

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

A monthly bulletin of matters of interest to
the Sydney Bushwalker, The N.S.W. Nurses'
Association Rooms "Northcote Building," Reiby
Place, Sydney.

Box No. 4476 G.P.O. Sydney 'Phone JW1462

Editor - Stuart Brooks, 20 Craigland Ave,
Gordon. 496262

Business - Manager - Alex Colley.

348

DECEMBER 1963

Price 1/-

C O N T E N T S .

	Page
Editorial	2
November Monthly Report - J. Brown	3
How a Tree Grows - B. Byles	5
What are your Plans for 1964	9
Mountain Equipment Co. (Ad)	8
Paddy's Ad.	11
On Going Abroad - David in Hong Kong. - D. Ingram	12
How to Get Lost - Paddy Pallin.	15
Federation Report	17
Christmas Message from The Staff	18

Hi,

In any sporting or social club, there is a common bond between members - the pastime they enjoy. Golfers, sailors, bridge players - you name it - all display this unity of purpose and the comradeship it engenders. But usually, here it ends. The status symbols of our artificial society intrude in a subtle yet most evident fashion. This is one of the seemingly inevitable consequences of our world today.

Only in clubs such as ours does the power of the dollar recede. It would be quite impossible, I am sure, for an observer, or yet a participant, to decide the relative opulence of a group of say a dozen battered, be-spattered walkers and herein lies our real strength.

Christmas, unfortunately, has been commercialised to a degree where the amount of thanksgiving and joy engendered is becoming proportional to the glamour and cost of the gift bestowed (under advertising pressure, it must be admitted).

At the risk of smugness, the following verses of Arthur Guiterman are recorded as echoing a typical walkers wish to Santa Claus.

"I never loved your plains
Your gentle valleys,
Your drowsy country lanes
And bleached alleys.

I want my hills! ... the trail
That scorns the hollow.
Up, up the ragged shale
Where few will follow.

Up, over wooded crest
And mossy boulder
With strong thigh, heaving chest,
And swinging shoulder.

High on my hills of dream...
Dear hills that know me!
And then how fair will seem
The lands below me.

How pure at vesper time,
The far bells chiming!
God, give me hills to climb,
And strength for climbing.

W. G.

AT THE NOVEMBER GENERAL MEETING.

Jim Brown

Having expended most of the essential (and non-essential) verbiage at the two preceding general meetings there was an air of brevity about the November session right from the outset.

One entirely new member, Brian Matherson, was there to be welcomed, and this time Leah Brooks made her official appearance to be welcomed in a courtly old-world style by the President.

The minutes received scant attention, being simply carried as a correct record, while the President announced that the New Look Walks Programme would be of 3 month periods co-inciding with the official seasons and therefore commencing December, March, June and September. A little juggling would take place to get into step by beginning Vol. 1 in December, and including the last month of the current programme.

In correspondence we learned that Mrs. Crisp of Tolwong was happy to accept Honorary Membership: that Alan Strom suggested the Era Fund might be a nucleus for purchase of land adjoining Bouddi, with an unimproved capital value of £950.

The Treasurer was away, so the Secretary disclosed on his behalf that, after purchase of special bonds approved at the September meeting, the coffers contained only £26.12.7 in readily realisable assets (quote from minutes of the last Annual Meeting).

The Social Secretary had something to say about coming attractions, but as they will be over and done with before this is published, it is only fitting to hope that the catering for 80 at the Christmas hop doesn't prove optimistic.

There was no Walks Secretary present (holidays it was rumoured) and accordingly no report.

So we came to General Business, and consideration of Federation's request for Club views on the erection of locked gates across Bush Fire Trails. Were we for 'em, or agin 'em? Alex Colley set the pace with a motion that there should be locked gates and the trails reserved for fire fighters. Information was thrown in that Federation representatives would probably meet Blue Mountain Trust Officials to iron out the question. Jack Wren said unless the trails could be kept for access only by approved walkers he would support the motion - and he doubted that we could get preferential treatment.

Frank Leyden felt the trails gave useful access to interesting country and put it within the scope of an ordinary weekend's walk. Apart from the metropolitan area he favoured leaving fire trails open. Alan Round said that creek crossings and similar hazards were just as effective at keeping out most motorists as any gate. After a few more contributions the motion was put and carried.

Frank Barlow now took the floor to say he would speak strongly against transferring the Era funds to the National Parks Association. He then went on to express the view that we had insufficient parkland in NSW, and that the NPA's attitude was not likely to achieve any worthwhile gain in primitive undeveloped reserves. The Association's target appeared to be to improve access to the small parkland areas instead of keeping them in a natural state.

The President pointed out that the whole object of the National Parks Movement was to secure more open space with an assured dedication, but it did not necessarily mean that all land so reserved would be held in a primitive state. There, as there was no substantive motion anyhow, the matter ended.

