

A Monthly Bulletin of matters of interest to the Sydney Bushwalkers, Northcote Building, Reiby Place, Sydney. Postal address : Box 4476, G.P.O. Sydney.

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### EDITORIAL

SOME UNMITIGATED SUPER-POLYUNSATURATED PSYCHEDELIC BILGE FROM THE EDITOR

"The Club is dying on its feet". How often have we heard it said! Yes, the Club has been DYING FOR FORTY YEARS!! The unfortunate thing is that we hear it so often that at times we actually begin to believe it. Here we are celebrating the Club's fortieth anniversary, and people are still saying it.

"They were thegood old days": "The walkers of today don't know what enjoyment is"; again and again we hear it, often in jest, sometimes in all seriousness. I hope you find as you read through this enlarged edition of the magazine, that nostalgia is not predominant. As people submitted contributions to me I was surprised, and pleasantly so too, to find that there was very little of the "good old days" stuff. The authors of these articles, some of them senior members, seem to look more to the future of the Club than to its past. After all, the past is only 40 years, a long time to us maybe, but insignificant compared to theinfinity that lies ahead — the future.

But let's not hide the fact that S.B.W. does have a glorious past, and some hundreds of people have helped in making the past what it is. I think though, that Jim Brown hits the nail on the head when he says, in his article about the Golden Years, that the Golden Years for YOU, were the years when you were most active in Club affairs. Think about that, it's worth pondering.

You will read later, an article, "Some Walking Guff" by our Walks Secretary, Don Finch, where he starts out by pointing out to us what a ull in walking activity we are experiencing. He then, without taking a second breath, reels off a list of mighty trips, just to prove himself wrong. He's got nothing to worry about though, with 50 years walking ahead of him. That's the spirit of youth.

But the spirit of youth belongs not only to the young. The spirit of youth is something that exists, but in which age is an irrelevant ingredient. Kath McKay, in her "Forty Years On", concludes by saying:

"We oldies can be with you only in spirit, but Bushwalking, thank goodness, still goes on. Here's to our next forty years!"

And that is what I call THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH, let us hope it will Jive forever.

. .

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AN EXTRACT FROM THE MINUTES OF THE MOUNTAIN TRAILS CLUB. Meeting held on October 21st. 1927.

"Alan P. Rigby moved that 'a new walking club be formed here and now'. The motion was seconded by L. Roy Davies and carried unanimously."

Thereupon the M.T.C. meeting was declared closed by the chairman and the first meeting of the new club was declared open.

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#### 40TH ANNIVERSARY CAMP

This magazine was to include some information from the Convener, Brian Harvey, but unfortunately his article became misplaced somewhere in the mails. A few points to remember however are as follows:-

- 1. If possible, take your own tent poles. Firewood is plentiful and of good quality, but it is not too straight.
- 2. If you have a plastic water container, take some water from home.
- 3. Remember that we will be camping on private property, and the owners will be there. To build up goodwill remember your camp etiquette, and be doubly sure that your campsite is left clean.

Whilst enjoying yourselves on the Reunion, you might spare a thought for the hard workers who dug the pits and built the campfire :- Frank Ashdown, Roy Bennett Jack & Edna Gentle, Evan, Brian Harvey, Owen Marks, Brian Matterson, Neville Page, Ros Painter, Alan Round with his heap, Barry Wallace, Jack and Eileen Wren. Also, you may remember Betty Farquar when you're there - she might appreciate some help with the supper.

## MOTE FROM IL PRESIDENTE

This month the Sydney Bush Walkers celebrates the fortieth anniversary of its founding; the Club is, in fact, almost as old as bushwalking itself, as we Australians know it on an organised basis. To mark the occasion, there will be a social evening/dinner in the city, a camping weekend in the bush and this special issue of the Club magazine.

Forty years old: Yes, but we must not think of the Club's age in human terms. That debatable old convention that "Life begins at forty" certainly cannot be applied; rather, it should be said that life keeps going on, for the Club, although mature even at its birth, will never grow old.

The Club is a perpetually active, changing body, constantly refreshing itself with new and active members to replace those who, for one reason or another, have to leave its ranks. From time to time, new ideas and new methods are evolved to achieve the Club's objects; this type of evolution is desirable, and indeed inevitable, in such a changing world. However, it is important to remember that our objects, framed by the foundation members, are still the same for they are the permanent reasons for our being. While membership and methods may change, people's need for the Club and its objects will always remain; because of the quickening pace of our lives and the growing urbanisation, there is every reason to believe that this need will intensify. I believe then that our Club and others like it will go on having anniversaries for a long time to come.

We active members of today should not forget the debt we owe to those who have gone before us over these past forty years. We are benefiting from their pioneering, their hard-won experience, the many worthy traditions they have built up over the years and the battles they have won in the cause of conservation of our beloved places in the bush.

Herein, I feel, lies a good part of the essence of our celebrations; this is a rare opportunity for the past and the present to come together and know something of each other - the old and the young, and the many ages between. No doubt there will be a great swapping of yarns about the good times of yesteryear; there will be a lot of talk about the present and perhaps even a thought or two on the future. But one hopes that there will also be time

for a generous amount of real mixing and intermingling.

I extend to every member and past member of the Club a sincere wish that they will enjoy happy and rewarding experiences in this month of the fortieth anniversary.

Let us celebrate :

- Frank Rigby.

A RESSAGE FROM THE CLUB TYPEWRITER

### "BEVEILLE"

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This should be the permanent prologue - slogan - war cry of the Magazine (of every Club) ..... Taro.

Are you trying to tell us to wake up, Taro? .... Editor

#### "REVETLLE"

by A. E. Housman.

Wake: the silver dusk returning Up the beach of darkness brims, And the ship of sunrise burning Stands upon the eastern rims.

Wake: the vaulted shadow shatters, Trampled to the floor it spanned, And the tent of night it tatters Straws the sky pavilioned land.

Up, lad, up, 'tis late for lying: Hear the drums of morning play; Hark, the empty highways crying, Who'll beyond the hills away?

Towns and countries woo together, Forelands beacon, belfries call; Never lad that trod on leather Lived to feast his heart and all.

Up, lad: thews that lie and cumber Sunlit pallets never thrive; Morns abed and daylight slumber Were not meant for man alive.

Clay lies still, but blood's a rover; Breath's a ware that will not keep: Up, lad: when the journey's over There'll be time enough to sleep.

