

ISSUE NO 11

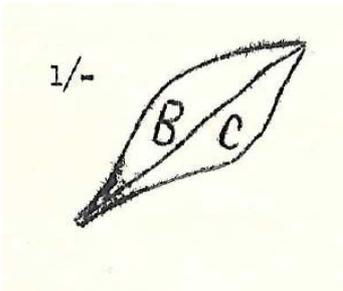
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OCTOBER, 1958.

WALKS AND TALKS.

The Magazine of

T H E B U S H C L U B.

It is announced there will be a new Editor of the Bush Club Magazine, Walks and Talks as from the next issue, January, 1959. Mrs. Nance Stillman, 2 Rose Avenue, North Sydney, will be the new Editor.

Please forward all future articles to Nance. It would be appreciated if you could give Nance all the assistance and encouragement I have been given, and likewise Janet Stevenson before me.

Nance will need new articles for her first issue of the Magazine so get out your quills and start writing. Both humourous and serious articles are most welcome. If any of you have a good idea for a cover for the Magazine, please draw it and forward to Nance. It can always be used on subsequent issues, if not the January issue.

Please write your name and the date on all articles. Further, it is very helpful if unfamiliar names in an article are printed to give the editor speedier translation.

Welcome to Office the new Committee as elected at the August Annual Meeting. Sincere appreciation go to the office bearers of the preceding year for the excellent job they did.

The Bush Club Birthday Campfire is being held at the Hornsby Fish Ponds in September, 27th. It should be a most enjoyable evening.

Editor: (Mrs.) Helene Longton, Lower Ground Floor Flat, 538 Bourke Street, Moore Pk.



THE ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Bush Club was held on Saturday, August 23rd, 1958, at the Lower Ground Floor of the Assembly Hall, Jamieson Street, Sydney.

Elected to office for the ensuing year were the following:

President:	Walter McGrath.
Vice Presidents:	Howard Graham Gordon Robinson.
Secretary:	Miss Flora Graham.
Social Secretary:	Miss Marie Youngman.
Asst. Secretary:	Miss Joy Yaldwyn.
Treasurer:	Mr. Alan Sugarman.
Walks Secretary:	Mr. Albert Fried.
Committee Member:	Mr. Paul Rann.
Delegates:	Mr. Paul Rann Mr. Gordon Robinson.
Proxy Delegates:	Mr. David Elkins. Mr. Victor Gordon.
Search and Rescue Delegate:	Mr. Gordon Robinson.

After the business of the meeting was concluded a member of Toc-h showed films of Australia's development. These were of great interest to those present and as usual the enjoyable afternoon finished with supper at 9.30 pm.

So ended the Annual General Meeting for another year.

“MUSICAL DREAMLAND”

Have you ever listened to a good musical programme on the radio and then dozed off and had a dream about the music. No! Then come and join me in one which I had recently.

It all started when I strolled down to the station and caught the train for “THE ROCK ISLAND LINE” which, unfortunately, broke down near “THE PUB WITH NO BEER”, thus ending my chances of going “AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS”.

I left the train and joined the “FREIGHT TRAIN” where “I MET A MAN CALLED PETER” who complained that he felt as if “HE’S GOT THE WHOLE WORLD IN HIS HANDS”.

So I politely enquired if they were going to have “A WONDERFUL TIME UP THERE”

I got off that train because I heard that “LONDON BRIDGE WAS FALLING DOWN”. Then, while strolling “UNDERNEATH THE ARCHES” I met a girl called “TAMMY” who was a “SLEEPY TIME GIRL”. So I invited her to go with me to “MOONLIGHT BAY” where we tried to “CATCH A FALLING STAR”, Having failed to do so, we decided to write “LOVE LETTERS IN THE SAND”.

We did this until we were rudely interrupted by the arrival of “THE PURPLE PETER EATER” who had us worried until we had one of those “MAGIC MOMENTS” when the “WITCH DOCTOR” arrived and saved us with his “OLD BLACK MAGIC” and a spot of “WITCHCRAFT”.

I’ll have to say goodbye to “THAT OLD GANG OF MINE” now as “IT’S ALMOST TOMORROW” and “ALL I HAVE TO DO IS DREAM”.

