

WALKS and TALKS



The Magazine of the Bush Club

Issue Number 16

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The Magazine

Of

THE BUSH CLUB.

The holiday season is with us again and the Club will be dividing up into some very good trips. Wally is leading a party to the Kosciusko Summit, leaving on Christmas night and returning in the New Year week-end. Gordon will be in charge of another section looking over some fresh country in the Wombeyan Caves area, and Ruth Milton will be the leader at the lovely Resolute Bay site, while no doubt other members will be on private outings and trips. There should be plenty of material for Walks and Talks in the New Year, and also for the photography section. Ruth Price is leading still another trip to the mountains for the New Year week-end, so the Walks Secretary had provided the Club with lots of choice - and a good time should be had by all.

The Club has had a very happy and social year. Isla started the party idea last year and it was such a success, Hazel had the second - Nance and Jennie the third, and the hospitable Kathy the fourth. No doubt at the end of summer, someone will get the idea once more, and it will be ON again. Since the last issue of W & T, the Club won the Best Table decoration for the third time in succession at the Federation Ball. Our Social Secretary had a lot to do with it.

A note about the covers of Walks & Talks. No one sends anything along - so each time when the day of publications is simply crowding on my heels - I take a Mum's prerogative and say "Jen, you simply must design a cover for me", and Jen does. I think they have been very nice and suitable too - and whats more she does all the printing which means staying back after school and lugging very heavy parcels of paper about.

The magazine staff is going to look very blank if she is moved to the country next year, as we expect.

Peter Bedford is still pedalling madly towards Australia, collecting pictures and experiences, and hopes to re-join us for the Easter trip to Barrington Tops. Nancy Shaw should be home in England for this Christmas, and I feel sure, thinking longingly of her Australian experiences with the Bush Club. She really loved it. Janet is still abroad, but no doubt will return to us again before very much longer. Helen and Des. And their little daughter might just as well be abroad as they are moving to Melbourne, and our old friend Ellen, although she hopes to be at Resolute Bay one day during the Xmas Season, of course lives in Melbourne too now, so we can only add her to our list of "Absent Friends", whom we like to think of at this time.

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR TO ALL.

Nance Stillman.

Hon Ed. WALKS AND TALKS

2 Rose Avenue

North Sydney

The Club will be very sorry to learn of the sudden death, (on Friday night 11th December) of Mrs McGrath, the mother of our President. We offer Wally our sincere sympathy.

MY INTRODUCTION TO THE BUSH CLUB
Part 2.

... Beryl McLean

After I had firmly said "No" to my friends about joining the Bush Club, they seemed to forget about it for a while, but not for long; within a few months it was on again. This time I was lured to a meeting, which was held in the home of one of the members, and after the meeting, entertainment followed.

The meetings were no longer held in Hunter Street, but in private homes of the members, and what delightful meetings they were, so informal. Often we all sat on the floor with the President at the "head" and the committee arranged around him. I was intrigued, and you can guess I was almost in the Bush Club.

Although there was a schedule, the walks were mostly arranged at these meetings, or we telephoned the leader to see if the walk was on. Early in 1941 I was eventually coaxed into joining in a walk, assured it was a very easy one, nothing to fear, just arrive! The walk was led by the late Manfred Souhami, and commenced from his place at Castlecrag. There were at least nine starters, and soon we were off. Manfred walked bare-foot, and led us through the bush to Sugar-loaf Point, wound in and out of the bush to the Golf Links, not far from a tannery in Willoughby. To me, Manfred seemed to skip from rock to rock in a loping manner, never tiring, and as soon as I caught up, away we would go again. By the end of the day I was foot-sore, my leg muscles screamed at me and I was very very tired. All I could think of was the tram seat near the Willoughby Junction, and the tram which would carry me home to Chatswood. To add insult to injury, Manfred suggested that as I was only about two miles from Roseville, I could walk across country.