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### FORTY YEARS ON

Forty years on, growing older and older, Shorter in wind as in memory long, Feeble of foot and rheumatic of shoulder -What does it help you that once you were strong?

So runs the Harrow school song. Well, the Sydney Bushwalkers are forty years on too, and though not a Foundation Member, it is well over thirty years since I joined.

Let me say at once that I am a complete fraud. Accident and illness have curtailed my walking and I have been hardly anywhere at all. But do the Bushwalkers care? Not a jot. They accept me as one of themselves and treat me as though I had been everywhere and seen everything. Never were there such cobbers. Perhaps there is the same camaraderie between all who have shared peril and hardship (and these do crop up sometimes in Bushwalking — it is not all a game) but here it is especially noticeable. If you are a Bushwalker, that is enough.

It is good to know that this spirit of mateship is as much alive as ever. Though we are 'feeble' others may take:

The track that runs - how well we know! - By giant gums and bracken tall, To where the little campfires throw Their friendly glimmer over all.

Fires where once our spirits flamed Bravely as they; where, wordily We righted wrongs, new empires framed, Opened locked doors, set bondmen free.

Still by that gleam Youth plans afresh The universe, but through the screen Of smoke we see, not their young flesh, But ghosts of years that lie between. Yes, many have gone, and we cannot come camping now; but never mind:

Others may lie and watch the stars Unwearied march the long nights through, And see the gumleaf scimitars Carve deep into the midnight blue.

For others now, if not for us, The veils of mountain mist are drawn, for them the magpie's tremulous High carol ushers in the dawn.

etc. etc. We oldies can be with you only in spirit, but Bushwalking, thank goodness, still goes on.

Here's to our next forty years!

#### WAS THIS THE START OF IT?

Extract from "The Sun", 2/8/27.

"Mr. J. Debert to walking enthusiasts:

I should like to see in Sydney a "Hikers' Club, where "hikers" could meet and discuss routes, places of interest &c., and so fill a long-felt want for those who go on walking trips. Many walkers, no doubt prefer to go with their own friends, or even alone, rather than be bothered with organising trips: but their information would be valuable to others, and so, I would suggest a free and easy meeting place for all those who "hit the trail". Organised trips could be arranged for those who wished, and, no doubt, the scheme would be one of mutual benefit. The club should, naturally, be open to lady members for one sees as many of the fair sex on the trail as men."

Go forth under the open sky, and list To Nature's teachings.

.....Bryant.

# THE HALF YEARLY GENERAL MEETING

Five members made their debut at the Half Yearly Meeting Lorraine Mackaness, Lynette Drummond. Fred Austin, Ian Guthridge and
Doone Wyborn. From the minutes we had one Presidential comment - due
to customer resistance books may be borrowed from the Library at 5 c.
instead of 10 c. Correspondence told us the Orienteering Contest had
been postponed to the 28th October, Margaret Dogterom had resigned from
Committee owing to study requirements, the Health Department thanked us
for our interest in psychiatric patients, Miss McDonald of the Museum
had sent a donation of \$5 following our recent Museum night and in
return had received a 12 months' subscription to the Magazine. An
organisation ABSCHOL, seeking to promote higher education for aborigines
asked for assistance but a motion ac donate \$5 was lost. The President
advised that publications (magazines from other clubs, etc.) would go
first to the Magazine editor then to the re-established Library.

The Treasurer told us funds in the immediate kitty were \$647, but pointed out there were fairly heavy expenses ahead — subsidising of the Anniversary Dinner would run to perhaps \$300 and reprinting the Constitution about \$80. The President advised that copies of the reprinted Constitution would be issued to all members. The Treasurer refused to say whether his remarks foreshadowed a bit to raise subscriptions next year.

Walks Report covered a fairly active month, notwithstanding the turbulent weather conditions on the first weekend of August. A trip on the Nattai plateau area arrived back at its cars about 11 p.m. Sunday: Owen Marks' Splendour Rock trip achieved notoriety, starting with about 20 and finishing with some 70 S & R, Police and Ambulance men, not to mention helicopter pilots together with helicopter. During Barry Pacey's Megalong walk a car belonging to the party was stripped of tyres and fittings. Day walks were well attended.

Unfortunately the Federation Report was inaudible, but arising from discussion on bush safety, the President reminded members of the importance of carrying a torch, a first-aid kit and matches, and added that even if a person attended for a walk but was obviously ill-equipped, the leader would be entitled to refuse to take him.

This led to a reference to a booklet "Safety in the Bush which

Federation proposes to distribute to members of all affiliated Clubs; it was reported that emphasis would be placed on safety under flood conditions at the S & R practice on 13th - 15th October.

Brian Harvey reported 230 bookings for the Anniversary Dinner, and further information regarding the campsite for 21st - 22nd October. It is proposed to segregate cars and campers, while a working bee to organise the site will take place on 7th - 8th October.

Now, following hard on the 40th Anniversary camp, came consideration of next year's Reunion site; three were nominated, one didn't make the "primaries" and Woods Creek was again chosen. There was longer debate over the alternative place, and finally Burning Palms was accepted.

Quite belatedly, for other business had spread well into the evening, we came to the Constitutional amendments. No one said that if they were carried it would put the new reprint out of date before it was issued, but such a contingency won't arise as both amendments misfired.

Both issues summoned forth a good deal of discussion, all conducted with the utmost decorum and a happy lack of any discordant notes. Both were rejected, the proposal to reduce the frequency of general meetings by 38 to 17 and the optional Instructional walk by 17 to 37 ( $\frac{3}{4}$  majority required). At the conclusion of the voting President and Secretary conferred for a while to work out the actual percentages, and Colin Putt provided a slide rule just a moment too late.

With the clock ticking on past 10.30 p.m. we voted to have a Christmas party, and also voted that the Social Secretary present proposals as to its form at the next meeting. Jack Gentle pointed out that with more and more walks going by private transport, we should have legal opinion as to the position of drivers and passengers in case of accident. Various views as to liability were offered but it was agreed to seek Hon. Solicitor's determination.

And with the exception that we seem to have acquired permanent Room Stewards (one was unaware of his volunteering), that was it for September 1967.

"The bee is a merchant,
He trades among flower planets."

Peter Kelso (Age: 12 yrs.)

From ONCE AROUND THE SUN, an anthology of poetry by Australian children aged 6 - 13 yrs.

Like the months of Autumn, Spring is a wonderful time for walking.

When the coolness tempers the air and the heat generated by physical exertion is not a discomfort but a feeling of well being.