Silly, wasn’t it? But don’t despair, you may come a “WALTZING MATILDA” with me yet.

----- “MR SANDMAN”.

BUSH FIRE AT SEA.

By Nance Stillman.

A weekend on a sailing boat can be very much like a weekend of walking and camping. True, one does not slog along mile after weary mile with a heavy pack that there are other forms of endurance just as tough, and prices are almost identical.

“Cimba” was just built. Not quite finished off but near enough, and like campers with new packs, new tents and new equipment generally, and lots of plans, we were longing to try her out.

On Saturday morning when she was but a fortnight old, we left the moorings at the Spit just as day was breaking with the intention of sailing to Broken Bay, camping overnight and sailing back the next day.

We slipped out towards North Head with a little Westerly that almost always blows down the Harbour at dawn. Tea was made on the primus on the way and with a couple of rounds of bread, butter, cold boiled bacon, a good big apple an easy and satisfactory breakfast was had. By the time we reached the nasty joggle that is always under North Head, everything had been tidied away and “Cimba” was new and shiny for her first ocean trip.

We picked up an early but steady Nor-Easter shortly after clearing the heads and settled down for a long slant to windward. K, I remember, was anxious to do some work on lockers down below, so I took the tiller, and all was relaxed, comfortable and completely lovely. I could hear sawing and planing from down below. Occasionally he would appear in the hatchway, roll a cigarette and have a look round. There were one or two coasters hurrying in (crew probably anxious to get to the races), a big liner came out and headed South, the coast gradually receded and the morning passed.

I called down that we could easily lay Barrenjoey, and what about an early lunch. K said not to put about yet – he needed a bit longer to finish making a locker door and if we went on the other tack his tools and bits would slide all over the place. It was just about this time the breeze fell right away. It became very hot. The sea looked “nasty” and I felt uneasy. I called down through the hatch that I could smell bush fire. K came up for a look round. He said I must certainly be hungry or something as we could hardly see the coast let alone smell it – supposed he’d better do something about lunch.

We put about and headed for the coast but “Cimba” was not leaping along like a live thing like she had been all morning. She seemed sluggish, and the sails flapped and the sun burned. Then both at the same time we smelt bushfire. We both saw, bearing down from the North West, a line of white water and thick blue haze blotting out the coast. It was a howling, shrieking Nor-Westerly gale and it came straight from a terrific bush fire up the coast.

K leapt down and stowed his precious tools in safety, fastened down the fore-hatch and stowed moveables firmly below. Before he came up on deck again, we got the first gust and “Cimba” lay well over, the lee rail under, spray lashing across the deck. Presently K came up, fastened the hatch securely so that all was snug and dry below and came and sat beside me. The water was white all round us; it was a “snorter” but “Cimba” was a beauty. She seemed to revel in it.

We had a lovely little dinghy, fastened upsidedown across the deck amidships – quite safe in a steady Nor-Easter but how would she be in a blow with the deck tilted at such an angle, and so much wind and water. If she moved, we would almost certainly lose her. This meant getting extra line out of the rope locker and a tricky trip forward to make her more secure. It became apparent also that our halyards and the new sail were stretching – both because of the hot dry wind and their newness, and that when we had to come about, the boom was not going to clear the dinghy. As the wind was dead in our teeth, we were going to have to come about good and often. This was quite

nasty, and with only two of us in these conditions, it took quite some manoeuvring to deal with it.

The whole afternoon we tacked back and forth up towards that ever distant Barrenjoey. I remember once we had a breather for a minute or two under Bungan Head and then swoosh, we were out in the full wind again, drenched to the skin, cold and at the same time sunburnt, shoulders stiff, eyes sore from salt and glare and our daybreak breakfast a very long way behind. No bushwalkers were ever more tired, hungry, aching and cold. How much longer would it last?

We finally did clear Barrenjoey about sunset, with the wind dropping, as that type of wind mostly does before evening, and we headed for the basin. We picked up a mooring, lowered the sails, put the dinghy in the water and went below. We soon tidied up – dry clothes, a drop of brandy, a hot meal cooking on the double burner stove, with a beautiful big cuppa to be going on with.

