

THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER

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

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A LETTER FROM WIFF.

Greene Island, North Queensland.

Dear Bush Walkers,

I suppose it is only fair I should write a little for your magazine. Well, I am well and truly with my beloved Old Sol. The wife and self decided to get right away from the towns and into camp, so as soon as the "Canberra" berthed at Cairns I picked up my bags and deposited them on the Greene Island boat that was leaving in three hours' time.

We then had to rush around town and order our provisions for a month. That took until 9.30 and I only had one penny left so had to sit still until the banks opened at 10 a.m. I got away from the bank at twenty past and then had some more shopping and got to the boat with ten minutes to spare. It took some rushing, but we forgot very little. I got the wind up as soon as I stepped on the boat. I never forgot what a rotten time I had last year and thought I was going to be sick again, but I saw it through and landed at our lovely island once more.

The first week was very quiet. No young ones here for me to roam about with. But this week has brought over four lads from 19 to 26, and what a time I am having! Out in their boat in the mornings fishing, swimming, and in the afternoon we go out on the reef at low tide and have about two hours hard sport. Each armed with a spear we round up big parrot fish from

2 to 3-lbs weight. With yelling out and racing over the corral to spear the fish, we get all around them and they get frightened and rush under the coral and we have to poke them out, and as they come out there is a scatter after them until we get one or two, then another round up. We forget ourself and bark our legs and fall over and its like a football match -- all in. The first day we only got two coral cod, but the next day we landed 9 parrotts and three big lobsters. The next day 11 parrot fish and one long tom. The wife minds the sugarcab with fish, while we have two haversacks on to put the fish in as we catch them. The parrott fish are very nice eating and we have some good feeds. What we don't want we give away to the kiosk that has a few boarders at 50/- a week. Next day was very windy and could not see the fish; we only got one coral cod and speared a large toad fish. He must have been about 10-lbs weight. I was sorry I did not bring him in and photo him. I have taken snaps of our catches so will be able to prove what I have written.

We don't get tired of this place because it is all beautiful. I am glad I joined up with the S.B.W's because they taught me to love the bush and all nature that had not been spoilt by man. People coming over to this place want to know why we stay in such a lonely place. They can't see anything. That is because they are blind and need to learn the beauty in nature. We never get tired of looking at its pretty jungle and beaches all around, it is only as big as the sand part of Era Beach, but I think the prettiest island in the Pacific, with no pests.

I intend to stay here four weeks and then we will go further north to Cape Tribulation. The settlers there want us to come up again. I will try and go a bit further north to the Bloomfield River. One of the settler's sons has a tin show and I will try and stay with him for a while. It is in very rough country at the north of Mr. Peter Botte. I will write about it to you if I get there.

The weather has been perfect, warm, sunny, fine, but a bit too much wind. I am in and out of the water all day and sleep the clock around at night. I hope you are not too cold down south. We sleep with only my walking tent over us on bunks so you can imagine what the temperature is.

The wife has just said its time for a cocoanut so I must stop. Cheerio until I hear from you. Address Wiff Knight, Cairns Post Office, they will forward on.

From "Sunlit Trails" by Archer Russell --

"The Glory of the Open Spaces. There is no life like it, this living in the clear fresh air of the country. I think it was Thoreau who said:- 'Truly, our greatest blessings are very cheap', and who among us will dare refute him? Sunlight, water and the rain, the freshening winds and the air we breathe, speech, light, love, slumber and the starlight night -- all are ours even without the asking. Do we ever give it a thought? I wonder..."

BUSHWALKERS' BALL

By Our Special Reporter.

At Mark Foy's Empress Ballroom on August 8th, one of our bright young things remarked that it was a good idea to attend the Bushwalkers' Ball to see what other people looked like. Doubtless he meant that the walkers were few and far between, but if so, this reporter thinks him wrong, as a very representative crowd was there, including most of our best known folk. (Perhaps he did not recognise them in party clothes).

