

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

A monthly bulletin of matters of interest
to the Sydney Bushwalker, The N.S.W.
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E D I T O R I A LTHE GENERAL MEETING.

What's wrong with S.B.W. General Meetings? "Plenty," some say. Among the criticisms which have been voiced are the following:

- Too frequent;
- Too long;
- Too dull;
- Too much parliamentary procedure at times;
- Can't hear half of what is said;
- Reports are dull and presented with disinterest;
- Start too late and finish too late;
- Generally the same speakers;
- Not enough bushwalking in them;
- Not enough stimulating debate;
- No chance to talk bushwalking afterwards;
- No chance to get to know new people.

The people who have said these things about general meetings regard their complaints as real and valid; of course, opinions will vary depending on individual interpretations of the objectives of a general meeting.

Certainly attendances have been small when one considers total Club membership. Some members purposely stay away or just come to the Club-rooms early for talk and then depart, simply because it's a general meeting. Some of the reports, if audible, are terribly dull when they could be presented with enthusiasm and a light-hearted approach. There is little chance for swapping walking talk and planning trips on these evenings. Some feel that quarterly meetings would be frequent enough, with the two displaced meetings each quarter devoted to free time - time simply for walkers and prospective walkers to get together without let or hindrance. Others favour strict starting and finishing times for each meeting.

If the complaints are valid, then, given the will to do so, it should be possible to rectify them. One or two would require constitutional amendments; but Committee, individual office bearers and ordinary members generally are quite capable of dealing with the rest.

If we want more interesting, more enlightened, more stimulating and better-attended meetings, the remedies are in our own hands.

A GASTRONOMICAL SUCCESS.

by Neville Page.

"A man hath no better thing under the sun, than to eat, and to drink, and to be merry....." Ecclesiastes.

The unusual behaviour of certain individuals in the club of late may serve as confirmation of the rumour that there is an increasingly strong movement under way for the establishment of a S.B.W. Gourmet Section. It is from reliable sources that I learn of this proposed plan, and my informants advise that something in the nature of the Beefsteak and Burgandy Club, or the Chicken and Chablis Club is envisaged, minus the snob value of course. Among the original suggestions for a name, Dehyds. and Dinner Ale would seem to be the most appropriate. On the other hand, a Baked Beans and Beenleigh Section might have more general appeal.

Tangible evidence of such a movement was provided by the large number of S.B.W. Epicureans who flocked to North Era recently on the occasion of the officially programmed gathering of gourmets. But I must beware in case I give the wrong impression, for this event was no folly in the minds of the participants. On the contrary, to these appreciators of fine food and drink, the pursuit of happiness in accordance with the philosophies of Epicurius is a serious matter indeed. The leader, le maitre d'occasion, needless to say, was none other than that universally famed and acclaimed connoisseur of things gastronomical, Owen Marks.

People started to arrive at North Era on Friday night, and continued arriving throughout most of Saturday until the gathering numbered in excess of thirty. The leader himself appeared on the scene early on Saturday afternoon, his pack full to over-flowing with good things to eat, including a pavlova strapped delicately onto the back. Accompanying Owen, Linda and Ian Campbell struggled under the weight of a large brown cardboard box which, as was later revealed, contained an ice-cream cake. It was made in the shape of a log, and had been ordered by the leader especially for the occasion.

Preparations for the great feast continued throughout the afternoon under very humid conditions, with the menacing threat of storm ever-present. Owen had his umbrella at the ready should his pavlova need protection. Nothing tastes worse, I believe, than a rain-sodden pavlova. The result of the afternoon's activity was a spectacle scarcely believable, as was evidenced by the looks of utter amazement on the faces of boy scouts and bushwalkers passing by our camp-site. Chinese candle lanterns had been strung up from the ends of tents, thereby giving the place a slightly oriental appearance.

