and heard what sounded like all the dogs in creation tearing each other by the throat, then the roaring and coughing of lions. Thought for a moment I was in Central Africa, then realised that it must be the Zoo. The dogs aforesaid were hyenas I suppose. As soon as I had ascertained that I was not actually inside the lions' enclosure, but just outside it, I pulled my sleeping-bag up round my ears and went to sleep again till dawn. Came Sunday morning - I toured round Auckland for a few hours then headed for home. It took only nine hours returning, but the wind was now behind me which made all the difference. Had a swim in all the creeks and rivers as I passed, and reached home that night feeling a ball of muscle.

There's a very pretty little beach just about half an hour's walk over the cliffs from Waihi beach. My friend Sister Armstrong (Poppee) and I cycle out there when her day off coincides with mine; we're going to do a bit of camping out down there now that the summer is coming. The place is absolutely unspoilt, and is somewhat like Burning Palms used to be in the good old primitive days. There are soft green grassy lawns rolling down to the sea, the beach is of white sand (Most of the other beaches, including Waihi, are grey), and the wooded hills are green with tree ferns and pohutukawa trees (that's phoenetically spelt). A lovely spot.

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ERRATA.

In your copy of the October issue of "The Sydney Bushwalker" will you please correct the following typographical errors:-

Page 5, 6th and 7th lines of 1st paragraph; the names should be -- Gangerang, Cloudmaker, and Thurat.

Page 13, 4th line of 2nd paragraph: "weight" should read "weigh". - or "way" if you prefer it.

Page 15, 5th line of 4th paragraph: "the wedding bells rang on October 4th".

Page 16, 3rd line of 2nd verse, last word; not "then" but "them".

" 16 2nd line of 3rd verse; a bad mistake! they were quite unaccustomed to fear."

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THE COURT CARDS IN THE BLUE GUM

by the Jack of Hearts.

When it was found that the party of eight contained four Jacks (Manson, Sappy, Blunt and Glover), it did not take Sherlock Holmes to detect that the other four were the Queens of Hearts and Diamonds, the King of Clubs and the Ace of Hearts -- all travelling incognito and second-class to Blackheath.

Happily the Court Cards left the Pack and set off for a right royal time in the Blue Gum Forest, but, as they slipped and slithered down from Perry's Lookdown, a tragedy befell them.

In the scramble down the mountain the Jack of Hearts lost his pipe, and that was to him a major disaster. However, being a gadgeteer, he set to work next morning, with the assistance of the Jack of Diamonds, to make a bush pipe. They picked a piece of dry gum about one inch in diameter and cut it off  $1\frac{1}{2}$ " long, then, with the aid of several red hot tent pegs (which, incidentally, were never quite the same again) and a knife, hollowed out the bowl of the pipe. They then procured a thin green stick of wattle, cut it three inches long and burnt a hole right through the centre, thus making the stem of the pipe. Then, boring a hole in the side of the hollowed bowl, the stem was fitted in, and the bowl filled up with a charge of "Ranch Plug Cut" - a match was applied and, by all the Blue Gum Gods! this queer contraption smoked like a 25/- Barling. So, all you pipe-smokers, take heed and don't despair when you lose your pipe in the Forest.

The Ace of Hearts was on photography bent and had a battery of cameras with him. Going through the valley the sound of camera shutters was like a stick being run along a picket fence; the result was a fine collection of pictures.

Sadly the Court Cards turned their backs on the Forest; wearily they climbed the mountain again, but the view from the Lookout rejuvenated them and, within a second of reaching the top, the Ace of Hearts was in action once more and the King of Clubs had to run for water to keep the shutters of the cameras cool.

So, all too soon, the Court Cards returned to the Pack, and sometimes they wonder did it really happen, that carefree visit to the Blue Gum Forest, or was it the land of make-believe? And always they are reassured that they did not just imagine it; the pictures prove it really happened. Cameras never lie -- for long. They stand up and say "Click, click-click, click".

"It isn't the mountain ahead that will wear you out; it's the tiny stone in your shoe."

-- Anonymous but true.

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ON CLOUDS AND SKIES.

by M.S.

Near, yet far, and powder blue it was  
As I lay prone upon that grassy hill,  
And wide and clearly fresh above me held  
In pure intensity the perfect hue.  
Easefully my careless limbs were spread.  
I seemed to draw delight down from that sky,  
And with the earth was buoyantly impelled  
Through gentle, limpid and unchanging space.

