



MOUNT KING GEORGE AND BEYOND

by Marie B. Byles.

Possibly other members have been beyond Mount King George to Mount Catey, but the country is not generally known and a few words about it may not be amiss.

The valleys radiating from Mount King George on the east provide many charming camping spots; most of them having flat green swamps in their upper parts and good water and even caves below them. It is not necessary to camp right in the middle of the track as we did!

It is proposed shortly to make a road out to Mount King George and the track has been surveyed. This is a pity, but it will not destroy the loneliness of the ridges and valleys beyond which have far the grander views. At present a cattle-man's track runs across the eastern ridges of Mount King George. It is faint and often non-existent, but it may be followed with breaks over Mount Catey. Like King George this summit is basalt-capped and therefore well wooded and well grassed. Beyond this the spur takes one over a bare grassy nob. Then the spur splits, the right hand branch culminating in a little conical treeless hill sheer above the Grose. The hill is also the culmination of a series of splendid views of the Grose Valley unsurpassed in grandeur and rivalled only by the view from Butterbox Point near Mount Hay.

There are two very deep cols on the spur, one before Mount Catey and one before what some maps call Mount Caley, and other maps do not name at all. Anyhow, it is the hump nearly opposite Mount Hay. From the opposite side of the Grose, that is, the Mount Hay side, both these cols appear to drop down into the Grose by gentle, green, sloping valleys. Our party (Peter Page, Ray Birt, Dorothy Hasluck, Edna Garrad, Ken Iredale and myself) tried both from the top but small, unpleasant, sheer drops turned us back.

However, a week later Peter Page and Ken Iredale approached the col before Mount Caley from below and succeeded in getting up. This was possibly the route taken by Harry Whitehouse twenty or thirty years ago when he got off Mount King George into the Grose, but when Gordon Smith and party left the Blue Gum for an afternoon's ramble and by their non-return that afternoon made everyone think they were either lost or injured, they took the crack up the cliffs nearer to Blue Gum. The Mount Caley col is not an easy route, but if Peter carries out his threat of knocking in a few pitons it would then be possible for an average party and provide a good round trip from Blackheath via Blue Gum to Bell.

The possibilities of the Coal Mine col before Mount Catey are not so promising, but doubtless Dot English and the rock-climbing section would get up somehow. This is a challenge I am throwing out to them but to no one else.

The first time we went out to Mount Catey from our camp on the eastern slopes of Mount King George, we went out via the summit of Mount King George, and after some searching found that about the only easy way off its nose was right above the Grose Valley. By this route it took us all day to get to Mount Catey and back.

When we discovered the cattleman's track over the eastern slopes of Mount King George, the time was very much less and another party using this track, even if new to the district, should hardly take more than three and a half hours right out to the little nob at the very furthest end of the spur. Our own times were as follows:- Bell road to camp,  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour, camp to col before Caley, 1 hour, this

col to col before Catey or Coal Mine col, 50 minutes, Coal Mine col to end of spur, 1 hour 10 minutes.

The chief place where you may make mistakes because the track gets lost, is when it crosses the long, green, treeless ridge running out east from Mount King George. You cannot mistake the ridge, and whether going or coming you should make straight up and over it trusting to pick up the track on the other side. If coming from the Bell side, you cross the long, green swamp (on the far side of the spur) at its upper end, and pick up the track running down the right hand side of the swamp. Do not be misled into following any of the tracks which lead down or up the spurs, the latter onto Mount King George.

The Mount King George District provides views as glorious as anywhere on the Blue Mountains Plateau, and the only thing against it is its difficulty of access. Bell is the nearest station, the train service there is very poor, and the walk along the road, long and uninteresting. We got over this disadvantage by getting Mr. Matthews to take us by car from Mount Victoria. His car will hold seven, and, if he is to take you back as well as there, he will charge you only £2.10.0 (a little under 2/- a mile). He is on the 'phone and dependable. (In return for this free ad. Miss Editor, perhaps he might be induced to give you a paid one!)

-----

#### AT OUR OWN MEETING

At the November meeting the following new members were welcomed:-

Mrs. Percia Stead,  
Miss Ida Barbour,  
Mr. Lloyd Edwards, and  
Mr. Alan Whitfield.