Silver cutlery and fine bone china were laid out on delicately embroidered place mats, while ground-sheets and table cloths were spread on the grass and adorned with exotic table ornaments, salt and pepper

shakers, exquisite candle holders and tall, slender candles. Fragile wine glasses emerged from protective corners inside packs and bottles of "vin par excellence" appeared and took their places amid the various table settings, each one the product of vivid imagination and originality.

The leader had provided a number of prizes, and dishes were to be submitted to the scrutiny of two judges for their comments. Betty Farquar, currently reigning S.B.W. damper making champion, and I (with no qualification for the job at all) were given the honour and distinction of being judges. General appearance, taste, originality and imaginative improvisation were all factors which had to be taken into consideration. Betty expertly assessed and gave constructive criticism of each dish while I tasted.

The general standard of cuisine was of the highest order, and had Escoffier himself been present I feel sure he would have expressed nothing but the highest praise for all dishes, each one of which was an artistic creation in the truest sense.

The most interesting dish was prepared by Ilsa and Herbert, who had Fondue. Delicate wafers of veal and liver, placed on the end of a long fork, were immersed in a consomme-type soup, which was maintained at a simmering temperature in a copper saucepan over a small fire. After five minutes of simmering these delectable morsels were ready to eat. They are served individually with a ring of onion, grated carrot, and a sauce made of mayonnaise, chopped parsley, and very finely diced hard-boiled egg. By necessity, the normal serving order is reversed, with the soup being consumed after the meat course. This delicious continental meal was served with a bottle of Australian Riesling.

Cold dishes were popular, in keeping with the Australian summer climate, with both the Ashdowns and the Painters having chicken. Jean and Frank Ashdown had a chicken garnished with bright red cherries. This was surrounded by cashew nuts and potato crisps arranged in design. A red ribbon was artistically placed at one end of the chicken, and this, I believe, was Frank's contribution. Caught up in the spirit of things, Frank was going to do an African native dance, but as someone commented, he doesn't really have the stomach for the job. The Painters (mother and daughter team) also had cold chicken, elegantly served with a half bottle of Moselle. As with all participants, a great deal of effort went into the preparation of the table setting, and in this one particularly effective use was made of local material, including shells from the beach, flowers, weeds, etc.

Ern Farquar's salad was a pleasure to behold. Betty, being one of the judges, claimed that she had in no way assisted in the preparation of this delicacy, but I have my doubts. In any event, so as to preserve the necessary impartiality, Betty refrained from passing any judgment, and responsibility of assessment was left to me alone. I had a sip of Ern's sherry (Lindeman's semi-sweet), and then had a sample of the red salmon from

his platter. I didn't ask how much it cost (I shudder to think). Betty and Ern had their grandson along, and a very well-behaved young fellow he was too. (A bushwalker of the future maybe? It could be that after seeing what some crazy bushwalkers do with their weekends, he'll be scared off for good.)

Ramon U'Brien apparently put his his brains to work in his choice of a menu. The result of his efforts was an apparently simple, yet exquisitely tasty dish. Brain fritters were served with a moderately spiced cole slaw. His wine was an Eden Valley Moselle, 1964 vintage, and it went perfectly with his food. It is only a pity that it could not have been chilled a little, but we can't expect to have everything.

Muriel Goldstein was a fairly late arrival on the scene, together with Bruce Ingram and Roger Gowing, but nevertheless she whipped up a plate of something or other fit for a king's table. I'm afraid that I didn't get to see this dish long enough to make a thorough appraisal, since the owner's appetite apparently couldn't wait long enough. I did catch a glimpse of something like mushrooms on the dish, and possibly a fried banana or two, however, just as I was about to take a sample for judgment I was ruled out of order. Roger Gowing was seen wandering around with a hollowed out pawpaw, filled with pieces of orange and topped with up cream or something. Roger, for those who don't know him, is that leisurely gentleman who likes to peel pumpkins, shall peas, and string beans for complicated stews on his regular walks. He claims he doesn't have time to do those things at home.

