

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER.

A monthly Bulletin of matters of interest to the Sydney
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EDITORIAL.

In an eddy of the muddled stream of Club business at the Annual Meeting, at a time when few had kept their heads above water and many had already sunk, we were elected Editor. This ill-considered action will have some regrettable consequences for readers. The worst of these will be that from now on you will have an editorial, in which you will be told what you should think. Should this provoke hostile comment, preferably in publishable form, it will be welcomed as evidence that someone has read the editorial. If there is no comment it will be assumed either that the readers are convinced, or that they don't care. In either case there is nothing you can do to stop it.

Unlike the previous Editor, who worked hard to provide literary entertainment, we will do nothing of the sort. Should contributions lag the editorial will become longer and longer. Rolling on like the sand dunes of the eroded West, it will darken page after page of your expensive paper, burying readers in its path.

There will be no refunds of subscriptions. Your only hope of confining the menace is to take up your pens and write.

OUR PRESIDENT.

Usually by the time a President is elected he is so well known to members that a write-up of this nature would be superfluous. But these are not usual times and most of the members who have been admitted since Tom joined the R.A.A.F. in 1941 probably do not know much of his earlier activities.

Tom was admitted to membership in Feb., 1935. He was made Treasurer in 1938 and Secretary in 1939. He remained Secretary till September 1940, after which Jean carried on the job. During this time he did a lot of walking in the Blue Mountains and other parts, including two long Christmas trips solo on Barrington and Kosciusko.

He was an enthusiastic skier and initiated many walkers into the sport. Together with Jean and Oliver Moriarty he skied from Kiandra to Kosciusko. The trip, most of which was done in severe blizzard, occupied 16 days, which was easily the longest period any party had spent travelling on the Main Range. Other holidays were spent at White's River Hut, Alpine Hut, Hotham and Buller. He visited Banff and Sunshine in the Canadian Rockies while abroad.

Tom enlisted in the R.A.A.F. in March 1941. He sailed for Canada in August 1941 and reached England in May 1942. As navigator he operated over Europe with Bomber Command in Lancasters and Mosquitos. By October, 1943 he had been promoted to the rank of Flight-Lieutenant. During his leave Tom found time to see quite a bit of Britain, mostly by bicycle, but including a week's rock climbing in the Snowdon area.

For his part in many successful bombing raids on enemy territory he was awarded the D.F.C. The citation described him as an exceptional navigator, whose skill, courage and devotion to duty had proved him to be an outstanding member of a gallant crew. His excellent directions resulted in the rescue of an aircraft crew forced down to sea. After further operational sorties he was awarded a Bar to the D.F.C. for his "outstanding reliability and coolness and navigational skill."

He was repatriated in Jan., 1946 and discharged in April, 1946. Since his return he has been busy with the establishment of a new business, whilst the arrival of Nancy Moppett has kept Tom and Jean at home for some months. But he is looking forward to some good walks and hopes soon to know all the members who have come into the Club since he went away.

We wish him all the best in his office and feel confident that the affairs of the Club are in good hands.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

About 94 members were present when the Nineteenth Annual General Meeting of the Sydney Bush Lawyers opened at 8 p.m. on Friday 14th March. About 10 more arrived later, complete with rucksacks, ready to go down to Era that night.

Early business proceeded smoothly. The Suspension of Standing Orders to enable the election of officers went through without discussion. Then followed the usual motion on the method of voting - preferential where there were more than two candidates for one office, otherwise "first past the post." Here Claude Haynes rose to the first point of order - preferential voting was not parliamentary procedure. The eyes of the old members glistened with fiendish delight as they savoured this foretaste of the feast to come.

In intervals between the election of the Committee, other Club business went on. It was announced that a Sworn Valuation of Lot 7, North Era had been obtained, and that it was hoped to obtain the Treasurer's consent to the sale. It was decided that, should such consent not be granted, the Club diplomats, Mouldy Harrison and Tom Herbert, should be asked to negotiate again with the owner, Mr. Ziems. It was reported, and confirmed at the re-union, that a large auto tent had been permanently erected on Stockyard Creek. The Committee was instructed to investigate and report back to the Club. Members were pleased to hear that the W.E.A. Ramblers had donated a guinea towards our camping lease.

