

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

A monthly Bulletin of matters of interest to the Sydney
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Editor:	Ron Knightley.	Bus. Manager:	Maurie Berry.
Assists:	Elsa Isaacs	Production:	Brian Harvey.
	Noel Barden.	Assist:	Peter Price.
Illustrations:	Dennis Gittoes.	Sales & Subs.	Jean Harvey.

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ON THE BEACH

- Ardennes.

Stretch out your hand,
cool from the touch of the sea,
stretch out your hand to me.
Here on the sand
lay your loved body down
beside me, slim and brown,
and let the benison
of summer sun
descend, and bring content,
nay, ecstasy.

In silence lie,
and with our heads low bent
receive the sacrament,
the large communion
of earth and sea and sky.
From these, blest trinity,
pure streams of healing run -
the chalice of the sun
brims golden wine,
so come, drink deep, drink long;
and in the saving torrent, harsh with brine,
cure the soul's wrong.
Lie still, lie still, and rest
upon the earth's warm breast,
and rise renewed and strong.

Lifers?

A discussion on the question, "Should we have Life
Membership," by the bush(ed) philosophers,
Socrates & Anopheles.

Socrates: Consider the Bushwalkers, O Anopheles, in form so like humans, to the common man mere persons, distinguished only by a propensity to seek out the rough and stony places shunned by men of reason. Yet withal, persons of infinite variety.

Anopheles: To me, they all look passing similar, differing from the untutored savage only in the possession of the latest accessories of light-weight camping.

Socrates: Indeed, no, Anopheles. They may look similar as they cower beneath their groundsheets when the elements team about their heads; but their varieties are legion and distinct, and their social structure governed by rituals most complicated, as is shown in the Constitution, or Schedule of Rites. They are divided into the active, the not-so-active, the non-active, the financial, the unfinancial, the legally unfinancial (or Honorary), not to mention the prospect, the suspect, and the "annual" variety who, like a God, speaks but once a year---at the Ides of March. Observe that these distinctions are based upon money, activity or loquacity. Honour, it would seem, has no place in their morality.

Anopheles: Why should it? They do not walk for honour.

Socrates: Quite so, Anopheles; but they do not only walk. And I think that in their lives they are not without virtue; nor are they beyond redemption.

Anopheles: That's what you think--er--I mean, thy analysis may be correct.

Socrates: Yes, if thou perusest their Constitution thou shalt find in Clause 5 subsection (f) thereof that their virtues, though not seven, are at least threefold. Which puts them three up on the barbarians.

Anopheles: Of what three virtues dost thou speak?

Socrates: It is written that those who aspire to be translated from suspect to the felicity of Membership shall have sociability, stamina and regard for the Club's welfare.

Anopheles: Herein I differ. These are not virtues, but rather conditions laid down for the exclusion of those who might prove disagreeable to members. Honour is based on different premises.

Socrates: In part thou art right; they may include sociability and stamina for this reason. But yet one virtue remains, so that they are only six-sevenths savages. Regard for the Club's welfare is surely a virtue?

Anopheles: What, O poser of riddles, does regard for the Club's welfare mean? I have heard said that it means not making unseemly noises in trains.

Socrates: Thy view is dim, O Anopheles. Does not regard for the Club's welfare mean doing the Club's work? And does not this work fall always on the shoulders of the willing few who give of their time and labour for the benefit of many?

Anopheles: It would be virtue if it brought no reward.

Socrates: And does it bring reward? To me, there seems but little recompense, and I feel that those who show outstanding zeal should be compensated therefor.

Anopheles: It's rewards are many, O Soc. There is pleasure in cooperative effort and the good-fellowship that ensues, in the interest of the job---and most of the work is interesting---and, for those who like it, in the awe of the Prospectives. Even the Members sometimes respect the Committee.

Socrates: These sentiments may move some to take office, but often the cares of their tasks outweigh the pleasures you catalogue. Indeed there are many who continue only by reason of the constancy of their natures, because they feel that work may be poorly done when they resign, and they continue long after interest has waned. This labour goes unrewarded. Surely the work of these is worthy beyond the bounds of thy definition?