Alan Strom's proposal regarding Bouddi was discussed briefly; on a motion by Frank Ashdown that we state our interest in the question. Owing to the deed governing the Fund we could not go beyond expressing "interest in the proposal" at this stage. This gained the general assent, and the Financial Sub-Committee which originally looked into the Club's assets was given the additional task of exploring the suggestion.

Alex Colley harked back to the earlier criticism of NPA and suggested that representatives of the Association be invited to fill a night on the Social programme and outline their aims and objects. He pointed out that roads were reaching out to more and more beauty spots, and there was a good case for keeping certain areas in a primitive condition. Subject to availability of a suitable evening and speakers from NPA this was carried.

The night virtually ended with a reading of the latest Federation Report; your reporter took fairly complete notes, only to find when he looked at the November magazine that it was fully reported already. So that took us off at the early hour of 9 p.m.

IN SYDNEY, NATURE CAN'T BE IMPROVED.

"Even the best of our organised communities, authorities and municipalities suffer their reserves to be 'improved' or despoiled, gradually obliterating the natural character..... The acid soil of the Hawkesbury sandstone.... has furnished what is undoubtedly the cleanest, most delicate and varied native ligneous evergreen perpetually-blooming flora extant. For these reasons no vegetation could be better to live with, free as it is of rank growth, brambles, nettles, burrs, weeds or plants seasonally untidy. Moreover, it will persist through drought without watering and recover from abuse without help provided the peculiar nature of the soil is respected and manures with exotic seeds are kept out."

Walter Burley Griffin, quoted in "Australian Wild Life,"
March 1963.

HOW A TREE GROWS.

Baldur U. Byles.

There is, in Beecroft between the Boer War Memorial and the bridge that takes Copeland Road over the railway line, an Ironbark tree. How old it is I know not: it was a big tree when I walked past it on the way to school and that was just over fifty years ago.

This tree is visible from the platform of the Beecroft station and for some ten years I have been wont to exercise my eyes, while waiting for the train, by swinging the vision round from the top of the tree to the rails below the platform. A habit I can recommend to all office workers - it is cheaper than glasses.

Now the remarkable thing about this tree is that it has one large upstanding branch, nearly as tall as the tree itself, which stands at an angle of about 30 degrees from the vertical. Although standing at this angle and bearing a heavy load of its own side branches, it has remained - as far as the eye can judge, perfectly straight. During the last ten years or more I must have spent quite a lot of time thinking about that tree and asking myself - how does that tree manage to keep that branch so perfectly straight while carrying such an obviously lop-sided load.

Now when an engineer designs a structure to carry a 330 K.V. line he finds out from the Weather Bureau the strength of the strongest gale that ever galed in that particular locality, he calculates the weight of the cables, he computes the stresses and the strains, the torques and the moments. He adds 20% "just in case", and another 30% as a margin of safety, and he designs his structure: and a beautiful structure it is. The cables hang in uniform catenary curves and the whole creation, rising and falling over hills and dales and disappearing into the azure distance, is a thing of beauty and a joy to behold.

Calculate, compute, integrate, and design; fabricate and construct: these are the tasks of the engineer. But, however well and honestly he does his task sometimes his structures fail to stand the stresses and strains placed upon them. Not transmission line structures of course! but some engineering structures - bridges, dams, public schools, for instance - have been known to fail when a heavy load came on them.

Let us come back again to our Ironbark tree. It has no materials testing laboratory, no slide rule, no book of tables, no electronic computer. How does it figure out the stresses and strains and design its structure accordingly?

Of course, trees do fail sometimes as we all know. Living branches are blown off, whole trees are uprooted, and even healthy trunks are sometimes broken clean through, during a strong wind. There are in the world far more trees than there are engineering structures (even counting the modest suburban bungalow as an engineering structure) but, if we consider the trees up to but not past the age of full vigour, I wonder which shows the greater proportion of failures, - trees or engineering structures.

How does the tree design the structure and calculate the amount of material needed and the place to fix it in order that it may stand up to the load it is likely to encounter?

Out in the country, in pre-electric days, we used to buy one foot sections sawn from grey and yellow box. These mighty blocks - eighteen inches in diameter some of them - were dumped in the backyard for a £ a ton. We went to work with an old axe and a hickory handle and split those blocks for the kitchen stove. When first we tried this daily chore we cursed and swore and broke more hickory handles than we split blocks of wood. Some of the more enterprising bought maul and wedges. Those experimentally inclined discovered that the interlaced, criss-crossed lattice structure in the trunks of those old box trees, a structure that defied every attempt at splitting, occurred only on the outside of the trunk. If we shelled that off by blows on the tangential section we soon came to the zone of clean straight-grained wood that split as easily as the side of a hemlock kerosene case. The centre of the trunk presented no problem at all because it had all been eaten by the white ants many years ago.