With a fish-canoe hatchery as the chief motif, the River Canoe Club was again successful in winning the trophy for the best decorated table, though the Rucksack Club and the Trampers' Club made the contest very close. The Rucksack Club and the Trampers' Club made the contest very close. The Rucksack Club's table was surmounted by a huge replica of the Club badge and The Trampers' Club decorated their table with a brave array of quaint figures fashioned from banksia cones, and a tiny billy-can (the Club badge) filled with violets to mark each place.

The Hon. Organising Secretary, Mrs. Hilda Blunt, and Committee are to be congratulated on the smooth running of the Ball and their choice of dances. The three delightful waltzes and an energetic Palais Glide and Canadian Three Step were highlights of the evening.

Bill Holesgrove, new Federation President, was there and also Federation Assistant Hon. Secretary, Agnes Miller, who wore a frock of floral satin. Our own President's lady wore an old world cameo with her ruby velvet gown and Hilda Blunt, casting care from her shoulders, danced in an ensemble of black and white.

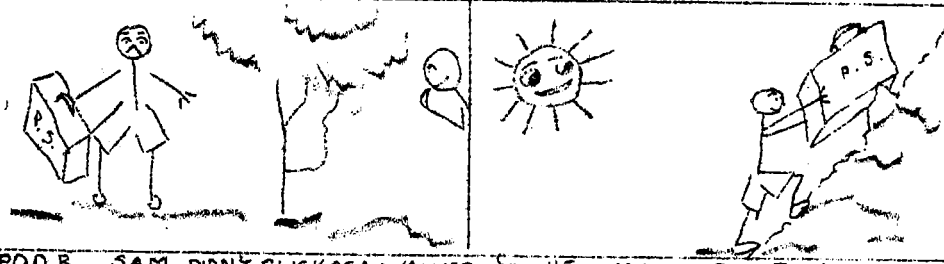
Amongst the S.B.W's present were Hon. Assistant Secretary, Jean Trimble, whose dove grey chiffon made a perfect foil for her brightly coloured jacket. Joyce, of that ilk, in floral satin, Winifred Duncombe wearing red roses with her corn coloured lace. Hon. Social Secretary, Edna Garrad, wore a graceful gown of floral angel skin. Olive Greenacre blue net over pink, Clare Kinsella pink lace, Grace Edgecombe, a peasant frock of brocade, Molly Astridge floral voile, and Sheilagh Porter pinned a Eucharist lily in her curls to offset her red and white floral frock.

The attractive young matrons present included Enid Rigby, amethyst velvet, Roxy Barret pastel silk voile; Thel Hellyer wore a fur cape with her gown of sunset georgette and Joan Savage an Edwardian gown of pale blue net and satin.

Among the many others present were Jean West, who wore white camellias with her moire taffeta of the same colour; Betty Pryde wearing a picture frock of pastel striped taffeta; Yvonne Douglas, who pinned two blue birds to the neckline of her flame chiffons; Jo Newland, black velvet, Magdalene Brown, ivory satin, Dorothy Langworthy, pink georgette, Cherie Jessop, blue lace, Ada Frost, floral satin, Dot English old gold satin, Evelyn Higginbotham, floral chiffon.

Among old friends were Dorothy Song and Joan Townsend of the Rucksack Club, Mavis Barnes, Vera Kilpatrick, Jean Fraser and Gladys Barnard (Parsons).

PADDY SUCCUMBS TO THE COMIC STRIP CRAZE.



PADDY, SAM, DIDN'T CLICK AS A WALKER. HE WAS A BRIGHT AND INTERESTING TALKER, THOUGH HE COVERED THE MILES WITH THE BEST. BUT HIS CAMP GEAR WOULD NOT STAND THE TEST.



BEST FRIENDS WOULDN'T TELL HIM THE REASON (DON'T EVER, IN ADVERTS LIKE THIS). TIL A CHANCE OVER HEARD CONVERSATION TOLD SAM WHAT WAS REALLY A MISS.



SAM NOW IS THE CENTRE OF ATTRACTION (HE DRIVES ALL THE GIRLS TO DISTRACTION) A SMART LOOKING WELL EQUIPPED LADDIE (FOR HE GETS ALL HIS CAMP GEAR)

FROM PADDY.