Judy Simpson's vivid imagination was put to work in the creation of a succulent little object in the image of a fish. It started out as a small and rather unattractive marrow, but after much experimentation and patient preparation, it blossomed forth into something of immeasurable beauty. (Something like the story of the ugly ducking, except it was a marrow turned fish, rather than a duck turned swan.) The marrow was hollowed out and boiled, filled with curried tuna and chopped onions, then garnished with pieces of tomato. Looking for something green to add to the colour, Judy remembered that she just happened to have some stuffed olives somewhere in her pack. (The things carried by some bushwalkers!) With their bright red centres, these provided perfect eyes for our goggly creation. A tassle from one of the Chinese lanterns served as a tail.

As judging proceeded, the crowd of spectators grew and grew in size until the circle of faces resembled the gallery at a world championship golf tournament. It was field day for the scroungers and garbage guts types, who followed the judges from one table to the next hoping upon hope that some tiny morsel might come their way by the grace of some sympathetic diner. The fact that they had finished off their own feasts did not deter them in the slightest. A short prayer of thanks was offered for the fact that Donny Finch was not present. I don't think we could have restrained him.

The leader himself had come well prepared to gorge himself, judging by the volume of food he brought. Laid upon the ground his pack resembled the mythological Cornucopia (Horn of Plenty) with provisions flowing from it in

never-ending quantities. I'm a great believer in giving credit where its due, so let it be recorded that the fine cookery of Owen's mother (especially in regard to the fish and the pavlova) was very much appreciated. The fish was a two-foot long specimen, stuffed and seasoned, and reheated in aluminium foil on the coals of the cooking fire. This was served on a large platter surrounded by tomatoes, potato, onions, dried figs, and innumerable other delicious things. The wine was a Leo Buring Hermitage claret, 1962 vintage. The second course consisted of a moulded jelly (my contribution) placed in position on the famous pavlova, and surrounded by pineapple pieces and plump strawberries. By the time we got up to this the crowd could hardly be controlled, and in the end a mad riot broke out. In the matter of a few minutes the ice-cream cake had been completely eaten, and after a few more rounds of "For he's a jolly good fellow" for the leader, jelly and pavlova, down to the last crystal and crumb, were disappearing into people's mouths. Someone even licked out the jelly mould.

Jean Stupart, prospective member, made her presence apparent by her blatant flattery of the leader (in the hope, I suppose, of being allowed to nibble the leftovers). Russ Derbridge, Don Woods, Doug Worth, and Sue (a visitor) had decided to give Jean and husband-to-be, Ian, a little farewell celebration. Unfortunately for them, no-one had warned them to bring plenty of food, so that they had to wander around with their tongues hanging out, hoping that some compassionate soul might take pity on them. Don and Doug, I hear, managed to shoulder into the Fondue party, and thereby dined in a manner unaccustomed in the bush. Others were not so fortunate. Insult of the month was heard, as Owen, in true Marksist fashion roared at Jean like an enraged bull, "Thank goodness you're going to China, that's all I can say ..."

By good fortune, the rain had stayed away, and by the time eating had been concluded, the sun had set and a full moon shone through the scattered clouds in the sky. But the end of dinner by no means meant the end of festivities, for the brightly coloured lanterns, along with the silver moon, provided the perfect atmosphere for a campfire. Betty and Ern had spent part of the afternoon collecting driftwood from the beach, so thanks for the campfire must go to them in particular. Musical talent was present in abundance, with Russ Derbridge providing guitar accompaniment, Don Woods on bongoes, and Doug Worth and Rosalie Carroll alternately helping the beat along with the tambourine. The combined voices of thirty or forty jovial bushwalkers rang out to the tunes of old and new favourites in true S.B.W. fashion. Prizes were presented at the campfire, and as it turned out, everyone whose meal was judged received one. All prizes were books, but I'm afraid I don't remember all the titles, though I do recall that Frank Ashdown was wandering around on Sunday morning reciting, in sermon-like fashion, out of his Book of Mormon, and Ern Farquar was enquiring about where he could get "Solidarity Volume One" to go with his Volume Two. Ramon was valiantly attempting to translate the half of his book which was written in French. Just to show that food is energy-giving rather than laziness-provoking, we danced a few hectic rounds of Strip-the-Willow before retiring at around about the midnight hour.