Anopheles: There may be some who fit thy description, but, as Hartigan has said, is it really necessary? Is there any reason at all why, as a club of more than 300 members, there should not be enough hands readily to perform all the allotted tasks? Why should one, or a few, do so much that they are wearied by the task?

Socrates: My dear Anopheles, shall we run our lives on pure necessities? Shall we divorce all sentiment, all show of gratitude? As for there being "enough hands", dost thou not remember how, quite often, when the President has asked for nominations for some position there has been silence; that when he went further, and asked for volunteers, silence has again fallen, until at last some member from among the willing few has at last got up and volunteered to take on just another job that others were unwilling to do?

Anopheles: The truth of thy observations is irrefutable. But it was not always so. Six years ago it was considered an honour to work on the Committee. The more onerous tasks were divided up so that the joys I have enumerated might be suffused among the many.

Socrates: The prolific help of the past cannot run our club to-day.

Anopheles: All observation is of the past. If we do not learn from the past, let us quit philosophy at once.

Socrates: Last year is the past, and there were difficulties then.

Anopheles: There have been, and there will be difficulties, but they will become less now that people have more leisure.

Socrates: Presumably you infer that the war curtailed the time that could be devoted to walking and its manifestations; then how did our membership increase during the years of turmoil?

Anopheles: Membership may have grown, but I entreat thee to recall that perhaps half the club was either at the war or labouring prodigiously. The art of walking was almost forgotten.

Socrates: One and a half time has the earth pursued its orbit since Mars re-ascended from Earth, yet recently when a representative was required for the Federation Reunion Committee, one was chosen whose shoulders were already bowed by two Herculean tasks. Surely some of the leisured could have carried the burden?

Anopheles: One at least would have done so--one who had been away at the war.

Socrates: That point is thine--shall we say there will be sufficient for the labours. But thou has said that it was an "honour" to work on Committee; thou wilt concede that the "club's welfare" makes some inroads upon their leisure. Might not those who labour be rewarded by a manifestation of gratitude? Might not that gratitude be shown by conferring upon such people (the chosen few who have laboured most diligently), "Life Membership?" After all, it is a practice in most sporting and other societies to confer this token honour upon special people.

Anopheles: I recoil from the prospect! Consider the invidious task of the committee going through the membership list and distributing the halos.--he is worthy--he is not. How on earth or in heaven could they draw the line between the worthy and the unworthy? Consider, too, the feelings of those whose particular friends were turned down. And the feelings of those who were judged not quite worthy. At first it might be done in good faith. But such is the frailty of human purpose that soon the easy course would be taken--that of admitting all who were proposed, because none would incur disfavour by suggesting that so-and-so did not really do quite enough to be admitted to the band of the chosen. No, as I have said before, Bushwalkers join the club, not for honour, but for the non-competitive recreation of walking and the cheer of good company. What work they do brings its own reward. So long as they take an active part in the Club's affairs they have their reward.

Socrates: "Such is the frailty of human purpose"---shall we not give thanks to those who are not frail? "Consider, too, the feelings of people whose friends" stand for the Presidency and are turned down; the feelings of those who stand for any of the seven major offices and are deemed not worthy. Life has its disappointments, my friend. And as to taking the "easy course," is Committee to be accused of "frailty of purpose?" We could prevent the admission of all who were proposed by conferring life-membership on, say, not more than three per year. Bushwalkers join "for the non-competitive recreation of walking"--and yet, "six years ago," there were often several candidates for a vacancy. Is this not competition?

Anopheles: It is if we place the committee in a class apart. But, fortunately for our very democratic club, this has never occurred. What respect the committee was accorded was based on popularity and efficiency as committee members. What else could a club worker want?

Socrates: It is probably a great feature of those who do the most that they would ask the least by way of token reward. But I do feel that it would be a pleasant gesture if some people each year were accorded gratitude by election to life-membership. If we do not trust the Committee, then we could do it at the Annual Gneeral Meeting---which would give even the "annual" members a say!

Anopheles: It would not work, as present members would not know many of the people who have done most for the club and therefore would not vote for them. Why Bushwalking should be regarded as a life interest, I do not know. Normally, people join the club, walk for a few years, and then find other interests as they marry or grow older. This is as it should be. If they retain sufficient interest in the club, they will remain members or transfer to non-active membership. If they do not, they will remain good friends with their walking companions. Inevitably many life-members would never come near the club; why bother about them when they have lost interest?

