

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

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FROM MOONLIGHT ACRE - By Robert D. Fitzgerald.

Set down your load: it is vain,
All that your heart wills
The hills have a high disdain --
you must never hope to attain
to the blue thought of the hills,
which marches beyond the thirst
of the dragging miles, leads on
where the last ridge beckons the first
with a promise of secrets nursed
in the far years gone.

For the hills have learned so much
from the sky and the wide air
their wisdom is not for the touch
of all brief lives that clutch
at a fleeting share,
Although your way might aspire
from the peak to the further peak
vision and blue retire;
beyond even desire
they are still to seek.

THE CHASE.

By H.I.S.

Kuring-gai Chase, one of the finest reserves in the world, was dedicated as a National Park in the year 1894. It's 35,300 acres were set apart first and foremost to preserve for posterity the natural Fauna and Flora. Of recent years, however, the policy of the Trust appears to have changed. The new road which was made to Coal and Candle Creek has scarred the hillsides and waterfront and large areas where workmen's huts were erected have been denuded of bush and wildflowers, and it is very doubtful if these spots will ever recover.

Many bushfires have swept the Chase in recent years. In 1941 the Militia were called in to help out a disastrous fire, which swept from Refuge Bay to French's Forest. May and I walked from Lovett Bay across to Hallett's Beach last Sunday to see what damage was done and whether the rains had helped to bring new growth. We found the water courses bare and the marshes almost completely burnt out. Pools we used to bathe in were sandy beaches and white sand was everywhere among the burnt timber.

Come, Bushwalkers, let us take council together and see if we can find a way to preserve the Chase from further destruction. Arise, all you who love to camp at Willawarran above Refuge Bay, or Elouera above Maskerel Beach; all you who love to climb Waratah, Willunga, Topham or Euro, or Bairne and gaze out over the sparkling waters of five seas.

Let us try to keep the old West Head road from becoming a Tourist road after the war. Let us say to the Motorist - "Thus far you may come:- To the saddle before McCarr's Trig Station and no further." Let us plough up the old West Head road when Peace comes and replant it and care for it, and keep the whole of the peninsula for the Walker. The waterways are open to all and the Motorist is well catered for but those who go on foot are the only ones who should be allowed in sanctuaries for birds and animals.

About eight years ago I walked in the Chase every week with an Anthropologist and a business guide. The latter had spent most of his life in the Chase, and had seen the Trig. Stations erected about 1880. There were no roads then, only bush tracks, and the place was gloriously beautiful. Many tales he told us of the good days, while we searched for Aboriginal Rock Carvings, Ceremonial Grounds and Caves of Hands. He took us to see the Wall Paintings down Smith's Creek and the remains of old Smith's chimney stack at the head of the creek. He and his brother kept a boat there at high water and slept in the cave nearby.

Another day we went on Charlie Walter's old track to Coal and Candle Creek, which leads to another good camping cave and he told us of the wonderful fish which used to abound there before the dynamiters came. Charlie Walter was a strong young man then and he used to carry out 90 lbs of choice fish on his back and walk to Vantry Bay, whence he rowed to Woolloomooloo to the Fish Market. We asked him if he knew why Coal and Candle Creek was so strangely named, but he could not tell us. The explanation generally accepted that this is a corruption of the name Colin Campbell is discredited by the Lands Department.

An interesting walk was one from Hungry Trig Station along the old West Head Road, then branching off to the left past Walleroo and down to Cottage

Rock to see the cave of Black Hands.

The day we went to Duffy's Forest the red blooms of the Waratah flamed through the trees and we were told of the white Waratah which bloomed there for many years but never seeded. From Duffy's Wharf, the stones of which came out as ballast in the ships which carried timber away, we went across the water to Blue Gum Flat, where eight or nine large trees grow, the only ones in the vicinity. On this spot, many years ago, the old hands indulged in the sport of Cockfighting. The old road to Cowan and the Hawkesbury came from Centra, Township through Chatswood and Pymble and down to the head of Cowan Creek. Many a Test Walk has been led down this old road.