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## 13310110113 - PAST AND FULLIGE by Dorothy Lawry.

In the May, 1967 issue of our Club magazine the Editor asked:"What exactly is tradition?" My copy of the Concise Oxford Dictionary gives four very distinct definitions of "tradition" for use in
various circumstances — with numerous subdivisions of each
definition to cover the various feelings and needs of the user!
To me a practice that proves so useful it becomes a habit that later
is passed on by word and deed is what becomes a tradition.

If people become hidebound by their traditions that is a BAD THING. Circumstances change over the years and so, therefore, should a club's traditions. Some traditions are more important than others, of course, and some are so vital that they are never likely to change; for instance, the Bushwalkers' traditions of always leaving their campsites tidy and of never starting bushfires.

One of the S.B.W.'s traditions of minor importance is our habit of forming small food parties in which camp chores are shared by inclination - old members will remember how I used to bring in firewood but nearly always managed to avoid doing any cooking! Way back in the 1920's I learned my camparaft with a group of friends who had a different habit. We usually were a party of six or eight, and before the first meal was started the leader would break twigs of varying length and we all drew lots for the various jobs as he had allocated them. One pair would get wood and make the fire; a second pair would do all the cooking; and the third, if only six in the party, would cut up and serve the food and also do the washing up; these last two jobs would be separated if there were eight in the party that weekend. At each meal each pair moved on one job. This gave variety to the chores, and to the cooking, and also helped to bring any new members right into the midst of the group. That was a tradition which could easily be adopted or changed to suit circumstances.

When I joined the Sydney Bush Walkers in 1929 the Club had already formed some habits that have become traditions. One of these was the correct conduct of meetings and the formal use of surnames there, but in the bush only Christian names of nicknames. By the way, do all the newer members know, I wonder, that it was the name chosen by our Club for itself that added a new word to the English language? The word BUSHWALKER.

I remember one meeting in those early days when Frank Duncan was in the chair and his wife, Anice, rose, wanting to speak when the meeting was still discussing a motion to which she had already spoken. With a deadpan expression of face and voice, and as though she were just a member whom he knew slightly, Frank said, "I am sorry Mrs. Duncan, you are out of order," and Anice collapsed into her seat.

Then there was the meeting at which many members were doing a lot of talking, suggesting finicky rules and regulations. Up rose Cliff Ritson and said, "I move, Mr. Chairman, that this Club be governed by commonsense unwritten rules." Someone seconded the motion; it was carried and that was that,

Another tradition we had in those early days but which, I gather, lapsed many years ago, was that we could enjoy ourselves and play as childishly as we liked without the help of alcohol to break down our inhibitions about making fools of ourselves in the eyes of other people. The public thought all Bushwalkers were mad, anyway; and we used to say, "The difference between us and the people in Callan Park is that we know we are mad." Here are a few memories of those days and that tradition.

One cold Sunday afternoon a party of us arrived at Waterfall Station and changed as usual, then found we had over an hour to wait for the next train back to town. To keep ourselves warm we played "Nuts and May" on the platform. The one visitor in our party seemed to enjoy and game too, but I would not mind betting it was the first (and probably the last) time she ever played like that with an entirely grown-up party. She was fashion editor of one of the daily papers.

In the early thirties we were all working hard to raise the money to pay for the Blue Gum Forest and we held the "Blue Gum Ball" at Hordern Bros. When it was over the lifts brought the dancers to George Street and while I was waiting for some members of my immediate party who came down in later loads I was amused to see the faces of a number of taxi drivers and hot dog men who were waiting to do what business they could with the revellers. They were bewildered, nay, staggered, as lift after lift disgorged its load of happy, laughing dancers, for not only was no one pie—eyed, but all were obviously sober, though just as obviously still enjoying themselves after a happy evening:

Then there was the farewell party to Wat Roots when he was moved to Brisbane only a few months after being elected our President. It was held in the old club rooms at the Royal Life Saving Society and the catering was done by the folk who usually catered for all functions

for which the hall was let. They told us afterwards that ours was the happiest and best party they had seen there, but what amazed them was that we had no "grog" at all.

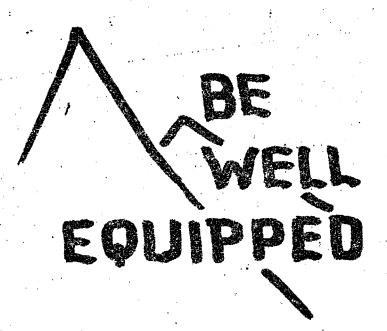
I am an avid reader of "The Sydney Bushwalker" but for the past 16 years I have been living in New Zealand so have not been in close touch with the other S.B.W. members. Therefore, I do not know what practices, habits and traditions you have been forming during those years, and are now forming, but I hope you still have just as much fun as we had.

Remembering the high standards all have had to reach before being admitted to membership, I am confident that all the traditions are and will be such as will maintain the S.B.W.'s standards and help everyone to enjoy the best of bushwalking.

#### OBITUARY.

It is with sadness and regret that we report the death of Edward Stephen, younger brother of Ian Stephen, in a motor cycle accident this month. Edward was a policeman.

We can only offer sincere sympathy to Ian on his sad loss.



Drop in any time to the Mountain Equipment Company to see our full range of gear for Walkers and Climbers.

We stock a full range of spares for Mountain Mule Packs - plus, of course, MULES and MULETTES off the shelf.

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# THE GOLDEN YEARS

Which were the Golden Years of the Club? Now - be honest about it; it was the period when you, dear reader, were most active in Club affairs, now wasn't it?

Thus, the people who were walking and most Active in Club management during the 1930's consider those were the great days: and the generations of the 1940's and 50's no doubt believe the place is going downhill. While, bless you, if you're of more recent stock and very active, the Golden Years are NOW.

For my part, accepting the above formula, the late 40's and early 50's should have been the high sport, but in a way I was lucky because just as my spell of virorous walking went into a decline, the Chronic Operas came along and extended my personal Golden Years.

The idea of telling a story - preferably something touching on Club doings - in verse and song at a campfire, was not a brand new idea when the Chronic Operas were spawned. Other people had done something similar on a few occasions in the 1930's, but I think it can be said fairly that none of these earlier operas became part of a cycle.