PADDY'S FOR CAMP GEAR.



S T A R S

From "I Find Australia" by Wm. Hatfield.

(our copy from the S.E.W. Library)

We camped out on the ground near another boundary-rider's hut, and I had my first night 'under the desert stars'. I learnt then why people who wrote of camping out always said so much about being under the stars. Unless you happen to be an astronomer, professional or amateur, you can go through life without really seeing the stars if you never camp out. And unless you camp out in the dry air of the desert, you will never believe, even then, what makes the traveller put them so rapturously into his tales. You have to lie down clear of any trees somewhere out on the plains, looking straight up without tilting your head, to get the real beauty of them, the magnificence of it all. Out there in that dry air the stars don't wink. I had heard that only atmospheric moisture gave stars the appearance of twinkling in and out, and here was proof, at any rate, that the air we were in was dry.

As a townsman I had never seen much of the stars, and my chief memories of them as a child were of something that instilled in me a vague nameless fear, so that I hastily looked away again after glancing up on a clear summer evening. While you looked at one which seemed to be looking at you, another in the tail of your eye winked, making you look there. I didn't like it. They were too still, up there in the vast dark dome. Thus from a childish dread I had grown up indifferent to stars. It is hard to see beauty, later, in a thing that once frightened you. Now, with everything utterly still around me, only horse-bells faintly clonking somewhere a long way off, my ear down where I could hear faint rustlings of insects in the grass, I really looked at the stars in the heavens for the first time.

There was the novelty of being where I could see the great Southern Cross, the constellation only visible when you approach southern latitudes. Mention of the Southern Cross sets going memories of the earliest voyagers to observe it, and you feel you are in that other half of the world where all men of the white race are alien And Magellan's Clouds... The Coal Patch in the Milky Way, a great void where the naked eye, even in that clear air, can find no trace of heavenly bodies. The sky was not a black canopy, there, though there was no moon, but a dimly luminous indigo against which the stars seemed to stand out in prominent relief, rather than as holes of light pricked in it. I knew then what travellers meant by what I had thought an extravagant piece of poesy -- 'the stars leaned close'. They did. As I lay looking from one bright star or constellation to another and back again all over and across the great dome, I saw them closer and closer. Nothing of the childish fear of them stirred again in me, but I did feel them as something more than mere points of light.

Other worlds, these, and not withdrawing timidly as in cloud-wracked skies of England, but leaning down towards Earth, unafraid that we should see and know them. I could understand then how the ancient seers came to imagine they received messages from them, believed them intimately concerned in the lives of individuals, shaping them, influencing them. For the old astrologers came from Persia, where there are high dry lands over which the stars could be watched all night in their unwinking splendour, their changing courses watched and

marked on charts to accord with the changing seasons of hot and cold, wet and dry, famine and plenty. I could understand then the predilection for deserts on the part of men who have isolated themselves and come back to the world with messages they felt they had received direct from the prime moving force of the Universe.

That first night under the desert stars, speaking no word to any of my companions, lying there without any great thought of to-morrow or the day which had gone, I came nearer to feeling my own relations to the world and the Universe than I had through all the religious and secular teaching I had received. I felt a stirring of something that I would like to put into words, one day when I could master the pen. I shall wait a long time, I think.

THE FEDERATION ANNUAL MEETING.

The Seventh Annual Meeting of the N.S.W. Federation of Bushwalking Clubs was held on 28th July, 1939, at 5 Hamilton Street, Sydney and the following Officers for 1939/1940 were elected:-

President: W. Holesgrove.
Hon. Secretary: C.D'A. Roberts.
Hon. Treasurer: H. Freeman

Vice-President: O. Wyndham
Asst. Secretary: Miss A. Miller.
Hon. Secretarial Staff: N. Macdonald.

The Annual Report and Accounts have been printed and are being circulated to members of affiliated clubs.