Socrates: It would not work? It works with great accord elsewhere. The present members would not know who had done most? This is intended primarily for those who are doing most at any time, and the members do know these. As to bushwalking not being a life interest---there are many perennials in our midst. Those to whom we would show gratitude would be of this last kind.

Anopheles: No, my Socrates. I fear thy wisdom is no wisdom. As thou thyself hast said, those who do most ask little. Why should we embarrass them by a token gratitude? But let us not ramble in this wise for ever. Orion dips his sword at the ascension of the Scorpion, and it is time that thou and I were wrapt in slumber. Let us pursue this argument anon. Until then, goodnight.

Socrates: May thy shadow lengthen and thy tribe increase; may thy dreams be sweet and thy rewards for virtue manifold. Goodnight.

ERA DESERTA.

By "K.M."

For a variety of reasons I was not at the clubrooms during the month or so before Christmas, and was therefore completely in the dark as to holiday plans. Several members, encountered in the wild lunch-hour shopping scramble, shook their heads when I asked: Are you going to Era?

"No" they said, "but there's sure to be a good crowd".

"Yes, I suppose so" I answered, thinking of last year's tenement conditions, when cooking arrangements were so neighbourly that a flipped egg or beans sautés were just as likely to land in someone else's frying pan as in one's own.

Christmas Eve saw me, filled with goodwill and all set for conviviality, alight at Waterfall and scan the platform for familiar faces. Not an one. Not even the camel-like outline of the genuine bushwalker. Travellers there were, laden with impossible looking burdens, but they were definitely not bushwalkers.

Feeling a little dashed I boarded the bus in company with these outsiders, and from the Lookout descended the track alone.

Soon, I thought, I shall descry the bevy of tents upon the sward and ant-like figures engaged upon their lawful occasions. But the dress-circle was deserted; not a flicker of life up at Dead Horse; no cheerful smoke spiring on the still evening air. Ah, at last - a gleam of white - there was a tent beneath the palms. Closer inspection discovered two youths in residence, in another tent, uninhabited, set snugly amongst the lillipillies. Its owners were returning the next night, the lads informed me.

This then was the sum total of the population: three, at Era, on Christmas Eve.

Philosophically I made my way to my usual boudoir in the lantana thicket - designed originally, I understand by Dot Butler to accommodate herself and elder daughter. All was much as I had left it last January, but the scrub was fresher and greener than usual owing to the spring rains.

Darkness descended before I had finished my evening meal, and as Christmas Carols were obviously not to be expected, there was nothing to do but go to bed. The mosquitoes indeed indulged in rather more carolling than I cared about; a patter of rain-drops and a few stirrings of the humbler creation amongst the fallen leaves broke the stillness from time to time, but the night passed peacefully enough.

Christmas morning dawned clear, and the cantata of bird notes began - butcher birds, clear and beautiful, the Peter! Peter! of Jacky Winters, chirpings of blue wrens, crack of whip-birds, and crows very high and desolate, voicing their gloomy view of the universe.

I emerged from my lair pining to greet someone with "Merry Christmas!" but my two fellow-inhabitants were not yet abroad. I tried the conventional phrase on three rabbits nibbling the lawn near my front door, but they fled in alarm. I hailed a lizard as he darted out of the scrub, but one glance of his haughty eye told me that he was a gentleman of ancient lineage, owing fealty doubtless to that old serpent called Satan, but coldly indifferent to anything so new-fangled as Christmas festivals.

No, it was not a convivial scene: in fact I never remember having such a quiet Christmas; but two incidents made my visit to Era worth while. The first happened while I was dressing.

I gazed idly at an object on the leafy floor of my bedroom and recognised it as a hen egg. Strange, I thought, I should not have imagined there were domestic fowls hereabouts. As the old brain emerged from its morning mists, it dawned on me that the egg was part of my luggage. I examined it and found that it was cracked but not lost. The paper wrapping of it had disappeared. Its fellows, in a tin placed in the fork of a tree, were intact, but a paper bag containing macaroni, a slab of cheese and a package of salt, had vanished holus bolus. Certainly I had heard various rustlings in the night but nothing to indicate such a large-scale robbery.