The matter of the cattle nuisance in Garrawarra was raised, and it was resolved that there would be no objection to money from the fencing fund being used to erect cattle-proof fencing around existing or future wells. After the reading of the Federation Report, the peaceful murmur of conversation was stilled as Alex Colley dropped a heavy brick on the toes of the Federation delegates, by moving a vote of no-confidence in them, because of two motions they had proposed in the Federation meeting. The first of these recommended to the Trust that permission be granted for the erection of a surf shed in the Park. It had been defeated. The second recommended permission to campers and others to cut standing dead timber in the Park, and had been carried. Ron Knightley explained that the surf shed motion had been moved in the almost certain knowledge that it would be defeated, its purpose being to get a definite expression of opinion. The motion about timber cutting had been moved in the belief that no objection would be raised. Shortly afterwards the no-confidence motion, which, by the way was unparliamentary, was withdrawn, and instead, the attention of the delegates was drawn to a Club resolution requiring that, where possible, all policy matters should be referred to the Club before being decided in the Federation. Later in the evening it was resolved that, should the opportunity present itself, the timber cutting motion should be withdrawn in the Federation. It was believed that some other Clubs wished this motion to be rescinded.

Other business included the appointment of Dorothy Lawry as delegate to the Forestry Advisory Council and the determination of

4.
Subscriptions. These were fixed at the same level as last year - 10/- for those under 21 and 15/- for the rest.

By the time the "piece de resistance" of the evening - the constitutional amendments - was served, jaws and tongues were thoroughly loosened after the preliminary work-outs and members warmed to their task. Points of order were more numerous than the quills of the echidna. Allan Hardie's motion providing for a complete audit at each change of Club Treasurership was up-ended, amended, re-amended, torn apart, and passed in its truncated form - i.e. there will be a complete audit at each change of Club Treasurership.

Alex Colley's motion for dispensing with written notification of mid-year elections of Club Officers was passed without opposition, members shrewdly anticipating that opposition would provide him with an opening for another long speech. In future, notice of vacancies will be given at the Monthly General Meeting proceeding that at which the vacancy is to be filled.

The motion seeking to exclude past members from Honorary Membership never had a dog's chance.

Then came Ron Knightley's motion seeking to establish life-membership. The amateur lawyers entered into the fray with fanatical joy. No sooner had the first motion been launched than it was moved that both motions be taken together. After some delightfully complicated manoeuvres it was decided to take both together (we think). Then somebody moved an amendment. The point was raised that as the amendment entirely replaced the motion it was out of order. At this stage Jenny Felshow, like a lamb amongst the wolves, attempted to speak. After being ruled out of order four times she eventually made it known that she didn't think it fair to the new members to give Club privileges and votes to old members who might long ago have ceased to take an active part in Club affairs. The amendment was then mauled and mangled. Members rose to move the previous question, the closure, adjournment and everything but the furniture. The President, goaded beyond endurance, advised members to elect a constitutional lawyer to his office and invoked the shadow of Schedule A, (the substance being lost). The President-elect, sitting impassively at his side, did not flinch. In the end Wal Roots carried the day by referring the motion or motions, to a special Committee consisting of the President, the Vice-Presidents and the Club Solicitor.

The new Committee elected is shown below. Only one office was found difficult to fill, that of Auditor. Though Mr. D. Long was nominated, offensive murmurs about low finance caused him to decline the office with silent dignity. Alan Wyborn came to the rescue and took on this unglamorous job.

The meeting closed at 11.5 p.m.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS are 10/- for those under 21, 15/- for the rest. Give our hard-worked Treasurer a fair go and pay up as

THE COMMITTEE.

President	Tom Moppet	
Vice-Presidents	Arthur Gilroy	Alex Colley
Secretary	Hilma Galliot	
Assistant Secretary	Jess Martin	
Treasurer	Allan Hardie	
Social Secretary	Ray Kirkby	
Membership Secretary	Edna Garrad	
Walks Secretary	Phil Hall	
Committee	Peggy Bransdon Ron Knightley	Gweneth Roots Colin Lloyd
Federation Delegates (from 1st August, 1947)	Marie Byles Paul Barnes	Ron Knightley Laurence Rayner (to sit on Committee)
Substitute Delegates	Jean Harvey	Brian Harvey
Parks & Playground Delegate	Hilda Stoddart	
Auditor	Alan Wyborn	
Solicitor	Marie Byles	
Trustees	Messrs. J.V. Turner - W. Roots - M. Berry	
Literary Editor	Alex Colley	
Magazine Business Manager	Maurice Berry	

Official Walk or Geologist's Excursion? That is the question being asked about Russ Wilkins' trip up Cedar Creek. Skip, a famed geologist who has attended two lectures, and Colin, another equally famous studier of rocks who has attended four lectures, gave the party an ear-hash on the type of country traversed during the trip. The only trouble was that they were the only ones who knew what they were talking about!