Some people from another craft hailed us and came aboard after tea. We lounged in happy comfort and talked boats – very much like a campfire and the comfort of company we enjoy after a long hot and difficult day on the track.

Next morning we hoisted the sails early to get them dry, had an early morning swim, a good breakfast and set off for home with a steady South-Easter. We were more than pleased with “Cimba”. In fact we’d had a wonderful experience in our own boat and the satisfaction of knowing that she could “take it”.

Q. Why did the Mexican put his wife across the train track?

A. “TEQUILA” (t’ keel ‘er)

COLONG CAVES WALK.

By: David Elkins & Gordon Robinson.

Arrangements were made for our weekend trip to Colong Caves, 23rd, 24th and 25th May. We all contacted the leader a week before the trip and a taxi was hired to take the five of us to Yerranderie. When we rang, we were informed the fare by taxi would be £2/2/-, which we thought was quite reasonable for 43 miles. Gus also rang and was told of the £2/2/-, but inquired as to whether it was each or for the party. He got it quite clear that the taxi would be £10/10/- return.

When the party of five met at Central on Friday, we were told the true facts by Gus and were noticed to go quite pale. We caught an electric train to Liverpool and changed to a steam train pulled by a 32 class engine. This took us as far as Campbelltown where we again changed trains. This time the train was pulled by an old 20 type engine, which took us on to Camden where the taxi was waiting for us. (A late model Plymouth).

One and three quarters of an hour later we were deposited at the Yerranderie General Store where we were met by three members of the O.T.C. Club who were going to make the trip with us. Their names were John, Tom and Nick.

Yerranderie, now a ghost town consisting of a dozen decaying buildings, was once a thriving boom town having a population of approximately 5,000 people engaged in the mining of Coal and silver.

We searched for a chap who stays in the Post Office to ask his permission to stay in one of the old houses for the night but we were unable to locate him. We were later informed he was away for the weekend. The store was unlocked so we entered and had a look around but as it was full of various items of junk, we wandered down the street trying all the deserted homes. The third one was unlocked and quite clean inside so we promptly made it our sleeping quarters for the night. (Squatters we would have been called).

This decision, however, proved to be unpopular with Gus who wanted to pitch his tent out under the stars. After some persuasion he agreed to spend the night with us. (All for one)

Saturday morning, we packed our gear, left Yerranderie at 8.30 am and had breakfast at the creek half a mile away. We then followed the creek up and connected with a road which took us to Tonalli Gap, then along a track through Colong Swamp, over Colong Saddle and down a long ridge to the Caves for lunch.

After a light lunch (made hearty by some) five of us entered the lower cave where we were to wait for the other three. After a reasonable wait we decided to move off. We were well into the caves when we heard voices, which proved to belong to the rest of our party. They soon joined us and we were informed they had entered by the top entrance. We all continued together and some interesting columns were photographed in the Cavern known as the Terraces.

We moved off from here but were again separated while trying to traverse the Maze, This time we had broken into two parties of four. Our party consisted of Paul, Gordon, Nick and David.

We made our way to Kings Cross which is the junction of all passages in the Caves and decided to wait for the other party – Victor, Gus, tom and John. After waiting half an hour, we decided to see King Solomons Temple. After much scrambling we again entered Kings Cross. This was very confusing and made us aware we were not sure of the way out. It was not helped any with Paul stating at almost every passage “This is the way out”. After adopting his suggestions we always arrived back at Kings Cross. Here we decided on a process of elimination of passages from Kings Cross. After three unsuccessful attempts with main passages and their offshoots, two possible ways were left.

The one chosen next, Gordon was convinced would take us deeper into the caves. However after some distance fresh air was felt against our faces

And a point was reached which Paul recognised from a previous visit. However, on account of his previous statements, we did not believe him but we did believe the fresh air and we were soon at the entrance where a couple of sighs of relief could be heard.

Gallantly, we returned to the main cave to find the other party had not returned. We decided to have tea and wait for an hour and then go in search of them. Three quarters of an hour later the other party returned and earbashed us on their adventures.