Not that the 1952 originators envisaged a series. It simply happened that a superior campfire was planned for the Club's 25th Birthday Reunion at Springvale near Woy Woy. Happily there was a story to tell - how at an Instructional Weekend in August the leader almost missed the train; how the President, no less, "pulled the air" on the train driver when he started out of Glenbrook with half of the party still aboard: and how the Treasurer was hit on the skull by a rolling stone (dislodged by an unfinancial member, of course).

Working on this promising material President Malcolm McGregor and Pat Sullivan (now Wood), who worked in adjacent offices at the C.S.I.R.O. produced "Instruction Plus". I rather gather the "foreign order" occupied quite a bit of working time during a week while hastily written verse was noted to tunes by Sir Arthur Sullivan (no relation to Pat) and to popular campfire ballads. My own part in this epoch-making production was humble enough - words for one song and the role of the irate engine driver. The whole performance went very nicely and was well received.

And there it may have remained if the 1953 Reunion campfire had not seemed so tame by comparison that we began to talk of an Opera

for 1954. In the meantime the Club had acquired a couple of versatile pen-men in Don Matthews who can write whimsically appealing lines, and Geoff Wagg who invents the most arrant nonsense. There was already in existence an enthusiastic singing group with quite passable voices, and not too many inhibitions about performing at a campfire.

The scene was set and the ground was fertile for the 1954 Reunion and its slightly exaggerated version of a general meeting with each character riding his own special hobby-horse about which he had sounded off at meetings during the year. It included the Matthews hit, WHO'D RE A WALKER; it introduced the Little Scout with his axes, knives and firearms ready to "knock off a bird or a bunny", and it wound up with Wagg's version of GOOD BYE.

"Good bye, adieu, So long, farewell and toodle-oo, Bon soir, what's more -Auf wiederschen and au revoir."

Now the team really got stuck into it. It was decided well in advance that the 1955 opera would deal with the Sunday clashes, scme amiable, some not so amiable, between Police and Bushwalkers, under the title BOBBIES AND BUSHIES. While this was still in gestation we learned that Paddy Pallin was going abroad, so we farewelled him in the grounds of Brian Harvey's home to the tunes of "Paddy Pallin Pty.Ltd." At his emporium it was pointed out:

"We have paddles for canoeing with And fly veils for fly-shooing with, And an UP to be and doing with, Or we'll hire you teeth for chewing with."

And Paddy counselled to the tune THIS NEARLY WAS MINE,

"Let sleeping bags lie,
Be gentle in treating them,
Don't ever try beating them Let sleeping bags lie,"

So to the 1955 Reunion where in an opening episode we "disgraced" ourselves in the nude sunbathing scene at Era where -

"If you go sunning on Era sands, you'd better go disguised. There's bobbies there with telescopes and frightfully powerful eyes." Thereafter we spent years redeeming ourselves with S & R activities, in the process of which we were introduced to the bloodhound (Wagg) and his keeper, the unhappy police sergeant who explained (to the schools song, THE GOLDEN WATTLE) -

"His b—y nose is not so keen,
He's doped on benze-(b—y)-drene.
He's just a b—y has-been,
Oh, b—y, b—y, b—y.

Hardly was the Reunion over when Geoff Wagg, emulating the Tiger Walkers of earlier years led a weekend jaunt of (allegedly) 85 miles from Katoomoa to Picton. It was before Warragamba flooded the Burragorang, of course. Twenty started, six finished and the rest were extracted by car, and enough silly things happened to make a story, which was sung to a combined Instructional Weekend and Working Bee at Blue Gum. It may have been remorse at our recent treatment of a children's song, but we took a couple of bawdy old ballads and set respectable words, as with Geoff's MILES TO PICTON ("O'Reilly's Daughter"),

"85 miles is a long, long way,
Not many cars on the Picton Highway,
Sanitary cart or a one-horse sleigh,
I'll take anything going my way."

The writers had almost a year's spell now, and in that time some changes occurred. Apart from a few phrases, the earlier "operas" were sung throughout, but now some spoken dialogue was introduced, the words of the songs became more sophisticated, and the characters portrayed were vested with some degree of personality. Moreover, the remaining operas were virtually original stories, owing something to current Club affairs, and with many topical allusions, but not telling direct tales of walker doings.

In retrospect I am convinced that the GOLDEN SCREW (1956), THE 1001 TROGLODYTES (1956), WHITE ANTIES (1957), McGREGOR'S PARTY (1957), and RETURN OF THE ADMIRAL (1958) were the best from the scripting viewpoint. However, our audience was by now somewhat blase, and as the stories grew more involved, they were not quite as well received as the earlier editions. Because the stories were more complex the words don't always read well out of context, and it would be futile to try and quote either in a reasonably short history of the Chronic Operas.

Of course the writers, and maybe the performers too, continued to get a great deal of pleasure out of the composition

and rehearsals; I can still remember the faces flushed with laughter and excitement as one silly episode was capped with an even screwier development.

Perhaps we had become too ambitious and were trying to "put over" plays requiring much more rehearsal and much more elaborate staging than one can justify for a one night campfire show. At all events, we came to the conclusion after the 1958 Reunion that the Chronic Operas should be suspended at least for a while.

During the next few years the strong singing group thinned out, family commitments weighed on the Producer and writers, and we never really resumed. Not with full scale Chronic Operas, that is, although sketches with songs have been played at most of the subsequent Reunions, with some of the old brigade usually taking part, and often with an infusion of new blood. I hope we can continue to do that much, at least until a new team starts producing major campfire entertainment items.

You see, it reminds me of the Golden Years of the Chronic Operas: and if you feel like chuckling at such a naive and nostalgic idea, it's probably because these are your own Golden Years, and the day will almost certainly come when you, too, look backward.

#### INSTRUCTIONAL WALK

The Membership Secretary, Betty Farquar, would like everyone to know that she will be leading an Instructional Walk on the weekend of 4th. and 5th. November. It will be a Saturday lunchtime start so that those who work on Saturday mornings can make it.

THIS WALK IS NOT MARKED ON THE WALKS PROGRAMME, so please take special note, anyone who is interested. The route to be taken is Waterfall, Mooray Track, Morella Karong, Ripple Rill, Heathcote. Mileage is approximately 12.

Train leaves Central at 12.50 p.m. Saturday. Relevant map is the Port Hacking Tourist.

All prospective members wanting to do this Instructional should speak to Betty Farquar. Her telephone number is 50-6569.

### FRUGALITY

By Tod Sloane.