LOST AT REUNION. One boy's cotton Speedo costume belonging to Grahame Armstrong. Bring it into the Club if you have found it.

ANNUAL REUNION 1947.By A Reuner.

The Reunion, held at North Era, was the usual seccess. There was such a large gathering of second generation Bushwalkers as to cause one old member to murmur apprehensively, "Soon we'll be finding ourselves outnumbered two to one by the young fry at general meetings." Every second tent you passed displayed either a line of napkins or a young toddler with Pa and Ma on a string.

Late Saturday afternoon saw hefty males reclimbing the hill-sides, to struggle down again under the weight of dead timber for the campfire. Everyone with foresight brought their tent poles and firewood down with them from the tops, as there is scarcely a dead twig to be found in the now verdant green valley.

The bus man from Waterfall co-operated nobly in bringing out the crowd, and there was not much waiting about. Some walkers, of course actually walked, but I didn't meet any of them. Struggling down from Gov. Game Lookout, after vacating the bus, under the weight of an infant and camp gear for two I recalled the jibe which used to be flung around in the old days: "Are you going walking this week-end, or are you going to Era?" Now the spirit baulks at the thought of walking out from Lilyvale. Times have indeed changed.

The afternoon was spent organising, eating, and meeting old friends, and about 8 p.m. folk began to drift down to the site of the camp-fire and soon all the adults and a large sprinkling of youthfuls were comfortably settled down and the doings commenced.

The Spirit of Garrawarra spoke from behind the dead pile of logs, and silence lay over the multitude as they listened. Then to accompany the rising of the flames, Bushwalker voices rose in song, and the entertainments were under way. Old members and not-so-old members came forth with items and the fire, with persistent encouragement, eventually burned strongly enough to warm those in the front rows. Those in the back, however, had to crawl into their sleeping bags before very long.

By the time voices were too hoarse to be worth listening to, ministering angels came to the rescue with mugs of hot cocoa and innumerable pounds of excellent fruit cake. One of the Old-and-Earrest Members suggested that now was the time for old and new members to get together and under the soft and soothing influence of a fire-warmed outside and a cocoa-warmed inside to talk over any aspect of the Club which was troubling their minds and so promote a stronger mutual bond of understanding etc. etc. So the serious minded ones said their piece and everyone meant well, but the general feeling was that the whole proceeding was rather futile and could be well omitted from future Reunions. The best way to bury a hatchet is not to bring it out annually and flourish it strongly for half-an-hour just for the sake of giving it a ceremonial reburial; why not leave it buried and forget that it ever existed.

After supper most folk trundled off to bed, but a handful of die-hards clung to the fire till the last ember faded out at the crack of dawn, and the couple of optimists who tried to sleep by the fire all night found that they would have slept better, though colder, up in the jungle with the leeches.

The thing which would have struck outsiders as most peculiar on the following day was the almost complete lack of activity displayed by these notoriously active Bushwalkers. The sun was already up many hours and still everyone was snoring in an eiderdown bag - everyone, that is, except Taro, who stayed up all night and then thought it more appropriate to have breakfast than go to bed at dawn.

NIGHTMARE FOR ONE

or

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE. By Dot English.

Time: March, 1946.

Location: The Rationalist Association Headquarters.

Voice: "ORDER, Club Members! I have pleasure in announcing your new S.B.W. President - Jack Rose!"

(Applause! Scent of violets and hyacinths - 'The heights by great men reached and kept' - purple and fine linen - greatest honour the Club can award - dignity - integrity - deference - respect - Gloria in Excelsis - Ring the Bell, Watchman, and other expressions of triumph.)

End of Part 1.

Part 2.

Time: 1 year later.

Location: The same, but now abbreviated to the Rat House. Annual meeting in progress - lots of voices talking wholesale lots of nothing - a confusion unequalled this side of delirium. Unhappy President being bombarded with Motions, Amendments and Points of Order till he feels like a fraction being reduced to its lowest terms.

"Am I the Chairman? Am I chief Custodian of the Bone, charged with disciplining this hydra-headed rabble, or am I merely a punching-ball set up to take the verbal blows, the uppercuts, the right and left slashes in this free-for-all no-holds-barred bedlam!"