Research into place named in the Chase has yielded disappointing results. Cowan is thought to be of native origin, and appears on maps as far back as 1826. Challenger Head at the entrance to Cowan Creek, was named after H.M.S. "Challenger", a vessel which was in Australian waters between 1866 and 1870. Commodore Heights and Lambert Peninsula were called after Commodore Lambert the Captain of the ship. June Head and Eleanor Bluff were named about this time, also Flint and Steel Bay. Of course the fishermen who frequented these waters often had names for points and bays which do not appear on the map. Cottage Point used to be Terry's Point or Foley's Rocks and I am told there is a painting of Larry Foley the Prize Fighter, there.

From Charlie Walter comes a tale which seems to account for the naming of Hungry Beach. Many years ago a vessel was anchored off Palm Beach in Pitt Water and there seemed to be no sign of life aboard. Investigation showed that white men had been murdered by the crew of blacks from White Bay. These Blacks were seen in the Chase and one was shot and buried on Mackerel Beach. The fishermen who camped on Hungry Beach had their tucker stolen many times before they kept watch and finally shot a black and buried him on the beach. Six others were rounded up and taken to gaol.

The word Kuring-gai is said to mean "The home or hunting ground of the Kuring-gai tribe" but this is not really so. I found in the Mitchell Library a few notes on the subject. The natives which we now call the Kurin-gai tribe inhabited all the coast from the Macleay River in the North to Bulli on the south and inland to the foot of the Coastal Range.

John Fraser (an authority on Coastal Natives) says, "Kuring-gai was the aboriginal word for "the men" used by the aborigines of this particular locality, as was Murrinjari the tribal word for "the men" in another locality hence giving the name to that particular tribe." A Chase, of course, means an unfenced area of park land.

I wish I could tell you who Lovett and Towler were. McCarr must have been a good Scot to have two streams, a creek and a Trig. Station called by his name.

In 1936 the Trustees of the Chase gave the name Mount Murray Anderson to a high point overlooking Smith's Creek. I can't think of any good reason for naming it thus. It is certainly not a mountain and it is not very likely that Sir Murray Anderson ever went there.

We have good reason to believe that the aborigines loved these high

places, and used the large areas of rock on the ridges for their ceremonies and carved on them birds, animals, fish and representations of their deities. If any new names are to be chosen for water falls or creeks in the Chase, therefore, they should be native names.

I have been told by the historian of the Lands Department that some new names have been submitted but that if bush walkers care to make any suggestions they will receive consideration.

In conclusion, does anyone know the whereabouts of a cave of Red Hands near Euro Trig. Station above the Basin. Is it north, south, east or west of the cairn?

THE END OF THE DROUGHT - MARCH 1941

Marie B. Byles.

I have heard the sound of many rushing waters
In the mountains, and they sang a song of pain,
A sad song of waiting and of longing and of sighing,
And of endless damp persistent sobbing rain.

But tonight the rushing of the many waters
Sings a song of grand triumphant pealing joy,
And the frogs and the crickets cease their croaking voices,
And the rain it seems it cannot ever cloy.

The sad mopokes even cease their rhythmic droning,
And the moon and stars hold back their silver light -
All, all are bowed before the grand thanksgiving anthem,
Joy of many waters calling through the night.

And the voice of many rushing waters falling
Has the mastery from the greatest to the least,
For it sings the end of years of death and terror,
And of misery for man and plant and beast.

"DONNA BUANG"

A letter from Dot English.

There seems to be a little misunderstanding down here that when I have wailed publicly in the Sydney Bushwalker about the amount of inactivity I have been indulging in lately in the way of walking, I have implicated the Melbourne Bushwalkers. Which is far from being the case. The keen members of that club are out regularly in all weathers - hail rain or snow - and the fact that I myself have temporarily renigged in favour of cycling must not be taken as an indication that the M.B.W. doesn't walk. It sure does.