(Although not a member of S.B.W. himself, Tod Sloane is well known to a number of the older members. His poem was first published in the Bushwalker in 1942. By the way, Tod is able to boast an age of four score years — not quite as good as Taro, but a wealth of experience lies therein just the same. Ed.)

I have forgotten
What it is
To eat
A great big Sunday dinner in a house.
On Sunday I am always in the Bush —
The Labyrinth,
The Megalong,
The Dogs,
The Grose,
The Nattai,
Or even the lowly National Park,
Or (say it reverently) Morella—Karong.

I have forgotten
What it was
I ate
At those big Sunday dinners in a house.
Did I embloat my hog-like self upon
Roast pork,
Potatoes,
Cabbage,
Plum pudding,
Wine jelly?
And did I fill the cracks with Heady fizz?
Or (here's to you) spirituous liquor?

I have forgotten
All of that
Old past.
I only know the Sundays of the Bush.
That's all the Sunday world I want to know —
The tracks,
The hills,
The creeks,

The rocks,
The trees,
And all the scrub and the lantana vines,
And (do not frighten them) the singing birds.

But I'll remember
Down my years
Of age
The simple fare the strong Bushwalkers eat;
You must be frugal if you love their life —
Their joys,
Their fears,
Their toil,
Their grime,
Their grime,
And in the nights, their silence with the stars,
And (say it softly) sweet deep sleep.

#### FEDERATION SEARCH AND RESCUE DEMONSTRATION

DATES: 13th, 14th, and 15th. October.

PLACE: Map Ref. 865689 St. Albans 1" to mile, Westernmost bend in the Colo River about a mile and a half west of Lower Portland.

This past year has had a full crop of incidents in the bush, some of which ended unhappily. Concern is felt over the high rate of "unrehearsed" incidents on walks and other excursions which have occurred. We urge you to put aside all other arrangements and attend on both days. We want a good turn-out of S.B.W.'s to show that our Club is interested in Federation activities.

The object of the demonstration is to encourage better planning of trips, greater care indangerous places, and keeping your party close together.

There will be a campfire and supper on Saturday night, so come and have a happy time, and learn something as well. Whilst on the subject of supper, S.B.W. has volunteered to provide the supper, so if you can help, PLEASE speak to Barbara Mackaness (Ph. 622-1952).

HOW TO GET THERE: If you want to go, speak to, or ring John White, (ph. 98-6526) who will tell you how to get there if you have a car, or try to arrange transport for you if you haven't a car.

PARACHUTE DEMONSTRATION: This will take place at about 8 a.m. Sunday.



"Narrabeen Peninsular, Warriewood Beach, Deep Creek, Narrabeen Terminus. Approximately 8 miles, EASY. Eishing, Hunting & Swimming. Leaders - Ruth McLaren, Audrey Lumsden."

The above event, listed on an S.B.W. Walks Programme, happened in the days of old, before "progress" had marred the local beauty.

The day was glorious, after a week of heavy rain. Being the first walk they had led, the leaders were happily surprised to find the party included some "Rock Climbers" and "Tigers" as well as those attracted by the Magic word EASY.

The leaders had failed to check one important item, THE TIDE. Scrambling happily around the rocks to Warriewood Beach, further progress was cut by the tide. Ha, Ha! gloated the ROCK CLIMBERS and TIGERS, gleefully producing ropes etc., and commenced to scale the cliff face. "Come on, it's EASY", they encouraged the others, but only a few bods took up the challenge, and soon stood on the cliff top, reminding us how fast the time was coming in.

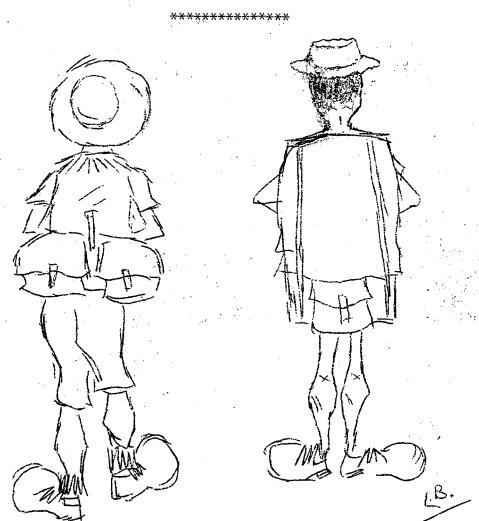
The remaining bods played follow the leader and made a zig-zag ascent. This operation used up much time and energy, so the leaders decided on a short cut, through thick bushes to the planned lunch site at Deep Creek.

The wild flowers were beautiful, the sun hot, and everyone thirsty. Soon we stood on cliffs overlooking the headwaters of Deep Creek. Lush green grass, sparkling cool water, but how to descend? Some bod discovered a funnel between the rocks, and one by one the party shot down at great speed. Luna Park just couldn't compete. After removing leaves, moss and various wogs, we were heading for the creek, when a small voice calling "HELP" reached our ears. One lass was still up aloft, and NOTHING would persuade her to come down the SHOOT. A gallant ROCK CLIMBER rescued her, arriving at camp just as the biflies were boiling.

A lazy time was spent, relaxing, swimming and talking. The leaders got a good-natured roasting as torn sh rts, scratches, etc.

were brought to notice. Too soon it was time to leave this ARCADIAN spot, and we proceeded on the pleasant amble back to the "big smoke". Alas! the heavy rains had caused the lakes to flood. We waded up to our knees through mud and water. No! we didn't look exactly INMACULATE on arrival.

The leaders were thanked in true S.B.W. style for the HARD "EASY" WALK.



Youth is calling as we climb, Open air and rain or shine, Youth is calling fair or fine, Who'll come a-roving with me?

HOLLOMY TRIP

By Charles Pryde

(The following is an account of a holiday trip, which took place in October, 1937, as recorded by the late Mr. Charles Pryde. The account is in diary form, and was brought to light by Maurie Berry.)

The trip officially started from Milson's Point at 9.35 a.m., Saturday, 2nd. October. We had a good run to Morriset, after a change at Hornsby, where we arrived at 12.30 p.m. After arranging with a taxi driver to take us out to Martinsville, we had some lunch. It was a miserable, raw, sleety day and we were glad when we got properly on the move.

Twenty or thirty years ago Cooranbong was a very thriving centre with a big trade in timber, but there are only a few scattered houses now. Leaving the taxi at Martinsville, we changed into our walking rig at an old saw mill and walked out to Dora Creek where we stayed the night.