This weekend had placed the emphasis on food, and what a marvellous thing it is too. Indeed, I doubt if we could survive without it; but I am not the first to make such a wise observation. Napoleon it was I think (remembering back to my second year history) who said, "An army marches on its stomach." And food, in addition to fulfilling the physical needs of our bodies, fills us with inspiration, as Luc de Clapiers, Marquis de Vauvenargues observed, "Great thoughts come from the stomach".

Everyone, the bludgers included, agreed that the Gourmet Weekend had been an unqualified success, so much so, in fact, that a collection was taken up to help pay for the ice-cream cake, and that is really something, knowing how bushwalkers are renowned for their penny-pinching attitudes. The suggestion is that the event should be repeated, and I could not agree more, but I would just add a personal word of warning. The success of such a weekend depends entirely upon the enthusiasm of the participants, and should its organization become too official, this would be lost, along with the spontaneity of the occasion. So let's not make it an annual event, but rather, let's leave it as it is, so that the leader is an enthusiastic and willing one, rather than someone who is co-opted for the job. There'll always be Gourmet Weekends for as long as we remember one, and for me at least, it'll be a long, long time.

THE DECEMBER GENERAL MEETING.

Jim Brown.

At 8 p.m. it might have been wondered if there would be a quorum for the December meeting, but by the time we were on the way at 8.20, the numbers had appreciated, and indeed there were enough new members to make half a quorum. We welcomed Christine and David Sadler, Margaret Lawrie, Douglas Worth, Kevin Phillips, Roselea Carroll, Elaine Brown and Rolf Janssen, and would have treated Roger Gowing and Barry Pacey to the same if they had been present.

Minutes gave rise to nothing, but Correspondence, in addition to a crop of Christmas Cards, contained a letter from Kosciusko Park Trust advising that improvements to facilities at Sawpit Creek would be carried out when staff and funds were available. From several Clubs there were "thank you" letters for invitation to Dr. Moseley's lecture, and from Hec. Carruthers a line saying our senior member Tarro had sustained a leg injury that may arrest his walking. The Minister for Lands felt that the portion of "Pennant Hills Park" ear-marked for a bowling club was not attractive as it stood and had approved the application. The Australian Conservation Council asked us to forward our subscription and nominate our representative.

A small brush arose between Frank Ashdown who wanted to know why the letter about the librarian's position had not been sent, and the Secretary, who indicated his plate had been overflowing, and from Dot Butler

we heard that Tarro's foot was recovering nicely. Phil Butt reported an excellent information booklet on walking in Victoria, and the production of a new journal by the Geshi Club.

Our financial situation had deteriorated very slightly during November - a normal condition at this time of year - but there was still \$280 in the working account.

A Walks Report showing quite reasonable activity during November was read. Frank Leyden's Wollongambe trip bringing out 10 people, while Joanna Hallman's South coast jaunt had 25 and Alan Pike's walk of 18/20th was attended by 15. A day walk led by Jim Callaway brought out 17, and Brian Harding's Kanangra walk 10. Owen Marks Gourmet weekend has already had publicity.

Skipping over the other usual reports which have either been reported in the magazine (Federation Notes) or were not presented to the meeting, we were already at General Business where the President advised that prospective members were granted a blanket extension of 3 months to cover the summer period with the dearth of test walks. There was also, he said, a new Walks Programme to fill for the March-May period.

Frank Ashdown suggested that if pressure of work prevented the preparation of correspondence, a battery of envelope-addressers should be developed to assist the Secretary and after some discussion was left on the note that Frank would seek volunteer aids.