I just thanked him for the beautiful thought (and the beautiful day) said good-bye faintly and made for the tram seat. BUT, I WAS IN! I HAD JOINED THE BUSH CLUB, and have never regretted it. Unfortunately there was a war on and walks were very irregular and our members few. When the war ended in 1945 we feared it would be the end of The Bush Club, but no, we slowly began to build up in numbers, and the homes became too small to accommodate us, so we had to seek a suitable Club Room, and walks and camps became regular fixtures. Once a month we held camps as well as the usual walks, then it became twice a month until to-day when you all know the Bush Club as it is.

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TRAINING FOR BUSH-WALKING.

Charlie is the name, and a bigger one never walked. Decided to go on a camp recently, Maitland Bay if you must know. Bouddi to be more vague - you know the place Beryl loves so much.

Left home at a reasonable time, sauntered up to the station and walked straight into a carriage. (That's training for you). Arrived at Central with time up my sleeve so I bought a Saturday Telegraph and proceeded to get educated. Wouldn't have time to read on the train I reasoned, when the mob gets here it will be "Yak - Yak - Yak".

Well, two minutes later I've read all the interesting bits, and looking for something to keep the mind ticking over, I observe a tall bean-stalk approaching through the mad mob. I amble up to Wal as he is studying the train indicator. Ours is at 8-43 am, from No 3. What could be simpler, - only one thing wrong, the hands on the clock say 9-43. Forgivable mistake, just not properly adjusted, still somebody ought to be told. I steps forward smartly to the chap who seems to be in command. Now some chaps don't like being told they have made a blunder so I tries the gentle approach "Hey, Mug!" I says. "Your Dial's out!"

Well, you should have seen him! He grips his broom very tightly, turns slowly towards me, looks me straight in the face and says "Yours looks a bit messed up too, pal". He was quick, I've got to admit that. "No" I says, "The Clock's an hour fast". He smiles at me, but I notice his lips are curling up at the edges as he raises the broom. "That's for daylight saving" he says sweetly. Well, that's the last time I'll try to help anybody.

I returns post haste to Wally, and we proceed in single file to platform No 3., the time being 8-33am, means ten minutes to zero hour. The train arrives as we amble up the platform. It no sooner stops than a mob of broom boys descends on it like a race crowd going home. This makes me raise my eyebrows more than somewhat. Here it is, ten minutes before take-off, and they're going to spruce up the old girl. Taking a sly glance at Wal, I can see he is surprised too. He works for the railways.

Blokes are rushing about with ladders, buckets and brooms and rags so much, that I begin to become interested and start making mental calculations (which will surprise them that know me, no doubt). Eight carriages, two blokes per carriage, which means they have 9 minutes to clean one carriage. No doubt about the railways. They are getting organised at last.

We decide where we will sit, and I amuse myself by watching the broom boys as they dash about. One on the platform side cleaning windows, one sweeping the carriage and another wiping the seats, and to cap it all another face appears at the window on our side. The old eyebrows must be doing circles by this - and I wouldn't have been surprised if one of them got underneath and started to dust the bogies.

It was just about now that I realised that this wasn't our train, that it did really leave at 9-43 a.m., and that the broom boys obviously wouldn't make it. I shot off like a bloke being fired from a cannon, and inquired from a ticket inspector - who settled all doubt. This train was due to leave one long hour away. I waddled back to Wal, no doubt looking like a crocodile with stomach trouble.

The anguish, the humiliation of it all.

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CAVES

--- Nance Stillman.

1959 has been a year of caves in my life. I do not seem to have slept on a patch of clean grass near a creek, in a well-erected tent, since Eroka, about last March. So what! I've enjoyed some wonderful wet camps in caves. Not true caves, mere overhangs mostly, and on one occasion under a jumble of rocks making a cavity. Here is a bit of cave information which might help others some time.

At Eroke is a nice little cave on the hillside well above the creek among the trees. Wood and water close by, good fireplace and room for a small party. Five of us breakfasted there in great comfort while it rained unceasingly.

