

WALKS



TALKS



MERRY CHRISTMAS

THE MAGAZINE OF THE  
BUSH CLUB

WALKS AND TALKS

The Magazine  
of  
December 1961      THE BUSH CLUB      Issue No 24

Once more the Club is well into its summer programme, with more holiday week-ends, new and enterprising trips and a lot of old favourites, giving one the relaxed feeling of knowing more or less what to expect and therefore exactly what to take. We have had a very satisfactory 1961, and look forward to many good outings in 1962.

No doubt 1961 will be remembered as the year that young Red-Indian-type called Cupid ambushed the Bush Club. Martin was his first victim - he married early in the year. Brian was the next to fall, closely followed by Jennie, and then the young sharp-shooter bagged a double - Albert and Joan. We wish all the victims every happiness. Perhaps others were wounded by this rain of arrows too, and if so we can only hope the wounds were slight and have healed by this.

Janet, the founder of Walks and Talks, has very kindly consented to take over the Editorship again, so that this will be my last issue. It seems a good time to thank all the contributors - and also the readers - and to suggest that you get busy and let Janet have a fresh batch of material.

We like to think of our old and absent members at this time - send them our Christmas Greetings, and hope to have some of them back with us during 1962.

Happy Christmas and New Year to all - and good camping and walking.

Nance Stillman

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Those who remember Mr. Adrian Jenkins will be sorry to learn that he passed away recently. Although not an active walker with our Club, he had a genuine love of the bush and participated in the activities of the Club as much as his health permitted.

During the past five or six years he was very crippled with arthritis and also became totally blind. He determined to learn braille and went by public transport each day to the Blind Society. Within a very short time he had mastered braille, and up to the day before his death, used it to coach students in English and Mathematics to Leaving Certificate standard.

Adrian Jenkins showed remarkable courage in overcoming his physical handicaps, and we remember his association with this Club with humble respect.

Tribute by Ruth Milton

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THE RESERVE - Continued from last issue

Next, you walk round the foot of a long spur and into Pine Valley. This is another highlight of the trip, for the Vale has a special charm which would be hard to equal. Walking on springy grass and sphagnum moss beside the clear flowing waters of Cephissus Creek, you have it. Gould and the Parthenon on your left, and the Acropolis looming majestically beyond the head of the valley. These are all parts of the Du Caine range. The Acropolis is probably well named (I have never seen the original!). It is most remarkable for its rows of dolerite columns, standing high on a ridge like teeth of a giant comb; some are connected by a natural arch or lintel, like the Stonehenge monoliths. Our two "mountaineers" made the ascent in the afternoon. It is a long and strenuous climb, but there is no real rock climbing, and the splendours to be seen from the summit, represented, to me the high point of the whole trip. To the North are the sheer 1000 ft, walls of Garyon; below, to the west, the Labryinth, a cluster of small tarns; while to the south is spread a wonderful jumble of peaks, eminent among which projects the compelling triangular tooth of the Frenchman's Gap. It was hard to quit the presence of such majesty, but we had the darkness to beat, and, as it was, just made it to the hut.

Pine Valley Hut is not remarkable for its beauty, but it is noteworthy to record that its builder, an old man who sought the peace and quiet of this place, carried the sofa on his back from Lake St. Clair, seven miles or so away! We had for company this night five young forestry officers. Well-educated and well-mannered, they told us some very interesting facts about trees and Tasmanian bush conditions. Their job involves much trudging through the bush, and so for their holidays they choose to --- yes, you've guessed it - trudge through the bush!

Pine Valley Hut is an excellent base camp for some wonderful day walks. The easiest of these is the track up the Parthenon and down into the Labryinth. We did it, but by now the Tasmanian weather began to run truer to form, and the walk was abandoned after lunch in rain and buffeting wind. The top of the Parthenon is a knife-edge spur, overlooking Pine Valley, and the possibility of being blown over the cliff by the wind was a real consideration. All care was therefore taken to avoid such a catastrophe. We took a last look at our final destination, Lake St. Clair, whose whole length can be seen stretching banana-like to the south, and descended to the security of the hut.

We arrived at Narcissus Hut next day - Narcissus, on the banks of the Narcissus River, under the classic columns of Mt. Olympus. Here a boat was to arrive to take us to Cynthia Bay, at the southern end of the lake. After a fair wait, the launch did arrive, only to find two of our party missing; they had gone for a walk! So we made the long trip down the Lake in the dark, and saw Mt. Ida and wooded shores by starlight only. Perhaps in a way it was just as well. Bushfires, resulting from man's carelessness at a time of exceptional heat and dryness, had scarred the evergreen bush in many places, and the vicinity of Lake Clare had been badly it. I was surprised to learn that rain-forest will burn. It appears that myrtle is very inflammable, and the roots continue burning underground, forming huge pits.

We stayed for two nights in a spacious holiday cabin, with the appreciated luxury of electric light added to the contemptible un-necessity of inner spring mattresses and hot showers! The included day was spent in rambling slowly along the shores of the lake, where we counted five platypuses, and concluded that the place must be "still with them."

And so goodbye to the Park Extraordinary of Cradle Mountain - Lake St, Clair National Park, "The Reserve." Will I see it again?

But perhaps not so soon. For from its clear mountain tops I have caught some of those wickedly heart-stopping glimpses of distant rugged lands - peak after peak in that fantastic tangle of a south-west. To a bush-walker, such is as a magnet.

Coming?????

Alan Cutford

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How about it Bush Club?????????????????

