



WALKS



TALKS

The Magazine  
of the Bush Club

WALKS AND TALKS

Mar. 1961

The Magazine

ISSUE No. 21

Of

THE BUSH CLUB

The next big event on the Bush Club programme of course is the Warrumbungle trip at Easter time. Gordon has taken a lot of trouble over the arrangements and it should be really good.

Two Easters ago the Club in force had an exciting time in the flooded Pigeon House area. Last Easter, three of us fought and put out a bush fire in the Rocky Ponds area. Now this Easter WHAT! Just a good time I expect, as I do not hold with superstitions - but just in case, let us keep our eyes on the provisions, would you suggest?

We have had some splendid walks and camps since our last issue, and the time has come to prepare the new schedule. I always look forward to the winter schedule - do not keep Albert waiting for leaders. It is a difficult and trying job getting it all arranged.

By the way, the THING on the cover is a friend of our Hon. President! I think it lives behind his wardrobe and advances towards him very very slowly and quietly in the dark watches of the night sometimes.

Recently Eckhart had a camp at Syncarpia. The noteworthy point is the fact that he took about twelve boys with him. He says that you cannot expect to get boys interested in bush-craft etc. if they don't get a chance to enjoy it. Brian, Gordon and Paul went along too, and a good time was had by all. A good man Eckhart (AND a foundation member).

Betty is now on the way to England, Isla will soon be there also, Alan is heading for Tasmania, and Paul? who knows. How our Club scatters, but they mostly come back to us thank goodness. (By the way, Davey has not gone to New Zealand, he is flourishing in Sydney, and may look us up some time). Nancy Shaw is well and sends greetings to fellow Club members.

Everyone is a little uneasy about these candid camera shots - and The Bush Club at Rest, could prove a little dismaying too.

Happy Camping, Happy Walking,

(Mrs.) Nance Stillman  
Hon. Ed. XB1761  
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NORTH SYDNEY

## PEGGY AND THE DINOSAURUS

GORDON ROBINSON

Have I ever told you about Peggy and the Dinosaurus? I know darned well I haven't. It was like this.

We were camped at Heavitree Gap camping ground at Alice Springs. The sun was sinking low in the West, as it usually does in the late afternoon. We had just returned tired and happy, after an exciting day at Simpsons Gap, Stanley Chasm and the extensive McDonnell Ranges. One of those days that is fading from our memories all too quickly.

It was becoming cool and we arrived back at camp. Some of the party went about their numerous and various tasks, from buying food to collecting washing, etc. Betty, Peggy and I made our way between the caravans to our village of japara tents, looking very picturesque on the slight gradual rocky slope. We decided it was too early to begin getting dinner, but we could get our supplies in some sort of order if we could muster some enthusiasm. Apparently we could not, for the three of us collected around the cold fireplace and tried to ignore the conglomeration of cooking and eating utensils.

Peggy drew our attention to a small light brown lizard with smaller black spots and a little white breast, probably one of the geckoes which inhabit the Northern Territory and Eastern Queensland. Anyway Peggy said "Look at the Lizard" not "Take a decko at the Gecko." At first Betty and I had trouble spotting (not black) the little creature for it was well camouflaged. Peggy pointed it out, and we managed to capture the little brute, which stood or lay, whichever lizards or geckos do, in the palm of my hand. In other words, it didn't fidget on my didget. All three of us crowded round in a kneeling position and told each other our discoveries with not a thought for Gecko feelings, I must admit, because some of our remarks were rather personal.

Anyway, after taking just so much, the gecko decided it was time to leave - so he leapt from the hand into the frying-pan. It was unfortunate that this pan had been left to soak with some semi-solid cold fat and water, and that is where it landed. I quickly scooped the poor little gecko from the nasty stuff, and restored it to the Central Australian red dust, which it no doubt calls home. I could see that the girls were suitably concerned. Peggy was now looking down at the now dust covered, fat laden gecko and I could see she was wrestling with a problem. How could she restore this unfortunate gecko to its former clear eyed, clean skinned (or hide-d) condition, free from fat and dust.