How did the tree do it?

That tree learnt, as it sucked its mother's milk, that a given weight of material fabricated in the form of a hollow criss-cross lattice cylinder is a lot stronger than the same weight of material made into a solid round shaft. So! as it grew old and the soft wood laid on in the days of care free youth was eaten away by white ants; as its crown grew bigger and bigger and, with increasing age, the labour of growing became greater and greater, it learnt how to economise in the use of materials and without benefit of slide rule or book of tables, it laid on that outer layer of criss-crossed lattice structure that defied alike the western gales and the axe of the householder.

Once upon a time the brain trust at the Australian Forestry School at Canberra conceived the idea of measuring the temperature, with velocity and a host of other factors at intervals upward from ground level; inside a clump of pine trees and again out in the open. A suitable tree was selected inside the clump of pines and, alongside that tree a light tower was built. At ten foot intervals thermometers and what nots were fastened to the trunk of the tree and read at 9.0 a.m. and 3.0 p.m. The tower was vertical but the tree was shaped somewhat like a second order parabola, furthermore the laboratory assistant was short sighted and so he found it difficult to read the thermometer attached to the very top of the trees. So, twice per day, he took hold of the same branch and pulled the stem of the tree to within easy reading distance. What the branch thought about this unusual treatment we do not know but we do know that it decided that something must be done to deal with the extra strain imposed on it. It did what all trees do when they feel the strain coming on the, it just grew more material on the base of that branch until it was twice the diameter of any other branches in the same section of the tree.

So back to our Ironbark. The good Lord made both men and trees. Some He decided should be straight and some He decided should be crooked. He decided that the Ironbark should be straight (possibly for the benefit of transmission engineers). The nature of that Ironbark is to grow straight and so it grew straight and as it felt a stress here and a strain there it placed a bit more material in the affected area and so kept its big branch perfectly straight though inclining at an angle of 30 degrees from the vertical.

We had electricity in Beecroft years ago, but the voltage came and the voltage went and sometimes there was no voltage at all. The S.C.C. came on the job and all that was changed. A large pole heavily laden with cut-outs, cross-overs and cross arms, and insulators and cables and lightening conductors, was planted near by Ironbark. The dead but utilitarian tree saluting the living less utilitarian one. New mains were run and energised and no longer was it necessary to instal a new lamp in our kitchen every calendar month.

The years rolled on, the rain fell and the wind blew and it soon became apparent that the growing branches of my Ironbark might make it necessary for us to cook our supper on the primus some stormy night. So the men of the S.C.C. came on the scene and pruned those branches.

Let us imagine that you have been so unfortunate that, as a result of a car accident a surgeon was obliged to amputate one of your legs or, shall we say, one of your arms. Would you like that surgeon to cut off the offending member and leave the bone sticking out to fester and decay or would you prefer that he should do a tradesman-like job: trim it all off neatly so that the flesh and skin would grown over the cut, heal it up and keep it healthy? Would you like to feel that the surgeon had felt some sympathy and kindness towards you as he did his job? I think we know your answer.

Now whether you fellows pruned that tree with care and kindness I know not. You certainly packed the branches in a nice neat heap which was cleared away very shortly afterwards. But you left ugly stubs sticking out a foot or more from the main trunk. Those stubs will either die and set up decay and infection in the living body of the tree or they will - having an Ironbark's will to live - put out epicormic shoots which will overhang your line and make it necessary for you to come back in a few years time and prune them again.

If, however, you had taken one of those handy modern electric chain saws, hung it on to the power line the way you hang your kettle at smoke'o, undercut the branch flush with the main trunk and then overcut it so that it should come away clean, then trimmed the rags with a sharp flat-bladed, square-edged tomahawk, and then painted the cut surface with stockholm tar or Preservax, the cut surface would heal over, the tree would remain healthy and probably not for another twenty years would you have to come back and prune it again.

Furthermore, had you done this the tree would have smiled and said thank you. It would also have sent a message on the bush telegraph - 'calling all Ironbarks! these S.C.C. fellows are decent blokes, don't let your branches break when they are obliged to climb you.'

In addition if, when you are obliged to prune trees for the maintenance and protection of your lines, you make a point of pruning them flush with the main stem, trimming the ragged pieces and coating the wound with a suitable compound, if you do this operation with the same care and skill with which you splice your wires and fix your cross arms, you will qualify - not only as a first class linesman - but as a linesman-tree surgeon and will be entitled to an extra margin of two bog an hour.

If the men who dealt with this my favourite Ironbark, should see fit to return and complete the job I shall make it my business to find them at their depot, thank them and ask their boss to see that they get the two bob margin.

M O U N T A I N E Q U I P M E N T C O M P A N Y
M O U N T A I N E Q U I P M E N T C O M P A N Y
M O U N T A I N E Q U I P M E N T C O M P A N Y

WATERPROOF COVERS!

