

## THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

A Monthly Bulletin devoted to matters of interest  
to the Sydney Bush Walkers, 5 Hamilton Street, Sydney.

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### THANKS

The Sydney Bush Walkers offer their most sincere thanks to Alan Rigby for the design which fronts this, the first issue of our monthly edition, and which will front all monthly editions hereafter. If the inside is as good as the outside we shall have a journal of which to be proud.

### ERRATA IN LIEU OF EDITORIAL

The Editor wishes to draw attention to four serious errors in last issue:-

- (1) The reference to the record walking-speed of Gordon Smith should have read 31 miles in 5 hours 28 minutes." We shall not repeat the ghastly mistake by reminding you of what was actually printed.
- (2) Somehow "Kilometre" was altered to "Metre", but as we have all forgotten the decimal system we learned at school, this possibly did not matter much.
- (3) The "Molly-Moo-Ma" poem is to have an ending; the editor thought it already had, but apparently the author let it slip out of her hands before the correct happy (or tragic) ending had been rendered into suitable verse. So you can look forward with eager excitement for the ending "in our next."
- (4) The continuation of the account of the Rock-Climbing Section will appear in the Federation's publication, "The Bushwalker", not "in our next."

#### FEDERATION NEWS.

The Railway Authorities could not see their way to permitting the distribution of leaflets about the Federation's work on the train. They suggested instead that the Federation might advertise its activities on the back of a series of new hiking maps being published by them. It is not certain whether the Federation will do this, but in the meantime it was mutually arranged that the Federation should review and revise the maps before publication, and Mr. Ninian Melville has this work in hand.

The Federation has sent a protest to the Trustees of Garrawarra about the private shacks there. This was followed up by an interview with the "Herald", and various letters, and it is now suggested that the matter should be carried to the Minister.

The Trustees of Bouddi Natural Park reported the planting of seven Norfolk Island pines at Maitland Bay and the demolition of various private shacks so that only two now remain.

The best news of the year is the reservation as a primitive area of the Kowmung-Kanagra District. There is little doubt that this is due to the untiring efforts of Myles Dunphy.

The fast train to Lilyvale on Sunday mornings appears in the summer timetable and will apparently stay now for good.

Mr. Melville gave details of the track he has mapped, at the request of the Minister, to take the place of the one that will be destroyed by the new Lady Carrington Drive extension.

The Federation has arranged a general meeting to discuss the proposed Recreational Co-Operative Society.

The Federation is approaching the Railway Department as to the possibility of issuing return tickets on branch or parallel lines at Challis House, without the present necessity of writing to the Chief Traffic Manager.

"The Bushwalker" has gone to press, and will probably appear before Christmas. When thinking of Christmas presents remember this. It contains pictures, sketches, humorous and serious articles, maps, - in fact something to please everyone, and it is 12 pages larger than wad "The Sydney Bushwalker Annual."

BREAKING INTO NEW COUNTRY.

Dot English.

Inexperienced writers, especially those bursting into print for the first time, seem to consider it necessary to preface their work with an apology, but I see no reason why I should adopt these tactics, despite the fact that the title is definitely cribbed, because I had no choice in the matter - it was already cut and dried before our trip took place,

"Ah, so you're going south", said the Editor. "There's quite a bit of unexplored country down there - places the average week-end Walker doesn't get a chance to visit. You must write it up - - Breaking into New Country - - we need more of that in the magazine so as to keep up the reputation of the old members and set a standard for the new ones."

"Lady, it's as good as done," said I, my mind's eye visualising one of the vast white spaces on the South Coast Tourist Map being gradually shaded in as a result of our efforts, and new landmarks being dotted in where previously there was a blank.

On one of those innumerable holiday week-ends we had last summer, we set out in the Johnno's new car, purchased only the previous day.

A thrill of excitement shook me when I noticed the speedo numbered up to 90. Suppose we travelled for six hours on the Saturday afternoon - six noughts are nothing - six nines are fifty-four - 540 miles would bring us somewhere on the outskirts of Melbourne. (Sensation!) But isn't there something about averages to be considered? Well, suppose we averaged only fifty miles an hour; that's fair enough. Six noughts are nothing - six fives are thirty - - that would bring us out somewhere in the Kosciusko district in plenty of time to select a good campsite and collect some firewood before the light faded. Gee, was this any good!