On Mt. Solitary is a good overhang, just off the track well towards the Ruined Castle end - easy to find. Gives good shelter - creek just below - wood near-by. Not exactly snug, but big enough to keep a good fire going. Floor quite good, and will shelter several people. In fact there are two similar over-hangs very close under the same ridge. There is another good cave the other end of Mt. Solitary, but I have not met it yet.

Just above the track below Pigeon House is good shelter among rocks. Plenty of water and wood close by. Not perfect - but Oh! How welcome at the time - "Sweetened by necessity" one might say - which almost applies to all of them.

On the hillside above Rocky Ponds Camp is quite a fair cave for showery weather, but if possible get your wood before dark. This cave is not very good in a cyclonic storm, but we were much better in it than not in it. There is another cave above the track down near the mouth of the Rocky Ponds Creek. Wood is more plentiful here, but it is a long way from the usual camp site.

There is a very good cave (inhabited by an industrious rat) to the left of the track at Coral swamp - up over the hill and down below the ridge. Plenty of wood, water if it is raining - floor space for five or six.

The biggest overhand of all is the Wondabyne Cave (just listen to Alan Sugarman on the subject). Long and deep, with level floor of red sand. Wood and water close by. Would shelter the whole Club (plus all their Uncles and Aunts - fun to try it some time?)

The nicest little cave of all is the one on the Curracorang Creek, about ¼ mile inland from Eagle Rock. Clean silver sand floor, wood and water to hand, and a perfect fireplace. Don't get caught in it during cyclonic rain, all signs show that the creek rises above the roof at times.

I hear there is a very satisfactory little cave at Callibucca, room for five or six.

Mostly these caves give shelter in times of stress - so always replace kindling and stocks before you leave, even if it is still raining. It will dry by the time the next party needs it - and believe me, some dry wood is a wonderful gift to find. Yes, and mind your head ! Oooooch.

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MY FIRST BUSH WALK - Carlon's Farm - May 1957.

--- Davey Elkins.

It was dull and overcast that Saturday morning, long ago, when I first donned my pack and boots. I could not let a little rain deter me. After all this was to be my first outing with the Bush Club. I set off for the station feeling (and no doubt looking) very conspicuous. Ah! Central at last. Good heavens! I didn't know so many people carried packs. Where is the Bush Club I'm supposed to meet? I'll ask this lady. "Yes, this is the Bush Club".

We soon board the train and I settle myself quietly into a corner out of everyone's way. One wrong word from anyone, and I'll get off at the next station, I'm thinking to myself.

On arriving at Katoomba, we caught a bus out as far as the Explorers Tree. Here, I was informed, we were to commence walking, and we were soon wending our way cautiously down Nelly's Glen. (I still think Nelly was a mountain goat), which was very slippery owing to the recent rains. Everyone was talking of having lunch at the old pub site, and I had happy visions of a large glass of cold foaming ale. Wasn't I disappointed when I saw the old pub site.

An hour for lunch and the leader told us it was time to move off. It was then that I heard that now famous remark "You people must be frightfully well organised!" "How much further???" "I keep asking myself, and hope it can't be far now. I'm beginning to wonder what happened to that nice light pack I left home with. "There's the farm" somebody shouts, and I pick up a little until I see the hill we have to go down. About half an hour and four or five skinned toes later, I manage to crawl through the farm gate, ready to pass out on the nearest bed.

After a very nice dinner I was ready for bed, but what's this! Somebody suggesting another walk! when? Now! Impossible! What sort of people are these?

Up early on Sunday morning, only to find half the party out walking already (Don't these people every sleep?) During breakfast there is a lot of talk about climbing the chains and somebody's head! Sounds very unusual and interesting, but my feet talk me out of it, so I join the party returning via Nelly's Glen.