I pictured rat pore lugging home his treasure-trove to the missus and kids, pointing out to them the succulence of the cheese and the excellence of the pasta - best quality, fatta all'uova. A Christmas dinner straight from heaven. I only regretted that he did not return the salt, as I felt sure it would be wasted.

The second incident was the thrilling vision of his grace the lyro bird, stepping delicately among the rocks as I went to fill my water-bag at the pool. He scratched unconcernedly for provender in the leafy mould, speaking an occasional word of cheer to his lady, similarly engaged at a little distance up the bank. For the first time in my life (and I am getting on now) I beheld this miracle of loveliness, with the famous tail streaming and gleaming in the morning light. Something unique in the way of Christmas presents, you will agree. Yes, decidedly this Christmas, 1946, was a memorable occasion.

Brer Fox.

(Extract from a letter by Mr. H. A. Lindsay, President of the Adelaide Bush Walkers.)

"We tender our sincere thanks for your aid and the many helpful things which you have sent us. The latest is a copy of your magazine for December. In it, however, the writer saw something which staggered him, to say the least. It was an account of how some Bushwalkers released a fox from a trap."

"The writer does not question the humanitarian motives which prompted the act, but takes this opportunity to point out that an act of that kind can have serious repercussions, to say the least. In the first place, there is the legal aspect -- if the Act is the same in N.S.W. as here, the man who set that trap has the law entirely wrong. Next, speaking as one who has always been interested in flora and fauna protection, I can state definitely that the fox is one of our biggest curses. It has almost exterminated the stone-plover, or curlew, from big areas of country. It is fast exterminating the lowan, or mallee hen. It aided in the extinction

of our prettiest wallaby, the Toolachi. It is playing havoc with many of our ground-nesting birds. It keeps down the wild ducks by killing the ducklings and it is an unmitigated pest to sheep men and poultry farmers. (The writer has seen more than a score of lambs killed in a single night for the sake of their tongues alone, and 200 hens killed by one fox in a single night.)

"Far worse than the ordinary fox is one which has lost a leg in a trap. After that, he is 'trap-shy' and, unable to hunt in the ordinary way, he is forced to kill easy prey, such as hens, for a living. I am afraid that your members' 'good-deed' is one which won't get a favourable reception from farmers or sheep-men."

"From the experience of the better part of a lifetime in the bush, I can state very definitely that it is wrong to interfere with any trapped animal, save to put it out of its misery -- even that can lay you open to trouble if the animal is being trapped for its fur, as lying dead in the sun can ruin the pelt commercially, although the S.P.C.A. will usually back you up if you can prove that the man who set the trap had neglected to visit it. Even when you find that opossums are being taken illegally, it is bad policy to do anything whatsoever save to inform the nearest Fisheries and Game Inspector or the Police. But to let our most destructive pest go free is something which cannot be condoned."

"The above is written in the hope that it will be taken in the spirit in which it is written -- an attempt to point out that something has been done which is a very serious mistake indeed and liable to react on the club as a whole."

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Jogging Along with Johnston

by "Skip"

My star being not in the ascendant, and I not being pleasant in the sight of the almighty gods of pecuniary dispensation my walk started from Leichhardt this summer's eve, some time after the train bearing my walking companions to be, had departed from Central. In my ignorance - also have I many things yet to learn - I was certain that some huge machine on at least eight and possibly ten wheels would bear me to Mt. Victoria in about half the time taken by the property of the New South Wales Government Railways. Still, fortune smiled fair upon me, and after having been exhorted in one vehicle "Not to remember the number plate" and having been plied with cigarettes and the offer of a furnished cottage, for six months in another, not forgetting the cove in the '28 model truck who must surely have obtained his licence in the U.S. and whose claim to have passed all six cars between Lapstone and Lawson was decidedly not to be denied. I found myself at Mt. Victoria station at midnight with a walk to the Falls still before me. This I accomplished and laid me down beside four non descript hummocks at the shed and slept.