SHAPED TO FIT DOWN SLEEPING BAGS.

HUGE FLAP TO COVER HEAD AND CLOTHS.

"Duxproof" top with Neoprene/ Nylon bottom. Approx.Wt. 2½lbs.			Ventile proofed top with Neoprene/ Nylon bottom. Approx.Wt. 2½lbs.		
<u>Qual No.</u>	<u>To Fit Bag</u>	<u>Price</u>	<u>Qual. No.</u>	<u>To Fit Bag.</u>	<u>Price</u>
1595	80" Long	£9.2.0	1600	80" long	£11.15.0
1596	75" "	7.19.0	1601	75" "	11.1.0
1597	60" "	7.4.0	1602	60" "	9.18.0

We strongly recommend style 1600/2. This cover has been completely redesigned and the Neoprene/Nylon cloth which is incorporated onto the bottom of the cover now extends round the sides of the cover and over top to meet the ventile cloth approximately 8" from the sides at the shoulders. This now gives a complete watertight envelope. Neoprene/Nylon is strong yet light in weight and is absolutely waterproof even with the pressure of the body on the wet ground. Manufacturers claim that the ventile cloth incorporated in the top of the cover breathes sufficiently to stop condensation yet is waterproof, because when subjected to continuous wetting the cloth swells and prevents the water penetrating.

Duxproof covers are lower in cost, but experience shows that they are showerproof rather than 100% waterproof. The impregnated Nylon used in all waterproof covers is 100% impervious to all kinds of oil, so no special precautions are necessary.

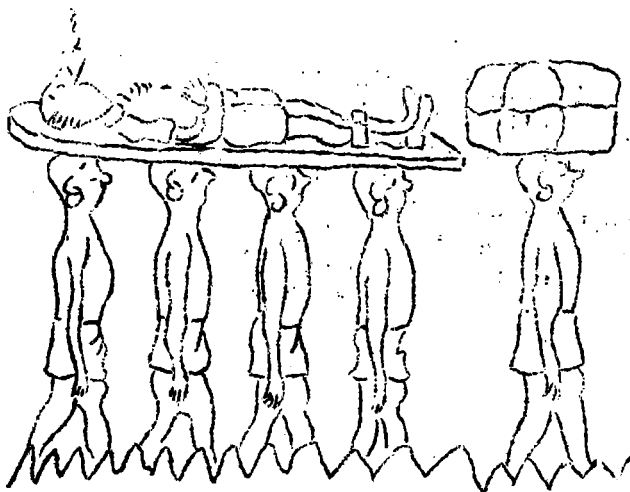
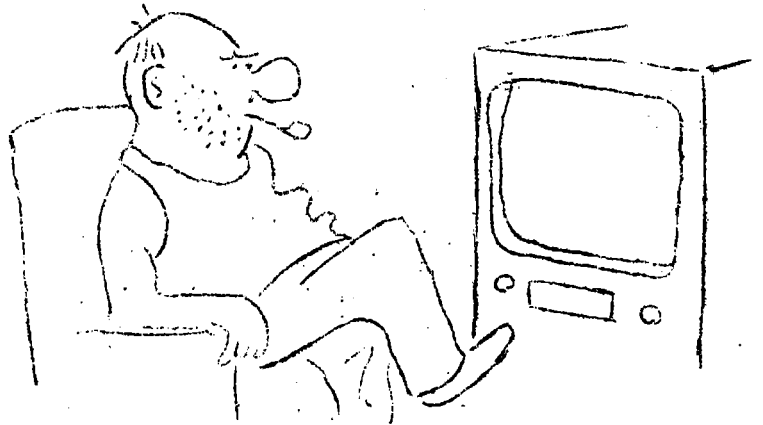
WRITE OR 'PHONE FOR A CATALOGUE, OR, BETTER STILL DROP IN AND SEE US!
MOUNTAIN EQUIPMENT COMPANY
12 ORTONA ROAD, LINDFIELD. JML440.

WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS FOR 1964?



Under threat of nuclear fission
Perchance you'll join a mission
And ponder on life's really basic facts
And though you never be a brewer
You may invent a smooth liqueur
Like DOM, Drambuie or terebine and wax.

Now if you are the sort
That's very keen on sport
Just tell the Boss you're
feeling pretty crook,
And though you only sit
You can use your fund of wit
To conjure up the lurks to
beat the book.