Six or seven of us set off, being reinforced by two or three campers who have been out since Friday night. (What do they carry in those huge packs). We have to go up that steep hill instead of down it, but later on we find ourselves once again at the Old Pub site for lunch. The weather is still uncertain, and shortly after leaving the lunch site it begins to rain heavily. I begin to look round for shelter, but soon abandon this idea, however, when I realise that no one else is stopping. Half-way up the Glen, wet to the skin and the rain harder than ever, I decide that I'm not really keen on becoming a bush-walker after all. It is rather uncomfortable at times isn't it? Surely there must be better ways of spending a week-end.

We finally reach the top and just catch a bus to the station, while waiting for the train we have a chance to dry ourselves a bit, and once in the train I begin to feel warm and rested, and by the time I get to Central, I decide to give it another chance and I have never regretted it.

So ended my first (and almost last) Bush Walk.

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Mr. Paddy Pallin, a Foundation Member of the Bush Club, sends Seasons Greetings to all campers and bush walkers and out-door folk, and suggests that if you are planning long or short holiday trips off the beaten track, you might like to call on him and talk it over if you feel you need advice or information.

By the way he has a new book "Bushwalking around Sydney" on the shelves, also a revised edition of "Bush-walking and Camping" - (a must for new campers), and the new edition contains a chapter on Rock-Climbing for Beginners, and also a chapter on the much favoured South West Tasmania.

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As there will not be a meeting at the time of the Xmas party, and therefore no walk reports, it seems a good time to mention the last few outings of the Club, it is such a long wait until January.

On the 22nd Oct. Isla led a party from Pymble to Mt. Colah. There were nine on the walk and I hear they went by a new route and had a swim and a very good day. The next week-end was Howards camp at Kallibucca - a very hot week-end so the lovely pool was very greatly appreciated. Only four campers - but how they enjoyed it. A large number came on the day walk, and I hear of diving contents and almost a swimming carnival. It was certainly the weather for it. On Dec. 6th, Flora led a large party along the Heathcote Creek, to a very good deep pool, and there were more diving and swimming displays, both before and after lunch. A particularly good day.

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We left the train at Minto and set out across the grass,
(Some dairy cows were grazing there - they moved to let us pass).
We nimbly climbed a barbed wire fence and reached the asphalt track.
I felt that I could walk for miles - with twice as heavy pack!

There was no breeze as we climbed the hill; the sun was burning down.
(I wished that Howard had hired a truck to drive us out of town)
I kept my eyes on some shade ahead and thought of my burning feet;
(I hope he will stop for a moment or two - I can hardly bear this heat!)

We paused for breath at the top of the hill, neither of us spoke!
I examined a blister on my heel, Howard took out a smoke.
We climbed to our feet and shouldered our packs - (they certainly were not
light.)
"It's not far now to the end of the road", said Howard, "The track's in
sight".

It was pleasant to be off the bitumen and to be in the bush at last,
I now had strength to quicken my step and to notice the things we passed.
"At the next big tree we will stop for a rest and suck an orange or two.
It's a darned hot day to be out in the sun - We're a pair of drips, it's
true".

Once more we arose and struggled on - this time the road was red.
A breeze began to play in the trees and to cool my burning head;
It seemed to be miles and miles we walked - (I'd expected it to be short)
I closed my eyes and dreamed of surf, and "Oh for a drink!" I thought.

At length we reached the top of a cliff - below us was the "Basin";
The water looked cool and it seemed to say: "You need me, Hasten, hasten."
My head was reeling, I don't know why - it's never done that before;
I just couldn't seem to hurry down, my feet were far too sore!

The next few miles of this sticky walk bear tales I'm ashamed to tell;
How I had to stop a number of times, how once I almost fell
Howard helped me down to the water's edge and I bathed my aching brow
"Do you think you can manage to continue on, or will we stop right now?"

I looked at the creek - no swimming hole! I looked at the bush around;
I knew if we kept upon our way a better spot could be found -
"Let's go" I whispered, so Howard sprang up before I could change my mind.
"I'll walk on ahead" he said to me "The camp can't be hard to find".

"Look! There's the pool!" I heard him shout. "I knew we must be near;
You can rest as long as you wish to, now you know there's nothing to fear
My legs took wings and I'd caught him up before he reached the pool,
I began to dance and sing and shout and generally act the fool!