The Correspondence contained quite a lot of good news, the most important item being that, following the Federation's many representations, the Railway Department is now constructing an overhead footbridge in the centre of Lilyvale Station. The Federation has forwarded its congratulations to the Railway Dept. (Some S.B.W. members report that this bridge is now in use so it is no longer necessary to risk one's life by crossing the railway lines just where a train might dash out of the cutting at any moment. Ed.).

Following Federation's letters to the N.R.M.A. and Erina Shire Council, the project to construct a road to Little Beach, Bouddi Natural Park, was dropped on account of the beach being unsuitable for a car camp and because of its smallness,

The Federation's letter to Bulli Shire Council regarding road danger at Lilyvale has been passed on to the Public Works Dept. asking for warning "bullseye" signs where the Era Track crosses the new road at Lilyvale.

Kuring-gai Chase Trust invited four representatives from the Federation to a meeting on 16th August at 5 p.m. at the Trust Office to arrange for parties to locate and map all Aboriginal Rock Carvings in the Chase, and to consider means for their protection.

A report on the Clear Hill Ladders was received from the Sub-committee, which was to inspect again and to erect arrows on that portion of Duncan's Pass known as a wallaby track. This was to be done during August. The ladders may still be repaired.

Regarding the destruction of bush on Heathcote Creek, Federation resolved to write to the Forestry Commission to obtain particulars of appointment of Honorary Rangers under the Forestry Act, whose powers are understood to be very wide. Attention is again being drawn to destruction at Kingfisher Pool.

Meeting Room. No suitable room has yet been found by the Sub-committee, but, following the S.B.W's letter of 8th July, Federation decided to rent a room at the N.S.W. Sports Club, Hunter Street, forthwith, Myles Dunphy being appointed to negotiate for a room for three months on the fourth Friday in each month at the best terms available.

Affiliation Fees: Council felt that as definite steps were now being taken for the spread of propaganda, additional funds are required. A 100% increase motion was amended to 50%, i.e. 7/6d for every 25 members or part thereof, as small clubs - who were unanimous that all possible financial support should be given - felt that 100% would strain their finances. The S.B.W. delegates did not oppose the increase as the Club now has proportional representation on Council, which was not the case last year when we objected to an increase in fees. The S.B.W. will now pay £3/15/- as against £2/10/- last year; the Club has to notify Federation of the number of its members within 28 days of 28th July, 1939, also the names of new delegates and substitute delegates.

A practice week-end of the Search and Rescue Section is to be held on 9/10th September in the Springwood/Grose River district. Carrier pigeons are to be used. Parties are invited to take part and leaders are asked to notify Paddy Pallin, who will arrange a meeting beforehand. (See further details in report of our own meeting).

Delegates were asked to get their clubs to suggest ways and means to raise funds for Federation for conservation purposes.

As the Federation's Constitution specified that one month's notice in writing is required to rescind a resolution - upon expiry of which period the Ball would be over - Mr. Harvey withdrew his motion that the price of Ball Tickets be reduced to 6/6d. notwithstanding that the tickets had been printed.

An Honorarium of £3.3.0d was granted to Miss Miller's excellent work during the year as Honorary Assistant Secretary. Council felt this would not nearly compensate her for her great work, but would show it was appreciated.

The re-election of Mr. Charles Roberts as Honorary Secretary was warmly welcomed.

"Evesdropping again", said Adam as his partner fell out of the apple tree

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.....

ON RANGE OF VISION

It is impossible to approach certain animals without being seen, unless they are asleep.

Man and the true monkeys, when their eyes are at rest and looking directly ahead, can see movements which occur to an extent of 5° behind the median line of the head, but anything which happens behind this region cannot be seen unless the eyes or head are turned.

In the case of the hare and squirrel, each eye has vision to the extent of 195°, and as the normal rest position of the eyes is such that they diverge to an extent of 175°, the total field of vision is more than 360° or a complete circle. In other words the vision from both eyes overlaps both front and behind.

Therefore do not waste time trying to stalk squirrels or hares from behind, try the rabbit, he has a blind area of approximately 5° directly to the rear.