SUNDAY 3RD. We got moving at about 8 o'clock and had a stiff climb up the ridge to the old road, much overgrown. There was no water so we had a dry lunch. Near the boundary of the Onley State Forest we heard some members of the Rucksack Club calling to people at the hut. Several side trips were made along timber-getters' tracks which we thought would be on a proper track only to find that the tracks led down to steep cliffs. We hurriedly scrambled down to what we thought was Wattigan Creek and found water in a feeder creek just as dark came and made camp with a good fire.

MONDAY 4TH. The day dawned bright and the chorus of birds of all descriptions was wonderful. After breakfast we made down to Wattigan Valley and dropped packs at a likely camp site. We were heafing down towards Mt. Warramolomg when we came across 5 members of the Rucksack Club. A few minutes after they had gone we met Max Gentle, who had been on a long cycling tour. After leaving Max we returned to camp and gathered in a big supply of wood.

TUESDAY 5TH. We climbed Mt. Warramolong, 2,090 ft, the top of which is bassalt, but much decayed. After coming down via a spur on the north west slope we had a good bath and a solid meal.

WEDNESDAY 6TH. Away from camp about 9 o'clock for Wollombi. We took a lift in a timber lorry, which was fortunate as the road was most uninteresting and would have taken a couple of days at least. We made camp 2 miles out of Wollombi.

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THURSDAY 7TH. Made an early start; crossed the creek and went up into the hills, where we had a dry lunch and a long spell in the shade. A heavy thunderstorm came up so we made for the road where we set up camp and retired at 8 p.m.

FRIDAY 8TH. A dull grey morning with threatening rain. We stayed about the camp and district all morning and after lunch went back to a homestead we had passed for some information. We turned in early and had a good night's sleep, although there were some showers.

SATURDAY 9TH. Left camp at 8 o'clock in very heavy misty rain. About midday the rain cleared off and it got very muggy. About 5.15 p.m. near Turkey Rocks, we left the main track and went down a gully until we struck water.

SUNDAY 10TH. Up at 6 o'clock. We got a lift into Howes Valley with a local farmer. We made a good fire and I made a damper. During the night a dense fog came on and lasted well into the next morning.

MONDAY 11TH. After breakfast we started out to climb Mt. Wareng by an easy slope on N.N.E. side. The going was easy except for a very steep pinch near the top, and took slightly over two hours. It was a glorious day and we could see for 60 or 70 miles around. We could pick out Barrington Tops easily. Back to camp where we had a cup of tea and wrote some notes for home. We then went up to the Post Office and found the Postmaster driving cattle. While dinner was being cooked one of the local lads came along and we had a long yarn.

TUESDAY 12TH. It was a great morning with a cold wind blowing. I made a damper with the last of the flour, while Maurie was greatly upset about the sugar running out. Had a very early lunch and followed the creek and were amazed at the signs of wildlife we saw. Wombats, wallabies and dingoes seemed to be very plentiful. We returned to camp, and to get over the sugar difficulty we boiled prunes in the sugar bag.

WEDNESDAY 13TH. Turned out at 5.30 a.m. and packed up after breakfast. Arrived at the Post Office at 8 a.m. and went into Singleton in the mail car. We left our packs in the station and went into town, killing time until 1.40 when we took a train to Newcastle. We took a tram to Merewether Beach and found a sheltered spot to camp.

THURSDAY, 14TH. Saw us awake about 5.30 to find the sky clear and the wind dropped, but this scon altered and we broke camp in a cold wet drizzle. Leaving our packs in Newcastle Station we crossed over to Stockton and then made a tour of the city — visited the Cathedral, City Hall etc. After lunch we caught the train at 5.28 for Sydney arriving at Milson's Point at 6.20 after a very pleasant holiday.

# BLUE-GUM FOREST NATIONAL PARK By Dorothy Lawry

(Reprinted from "The Sydney Bushwalker Annual, April, 1934.)

Some folk walk for prizes — round and round a great arena, or along a hard highway. Postmen walk for wages — delivering letters to the same houses day in, day out, for years. We walk for pleasure. Not only the pleasure that comes from splendid exercise and good company, sunshine and fresh air, but the joy that comes from beautiful scenery, bright flowers, and close comradeship with nature.

Thus it was that some Bush Walkers and Trailers just happened to be there when the lessee of one of the loveliest spots in New South Wales started ringbarking the blue gums. Their majestic beauty, the long years of their growth, the tenacity of their roots in holding together the soil of the river-flat, all meant nothing to him. He wanted grass for his cattle.

He had the legal right to kill every tree. Reasoning and persuasion failed, so bargaining was resorted to, for the Trailers and Bush Walkers recognised that the trees must be saved. The Mountain Trails Club had 27 members; the Sydney Bush Walkers about 140, none of them wealthy, and the lowest price for his rights over the 40-acre block which the lessee would consider was £130 — to be paid within three months!

The Wild Life Preservation Society was approached, and swung in behind the scheme solidly — with £25 cash. A committee was formed, representing that Society and the two Walking Clubs, and the fight to save the trees was on. While Club members were doing all they could to raise money, the Committee was approaching various wealthy and public-spirited citizens for assistance, and many responded to the appeal. To one gentleman in particular belongs the honour of having actually saved these wonderful trees. His response was prompt, and was a loan for 2 years, free of interest, of the £80 needed to complete the purchase price, £50 cash having already been raised. As a result of the sustained efforts of the walkers, that loan was paid back within the two years, and the Blue Gum Forest was given back to the Crown, to be dedicated as a camping reserve for all time. Four members of the organising committee were

nominated, and appointed by the Government, as Trustees of the Forest.

When the grazing lease was granted, the Lands Department Officials were unaware that there was anything specially worthy of protection within the area, for the Forest is hidden in one of the sunken valleys of the Blue Mountains, some 7 miles from Blackheath, the nearest Railway Station. There are no roads leading to it, for the mountains rise precipitously all around to a height of 2,000 feet above the valley floor.

In the Forest the walkers can pitch their tents in peace, far from the noise of motors and the litter of picnickers. They can enjoy the quiet of the bush, the cheerful gurgle of the Grose River, the majestic beauty and cool shade of the trees, and the magnificent grandeur of the encircling heights.

The Blue Gum Forest is their own, physically as well as spiritually, for it is through their efforts that the trees still live. And, like a tree, the effects of those efforts are still growing and spreading, for the Lands Department officials now know that the walkers recognise and love beauty in nature and are anxious to preserve it, and willing to work to attain their object. So any requests for the preservation of primitive areas that the walkers make now receive very synpathetic consideration, and already two further areas have been added to the State's reserves.

