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WALKS & TALKS.



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A HAPPY CHRISTMAS!

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ISSUE No. 12

December 1958.

WALKS AND TALKS

The Magazine of

T H E B U S H C L U B

This is our first Xmas issue, and it is encouraging to receive so many articles, especially some from people contributing for the first time.

We have tried to make the contents of this issue as diverse as possible, even to the extent of including some rather dubious poetry.

Now seems a good time to extend grateful thanks to Helene from all the Bush Club. Not only was she an excellent Social Hon.Sec. last year, she was also the Hon.Ed. of this magazine - and so did a very full years work for the club. I am lucky, indeed, to follow such a neat competent Ed. We miss both Helene and Des from our walks and camps, and send them our very best wishes.

The next issue of this magazine will be March, and as lots of people will have had good camping holidays by then, we hope to hear from them.

This issue has been rather a rush job - so I hope you will all bear with some mis-types and a few printers troubles.

HAPPY XMAS AND NEW YEAR TO ALL.

Nance Stillman,
Hon-Ed. 2 Rose Avenue,
North Sydney

NELLY'S GLEN and THE OLD HOTEL SITE.

A large number of our members have been to Carlon's and as we go down Nelly's Glen and stop for lunch at the Old Hotel Site I have heard people wondering how the names originated. Well, what with Gordon supplying a bit of door to door transport, I have been able to get to the Mitchell Library at night and look up records of the Megalong Valley.

"Nelly" was a Mrs. North, whose husband was very active in the Shale Mine, which operated in the Valley from about 1890 until 1903. Very good shale was mined and most exported, and when the mine was closed, about 20,000 tons of shale was stacked in Nelly's Glen and sold to a Sydney company. It was subsequently carted away.

The Old Hotel Site, now so pleasant and quiet, once had a building with thirteen rooms and two verandahs, and also stabling, out-houses, sheds and garden, comprising about two acres of the site. Near-by were cottages and a butcher's shop and dance hall. I could find no mention of the name of the hotel, but the land and buildings belonged to a Mrs. Long, and Mr. Delaney was the licensee. The hotel customers mostly came from the Glen, farmers and miners.

Shortly after the mine was closed the buildings were demolished and sold in lots to Katoomba builders. Katoomba was a thriving young holiday resort, and many of the older cottages and guest houses contain parts of the buildings from the Old Hotel Site settlement.

The valley was well settled and very fertile, but at the end of 1904 a disastrous bush fire practically wiped it out. The fire, approaching from three sides burnt most of the homesteads and destroyed a huge number of animals, and the valley was left a smouldering ruin as bare as a road. For the next few years it was over run by rabbits, and in fact it has taken many years to regain its early beauty.

---oOo---

N.S.

A WET SUNDAY or THE WALK LEADER'S LAMENT

Comes 8.48a.m. and not a member in sight.

The ticket collectors are all there, pacing up and down at the barriers. The newspaper vendors are at their stands and the girls in the kiosk have opened a new carton of Lifesavers. All are waiting for the Bush-walkers who do not come.

At 8.55a.m. one solitary walker arrives to join the wet and dismal leader - so off to the 8.58a.m. to Waterfall - change at Sutherland.

Outside, everything is damp as the rain pelts down. Inside, our packs are becoming damp too, from drips off our wet ground sheets. We did not find this out until later. Our spirits are also damp.

Why should it be on MY walk that this sort of thing occurs? Only a man with me to share my disappointment. Men are not sympathetic like women. Curse the weather! Curse the provisions of the walks circular! Curse everything.

We alight in pouring rain and set out. It is too wet and cold to stop for morning tea, so we press on, with a view to completing the walk as quickly as possible. Fortunately about mid-day we find a cave, so we can at least have some comfort for lunch-time.

Plenty of water, but very muddy. Still, when boiled and mixed with tea leaves, it passes for a mug of tea. Our attempt to light a fire is painful to watch - but after much puffing and blowing we manage to get one going. No baked potatoes, soup or warmed up sausages for us. Just cold damp sandwiches and black muddy tea.

At this stage we are joined by another member. He had come by a different train and by a different route. He says he often does this for fun !

To while away the hours until it is time to leave for the train, we start gossiping about the other members of the Club. How we laughed when discussing the bloke who stirs his tea with his finger. "Saves weight and is easier to wash up when finished with" he says.