Patience, Jack lad, Patience. That herd of Old Members settled down together in the front benches, chewing over a generous cud of their past achievements, could tell you that this sort of thing has gone on every Annual Meeting since the dawn of history when S.B.W. policy was first being torn to rags. Its flesh was hurled to the dingoes, its bones to the crows and its scalp hung on the topmost eucalypt, but from the welter of slaughter emerged that bright shining jewel, the Constitution, miracle of perfection whose handmaiden is called Parliamentary Procedure.

Do we hear the President laugh wistfully and say that in the matter of Parliamentary Procedure all Club members without exception live in a darkness as black as the back side of the moon! (Point of

Order, Mr. Chairman. You'll have to put that in the form of a Motion and then we'll be prepared to discuss it..... Those for raise the right hand. Those against raise the left hand. Those who hold no opinion raise both hands. Scrutineers please.....)

Let us now turn to the Motions on the Agenda. Ah-ha-h-h, Contentious matter! All over the room members are leaping to their feet like little Tom-Tinker-who-sat-on-a-clinker, intoxicated by the sound of their own voices, all talking much too much.

"Point of Order!" roars a 1,000 volt live member.

"I disagree!" bellows a bull base.

"Mr. President that last speaker is quite wrong!" shrills a high C.

You intermittently hear a timid voice trying to wrestle its way in for an explanation and your sympathy goes out to this poor dumb deluded newcomer. She has spent a bit of time worrying out the two motions, (a) that the Club is against appointing members as Hon. Members, (b) that the Club is in favour of appointing members as Hon. Members. 5 ft. 8 ins. of bristling aggressiveness leaps to his feet and tells her in fine scorn that makes her curl up at the edges that she needn't go looking for niggers in the woodpile, that the motions must be read in conjunction, thus:-

Let us have Hon. Members.
Let us have no Hon. Members.

X equals 1
X equals -1
Therefore X equals Nothing.

She doesn't understand. So what! That's Parliamentary Procedure.

"Has a frog got ears?"

"Order! Order!" and down crashes the Bone, slippery with the blood of disturbers of the peace.

"Order!" That goes for everyone except a small round-faced figure circulating round the room like the moon among the lesser planets. Whenever its orbit crossed another it would pause and hold a bright conversation in the charmingly precise diction of the 3-year-old. The Great Speakers are up in full voice - Club Diplomats, Doctrinaire Accountants, Pseudo-Scientists, Ex-Army Officers, Federation Delegates, not forgetting the super-eloquent Mr. Dorman Hardy, Treasurer-cum-Auditor, but the small be-ribboned one drifts unconcernedly through the turmoil with its mind in a tranquil land of delicate fauna..."Has a frog got ears?"

And now the new President has been elected. With a sigh of relief the weary Ex vacates the Chair. Straightway from the multitude rises a clamour as of a whole King Edwards Dogs' Home yelping to cap-

acity: "You can't go yet! You haven't done so-and-so yet. You do that as Chairman. Back into the Chair! (Why does he think wildly of the electric chair?) That is the last thing you can do from the Chair!"

"The last thing? Hah! Little they know!" In a frenzy of desperation the harrassed one whips his belt into a noose around his neck, leaps from his chair to the ceiling and hangs himself from the electric light fixture.

And so passed the late President to a peace, pure, perfect, and perpetual.

The new President, Tom Moppet, took the Chair and at 11.30 declared the meeting closed.

R. W. (Bob) Savage, O.B.E.

Our hearty congratulations to Bob Savage, on whom has been conferred the distinction of being an Officer of the Military Division of the most excellent Order of the British Empire.

Bob became of member of the S.B.W. in 1929. He is also an original member of the Rover Rambler Club and the River Canoe Club.

At the outbreak of war he was a Militia Officer in the 8th Division Signals. He transferred to the 9th Division and went to the Middle East in 1940 at Adjutant. While abroad he served in the Western Desert, Greece, Crete, and Syria. He was promoted to Major and formed the 1st Australian Ski Troops in Syria. He returned to Australia after Japan came into the war and was Lieut. Colonel in command of the 3rd. Armoured Division Signals. Upon the disbanding of the Armoured Troops, he took command of the training of Signal Reinforcements at Bonegilla (Vic.). He was promoted to Colonel in 1944. He went to New Guinea in 1945 as Chief Signal Officer First Australian Army, being responsible for all signal communications in New Guinea, New Britain and Bougainville.

He was honoured for "highly meretorious service, and outstanding devotion to duty." Bob's well deserved distinction has been earned in the hard way.