We set out from the Johnno's family homestead later than we expected - - nearer 2 o'clock than 12, with little brother Bennie at the wheel and Johnno a close second, hoping to pick up by proxy the rudiments of driving. The feminine element, represented by Jinny, Helen and myself, crowded into the back seat and gave advice, as only a female backseat element can.

The potentialities of the speedo were unfortunately cancelled by a miserable red notice on the wind-screen which recommended - nay, threatened under pain of strained innards - that a speed of 30 be not exceeded for the first 400 miles. So we averaged a fast 15 down the coast, and reached Shellharbour some 70 miles distant, just on sunset.

We erected the tent on a grassy flat skirting the sea shore and proceeded to comb the beach for driftwood, which doings reminded me of my juvenile days when we used to comb the sheep paddocks for manure and get a halfpenny a bucket for it. Those were the days!

We collected sufficient wood from the beach to make a cooking fire, later augmenting this by a couple of ancient fencing posts which Johnno found, and while the others prepared a cumbersome meal I dined off a handful of dates and a mumbled

carrot. Then we all snoozed off around the fence post and woke with the sun well up and a beautiful day began.

It seemed to be mutually agreed that the surf was the best place in which to spend the morning, and it wasn't till mid-day that we set out again, up Macquarie Pass to Robertson, ascending with such gusto that the radiator boiled and spluttered like an overfull kettle and we had to stop on the top of every hill to put the model on the ice, as it were. And speaking of ice - it was quite chilly on top of the Pass, and we took quite a pleasure in shivering and raising gooseflesh, especially as it had been as hot as an oven down at sea level. Another noticeable, but regrettable, feature was that the blackberries up here belied their name, being small and green, whereas lower down they were dead ripe.

We had lunch on the mountain, and the thought suddenly came to me, "Gosh, I'd better do something about breaking into new country or my name's mud." So while the others packed up I burst through the undergrowth by the side of the road and discovered a narrow, moss-grown track which ran under an overhanging precipice and thence downwards, darkly, among dripping trees and tall ferns, I knew not where. However the car is ready to go now, so I must go back - still, don't say I didn't try.

Continuing on, our route took us down Kangaroo Valley towards Nowra, then off on a short cut to Berry where we hoped to meet another Bushwalker party on Broughton Mill Creek. A search for a mile or so both up and down the river from a given spot failed to disclose them, however; so our party had tea and, worn out with furious driving, slept like logs.

Another red-hot day dawned on Monday, so we sallied forth to Seven-Mile Beach and spent the morning there, later gathering blackberries in the environs, then stowed ourselves into the demoralizing chariot and in lamentably suburban fashion - sped for home and a hot bath while yet the sun was barely past its youth.

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So, children, when we're young we must work hard, and walk everywhere and be happy, and save our pennies so that we may earn the right to buy ourselves a car when we get older, and ride everywhere and be miserable.

Go-o-o-od Night.

#### NUDISM AMONG FOREIGN IMMIGRANTS

We knew nudism was rampant among foreigners. The latest proof comes from a foreign bushwalking friend who when asked out to dinner enquired, "Shall I come dressed or undressed?"

#### BACTERIA.

She (at the camp fire), "Please go and wash those plums, Tom."

### WALKING THROUGH SOUTHERN TASMANIA.

"See your country - Walk" is the slogan of the Hobart Walking Club, and when I had an opportunity of spending January, February and March in the Apple Isel, I made up my mind to see Southern Tasmania on foot. By this I mean I would pack my rucksack and spend every week-end tramping, exploring the beauties of this little Isle, which is a "Walker's Paradise."

Arriving in Hobart at the end of December, I had three months of glorious summer weather before me.

