

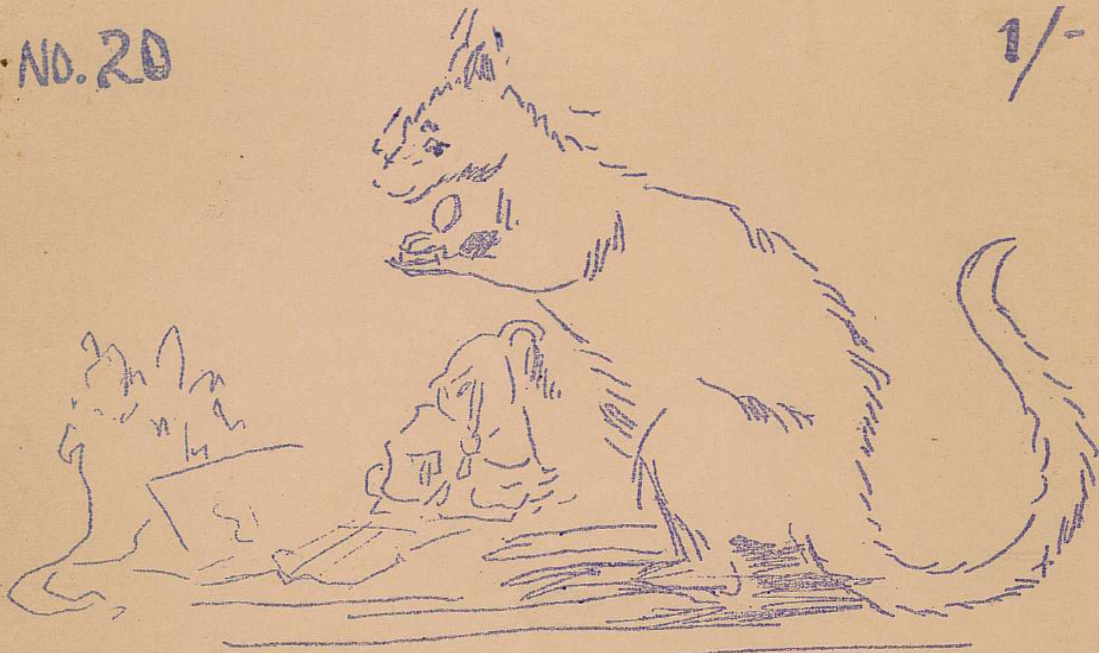
WALKS

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TALKS

NO. 20

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The Magazine
of the Bush Club

WALKS AND TALKS

The Magazine
Of
THE BUSH CLUB

Christmas is with us once again and we can pause a moment and look back on the past year's pleasure. We have had camps and walks in many favourite spots - but also this year, some quite new places have been visited, and we have had a taste of exploring (to us) new country. This is due mainly to car camps, which have proved very popular. Wombeyan Caves last Christmas, Newnes area, Colo River and Joadja were all specially good ones - quite out of reach except by cars.

We miss staying at Carlon's Farm once a year, but most luckily we have been able to stay at The Oaks, Clarence, on two occasions this year. This is a delightful place to stay, and can be either a car trip or train - as the cottage is not far from Clarence station and it is not necessary to carry a heavy pack. Besides many good walks in the locality, we were able to watch dozens of wallabies in the dusk, only about ten minutes away from the cottage. When it is on again, be sure and come.

Since last issue the Club celebrated its 21st. Birthday with a very well organized dinner party at the All Nations Club.

Christmas is the time to think of absent friends, and we do think of our members who are abroad or who have moved away to other States to live. We specially think of Isla, who will spend Christmas Day on the high seas (no cooking!). We wish her good fortune in her long enterprising and unusual trip to England, and we look forward to her return after a time, more amusing and entertaining than ever. We will sincerely miss her. If Paul has gone away by Christmas, we will certainly miss him too - and his singing at camp fires, and he carries our good wishes. Perhaps he will come and camp with us again sometimes when in Sydney. Since last December we have been glad to welcome Peter back from his travels - and he is once more a frequent camper and walker - Wally has been to India and back and Betty is planning to leave again shortly for the other side.