For sale, an easy way to make the walk over Narrow Neck seem shorter. Impossible you say, but wait till you hear it, as hear it you will when you go there with Colin and Phil. First they argue about Psychology then about Radio and the merits of Practical and Technical knowledge then the conversation switches to the difference between Tech. and Uni. courses and finally to Economics and Precious Stones and Metals. By this time you have reached Corral Swamp and are amazed to find it didn't take so long at all. Or are you just so relieved that the argument ceases that you only imagine it.

IN THE ELYSIAN FIELDS.

By "Skip".

"'Twas Friday night when we set sail,
And we were not far from the shore."

So runs the beginning of a ditty of adventure on the high seas. Howsomever, we was I, the evening was just evening, if 1600 hours is not too early, and I was high and mightily dry on the shore until I reached Camden. But I hasten too quickly.

"When the captain he spied a lovely mermaid."

And so on and on and on. My harpies rode on four wheels - for preference, although I wouldn't have shied at anything from two to twenty-two or even a pair of caterpillar treads.

This, my pretty sweetings, is the beginning of a tale I am about to unfold on an Official Trip from Robertson to Robertson (?). Being possessed of initiative, stamina, and resource - ask my table mates - I had left my money and part of my food at home, and had once more sallied forth, a modern Diogenes, to find whether my faith in human nature were justifiable. My lamp, that symbol of disillusionment was my thumb, either one sufficing.

Disillusionment was speedily disillusioned. There are many many fine characters still to be found on Hume Highway. By truck, car, car, yet again car, and again truck, I reached Robertson about 9.30 that night. Thirsty souls were some, and at Camden and Picton did they - we - allay aching throats. And for your information, my sweetings, there is a milk truck to Robertson which will meet a steam train arriving at Moss Vale at 8 p.m. Friday if requested. A small remuneration is expected.

Robertson station is no haven for the weary, so did I lay my head in the back of the pavilion at the "oval". I was awake with the sun, and after basking in it for some little while, I repaired to the station, there to leave my pack whilst I breakfasted and took the air of the "town". Noteworthy in the interval between breakfast and the two o'clock train was a First Class Constable immaculate in Leggings strolling down the main street, taking a pipe the while, with a paper under one arm, and a Cane Shopping Basket slung on the other - and the meeting of the clans at the local store.

Eventually a three carriage train chugged in right on time, and disgorged amongst other things ten walkers. Merging into the party, I found an assortment of notorious and unknown males and females. This motley crowd was hard put to it to leave the station, but eventually found themselves on Belmore Falls Road after a certain Leon had sought out a loaf of bread.

The trip to Belmore Falls was exceedingly pretty and uneventful. Some little way before the falls we left out packs at a

road junction to be picked up later. We came upon the falls suddenly, and the uninitiated were heard to draw in their respective breaths suddenly, and just as suddenly to let them out in cries of individual appreciation.

Hereat did the camera fiends get to work. These worthy five photographed everything photographable on the trip, as well as all that was not. A grim battle with the sun for illumination ended in us taking a picture of the falls under cloudy conditions, the sun breaking out in full brilliance an instant later.

Having seen the sights, which took no little time, we repaired to our packs and proceeded down the other road. This rapidly degenerated into a track, the which we left a little later, describing a wide semi-circle across-country, which brought us rather miraculously to the top of the Kangaroo Valley cliffs, just above the track to Yeola. In descending thereto, one Irene suffered a severe abrasion to one leg, although it cannot be said that all the other members of the party arrived at the bottom unscathed.

Herein comes the title. Fain would I compose an ode to Yeola, but discretion is the better part of valour. Our yearning palates were tempted whilst still only half way down by luscious blackberries, which grew lusciouser as we descended. Energised by these delicious mammoths we charged through a broken fence, and lo! we were in the very garden of Eden. Happily the tempting apple was as yet unripe, as were the fig, peach, plum, pear and quince, else would we have feasted until replete and far beyond. Lemons, though, were ripe and in profusion and these we ate and ate. Those in the know eventually diverted up past the fig tree, between the apples and the rose bush, down a path amidst the blackberries, under the willow and on to the Elysian fields. Buffalo grass was our chair, our table and our bed, and eleven happy walkers set and ate. But that is a delicate subject, which it is as well to pass over. Amidst the stars, beside fair Eridanus, frail mortals talked encompassed in their own small spheres of memories, heeding little the all pervading Beauty.