The Committee has already appointed a special sub-committee to organise the 1940 Reunion, and Maurie Berry is the Convenor, so if you have any ideas, pass them on to Maurie.

The correspondence contained a letter from Alex. Colley, tendering his resignation as a Federation Delegate because he felt he was always in opposition, but the Committee refused to accept the resignation as criticism is valuable in any organization. Alex subsequently agreed to continue as a delegate representing the S.B.W. views regardless of whether or not the rest of the Council agreed with them.

The Federation had circularised the various clubs asking for their opinions on the suggestion of the Federation Reunion Sub-Committee, that this gathering be held in February next at Luscombe's Flat by the Grose River, 7 miles from Richmond. The S.B.W. decided to notify the Federation that in its opinion February would be too hot and April would be preferable.

The President announced that as Mr. Brian Harvey had resigned from the positions of Committee man, Federation Delegate, Business Manager of the Club Magazine, Duplicator Operator, etc. etc., the Committee had appointed Miss Mary Stoddart Business Manager and Duplicator Operator. As an election was to be held to fill the vacancies on the Club Committee and Federation Council, the President requested one of the members present to ask all those members who were outside to come into the meeting. There were 45 present when this request was made, and in response 22 members came in to vote!

The election results were as follows:-

Committee Man:     Roley Cotter  
Federation Delegate: Arthur Salmon.

The President also announced that Mr. Percy Harvey had resigned from the position of Curator of Maps owing to pressure of military duty, and the Committee had appointed Mr. John Harvey to fill the vacancy.

As Secretary of the S & R Section of the Federation, Miss Jean Trimble announced that they are holding an instructional camp on December 2nd and 3rd at the Warragamba Basin, travelling there by the "skippers' launch" from Penrith. Instruction will be given in first aid, stretcher construction, the carrying of patients, rope climbing etc. etc., and the S & R would like to see a big roll-up.

So would the organiser of this year's S.B.W. concert, Mrs. Joan Savage, who can now supply tickets. The performance will be given on 12th December at the New Theatre, Pitt Street, and the charge is 1/6d - payable at the door. We'll see you there - we hope.

-----  
B E A U T Y

I have seen dawn and sunset on moors and windy hills,  
Coming in solemn beauty like slow old tunes of Spain;  
I have seen the lady April bringing the daffodils,  
Bringing the springing grass and the soft warm April rain.  
I have heard the song of the blossoms and the old chant of the sea,  
And seen strange lands from under the arched white sails of ships;  
But the loveliest things of beauty God ever has showed to me,  
Are her voice, and her hair, and eyes, and the dear red curve of her lips.

-----John Masfield.  
-----



Where the Bushwalking Photos are made:

RAY BEAN

PHOTO SERVICE

3<sup>RD</sup> Floor Hardy's Chambers  
5 Hunter St.

B.W. 4789.

SAME DAY DEVELOPING & PRINTING.

ENLARGEMENTS & FINE GRAIN

DEVELOPING A SPECIALTY

(With apologies to Samuel Pepys from Merle Hamilton...)

SAMUEL PEPYS' DIARY AFTER A WALK WITH S.B.W.

Nov. 5. Breaking fast early I go to station, having packt a Ruk-sak of eatings; for a days walk with Clubb under name, Sydney Bush Walkers. To make for short S.B.W. & come there abt. 8 o'clock. Lookt for S.B.W's near indicator by wall as they did apprise me for to do, but noe sine of S.B.W's. till herd voiz accost me & turned to welkum it.

But Lord. The almost unrecognizable he-walkers & she-walkers that here did stand by wall, oapent-shirted, bare leggt, boaney-need & redickulouse hatt, shd. any mine acwaintanses see me with the company did bring me out into cold swet onlie to think of it. But company unaware of my feelings. Soe into trane with all speed & praid for the best.

Reached Waterfall where did take to leggs & boosh trak in the way of Marella Karong. She-walkers at here did change skirts for shorts like men which they did roll upp & fix into Ruk-sak & strapp on top a roll for bedding, like a fatt sossidge tacked on behind. But Lord the greater scarecrow than ever it made them look.

Walked down rocks, near abt. trees of many branches - a fashion of branch that is new to me but hath a noble aspect. We did see flowers the like I have not named before being not popie or rose. Did here much musick of birds, much warbling & whiseling & nott a single noat was familiar.