How we talked about the girls - both in general and in particular - some who have lots to say, but manage to be missing when there is anything like work to be done - a few others who quietly do an enormous amount of work for the Club without the others realising it. Oh well - that goes for the men too perhaps - but we did hear some surprising little things during our saucy discussion.

By the time we had got through quite a list, the sun was just showing through the clouds, and it was time to go.

We considered the trip worth while after all - we had all learned something which perhaps we would never have known in the ordinary course of events.

Wally McGrath.

---oOo---

SYDNEY SIDE SCENERY

- A New Book,
by Griffith Taylor.

Professor Taylor was the senior Geologist with Captain Scott's Expedition to the Antarctic, and he has also been Professor of Geography at the Universities of Sydney, Chicago and Ontario. He has now returned to Australia and his fascinating book "Sydney Side Scenery" has recently been published by Angus & Robertson Ltd.

It deals with geology peculiar to our Eastern coast and mountains - also describes flowers, and has a deal of local history, and in fact a variety of interests for keen bush-walkers.

Many of our older members will remember Dorothy

Taylor (his sister) who came to some of our meetings with slides, and lectured on the Blue Mountains and also conducted a geology excursion to Bulli Pass.

This book is really worth while, and I hope you will have the opportunity to read it.

Eckhart Hill.

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NEWS FROM JANET.

Club members will be interested in the following snippets taken from a recent letter from Janet Stevenson.

During a ten weeks continental trip Janet and her companion, a Melbourne lass, covered nearly 5,000 miles and passed through eight major countries, all for the sum of \$40 (sterling). As Janet says: "Being on a shoe-string we naturally hitch-hiked - nor can I think of a better way to get to know a country and its people".

Of France she writes ...

"Then - Paris. It was perfect weather and spring time! We found a cheap room in the Latin quarter and spent five wonderful days wandering all round Paris. One evening we had an opportunity to eat French snails (I think I could now tackle witchety grubs with complete aplomb!), and we spent our last day at the Louvre absorbing art masterpieces. A wonderful memory will always be the day we swam in the river below the Pont du Gard, the Roman aqueduct built in 19 B.C. to carry water from Uzes to Nimes, still in a perfect state of preservation. We then travelled through France to the South, also the Riviera resorts, through Monaco and so to Italy."

With an additional companion they had a quick look at Yugoslavia... "At Triest we planned our brief venture into Yugoslavia. We packed toothbrushes and pyjamas, dumped our luggage, piled on to the back of a fellow Australian's motor scooter and off we set. We circled right round the Istra Peninsular venturing into little villages compactly perched on hill tops, and asking the astounded inhabitants

If they knew the whereabouts of "BenBowyang of Snake Gully". There is very little motor traffic in Yugoslavia and the people seem very poor. Everywhere we turned there were photos of Tito and hammer-and-sickle signs. Prices are very low - a hair shampoo and set we discovered, by sign language, would have cost 2/6. At Pula we had dinner at the best hotel, finest wine and local fish - served on a balcony by two waiters (over-looking a park) at a cost of 5/- each. On this trip we saw over the Pluka jama caves, fabulous underground caverns in the middle of a forest.

"The most worrying episode in Yugoslavia was when we were pulled up by a policeman who stated that three could not ride on a scooter. We insisted the Heinkel was a new German family model - and got away with it - but I remember having horrible visions of walking back to Trieste.

"Then on to Italy, Austria and Switzerland.. In Italy we followed up the west side of the beautiful lake Gard, then turned towards the Dolomites. The man who drove us through the Brenner Pass and into Austria was a German ex-air force hunter pilot who, when English Badar was ditched in the sea and captured, had radioed to England for his tin legs. They are now good friends....."

"Janet further describes her travels through Switzerland, Austria, Germany and so on back towards England, the weather steadily worsening over the last week or two, so that the fogs and rain make her yearn for midnight camp fires and masses of native roses. She sends greetings to her Bush Club friends.
(Sent In By Dorothy Bryant).

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SEARCH & RESCUE DEMONSTRATION

WEEKEND

The week-end started with a bang. One, only, stick of gelignite was exploded - being the signal for everyone to gather round. The focal point was the beach, very pleasant too, opposite high cliffs and beside deep water. The camp site was on Colo River, and the official attendance was 85 (besides many local visitors).

Jim Hooper, Search & Rescue Field Organizer, welcomed the Clubs, and spoke of the history of the S & R Organization and its policy. Simple ground signals for air search were demonstrated. The Dept. of Civil Aviation has printed a chart with instructions, and members interested could peruse same by applying to the Club Secretary.