For many years the Bush Club has had a camp at Resolute Bay from Christmas to New Year. This year looks like being the last chance to camp at this very lovely spot, as a Fitness Camp is to be built quite close, starting early in the New Year. We feel very sad about this, as the camp site, as well as being one of the most beautiful - was very convenient for transport and a delightful bus and launch trip - especially in mid-summer.

Lastly I want to thank the faithful contributors to this magazine for their long suffering support. I have been looking forward to Janet's return and hoping she would take over, and produce a well typed neat copy every quarter, but although I welcome Janet as a much travelled member who has returned, it seems that I cannot welcome her as an editor.

I am afraid there were a few omissions and errors in the list of Office bearers in the last issue, and I inadvertantly failed to acknowledge that Elizabeth had very kindly come to my rescue and produced a few covers. The next issue is due in March.

HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR TO ALL.

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

GET UP YOU LAZY LOT ! !

It has been a mild night, perhaps a little cool, but nobody has bothered to put up tents. It is early September and nine of us are camped at Rocky Ponds on a club week-end camp.

The birds are chirping as the sun makes its way slowly across the ridge. Sleeping bags with bodies entirely enclosed lie higgledy-piggledy round the camp-site. All is calm and quiet except for the cheerful chirping of the birds.

Slowly a sleeping bag erupts and a ruffled head appears, and with a slight groan and a few awkward movements the body arrives at the sitting position, and through half-opened eyes surveys the whole untidy mess. Last night's campfire is dead, and looking around, it appears that everybody is in much the same condition. Slowly an arm is extended, and with much concentration the half-opened eyes are focussed on the wrist watch. "8-a.m ! What a lazy lot !" "You'd think somebody would get up and light the fire!" The sleeping bag and body slump to the horizontal and all is quiet and calm except for the cheerful chirping of the birds.

But WHO WILL LIGHT THE FIRE? Let's review the position. There are nine on the camp, eight others and myself. It shouldn't be too much to expect one person out of eight to rise at a reasonable hour. Lets take the girls first - a most unlikely bunch. They probably expect the boys to get up and light the fire, still there may be some hidden talent.

First there is the leader Nancy, and leaders being keen, conscientious and responsible people, and anxious that everything goes well, would naturally be first up organising the fire. But Nance did say yesterday "This camp is going to be an easy camp", a statement that met with approval from some. Still if nothing happens by 10.00m., Nance may light the fire by 10-30 a.m.

Next Flora - being one of the Graham family who can and do sleep anywhere, everywhere, any time - a very unlikely candidate. Next Jenny - a Schooly on holidays, keen to make full use of every precious minute, hasn't been on a camp for three months, she ought to be up and about now - but unfortunately she probably expects me to light the fire. Then there is Peggy. Very enthusiastic about photographing sunrises the night before, never so keen in the early mornings. Still she used to get up at 5-0 a.m. when we went to Central Australia although come to think of it, she used to be one of the last to struggle out.

Conclusion, cannot expect much assistance from the girls. What about the boys - Vic, Paul, Brian, Barry, Gordon. Now there is an outstanding bunch, any one of whom could do a first class job. I don't feel like it this morning, and after all this is a lazy camp, and a bloke can't be racing around all the time.

How about Barry. Always first up when we were in Central Australia. Yes, a likely starter, but looks dead to the world this morning. Brian is another likely starter, usually second up on our C.A. jaunt. He is probably waiting for Barry to get up. Now Vic could be the one but then again Vic is never in a hurry and as long as we lie here, Vic will sleep. Paul - he will lie there until the crackling of the flames wakens him, and then he will give the matter some thought first. Only chance of getting him up first is to impersonate a fire burning.

Whats our result - Barry Favourity, Brian might. If they don't Nance might in another hour and a half. WHO DID? VIC.