Restfully, my eyes were closed awhile,  
And when I opened them a cloud was there.  
The sun behind my head shone on its face  
And it was laughing down at me in glee.  
Its snowy depth and softness was most fair,  
All edged with gold and beautiful to see.  
I rose and, stretching in the wind, beheld  
Long ramparts o'er the ocean building up,  
And down, Kiama-wards, raced to the sea.

Once in a valley near the Cox I watched  
Round Sunrise Bluff the clouds come gently forth  
Like lambkin's fleeces floating evenly  
In upturned rivers slowly to the north,  
And all that peaceful motion dreamily  
Urged shut my eyes and from my heart its pain.

And once on Korrowall the sky was clear  
And, standing on the edge of the abyss,  
The valleys seemed like bowls of cream, light-whipped,  
Foamy, piled thick to where the trees appear.  
Above the drifting vapour curled and dipped,  
Clinging tenaciously where cliffs are sheer.

There was a time when clouds were racing by  
And I ran too, along the meadowland;  
Tall, glorious poplars danced with leaves a-quiver  
And with the beauty of the day my heart beat high  
Beside Bendethera on the Dewey River,  
And pounded with the clouds across the sky.

AT OUR OWN MEETING

Two more new members were welcomed at the October Meeting; they were John Johnson and Ernest (Ray) Kirkby.

After the outburst which followed the President's announcement of the Moppett wedding had died down, the meeting proceeded to business.

The Social Secretary's Report mentioned the 300 coloured slides recently shown at the Club Room by Norm. Colton, and the excellent play put on there by Club Members, which was written and produced by Jean Savage.

Supplementing the Federation Report, Tom Herbert advised that Garawarra Trust had received a second Advance from the Government, so was now financial until about January next - thanks mainly to the timely donation made by the Federation two or three months ago.

Myles Dunphy reported further evidences of tree-chopping along Heathcote Creek between Waterfall and Myuna Creek, and asked members visiting that area to keep a good lookout for offenders.

Clare Kinsella and Arnold Barrett volunteered and were appointed Room Stewards for the ensuing two months.

Rene Browne was "among those present" so the older members all realised that "the Kids' Treat" must be in the offing. What Rene wanted, and got, was an immediate grant of £5 so she could buy the necessary toys before the prices rose any higher. Members will be noticing Rene in the Club Rooms for the next few weeks, holding out her hand in a good cause, as well as enlisting helpers for the kids' great day - the S.B.W. Xmas Treat on Sunday, 22nd December.

We are giving ourselves a treat also this year - at least, some of us will be. It was decided to hold the S.B.W. Xmas Party at Elizabeth Bay House on Tuesday, 17th December.

Tom Herbert mentioned that this year's "annual" - "The Bushwalker" No.4 to give it its official title - had gone to press and would be on sale in about a week. The meeting authorised the collection of another round of sixpences from all members who were willing to contribute so that our members "on service" could receive the annual as well as the monthly magazine. Grace Jolly, of course, is the one who collects sixpences and, equally important, the names and addresses of those members who are serving with the Navy, A.I.F. or Air Force. Unless she gets these she cannot send the magazines, so, will you let her have any such addresses you know? Of course you will, next Friday.

-----  
"The surest way to be happy is to get so gosh darn busy you have no time to be unhappy."

--- Van Amburgh.



BUSH WALKERS, ESPECIALLY THOSE FROM OTHER STATES

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BUSHWALKERS' BALL

by Our Special Reporter.

Many members of the federated bushwalking clubs deserted their usual bushland haunts for a rendezvous at Circular Quay on Saturday night, 12th October, when the N.S.W. Federation of Bush Walking Clubs held its Annual Ball on the Showboat "Kalang".

The freshness of the dancing deck was a welcome change from the more orthodox but stuffy ballroom in the city. The dancers enjoyed the cruising to and fro on the moonlit waters and the close inspection of the "mystery ship" in the harbour.

Fewer clubs than usual made an effort to secure the "Ball Plate" for the best decorated table, but the Y.M.C.A. Ramblers are to be congratulated on winning the trophy from the River Canoe Club, which has held it from the commencement of the competition.