Anon sat to lunch, having our nees under us as we were Garndi or other Indian & much genial company, all named Jack, Bill, Dorothy with others that I no nott & one comely madam in red (the only she-walker I did observe) who, by Gods grace, sat next me, & was I found Janie with whom much merrie discourse, to my grate content. But Lord, the variety & nobility of the food that did come from the Ruk-saks. Sousidges, stakes, cheez, fruits, cakes, bread, biscuits, bunnis, lettuce, vegetables, nutts, dates, raisins, sweets, such a multiplied glory of good things as I had deemed myself a happy man to have been privileged to sit with the company. One alone of these foods, but all at the same lunching was an Olympian treat never to be forgotten & never, alas, me fears to be repeated or if it shd., God send I be there at the repititioun.

Seasoun turned mighty hott. The glass gone to above 90°, I shd. think by the sweaty damping of my body. As is always soe with me when the temperature is upp into 90°, but below that onlie the hands get sticky. Which shd. not onlie better my shape, but increase my comfort likewise in particular my dress waistcote, that will I think, now meet in front without a button hook.

Lunch upp, we set out in so grate haste that I feel so much good food did not feel appreciated. Along water creek we go pushing through booshes by hand. Soe up hill with much wind blowing out of me the like I have not done before it being at soe grate a speed we go. But my shape in my thoughts, to better. My cote of last season shd. now button. Soe to trane. But Lord

all setes are occupying she-hikers & he-hikers (pilgrims not S.B.W's who onlie are walkers) many comely she-hikers in all colours kerchiefs tied about curls to look "cute" this is word she-walker did inform me.

Soe we come to Sydney wonce mor. My grate weariness made me bid goodbye quik. Home was pleasure to my eyes & Soe to bed.

-----

### T R E S P A S S

We have been given permission to republish the following:

BROADCAST ADDRESS by MR. S. ICK-HEWINS, ASSISTANT GENERAL SECRETARY of the GRAZIERS' ASSOCIATION OF N.S.W., given over STATION 2GZ, on Friday, 6th October, 1939.

-----

The Enclosed Lands Protection Act has been amended to tighten the Laws against trespass to land. The Enclosed Lands Protection Act provides a penalty for trespass but in order to incur a penalty the trespass must be upon enclosed lands. Trespass upon unenclosed lands is not subject to penalty, but only to an action for damages. The penalty is particularly valuable for preventing trespass, for if damages had to be relied upon only there would be many annoying trespassers against whom it would not be worth while proceeding, either because the actual damage done by them is too small or because, being men of straw, they would not have any means to satisfy a judgment. The penalty under the Enclosed Lands Protection Act can be satisfied, if necessary, in gaol. Prior to the recent amendment resort could not be had to the Act unless the land was enclosed by a fence or wall, but now it is provided that land enclosed partly by some natural feature such as a canal or river or cliff, will be deemed to be enclosed land within the meaning of the Act. That will be some little discouragement to people who enter upon private land from river frontages after having approached by boat.

Previously, also, land enclosed by a fence but traversed by an unfenced road was not protected by the Act against trespass from the unfenced road. The amendment provides, in effect, that where a road is lawfully enclosed in anybody's land, the land, though not the road, shall be enclosed land within the meaning of the Act. In order to prevent trespass at shearing sheds and huts in paddocks traversed by unfenced roads, graziers used to have to erect some sort of a fence round the sheds and huts, but now that will be unnecessary.

In order to prevent the new law from operating unreasonably harshly against people who are going about their business in a proper way, the amending Act provides that a drover or person in charge of stock which are being driven upon a road lawfully enclosed within anyone's land, will not commit any offence under the Act if he leaves the road and enters the land for the purpose of preventing the stock from straying or for the purpose of regaining control of stock which have strayed from the road.

Where a road is enclosed within land it is sometimes difficult to say just exactly where the boundaries of the road are. The amending Act provides that if the enclosed road is not clearly defined but there is a reasonably defined track commonly used by persons passing through the land, the centre of the track is to be deemed to be the centre of the road. Where there is no clearly defined track, however, a person passing through the land will not be guilty of an offence unless it is shown that the route taken by him was, having regard to the circumstances, unreasonable.