Morning showed afresh the surroundings, and after more food we sorrowfully took our leave and departed back to the fairly warm and cloudy world. Not, however, without taking due toll of the lemon trees. And at this juncture may I extol the frying of unimaginative, insipid, tasteless and practically inedible beef sausages in lemon juice. Why buy pork sausages under these conditions!

Slowly we wended our way uphill, ever uphill, amongst tall and stately trees, and grassy patches, the ubiquitous lemon and the iniquitous blackberry, towards Carrington Falls. Belmore falls, we discovered, were a crying shame. It took two photographs to get in all of Carrington Falls, and the profusion of swimmable pools above it put Belmore Falls right out of mind.

After dallying there an hour or so we set forth and after much eating of lemons and meandering from the main track we came to a sawmill in Jamberoo Road, hard by the headwaters of Kangaroo River. From here it was just plain roadbash to the cliff edge above the ridge

leading down into Jamberoo. The leader came in for a small measure of unpopularity, as in his zeal he had insisted we carry water from Carrington Falls onwards. How many flowing creeks we crossed from thereon, I fail to recollect.

We rested at the cliff edge and lunched. Before us were the coastlands from Port Kembla to Kiama spread out like a map. To the south the clouds were thickening and lowering. Lunch soon completed, we followed the power lines over the cliff and commenced the descent of the ridge. This can be done at a very respectable speed, but some not being so sure on their feet, our pace remained moderate. Two hundred feet down, it started to drizzle. Groundsheets and capes were donned, and the descent continued until we came on a fence. As we had decided to cut down the hillside to Minnamurra Falls at some place or other, we took the opportunity and went down.

But not just like that. Oh, no. Nature took a hand and provided us with a 45° earthy slope, which lower down became densely bushy, and at a still lower level was covered with lantana. This last we started walking through, then over, but finally under. Emerging gasping from the struggle, we stood at the end of the Ball's road. Thereon sat a bus which ingested all our packs, whilst we engaged on a twenty minute trip to the falls and back. And of course it rained. Bar two adventurers nearly missing the bus, we ended in a Kiama cafe, the richer for two days in Paradise.

You have probably all heard that story about dingoes being the descendants of dogs landed by Dutchmen on the North East Coast during the seventeenth century. Here is the opinion of Sir Frederick McCoy, well known English Zoologist in his book "The Palaeontology of Victoria".

"The dingo was one of the most ancient of the indigenous mammals of the country and abounded as now most probably long before man appeared. The discovery of its remains in strata with so many extinct genera, the marsupial lion, the marsupial tiger or wolf, the Tasmanian devil, the marsupial rhinoceros, the Nototherium (giant ostrich), the giant kangaroo and wombat establishes it as by far the most ancient of any of the leading families of dogs"

MORE TALK.

On Friday, April 18th, there will be a debate on the subject "That Vegetable Foods are Best." Does vegetarianism vitiate vitality? Is meat-eating immoral? Is it unhealthy? Is it unfair to bullocks? These gnawing questions, so long argued in the glow of camp-fires, are to be thrashed out in public in the full light of the Club Room. The Club's most active minds will engage in the all-in debate. Clem Hallstrom, supported by Frank Duncan and Ray Kirkby, will state the case for the vegetarians. Allan Hardie, together with Kevin Ardill and Wal Roots will defend the carnivore.

THE FRENCHMAN'S CAP.

By E. Garrad.

Nothing I had read had prepared me for the magnificence of The Frenchman's Cap.

I knew it was a mountain that most walkers aimed to climb in Tasmania. I knew that many failed because the weather was too severe. I had heard of the "slogging" across the button grass plain (in wet weather, in mud and slush up to the knees), of the severity of part of the climb and of the length of the climb, but no one had made it clear to me just why people tried again and again, and just why the effort was so worthwhile.

When we reached Lake Tahune I knew that this was something one could never forget. The steep hillsides surrounding the crater-like lake were covered in deep green pine trees. Drifts of snow on the hillsides were reflected in the blue waters of the lake. High to the right was the white quartzite mountain top and extending down from the gap between the two mountain peaks was a huge glacier-like mass of snow that extended for hundreds of feet.

I was completely breathtaking in its beauty and if the summit had never been reached a trip to Tasmania would have been worthwhile for this lovely scene.

However we did reach the summit, kicking steps to cross the snow beneath the gap, and covering a number of drifts before reaching the cairn. Like most folks we found a much easier route down, following a marked track. One feels extremely grateful to the enthusiasts - whoever they may be - who go out and mark these routes. Hours of effort are saved by knowing just where to go.