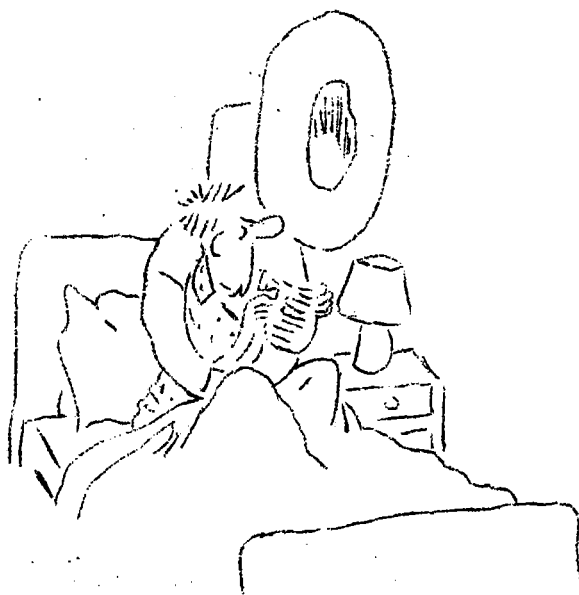


Although you may be frail
You may frequent the jungle trail
If you're cunning in your choice of
motive power
For autos are for squares
And horses just for lairs
But its hard to beat a native bower.



If you're really debonair
 With that casual kind of air
 That comes so easily to a member of your class,
 You'll browse round all the pubs
 And praps a few smart clubs.
 (And praps be kicked out on your head).

If you're the placid sort of b -
 That seeks tranquillity
 (But with a love of all the
 finer arts).
 You can keep yourself well hidden
 In fact be quite bed-ridden
 And still turn out the best known
 guy in these here parts.



But if you love the great wide yonder
 And don't panic if you wander
 From the concrete jungle where life is
 all rehearsed
 You'll brave the great unknown
 For a place to be alone
 (That's if the Sunday drivers haven't
 got there first).





PADDY MADE



11.

IN EVERYONE
EXISTS A SPIRIT
OF ADVENTURE.

Bushwalkers develop this spirit in one of the best forms, enjoyment of the out-of-doors.

PADDY PALLIN and staff join in wishing all adventurous spirits especially those in Sydney Bush Walkers Club, a Merry Christmas, Good Luck and Good Walking in 1964.

When planning your adventures include Paddymade equipment. It's made for adventurous people.

PADDY PALLIN Pty. Ltd.
Lightweight Camp Gear
201 CASTLEREACH ST SYDNEY
BM2685

ON GOING "ABROAD" - DAVID IN HONG KONG.

Episode 2.

D. Ingram.

It was only a couple of days' steaming from Manila to Hong Kong where I awoke one morning to find "Orsova" moored alongside the wharf at Kowloon (The City of Nine Dragons). Many years ago, the city was enclosed by a wall and served as a refuge for the last emperor of the Sung Dynasty when he fled before the advance of the Mongolian invaders. In the older districts, streets are still narrow, but the main business and residential districts are modern and contain innumerable large apartment buildings which house many families including some of the recent refugees from China.

The shipping Co.'s guide says "in topographical terms, Hong Kong (fragrant streams) is a detached fragment of the South China massif. In economic terms it is one of the world's largest ports; and in human terms it is "fascinating place." Prior to 1841, the island was desolate, virtually uninhabited and unhealthy and visited only by fishermen, pirates and opium vessels. Even so, its fine natural harbour was the only safe deep sea anchorage between Indo-China and Shanghai and on the chief trade route to China. In that year the island was ceded to Britain and became a Crown colony in 1842 under the Treaty of Nanking. The acquisition was not popular at the time as the harbour was dominated by the Kowloon Peninsula on the Chinese mainland. In 1860, the Convention of Peking added the tip of Kowloon Peninsula and Stonecutters Island in Hong Kong Harbour to the Colony. The area was again enlarged to the extent of 365 square miles in 1898 by the lease for 99 years of the New Territories, which include the remainder of the Kowloon Peninsula and 235 islands in adjacent waters.

It is important to realise that Hong Kong is an island and the city is called Victoria, while across the harbour are Kowloon and the New Territories. Both visitors and locals speak of Hong Kong and Kowloon, rarely mentioning Victoria. The main business centre is located in Victoria on the North Shore of Hong Kong Island. Across the bay is thriving Kowloon with docking facilities, the Kowloon Canton Railway Station, warehouses, modern hotels and huge apartment buildings.

Emerging from the air-conditioned "Orsova" the first impression was that the day was going to be a "stinker" - and it was, reaching 97°, one of the hottest days on record. The City was suffering a severe water shortage, having had only 1½ inches of rain in 6 months. In fact, the fire engines came down to the wharf and pumped 25,000 gallons of fresh water from "Orsova's" water condensation plant. After a quick look at Nathan Road, Kowloon's main street, I went down to the Railway Station right next to the ferry wharf (shades of old North Sydney Station before the bridge) and bought a return ticket to Kanling about 25 miles out. As I did not have a permit to visit relatives in China, the booking clerk declined to issue a ticket for a more distant station.