Phil Butt reported a resumption of work on Australian maps after a period of concentration on printing Vietnam maps, the first product being the Araluen 1-50.000, embracing the north end of Deua River. The nucleus of an organising Committee for the Annual Reunion was appointed - Betty and Ern Farquhar, Jack Perry, Brian and Michael - who was it? We looked around too late to see which one.

Betty Farquhar referred to despoliation of young saplings at Era and Frank Ashdown expanded on the trouble. Shelters had been made of boughs and left, and it seemed possible that the offenders were members of a boarding school. The matter had been reported to the ranger at Garie, who suggested a letter to National Park Trust. We agreed to do just this.

Apart from a proposal that the Club look into the practicability of having more of its members gazetted Honorary Rangers under the various enactments covering flora, fauna and fire control, this took us off at a quite early hour of 9.20 p.m.

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Send us your name and address and we will put you on the mailing list for the ' MEC NEWSLETTER ' which will be published three times a year - just a 'phone call during trading hours will ensure that you receive your regular copy.

For the rest of '67 - Good Walking, Good fellowship.

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REPORT ON MEETING OF THE NEW SOUTH WALES FEDERATION OF
BUSHWALKING CLUBS HELD ON MONDAY DECEMBER 12, 1966.

GENERAL: The meeting was poorly attended and almost lapsed for want of a quorum. One delegate from another club attended in bare feet. It was fortunate no V.I.P.s had been invited to the meeting.

ANNUAL BALL: The Paddington Town Hall has been booked for September 8, 1967.

SOUTH-WEST TASMANIA. In response to Federation's letter of protest concerning roads in the Gordon River area, the Premier of Tasmania replied that his Government intended to pursue its plans for a hydro-electric power system, taking into account the protests from various walking and conservation bodies views on the subject. The Commonwealth Government had advanced \$5,000,000 and that was that.

GROSE RIVER ACCESS: Good progress was reported in the Federation's endeavours to have access provided to the lower Grose at Yarramundi where the Crown Land is at present cut off by farm holdings. The Colo Shire Council is co-operating in the project.


SEARCH AND RESCUE SECTION: Additional radios are being procured to provide wider coverage in searches. A radio practice will be held at Mount Kuring-gai on February 11 at the end of the road leading to Woodnut's Boatshed. All interested are invited. The section has recommended that a length of light nylon rope should be carried by all parties where river negotiation is involved. Talks on Safety-in-the-Bush to all Clubs are envisaged in the New Year.

NATIONAL PARKS BILL: It was resolved that a letter be forwarded to the Premier requesting inclusion of a representative of the Federation on the Advisory Panel. As the meeting was not representative, no action was taken on the letter from the National Parks Association.

DRINKING WATER: Attention was drawn to the presence of particles of mica in various streams which had given rise to stomach upsets. It is recommended such water be allowed to settle in buckets and that water be drawn from quiet parts of streams.

NEW MAPS: New Department of Lands Maps are available for various districts, including Griffith North, Merriwa, Corrowal South, Dorrigo. A new Military Map should soon be available for the Araluen Area. Wilf Hilder should be contacted for greater detail and reference numbers.

Brian Harvey.
Proxy Delegate.



A simple line drawing of a house with a chimney. The house has a rectangular body and a triangular roof. A chimney is located on the right side of the roof. The drawing is composed of simple black lines on a white background.

A black and white illustration of a person in a winter hat and coat, holding a long stick or pole, standing next to a large, stylized letter 'E'. The person is wearing a hat with a pom-pom and a coat with a fur collar. The stick is long and thin, with a small circular object at the bottom. The letter 'E' is large and stylized, with a thick border. The background is plain white.

BM 2685

ONE MORE MONTH

Observer.

CONGRATULATIONS and best wishes to:

Jack Gentle and Edna Stretton, who were married on January 14.