This was the first of many interesting and practical demonstrations of bush craft. We were shown how to swim a pack across a river, keeping both the pack and contents dry, how to get a party across a swiftly flowing stream, and how to use rope as an aid to climbing and descending cliffs. Howard and Davey swam the river and "had a go", in fact Howard went up and down so satisfactorily that we will have to watch that we don't lose him to some Cliff Climbing outfit.

The Rucksack Club gave very useful first aid hints for all sorts of minor bush injuries, as well as how to deal with snake-bite, and a S & R doctor spoke on drowning, concussion, heat and cold exhaustion and broken limbs. We also learnt how to make bush stretchers to carry the injured, and how to get an injured person (or a non-swimmer) across deep water.

We had high cliff climbing demonstrations, and how to lower an injured person down a long drop. The Sydney Speological Society showed us their "underwater wear" and spoke of the hazards of cave diving and also diving in coastal waters, and we also had a lecture on the dangers of the Centre of Australia in mid-summer.

This all sounds like a very full week-end, but we had time for swimming, a little canoe-ing, lots of time to cook and eat, and on Saturday night a very sociable camp-fire in charge of Paul Driver and Snow Brown.

Federation is very pleased with the success of the week-end, and will more than likely arrange another for next year.

Are you coming???

Gordon Robinson.

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HOW TO BECOME A GOOD LEADER

Ever since I became a member of the Bush Club, it has amazed me how leaders find their way through thick scrub without getting lost. I thought I would like to try it, but not with a lot of people coming behind me, and wondering when we would arrive, I thought I would like to try it alone.

I set out one lovely morning, my pack bulging with five days rations in case I got lost. There were several people carrying packs, and I felt very tempted to join or follow some of them - but no - I had to do this thing on my own and carry it through to the bitter end. Taking my courage in both hands and giving it a good shake to get the moths out, I plunged into the bush.

Anyone can follow a track - but when one can see no sign of a track anywhere, well! This one was completely lost. I knew there should be a creek somewhere, but someone must have moved it because I never did find that creek. Well, no creek, but a ridge should be a good idea I felt, so I made off in the general direction of a rather high ridge, and was soon climbing steadily. The going got harder as the ground steepened, and I found myself panting and puffing. I don't know to this day what I expected to find when I eventually did reach the top, but in the end I came upon the plateau quite suddenly, and flopped to the ground to rest. Four sandwiches

An apple and three oranges later, I staggered to my feet again and surveyed the scene. For miles in every direction there were hills and trees, and trees and trees. I had not bothered to get a map, as I did not know much about reading one, and the only compass in our family is extremely heavy, being a ship's compass, so I left that behind too.

Oh well, it was not much good just standing there so I started off into the unknown once more, hoping vainly to find a track

After an hour or so of wandering and wondering I heard voices approaching, and all of a sudden five "M's" from the Bush Club came into view. What a lovely sight!

Now it is all over and I am a really experienced leader at last, I know there will be plenty of eager followers on my next camp.

"Purely fictional!

(Joy Yaldwyn.)

-----oOo-----

WALLABY - writes

It is rumoured that one member of the Bush Club has taken to roasting his shorts over a good camp fire. He uses a long stick. Other members have complained of the smell of his cooking. He has been known to retire to his tent and try his hand at snake charming with reedy music.

We have a lot of varied interests among our members. Rocks and bugs, the origin of species and Sydney's transport were all discussed while the billies boiled at a recent lunch.

Professor: "I won't begin to-day's lecture until the room settles down".

Voice from the rear "Go home and sleep it off, old man".

WHILE WE BOIL THE BILLIES

There are two main types of cooking fires, and we have advocates for both in the club. Some of us like to hang the billy on a billy-hook from a green stick, and others like to stand the billy in the fire. Both ways have their advantages and disadvantages.

The two kinds of fire have to be set and kept going in different ways. The "stand-in" or "stand-on" fire must be set rather low and even so that the sticks will burn down fairly level, as otherwise the billies or frying-pans resting on the sticks will tip over. For the "billy-hook" fire, high flames are more important than hot ashes and glowing logs.

Always find out which kind of fire it is that you intend to share. If you see billies dangling from a stick, don't stand your own billy right underneath. It takes the heat away from the others. If there are cooking implements already standing in the fire, do not haphazardly throw on more wood, and don't move the burning wood, or you might cause other peoples' cooking to tip over. When you assist in setting a fire, be sure that you continue in the same way it has been started - help is always acceptable but if you re-arrange the fire, that might be considered as interference.