The problem was too much for me and I took the easy way out. "He will be o.k. tomorrow" I said. "When the day gets hot, the fat will melt and he will become thin once again." Peggy was not satisfied and told me so. She procured a kleenex tissue (there were plenty about), and creasing it in a manner she thought suitable for removing fat from geckoes faces, she got down on her knees and maneuvered herself into the required position and very slowly and quietly brought the corner of the tissue in contact with the geckoes head. He held his head high and allowed his face (if geckoes have faces) to be wiped free from dust and fat. Peggy must have spent about ten minutes and about four tissues cleaning up that gecko. I remember she said "I never thought I'd spend part of my holidays being nurse-maid to a lizard."

There is a little difference between a dinosaurus and a gecko. The former was about 50ft. long, 20 ft. high and weighed 20 tons, and lived on the earth millions of years ago. The gecko is about 3" long  $\frac{3}{4}$ " high, weighs perhaps 2 oz. and lives to-day. The difference is only slight. Dinosaurus makes a larger title, and I just happen to like large titles.

"Who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere  
with it's roses the brightest that earth ever gave  
It's temples and grottos and fountains as clear  
As the love-lighted eyes that hang o'er their wave"  
Thos. Moore.

Who has not heard of Kashmir, or Cashmere as it is sometimes spelt. Poets and painters have vied with each other to describe this earthly Elysium. When the great Moghal Emperor Jehangir lay on his death bed, his last words were "Kashmir" and nothing else.

Situated at the very north of India, jutting out like something that could easily be knocked off, it is bordered on its west by Pakistan, on its north-west by Afghanistan, on its North by China, and on its east by Thibet. The Indian state of Punjab forms its southern border. Its southern boundary runs along the outer Himalayas, and its northern boundary is the Karakoran Range. Within its boundaries are such well known mountains as K2 and Srangar Parbat.

Space does not permit of even a sketchy description of this remarkable country, but one aspect only will be described...the Shalimar Gardens. Shalimar means "The abode of Love." Who has not heard of these gardens, even though it be but in the "Indian Love Lyrics" written years ago by Amy Woodford Findon. "Pale Hands I loved, beside the Shalimar..."

On entering the gates ones breath is taken for a moment as the most amazing mass of colour of the flowers, the perfectly kept lawns, the Chinars just changing to orange, if it is Autumn. At certain times the streams are running and the fountains playing. This water-course runs down the centre of the garden for its full length or four terraces, the crystal clear water glittering like silver as it races over marble slabs on which the Emperor sat enthroned with the cool water flowing beneath and around him, that he might be refreshed.

The gardens are divided into three portions, the one at the entrance and terminating at the first large central pavilion known as the Diwan-i-am, is the public section which at certain times was thrown open to enable the people to see their ruler.

The second garden is known as the Emperor's Garden, and consists of two shallow terraces. In the middle of this, and just above where the second terrace is formed, are the carved foundation stones of what was once the Diwan-i-Khas, the Hall of Private Audience.

Continuing still further up, we come to two small Kashmiri style guard-rooms with a gateway to the fourth terrace above, which is the Ladies Garden, and which is the most lovely of them all, and the one for which Shalimar is most famed. The centre-piece of this glorious garden is the beautiful black marble pavilion, standing in the midst of a large square shallow tank, from which one hundred and forty fountains play. On the surface there floated white and cream water lilies, pink lotus and mauve water hyacinths, while jasmin adorned the corners. This tank was originally floored with blue-green Persian tiles. At evening parties coloured lamps were placed cunningly so that they shed their light to make the fountains and cascades appear in different colours. Golden fish with jeweled eyes floated in the tank, silver frogs were suspended on the surface so that they croaked with the movement of the water. Nightingales in cages were placed in the trees and fed on a seed which gave them song.

Channels of water rose out at right angles from the pavilion towards others set in the walls of the garden, the whole forming a cross of glittering water, all framed by multi-coloured flowers, the four corners being spread with soft green lawns, on which strutted proud peacocks, brought from Delhi.

Let me re-construct a typical scene in this garden, when the Moghul Emperor and his court was in residence, escaping the summer's terrific heat at the seat of government at Delhi. The men wore high turbans set with great jewels, and surmounted with a large feather, long coats which reached from neck to knees, embroidered in many colours on a base of silver or gold thread, slippers with curled over tips, again of gold and set with colours. The women wore loose fitting shalwars - pyjama-like trousers of precious silks, long smock-like jackets of the softest and thinnest material heavy jewels around their necks and wrists.