The rest of the story's easy to guess - Of course we dived and swam,
We ate our lunch-cum-afternoon tea, then lazed about on the sand.
The other campers arrived at dusk; we cooked then ate our fill,
We gathered around the blazing fire and gossiped and sang until ...
(Yawn!) WE FINALLY FELL ASLEEP!

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Have you ever felt this way on a walk? Have you felt you'll surely die?
Have you wished you'd never seen a pack? Have you almost wanted to cry?
How many times have you changed your mind when you've seen a lovely pool?
How many times have you come again and not been thought a fool?
Can you remember those camp cooked meals - those wonderful cups of tea?
Can you remember the friends you've made? If you can, you're just like me.

A BREAKFAST TALE.

. . . Dorothy Bryant.

If you want to be a "lie-a-bed" and snuggle comfortably into your sleeping bag while outside, the unfortunate porridge makers grope sleepily about in the murky gloom of early morning, trying to coax a recalcitrant fire to light, follow my advice and become a "non-cooker" breakfast eater.

It is really very simple and a great saving of washing up. It also has the advantage of enabling one to pack up on time, and is therefore recommended for persistent camp meal-laggers.

The breakfast need not necessarily be all cold. While the fire devotees - who have for the past half hour been puffing and blowing before the damp wood to encourage a blaze - are not looking, one can surreptitiously creek forward and place a billy in the best possible place, then disappear down to the creek for a wash. By the time you return, the water should be boiling. It is recommended, as a token gesture, to bring back a few sticks and throw them willy-nilly on the now respectably burning fire. In the resultant confusion of a couple of overturned porridge billies and ashes in tea, etc, it is not too difficult to quietly retrieve one's safely placed billy from the melee. In the seclusion of your tent, away from the noisy cries of distress issuing from the vicinity of the fireplace, pour some of the boiling water over your Granola, or Wheat Harts and powdered milk, then add dates, raisins and/or bananas. The result is a sustaining and nourishing breakfast. The porridge makers, of course, are still waiting for their meal to cook.

As an added luxury, and in case of rainy weather, it is advisable to bring some hard boiled eggs. To really enliven the proceedings slip one of the h.b.eggs into the hot ashes - taking care to retire about fifty yards. In a few minutes where should be a very loud BANG, with pieces of hot egg shell spattering round like shrapnel. Do not be dismayed! The egg is ashy but eatable, and most conveniently shelled too. Some members will remember this little (and quite unrehearsed) incident at Tallong.

To forsake levity however, the above mentioned porridge substitutes have the advantage of being both sustaining and easy to prepare as well as being light to carry. This was proved on a walk through the lake St. Clair Reserve in Tasmania, where it was found that at the end of the trek Ellen and I were fitter than when we set out - but, I must confess, just a little bit tired of the everlasting breakfasts of Granola with Wheat Harts.

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THE NYMBOIDA VALLEY

. . . Paul Rann.

Commencing on Saturday the 6th. February 1960, a party of Bush Club members will leave Sydney by car for the Nymboida Valley, which is situated between Grafton on the North Coast of N.S.W., and Glen Innes on the New England Highway. The valley is about 457 miles from Sydney.

Three main rivers run through the valley - the Boyd, Henry and the Nymboida, which are the main tributaries of the Clarence River, on which Grafton is situated. On both sides of the valley, high mountains and cliff faces are in evidence. Many of these mountain are over 4000 ft. high, the main ones being: Mt. Leather Jacket, Mt. Wellington, Mt. Munningyunde, Mt. Cunglebung and Ben Nevis. The vegetation is sub-tropical, most of the mountains being heavily timbered. The valley is sparsely populated, the only road entering it being the Gwydir Highway, a narrow winding dirt road.

Below is an approximate time-table of the coming event.