To all my various friends in the S.B.W. who wrote to me on the occasion of my birthday just recently passed I would like to say thank-you. It was great to get your greetings. Talking of birthdays, you must hear this one. I was out camping last week-end and there was a young lad there who had just celebrated his 21st birthday. He was telling us about a previous trip he had done, when unfortunately his party had been held up considerably by an elderly woman. "You shouldn't have taken an elderly woman with you," said I, "when you knew it was going to be a strenuous trip." Here his cobbler added a little bit more to the story. "She was 28", he said. 28! Elderly! Ye gods! After that I guess most of us might as well consult an undertaker and start making arrangements for our future cold-storage.

Had a great time last week-end. On Wednesday the papers recorded a very heavy fall of snow on the highlands, which was easy enough to believe as I had ridden to work that morning through a bonza hail-storm. I got quite expert at catching the hailstones as they bounced in my mouth, and as a result of dilly-dallying about I arrived somewhat late to work.

I couldn't dig up anyone to come away with me to Donna Buang, our nearest snow mountain, as my friend Maudie is laid low with measles as a result of having recently taken to vegetarianism and health-food diet, and nobody else could get the necessary time off. (As there are no trains on Sundays it meant getting back late Monday morning). So I went by myself. An early train on Saturday morning took me to Warburton, a lovely little township set in green meadowlands full of little white frisking lambkins, some 45 miles from Melbourne. From there a steep mountain track leads direct to the summit of Denna, about 6 miles up and up and up the hillsides which had been heavily timbered until the disastrous bushfires of 1938 set the whole of Victoria and N.S.W. ablaze, killing off all the tall Eucalyptas. There they stand, clean white dead trunks stretching up into the blue sky, and in among them the secondary growth of wattle, which has sprung up after the burning, shows bright green and gold.

As I didn't expect to be able to do anything in the way of mountain climbing in Victoria I left my good climbing boots in Sydney, and am practising austerity in a pair of sandshoes with the soles almost off. However I didn't have to put on any footwear till I got to the snow level, then about half-a-mile of running over the snow between bare patches convinced me that maybe the time had come to wear out the soles of my sandshoes a little further, so I donned same and by walking briskly through the foot deep snow cape that clothed the tops I managed to keep sufficient circulation going to prevent them getting cold, and when I got to the top I put on a pair of socks as well and they served their purpose admirably. There was a little young dog up

there padding around in the snow in his bare feet and quite enjoying it, and what a dog can do surely we can have a shot at doing too. Think what an advantage it would be if you didn't have to bother about boots in the alps. I remember on one occasion when climbing in N.Zealand we all took our boots, etc., off on the summit of one of the 10,000 ft. snow mountains so as to sunbake for a couple of hours on the warm rocks in the glorious sunshine, and it struck me at the time that if someone's boots happened to skid away for a few thousand feet down an ice slope and finish up in an inaccessible crevasse, what a sticky time said person would have trying to get down without them. It would call for quite a spot of ingenuity, yes? I should imagine something approaching near panic would set in - like a hermit crab suddenly finding himself without his shell.

But I digress. Where was I?

There was a most magnificent view from the summit of Donna (4,000 odd ft.) From a lookout tower some 80 or 100 ft. high the whole of the Main Range could be seen, completely snow-covered - parts of Buffalo, Mt. Feathertop, Buller, Bogong High Plains, and what we think was Kosciusko (I have yet to check that up, but it was in the right direction).

About 20 lads with their skis were rushing up and down the three cleared runs on the slopes. A small party occupied the University Ski Club hut, a nicely furnished little place, complete with the traditional tap just above the mantelpiece, connected with a keg outside where the beer was kept in the great outdoors atmospheric cooler. Another party had taken over the Alpine Ski Club hut which had bunk-room for about 40 (double-bunking), and room again for at least 50 more on the floors - it is a two-storied hut. The place is a hive of activity in good seasons in the days B.P.R. (Before Patrol Rationing), but there were only a handful there on this occasion.

I took up my abode right on the summit of the mountain, in a little tin shed, complete with a wooden floor and a great big roaring log fire-place. I shared with two other young lads who had just graduated out of the Scouts and they were thrilled to death to hear all about N.Z. climbing country and our Blue Mountains. They kept me talking all the week-end about it - most enthusiastic little beggars. We ate round the blazing eucalyptus fire and slept in a luxury of warmth in front of it, while outside the full moon shone on a world of white. It reminded me very strongly of the happy hut days of a few years back when I was holidaying in our little green sister isle.