Organising Secretary Agnes Miller, who is to be congratulated on the success of the function, danced in a frock of white georgette. Federation Secretary Merle Hamilton also chose white. S.B.W. President Croker's lady wore a frock of pink floral georgette. Vice-President Edna Garrad wore an ensemble of lacquered satin. Hon. Secretary Jean Moppett, our most recent bride, wore a roman-striped jacket with her grey gown. Editor Dorothy Lawry wore tulips with her floral chiffon.

Amongst the young marrieds present were Joan Savage, who wore orchids on her hair to match her pink streamlined frock. Roxy Barrett wore a matching coatee with her floral gown. Josephine Herbert was in rust velvet and Yvonne Rolfe wore a red turban to complete the flag colours of her ensemble. Jean Johnson covered her white frock with a long coat of the same colour.

Jean West danced in white taffetas. Mary Stoddart added a touch of atmosphere with the silver seagulls on her white frock. Laurie Greenacre wore a sylphide-like gown of white tulle.

Hilda Blunt relieved her all-black ensemble with a necklet of pearls. Clare Kinsella wore blush-pink lace, Dorothy Langworthy green taffetas, Grace Edgecombe a peasant frock in roman stripes, Joan Athill black relieved with white, Ray Birt green metal brocade and Lola Bennett blue chiffon.

All male costuming faded to insignificance before the glory of Captain Bob. Savage in full war paint. Then there was Peter Page, whose dinky white mess jacket caused him to be mistaken for the drink steward.....

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"The Bushwalker" for 1940 is out, but we have been so busy producing this issue of "The Sydney Bushwalker" that we have not yet had time to read it, so we leave you to form your own opinion of the new arrival. The Editor (Tom Herbert) has asked for constructive criticism, preferably in writing, so it can be passed on to the Publication Committee for use next year.

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K O W M U N G

by A. L. Wyborn.

As I lay in hospital a short while ago facing the prospect of not being able to walk for quite a while, I thought of the best trip I had ever done. Although it occurred in January, 1939. the memory of it will remain evergreen.

With one other member of the Rover Ramblers, I arrived at Cunnyngame's Hut by car from Mt. Victoria late one Friday night. We had exactly seven days before us in which to "do" the Kowmung, with all its talked-of hazards and pleasures.

Next morning we set out with heavy packs along the Kanangra Road to Morong Creek. Here we heard from another walker that Myles Dunphy and his wife and family were camped at Roley Whalan's Hut, so we decided to pay them a visit. When Myles heard that there were only two of us to try the Morong Deeps, he went to some length to tell us many ways of getting out of the river valley in the event of floods or a mishap, until I was sure I had about a dozen of them mixed up. He also suggested that it was unwise to enter Kowmung country without an axe and a coil of rope. As we had neither, I was beginning to feel a few doubts about our adventure after he had left us at the junction of Pfeffer's Trail and Morong Creek with a handshake which seemed like a farewell to those setting out into the unknown.

The course along Morong Creek is through flat country which the previous month had been laid waste by the fire demon. Suddenly the first view of the Kowmung comes into sight as the Morong, pr Boyd, Creek flings itself over a sheer drop of 400 ft. into a pool below, whence it falls another 800 ft. in a series of wild cascades into the Kowmung. This magnificent fall of 1,200 ft. is reputed to be the greatest total drop of any in Australia.

Go ing down the ridge on the right hand side, we were confronted near the bottom by a 300 ft. cliff into the river, which necessitated a difficult crossing of one of the cascades to the opposite side, as an enormous volume of water was flowing. From here it was very easy to reach the river, where we camped, prepared to leave quickly because of a threatened cloudburst.

Next day was cloudless and warm - ideal weather for the swimming we expected ahead. The first test came about half-a-mile downstream, where a solid wall of water raced down a narrow chute at a very steep angle into a long pool. We decided to sidle on the left. This proved to be the only pool into which we could not lower our rucsacs and then dive. The remainder of that day in the "Deeps" we spent gaily swimming through pools, jostled along by a swift stream which told us there could be no turning back. Here indeed man seemed puny, overawed by the mountains which rose 2,000 ft. on each side, and confronted by difficulties which, it seemed, Nature had placed in this region to deter the advent of man.

That night we placed our tent on the only few square yards of grass we had seen, in the lee of huge cliffs. Close by, the river rushed into a dark, ominous pool, making a roar which drowned all other sound.