In the morning said hummocks crystallised into human shape and form, there being one Doug Johnston and his friend Mac - another Doug I believe, and a Bernie and his friend with whom we conversed by many and varied means. The official leader presumably having had no notification from anyone was therefore not there. The Johnston bloke thereon became our guiding light and him we followed through thick and thin, mostly thick. This fine young fellow had had no intention of keeping to the official route anyway, and so it came about that four stalwart lads followed his footsteps into the unknown.

The official route is no good to this explorer in the making. So back along the road we go, and after much consulting of compasses and maps we strike off in a northerly direction following a ridge - the wrong one of course. It was pleasant walking, relieved by an occasional view, and brightened by a few wildflowers, mostly flannel flower. A short ridge this, as after about a mile it descended into the Grose. The steep side of one of them was surprisingly marshy, and beautifully green. We investigated a splash of red a little distance upstream and came upon an unforgettable colour combination of flaming bottle brushos, bright green grass, and a clear blue sky.

Following downstream the gallant band came upon some difficult terrain. We kept half way up the hillside, yet even here as often happens, life was one mad scramble. Further down I detached myself from the main party and staggered along a fairly steep but open slope, yet was it covered enough with growth to conceal many cunning pitfalls. The Grose I reached some little time after my companions, having had to negotiate a small cliff at the end.

I can't claim that the Grose was any improvement on its tributary. The river bed was one mass of jumbled rock and piled up vegetation. Yet if one took to the hills one found oneself fighting a losing battle against shale slopes and lawyer vine. And so, after much alternation between hillsides and gully we came upon Victoria Falls Ck.

O Happy Day! But such was not as yet to be. Our hero - that little man out there in front - decided that ease and luxury were not for such as we, that the thorny road was to lead us to redemption and Blue Gum. Truly a fine upstanding young fellow. He will go far, without me. However, by taking the track which ambles half way up the hillside we were well rewarded with the view of Mt. King George in the afternoon sun. And soon after this, O joy, we came back to firmer terra. Here the Grose slept in the last shadows of the afternoon, the tall pale blue gums standing guard without so much as a whisper between them. Further down, beside the fallen tree, near where the stream awakes and busies itself with the destruction of itself, we camped.

Of the few parties camping down there we were the last to leave. But this was of small matter as the official route had further been changed to encompass Govett's. Near the junction we called a halt and watched the Mac go a swimming. I should here make mention that we were now three, as Bernie and friend had departed earlier in order to get their coupon books or something of the sort. At the junction we did our duty and tidied up the small cave which some lowly animals had left in a disgusting state, and doused their fire. We met them later and had words with them, pitiable long panting sack-carrying objects.

And now we began to see our true form. On this never ending climb the party spread out and soon lost sight of one another. I was full satisfied at arriving second at Govett's. This, O my reader, was my first visit thereto, and thus you know my sentiments. Little water was coming over, and the slight wind broke it up and caused it to sway from one side to the other. There was a general dampness all about, and the disappearance of the sun behind the falls ended our after lunch spine bash. Happily we splashed up the track, dodging drops of water here and there and examining with delight the sundews, orchids and other little plants growing on the ledges and in various clefts and cracks. As I panted up the stairs I wondered at the pioneering spirit that made possible the entrance to the valley below.

At the top we held small conversation with a tourist type who didn't seem at all impressed with our experiences. In disgust we took the homeward road whereon we met some friends of Mac's and a St. Bernard who was exceedingly ill equipped. In Blackheath we came once more upon Bernie, and the four of us partook of various delicacies according to our individual tastes at a pleasant little cream and jam and scone shop of past acquaintance.

And so I took me to the road once more, and was duly set down near Grace Bros. after travelling the full distance on the leading truck of a pinch bar conveyer. Be seeing you.

Cycling From Albury to Hotham and Moruya.

by "M.G."

Victorian Tourist Bureau leaflets tell us of the immense possibilities of the North-East district, the pastoral and Agricultural activities. The Hume Reservoir is mentioned, which is ten miles from Albury, at the junction of the Murray and Mitta Mitta rivers. This point is referred to, as the gateway to glorious scenic tours, that have their climax in the heart of the Australian Alps.

With this information at hand, the writer left Albury one Saturday evening in December, intending to see this region for the first time. Cycling was chosen in preference to walking, because of the desire to travel five hundred miles in one week.