As to extinguishing the fires when we leave - the only safe way is with water - plenty of it. Stones never cover hot ashes completely and sand can be blown off again.

Now that a dry summer is with us again, bringing the usual bushfire danger, it is forbidden to light fires in the open unless in properly constructed fire places. One of our members went to quite a lot of trouble to find out any details of rules and regulations relating to fire-places, but could not get any definite ruling. However, for all practical purposes "A fire-place is properly constructed if it is built so that the fire cannot creep along the ground, no sparks or ashes can fly about, and if it is sufficient removed from trees or shrubs to prevent the flames from reaching the lower branches.

"Individual fires" - just a few leaves and twigs raked together, do not answer these requirements, and for this reason alone, I consider that a concerted effort of the whole party to build one or two fire-places is preferable, and safer. Once I went out with another club, a party of nineteen. At lunch time I counted eleven fires ! their point of view being that everyone should do his own work and not share a fire unless specially invited. As I looked at the eleven burnt spots I felt clearly that I preferred the attitude of our preservation-minded club not to cause more destruction than necessary.

Ellen Mautner.

-----oOo-----

HOLIDAYS

Any new campers? Get "Bushwalking & Camping" from Paddy Pallin, an excellent little book, written just for you. Here is some more advice gleaned from an old copy of W & T.

"You cannot save a pound on a heavy article, but you can often save 1 oz. on each of 16 small articles"- Wally. This is good advice from a very experienced camper.

Remember, every ounce counts. Do not take a new cake of soap and a new tube of tooth-paste for a week-end camp. Use the ends - you will save a few ounces here. Do not carry too much food. You do not need a great deal for a week-end, especially in summer. Food is heavy. Do not take a large towel. Nice, but heavy and bulky. A canvas hat is good for both sun or shower.

See that your equipment is good, pack, foot-wear and ground-sheet. It is not fair to your leader and the rest of the party to be poorly turned out. In fact you should be left behind.

Also, let your camp leader know before-hand that you intend going on the camp. It is a courtesy to the leader, and it may be vitally important to you.

Always take spare sox -and if it rains, do not try to keep your feet dry like a cat. Get them wet as soon as maybe, and enjoy life.

CAMP AT BURNING PALMS

The name "Burning Palms" is not derived from the condition of an aborigine who grabbed hold of a red hot nulla-nulla.

Four of us caught the 8 am. Train to Lilyvale: six if I include the kangaroo on Barbar's rucksack and Teddy the tame koala that David carries as his talisman. (We never hear of a taliswoman).

We climb the steep stony track from the station, and shortly emerge on the look-out over the Burning Palms panorama. A lovely place to rest in the breeze and gaze at the dense palm jungle eight hundred and fifty feet below us, flanked by open country. This was the Garrawarra Reserve, at the edge of a magnificent surfing beach.

A descent followed, through narrow spaces between rocks, aptly named "The Squeezeway", and so on down the winding shady track to the camp site, where the tents are quickly erected, and the party is soon in the inviting restless surf. It was lovely, but our appetites soon drove us out to boil the billies and eat.

After lunch our leader suggested a walk to the "Figure of Eight Pool", but I felt very lazy and was anxious to try the well known sport of "sun-baking". I was left in peace providing I agreed to carry water.

While the party was away "on Safari", I made friends with Sandy, the week-end ranger of the Garrawarra Reserve. He had that afternoon confiscated a rifle from a young man who had carried it in ignorance or in defiance of the rule which states that "No firearm will be carried into the G. Reserve".

In the meantime that Safari party returned, and Sandy kindly invited us all to afternoon tea in the picturesque hut built by Bush-walker volunteers. The confiscated rifle was passed round for inspection and judging by the informed discussion on fire-arms which followed, I feel that it may be a good policy to keep on cordial terms with the party.

Before leaving we issued an invitation to Sandy and his two guests to join us at our camp fire later.

We were fortunate to have with us a fine axeman or should I say "lumberjack". David soon knocked up a good pile of camp-fire logs and we settled down to our evening meal and the usual concert to follow.

We were joined later by our guests, but they did not stay long as they were anxious to arise in time to photograph the sunrise. Rain began to fall as we were getting into our sleeping bags. The pitter patter gradually increasing in velocity until it almost seemed like a fire hose turned on my tent. Fortunately no-one was drowned, and though drizzling early, it cleared up after breakfast.