Many people maintain that walking is not a pleasure, but merely a means of getting somewhere. Anyone who has walked in Tasmania will agree that walking is the one way to appreciate this Island. Every trip brought sheer delight. Whether it was a climb up Mt. Wellington to view the Derwent from beyond Claremont to the sea; a scramble up from the Nor'West Bay River to Cathedral Rock; a leisurely walk to Marion Bay (on the East Coast); exploring the caves around Port Arthur; a week's walk through the Cradle Mt. - Lake St. Clair Reserve; or five days spent tramping through the Lake Fenton area, each corner turned brought scenes of changing beauty to behold.

As many people have walked through the Cradle Mt. Reserve, and perhaps have written about their experiences, I will endeavour to describe Lake Fenton, and the many lakes and tarns dotted all over the Reserve.

Lake Fenton is approximately 48 miles from Hobart, and only 6 miles from National Park, where one sees the very well known Russell Falls, which live up to all that is said and written about them. But as my story concerns another trip, we will leave National Park, and take the new road up to Lake Fenton Huts. The six miles along this road reminded me very much of our Cambewarra Mts. (N.S.W.), with the tall tree ferns, and taller timbers forming an avenue through which one goes onward and upward.

Lake Fenton is 3,450 ft. above sea level, and is one of the smaller lakes of Tasmania. We camped in the huts, for warmth and convenience, and started to walk on Good Friday.

Our first day's trip took us past Lake Fenton, to the Saager's look-out turn-off, then across Windy Moor, and on to Mt. Field East. It was bitterly cold, with a strong wind blowing. I adopted the N.S.W. Walking clothes, which is shorts and shirt, but felt that a pair of breeches, as worn by the girls of the Hobart Walking Club, would be more serviceable. The view from Mt. Field East was spoilt by the bad visibility, but I thought it was rather uninteresting country, with nothing particularly to recommend it. The return to camp was via Lake Nicol and Beattie's Tarn, and we arrived back at the Huts, wet and hungry, but satisfied with the day's walk.

Unfortunately, the weather was not the best on Easter Saturday when we set out for Lakes Belton and Belcher, and I'm afraid that sense of humour, which is so necessary to a bushwalker, was brought very much to the fore. We arrived at Lake Belton, after having a splendid view of Adamson's Peak, very wet, but with high spirits, and although the rain was pouring down, we had our lunch in front of a huge fire. (A good bushman can always light a fire in the wet). Lake Belton and

Belcher are joined by a small waterfall and are about 300 ft. higher than Lake Fenton. All these little lakes have their individual charm, and as one walker wandered ahead, her figure was silhouetted on the surface of the water.

Sunday morning I was awakened by someone rubbing in my face, what I thought was wet bread, but which turned out to be snow. As I gradually regained my faculties I realised the whole place was covered in a mantle of white. Snow was gently but surely falling at Lake Fenton on Easter Sunday. This was an unexpected surprise, as coming from N.S.W. we get few opportunities of seeing the snowflakes softly falling, and I felt my trip was worth while, if only for the view I got on leaving the Hut. From every tree and shrub were hanging white icicles, and the paths looked so white and soft, that it seemed almost a crime to disturb the snow. This day promised to be the best of the trip, from a walking and scenic point of view. Quite a good walker of the main party, picked a small party of five to do a trip with him, and I was one of the lucky members. We left the Huts about 9-30 a.m. in a light snow storm, and skirted the northern side of Lake Fenton, and across Kangaroo Moor to Lake Webster. Lake Webster is slightly smaller than Fenton, but has much prettier surroundings. From the Lake we rose sharply, and then dropped a little to Twilight Tarn, on which is built the Tasmanian Ski Club Hut. We had lunch here and then started on again for Mt. Mawson. Leaving Twilight Tarn we walked in a southerly direction, with the new Ski Club Hut at Lake Newdigate as our first objective. We crossed the Broad River, and then followed it up for awhile until we came within sight of the Twisted Tarn. Standing on a shelf only about 100 ft. above the Tarn, all the beauty of this little spot was magnified. The tarn is aptly named, for it twists all over the place, as if endeavoring to run away from itself.