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ON ENGLISH

A well-known member of the Club was lecturing on her recent trip to Western China, and she groaned about the difficulties of the Chinese language --

"The same word may mean something quite different from what you intend if you don't just get the correct intonation. English is a much nicer language. When you say 'spade', you definitely mean a spade..."

Yet, only five minutes earlier, she had shown on the screen the picture of the soldier whom the party had been persuaded to hire as a guard and protection against bandits. Although he was draped with a gun, ammunition-belt, etc. he did not look very formidable and one man in the audience asked, "What was the charge?"

The lecturer looked at the picture and replied, "I'm sorry; I don't know what sort of ammunition it took." !

Yes, English is so simple and straight forward. How do you pronounce the word "invalid"? It all depends on whether a lawyer or a doctor is needed, doesn't it? And what about that delightful group of words - bough, cough, dough, etc., culminating in slough? Or is it slough?

Pity the poor foreigner who, on learning English, is told that 212 degrees equal boiling point, 32 degrees freezing point, 360 degrees a circle and 90 degrees a quadrant !

.....

Morris Stephenson vouches for the accuracy of the first "Highlight" only. Dorothy Lawry is responsible for the second one. Which of you will be responsible for one next month?

.....

Perhaps some of our new members or prospectives could give us some equally interesting highlights on bushwalking, which we could broadcast for the benefit of leaders.

.....

FROM HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

Every time another Alpine Journal arrives for reviewing I am reminded of the old story of the man who asked, "What does it cost to play Polo?" and was told, "If you have to ask what it costs, you can't afford to play."

I am sure that mountaineering must be like that, too, but if you like reading accounts of thrilling and arduous trips to places you will never reach, you certainly should spend a few Friday evenings in the corner near the book-case browsing among the various Alpine Club Journals. I don't think "Dunk" will allow them be borrowed from the library, but for thrills and snow pictures, just browse.

The latest received is the "Canadian Alpine Journal, 1938", and it is even branching out into colour photographs. Don't miss them.

.....

The following interesting piece of information is taken from an article in the July number of "The Ruc-Sac", written by P. Howard on an Ascent of Mt. Technical in the Spenser Range, South Island, New Zealand:-

"The view from the peak was very impressive. Peaks ranged on all sides, including Faery Queen to the north-west. In the valley below could be seen a beautiful clear crystal lake. A very interesting point which I would like to mention here is that sea-gulls are born and bred on these lakes, and never go to sea. They live mostly on the carcasses of deer. It is not uncommon to see a sea-gull and a kea feeding off the same carcass."

Having located these mountains on a map of New Zealand, I can tell you that they are in the northern corner of Canterbury Province, near the Boundary of the Nelson Province and are about 50 miles from the sea.

.....

KATOOMBA-KANANGRA WALLS AND RETURN

In Four Days

by "One of the Three Musketeers".

"What! Katoomba to Kanangra Walls and back in four days? You are mad, it can't be done."

"We are going to do it at Easter", piped up three young walkers who do not profess to be 'Tigers'.

Advice was given freely, but our minds were made up and we were determined to do it.

At last, after an ultra-lightweight food list was prepared, Easter Thursday night came, and three stalwarts made their way to Central Station. Through the struggling human mass on the station we wended our way on to a train - not the one we intended, but it went via Katoomba, and that was all that mattered.

Once again we stepped off the train at Katoomba; a cold wind was blowing, accompanied with a fine misty rain. We were given a send-off by other members of the S.B.W. on the train, and were reassured that a search party would be sent out for us on Tuesday. We laughed but, nevertheless, there was a little feeling of misgiving in our hearts.

Finally we left Katoomba at 9.30 p.m. and walked via Nelly's Glen to Carlon's in $3\frac{1}{4}$ hours and crawled into our sleeping bags at about 1.0 a.m. Next morning we got up later than intended and did not leave Carlon's till 8.15. The morning was sunny with wisps of mist rising in the gullies; the track was damp, the birds were singing and our hearts were free. Walking under these conditions was no effort, and in short time we arrived at the Cox's River, where a little rest was had and a large ration of chocolate was consumed.