I have solved the problem of the Victorian weather; all you have to do is get high enough and there is the sunshine. All the Melbourne mist and murk hung about a thousand feet below, while the tops (and us who inhabited them) were bathed in sunshine. I didn't feel like going to town at all, but some of the boys had a spare seat in their car so I accepted the offer and got back about 10 p.m. Sunday. Already there are great plans ahead for another visit next week-end.

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SPEAK NOWOR FOREVER HOLD YOUR PEACE!

by Marie B. Byles.

Youth Hostels are coming to New South Wales. Maybe you welcome them; maybe you do not. It does not matter. What does matter, and what you can control if you take the trouble, are the places where they are to go. The following places are being suggested to the Youth Hostels Committee, What you do think about them?

Dillon's Farm between Patonga and Woy Woy, Era, Manly Reservoir, the place on the divide between Middle Harbour and Cowan Creek near the French's Forest Road, are the immediate projects.

A long range scheme includes: Farms in the Killcare-Kincumber area; and Miss Hulme of Putty Beach and Mr. Dunlop of Little Beach are being approached also; Kuringai Chase and the boarding house at Flint and Steel Bay may be approached, also the Trust for the use of the Trust's cottage at Towler's Bay; Patonga and use of camp lodges.

Longer periods aim at youth hostels in the Burragorang Valley, Kangaroo Valley, Barrington Tops, Skyline tour of Main Dividing Range, Hawkesbury River, Northern Lakes, Lake Macquarie, use of alpine huts for skiing.

Speak Now! or forever hold hold your peace!

ROADLESS AREAS

Another thing you can do, is to set forth in writing your proposals as to what areas should be kept roadless. Please give parish and county as well as locality, and if possible accompany with a map.

It is probable that a committee will be established in connection with the National Fitness campaign to divide areas into roadless and tourist areas as has long been advocated by the N.P.P.A.C. If so, what you send in will be placed before it.

If you are not willing to help, well, don't come along afterwards with complaints, or even suggestions.

Write now! Map now! Or forever hold your peace!

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS THANKFULLY RECEIVED BY THE WRITER.

DON'T THINK ALL FOLKS IS LOWBROW
 WITH NO BEAUTY IN THEIR SOULS
 EF THEY DON'T STAND THERE AGAPIN WITH
 THEIR EYES AS BIG AS BOWLS
 AT SOME MASTERPIECE OR CANVAS
 IN A MILLYUN-DOLLAR HALL
 'CAUSE THEY MAY BE USED TO REAL ONES
 BY THE MASTER OF THEM ALL.

THE LEGEND OF LAMINGTON NATIONAL PARK - JACK DEBERT.

(From a book on Lamington, prepared by Qld. Forestry Dept).

Back in the Dawn of Creation, Mount Wanungara, the Queen of the Mountains, had twin daughters, Princess Tooloona and Princess Caningera, who with silver laughter leapt and played in spray and foam throughout the ages, growing with the passing of Time in a playground of changing forests; until the day came when they wished to run away from their Mother, Wanungara, each to seek a husband. Each had heard from the rare North Wind of young Jamborin, a bold mountain twenty miles North, overlooking the blue waters of the Ocean, and already nearly wedded to the dashing foaming Koomoroo Princesses, daughters of Illimbah and Hobwee, who were a little older.

Princess Tooloona and Princess Caningera thought if they could force their way out between Jamborin and the sea they would also take the waters of Jamborin and the Koomoroo Princesses, and carry them all to the Ocean where existed peace and reward.

But Queen Wanungara had other ideas. For ages she had watches across a great valley of trees to Mount Nimbin; and she wished her daughters to go that way to the Ocean, for Nimbin was lonely and isolated, though majestic and proud. Throughout the years Queen Wanungara thus created rain and wind and flood, which gradually beat her, and secretly helped the young Princesses to carve their way North instead of South, so that the time came when Queen Wanungara, in her most violent eruption of wrath and despair, frightened them together, and they joined as one, and in full flood raced wildly North, trying vainly to cross the barrier of hills to the East, beyond which the Koomoroo Princesses had flooded for centuries and gone down past Illimbah, over the spreading feet of young Jamborin, Eastward to the Ocean.