Wilf Hilder, married very recently to Miss Margaret Conway.

Mick and Evelyn Elphick on the birth of a daughter.

Have you heard about the current "IN" locale, the New Mecca for walkers? It's Merry Beach on the south coast. Most were of the family group variety and the "oldies", some of whom will admit that their walking days are about over. At Christmas/Now Year, there were foregathered no fewer than five Past Presidents at one time. Campers (Car, of course) included the Knightleys, Browns, Moppetts, Harveys, Kirkbys, McGregors, Gilroys, Brooks, Gordons, Webbs, Renwicks, Grays, McInnes, Higsons and the Bourkes, more than fifty hods in all. Brian Harvey reports that side trips were made to Mystery Bay, Yadboro Creek, Termeil and Brooman State Forests, with odd sorties to Bateman's Bay and Ulladulla. Malc. McGregor's boat provided many a fresh fish meal and lots of sea-time for those who went down to the sea in ships, particularly in the dim grey before the dawn. Must have been almost like Bondi.

In contrast to the crowds at Merry Beach, Frank and Joan Rigby and Heather Joyce explored the lonely but lovely stretches of coast and mountains of the Nadgee Scenic Reserve, where not another soul was sighted for three days. Frank says it's one of the few places left (in most parts of the Reserve anyway) where one can still feel that sense of utter remoteness from the civilised world.

The New Zealand contingent returned intact with fresh triumphs and lots of stories under their belts. About eight S.B.W.'s made the trip and some of the party made successful ascents of Mt. Cook, Mt. Sefton and the Minarets, as well as several lesser summits; and Alan Pike has now conquered his first 10,000 footer!

Heard a brief report that Owen Marks' party of five enjoyed themselves at Lamington National Park - and no leeches either. What's the secret, Owen? Rumour has it that a couple of other parties were out in various parts of the country, but no confirmation so far.

Seeing that this is a WALKING club, Bill Gillam took the President to task for forgetting all about Walks announcements at the General Meeting. Bill then proceeded to advertise his FISHING trip of Jan. 13-14-15. Bill has been spreading some big fish stories about the bounty to be caught in Lake George - let's hope it doesn't turn out like most other fish tales we've heard.

The Christmas Party at the Grays on Dec. 10 was a great success by general consensus. There was a campfire, a big tent where prize-winning photos were on show, a curry and rice supper etc.

THE NEW YEAR'S HONOURS LIST.

Jim Brown.

(At the recent Christmas Party a masterpiece of originality, aptness and entertainment was presented by that prolific writer and composer, Jim Brown. It met with such a hilarious reception that inclusion in the Magazine was a must. However, please remember that it was written for campfire entertainment and make any allowances accordingly - Editor.)

O.C.: At annual reunions in the past there has sometimes been a series of awards for deeds of merit or outstanding services performed by members during the year. It seems appropriate that there should on this occasion be a New Year's Honours List, and to that end we have prepared several recommendations and citations, which require only the assent of the President. Mr. White, would you care to join us here? Mr. President, this is the proposed list of Christmas Honours. May I invite you to examine them and append your signature.

Pres.: (After looking at list). You don't expect me to sign this scurrilous thing.

O.C.: Of course. Why?

Pres.: Well, I won't do it. I want no part of it.

O.C.: I see. (Aside). We've had trouble like this with other Presidents in the past. (To assistants). Get hold of his arm. Up behind his back just a bit more wring it slightly ... Mr. President, will you sign?

Pres.: No, I won't be in it. I won't Ahhh! Yes I will. I'll sign it.

O.C.: Thank you. Now ladies and gentlemen, the President has been pleased to confer on a group of our members awards fitting to their achievements during this year. First DONALD FINCH. For services to exploration and science. Will you read the citation please?