It is about an hour's run from Kowloon to Kanling, first passing incredibly crowded residential areas, then under high mountain ranges and around attractive inlets from the sea. The trains are good, are diesel hauled, run about every hour and are well patronised by a colourful cross-section of the residents. Two New Zealanders travelled with me and we soon found lots to talk about in between camera shots. At Kanling, a Chinese market gardener was patiently watering his crops from wells by means of two out-size watering cans slung over a shoulder pole. The terraced hills surrounding the town were very dry, but the vegetable crops were a credit to the hard work of the locals. The crowded population of Kowloon and Hong Kong should supply a ready market for any food products. A couple of long freight trains came through Kanling carrying all sorts of merchandise including several truckloads of pigs. Evidently the Chinese supply farm produce to Hong Kong and receive tons of imported goods through the same port. On the return trip, the picturesque floating restaurant at Castle Peak Bay was an object of great interest to photographers.

Back to the cool refuge of the ship for lunch before setting out on a shopping spree with one of my cabin mates. Most transport services are British owned resulting in frequent, fast buses, trams and ferries. We scrambled, with the natives, on and off huge 72 seater London-red, double-decker buses, which connected with the ferry services at Kowloon (Star Ferry) near the bottom of Nathan Road, and Yaumati Ferry (Gordon Rd) and served the residents of crowded streets lined by shops and large apartment buildings. These are being erected in increasing numbers in an effort to house the refugees, who have poured into Hong Kong from surrounding countries in recent years. Some are still living on the surrounding hillsides in shacks made from scrap timber and sheets of iron. All in all, the afternoon's shopping was most successful. There is no doubt about it, bargains are available if care and prudence is exercised when dealing with the shopkeepers. I didn't try the large stores but understand that their prices are less flexible.

The hot, stuffy evening suggested a trip in the Peak tram. Stepping carefully around the local residents, who were sitting in deck chairs or on the kerb in an effort to escape the heat of their apartments, I reached the Star ferry and crossed from Kowloon to Victoria. It was a short walk up hill to the tramway terminal, whence the cars ascend 1,000 ft in about 7 minutes by means of a cableway. The cars are quite large, seating 5 or so, and make several stops on the way. As the car ascends, one of the finest vistas of night lighting anywhere in the world, is revealed. It was cool and windy at the top where there is a small observation platform and a tea house. It is possible to return to Victoria by bus, but not at night, so I enjoyed the brilliant scene all over again during the descent.

Even though next day was Sunday, retail business went on much as usual, especially as S.S. "Chusan" had arrived overnight. I set out for another trip on the Peak tram to take some photos. At the tramway terminal, I met some shipboard friends, who were just starting on an "around the island" taxi tour, so I joined them to see some of the lovely residential areas and vantage points. Of course we visited Aberdeen village complete with 2 floating restaurants in the bay and innumerable residential junks anchored side by side in the typhoon shelter. One of the ladies of the party found the brown eyes of a native child irresistible and wish to give him a coin. Immediately, a dozen dirty clawing hands were thrust through the car windows. She was lucky she didn't lose some skin. The little boy got his coin finally and the donor learnt by experience to ignore beggars irrespective of personal charm.

We dismissed the taxi at the Tiger Balm Garden which contains the Haw-Par Mansion, the home of the late Aw Boon Haw, who made a fortune from a mentholated ointment called "Tiger Balm". The mansion is renowned as a pagoda style building built in the classical Chinese style. The various tableaux represent various Chinese fables and legends, but, as I am unfamiliar with these, the whole thing was garish to my eyes. A short downhill walk brought us to the tramway serving the main parts of Victoria.

The cars which run very frequently, are quite old fashioned, four wheeler double deckers, so that the ride was bumpy. From memory, it cost slightly more to enjoy the breeze on the top deck - the same applies on the ferries. We rode through the business centre to the end of the line and alighted into incredibly crowded streets and Chinese shops. Goods of all description were available. After a few small purchases, and a stroll up a "ladder" street (the street rises so steeply that it consists of concrete steps) it was time to return to Kowloon for a 4 p.m. sailing to Kobe, Japan.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Pergassus.

I said This was the ridge,
Tracing it with my finger, and this
Was the creek we stopped at. Afterwards
We climbed across this face and sat in sunlight
Watching cloud shadow valleys to the north
You could see it all, the way ahead in the bright
Sunlight. But now we found the track, the cairns along the way
The well remembered pass, but on the mountain the cloud
Came down, with a cold small wind, remembering
Mistily what it once was like.

HOW TO GET LOST.

Paddy Pallin.

(Reprint from "The Bushwalker" 1937)

Don't be half-hearted with your walking. Plan your trips ahead, and if you are considering getting lost, do the thing in style and make a job of it. Here are a few tips that will help.

Before you set off there are certain preparations to be made. It is silly to get lost in easily accessible country, and so it is best to choose the wildest and most rugged territory. Of course, you must have information to help you to get into the area, so go to some one who knows the district and get some dope on it, but whatever you do don't take notes of what he tells you. Rely on your memory, or should he insist on giving you notes and route sketches, it is much better to leave them behind.