Saturday Feb 6. Leave Sydney 6.00 am
Morning tea at Swansea - 9.30 am
Lunch at Kauri State Forest 11.30 am
Afternoon tea at Ellenborough Falls 3.00pm
Tea and O/night at Wauchope 5.00 pm

Sunday Feb 7. Leave Wauchope 8.00 am
Morning tea at Nambucca Heads 10.am
Lunch at Grafton 12 Noon.
Tea and Base Camp at Newton Boyd 4.00pm

Using Newton Boyd as a base camp (a good camping ground with small store and post office) it is proposed to take the following excursions:

Two day trip - Newton Boyd-Ben Nevis (3898) Razorback Ck. Newton B.

Three day trip - Newton Boyd-Cunglebung Creek-Mt. Cunglebung-Mt. Munningyunde-Mt. Welling, Mitchell River N-B.

Five day trip - Newton Boyd, Leather Jacket Range (3998)- Oakey Ck, Upper Mitchell Ck-Stonehenge Ck. Glen Innes.

Two day trip - Glencoe-Mt. Rumble.

This promises to be a very interesting trip, passing through some of the most picturesque scenery in the State. Any member whose annual leave coincides with this time-table is invited to get in touch with the leader and is welcome to join.

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MY INTRODUCTION TO THE BUSH CLUB

. . . Howard Graham.

I had heard about Bush Walking Clubs, but did not know much about them until someone I knew joined The Bush Club, and talked to me enthusiastically about the camps, the walks and the social activities. I was invited to come along some time and try an outing for myself. I hesitated. I did not like doing what I was told, never did, and I felt that if I went on an organised outing I would be - well "organised". However, after some thought I decided to try myself out.

I hired some gear from Paddy, and borrowed a bit, and my first outing was to Long Angle Gully. I met the party at Central about mid-day and we set out by train, and I remember I felt a bit strange travelling as a member of this oddly dressed group.

We left the train at Warrimoo and started the walk. I soon realised that a pack holding all one needs for a week-end, has some weight. However, I accepted this state of affairs as being necessary, so plodded along with the party. It was August, and the afternoon was mild and sunny, quite good walking weather. The walk was really quite easy and short, along a bush vehicle track sloping gently down hill, with a steep drop at the end, into the gully, where there was a grassy clearing, with a creek. The first job seemed to be to pitch tents. I hung back from pitching mine for a time, because I did not know what standard of tent pitching was required. I helped the ladies by pulling strings now and then, and getting tent poles. I found that you could take any site you fancied as long as no one else had a tent on it, so then I pitched my own tent, and it seemed to conform.

The next job seemed to be afternoon tea, and I had some of that and enjoyed it, and then a fire was built up for the evening meal, and wood collected against the coming frosty night. Various interesting items were produced for cooking and a good feed seemed to be had by all. The fire was then built up and we lounged about it talking and singing and later on cooking supper.

Eventually we went to bed. The night was cold, and I found the ground hard, and I had difficulty in keeping the cold out. Eventually I lasted the night out by putting on all the clothes I had, and wriggling round the lumps in the hard ground as well as I could. It is surprising the number of lumps you find on the ground when you lie on it. It looks perfectly flat when you choose it as a tent site.

After the sun got up and it warmed a bit I slept for a couple of hours. Some of the energetic ones went for a walk before breakfast, but I stayed put - I was too tired. Breakfast was had in a leisurely sort of way, and eventually everyone seemed to have fed.. An influx of more Bush Club members arrived during the morning. I learned that they were day-walkers, and as there were about twenty of them, the party was now quite large. We went for a walk down the gorge, and came back for lunch. The billies crowded in thick and fast on the fire, and you had to be careful that your billy did not get knocked over. It did happen to several, but we all got through somehow.

After lunch we all rolled up our tents, packed our rucksacks and left the camp site in a long line. We headed for Springwood Station, a long steep climb up from the creek. The slope was fairly rough, and I do not like carrying a heavy pack up a rough slope. At the top it levelled out and we came to a road, and after a good long walk arrived at Springwood station and I was able to put my pack down. Oh! What a relief! - I felt as though I was floating around. That was the end of the walking. I had survived and was still sound in body and limb, although a little tired. I felt that I would have to try this game again.