This legislation will be of considerable help to landowners throughout the State

---

FROM HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE

Paddy sent a copy of his book, "Bushwalking & Camping" to the Western Walking Club in Perth, W.A. and one of the enthusiasts has written telling him how "the old W.A. surveyors and bushmen" make their fires in "very wet wintry weather" against a big log. It may be easy but - as Paddy pointed out in his reply - we don't go in for that sort of weather in "Sunny N.S.W." and lighting a fire against a log is much too risky.

Incidentally, there are marks of a fire having been lit against a fallen log in The Blue Gum Forest. Some N.S.W. "surveyors & bushmen" were responsible, but, fortunately, some of the Trustees were present and they saw to it that that fire was extinguished before they left the Forest.

.....

Horace, the talking fish, has just breathed in the editorial ear that Pearl Smith is back in Sydney and that Smithy will be here too in a month or so. We add our loud welcoming noises to those made by the Rucksakers.

.....

Bert Hines, who was a member of the S.B.W. in its early days, and who is now a leading light in the Tararua Tramping Club of Wellington, N.Z., recently lost his shirt. It was a green one, with two photographic filters in the pocket, so he advertised for it in the "Tararua Trumper". We hope it will be found and returned to Bert by the next party to do the trip on which he lost it. Advertising in the club magazine is a good idea, anyhow .....

Jean Trimble wishes the following announcement to be made. When going through the family heirlooms recently before the family left the ancestral mansion for the last time, a number of old issues of the "Bushwalker" were found. As storage space for Trimble valuables is now definitely limited, Jean has handed the magazines to "Dunk" and the proceeds of all sales will go towards buying more books for the library. The price is 1/- each, and these are the issues:-

- No.7 June, 1932
- No.8 August, 1932
- No.9 October, 1932



- No.10 December, 1932
- No.11 February, 1933
- No.12 April, 1933,
- No.13 June, 1933
- No.14 August, 1933
- No.15 October, 1933
- No.33 April, 1935

there is only one copy of each, so first come will be first served. If the demand proves good, Dunk might get some of the other old members to do some spring cleaning; maybe. Thanks, Jean.

. . . . .

The October, 1939 issue of "The Tararua Trampler" is a particularly interesting number. On 3rd July, 1940, the Tararua Tramping Club will attain its majority, and in this issue of its magazine the plans for fittingly celebrating the great occasion are announced. Some early history of the club is also given. One item of interest was that, of the 21 persons who attended the foundation meeting on 3rd July, 1919, eight are still members of the club. Another is that the walk scheduled for 26th November, 1939, will be led by the chairman of the foundation meeting. The club's first outing was held on Sunday, 19th October, 1919, and the same leader will take club members over the same route on Saturday, 19th October, 1940. The club circular announcing this first tramp stated the distance in hours, not miles, a practice that is still followed by the Tararua Tramping Club.

. . . . .

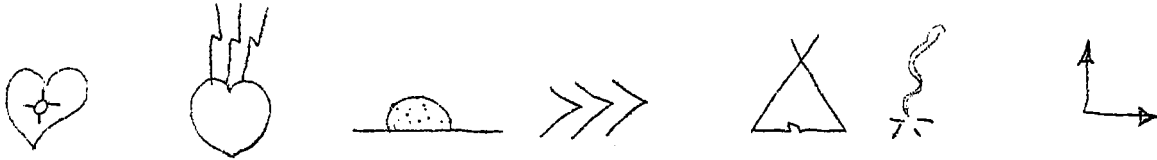
A SONNET OF SLEEP

- Samuel Rowe Simmons "Oswald Gray"  
(1871 - )

So let me drift on seas of sleep  
To that fair isle of dreams beyond this world,  
Where the white sails of ships, for ever furled,  
Swing soundless to the skies, and the great deep  
Is hushed and still; where Time no scroll doth keep,  
And no loud wave with hoary head upcurled  
On trembling beach is shattered; no ship hurled  
On ravenous rock; nor ever mortals weep.  
So let me drift as down the Western sky  
Glides the wan sun, that his last dying beams  
May light my way. Low now the far surge sings,  
And soft warm shadows through the darkness fly;  
While hushed on seas of sleep I drift in dreams -  
Slow to the measured beat of sea-birds' wings.



Here's Paddy's good wish for Xmas -



In case you don't understand genuine Indian sign writing, this is what it means.