Leaving this spot behind, there was more beauty ahead, I can't imagine anything more picturesque and inspiring than one's first view of the Tarn Shelf, with Lake Newdigate passed on the way. The Tarn Shelf is a plateau of rock, with Mt. Field West (4,721 ft.) away in the background. On this plateau are six tarns - small pools, sparkling in the one ray of sun we had on the trip - and named after two men, Robert Mackenzie Johnston and James Backhouse Walker. Possibly it was unfortunate that we saw the Tarn Shelf on a day with snow lying on the ground, but to me the white mantle added to the beauty. I was very loath to leave this spot, which seemed to be ours alone, as no one had walked through the virgin snow before us that day. But time waits not for the walker, and we walked on to Mt. Mawson, taking photos of Lake Seal lying about 1,000 ft. below the Tarn Shelf, and just curls away round one of the hills. Walking and sliding down Mawson, we had a close view of Lake Dobson, and also said good-bye to the Lakes and tarns of Fenton. Reluctantly I turned my feet towards Wombat Moor, and so home round the southern side of Lake Fenton.

This is one of the trips that will always be a living memory with me. Bushwalkers who go out for the sheer joy of walking, and delight in the beauties that come to them, will find their reward in this area, which the Tasmanian Government has wisely made a National Reserve.

I will not be content now until I have returned to this happy Island, to renew the friendships I made with members of the Hobart Walking Club, and refresh my memory with the scenes I do not want to forget.

It is no wonder then, that sitting on the verandah of the Bush Hotel, New Norfolk, gazing at the trees reflected in the Derwent River, Wallace was inspired to write "Scenes that are Brightest" - one of the gems of the English Opera "Maritana."

MORE ABOUT THAT RECREATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY.

By Frank Duncan.

It is generally agreed that it is time the open air recreational movement had an organisation to carry out its business activities and assist it in the provision of facilities.

The Clubs in the movement have done wonders in the organisation of individuals for happier and healthier enjoyment of out-door recreation, but unfortunately in the matters of clubrooms, ownership of property, camping grounds and other business dealings there are legal and financial difficulties, and an apparently universal dissatisfaction with the clubrooms now available.

On the other hand a registered co-operative society can, with its legal standing, and through the principle of co-operation in the financial sphere, greatly extend the scope of what can be done for the Associated Clubs and members.

Briefly, the activities and problems connected with the formation of the Society come under three convenient headings:-

1. Its scope, aims, and facilities provided.
2. Its financial foundation.
3. The legal basis, and position.

In the original prospectus I circulated, I mentioned developments which might take years to complete, but here we are interested in what is obtainable immediately, and yet which would be a very welcome improvement in every way on what we have at the present moment, and indeed be a social centre for the whole movement.

There are between four and five hundred members associated with the various clubs, and many more keen individuals unattached to the clubs who might be interested in the Society. I have inspected about twenty or thirty different premises about the city, ranging from a rental of five pounds to fifteen pounds per week and from two thousand to seven thousand square feet in area.

Now, with this potential source of support and with the range of premises mentioned to choose from, I visualise the following for the list of facilities the Society should aim to provide.

1. One large room suitable for large club meetings, lectures, and also for Dances, and Play production.
2. One medium room suitable for medium club meetings, lectures, rehearsals, etc.
3. One Committee Room.
4. One Office for the work of the Society, and for the use of the officers of the Associated Clubs. Fitted with duplicator and typewriter.
5. One catering department having a small kitchen, and using the medium sized room for a Cafe during the day and up to, say 7-30 p.m. The members of the Associated clubs would have the exclusive use of the rooms which their club rented from the society on specified nights, and the use of the Cafe, to which they could bring friends, every day up to 7-30 p.m.

In the case of socials etc. or when large club meetings were held, the buffet might operate till later in the evening.

6. Another service provided by the society for those associated with the movement would be a personal and yet a social one.

Those desiring such facilities, and paying a fee of about ten pence per week (10/- per quarter) would have the advantages of a post restante, the use of a locker and changing room, the members' lounge and writing room, facilities for games, deck tennis, table tennis etc, perhaps gymnasium facilities, toilet and showers. In other words the facilities of a club, during each day until say 7-30 p.m.