The next outing was to Bungonia and the Shoalhaven on the Eight Hour week-end - and that clinched it - I became a member of the BUSH CLUB.

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THE OLD MAN - The VETERAN

. . . Wally McGrath.

Down in the Grose Valley, at the Blue Gum clearing, all was peaceful. The little tents belonging to the bush-walkers were scattered around, roughly in a circular formation, with a camp fire in the centre. Round this fire were gathered the walkers. The evening meal being completed they were all settling down to two or three hours of sing song and general chatter.

The tents were of various colours, but white, green and golden tan predominated. They all looked nice and new, with one exception. This tent did not seem to fit in with the others. Through years of exposure to the weather, its colour had faded to such an extent that it was not now possible to determine its original colour. It had been lengthened and heightened during the course of its life, and had been patched here and there. This, one could easily tell, because of the variation in shade of these additions.

In this tent lay an old man - no, a veteran bush-walker. He was tall and thin. His back was stooped through carrying heavy packs for long periods. His skinny, knotted legs gave the appearance that they would collapse under a heavy load.

This old man, as was well known, had walked the entire Blue Mountains area, had crossed flooded rivers, climbed New Zealand's icy peaks and had even tackled the mighty Himalayas themselves. He lay on his thin ~~grou~~ ground sheet, smoking his after dinner cigar, as was his custom. After a while the fumes started to whirl around his brain and he went into a semi-dream

His mind wandered back again to the days when bush-walking was only for the stout of heart.

"Bush-walking to-day" he muttered to himself, "Ugh! Like this trip. Taxis to the top of Perry's Lookdown, and then only half an hour's walk to the camp-site. Call this a week-end walk? Ugh! Look at those around the camp fire. One has a transistor Radio, another hands round a packet of chocolate macaroons, or whatever they are called. They all wear drip-dry, crease-proof, nylon underwear, which they wash every day. Ugh!, and they call themselves 'bushwalkers'. They only dress outwardly like a bush-walker. There all similarity ends. Why, some even bring pyjamas! And others sleep on foam and air mattresses, ! Ugh ! "

Just then the old man gave a shudder and a feather of down floated out of his Paddymade sleeping bag and disappeared into space. Yes, he gave a shudder because the ash had fallen off his cigar and he still had half an inch to go. What a catastrophe. He MUST be getting old.

He was soon back again in dreamland, and his thoughts drifted back to the Wild Dog country down by the Cox's River. He remembered a trip where he knighted half way down a steep ridge, he had to spend the remainder of the night sleeping against the up-hill side of a tree, to stop himself from rolling down the almost sheer drop. Then on another occasion, high up on "Cloudmaker", the wrong ridge was taken late in the day, due to heavy mist. Only a long retrace of steps, combined with accurate map reading revealed the correct ridge.

After a while the tenure of his dreams changed. One of his favourite lady friends of the club in the days gone by, was now stroking his forehead. But this was too much for the old man - he awakened with a start, only to find that the flap of his tent was blowing back and forth over his face. In his violent awakening, the sudden movement caused a few more feathers to leave his sleeping bag, and float away, to be lost forever.

Will enough feathers remain to see the old man out ?.

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LO-CALORIE DIET - By Dr. Yul Wunder.

One of our members recently lifted several packs on to the rack in the Silver Train xxxxxxxx, and is convinced that speaking generally the members are carrying far too much food. The following is a sample diet for a week-end camp, as recommended, and he has further interesting suggestions if you should be interested:-

Lunch - 1 Dough-nut hole (without sugar)
Mug of dehydrated water.

Dinner Bee's Knees and mosquito knuckles with ½ oz. vinegar.
3 oz. Prune Juice. (Gargle only)

Breakfast Few chopped banana seeds - Tadpole ribs.

Lunch - 1 Belly button from naval orange.

(PS - Hamburger joint at Katoomba out of bounds).