Gordon Robinson.

A PAGE ABOUT THE NATIONAL PARKS ASSOCIATION OF NSW.

Have you ever thought of joining this Association?. It seems almost a must for members of Bush Walking Clubs, in particular, and all Bush lovers in general. Did you know that the Association fights continually and incessantly for the preservation of parklands in this state - and although only a small body, does really wonderful service in this connection? It is only 15/- a year to join - there is interesting literature available - but for the time being please note the following. Firstly a direct appeal, followed by items from their last bulletin, selected at random.

Memo ... NATIONAL PARKS ASSOCIATION OF NSW - PUBLICITY.

Suggested appointment of a Publicity Officer on an Honorarium basis.

"With a view to obtaining greater publicity and much needed public support for its activities, the Association is giving serious thought to the appointment, on a partly paid, or honorarium, basis, of a Publicity Officer.

It is thought there should be men or women among Bushwalking and similar Clubs who may welcome some small addition to their income in return for assistance in the compilation of the Association's journal, seeking out and preparing items of general interest in conservation and allied fields and, in general, relieving the Hon. Secretary and members of the Executive, whose business commitments limit the time and energy they would otherwise be able to give to such activities.

Any person interested and feeling that he or she may be able to assist in this way, is invited to get in touch with Mr. Allen A. Strom, Hon, Sec. National Parks Association of NSW, 3 Cooperook Ave. Gympie Bay."

Quarterly Meeting National Parks Association of NSW. Monday 12th Dec. 7.30 p.m. GUOOF rooms 149 Castlereagh St. Supper after the meeting, followed by slides by Mr. F.H. Hersey, of the Fauna Protection Panel. (You would be welcome)

Jan 28-29-30. 1961. Paul Barnes Vice-Pres. will lead a trip to the Upper Colo River. Camping, walking as you please. More details from Paul at 5 David Ave, Caringbah Tel. LB 7321.

Good reports from Field Outings:

Flower study day at Heathcote - 36 attended.
Flower study day at Terry Hills - 15 attended.
Camp at Milton (6-Hour Week-end) - 120 !!!

Mr. Len Fall is preparing next years programme of events in the field. He would like suggestions, and also to hear from prospective leaders. Here are some ideas being considered -

March - Kanangra Walls Easter - Benandra State Forest (Richmond Beach)

May - Bungonia Gorge or Endrick River.

June - Endrick River or Dudmirrah Faunal Reserve. Flower Days in October - Wombeyan Caves November.

---oOo---

The Bush Club delegate to this Association is Rosalie Graham.

A SUGGESTION

Nance Stillman

Well, at the time of writing it seems that Paul is going away to the country. This sounds a bit like an echo. Everyone knows that I live in a state of mild confusion, but surely I can remember that Paul has been going away to the country like anything nearly all this year - or leaving the country was it?.

Anyway, amid this confusion of Paul's country arrangements, one thing stands like stone, and that is Paul's famous hat. It seems to me the time to speak out bravely through a blur of tears (whatever for) and suggest that the Hat should be acquired by the Club and become the Foundation member so to speak, of a Bush Club Museum.

It would be too much to expect that the Hat should come along of its own accord without Paul under it, but really I'll miss that Hat on mountain camps and round camp fires. (I'll never look for it in the surf). Perhaps with the aid of a pair of tongs and a good wad of Kleenex tissues, some brave members could be persuaded to take turns at wearing it occasionally at some of Paul's favourite resting places. It would not be heavy work, as Paul has been a lad who likes resting for long periods in front of camp fires, and as the Hat has mercifully hidden most of his features most of the time, I daresay we could sustain quite a happy illusion for a bit, but alas ! the Hat will remain silent of course.

After all it would be a rather heavy responsibility. Suppose it got crushed or soiled, or even worse, was left in a railway carriage. The Club could become involved in some vitriolic correspondence on the charge of offensive litter - No, I can see that would not do. Perhaps a glass show case would be the thing with a tin of insect spray to go with it. As a fixture in the meeting room it would be a little inconvenient perhaps, but it would be nice to think of Paul as the Hon.Sec. read the minutes.