Rain was falling as we followed the Cox's downstream to Kanangra River, which we reached at 12.30. A light lunch was had and the "Three Musketeers" set off with a springy stride up Kanangra River. Rain was falling in a steady drizzle but I think that helped to make the walking up this beautiful stream so delightful. At every twist and turn in the valley something different came into view. One thing all of us noticed was that very few cattle were about, although there were tracks everywhere.

The junction of Kanangra River and Kanangra Creek was reached at 2.30; rain was still falling and the cattlepad was fast becoming very muddy and slippery. Late in the afternoon we stopped at one of the numerous crossings for refreshments and more chocolate, and discovered the first leeches on our shoes. From then on leeches became thicker, and our 7 x 6 fly was erected on the last flat before entering the Gorge, amidst thousands of leeches. They crawled between our toes, up the side of the billy into our stew and rice, and even into our packs. We had to stand to eat our meal; it was not safe to sit even on a groundsheet. One hungry wolf took a big mouthful of stew and remarked how tender the meat was. When informed there was no meat in the stew, he spat out the tender morsil and, much to his horror, the tender meat turned out to be a much mangled leech, possibly (before being mangled) bloated with his own blood. -- Such was our meal.

The night was not much better; leeches crawled over our sleeping bags, but, fortunately, only one of us was attacked. The unfortunate who was complained that our "bombproof" shelter had let the rain through, but when he saw blood on his bag and a very much bloated leech on his pillow he found he had been attacked behind the ear during the night.

It had rained all night and camp was broken at 8.0 with rain falling steadily, but we kept on up the Gorge and at 10.0 we started the climb up Murdering Gully. We arrived at the top about 12.30 Saturday, much to the amazement of walkers who had just arrived themselves and who had seen us leave Katoomba on the Thursday night.

The afternoon was spent wandering about the top of the Walls, our intention being to spend the night in the Cave, but we were persuaded to carry on to the Kowmung River for the night. After being more or less bushed for a while, the whole party arrived at Hughes's Hut at 7.30 p.m. That night a terrific electric storm passed over and we had to crawl out of our bags to erect our meagre shelter in the middle of the night.

Sunday morning dawned clear and the air was crisp. We ate breakfast leisurely and broke camp at 10.15 to proceed down the Kowmung River to the Cox's. A stop was made just before entering the Kowmung Canyon for lunch at 12.55. That afternoon we reached the Cox's at 3.25 and walked to Black Dog Creek to make camp for the night, arriving there at 4.30 p.m.

A cold night was spent and at 10.15 we once more were under way up Black Dog Ridge. Beautiful views were had all the way up to Clea Hill and it was delightful to sit in a sheltered spot, basking in the sun, to gaze upon the King's Tableland to the east, Mt. Colong and Gangarang Range (with the Kowmung Valley between) to the south, and Kanangra Walls and Thurat in the south-west. A long time was spent on Clear Hill drinking in the grandeur of our mountains and also tracing out our trip through the valleys and ridges which now lay spread out before us.

By 3.30 we had reached the Causeway on Narrow Neck and half-an-hour later were enjoying hot coffee in Katoomba prior to catching a train back home.

How disappointed the folks were when they heard we had arrived in Katoomba on time and so robbed them of a trip in search of us!

From "Sunlit Trails" by Archer Russell --

Slowly the sun sank, shadows fell, and a slumberous silence came over the land. The waters that had been as opal turned to grey, and from grey to darkest slate, and a thousand stars twinkled in their depths.

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AT OUR OWN MEETING

The August meeting opened on a pleasant note, when those present welcomed new members, Mrs. Dora Harvey and Messrs. Laurie Kilminster and John Sappy - Mr. Wm. Burke, who was not present at the previous meeting, also received his Badge.

The President then presented the certificates won by competitors at the recent Field Sports Carnival.

Mr. Percy Harvey has been appointed the new Curator of Maps. Two new Maps, one each of the Oberson and the Bathurst districts, have been purchased by the Club. To assist the new Curator in his duties will members using the map collection, please keep the drawers in a tidy condition and replace the maps in their correct sections.