The musicians would take up their position and the dancers appear - Tavayaf girls, - many only just at the age of maturity, others experienced dancers. The costumes were colourful and teasingly transparent. The singers, more dignified, wore lovely gowns less revealing, the heavy silken skirts streaming from waist belts made of gold and set with precious stones. Ropes of pearls adorned their lovely necks. Always they told of birds and flowers and love, as they sang.

And so the night progressed, by the light of the stars and the crescent moon - always a sign of good fortune. Although the dancers and singers did not mix with the invited guests, on some pretext the men would slip away, knowing where to find them, with the help of a faithful and well rewarded servant, whose duty it was to see that his master was always kept happy.

The next morning, the ladies would awaken, women servants would bring them cooling refreshments and the tired and faded dancing girls would have disappeared to some corner pavilion to sleep the day through. There would be no sign of a man within the garden. This is the story passed down from one Tavayaf girl to another.

Let me conclude with another extract from that poem "Lalla Rookh" by Thomas Moore.

"Oh! Best if delights as it everyone is  
To be near the loved one - what a rapture is his  
Who in moonlight and music thus sweetly may glide  
O'er the Lake of Cashmere, with that one by his side  
If woman can make the worst wilderness dear,  
Think, think what a Heav'n she must make of Cashmere.

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#### A BUSH-WALKER ABROAD

Janet Stevenson

UPON leaving the sunny shores of the land of the Southern Cross, I headed for the Northern Hemisphere with all sorts of wonderful ideas of blazing the bush-walking trail abroad.

This just goes to show how little I knew. To start with, one cannot bushwalk when there is no bush. So, in Britain, one adjusts to rambling in woods, lanes and moors and instead of boiling the billy - oh, delightful sacrilege - the walker takes his sandwiches into the nearest country pub, and washes them down with a welcome glass of cider or beer. On one occasion I joined some friends camping in South Devon, and they were aghast when I arrived with no tent poles. I was considered an absolute greenhorn at this camping business, but it had never occurred to me that there would not be an abundant supply of tent poles lying around

for the picking up, nor that a primus stove was also an essential item of equipment.

However, my faithful little billy travelled all over the Continent with me, ditto my large haversack. With this item of equipment on one's back it is one thing to swing freely along in the open bush, and quite another to turn round in a hurry in a crowded store while trying to buy the ingredients for the evening meal. I will draw a veil over the unhappy incidents which could, and did, arise. If I was quick at picking up languages I would undoubtedly possess some very rich adjectives in my vocabulary. Australian girls on the walkabout abroad are always known by their "uniform" of wind-jacket, golf shoes and yellow bobby-socks, and their American sisters likewise by their long white socks and sandshoes - also known as plimsoles or sneakers.

On arriving at Naples I viewed the summit of Vesuvius with my mountaineering instincts aroused. Ignoring the agitated Italians who were waving us towards the cable car, and with my unhappy but trusting friend in tow, we set off on the slippery, treacherous zigzag shale track up the completely featureless and grassless slopes - arriving at the top two hours later and rather shaking at the knees. After viewing the wonders of the crater we swallowed our pride and got the cable car down.

I developed such a hate against my awkward large haversack that, on a later trip to Spain, I readily fell in with my companion's suggestion that we only carry duffle-bags - conveniently forgetting the bushwalking maxim of always carrying a change of clothes. After all, if you don't have anything to change into, there is no fearful decision to be made every morning as to what to wear! As it is hot in Spain in the Autumn we had dispensed with woollies, but what we had forgotten was the return through France, when we found we had to pass through the Massif Centrale with a snowstorm raging and accompanying Mistral. We put on everything we possessed, everything including pajamas, and even considered utilizing the Spanish rugs we had bought in Granada. Unfortunately we did not even have the comfort of "the cup that cheers" as we had long since drained the last drop of wine from my goatskin bag.

Before departing from British shores I paid a final visit to Scotland in Spring, and whilst there found myself at Glen Bevis Hostel. Yes - of course I had to add Britain's highest mountain to my bag! Perhaps you have visions of me striding up in hob-nailed boots shorts and provisions. Not so...I collared two Yorkshire girls for company and wandered up to the top of Ben Nevis in sandals, skirt and my lunch in a string bag - and nearly expired of cold on the snow-covered top. In my efforts to imitate a mountain goat on the descent I ricked both knee caps and departed from Britain with my legs still bandaged!