We strolled along the beach, and found a small shark washed up - all alive-o! David slew it with one sure stroke - and in retaliation it seemed, Neptune sent one of those sudden waves up the beach, which sloshed all over us, wetting us with cold salt water! We returned to camp to dry our sodden clothes, and found that the day-walkers had come, so swimming, eating and lounging seemed to fill the time until we left for Otford and the train home.

I would be at fault if I finished this account of my week-end without paying tribute to all those good people who made it a memorable one.

...oooOooo...

Monty Marks.

A DAY ALONE IN THE BUSH

Or, Her Bathing Suit Never Got Wet

Despite admonitions to check train departures etc on the Walks schedule, I relied on what I believed I possessed - a photographic memory, and it let me down.

It is rather disconcerting to stand hopefully by the indicators on Central and not see a soul one knows among the hurrying throng. Vigorously chewing fruit drops just to aid the process of thinking, I decided that I'd better get on the train, having already paid for the ticket.

The station master at the other end was obliging, but not very helpful, for he couldn't remember seeing a party of bush-walkers alight from the earlier train. By this time the fruit drops had been eaten, so I had to do some more thinking unaided. Reluctantly I came to the conclusion that the walk must have been to some other place.

I thought of my brand new swim suit, carefully enclosed in a plastic cover, which I had hoped to christen, and decided that anyway I would walk somewhere and have a dip. I knew of two or three well trodden tracks, but on an impulse took a lesser known one. If circumstances forced me, like Greta Garbo, to be alone, I'd do the thing properly.

The day was lovely and I set out briskly. It is an experience to walk alone in the bush, one's perception is sharpened. It has to be, if one doesn't want to break one's neck, and goodness knows how long the S & R would take to find the body.

I had set my mind on reaching a certain pool for lunch and a swim, for I could hardly wait to try on my new costume. The pool did not disappoint me. Completely secluded, it was deep and long, and red bottle brushes lined the banks. Swaying trees cast flickering shadows on the water I carefully unwrapped the swim suit.

The shiny black nylon looked out of place in such a rustic setting, in fact it seemed silly to wet it after all. Luckily I had remembered my cap, as I hate diving without it. Swimming lazily up and down the pool the thought flashed through my mind, that if I sank to the bottom, all they'd find would be my things on the bank.

Casting aside such morbid thoughts, I climbed on a rock and sat sunning myself like Han's Anderson's Mermaid at Copenhagen, only she has long hair and I have not. Hearing a "plop" in the

water near the opposite bank, I was petrified to see a greenish head with two small beady eyes fixed on me, swimming rapidly over to the rock. The Konrads had nothing on me as I made for the other end of the pool.

Lunch was a leisurely meal. I did not miss my companions for I had the whole orchestra of the bush to listen to - murmuring insects, calls of birds, water swishing over rocks and the breeze rustling the leaves. I stretched out in the sun for a snooze but suddenly felt something nibble my little toe. Well, who wouldn't squeal. The culprit, a largish lizard, surveyed me inquiringly. I tried to shift him from his crevice with a stick, but he would not move, so I did. I settled down a little further away, and the next time the gentle attack came from the rear. This was too much, so I packed up.

The bush in the late afternoon has a charm of its own, and I was tempted to linger, but I had to catch the homeward train. I felt that I had had a most satisfying and eventful day, and the first thing I did on reaching home was to check the schedule. Sure enough the Club walk had been in an entirely different direction.

MORAL - always check your schedule.

...oooOooo...

Anon.

BUSH CLUB NEWS

Hearty congratulations to Mr. & Mrs Eckhart Hill on the birth of a daughter.

Also to Metta and her husband on the birth of a son.

Sorry to hear our friend Mike has been in hospital and all send him best wishes for a speedy recovery.

Victor collected all our tins and peelings and "bashed and buried" after the Rocky Ponds camp. Good man

Len could not find the track from the ridge on the way to Rocky Ponds, so he went all the way over the route the next day with a pot of paint to mark it clearly. Much appreciated Len, by other Clubs too I should think.

Just when the last Walk Schedule was completed and posted, the Railway Dept. changed the train time-tables. Albert very kindly went through the whole list and has provided us with new train times. What a Walk Secretary we have! Thank you Albert.

Four drivers with their vehicles transported the Bush Club to the Search & Rescue Week-end at Colo River. A great treat for the passengers.