Asst. "A": Mr. Finch was leader of an intrepid party that explored the Wild Goat Plateau overlooking the Nattai River. Despite great vicissitudes they persevered and his party was, as far as is known, the first to sight Lake Joyce. Quoting from the official report "Lake Joyce at the time of discovery was approx. 938 mm. wide and 1556.5 mm. long, with a maximum depth of well over 15 mm. Although it presented no problem on this occasion, it is advised that water wings should be carried if venturing into the area after periods of heavy rain."

Asst. "B": For the benefit of those not yet fully decimalised, the dimensions of Lake Joyce may be rendered as approximately 37 inches by 60 inches by half-inch deep.

O.C.: To Mr. Finch's party therefore falls the distinction of discovering perhaps the smallest lake in the world. His award, fittingly, is the LL.D. (Little Lake Discoverer) symbolised by this small bag of water.

Song. High on the plateau, plateau so high,
They called it Lake Joyce, then wondered why.
For water thirsting, they felt the pinch,
Till brimming Lake Joyce was found by Finch.

(Tune: Down in the Valley).

Next. Mr. Gordon Redmond - For self denial surpassing the call of duty, and for services to economics. The citation please.

Asst "B" As all the Club knows, Mr. Redmond has officiated as Treasurer for some years and in this role has felt it proper to recommend on several occasions that the annual subscription rate should be increased. In March last, however, in an unprecedented act of self-denial, a gesture of fine disregard of his innermost promptings, he actually recommended to the General Meeting that subscription and entrance fee remain unaltered. O.C. He is awarded the M.G.T. (Medallion of the Magnanimous and generous Treasurer) represented by this badge of a grasping hand with its fingers cut off.

Song: (I've Got Sixpence)

We've got money, lots and lots of money
We've got money, we've really got enough
We've money to burn, we've no need to earn ...
But money's such lovely, lovely, stuff.

Next. Mr. Owen Marks: The citation and Comments Please.

Asst "A": In making this award, it is necessary first to draw attention to a deplorable article in the Club journal for April last, containing an account by some person known as Page of a journey in the Wolgan Valley. In part, this reads "As we climbed down the hill through the scrub, lo and behold, we came upon an old galvanised iron bath tub. This was the cue for photographers in the group to bring out cameras and capture for posterity the portrait of our fearless leader reclining in the bath. Owen Marks, Order of the Bath, is his new title.

Asst. "B": It is scarcely necessary to point out that all awards are made by Presidential decree, and the writer of this article was not entitled to assume that such an award would in fact be made. However, as the magazine is the official organ, and has contained this statement, we were left with no option but to confirm the decoration.

O.C. We feel, however, that many other feats performed by the same Owen Marks during the year are equally deserving of recognition. From enquiries made, we have elicited that Mr. Marks, as befits a member engaged in the clothing industry, took his bath in fully clothed condition. Further that he later performed on the piano at Newnes Hotel with a rendition of a work by Johan Sebastian Bach. His decoration is in the form of a cake of soap for B.O. — I mean O.B., Order of the Bath, and we will serenade him in Bach.

Song: Du Bis Bei Mir.

There he lay, in tranquil pose
Reclining in a tub, not too far distant from the pub
Down in the valley where the Wolgan flows.
So, when you're weary
From pushing through the tangled scrub,
Just take a cue from Marks, you have no need to fear the sharks,
Down in the valley where the Wolgan flows.

Now, Mr. Brian Harding — For services to engineering and entertainment.

Asst. "B". Mr. Harding earned his distinction from two incidents both involving his Land Rover vehicle. The first involves a trip from the Kanangra area when he attempted to save his companions a chilly trudge along the road by hurrying ahead to bring the Land Rover to their aid. When the others reached Kanangra he was not to be seen, and the chronicle continues: "About

six o'clock we saw the gleam of Brian's fire just off the road. He had been tinkering with the jeeps innards and had just about got it going. Despite two tins of anti-freeze, the radiator had frozen up and even the oil was solid when he probed it with the dipstick. He lit a fire under the engine, like New Zealanders say they warm up the cows in the South Island before they milk them. But a fire under the engine can be too much of a good thing, so he had been pushing the jeep off it and back over it again for the past hour. Unfortunately, one of the radiator pipes was burst, but he repaired this with a plaster bandage