With food, you have the choice of two courses. You can so cut down the food supply that you will be on short rations before the first week is up, or you can take an extra liberal supply, including lots of fresh or tinned fruit and vegetables (so full of vitamins, don't you know), in a number of bottles and tins. The latter course is preferable, because getting lost on an empty stomach is distinctly ultra vires or honi soit qui mal de mer (if you know what I mean). Besides the bottles and tins come in so useful for leaving messages behind for the search party. By the way, you mustn't dream of taking pencil and paper along with you, it is so much more fun writing messages with a burnt stick on rocks, or the tail of your shirt.

Then, of course, keep your proposed route a profound secret. If possible don't even let anyone know from what station you will be commencing your trip and need I say how foolish it would be to give anybody even a brief itinerary of your trip, because, obviously that would make it so much easier for the search party, and that would spoil the fun. Unfortunately, for some obscure reason, parents generally want to know when you will be coming back, but be as vague as possible. It is even better to say you intend leaving from one place, and then change your plans at the last moment. This puts possible rescuers quite off the scent.

Having thus prepared, set off on your trip with light hearts and full knowledge that you are going to cause a spot of bother before you reach home again.

It is not a bad plan if you wish to get lost to leave map and compass at home, but some people prefer to take them along because then they have something to blame. If you do take map and compass, put them carefully in the bottom of your pack so as not to be able to get at them. In this way, you can't easily identify landmarks, and it is much simpler to get lost that way.

If you have any difficulty in getting the party lost, an individual member of the party can go off from camp without pack, map, compass or matches - just for a look round. Then he should wander round aimlessly for a while, admiring the scenery and pick a few flowers. Without a great deal of trouble he can very effectively get lost in a remarkably short time. But this is not a very matey thing to do, because even though he has the thrill of being really lost in the bush, it is a bit uncomfortable spending a few nights in the bush without a fire, on an empty stomach, when you're by yourself.

It is not nearly so bad if there are two or three. So it might be advisable for the whole party to leave camp without gear, food and matches and wander off. Besides, it is ever so much harder to find camp if there is no one there to answer your calls. In the best circles, however, this is considered bad technique, because possums or bandicoots might raid the stores and it wouldn't be very nice if, after being without food for three or four days, the party stumbled across the camp and then found the tucker all messed up.

Another way to make getting lost more exciting is, on learning that the party is lost, to get very excited and rush about first in one direction and then in another, and, of course, it is even better if the party separates because that makes it so much harder for the search party.

Generally only the most enthusiastic "get-losters" get astray without food. As a rule there is generally some rice or flour left, but of course, it is simply not done to have any knowledge of cooking. Think what fun it must be to learn cooking when lost and after all you will want something to while away the hours until the search party finds you.

That brings me to my final point. Never make a smoky fire when lost; it might be seen by searchers, and as for proper signal fires, well, of course, as a good "get-loster" you simply wouldn't know anything about such things.

When after days of heroic fortitude and endurance, you are found, or stagger weakly up to some lonely farmhouse, just think how you will bask in the sympathy and endearment of your distraught parents, to whom you have been so providentially restored.

Owing to the many problems associated with the change over to a three monthly walks programme there will be no Day Walks Guide this month.

FEDERATION REPORT.

Unfortunately the December Federation Report is still in the hands of the Postal Authorities - something to do with the heavy Christmas Mails! It will be printed next month.

RAINY SUNDAY WALKING.

Jim Brown encountered a really wet day for his Douglas Park - Nepean River - Menangle trip. The rain stopped as the train arrived at Douglas Park station. During this break in the weather, the party were able to reach the Nepean River, with the aid of groundsheets as protection against the wet bush, in a comparatively dry condition.

After a few hundred yards along the bank, which had been badly scoured by a recent high flood, the rain set in again and we were forced to take shelter in an overhang for morning tea. With the continuous rain, the drips from the overhang, and Denise Hull's comments on the cold, the leader was cajoled into a "recce.," which revealed a much more extensive overhang a little further downstream. The occupation of it was rapidly accomplished. Here it was possible to light fires in the kitchen for cooking and the dining room for warmth - and there we stayed until 4 p.m.