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### ORIENTEERING COMPETITION

ATTENTION! An Orienteering contest has been arranged by Federation and it is known as the "Paddy Pallin Orienteering Contest". It is the inspiration of Paddy and it is through his support and enthusiasm that it has been made possible. The idea of the contest is to test walkers in the use and theory of map and compass, and is an open competition with other walkers. A course is laid out somewhere in the bush, and along this route there are check points which must be visited in the correct sequence. Teams must consist of 2 or 3 persons and there will be 3 routes, being for 1. open, 2. mixed, and 3. ladies, class. Trophies will be presented to the winning teams in each grade.

Any person interested in making part of a team please see the Walks Secretary. An entry fee of 50 cents per head is payable and entry forms may be obtained from Don Finch or Brian Harding.

As all S.B.W. members are proficient at map and compass we should take the show away. The date of the contest is October 28th. and it will commence at approximately 9 a.m.



(Reprinted from The Bushwalker Annual, 1945. North Era Beach is no longer private property as it has been resumed and forms part of Royal National Park).

Not far south of Sydney two parks have a common boundary — The National Park to the north and Garzwarra Park to the south — but right on the coast they are separated by a wedge of private property some 350 acres in extent. Of its three beaches, Little Garie is in a valley apart, but North Era and South Era have been favourites with bushwalkers for ten or fifteen years past. The surfing is good, the camp-sites are well-grassed, and the hill at the back shuts out civilisation.

For some years it was South Era to which bushwalkers were the track. Then the lessee encouraged the building of a considerable number of shacks, also more and more one-day hikers appeared on Sundays; the bushwalkers felt that South Era was becoming over-crowded. Since then their tents have usually appeared at North, or North-north Era. Cattle and campers have shared the valleys quite happily, but the bush has shown a tendency to retire up the hill.

Towards the end of 1943 members of the Sydney Bush Walkers decided to buy Lot 7, which covered the whole of North and Northnorth Era, so that they could do some re-afforestation, and so that they could be sure they would always have it to camp on. The Club gave £100 and various members made donations; soon the fund reached £350 and an agreement was reached with the owners for the sale of the 40 acres at this price. However, the Federal Treasurer refused to sanction the sale at this price, as it was above the official valuation. Various discussions and conferences followed. It appeared that the State Government would probably resume the whole area "some day". Then came the suggestion that the funds collected should be offered to the Government if they would resume the whole of the area at once. The Club agreed and so did the majority of the donors. The fund was thrown open to the other bushwalkers and interested bushlovers and soon it reached the £350 again. This was offered to the Government through the Lands Department on condition that Lot 7 be kept free from buildings, that the whole area be resumed and added to Garawarra Park, to be held primarily for the use of walkers and campers (without any increase in the number of shacks) and that the representation of bushwalkers on the garawarra Park Trust be increased.

Though a sum was placed on the stimates for the resumption,

it was removed before the stimates were passed. We then adopted a new tactic. The valuation was a very old one, and our Honorary Solicitor advised that, should an approved valuer place it higher, the Treasurer might consent. Here a prospective member came to our aid and put us in touch with Mr. O. L. Wild, who went down and revalued the place at £300. It was not expected that this was close enough to the £350 for the Treasurer to consent, but it was later approved and the last obstacle was overcome.

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DAY WALKS

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF SUNDAY WALKS FOR THE COMING MONTH. By Don Finch.

OCTOBER 15TH. Mr. Jim Brown is leading a walk from Otford, Bald Hill, Bulga, Werong, Otford. This walk is of a pleasant 7 miles medium. Transport to Otford is by the 8.42 country train from Central. James' phone number is 81-2675. Not a test walk.

OCTOBER 22ND. This weekend is reserved for the 40th. anniversary "Love-In" - see you there "Loves".

OCTOBER 29TH. The Social Secretary is going to stretch his legs with a trip of 8 miles easy from Waterfall, Garie, Burning Palms, Jungle Track, Otford. There are none of the usual fringe benefits offered, such as such as gourmandising, or moon watching, apart from the stimulating company of the leader. However it will be possible to do some swimming, so out with the water wings and sun tan lotion; and for the modest types, swimming costumes. Transport is by the 8.20 a.m. electric train from Central. Buy tickets return to Otford. Owen's home phone number is 30-1827. This is not a test walk, but the leader may run a swimming race to New Zealand and back.

NOVEMBER 5TH. This walk, to be led by Geoff Vercoe is from Bundeena, Marley Beach, Wattamolla, Lilyvale. It is 14 miles in length, of medium grade, and will be accepted as a TEST WAIK. Swimming may be possible depending on time available. Geoff's phone number is 40-9257 (H). Transport arrangements should be confirmed with the leader.

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It is fairly obvious to those who have paid any attention to the reports, that the walking activity of the S.B.W. has been at a low ebb during the last year or so. This applies both to the standard of walks being done, and the number of people attending the harder trips. More importantly, there are not many new members going on the harder

walks. It also appears, from counting up figures in one's head, that the majority of new members going on the harder trips are of the fair sex.

A glance at the last few walks programmes, however, will show that the versatility of S.B.W. shines through again in the great variety of different types of trips. In addition, a number of walks into previously unexplored country have been undertaken. An example is the Apsley Gorge trip, inspired by Rosso. All the farms where we enquired, we were told that they had no knowledge of anyone who had right through the gorge, apart from our group. Rosso's Mt. Kelly trip was another first for S.B.W., although other clubs had been to the area before. In particular, one cheezy club had to have several attempts at the peak before it was actually climbed. It is worth noting that one of the new breed of lady walkers was on this trip.

Brian's Gospers Mt. and Barry's Wingecarribee River trip also visited relatively new areas. Once again on Barry's walk the new fems more than outnumbered the new blokes. "Where have all the young men gone?" Roger Gowing's Macleay River trip is yet another example of new areas being visited.

In the line of versatility we had snow camping trips, ski-ing instructionals and rock scrambling, such as the Thurat Spires climb. Only one of the three ski instructionals went owing to poor snow conditions, i.e. no snow. The annual pilgrimage to Watson's Crags went as per programme by bus, while the Social Secretary had a Japanese moon viewing weekend and a Saturday walk, which he promised was down hill all the way.