The next day's journey was of a similar nature, only broken now by short stretches of pleasant stream which wound through grassy banks. A particularly beautiful spot was on the bend of the river at Wedgetail Bluffs, where a verdant

green islet, with small casuarinas on it, nestled in one corner of a placid pool. The Bluffs towered thousands of feet above.

Late that day we came to a chasm with sheer walls and the dark river stretching away into the gloom, making it seem a fearsome place. This must be the Ibbia Rift which Myles had spoken of, so tomorrow we would try it. The sides were composed of pink and some grey granite, worn smooth by the waters of centuries. The usual waterfall tumbled fifteen feet into deep water at the upper end, and the procedure was for one of us to dive in and battle against the fall while the rucsacs were lowered and shepherded away from the seething mass of foam. There was no chance of getting out of this pool until 300 yards farther on, where we swam to a good camp-spot on the left, which, I believe, had been used by Gordon Smith's party a month before. Church Creek was made that night through country which was pleasant and easy.

Another phase of this everchanging river was provided next day. The going was rough again, especially in Bulga-Denis Canyon. Here the riverbed was studded with a myriad of coloured rocks, ranging from the delicate pink and vivid purple of granites, through the greys and whites of slates and limestone. Such names as Sunrise, Orange and Rainbow Bluffs give some idea of the high ramparts which stand out against the skyline, and make this part of the river a geologist's paradise. My only regret was that I had no colour film for my camera.

Hughes' Ridge, running down to the Kowmung from Kanangra Walls, marks the end of the little-known upper Kowmung, and the commencement of that part so much beloved by all bushwalkers who have visited it. Here are enjoyed beautiful vistas of river scenery, the water flanked with grassy banks and inviting glades of casuarinas; surely a direct contrast to the Morong Deeps and the rifts which we had passed through so short a time ago.

A feature that I noticed on this unfrequented river is the amount of wild life which abounds. Wild horses, kangaroos and foxes roam undisturbed on the river flats; in the trees our feathered friends are always calling, while above eagles constantly patrol. Even the river has its eels and perch, the former being easily caught to provide food in an emergency.

My companion did not feel well for the last few days, probably due to the change in drinking water. This necessitated a transfer of some of his equipment to increase the pace, for our time was growing short. As we approached the Lower Kowmung Canyon, stormclouds gathered fast, and for the next few hours we battled through a downpour, during which the river rose rapidly. What a happy sight was the junction with the Cox's River! This meant the end of a long day, and with it came a cessation of the rain.

Our last day was spent in climbing White Dog Ridge and Clear Hill in a broiling sun, and thence to Katoomba, a destination which I thought we would never make, owing to my mate's indisposition. For my part it marked the end of a walk, which for everchanging scenery and interest, has remained my most cherished trip.

THE CASE BOOK OF DR. DOLITTLE R.R. (NO. 3)

The common cry of many of my patients is "My groundsheet is sticky! What can I do about it?" The best advice of all is not to let it get sticky.

If your groundsheet is not going to be used for some time don't put it away and forget it. Make sure it is dry, then dust it with french chalk, talc powder or any other absorbent powder. If your groundsheet is already sticky, give it a generous coating of whiting (you can buy it at most shops), leave it for 24 hours, then wipe it off with a cloth.

Experience has taught that the most useful article in repairing groundsheets is our old standby sticking plaster. Groundsheets should be reproofed every twelve months and repaired whenever holes appear. Delay in a few minor repairs is often fatal to the life of a sheet.

- - - - -

With regard to sleeping bags -- The main argument is "Will I get a zipp or won't I?" For all round conditions, I definitely advise a zipp. A bag that is warm enough in the winter is too warm in the summer, so that the addition of a zipp will make a considerable difference. With a little care these will last you a lifetime without "Cracking" up.

Particular care should be taken when packing the bag into its cover, to see that the zipp is open. This enables the zipp to be bent at an acute angle without any danger of "forcing" teeth. When opening, by allowing the bag to fall away from the zipp, you will prevent the slider from catching in the cloth. If the slider does get caught, don't try and force it. This will result in a torn sleeping bag and a ruined zipp. By careful manipulation of the slider you can always get it free. If you can't, take it to Paddy. What he can't mend "aint" worth mending.

F. A. PALLIN,

327 George Street,

SYDNEY.

'Phone B3101.