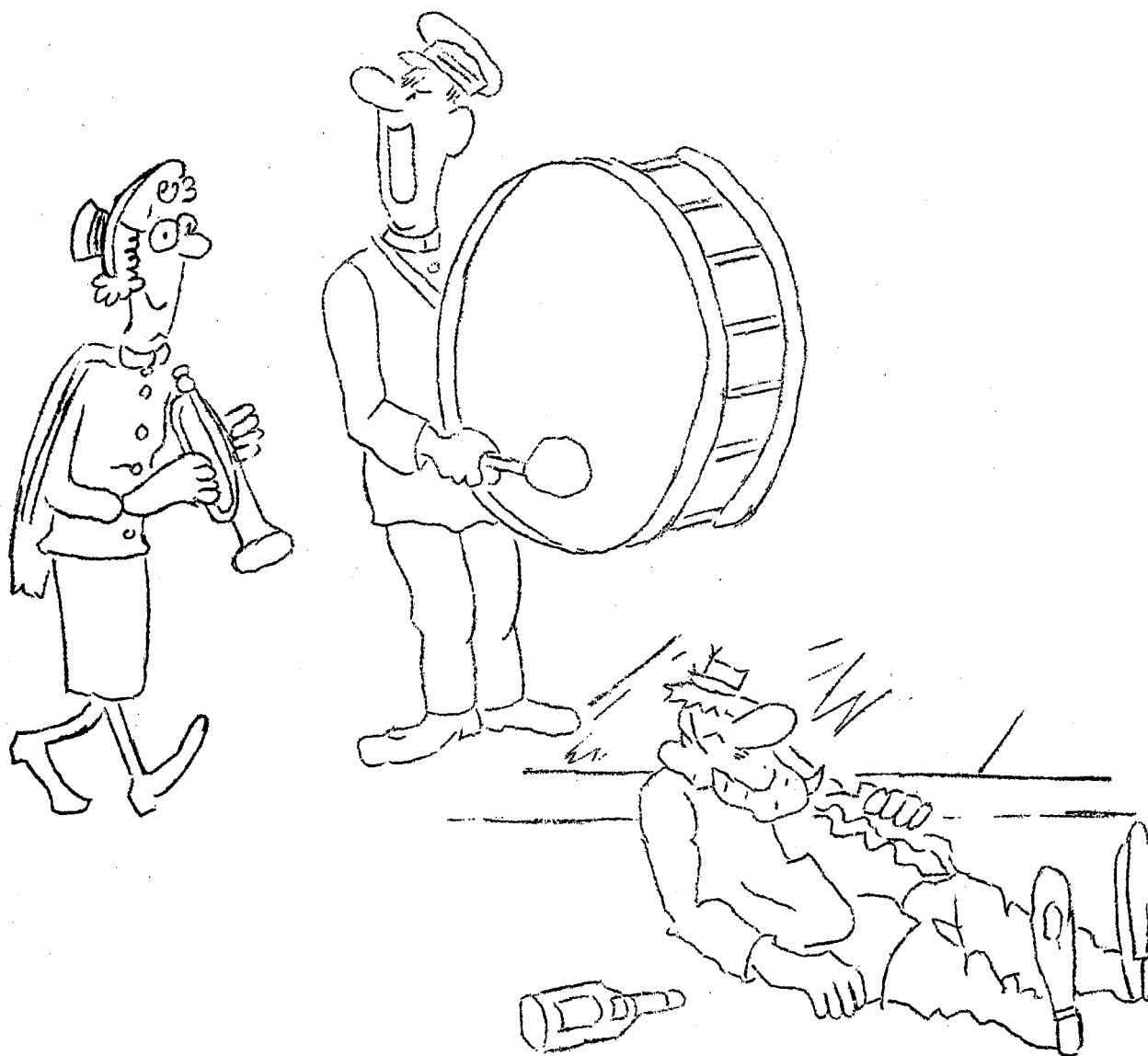
The get-home-at-any-cost group then prevailed upon the leader to take them back to Douglas Park in the hope of obtaining a taxi into Campbelltown to catch a local train to the City. Although the gorge of the River was only about 250' deep, the sides were "cliffy". It took several probes at the cliff line before Frank Leyden discovered a squeeze hole which, he said, would certainly admit each member of the party except David Ingram, to the heights above. However, by holding his breath and getting well wetted off the wet rocks forming the chasm, D.I. successfully negotiated the rift in the rocks, as did all the slimmer "bods".

After squelching back to the station, Denise did some protracted negotiation with various telephone switch girls and the Campbelltown taxi proprietor, who, reluctantly, sent out a horseless carriage about an hour later to take 5 back to Campbelltown and City trains. Those remaining, kept warm by trying to light a fire with wet wood helped by some pieces of coal. Sufficient to say that the inevitable cup of tea was produced before the Sydney train arrived at 7.40 p.m.

"Respect for landscape and property must somehow be restored otherwise the flood of visitors will be bound to destroy the very things which the visitor goes to enjoy." - The Earl of Wemyss and March in the Year Book of the National Trust for Scotland, 1963.

OUR XMAS MESSAGE.

REMEMBER THAT THE PRESERVATION OF WILD LIFE SHOULD NOT
BE LEFT TO THE DEDICATED FEW.



Best wishes from -

Tine Matthews, Shirley Dean, Denise Hull, Alex Colley and
Stuart Brooks, (hi).