Gus and Tom decided to go down to the creek for water. Fifteen or twenty minutes later, a shout was heard from the ridge above us. It appeared that Tom had taken charge of the water party and they had missed the track and by-passed us.

Three “brave” men, namely John, David and Gordon, decided to re-enter the caves after tea and we stayed down for approximately two hours and were on our way out when we were met by Victor who was, he informed us, only down to try out his “hobnails” as the sandshoes he had on during the afternoon slipped badly. He wanted to keep exploring but was talked out of it as it was 10.30 pm.

We emerged without difficulty and returned to the main cave to find that Gus had finally got his way and had his tent pitched down by the creek so we all turned in.

Sunday morning, we rose about 9 or 9.30 am and had breakfast, packed and departed after a few photographs had been taken. It was then 11.20 am. We stopped at Gus’ campsite where it was decided to have lunch and push on to Yerranderie. We arrived at Yerranderie at 3.30 pm to find the taxi waiting for us.

We arrived in Camden in time to get a couple of hamburgers and catch the train back to Central.

FROM CRADLE MOUNTAIN TO LAKE ST. CLAIR.

By: Ellen Mautner.

The first issue of "Walks and Talks" started off with Albert's description of the same trip which Dorothy Bryant and I completed this year in early February. However, the weather gods were much kinder to us than to the four boys and other parties before us, and a few of our "sunny" experiences may be added to the previous article.

We travelled to Waldheim from our friends' place in Ringarooma, near the East Coast where we had been spoiled for five days by altogether seven means of transport, the last being a country school bus as a "special" for us.

Ranger's Cottage, Chalet, several quite well equipped huts and Picnic Hut at Waldheim are all very close together, tucked in between deep green, tall needle trees. The Picnic Hut is meant for day visitors and has no bunks, only a fire place. For 2/- each, however, Spartans may spread their ground sheets (and their weary limbs) on the earthen floor. We thought hardship always comes early enough and extravagantly occupied a two-bed hut for 7/- each where we found a fire set, wood supplied and the softest mattresses. Yet amidst all these mod. cons. we had to fight quite a battle. A big possum, trying to inspect Dorothy's rucksack, would not take "no" for an answer and had to be literally pushed out. We felt friendlier towards a wallaby which slowly and pedantically ate all our pea pods just outside the door.

Waldheim, "Forest Home", is a charming little dot on the map of Tasmania, good headquarters for bushwalkers who do not want to traverse the whole "Reserve". Next morning we chummed up with a young couple, Don and Dawn. They were very pleasant company and we stayed together almost to the end of the walk.

It was foggy and the wind blew coldly when we set out on the steep climb which is really the hardest part of the whole walk. We soon pulled hoods and gloves

over our ears and hands. The host of the Chalet had warned us not to climb Cradle Mountain in bad weather as a recent tremor had loosened stones and could make it dangerous. By the time we reached Kitchen Hut, a lunch and emergency shelter at the turn-off, the wind had quietened down. But it was still misty. Not sharing Alberts and his Party's enthusiasm for climbing every mountain, regardless, we continued on the direct track to Windermere.

The bleakness of the day and the drifting mists, clouding then baring distant peaks, lent an eerie beauty to the high moorland with its sparse vegetation: an "other worldliness" which set imagination working. Somehow I seemed to be walking in the company of figures from a similar setting in the far-off Scottish Highlands, and I felt more than compensated for missing Cradle Mountain peak.

All through the "Reserve" (as the Cradle Mountain, Lake St. Clair National Park is commonly called in Tasmania) the track was so well marked – the first half by snow poles, the latter half by red and white blazes – that it would have been possible to walk without map or compass. True enough, the actual track was often "unwalkable", but we never had to venture very far from it. In spite of the drought the ground was spongy and we frequently practised the hop, skip and jump, crossing from islet to islet of button grass tufts. How glad we often were to feel the firmness of this button grass under our feet in the midst of big patches of morass. If snakes were hidden in the grass, well, they wriggled away before we came.

All huts are spacious and, with the exception of Windy Ridge Hut, which is a half-way hut, have two rooms, each with two very wide two-tiered bunks. Sixteen walkers can be accommodated very comfortably, twenty four less comfortably, any surplus having to camp on the floor. The bunks were filled with straw, with or without sacking, and even if the possums had their meetings on our roof, we always slept soundly.