Happiness (Sunshine in the heart.) Good health (lightning from the heart). Plenty (heap-) of friends, (Arrows pointing the same way) Good camping (thats easy), now and in the future.

Of course he should stop there but Paddy has a little news he would like to broadcast. It is that Paddy has made arrangements with Mostyne Kill to get supplies of honey. 7lb/ tin 3/6d. 'Sbeautiful.

F. A. PALLIN

327 George St.  
SYDNEY  
(opp. Palings)

'Phone B 3101.

JACKERI'S TALE

By Frank Cramp.

We lived near a black's camp when I was a boy, and I knew most of the old full bloods. There were two who came to be great friends of mine - Jimmy Jack, whose native name was Jackeri, and his wife, Sarah. Sometimes I could get them to tell me tales - whether Jackeri made them up or whether they were authentic legends, I don't know. However, this is Jackeri's tale of how the Blackfellow learned the use of fire.

Long ago, before the white man came, the blackfellow roamed all along the coast. Each tribe had its own hunting and fishing grounds, and woe betide the man who trespassed without permission on any land that was not the property of his tribe. In one tribe lived a young man named Yamuni, which means "Light Giver", who had just finished his initiation and was a proper figure of a man.

Now this Yamuni was something of a rebel, and could not see why, if he had chased a kangaroo all day and it finally crossed the boundary out of his tribal ground, he should give up the chase, so on a certain day he crossed the line and killed a few miles on the wrong side of the border.

In those days men did not know the use of fire and feared the Fire Spirit greatly, because in the summer time he would cause great fires to sweep through the bush and kill and drive away the game, and force the tribes to fight for the right to hunt in territories not their own.

Even in those days, economic forces were the cause of wars and hatred between the tribes.

But to return to Jackeri's tale. Yamuni, tired from the chase, lay down and slept, and as he slept he dreamed -

He dreamed that all about him was smoke and fire, and he was sorely afraid and wished to run away, but was hemmed in by flames and gradually his fear gave way to anger and he cursed the Fire Spirit, saying, "Oh, Fire Spirit, why must thou persecute men? Why must thou make them labour so hard in the chase only to deprive them of the fruits thereof, making them glad to escape with their lives? Why must thou forever stand between them and the fruits of their labour? I defy thee and rather than submit to thy will, I will fall upon my spear and seek hunting grounds in the spirit world where thy rule has no terrors."

He was about to make good his threat when a great voice cried, "Hold - I offer precious gifts, gifts that, properly used, will make the lot of man more pleasant, fuller and happier, as the ages roll on. It is man that is blind and malignant. I burn and lay waste, but I purify. The wattle from which you gather gum and bardy grubs would not grow if I did not first scorch its seed. The grasses would grow rank and poisonous and the game would not eat of them if I did not periodically purge them. The very ground would grow sour but for the ashes I spread to give new life to the soil.

These are but a few of the things I do for man,

"You, Yamuni, have been called 'Light Giver', yet, like all your kind, you wallow in darkness, but because of your name, and, because I am the friend of man, so long as man uses me as a friend, I will teach you secrets, so that you may travel and teach all the tribes that which I will show you.

"I have chosen you because you are a rebel and need discipline, for are you not at this moment outside your tribal grounds? As punishment, your own people you will teach last and you will know that when your mission is finished, you will die. When you awake you will see my brother, the Wind Spirit, rubbing two dead limbs together. He will show you how to make fire. Then you will learn to harden the tips of your spears in my flames and to cook your meat on my embers. You will make your fires small and on clear ground so that they will not get out of your control, for I am your best friend, but the careless use of my gifts will bring destruction and desolation."

"Wake, O man, and look about you. Taste of the game which I have struck down for you."

Yamuni answered, "We have been taught not to eat of the Fire Spirit's slaying, lest it will scorch our insides and burn us forever and ever."

The great voice spoke again. "Eat. It is I, the Fire Spirit, who commands."

Yamuni awoke, and saw that he was indeed hemmed in by flames except for one small opening away from the direction of his home. In that direction a terrific fire was burning. Hastily gathering his weapons and some of the kangaroo which was half cooked by the fire which was so close to him, he ran; and always a path seemed to open for him through the fire.

On he went for a day and a night before he reached the edge of the fire. Then utterly exhausted, he lay down to sleep. First, however, he took a mouthful of the first cooked meat that he or any other man before him had tasted, and found it so delicious that he ate all with great hunger.