At Xmas time, Mr. Wally McGrath, our President, will be leading a party on a trip to New Zealand. Wally did try to explain the movements of the party to me, but I became a little confused when he said that some were going by ship, some by air, some would be in North Island some would not etc. However he did mention that the Doubtful Sound Track would be on the itinerary, and that I understand is one of the finest one day walks in the world. Lets hope the colour cameras are in good order. The rest of the Club wish Wally and his party a very happy holiday.

In January another small party is setting out for Tasmania - the famous Reserve. Best wishes to them also.

Also in January another party is planning to visit Lamington National Park. We hope that Walks & Talks will benefit from all this travelling - and also that some people will be left at home to go along to the lovely Xmas camp at Resolute Bay.

The Friday night party on the Faulconbridge-Grose River week-end were very late meeting the other party at the cave. The first arrivals had tea and food ready and gave them a great welcome when they turned up. Good Club Spirit.

Hon.Ed.

POET'S LITTLE ACRE.

Now, some pages of vurse,
They could hardly be worse,
They simply don't rime
Most of the thyme.
As for scanning, we can't even count.
Still, its Xmas you see
And we hope you are mellow
Towards that other fellow.
If you aren't entertained
Close your eyes and look pained -
Or let's have something from you,
What can you do - besides saying Boooooooooo?

N.S.

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A BUSH CLUB STORY

One, day, - heaven-sent,
On the Mount Hay track,
I forgot my tent
So I felt I should go back.

When I voiced my thought,
B.C. members laughed me down:
"Never mind, old sport,
You can only drown!"

"If it rains, that's rough,
Would make ordinary folk weep,
But WE'RE all so tough,
It cannot spoil OUR sleep".

So along I went,
Like a lamb to the slaughter.
I'd prefer my tent,
But I felt I shouldn't oughter!

The storm clouds frowned upon us,
And we ate and talked of rain,
With the sky as full of promise
As a political campaign!

I ate my stew,
And yawned and said,
"Dunno 'bout you -
I'm off to bed."

"Bed!" I thought sadly,
But at least I could gloat,
If it should rain madly,
We're all in the same boat.

Well it came all right
Inevitable, of course,
In the middle of the night,
And I got wet - perforce!

So I shivered and shook,
As I hugged the soggy ground
And I wondered how WE'D look,
When morning came around.

As morning did, at last
And I ceased to fret,
Just cursed this wet hole,
And lit a cigarette.
A grateful whiff
What wonderful stuff
But, my mates - what if
They're not so tough?

So bleary-eyed I turned,
Like a rag book page,
And what I then discerned,
Made me roar with rage.

What in blazes did I see,
"Look, ain't it over the fence,
There, leerin' right at me,
Were seven little tents ! ! !

---oOo---

Alan Catford.

SPRING SONG FOR THE BUSH CLUB.

(In Three Keys)

Come ye forest lovers all - nymphs and dryads -
Spring is come, the moon is full -
Come and out and dance among the glades,
The wind is warm - the stars ablaze.
The flowers in the dewy grass, scent the air -
The night birds pass on silent wings,
Come out and dance...

(I think this high falutin' verse,
Will not appeal to Gert and Perce,
I'll try it in a lower key.)

Come on you hikers - blokes and sheila's,
Full moon to-night - lets get a nine!
We'll have a barbecue and jive -
Get in the groove - get on the beam!
Wacko! Get hep you lazy b----'s!

(Whoop's! It's getting rather low,
These keys are tricky,
I'll have another go.)

The train will leave at eight-o-eight
So don't be late.
The track is fair, but rather steep,
The creek is running clear and deep-
The blue-gum grove is good for wood,
Now are you coming to my camp?
I offer nothing, neither moon, nor beer,
Night birds or dancing -
Only guidance to the place and back-
I know the track.
There could be snakes, it might be hot,
Or cold and wet, you'll have a pack.
For most, I know, it lacks appeal.
Yet some are born for this delight,
The lonely, lovely bush at night.

---oOo---

Nance Stillman

DAVEY'S PIKELETS

Down by Palona Brook, where bush walkers stay,
Three of us camped one bright sunny day.
We sat round the camp-fire after our tea -
And Davey said "I'll make some pikelets - supper for three.
He mixed floud, salt and water, then murmuring "Now"
He modestly told us "These will be a wow".

We gazed at the flour & water as he mixed it madly,
We looked at each-other, then looked at him sadly,
We quietly told him his stuff would make glue-
Instead of being discouraged, what does he do?
He ignores our advice, and noisily tells how,
These pikelets of his are going to be a wow.