But young Jamborin remained faithful to the Koomoroo Princesses who had washed his feet for so long. Drenched by the echo from Queen Wanungara's torrential wrath he sent his flood waters racing Eastward into the valleys to feed the Princesses from Koomoroo, and only the sweat of his back rolled Westward.

And now the Mountains and Rivers and Valleys have grown very, very old. Today you may stand on old Tamborine's (Jamborin's) Southern shoulder and see the valleys of the Coomera (Koomoroo) and Canungra (Caningera) carved by the ages so deep that there can be no turning back or joining together. The Coomera River takes most of the Tamborine (Jamborin) waters and quickly reached the ocean while the Canungra meanders slowly away west of Tamborine.

High up in the middle of the Lamington National Park you may stand and watch gnarled old Wanungara, still gazing out at lonely Nimbin, with the strong South Wind often blowing her hair back through the ancient Beech Trees, to carry a tale of sorrow to the two Princesses, -- Tooloona and Caningera -- who are still running away, and always will.

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"V.D.C. or not, I reckon you've carried your ideas on camouflage a bit too far this time, Coffrey!"

(Note: The fauna is the property of Emile Mercier, but we feel sure he would not object to it being of service to Bushwalkers.)

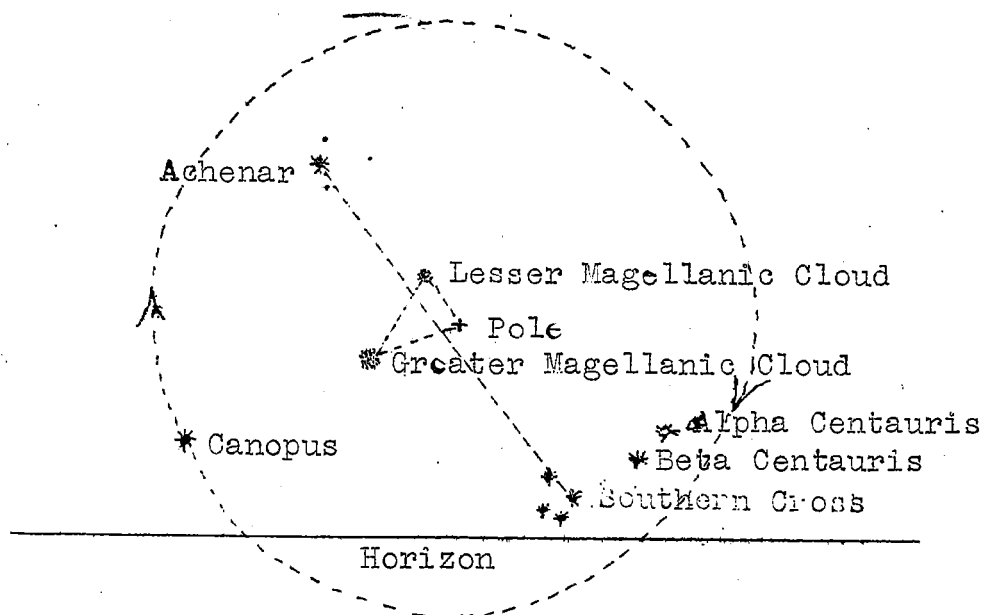
THE SOUTHERN SKY by "CANOPUS"

Apart from the Southern Cross, the Southern sky contains no striking constellations, nor is there any mythology relating to this region. This is for the very simple reason that the ancients lived too far north to see this part of the sky. But there are some very brilliant stars there. The region contains Canopus, the second brightest star; Alpha Centauri, the third brightest star, and Achenar, the ninth brightest star. The brilliant Canopus is a great distance away and is probably of enormous size and luminosity. The region also contains the Magellanic clouds. These look like wisps of the Milky Way that have floated away from the main mass and this is, in fact, believed to have been their origin. Like the Milky Way they are composed of a great number of stars, clusters and nebulae. They were first fully described by Magellan, hence their name.