There are a few other items round the Club that suggest themselves. Wally has a fine piece of headgear that surely he has finished with - a sort of bonnet with picture windows - peculiar only to the Bush Club I feel sure. Howard seems to have a variety of hats - but there is one favourite which he apparently keeps under a tin of sump oil - obviously so that the rest of his family can't lay their hands on it first. (Of course the Grahams do quarrel a bit at times about their things). A few other members apparently cannot bear to "put down" their favourite but quite elderly shorts. I'm all for it. Any mug can go and buy a new pair of shorts or a new hat - but it takes a lot of adventures to get the things to become imbued with personality and that is when they become worth keeping.

Anyone got a good solid glass show case with lock?

----oOo----

Extract from THE RAILWAY GUIDE OF NEW SOUTH WALES - 1879

Routes on the Southern Line

Route No 8. From Sydney to Goulburn 134 miles.

In this route, as on all others, be sure that you are at the station from which you intend to start (especially should it be the Sydney terminus) a full quarter of an hour before the train is to leave, more particularly so if you are not alone or have any luggage. Take the morning train if you wish to enjoy the varied scenery along the line from Sydney to Mittagong. You had better dine at the last named place, which you will reach about four hours after your train leaves the Sydney terminus. Be sure that you get into a carriage that is going to Goulburn, or to some other place on the Southern line, otherwise you will have to look out sharply at the Parramatta Junction and change into a carriage going south. The guards, uniformly a civil, trustworthy and respectable class of men - always warn the passengers

of every necessary change, and occasionally stopping places, but passengers (especially ladies) are often inattentive, and get "carried on" in consequence - to the annoyance of themselves, and the vexation and worry of everybody else.

Sent in by Gordon Robinson.
(Cop that lot girls !!!)

-----oOo-----

Srinagar
Kashmir
17th October 1960.

Dear Club,

I am writing this letter outside Shankarachara Temple on top of a hill 1000 ft. above Srinagar, from where I can see the whole town and much of the Kashmir Valley. To the North lies Dal Lake, with the mountains reflecting from its surface. Alongside this lake lies the Mogul Gardens, twixt Lake and Mountain, with the Shalimar (Abode of Love) so well known by song and the poem Lalla Rookh. This delightful place I visited yesterday. To the West is the town. To the South lies the Himalayas, for the Vale of Kashmir is North of the Himalayas.

The road in leads over the Bahral Pass, 8000ft., going through a tunnel about 1½ miles long at the top. No more space for Kashmir.

At Perth I went on a Wild Flower tour whilst the ship was in Port. They were all out, the Kangaroo Paw Flower was the king of them all, just as the Waratah is in NSW. Djakarta I did not like. Armed police on wharf, even women police with revolvers strapped around their waists. Had to pay £3 for permit to land, otherwise not allowed off ship. Could not bring foreign money ashore - men and women passengers going ashore were searched, money converted to Indonesian currency was not all spent, could not be converted back again. Singapore welcomed us with open arms, plenty of cheap goods. On return to ship 90% of passengers had either new cameras or transistor wireless sets. Saw many flying fish in Malacca Straits.

The Italian ship was very nice, only had too much spaghetti and its derivatives, also too much cheap "Vino Rossa", which is served with meals. Now an authority on "Italiano Parlo". Experience teaches. First day I was looking for a place, one door had on it "Signori" and the adjacent door "Signore". Did not have time to work out the correct gender, so found out by "Trial and Error".

With best wishes,

Wally.

P.S. Please extend my thanks to the Club and those individual members who sent me "Bon Voyage" cards on leaving Sydney.