Well, so much for the past programmes, and now a thought for the future ones, particularly the Summer programme, December 1967 to February 1968. It is generally accepted that the summer programme is given over to rest and relaxation, where the easier and more decadent a trip is, the more popular it will be.

As for the type of trip required, it is almost essential that

there is lot's of opportunity for swimming, or that a large part of the trip is done in the water. A few examples are fishing, boating, spearfishing, coastal walks, canyon trips, surfing safaris, and naturally enough, li-lo trips. Of course, a few walking trips would add balance to the programme.

If you are wondering what canyons are, read on and I will attempt to explain. They consist of a deep crack in rock (usually sandstone) which is formed by the action of the water over millions of years. They usually have several waterfalls which can be negotiated only by abseiling, and pools which can only be passed by resorting to swimming. Quite often the canyons are so narrow that swimming breast-stroke would be disastrous to fingernails. The main advantage of canyons is that they are cool on hot summer days. The temperature outside may be 90° or more, whilst in the canyon itself it is only a pleasant 70° or so. As for li-lo trips, the first requirement is a river with about one foot of water in it. Secondly, a li-lo is desirable, i.e. an air mattress which rquires strong healthy lungs to blow it up. Suitable rivers are the Cox, the Lower Cox, and the Wollangambie Rivers. In the case of the Cox you just blow up your li-lo and float off down the river picking at the blackberries overhanging the bank as they drift past.

Well, now that you know what sort of trips are required, in fact any trip will do, as long as you get out into the bush, I will expect the Walks Programme to be filled within a couple of weeks. The ideal situation is to have one full weekend trip, one Saturday afternoon start, and one Sunday trip every weekend. The Membership Secretary would like to see two Instructional on the programme. There are also three long weekends on the summer programme - Christmas, New Year, and Australia Day. It would be very pleasing to see some new names on the programme, especially some of the ladies'. Any member can put on a trip; if you are short of ideas, see or ring Don Finch - 711484 (H).

You have until next Committee meeting (November 1st.) to put a trip on the programme and up until about 9 p.m. on the Committee night. Just a word on private transport: if you don't have a car, don't let this deter you from putting on a private transport trip. As long as you are prepared to put up with the problem of working out pick-up points, and who is to go in what car, you should have no trouble. There are generally enough tars to transport everyone with comfort (that is, not more than 7 bods to every VW).

<sup>&</sup>quot;.....Even our own walking activity is at a low ebb." The Sydney Bushwalker, October, 1952.

P.S. The Editor is a cynic.

## SOCIALLY SPEAKING

With Owen

What does the future hold for us? Well, on the social front, at least, we have the following :-

OCTOBER 18TH. A talk by Ray Tyson of the Police Rescue Squad on "Suicides and Other Hobbies". Ray Tyson was to have given a lecture at the Club a few weeks ago, but for reasons known only to the Department, he was unavailable. It should prove to be worth the wait.

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OCTOBER 20TH. The 40th Anniversary Dinner. The House Full sign is now up and you can't get tickets for love or money, so if you haven't got yours you'll have to be content with reading about it in next month's magazine. We'll see you anyway, at the Reunion camp. After the dinner on Friday night, when we have been emptied out into George Street, there will be a mass exodus to Whisky Au Go Go for those who want to continue with some dancing.

OCTOBER 25TH. Another talk. This will be on the monasteries of Mount Athos, and about Greece. What better person to speak on monasteries than Snow Brown, and what better person to speak about Greece than Spiro (Bill) Ketas. For the epicures in the Club, Spiro has asked me to tell all and sundry that a Greek supper will be provided. To a background of wild music you can eat halva, drink Oyzo, gobble balaclavas and other Hellenic delicacies. Spiro's mother and sister have offered to provide the supper, and there is nothing quite like Greek home-cooking.

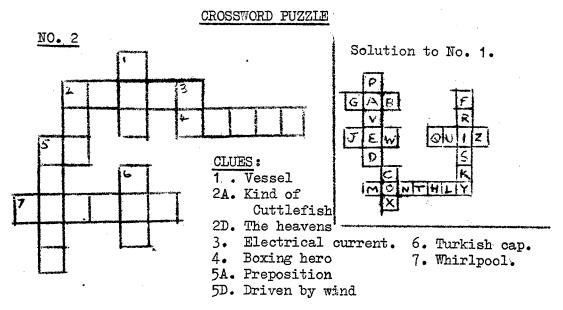
GENERAL ANNOUNCEMENT. A Music Hall Theatre Party coming up. In response to many enquiries there will be a night out to the Neutral Bay Music Hall on November 16th. I have been told that the show is as funny as the previous one, and for those who didn't come to the last one, dinner is served, followed by a melodrama. You arrive at 6.30 p.m. approximately, and the show starts about 11 p.m. You can sit with your friends at little tables, or sit with your enemies at large tables, and all for only \$3.50 each. Last time we had 90 Bushwalkers and their friends, and a good time was had by all. See you there again. Please see me as soon as possible to secure your reservations. Don't forget your money — \$3.50 each.

.....Owen Marks, S.S.

#### TASMANIAN TRIPS

- TRIP 1. Bob and Ros Duncan are going to Tasmania over the Christmas New Year period, taking two weeks annual leave plus the public holidays. As yet, Bob hasn't any definite plans, so if anyone is interested please get in touch with him or Don Finch.
- TRIP 2. Don Finch will be leading a trip taking two weeks plus the Australia Day public holiday. He will be leaving Sydney on Friday night, January 19th., or Saturday morning January 20th. arriving back in Sydney on Monday February 5th. Cars will be driven to Melbourne and left at a house there (a relative of Brian Harding), and then we will fly (possibly) to Hobart. We expect to visit the Cradle Mountain Reserve and the Lake Pedder National Park. People who have so far shown definite interest are Rolf Janssen, Ian Stephen, Colin Burton, Brian Harding, Ros Painter, Helen Breakwell and Bill Ketas. Anyone who is definitely or vaguely interested please see Don Finch in the Club rooms or ring him at home 71-1484.

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ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S BRAINTEASERS 1. The exchange was made after seven days, or at the end of the first week.

2. HE HAS TO ASSESS THE ASSETS OF HIS SISTER'S ESTATE.

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THANK YOU LIST. The Editor wishes to thank the following contributors to this month's magazine.

JIM BROWN OWEN MARKS	LESLEY BROWN	DON FINCH KATH MCKAY
FRANK RIGBY TARO	AUDREY LOCKWOOD	DOROTHY LAWRY (for assistance given).