All the stars in the diagram move around the South Celestial pole, making a complete circle in a year. Most of them are visible all the year. (They will be in the position shown below at 9 p.m. on 6th November 1942).

There are three easy ways of finding the pole:

- (1) By projecting the vertical axis of the Cross three and a half times its own length.
- (2) It forms a nearly equilateral triangle with the Magellanic clouds.
- (3) It is about half way between Beta Centauri and Achenar.



LETTERS FROM THE LADS AND LASSES

Letters this month received from:-

Jack Debert	- S.B.W.	David Martin	- Y.M.C.A.
Dick Schofield	- S.B.W.	W.R.Wood	- Rover Ramblers
Alf Watts	- S.B.W.	John Green	- Y.M.C.A.
Doug McKellar	- Rucksack		

DICK SCHOFIELD: I am right in the centre of a spot of "toughening up" at present with the Armoured Division and this is my first opportunity for a few weeks to pen a line. One thing is certain - the Army doesn't cater for a true Bushwalker appetite. Our rations always seem to be short and whenever we halt in the field there is always a frantic chasing after rabbits to supplement the rations. I've seen a flock of 10,000 sheep driven into our bivouac area and simply vanish. Hard to believe isn't it? I hope that I may drop in and see you all sometime soon if I get any leave, and renew friendships and perhaps listen to a few yarns and the latest club scandal.

CPL. WILLIAMS of the Y.M.C.A. Ramblers writes: "It was most pleasant to receive your envelope containing two selections from S.B.W. Annual Photo Exhibition. Here in New Guinea they brought back memories of cool gullies, and shady creeks, and I dwelt for some minutes on pleasant hours spent among the exhilarating air of our own Blue Mountains.

I must confess ignorance, however, of the location of the Elabana Falls and if perchance I am fortunate enough to receive another communication from you I should be glad if you would explain just where it is.

New Guinea is a place of hills and mountains and they commence right at the coast. I understand that on the first range of mountains, scenery similar to that of our Blue Mountains can be viewed, but I have not yet had the opportunity of journeying in that direction so I cannot give you my own opinion. On the other side of this range is the well known Owen Stanley Range which rises at its highest point to 13,000 ft.

Within the region of my own activities I have seen a type of wallaby or small kangaroo (I express the doubt because of the finely shaped head of the animal), and also what is known commonly as the New Guinea Kookaburra which is similar to our own "Kooka" except that it is smaller and has blue coloured wings, however, the cry of this bird is not at all like our own, it is a raucous jumble of noises and sometimes nearly gets that laugh we know so well, I've an idea that if we imported one of our own birds we would soon teach them how to laugh in the conventional manner."

JACK DEBERT: "At the moment I am on some organising work before joining my squadron. It is great fun--building up something from nothing. I made this damp-site near a small pass. The prevailing winds come in over that pass, and it is usually a very cooling and refreshing breeze. As the sun gets higher the mosquitoes go to bed--or to places where mosquitoes go when the sun comes up.

About 8 o'clock last night we rode down to a nearby camp for a shower. The performance the little cows of mosquitoes put up was nobody's business. They dive bombed and did everything while we were under the shower and drying ourselves. Early morning and late evening we trick them by getting into overalls.

There's tons of work to do, but it's real camp life--the sort I love.

There are all sorts of things to arrange for--tent sites, holes for latrines. The kitchen is nearly completed and the messing hut for the men is all but finished."

FEDERATION NOTES.

Dealing with the C.M.W.'s letter opposing the erection of a Youth Hostel at Little Marley, it was decided to suggest an alternative site to the Youth Hostels Association. Delegates felt that Little Marley was too close to Bundeeva and suggested somewhere on South-west-arm Creek near Flat Rock Crossing as being much more suitable. Delegates were asked to get rulings from their clubs before next Council meeting as to their clubs' attitude to Youth Hostels generally.

The Editor of "The Bushwalker", No.6 reported progress: Everything was ready for printing and the Publication Committee had that day received the necessary permission to publish a magazine this year.