Canada was the first stepping stone on my homeward path and I had fixed ideas in mind concerning rugged Canadians and the outdoor life - much as one sees in Buckley's Canadiol advertising! So when I got to Montreal I was all agog to see the "bush" country and tried to find out how to get there. I might have been asking the way to the moon, for the answer I invariably got was that I needed a car, or a boy-friend with a car. As I had just arrived in the country I had not managed to acquire either of these handy assets, so I eventually rang up the transport company. The first long weekend that came along, I got in touch with the YHS and joined a walking group. But only one Canadian was mad enough, or sufficiently penniless, to indulge in this form of sport.

Having made every effort to carry on the noble Bush Club tradition while abroad, now that I am home in Australia I seem to be vaguely reluctant to venture forth on my first camp and enjoy again the much lauded delights of the gathering round the evening camp fire and waking up

to see the sun rise, etc. Am I afraid of appearing a new-chum, or can it be that I'm getting soft? This must never be - where's my tent pole, my primus and my car?

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### NATIONAL PARKS

NATIONAL PARKS are spacious land and water areas of nationwide interest established as inviolable sanctuaries for the permanent preservation of scenery, wilderness, and native flora and fauna in their natural conditions.

NATIONAL PARKS are composed of wilderness essentially in a primeval condition, or areas of scenic magnificence, and of a wide variety of features. Their unexcelled quality and unique inspirational beauty distinguish them from all other areas, and make imperative their protection for human enjoyment, education and inspiration for all time.

(Statement by the National Parks Association of the U.S.A.)

If you belong to a Bush-walking Club, you MUST be interested in National Parks.

DID YOU KNOW THIS...

There is in fact only ONE true National Park in NSW - that being KOSCIUSKO STATE PARK, which was proclaimed by Act of Parliament, as they all should be. To-day reservations are made, as "Reserves for the Preservation of Flora and Fauna and/or Public Recreation," with the addendum of "To be known as National Park."

NONE of the Acts under which so called National Parks may be proclaimed provide for retention in perpetuity. Hence the parks are never safe; they are reduced in size and threatened regularly. They may be revoked or reduced in size by ministerial minutes, entirely without the general public being able to voice an opinion.

Government expenditure on National Parks is difficult to assess, as in this state the classification of "National Parks" lacks legal definition. However, as near as possible, the years 1957-58 would be approx. £40,000, which represents 4d per head of population, comparing unfavourably with 8d per head of population in Queensland, 11d per head in Tasmania, and 3/10 in USA.

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These and other facts have been gleaned by Gordon from sundry National Parks Journals. Have you joined the National Parks Association yet?? If not, ring or write to Mr. Allen A. Strom, 3 Cooperbrook Ave., Gympie Bay. Phone 524-4903.

Shortly you will receive a copy of the NATIONAL PARKS JOURNAL Vol. 1 No. 4. A VERY interesting section is a map, and list of National Parks or reserves, in NSW.

Know your Parks by visiting them.  
Appeal to the Government for the National Parks Bill.  
Become NATIONAL PARKS minded - NOW is the time

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Anybody can see an array of packs in that downstairs shop in Castlereagh Street. They are lined up on the back wall. A sorrier stiffer lot you would never see anywhere; nobody owns them except the proprietor and as far as he is concerned they are just another item of stock. On closer inspection you can see the material from which they are made - all much the same, nothing to influence a decision of which one to get on that basis, so after a lot of handling and thinking of just what you will use it for, you make a choice. From the moment you hand over that legal tender, the pack begins to develop a personality. On the way home, some people look at it and wonder what you are carrying, all crumpled up like that, but you don't care because you have just acquired a friend that will be with you for years.

Next time you are out on a walk or a camp, have a look at the packs that are around. Like most things they come in all sizes and shapes. Naturally some are newer than others and to understand each owner's regard for his or her pack you would need to be a psychoanalyst. You can tell at a glance that some packs are ones of great character, showing signs of a job well done. Mine is fairly new. The leather bottom gets cleaned regularly, more often than I clean my teeth almost. Not a bad idea these leather bottoms, a little extra weight perhaps, but then if you feel like it you can get the leather scuffed a bit and make your pack look years older than it really is.