On the second day the sky was cloudless and we grumbled again because this is not photogenic. Don't let anybody tell you that a camera adds to the enjoyment of your holidays. It adds to your worries.

The walk through the Windermere country includes only slight ups and downs. It is a wide open plain with beautiful patches moss, tea trees, white kunzias, whitish-pink heath and pine forests with the scenery changing from the grandeur of the Scottish Highlands to a resemblance of the more complacent heathland of Northern Germany.

The third day can be made into the easiest or the hardest of the trip, depending on whether one goes straight through to Pelion Hut or insists on climbing Mt. Ossa as well as Mt. Pelion East. We left Pelion East alone and, dumping our packs at Pelion Gap, ascended Mt. Ossa, the highest mountain in Tasmania. I always mention that it is the highest mountain to make the 5000 feet sound more impressive. The effort is not very great, with the route blazed by numerous cairns. For once we could leave the morass behind us, and the stones, stones, stones – big and small. The panorama from the top is beyond description. It appeared as if the world consisted of row upon row of mountains in bluish transparency. No colour slides can mirror this beauty. Only film cameras with telephoto lenses may be able to do it justice.

Du Cane Hut is the most recommendable for an interruption of the walk. It is spacious in a beautiful setting, has a good water supply within a few yards, and short walks can be made to nearby waterfalls.

Four girls caught with us then. They told us that a party of two girls and another one of four girls had set out from Waldheim. Ladies' week in the "Reserve"? Soon after we had finished our tea a mixed group of students arrived. After quite some quibbling as to who had to cook, and what, their meal

finally consisted of rice pudding, followed by scones and jam. Next morning they served prridge and jelly.

Arriving at Narcissus Hut next evening we realized that we were nearing “civilization”. Hut and fire place were much less tidy than at the other huts.

When we set out on the last morning we were undecided whether to take the Cuvier Valley and Byron Gap track or the forest track. The ridge track was supposed to be “damp”, “not well marked” and “hard going”. Of the forest track we had been told that it was ‘rather boring’ with no views. But to tree lovers like us it looked rather attractive and when we found remarks like “horror stretch”, 14 miles plus” etc. scrawled on the signpost to the ridge track, our choice was made. We did not regret it. We soon guessed that we were walking on a new track, nearer to the lake than the older forest track. Some of the blazes were not yet painted. The morning sun, shining from the opposite bank, cast bright spots on the light-green foliaged trees on our side. Mt. Ida and Mt. Olympus stood out clearly whenever we were near the mirrorlike water. We passed through several patches of tiny-leaved, ancient beeches.

The camping holiday resort of Lake St. Clair unfolds all its beauty when you walk along the stony beach towards the evening sun, and in the early morning when you watch the mist rising from the waters.

This, of course, is provided you are as fortunate with the weather as we were.

Note: A small sketch or drawing submitted with an article for “Walks and Talks” considerably brightens up your magazine. If you can draw a sketch in keeping with your item it would be most welcome. On the other hand you may be able to ask someone else to do a sketch for your article.

THE SEA – BUOY.

By: Ilse Bruno,
New York.

Ding-dong, ding-dong.
Did you ever hear the Sea-Buoy, the Sea-Buoy,
Whose soft sounds sooth you like a lullaby?

Moving in rhythmic strokes, melting into the
Music of the waves, back and forth?
Ding-dong, against the shore, against the bay,
Patting the sand, rolling over the ocean,
Over the horizon like church bells,
Into the Universe?

Did you ever hear the Sea-Buoy
Soft and soothing and sounding for all
Who are able to listen to the silent
Undercurrents of life,
To the people with clear eyes and small lips,
To the people who recognise each other by sight,
Who wear an invisible sign on the foreheads,
Who talk the same language,
Who share man's divinity?

Ding-dong - Did you ever the Sea-Buoy?
Did you hear God, sacred and close?

(Miss I. Bruno is a friend of Ellen
Mautner and it is hoped she is happy to
see her composition in our Magazine.

(15) We are most happy to print it.)