The frying-pan is prepared for this mighty mixture
"Oh dear - let's hope our teeth are a fixture!"
Davey piles pikelets on to a plate,
While Ruth and I ruminare as to our fate.
Soon no goo remains to cook - the time is right now,
To test Davey's pikelets, that might be a wow.

I cunningly choose a small one fro the piled up dish
Cover it with orange jam - and make a hopeful wish
I crease it down the centre, take a bite and start to chew,
And keep on chewing busily, 'til I feel I'm turning blue.
In fact I had to keep on chewing like a drowsy cow,
While Davey happily proclaimed that his pikelets
WERE A WOW!

---oOo---

Gordon Robinson.

GORDON.

Once Gordon starts walking
There's no time for talking,
For he's soon so far ahead
That very little can be said.
He never seems to want a spell,
(I doubt that he has much to tell).

When he camps at night,
His tent's a lovely sight.
It always looks so neat,
I simply can't compete.
He never seems to sing for long,
Is he afraid that he'll go wrong?

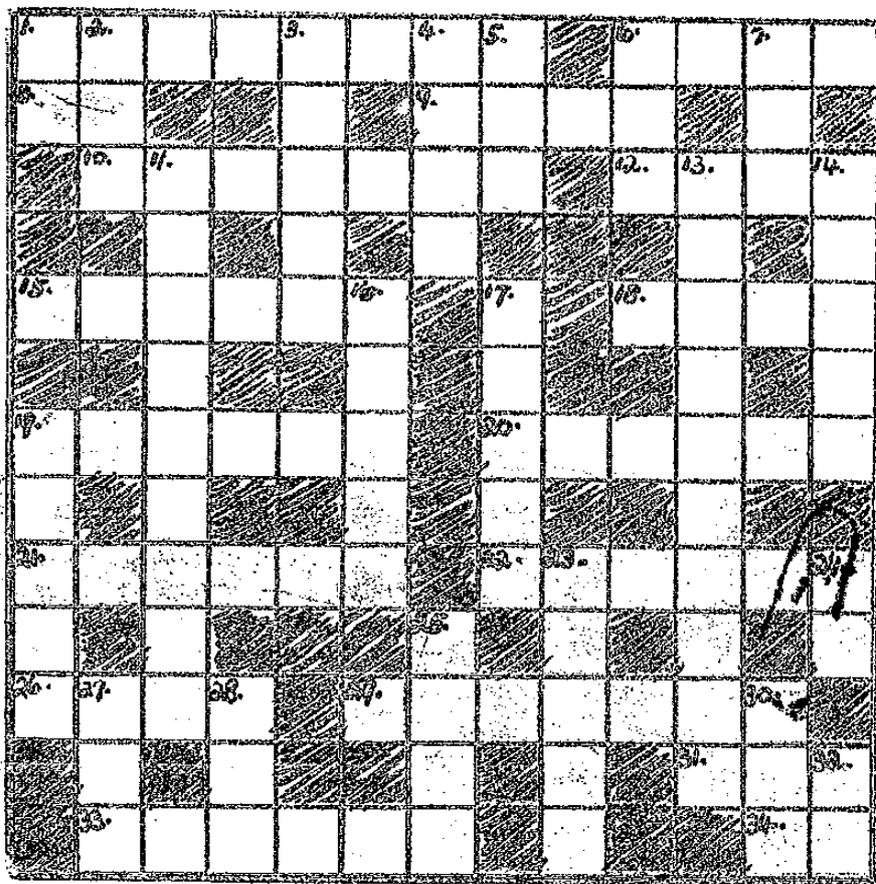
It's never a lot he has to cook,
He seems content to sit and look.
Sometimes he runs right out of smokes,
So he scrounges them from other blokes!
I am not his peer by far -
But I don't bring batter in a JAR! (Ha Ha)

It's he who is always first to pack,
Always first along the track.
The map is always there, with compass,
Maybe he also has an atlas.
He'll always get us there somehow,
Meanwhile I've told enough for now.

---oOo---

Davey Elkins.

A BUSH CLUB CROSSWORD



Across.

1. We like doing this in summer.
6. A wholesome camp food.
8. A preposition.
9. An island near Scotland.
10. A guarantee.
12. All walk leaders should have some of these.
15. We sometimes walk this way on long trips.
18. A deep sleep.
19. A pleasant way of spending a winter holiday.
20. A B.C. means of transport (pl).
21. A covering for the ankle.
22. Wildflower season.
26. Hoar frost.
29. essentials for a camp-site are water, wood
And
31. A bush remedy for toothache. (So the Ruck-
Sack Club told us at the S. & R. Weekend!)