The above mentioned members' lounge and games facilities would be obtained by suitably subdividing the large room during the day time.

It will thus be seen that such arrangements make the fullest day and evening use of the premises, so providing the income, staff and facilities obtainable in no other way.

The Capital would be raised as follows:-

Clubs taking out shares as associated organisations would be asked to take out a minimum of ten pounds paid up, and over one hundred members an extra five pounds for every fifty members. Most clubs could easily raise this by one or more socials or dances.

Individuals, members of clubs or otherwise, would be asked to take out a minimum of two, pound shares, paying five shillings deposit on each.

Clubs would be invited to invest their funds in the Society in the form of a loan, on the security of the furniture and equipment purchased by the society. (Clubroom chairs, cafe tables, equip. etc.)

Income would consist of:

1. Rents paid by the associated clubs for the use of rooms.
2. Rents from the hiring of rooms to outside clubs, etc. for meetings, socials, etc. when not needed by the associated clubs.
3. Members personal club fees as suggested.
4. The takings of Cafe and buffet.
5. Duplicating and circularizing for associated clubs, and rental for the use of the office by officers of the clubs.

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SOCIAL PROGRAMME

1937

December 3rd. Committee Meeting.

" 10th. Monthly Meeting.

" 19th. Children's Xmas Treat.

For the Social Committee,

Rene D. Browne,

Hon. Social Secretary.



CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editor,  
"The Sydney Bushwalker."

Dear Madam,

With reference to the letter written by Flo Allsworth in last issue I wish to point out that the New Zealand Government Tourist Bureau is as efficient and obliging as the Tasmanian Bureau, if not more so. When I asked for some advice as to the best walks in New Zealand, the Tourist Bureau drew up a detailed itinerary for a five weeks' tour to include as much walking as possible. The itinerary, I have been told by those who are well-acquainted with walking in New Zealand, is a particularly good one. For it, the Bureau is making all arrangements.

Could the New South Wales Government Tourist Bureau plan a tour for visitors, to include much walking? Could it give advice as to the degree of difficulty and the approximate time needed for, even such simple walks as the "Grand Canyon", Blackheath. If it could not, (and I do not think it could) there is surely much scope for developing walking as a tourist attraction, even to those not very active. The tourist who had walked in our Blue Mountains, could not leave New South Wales without having absorbed into his very being, something of their beauty.

Yours sincerely,

Gwen Clarke.