It was a lovely summer day. Bright sunshine and a cool breeze. The visibility was grand and we looked out over an amazing variety of peaks and valleys, and I had my first impression of the countless lakes and tarns that seem strewn all over Tasmania.

For me however, it is not the view from the top that will remain the thrilling memory, but the grand serenity of Lake Tahune as it nestles in the shadow of the mountain side.

POSITION VACANT - REPORTER OF CLUB MEETINGS.

The job is to take notes of meetings and write them up for the magazine. Preference to members of the Past Presidents' Association, the Editor's Union, or anybody who can fathom what goes on at meetings. This job now falls to Brian Harvey, who already has a big task in producing the magazine.

REMUNERATION - The thanks of the Editor.

THE GREEN CROSS SOCIETY.

INDIA'S LEADER IS A CONSERVATIONIST.

By Marie Byles.

Mahatma Gandhi's paper "Harijan" quotes with approval the aims of the Green Cross Society of England, which is seeking to get U.N.O. to identify itself with conservation. It is suggested that interested people should get into touch with the secretary, Mrs. M.H. Morrison, 41 Assuns Place, London N.W. 11.

The aims of the Green Cross Society are as follows:-

"(a) That U.N.O. ideals should include immediate effort in each country to delimit the area of any suitable National Park incorporating Nature Reserves for the protection of unique and valuable wild life - Flora, Fauna, Avifauna, with the distinctive terrain upon which these depend.

"(b) And, further, that the world at large should consent to an International Park, or World National Park in South America, Africa or Asia. If in Asia, then upon, around or within - it is suggested - the immense mountains encircling Tibet: Britain, China, India, Russia and U.S.A., appointing Custodians and acting as Trustees."

Reasons adduced for inviting the U.N.O. to pass the foregoing resolution include:

"1. That a stand must now be made against the maddening encroachments of Materialism.

"2. That the idealism and realism of the United Nations Organization should include an urge to all the world, to each nation to protect our heritage of Wild Life - its beauty, grandeur and interest, - wild birds, wild animals, wild flora (flowers, plants, trees) and wild country or landscape: to protect our heritage wherever possible; and with special care within the Nature Reserves of National Parks.

"3. That the United Nations will jointly set an example to the component nations by claiming its own World Nature Park, or International Park in South America, Africa or Asia. If in Asia, then upon, around or within the immense mountains encircling Tibet. In this case Britain, China, India, Russia and U.S.A. might appoint Custodians and act as Trustees to prevent disastrous and disfiguring exploitation.

"4. And, further, that such "Far Horizon" can give direction and cohesion to friends, allies, sympathizers and well-wishers gathering in groups along the way for the march and drive on toward the distant goal."

Among the numerous signatories to the resolution are Sir Alfred J. Munnings, President, Royal Academy of Arts, Dame Laura Knight and the world famous George Bernard Shaw.

YOUR EASTER WALK: Other members will like to know about it. Write it up if it is interesting. It need not be an article - just a few lines on the highlights would make good reading.

Phil Hall has a weakness? He is allergic to vitamins. Offered a large billy of delectable fruit salad and ice-cream at the swimming carnival, he wrinkled his nose, sniffed, politely refused, and reached for a can of baked beans. He should know better after the great debate on April 18th.

SEARCH AND RESCUE ACTIVITIES. In the past five weeks, the Search and Rescue Section of the Federation has had three alarms, but as always, the lost wanderers turned up just as the rescuing heroes were about to depart. Great was the joy of parents re-united with their loved ones; great was the lamentation of the rescuers who had been looking forward to a few days off from work!

Nevertheless, the Search and Rescue Section still needs competent Bushwalkers on whom to call when a real emergency does arise. Bill Knight, of the Rucksack Club, is Convenor, but you can enrol at Paddy's. If you are willing to participate in future search and rescue work, you might fill in the prescribed form next time you are at Paddy's buying dried veg. etc.

In the interim between alarms, Search and Rescue is not idle; they have practice weekends, embracing bush first aid, rock climbing, trial searches, etc. The next S. & R. turn-out is at Norton's Basin on May 2nd. and 3rd. So, if you have time for rescuing men & maids in distress, come along to Norton's Basin on that weekend. (Rescue of lost rescuers is at all times guaranteed.)