The number of uses a pack can be put to besides carrying things amazes me. Gordon's and mine are framed types and I learnt from him the techniques of lying back on it for comfort. You can always tell when Gordon is comfortable, he raises one knee by bending his leg and supports the other ankle on his knee. Well he looks comfortable anyway. When sleeping in the open I poke a stick down between the frame and the pack, and then tie my mosquito net to the stick, if the mosquitos are bad. The pack makes a good windbreak at my head if it is windy. Another method of getting comfort out of my pack, is to take enough out of it to flatten the top, and leave enough in the pockets to support your neck as your head rests on the half empty section. This can be risky, if anybody walks through your loose gear they can scatter it over a wider area.

The frame on most packs is high enough to allow you to throw your head back on it while the pack supports your back as you are half lying and sitting at leisure. This is a good posture for star gazing. Barbara prefers a pack without a frame; granted this reduces weight and eliminates the risk of digging a lump out of your shin with the corner of the frame as you lift your pack to move off, but to save weight I would probably leave my quart pot at home rather than go without a frame. Packs are sometimes used to scrape against cliff faces and rocks to slow down the rate of descent. I've seen it happen a lot. Another dodge is to drop them to the ground from about chest height after a long climb or on reaching a camp site. This saves the owner the trouble of telling everybody he has had it, as his action shows just how tired he is.

The amount of things that can be crammed into a pack is an eye-opener. Albert seems to be the champion at this. He even finds room for a supper delicacy to share with all hands. For some reason or other I can never put my hand right on the thing I want, it usually takes a couple of tries. No doubt some packs are like ladies handbags, never know what you may find, things you had given up for lost ages ago unless of course you are the methodical type and after every walk or camp just up-end your pack to neatly stack everything in a heap till you go out again.

The appearance of a pack is an intriguing thing. Alan's and Brian's always look neat and the only reason I can give, is that they don't have as many pockets on their packs as the rest of us. Perhaps the storm flap and two straps help this illusion. Paul must be given the prize for the

most untidy pack, but he doesn't play fair as the way he carries it makes you think it is worse than it is. The shoulder straps are cut to maximum length and this gives a big patch of daylight between Paul and the pack. I look forward to the day when somebody slips a sleeping bag or a tent between Paul and the pack, and Paul carries it for them unawares. He has two straps hanging down from somewhere and no matter how much thought I give it, all I can decide they are for, is to brush the flies off his legs. Betty's and Peggy's packs are always interesting. I am sure I have seen them blush (the packs, that is) as they do their best to hide the many folds of foam rubber these two seem to find a use for.

If any of the characters used in this article are not "Paddy-made," I apologise. To the packs or to Paddy? I'm not sure.

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on punning : : : (No capitals!!!) Anon.

It takes all types to make a world, but to save a lot of tedious sub-division, and to simplify our study of the human race considerably, we may regard our fellows as being composed of two main groups - the punners and the non-punners. The latter are generally considered much more desirable. The former are sometimes tolerated, but they should not push their luck, especially under very trying conditions. There have been some very mysterious disappearances in the course of history = perhaps those concerned were punners, unwise enough to strain the threads of their fellows' tolerance beyond the breaking point.

"What is a punner?" does some ask? Well, I don't mean someone who is fossicking for gold, mate! Or a bloke who plays the horses either. It's like this - A PUN is a rather PUNy joke. Ha Ha, get it? Puny - pun? All right, all right Stillman put down that frying pan. I suppose the average punner - the one who contents himself (and discontents his companions) with a modest six or so per diem - can expect to live reasonably unmolested. But what of the boulder who not only far exceeds his quota, but delivers them en masse, so to speak? For example, here is an extract from one of his walk reports "...came to a TREEmendous forest, where we stopped FORESTing purposes. Max lit a cigarette because he was fagged out. Brian had brought his fishing line - he knows all the ANGLES and soon had found a PERCH down by the creek. Jack succeeded in lighting a fire the abo way - a MATCHLESS performance-" and so on, in similar sickening fashion.

Then round the camp fire we can hear "Having a STIRRING time with that soup, aren't you?" "Yes, it'll be a SOUPER pot of broth soon. How's the steak going Gordon?" "Stake my reputation on it." "Crikey, don't want to put a DAMPER on the party but my bread is missing." Etc. Etc. Etc. I hope I still have some friends left. At least I'll have the doubtful company of the club punners, which should be PUNishment enough.

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