A verbal report on the Federation Ball was received from Mrs. Hilda Blunt, and it seems that this year's event was a great success. Several members made recommendations re next year's ball, to be brought forward at the next meeting of the Federation Ball Committee. - That the cost of the tickets be 6/6d each and that the ball commence at 8.30 p.m. - That the Ball Committee go into the matter of holding the next Federation Ball on the "Showboat". - That this Club ask the Committee to avoid holding the Ball during the week following the Bank Holiday or any other Holiday Weekend. The meeting indicated a preference for a Saturday night, if possible.

It was suggested by Maurie Berry that the Club appoint a "Keeper of Time Tables" whose business it would be to investigate various transport arrangements, such as hire of lorries and out of the way launch services etc., that might be useful in arranging trips, and keep the records up to date, as well as seeing that the more official timetables and similar information are regularly checked and corrected where necessary. The suggestion was adopted and will go before the Committee at the next meeting for the appointment of this new official.

Members were again reminded that the Federation Search and Rescue weekend, is to be held on 9/10th September in the lower Blue Mountains between the railway line and the Grose River. Again this year the area will be split into sections and search parties will only be concerned with their own sections. Radio and carrier pigeons will be employed in the search. Edible prizes, and coupons, redeemable at Paddy's, will be available for lucky searchers, and a "Lost" party is guaranteed in every section of the area to be searched!

Miss "Duch" Drewell was elected as Federation Delegate to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of Miss Dorothy Lawry.

Mr. L.G. ("Mouldy") Harrison and Mr. John Harvey were elected as Substitute Delegates.

On Miss Dorothy Lawry's suggestion, it was decided to write a letter of congratulation to the Federation whose persistent efforts have, at last, persuaded the Railway Dept., to agree to erect an overhead bridge at Lilyvale Station, which will obviate the necessity of crossing the railway lines to reach the station - * necessity that has been a danger and a menace for a very long time.

A letter of congratulation will also be sent to Mr. Bill Holesgrove of the C.M.W. on his being elected President of the Federation. Just before the meeting closed, our worthy Treasurer, once more made an appeal for the payment of all those long overdue subscriptions. Hurry up, now, why, its six months since that 10/- became due and payable !

FEDERATION CONFERENCE

ON Wednesday, August 16th, some thirtyfive enthusiasts threaded their way into Bull's Chambers through a small door in an iron shutter, rather like the eye of a needle, and ascended to the sixth floor, where the Federation held its Third Annual Conference.

After Charles Roberts had read the report of last year's Conference as received by the Council of the Federation, the President, Bill Holesgrove, called for motions which would express the feeling of Conference on any matter which those present wished to recommend to Council's attention.

Jack Benson (C.M.W.) moved that we place on record our appreciation of the wonderful work done by Mr. T. A. Herbert as President of the Federation during the past two years and a half. The motion was seconded by Horrie Salmon (Trampers) and carried, and will be conveyed to Tom Herbert, who was in hospital at the time.

Horrie Salmon then moved as a recommendation from Conference that the night of Federation meetings should be changed from Fridays - characterised by many people present, as the week's worst week-night for such meetings, the reasons given being many and potent - to either the second or third Tuesday in each month. Horrie had done some research on the question and was able to say that no affiliated Club meets on Tuesdays, and that no Public Holiday would clash with the second or third Tuesday. No guarantee was given, of course, that there would be no overdue delegates if a Monday holiday occurred the day before !

The Conference was definitely in favour of the proposed change, but there was great diversity of opinion when Dorothy Song (Rucksack Club) moved that a recommendation should be made that members of affiliated clubs be permitted to attend Council meetings without taking part in the Business. So many people advanced so many reasons for and so many reasons against opening the Federation Council meetings to such a gallery that when the vote was taken, it was a dead heat. The Chairman declared the motion lost.

Herbie Freeman (Bushlanders) recommended the appointment of a Ways and Means, or Finance, Committee to consider fully means of raising funds to carry on the Work of the Federation. Presumably this committee would also carry out the ways it suggested of getting the means.