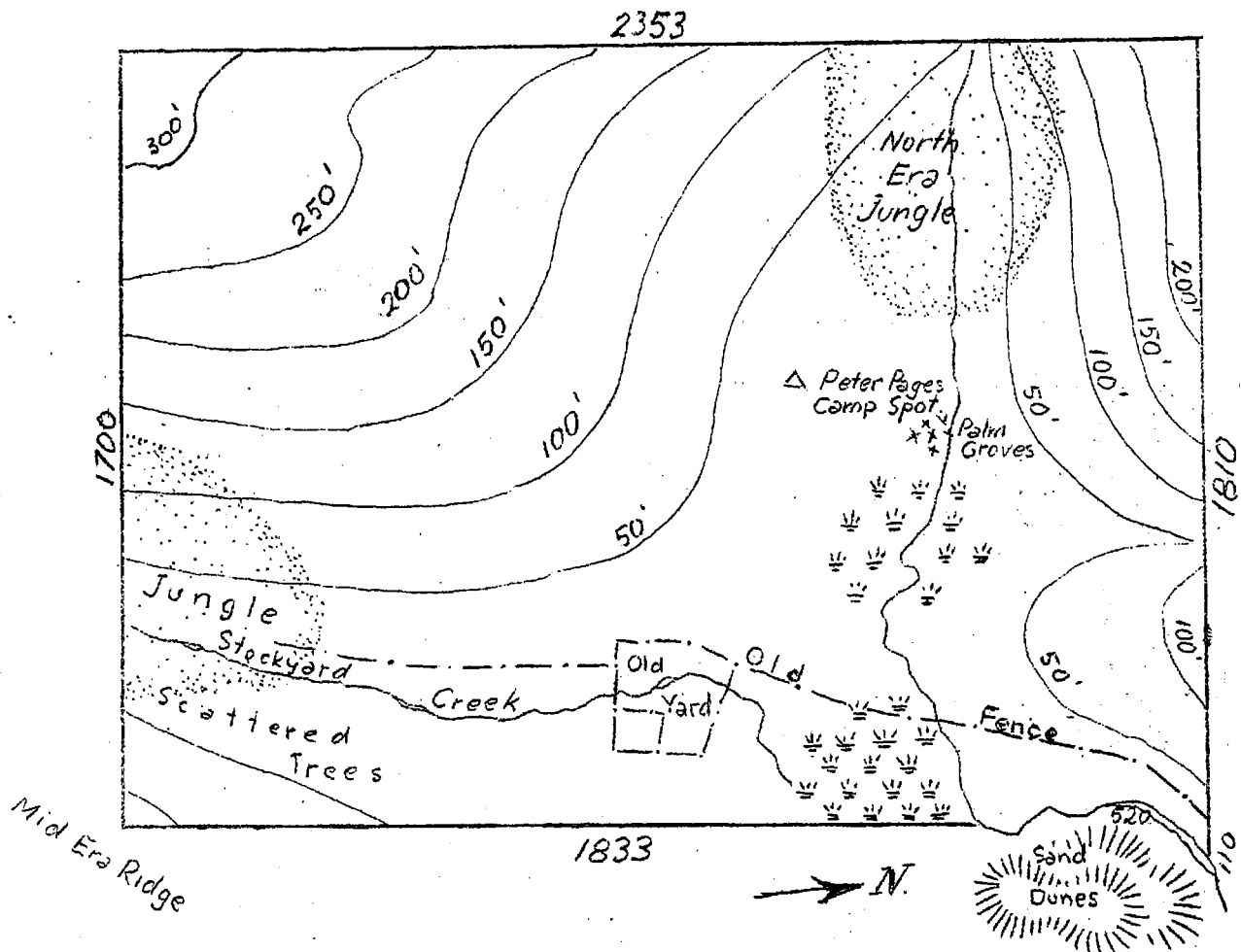
(UN) SCIENTIFIC SECTION:

Atom Bomb No. 4, touched off at Era on the night of March 15, is described, in the conservative language of the Official Report, as "A Wow!" Casualties included one "Paddy" water bucket, two cows (Hooray!), one Conservation expert (Shame!), and one New Member (died of heart failure.)

The underwater tests on Sunday morning resulted in four bream, one blackfish and two boy scouts.

Now, the experts are asking why the weak heart of the heart-failure victim was not detected during the X-ray researches of prominent medical experts in attendance.

SKETCH MAP OF LOT 7, NORTH ERA



Notes: The S.E. corner is probably within 10 yards of its correct position.
 All distances were paced hence are only approximate.
 Contours are approximate.
 The S.E. corner was taken as starting point.