The road from Albury was followed through Wodonga, and thence up the valley of the fast flowing Kiewa river. Here is unfolded a typically Australian landscape, with green pastures, tree lined highways, golden wheatfields, in short, the real Australia that lies beyond the busy commercial life of million-peopled cities. Fifty miles of the Kiewa valley were seen before the road made the ascent to Tawonga Gap, look-out, running abreast of a giant electric transmission line, before descending to the Ovens River. In this locality, extensive pine forests are seen, with the rocky escarpments of Mt. Buffalo in the background.

The Ovens River was followed through Harrietville, after which the ascending mountain highway climbed a number of slaty ridges, which were timbered with mountain ash.

At the end of a twenty miles climb the road is known as the Alpine road, and twines round the heads of the Ovens, rising to over 6000 feet near the summit of Mt. Hotham. From Mt. Hotham Trig station, a superb cyclorama is seen, embracing mountain peaks too numerous to mention.

In the same locality, the Chalet was visited, and a breakfast of steak and eggs, much appreciated. Another point of interest was the huge telescope there, which enabled one to view the snow drifts on Feathertop and Bogong at close range. From the Chalet, Australia's highest through motor road now starts to descend in the direction of Omeo, in Gippsland. Crystal clear mountain streams are seen running among the basalt rocks and snow gums and here and there hereford cattle grazing on the snow grass.

Beyond Omeo, the main Dividing Range is crossed at Tongio Gap, and the excellent highway followed for miles down the Tamba River valley, eventually bringing the traveller to Gippsland Lakes Entrance. From this popular holiday resort, the Princes Highway embraced vast areas of thickly timbered country, with the grassy flats of the Snowy River at Orbost, a pleasant contrast.

Another attraction on the road northward was the fern tree gullies of

Euchre Creek Valley, while beyond Cann River came the scenic bushland of Drummer Mountain National Park.

After crossing the N.S.W. border, the town of Eden, on Twofold Bay was reached, and so the trip continued through Bega, Brogo Pass, Narooma, and Bodalla, to it's completion at Moruya.

That Man Again.

"Paddy".

Through Paddy's notes on Backyard Bushwalking, he has found a number of others interested in the propagation of native plants from seed. At a come-by-chance meeting of a group of enthusiasts it was agreed that it would be a good idea if an exchange were set up.

As a rule when a person gets seed he gets ~~far~~ more than he actually needs and would readily pass some on to a fellow enthusiast. Likewise if the germination is successful he has so many seedlings he doesn't know what to do with them. Paddy therefore suggests that a Mutual Aid group be formed (no meetings! no rules! no subs!). Its purpose being to pass on (free of cost) surplus supplies of native plants to interested persons. Those wanting seeds or plants or those who have them to spare are invited to communicate with Paddy. A portion of this page and a notice board in Paddy's shop will be available for the purpose.

Tips on methods of securing germination could also be swapped.

Here's one right now. Paddy has got some very healthy seedlings of Sturts Desert Pea. After several unsuccessful attempts involving scalding and soaking the seed he tried cutting through the hard imperious skin of the tiny seed by rubbing it on fine sandpaper. The effect was miraculous. Seeds which had remained hard after weeks of soaking swelled in a few hours and germinated readily. It now remains to be seen if the plants can be reared to maturity. More of this anon.

x x x x x x x x x x

In addition to the Willesden Japara tents Paddy mentioned last time, he has now got stocks of best quality white japara tents in stock sizes.

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Paddy Pallin

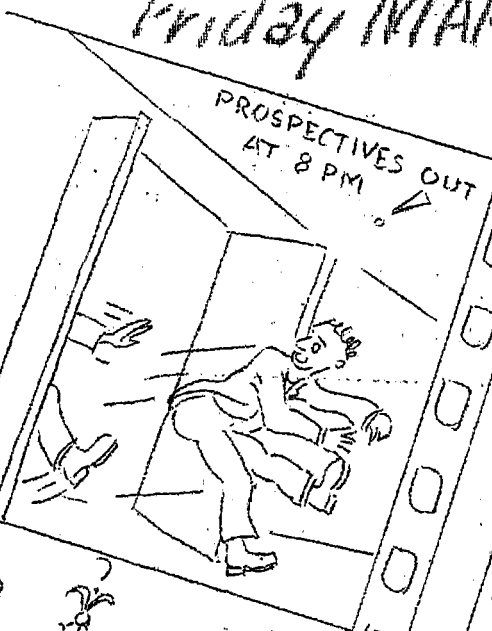
Camp Gear for Walkers.
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STORK STAKES: Bushwalker-production is still with us. Jean and Tom Moppett have a daughter, Nancy. A real light-weight effort, this: weight at birth, 6lb. 11ozs.