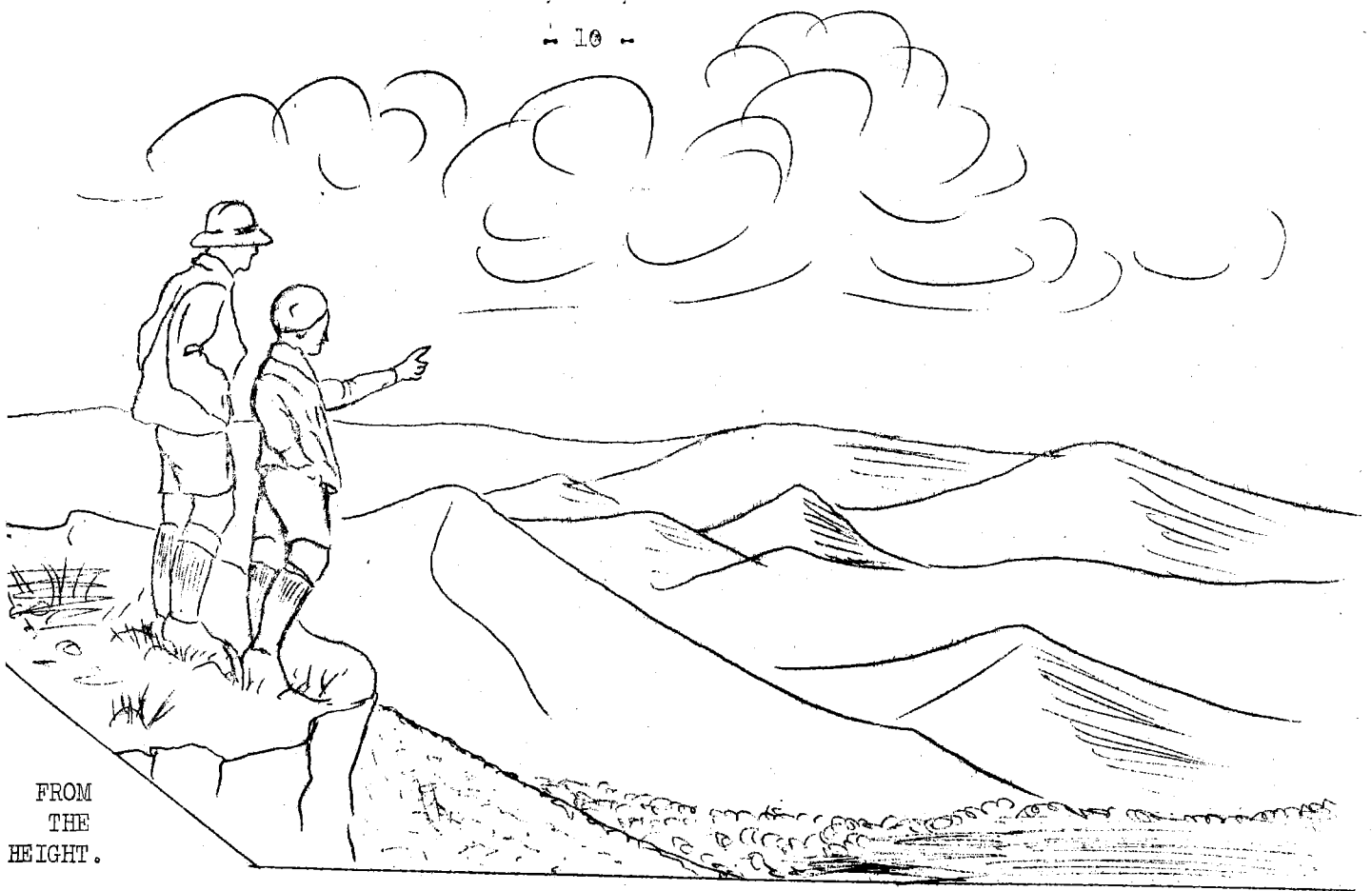
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STOP PRESS

CENTENARY DINNER -- For many years various bushwalkers have had small Christmas parties. This is the tenth year of the Club's existence and it was thought that if the small parties could gather on one night at one place we could have a happy evening as well as being in the fashion in the matter of centenaries. Accordingly we have booked the Stratford Rooms, over the Chicken Inn, 236 George Street for 6 p.m. on Tuesday 21st. December. The cost of the food is 4/6 for which you are guaranteed a six course dinner, and tickets may be obtained from Graham Harrison (Mouldy).

RECREATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY - The Federation has arranged a general meeting to discuss this. It will be held on Thursday 9th. December at 8 p.m. in the Real Estate Institute, 30a Martin Place. All bushwalkers, hikers, and bushlovers are welcome.

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When e're I take my walks abroad  
What bally fools I see,  
But such the justice of the Lord  
They think the same of me.

R. Blachford.



FROM  
THE  
HEIGHT.

....

Breathless the little group clambered up on to the last rock, flung off their packs and turned to gaze at the splendid gorge at their feet. Ahead, folded into intricate patterns lay the ranges fading away gradually into the pearly blue haze.

"What a picture this will make" said the photographer busily fussing with photo-electric meter, filter and tripod. "Its a pity there is not a tree to make a bit of foreground, the blessed things never grow where you want them.

"Well I reckon you're wrong" one would be geologist was saying to another, "It is obviously a waterworn valley, just look at those cliffs over there."

And of course, the pioneers hadn't been idle. Map laid out on the rock, compasses busy, they were arguing about landmarks. "I can't help it" said Bill - "I know everyone calls it Byrnes' Gap but it isn't. From this direction we get an end on view of Byrnes' Gap and so we can't see it - if you know what I mean - no sir, that's Bull Island Gap."