The President reported with great regret that the V.D.C. Guide and Reconnaissance Corps had been disbanded. The military authorities claimed it was serving no useful purpose, and they had dispensed with the services of the part-time members, (who had never been attested) and of the O.C., who had been censured for exceeding his authority by issuing rail warrants to men who had not been attested and enrolled in the V.D.C. by the powers-that-be! Another very regrettable feature was that those members who had attested for full time duty in the Guide and Reconnaissance Corps had been transferred to guard and garrison duty. The question of a protest was discussed but the decision was that it was inadvisable to take any action.

It was decided to revive and re-organise the Search and Rescue Section so as to provide for the increasing number of inexperienced walkers, to make use of the work and knowledge of the G. & R.C. to provide a group of bushwalkers available at short notice if needed in a national emergency.

AT OUR OWN MEETING

One new member, Miss Grace Moroney, was welcomed into the Club. Roly Cotter's resignation from the office of Vice-President was accepted with regret.

Marie Kinsella was elected as a delegate to the Youth Parliament in place of Joyce Kennedy, who is unable to attend the next meeting.

The Services Committee is busy sending parcels to the lads for Christmas. It is still in need of magazines.

The attitude of the Club to Youth Hostels was then discussed (see Federation notes). In opening the discussion Alex Colley put the question "Why do youths need hostels?" He said that the idea of Youth Hostels came from Europe. In Europe they were a necessity because most of the land was privately owned and not available for camping, because firewood was scarce and fires often forbidden, and because the climate was cold and wet. Here there was plenty of land available for camping, fires could be lit in most places and the climate was mild and sunny. Bushwalkers disliked being shut off from the trees and sun by walls and a roof, and sharing cramped quarters with a number of others whom they may never have met before. But, if youths desired hostels, Bushwalkers should co-operate with the Hostel movement in the same way as they did with the N.R.M.A. - so long as the cause of conservation was furthered. He therefore

moved "That this Club supports Youth Hostels, provided that hostels are not placed in areas suitable for primitive reserves."

In seconding the motion Myles Dunphy said that the M.T.C. had considered Youth Hostels from two aspects, that of the necessity for Youth Hostels and that of the situation of hostels. It was in favour of establishing Youth Hostels, but only in suitable areas. He pointed out that the only primitive part of National Park is around Little Marley, where it is proposed to build the first hostel. A hostel needs fuel and goods, therefore vehicular traffic is necessary, and a track or road must be made. The timber around would soon go. 20 people for one week would use up all the timber in the vicinity. A hostel was for people who did not want to become Bushwalkers.

Dorothy Lawry pointed out that many of the hostel users would probably become bushwalkers, and Mr. Grose, a visitor from Melbourne, said that there were 300 people in the Victorian hostels movement and that there had been a definite increase in new members of walking clubs as the result of the hostel movement.

Mouldy Harrison drew a distinction between primitive areas and parks with roads and other improvements. National Park was wanted as a primitive area park. For this reason Era, which was well placed for a short week-end trip, was a better site than Little Marley. He thought that the Youth Hostels Movement and the Bushwalking movement would remain separate. This was so in Europe, where the campers were distinct from the hostel users.

Laurie Rayner said that walkers in Europe, who have to carry fuel, only carry a tent if they have to. Youth Hostels were for people commencing their walking career. We should offer them a helping hand. We should send a bushwalker to the hostel every week end to organise walks and teach bushcraft. We should not be snobs and keep them out of our garden because they don't know anything about bushwalking.

Wal Roots said that the hostels movement will give recruits to the Bushwalking movement if we adopt the right attitude towards it. If we were to get behind the movement we could decide where the next hostel would be placed, and there would be no need to make any stipulations about primitive areas.

Charles Jones said that the main point to consider was that hostels would bring people out of the city and into the bush. Hostels were not designed for bushwalkers.

Ray Kirkby said that there was already accommodation for those who wanted to do walks in places close to Sydney. Hostels should be put in worth while places so enabling people who did not want to carry packs to do interesting walks.

Marie Byles said that she thought the Hostels Movement was anxious for a lead from the Bushwalking movement, 5 of the 10 members of the Youth Hostels Committee were bushwalkers and could exert a determining influence on the placing of hostels. She therefore moved that the second portion of the motion be amended to read "provided the Federation has some say in their management and location". The amendment was carried. The motion was then put and carried.