Various suggestions came from Betty Bell (S.B.W.) Richard Croker (S.B.W.) Horrie Salmon (Trampers) L. Raper (Campfire) "Wattie" of the Rucksack Club, Dorothy Song, "Paddy" Pallin, Oliver Wyndham (Rucksack Club), and George Loder (Trampers). If the secretaries have them all recorded a Ways and Means Committee would certainly have a starting point.

After this motion was carried talk turned for a while to the Search and Rescue Section, and Paddy got at least one good suggestion.

Then Paddy moved that an Annual Camping Re-union should be added to the Federation's Social activities. This was seconded by -Sommerville (C.M.W.) and carried after only a little talk.

Dorothy Lawry was not saying as much as usual as she had a cold.

After a couple more suggestions and inquiries had been made and answered

the Chairman declared the meeting closed at 9.55 p.m.

Although the gathering was not very large, quite a number of useful suggestions were made, a friendly atmosphere prevailed, and all present seemed to enjoy themselves, with, possibly, one exception. We have not yet discovered the reason for the strange phenomenon, but THE feature of the evening was that - believe it or not - Jack Debert was there in the front row but HE DID NOT SAY A WORD THE WHOLE EVENING !!

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CLUB GOSSIP

"Only Page 15 and we have reached 'Club Gossip' already!" we can hear our readers exclaim. The reason for it, readers, is that the editorial side has some consideration for the production side, which is working short-handed this month as, unfortunately, our indefatigable Business Manager, Brian Harvey, is laid up for about six weeks with a bad knee.

Just after our August issue had gone to press we heard of two Club engagements. By now many members may say, "That's not news", but we know all will join the "Sydney Bushwalker" in congratulating Ted Dollimore (when they see him) on his engagement to Miss Phyllis Mary Johnston. Is she a walker?

The other pair whom we are happy to congratulate are Don Gordon and Betty Bell, both active S.B.W. members of several year's standing. It is a good thing for walkers that they are not planning their marriage till about Christmas time. At present, as Editor of "The Bushwalker No.3", Betty has a big job on her hands. Confidentially, everyone can look forward to "No.3" being even better than "No.2" was last year.

It nearly happened to us again this month. Just as we were going to press we heard that Molly Astridge has announced her engagement to Mr. Arthur Waller -- and that for some four months' past Margaret Turner has been engaged to Mr. Fred. Smith of Orange! And Margaret told us that Gwen Clark has been moved to Parkes. Can anyone find the spot?

Quite a busy evening we had, for later still we heard that Barbara Macgregor and Alton Chapple were going to be married on Saturday, 26th August. Best wishes to all of them!

Apparently the Club "Legion of the Lost" had a re-union recently at Tweed Heads. At least, Ian Malcolm wrote from Grafton that he and his wife had enjoyed a week-end at the Heads with the Rootses and Les Douglas, our exiled comrades from Briabane. You know, of course, or did you? that Wal. and Doug. console themselves these days by dragging from their homes and friends any poor fish they can catch. Ian reports that they each got a couple of bream at Tweed Heads.

Talking of absent friends, the June issue of "Alpinesport" reported that Marj. Stanton had left Auckland to live in Tahiti.

The same magazine recorded that another Auckland Alpine Sports Club member - Goldie Lawson - had left Melbourne and was climbing everything in sight in Tasmania. We have later news of Goldie. Her next port of call was Sydney, to which she has just returned after a jaunt to Cairns. She says she is going to settle down here for a few months now, so we expect to enjoy her breezy company on many walks before she returns to Auckland.

Our various schoolteacher members have all been very busy lately planning trips for the September holidays. Why aren't we all schoolteachers? Or public servants? Flo Allsworth has just had another holiday!

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We turned back mad from the mystic mountains,
All foamed with red and with elfin gold:
Up from the heart of the twilight's fountains
The fires enchanted were starward rolled;

We turned back mad: we thought of the morrow,
The iron clang of the far-away town:
We could not weep in our bitter sorrow,
But joy as an arctic sun went down.

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