Meanwhile, the plain walker had made himself comfortable and was having a smoke. "Blest if I know why you folks can't sit down and enjoy a damn good view in peace," said he.

But there was one point on which they all agreed as was clearly illustrated when they picked up their R'sacks. They knew good camping gear. They all used

mal: 'Paddymade" Camp Gear for Walkers. F.A. PALLIN, 'Phone  
wishes to thank the kind anonymous donor of "Blue Coast Camp" 327 George St. B3101.

## IN DEFENCE OF "GORDON SMITH WALKS"

By Jack Debert.

So frequently have I heard of or actually overheard the remark "But do not let it be a Gordon Smith walk," that I am forced to the conclusion that most club members have an entirely wrong idea of the walks Gordon undertakes. (I write undertakes advisedly, for every longish and toughish walking party that happens to have the good fortune of Gordon's company is immediately known as Gordon Smith's regardless of the fact that people such as Dave, Stead, Alex Colley, Max Gentle, Bill Mullins and myself have actually been the leaders of many of these).

Now I want to correct a number of mistaken ideas many members and prospective members have or may obtain of Gordon Smith, who goes quietly on, doing far more good for the club than so many of those who only sit and talk, and so seldom walk.

It is admitted that some of these walks undertaken are tough, but they are by no means beyond most of the average walkers in the club. The main reasons for their successful culmination are the splendid and thorough preparatory organisation, everybody's willingness to work harmoniously and Gordon's ever prevailing big heartedness in carrying far more than his share - not only carrying any extra weight from the girl's packs, but also carrying some of the men's weight as well.

I have heard so many ridiculous remarks about Gordon killing the girls on his walks that right now I ask, "Whom has Gordon killed on a walk yet and which, if any, girl can be pointed to as ever having been knocked out on a so-called Gordon Smith trip? Can anyone truthfully point to one girl in the club and say, "She used to go on some of the tough walks of Gordon's but they were too much for her. She overdid it?" Now come on my hearties and smarties, bring out facts or for ever hold your peace.

The truth of the matter is as follows, and I know for I have observed faithfully over a longish period. There is only one person Gordon is ever likely to kill on a walk and that is himself. But he is just too strong for that even though his generosity and consideration make him a veritable pack horse for the party.

One more correction: It is also frequently asked, "What can they see on such a trip?" Well take my word for it, as one who undertakes strolls, loafs and hard walks, that those who are normally observant see more on a Gordon Smith walk than they will on an ordinary walk, and when it comes to asking prospective members to show on a map where they have been, those who have had the good fortune to have been on a Gordon Smith walk are more able to do so than those who frequent slower walks.

Now I am all for Gordon's walks. We always have as much fun as any other party. We eat as much and as well as other parties. We do all the same silly things as all the other parties. I am jolly glad I go out with Gordon and I know I am voicing the opinion of many.

So now if any of you want to pick a bone with Der-bert come out on the mat and have your say.

### Surgery for Bushwalking

Foreign bushwalking friend, "We crossed several rivers; they were so deep we had to talk our feet off to get over them!"

CAMPFIRE CHATTER

By "Firelight"

First come the deeds of Cupid, a very active little boy among bushwalkers. On 9th. October Art Saill, ex-member, and Marvie Moir, sister of Thelma, signed up for better or worse. Then there are Mr. and Mrs. Milner, whom some of us met at Carlton's during the October Holiday week-end. For those who did not, the said Mrs. Milner was our own Dinah (née Hearfield). By the time this is published, on the 4th. December, to be exact, Charles Culberg will have taken to himself a wife, to wit, one, Ann Smith. These people have actually entered on the big game of married life; but others have got as far as making the great decision. Evelyn Millard and Ninian Melville have announced their engagement, and so have Jeane Travis and Gordon Mannell. It is a very good thing this was a good year for orange blossom or we might have run short. May the sweetness of orange blossom be with all of them always!