Next he examined his spears and found that the tips of them had been scorched, and in disgust threw the best of them at a tree, expecting it to break, but instead it penetrated deep into the tree and stuck there quivering. Drawing it out, he found that the tip was now harder than it was before.

Then, hearing a strange noise, he looked up and saw that the wind was rubbing together a limb of a hardwood tree and a limb of a softwood tree. The wind gradually blew harder and harder until at last smoke and then sparks began to show and the tree burst into flames. Yamuni now understood how fire would be made, and knowing that he was under the protection of the Fire Spirit, he slept.

When he awoke again, what a scene of desolation met his eyes. The bush was burned out for miles. Yamuni murmured to himself, "Make yourself small

fires! and so learned his first lesson.

Picking up his possessions, he included a piece of the soft and a piece of the hardwood that had escaped the fire, so that he could make a fire for himself. He travelled on, stopping now and again to taste a piece of snake or goanna or wallaby which had been caught by the fire and delighting in each new taste.

At night fall he stopped, and taking the sticks from his dilly bag, placed the larger on the ground, and with the smaller rubbed as he had seen the wind do, and at last a little burst of flame came which he fed until it was big enough for him to cook his meat. After he had eaten, he went to a creek nearby to drink. When he returned he found his possessions in flames. Desperately he stamped out the fire and then his second lesson dawned on him, "Make your fire in a clear place."

He slept that night with a small fire to keep him warm. Next morning he was on his way again but had not gone very far when he heard the roar of fire behind him. He had to take refuge in a creek until it had passed. Thinking of how his fire had behaved when he was not there to watch it, his third and most important lesson was driven home, "Always put your fire out when leaving."

Yamuni travelled on until he reached a tribe and there he started his mission. At first they would have none of his teaching (as is always the way with teachers who have something worth teaching), but eventually after he had shown them what his spears could do against theirs, they listened and learned from him. Which is always the case again, mankind always seems more interested in tools of war than tools of peace. Still, they learned both together, and that may be the answer.

Yamuni passed from tribe to tribe until at last he came again to his own people, an old man with much experience of warfare and peace, and so was able to teach his tribe more than all the others, which is the reason that the Garrawarra Tribe is superior to all others, said old Jackeri, whose white man name was Jimmy Jack, an opinion for which I am sure they fought and died in their day, thereby showing that the causes of war then were not so very different to what they are today.

---

There is a mountain gully brimmed with trees  
So old, so grandly tall, that there  
The giant tree-ferns clustering at their feet  
Seem frail as maidenhair;  
The sea-green moss is velevt underfoot,  
I look through sea-green air  
Upward to lace of leaves, and onwards still  
To see a sheer stream drop  
In silver curtains from the mountain-top.  
I'll stay and watch the flying rainbows swoop  
About that waterfall  
With a friend who answers thought --  
Or nobody at all.

-- Dorothea Mackellar.

"H I G H L I G H T S"

Sponsored by

STEPHENSON & BIRD

Opticians, Optometrists and Orthopists,

2 Martin Place, Sydney.

'Phones: B1438  
XB4407

Morris M. Stephenson,  
A.S.T.C. (Dip. Opt.) F.I.O.

Morrie Stephenson is still keeping us supplied with interesting "Highlights" on matters optical. So far no member, or prospective member, has written a "Highlight" on things bushwalking, but some of them do provide Dorothy Lawry with the material...

This month Morrie writes about the

UMBRELLA-LIKE GROWTH ON THE IRIS OF THE EYE.

It is common knowledge that the pupil of the eye varies in size according to the amount of light shining on it, in a like manner to the aperture variations of the camera, and that with bright lights large pupils are distressing. Furthermore, everyone has experienced difficulty with vision when travelling directly toward the sun, especially when it is low in the heavens, and considerable relief is often given by the brim of a hat pulled well down over the eyes.

Certain herbivorous animals which habitually graze on the plains would be considerably handicapped by the above difficulty, and the lack of a hat, had Nature not evolved for them an umbrella-like shade on the upper portion of the pupil margin.

This can be seen in the horse, donkey, gazelle, goat, camel and hyrax. In the last two animals these "umbraculi" are movable, and the animal can raise or lower his blind according to the height of the sun above the horizon.