Across (cont.)

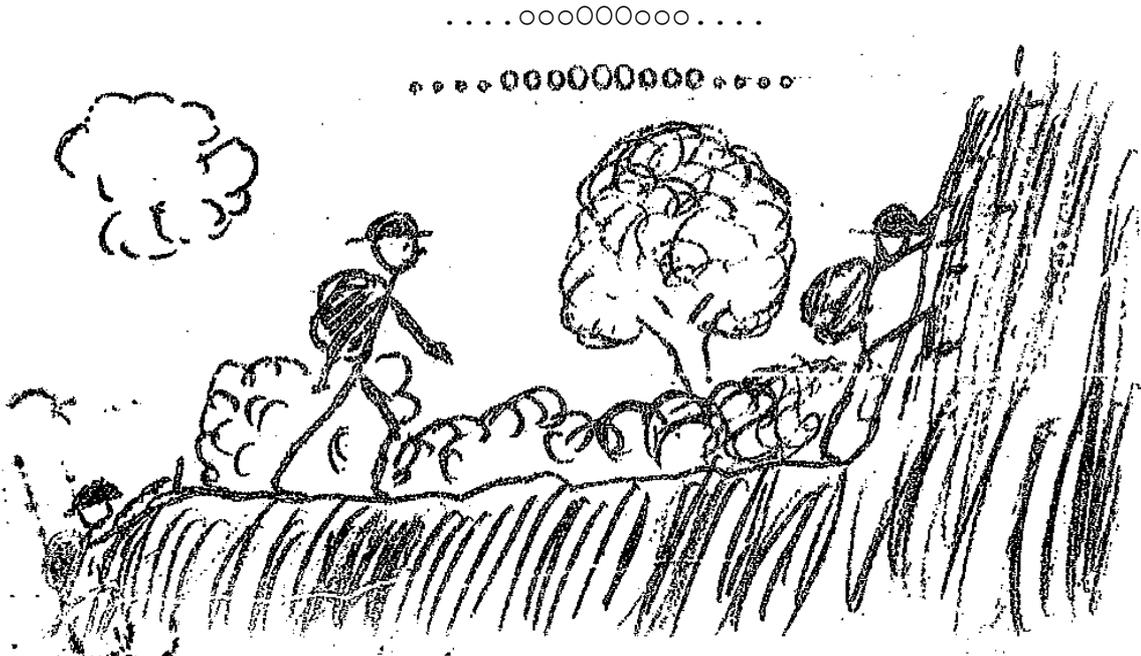
33. This describes a neck of land in the Blue Mountains.
34. Negative reply.

Down.

1. Street (abbrev.)
2. Davey's pikelets were a ...??
3. Gaelic Christian name (female).
4. Clemantine's shoe size.
5. Obtained
6. Male sheep.
7. Essential camp utensil.
11. Campers find this metal useful.
13. Australian natives.
14. Useful for direction finding at night.
16. Keen.
17. Food for young lovers!
19. Sweetening agent.
23. A First Aider must know where to find this.
24. Be off!
25. To point out.
27. One used to be in Nelly's Glen.
28. Corn spike.
30. Paul moved quickly!
32. An Italian river.

Jeny Stillman.

(If you really need the answers ask the Hon.Ed.)



LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Dec. 1958.

Dear Hon-Ed.,

Recently our Club was represented at a week-end arranged by the Federation of Bush-walking Clubs. On the Saturday night a camp-fire was held, and each club was asked to contribute something towards the evening's entertainment. Although the Bush Club accepted the challenge, we agreed that we could have done a lot better than we did. We sang two songs quietly - but deciding on the songs was the main trouble. Some knew one, some another, and some (like myself) knew about two lines of several songs - but this does not make a high standard of camp-fire singing.

To overcome this problem, I would like to suggest that we choose a few songs, and Club members be asked to learn them. If we sang these special songs at all camp-fires and gatherings until most of the members knew them right through, we would be prepared another time.

There are many good voices in the Club - let's make use of them.

Gordon Robinson.

---oOo---

Excellent idea Gordon - and as soon as we choose the songs I'll gladly roneo them for distribution. Perhaps we could make this the one bit of business at the Xmas party.

Hon. Ed.