The most striking events since last issue were the races. These led to the formation of the latest sub-section, the Century Tire Club, the foundation members being Gordon Smith and Jack Debert who walked for 24 hours, Gordon covering 110 miles and Jack 100. They are probably the only men in Australia to have accomplished such a feat. Dave Stead put up a fine showing also when he covered 80 miles in the 24 hours. In fact he says he holds a world record because he spent more time off the track than on it. Dot English saw to it that the women were not left out of things altogether; she came third in the 30 mile scratch race, Ben Hall and Max Gentle being the two first.

Early in November the Club suffered a sad parting. "Scotty" Malcolm was transferred to the Coal City. However, it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and he will be a tower of strength to the Scout Movement there and the newly formed Newcastle Bushwalking Club.

Have you seen the arts and crafts of Harry Savage, examples of quality workmanship rarely reached by those who do things for fun? If you have not, do. Harry is turning his hobby into a paying proposition, and if you are looking for the ideal bushwalker Christmas present you will find it among the collection Harry has for sale.

Bert Whillier says it was Marie Byles' talk and lantern slides on the 23rd. October which definitely turned his toes to the isles across the Tasman. But he is not the only one who is going. Gordon Smith, May Smith, Brenda White, Dot English, George Dibley, Ada Meade, Gwen Clarke and Dorothy Hasluck are all off to New Zealand. We don't know how far Marie is responsible for this invasion of the Dominion, but it is reported that a well known government officer is taking out a writ to restrain her from giving any more New Zealandesque lectures. Meantime we suggest she puts in for commission to the New Zealand Tourist Bureau.

Gordon's party is leaving by the "Awatea" on 10th. December intending to work out the South Island first and do a little mountaineering in between times. Knowing Gordon as we do, the party is assured that a very full programme will be carried out however well New Zealand lives up to her reputation for bad weather.

Olympian Basil Dickens is very busy training for the Empire Games to be held next year. This, and a bout of measles, accounts for his absence on Friday nights.

The meeting on 8th. October will go down in history as the one occasion when we did not waste time we did not want to waste. Jack Debert acted as chairman, and under his stern control the meeting lasted 19½ minutes!

Bringing back countless quantities of films from his trip to the Barrier and North Queensland, Alan Ward has again returned to moderate climes. He hob-nobbed with Vice-Royalty and brought back the biggest snake yarn ever spun; maybe you have seen it lying round the club room!

The River Canoe Club always seems to be paddling a particularly good brand of canoe. This time it is an Epidiastope. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. How soon shall we flatter them?

The Coast and Mountain Walkers have new club rooms, the Grey Horse Tavern at 193 Castlereagh Street, and you may also meet some of them there for lunch any Tuesday.

The Big Boot Brigade is a growing sub-section among the boys. Stan Lumsden is its latest recruit, we notice.

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#### REVIEW

##### The Warrigal - Volume 1, No. 1.

From the Warrigal Club comes the first issue of its magazine, setting forth the origin, aims and activities of the Club.

"A Matter of Control" puts forward a plea for a land utilization survey with proper control of land set apart as wilderness. Those lovers of our bushland who wish to be able to identify our gumtrees will find a most interesting and informative article - the first of a series on this subject. The Warrigal Club is to be congratulated on this issue.

##### Additions to the Club Library

The "Half-Way Sun" by T. Inglis Moore - presented by D. Lawry.

The Black Musketeers - by A.J. Marshall (better known as "Jock")

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#### NEW MEMBERS ADMITTED SINCE JUNE 1937.

Miss Betty Grill,	104 Bondi Road,	Waverley.
Miss Mary Stoddart	57 Sydney Road,	Manly.
Mr. Daryl O'Dea	123 Perouse Rd.,	Randwick.
Miss Joyce Trimble	Trenton House, Phillip St.,	Sydney.
Miss Maida Roberts,	7 Harold Street,	North Parramatta.
Mr. Albert Whillier. -		
Mr. R. Morrison. -		
Mr. T. Coffey	208 Gardeners Rd.,	Rosebery.
Dr. R. Lomborg	36 Goodchap Road,	Chatswood.
Mrs. W. Carlon,	Honorary Member	