SUBURBAN

I saw  
outside a red  
suburban villa,  
a large fat  
truculent woman,  
corsetted,  
well-gowned, well-shod.  
O God!  
to think that where that woman trod  
there once was bush! --  
ferns --  
moss --  
greenish-white flannel flowers  
and trees!  
there in between the tree-trunks once slipped savages  
in lissom nakedness  
lovelier by far  
than that  
large fat  
truculent woman  
outside her red  
suburban villa.

-- Dora Wilcox.

in "The Australian Writers' Annual, 1936".

CLUB            GOSSIP

Cora Dunphy was noticed at the October Meeting so we suspected there must be a "concert" in the offing. There is. Joan Savage is organising it; the new St. Philip's Hall on Church Hill has been booked for Tuesday, December 3rd. and rehearsals are the order of the day.

You can't keep a good bushwalker out of the bush! Recently half-a-dozen of our members who are serving with what might almost be called "The Bushwalkers' Own" -- the 18th Battalion Militia -- all had week-end leave. Did they come south to visit their homes and folks? No. North they went to the Paterson River for "a breath of fresh air" and a jolly good bushwalking trip!

Then there was the energetic couple who took their rucksacks to the Bushwalkers' Ball, at the end of which they changed into shirts and shorts, parked their evening clothes, caught a paper train south, and walked out to Era before dawn. What it is to be young and enthusiastic!

Once upon a time another Joan used to do that sort of thing, but now she is married and settled down. Not too settled down, though, for she is blossoming forth now as the S.B.W.'s own playwright.

Was it the "spring in the air" last month? Half a dozen of our older members were noticed roaming round Central in the small hours at the start of the Eight-Hour Week-end. We heard something about a "Fast Mixed Goods".....

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MEMORY CORNER

Among the songs which were popular with Bush Walkers in 1929 and 1930 was "The Darkies' Sunday School". There was a good swing to the tune and plenty of snap to the words, but, as these "tell you Bible stories that you've never heard before", some of the S.B.W. thought that the song might give offence to any religiously inclined folk who heard it, so a suggestion was made that new words should be written for this tune.

After the suggestion had been repeated a few times, Dorothy Lawry thought she would see what she could do about it. As a result, she appeared at an official camp at The Duckhole on McCarr's Creek armed with new words for the chorus and three or four verses. That evening it rained, so, instead of all lazing round the campfire, the party split up and crowded into the three largest tents -- and soon further verses were being composed, and sung, about and to the occupants of the other tents.

From this cross-fire emerged some six or seven more verses, all absolutely true and packed full of pith. Further verses were added from time to time during the next two or three years, by which time the song had become too cumbersome and it dropped out of favour.

Here are the words of the chorus and some half-a-dozen verses about people who are still more or less active in the Club. Most of these verses, and several others, appeared in the first issue of "The Bushwalker", as this magazine was then known, in June, 1931.

"A Ballad of the Bush Walkers."

Tune: "The Darkies! Sunday School."

Chorus: Tall folks, short folks, everybody come -  
Gather round the camp-fire and make yourselves at home!  
Bring your rugs and waterproofs and laze upon the ground;  
We'll tell you tales of Bush Walkers that surely will astound.

Myles Dunphy:

Oh, Myles, he is the leader of the Mountain Trailer lads,  
Who stagger through the bush loaded down like ironclads.  
And Myles he thought girls couldn't walk, but found that wasn't true -  
They and Myles now walk for miles. Myles carries Milo too.

"Dorman Long" (Alan Hardy):-

Oh, Dorman is a walker unique and known to fame.  
The way he puts his tent up is a lifework, not a game;  
And the rattle of his food-tins is borne upon the breeze,  
But he'll go down in history for his rendering of "Louise".

Anice and Frank Duncan, and Jack Debert:-

You know of Anice Duncan and her henpecked husband, Frank.  
He is just the same as she - a vegetarian crank.  
They tried to keep a boarder, but he got so very thin,  
That when they gave him "noot meat", he tried to eat the tin.

Charles and Betty Pryde:-

Oh, Charlie is an Irishman, but a very soberside;  
He serves us as a censor, and guardian of our Pryde.  
He has a pretty daughter, but doesn't bring her out  
If of the camping party he has the slightest doubt.

Dorothy Lawry:

Our Lawry is a poet, but wants to be a cook,  
She asks us all for recipes and writes them in a book.  
I saw her make a pancake and toss it on a plate;  
You should have seen the bags of food our poet laureate!

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