Asst. "A": The foregoing illustrates the tenacity and resource displayed by this member. The other quote is briefer "Brian dropped the tailgate on his landrover and was met by a two inch tidal wave - that was the end of the water in the jerrican." A man who is prepared to perform that kind of antic after nightfall on a freezing evening for the entertainment of a weary party is one of the world's very great comedians - comparable with Charles Chaplin or Danny Kaye, and he therefore is awarded ----

O.C. The JJ.D. - Joys of Jeep Driving. The emblem is of four wheels - to signify four-wheel drive, with a hose and a bandage wrapped around it.

Asst. "A" : Who called the jeep a heap?

Asst. "B" Who called the heap a jeep?

Mr. Frank Ashdown for services to Literature.

Asst. "B" As the Club knows, Mr. Ashdown for some years had conducted a single handed campaign to abolish the Club Library. There have been some people who have suggested his target is disposal of the books by auction, so that he may acquire some at a reduced price, but we believe this to be quite unfounded. The fact remains that, if it were not for Mr. Ashdown's persistent efforts to kill the library, it would almost certainly have perished from inanition. Such is the perversity of walkers that, having once been told the library was dying, to proceeded to make sure it would at least die on its feet.

O.C. Mr. Ashdown merits the award of the C.L.C. - Champion of Lost Causes, represented by a book cover with the pages missing.

Song - Men of Harlech.

Hitler burned the books of freedom
 So his people couldn't read 'em
 Books, he said, would just mislead 'em
 Books should all be banned.
 Moses had a different notion,
 Treated writings with devotion,
 Led his people through the ocean
 To the Promised Land.
 With this choice before us, let us shout in chorus
 Good old Frank we've got to thank
 Unwittingly he kept our library for us
 When he says we ought to sell out
 And our many faults begins to spell out
 That is when we start to shell out
 Give him a big hand.

Next - Margaret Dogteram. For services to medical science and gastronomy.

Asst "A" From the Official Journal. "Margaret had eaten a conglomeration of goodies - soup, instant pud, sardines, sour oranges, etc. etc. 'Isn't your stomach a marvellous thing' she said. What it can take.' However, later it is recorded 'We didn't meet again till a hamburger shop half way down the mountain road. Here we learned Margaret's stomach, whose capacity for variety she had been applauding earlier in the afternoon, had misbehaved.."

O.C. In the cause of scientific knowledge Margaret's experience with a variety of seemingly uncongenial items of diet was most valuable. Her capacity was an inspiration to all, and she therefore receives the I.T.T. (Intestinal Tract Tormentor), represented by a pinch of bicarbonate of soda.

Song

Maggie ate some instant pud, and Maggie ate some soup,
Maggie ate some tinned sardines, she startled all the group.
Maggie had some oranges and several quarts of beer
Then Maggie wondered why she felt so queer.
Whoops went the instant pud, and whoops went the soup
Whoops went the tinned sardines, her tummy looped the loop.
Whoops went the oranges and several quarts of beer
Then Maggie knew why she was feeling queer.

Now - Helen Gray - for services to sport.

Asst. "B": At the Annual Reunion a number of foot races were held. Those for the ladies included one for fillies, one for junior matrons and one for senior matrons. Unfortunately the archives do not record the winners of all events, but it is known that the Junior Matrons event was won by Helen Gray.

O.C. She is, therefore, one of the fastest women in the Club and receives the decoration of the O.F.F. Order of the Flighty Female.

Song

- Down on the Nattai I did my dough,
Doodah, doodah,
Bet on a filly far too slow
Ho, da doodah day.
Some stopped up all night,
Some slept all next day.
Bet my money on another bag
Somebody bet on the GRAY.

Happy New Year to all