PREVIEW OF ANNUAL MEETING

Friday MARCH 4th

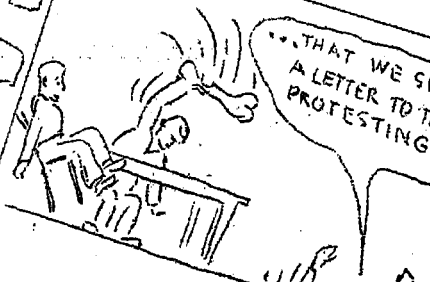
PROSPECTIVES OUT
AT 8 PM



JACK ROSE MAY HAVE A
TORRID TIME -
WONT SOMEONE volunteer
for ANY Job?

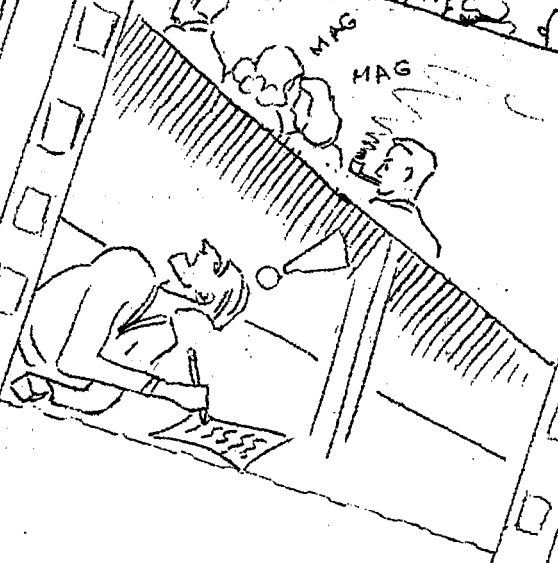


...THAT WE SHOULD WRITE
A LETTER TO THE NUDDISTS
PROTESTING...



THERE MAY BE KEEN COMPETITION FOR
PRESIDENCY THIS ELECTION

TREASURERS REPORT:-
SHOWING A DEFICIT OF \$500
PLUS AMUSEMENT TAX



GOSSIP.Wedding Bells.

On January 13th, Ray Birt became Mrs. "Peter" Page. This grand bushwalker event took place at Clifton Gardens, with the club's most popular "best man," "Mouldy" Harrison, and Dorothy Hasluck in attendance. They insisted that the bride wear her hat to cut the cake.

At Xmas, Vera Phillips, one of the club's earliest members, married Mr. Eska Riordan, an ex-P.O.W. Forestry Cadet. Is this an S.B.W. infiltration into the Forestry Commission?

Off to N.Z.

Mouldy Harrison is off again -- to New Zealand on a "business" trip. He assures us it is business, but we have authoritative information that he will be looking up Jack Hunter.

Jeane Mannell came down from Griffith, and for a time throw off the cares of the family, to pay a visit to the club.

Whilst walking through Tasmania, some Melbourne Bush Walkers gave voice to their admiration of the deep brown of Jenny's limbs. At first, a puzzled look fleeted across her face, but swift the lucid answer came: "Oh, I come from New South Wales!" Fine publicity this: to show the Victorians that ours is a land of darkness!

THE S.B.W. REUNION -- MARCH 15-16th.

Who has the Prize Dampers? Would the holders please return to club, as they are required for the Damper Contest. Place for Reunion will be fixed at February General Meeting.

At Garrawarra there's a hut with roof, floor and no walls. At Frenchman's Cap (Tas.), there's a counter-part with walls and no roof or floor! And Roley pitched his tent inside it! Is it cold in Tassie? You ask Roley! Indeed, to combat the "fifty-below" temperatures, he has decided to grow hair and beard!