Alex Colley then moved that the motion of the last General Meeting, approving of the erection of a hostel at Marley should be rescinded. The rescinding

of this motion was approved by the meeting. It was also resolved that members should be acquainted with other proposed hostel sites and the matter be discussed at the next meeting (See article on page 7).

INNOCUOUS ITEMS

Quite a lot of old bushwalkers were present at the Services Committee Concert on Friday 23rd October. Charles Kilpatrick the first Club Secretary brought along several Mountain Trails Club members. They hurried through their meeting in order to be present. Several clubs were represented, Coast and Mountain Walkers, Rucksacks, Rover Ramblers etc. "House full" sign was hung out early in the evening and after the door was shut members and visitors were fleeced to the extent of £11.

The S.U.D.S. staged "The Blister" by E?Drake-Brockman, a one-act play of life in the raw in a North Australian town; a play of passions and pearls where the no-class girl with the heart of gold sacrificed her happiness for the sake of the man she loved-(several steps above her in the social scale). It was a pleasure to watch a play so well acted and well produced.

We would like to offer our congratulations to Edgar Yardley for his portrayal of the hard ruthless captain of the pearling lugger. It was for this piece of characterization that Edgar was recently awarded the British Drama League Cup for the best male actor.

From the rude, crude stark realism of passion and pearls we were wafted to the delightfully sweet land of make-believe-the land of Faerie and Frolic-where little girls and little boys with all their illusions still clinging to them, sang Dainty Little Ditties which took us way back to the Kindergarten. But now we can understand why Miss Muffett always had such an appeal even in those far off days. Frills! What Frills! But-----usen't Miss M. wear them round the ankles Joan?

Joan Savage told us the story of the Holly Tree and the Christmas Bells --, a tale which stirred the heart of even the most hardened Bushwalker present. A few surreptitious sniffs were heard and even the strong and stalwart Morrie Stephenson was seen to wipe away a tear.

Who said the elephant never forgets? Well we believe it now. Our dancing Jumbo tricked us completely. Next time we'll bring along our favourite white mouse and watch the effect.

Next came the Mill Girl. The story of a cunning plot which did not come off. True love won the day and virtue brought its own reward. But surely even the poor, ignorant mill-girl might be told that the darning needle is now a weapon of war.

R.L.Paynes' singing and Marjorie McDonald's dancing added to the pleasure of the evening while Frank Duncan's Wal Roots's Act "The Golden Fleece" completely justified the title.

Mr. & Mrs. Fred Svensen have a son, we give them our blessing. It is with no little interest that we learn that Grace Edgecombe is sewing a table centre!!! If she starts a supper cloth we may be able to tell you something. More congratulations to Edith Findlay and Bill Watson who were recently married and Lola Bennett and John Manson who were married last Wednesday.

IMPORTANT DATES

FOR

YOUR SOCIAL CALENDAR

NOVEMBER 27th (Friday) MISS ESME BROWN will tell us of her experience in

"FIJI TO-DAY".

28th/29th FEDERATION RE-UNION - Don't miss it!

DECEMBER 18th (Friday) CHRISTMAS PARTY - at the CLUB ROOM.

Let us see what you forecast as the Bushwalking outfit of
TWENTY YEARS AFTER RATIONING.

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YOU CAN NEVER TELL !

Recently an Allied Nations Naval Officer walked into the shop. We were busy demonstrating waterproof sleeping bags to a couple of soldiers.

When it came to the A.N.N.O. (Allied Nations Naval Officer) we wondered what he wanted. Naval men don't go in for camping gear as a rule. He explained that ordinarily he slept in his bunk below but when it was hot he liked to rig up a temporary bed on deck and sleep there. Thinking something good and solid would suit the Navy, we showed him all the heavy weight duck bags we had about the place, but imagine our surprise when he picked out a "Paddymade" Midget Tent - the feather weight tent cum groundsheet cum mosquito net and "reckoned that was just about his speed".

You can never tell what folks will choose - yet you can be sure of

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