-----oOo-----

Barry has written a very good log on the 6000 mile bus trip to Darwin and Central Australia, which so many of the Bush Club enjoyed last June. He lent me his copy and I have enjoyed reading it very much - and cannot help remarking what a happy, "trouble-free" group the party turned out to be. Sometimes on touring trips I have heard of passengers grizzling and complaining about all sorts of things, but none of that type seemed to have gone along with this outfit, and a thoroughly good time was had by all.

I understand there is a trip to Western Australia in the offing next spring, and a trip to the Centre again during the winter, and the Bush Club will be well represented on both.

The following extract is taken at random from Barry's journal.

THURSDAY. 23/6/60

We beat the sun up again as usual this morning to get away on time, which we almost did. The bore water we obtained at Curtain Springs yesterday is slightly salty to the taste, but still drinkable.

The country was fairly flat with Mulga and a few wild flowers, the soil and sand is still red with plenty of dust. The sky was quite cloudy and the lack of sun made it a bit cool. We saw a few horses and some cattle grazing. The country was gradually changing, with large areas covered with white quartz gibbers and a few mulga trees. This continued for some time - and the sun was breakng through the clouds to help warm things up again.

We came to a fence with a couple of signs at the entrance declaring the are a Prohibited Area, to do with the rocket range at Woomera. No time to read the restrictions as we gaily sailed into it and carried on. There were now a few pools of water lying around the country near the road, some were fairly big and just pans of cracked clay. The rains must have been through quite recently.

In this country there were large numbers of carcasses of cattle withered with the bones poking through, the rains had not come in time to save them. We were passing through endless plains with isolated hills of stones and a few mulga shrubs, and we saw quite a few big wedge-tailed eagles and crows picking over the carcasses. Gradually we left the pools behind and the country really became grim - stones everywhere and no ground vegetation.

We stopped at Wintinna Station for lunch, on the banks of the bone dry Archaringa Creek, within sight of the homestead. The river gums in the dry creek were marvellous. The present homestead was built not far from the ruins of the old one, which was built of stones and mud. The new one is built of galvanised iron and looks in very good condition. Nobody was at the homestead, but as they had a bore and a large tank of water from it, we watered up for the night camp, knowing they would not mind.

Off again through the stony country, which gradually began to acquire some ground vegetation, not much, but at least enough to take away the desolate look of the red sand and gibbers. In the distance we could see some red furred animals, just the colour of red kangaroos, and that was what we thought they were. We were surprised to discover they were sheep, full of dust that gave them the red colour. I know just how they feel, as I feel and look red with dust myself. I never felt so dirty, despite my "recent" bath at Ayers Rock.

We camped in a dry creek bed, the only place free from the thousands of stones. It was quite a pleasure to camp, cook and eat in some of the daylight that remained. A flock of galahs flew over as the sun was going down. They made a fine sight with the sun on their grey and pink undersides.

After tea was bath time again, and the old dish and half a gallon of water under the stars was very refreshing. This with a clean set of clothes made me feel really good again, even my hands feel free from red dust and dirt for the time being.

To-night we had our corroboree.

Barry.

---oOo---

(I understand this journal is being printed in Brisbane)

ROUND THE CAMP FIRE.

The MEN seem to be more enterprising than the WOMEN these days, as regards cooking. Brian, who no doubt can carry a huge pack with ease, is getting his requirements down to bare essentials - so very bravely DOES WITHOUT BREAD. He confidently mixes up a damper (as flour requires much less space and is easier to pack than bread). I admire this attitude. I sometimes don't bring bread either. I forget it - or else decide I don't want any anyway, because I cannot fit it in.

Brian not only makes a damper, he makes various sorts of dampers! At Kingdom Come he made two beauties - with lots of little holes that the butter and jam dribbled through - something like crumpets. Very scrummy. Barry is another damper cook - also brave as regards NO BREAD. He made two beauties at Kangaroo Ck. Camp, with sultanas in them! Think of that. I think any starters in the damper stakes should decide NOT TO BRING BREAD as the first essential. I am going to do this at my next camp - or do I mean I am not going to do this. Maybe.