It might be a good idea to try and grow one on the camera to act as a lens shade.

.....

A HIGHLIGHT ON HOSPITALITY

Scene One: The Club Room on Friday night.

Two women members are overheard inviting a third to spend the week end with them, visiting their home the next day and then going walking with them out towards Church Point. The invitation is accepted,

Scene Two: Central Railway Station about 1.15 p.m. next day.

Members are assembling for the official week-end walk to St. Helena. Those who had heard the invitation given and accepted the night before stagger as they see coming towards the party from tram and electric trains --- the two hostesses and the guest!!! They meet unexpectedly as each joins the official trip, for not one of them was on the telephone!

. . . . .

FEDERATION NEWS

At the October meeting the S.B.W. was represented by Tom Herbert, Alex. Colley, "Duch" Drewell and John Harvey. Mr. Herbert apologised for their absence from the previous month's meeting, of which they had not received notice!

Advice was received from Kurin-gai Chase Trust that Messrs. Pryde, Pallin and Debert had been appointed Honorary rangers for that park.

The Ball Committee reported that the "Show Boat" has been reserved for 12th October, 1940.

The newly-formed "Bush Club" applied for affiliation and became a member of the Federation in place of the H.H. Club, which it has absorbed.

Owing to pressure of business Alex Colley resigned from the position of Conservation Secretary. His successor was to be appointed at the November meeting.

The Publicity Bureau is still asking for the names and addresses of members willing to act as Lecturers or Bushcraft Instructors. It reported that arrangements had been made for a bushwalking page in each issue of the new "Physical Fitness" Magazine.

The N.S.W. Govt. Tourist Bureau has advised that it is now possible to buy one ticket for any trip on the N.S.W. Govt. Railways regardless of the lines travelled. Applications for such tickets can be made at either Challis House or Central Station.

The officers of the S & R Section have been doing such good work that they were all re-elected for another twelve months. Who are they? Messrs Batty, Lofts, Melville, Morris, Pallin, Holesgrove, Savage and Freeman, with Miss Jean Trimble as the Secretary. Have you seen their latest circular? The one about the Instructional Week-end they are holding on December 2nd and 3rd? If you have read it you are almost certain to be "amongst those present."

---

When supporting our Advertisers - please mention  
"THE SYDNEY BUSHWALKER"

CLUB GOSSIP

Paddy and May Pallin have decided to name their prize baby - Catherine Elizabeth.

Gwen Lawrie has returned to Sydney to live, so we are looking forward to seeing her in the club room and on the track.

Chas. Rolfe and Yvonne Douglas were married on November 18th so if you miss them at "Morella-karong" you will know that their new home is claiming their week-ends. One thing, if they want any tips about how to hang the pictures, how to cook this, how to make that, etc. etc., they have only to come to the club on Friday night, there are so many other young married members who should know just what to do. Whether married or single, all the S.B.W's join in sending good wishes to these newly-weds.

How long is it since you saw, or heard anything of, George Baker? On November 1st he dropped us a note from the G.P.O., Wellington, New Zealand, saying he had just recovered from a broken ankle, collected whilst ski-ing at the Chateau eight weeks previously, and he was on his way to the South Island for a few months' tramping, camping, etc.

Joan Savage and her band of enthusiasts are hard at work preparing for the S.B.W. Concert. December 12th is the date. The New Theatre, Pitt Street, is the place. The price is 1/6d per seat, payable at the door; so all you have to do is to -- "Roll up! Roll up!" and provide the players with an enthusiastic audience.

Norm. Colton is back from his trip round the world, looking very well, but feeling very disappointed that the Castlecrag Openair Theatre is still out of action owing to last year's bushfires.

Edna Garrad and the Social Committee are extra busy at present. They are preparing for the S.B.W. Christmas Party -- at the Club Room on December 19th. Note this date also.

---

I wish to take this opportunity of expressing my appreciation for the whole-hearted support of members given to me during my term as Business Manager of this publication. It is most gratifying to know that sales increased some 15%, due entirely to the splendid efforts of our Editor, and the Publication Staff have been greatly encouraged in their work thereby. I congratulate Miss Mary Stoddart on her appointment in my stead and sincerely hope you will all continue to give her the support she deserves. Good luck, Mary!

BRIAN G. HARVEY.

---