Cooking is not only a very old custom - it is very pleasant to watch, and an occupation not to be taken lightly. We have some very good cooks in the Bush Club. They appear mostly about twilight on settled camps. (I don't include Paul opening tins of Spaghetti and Meat Balls in a very nifty way at the drop of a hat - so THAT'S what happened to the HAT). On moving camps it often happens that camp is made in the gathering dusk, and by the time the fire is right and the stage set - the cooks are too hungry to dither about. They hastily prepare something pretty substantial and retire to the shadows, accompanied by a billy - and one hears comfortable slurpings and munchings all round, without knowing quite who or what.

On settled camps there is much more preparation. People loll about until the spirit moves them, and then they become absorbed in the time honoured rites - soaking, poking, boiling, brewing, sizzling, stirring. Then one does see the good cooks, many of them sharing a fire, and all being anguished together when a billy gets knocked over, or some clunk kicks sand into the custard.

There are two, however, who do not share the fire - and for different reasons. Take Max Gentle first. Max looks the picture of health and strength and he has been on the road for more and harder miles than all of us put together very likely. He has done long lonely trips by bicycle and hard bush-whacking trips across country sometimes alone and sometimes in company, and experience has taught him that when he makes camp at the end of a hard day, it is worth while getting comfortable, as who knows what lies ahead on the morrow. So he takes thought about pitching his tent and making a good comfortable cooking ifre in a very convenient position as regards both tent and water. I do not always know what he cooks but I am convinced that if one were lost for a day or two, and emerged from thick scrub by a heavenly accident close to Max's camp - it would turn out to be a real home from home.

Max Rosentool does not use the community fire very often either. I'm sure he is an excellent cook, and very hospitable too - but perhaps he has family gods to be placated first - or does he wait for Mars to be in conjunction with Scorpio and the moon in the third quarter - the fact is that he dines so very fashionably late, I can never wait up to see.

Nance Stillman

A PAGE FROM MARIE BYLES.

Dear Madam Editor,

There was a small but important omission in the list of past office bearers of the Bush Club, published in your last issue. In 1952 Miss Ruth Milton was President and Miss Joyce Quinn Hon.Sec. for the greater part of the year. These two took office at a time when the club might very well have been torn in two, or have ceased to exist. All Clubs have their tumultuous periods. Very few are as fortunate as we were, to have such a calm neutral person as Ruth to accept the position of President and steer the Club safely through the troubled waters.

I think, too, that in the midst of all the tributes that have been paid, Beryl Maclean's name should be mentioned. Probably few of the younger newer members realize just how much the Club owes to her enthusiasm and hard work through years when its membership was not very strong.

From the Club's affectionate mother.

-----oOo-----

TO THE BUSHWALKER WHO IS GROWING OLD.

Not with the weakness of time's passing
You stand before the portalled world-to-be,
But with the strength of life's adventures massing,
And splendour of the future world you see.

Youth with its lustfulness behind you lying,
And past the daring on the sea and hills,
The worthy causes into which with striving
You tried to right a world of outer ills.

But life's adventures still continues onward,
And ever opens up some vistaed view
Far lovelier than the old one left to leeward,
Which must be passed to open up the new.

How stale and weary if the world of youthland
Should be with you for fifty barren years,
And staying stagnant like an uncleaned duck-pond
Should reek with rotting weed and scum it wears.

Thank life that life is ever flowing forward,
A changing stream with light of sun and shade,
And ever fresh and clean for flowing onward,
Discarding all the silt in which it played.

Each year holds an adventure, not a fether
For one who has the heart to do and dare,
And those of age are neither worse nor better
For one who drops the longing backward stare.

And now the sun on rarer air is dawning,
The peak Renunciation Absolute
Has reared its crest above the misty morning,
And will the surface life of earth transmute.

That sun will grow the wings, for feet are useless,
Will train the eyes to see Beyond this life,
Will show the Un-Created, Changeless, Griefless,
And deeps of peace that lie behind all strife.

M.B.B