THE MOSQUITO. (culicidae)

Usually during a camping week-end some creature of nature is abused by someone in no uncertain terms. Sometimes bull-ants, wasps, flies or leeches, and quite often it is the poor mosquito. In the interest of better future relations and understanding, I have collected the following facts about The Mosquito.

Did you know that there are more than 100 species of mosquito in Australia? Most of us when we are bitten, don't stop to think about just which species is biting, and when we remove the dead body it is rather difficult to recognize the blood clot as a mosquito, let alone what variety.

You will be pleased to learn that the natural life span of a mosquito is very short. The luckiest females general live about 30 days, while the life span of the male is about 8 or 9 days. If you are bitten, you can guarantee that it is a female mosquito, for the male is not equipped to bite. His only vice is pursuing the female mosquitos. Shortly after birth he chooses and woos a mate, then flits forth rather pointlessly, sipping an occasional drink of vegetable juice. (Agitated father theme? would you say?? Ed.)

The species that is most common and the biggest nuisance is the "House" or "Rain Barrel" mosquito (Culex Fatigous) named by a Swedish Naturalist. The Mosquito and not the Naturalist is a night feeder, and when the light is extinguished, it is just like ringing the dinner bell for the Culex Fat. The House mosquito and its relatives seldom fly more than 1000 feet from their birthplace, but they make up for this limited range by breeding within easy striking distance of people. I mean striking.

The mother's eggs are laid on the surface of the water and in the larval and pupal stage they look like tiny snorkel submarines. Periodically they thrust a "snorkel tube" above the surface for air. That is why oil spread on water kills mosquitos in these two states, their snorkels cannot break through the oil and they die of suffocation. In warm weather it takes ten days for an egg to develop into an adult. In a temperate climate each spring, summer, autumn period produces about 15 generations of mosquitos. In five generations the normal 100 eggs laid by a common mosquito could result in 31,000 million descendants, if they were allowed to live their own lives.

After ten days the pupa finally splits open and launches a full grown mosquito, which, the moment its wings are dry leaps from its discarded shell. The males hatch a few minutes before the females and hang in the air waiting for their mates-to-be to burst from their containers.

The mosquito, like some other insects, is equipped with "chemoreceptors." A combination sense of smell and radar-like sense of

"feel," with which they beam themselves in on the heat waves and odours given off by the human body. The female's feet are soled with friction pads and hooks, which combine the hold-on virtues of the tennis shoe and the football spring. In her snout she carries a genuine tool-box of needles, probes and drilling machines. Her main instrument of torture is a marvellous high-frequency drill, which slips easily through the toughest flesh, - including the leather hide of frogs and overlapping scales of snakes.

If the attacking mosquito hits a sensitive spot, we will feel it, and descend on the poor blood sucker with a heavy hand, with debatable success. The sudden tension of our skin "telegraphs" the blow. To the mosquito the slightest nervous rippling beneath her is like an earthquake, a warning to take evasive action.

If she misses a sensitive spot, as soon as she punctures the skins she gives us a hypodermic, - a local anesthetic which deadens the victim's feelings. This fluid, administered via the hollow needle of the mosquito's tongue, (which advances just ahead of the drill) also thins the blood. She can siphon off her pre-thinned drink quite readily, by means of a palpitating pump which is located in her head section.

Mosquitos do not sing that five-notes-above-high-C-aria - it comes from their vibrating wings. The insects may make other sounds, but at such a low frequency that they cannot be heard by the human ear.

Life would be much more pleasant without the mosquito buzzing round, you may think, but entomologies say that mosquitos are an important and easily caught source of food for other insects, birds, animals and fish. They say that without them, many insect eating birds and animals might be hard pressed for food, and might even perish, allowing even worse pests than mosquitos to increase and plague us.

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Gordon Robinson,

BOUDDI NATURAL PARK

Miss Marie Byles

The history of Bouddi Natural Park dates back to the 5th May, 1898, when the good ship "Maitland" paddled out of Sydney Harbour under the command of Captain Skinner. It was a dark and stormy night. Soon mountainous waves were hurling themselves upon the ship; deck-houses were swept away, and then tons of water began pouring into the engine room. The fires were put out and the ship floundered helplessly in the inky waters. In the driving rain and hurricane, even the light from the Barranjoey Lighthouse was invisible, but it would have made no difference to the doomed and helpless ship, had it been seen. She was driven inshore and crashed on the rocks off Bouddi Head. Some people were flung overboard, to be seen no more, a few jumped into the sea and reached the shore, injured but alive, the rest waited. Several attempts were made to get a line ashore, and eventually a man named Russell succeeded. Two by two the passengers and crew were hauled to safety, until the rope broke and three more people perished. Some firemen, the mate, the captain and a baby girl were left behind. One can imagine the agony of the mother who had made the crossing safely. For another day and a half the captain and the mate tried to comfort the wailing baby and feed her on biscuits and water. On the morning of the second day, those on shore got another line across and the mate, with the baby strapped to his back, was followed by the others to

safety. Then the "Herald" reporter came on the scene and reported ruefully that Bouddi headland was hemmed in by very rough country. He also reported that 39 people survived and that 24 had been drowned.

#### Faery Lands Forlorn.

That is the story of those boilers on Bouddi Headland we used to see through the telescope from our Palm Beach cottage during our happy childhood holidays. The long uninhabited coastline beyond the ruby light of "Barranjoey (please note Barranjoey is an aboriginal name and should not be spelt Barranjoey), had an increasing fascination for me. Those unknown lands seemed like the Faery Lands Forlorn of Keat's "Ode to a Nightingale," and I wished I were a nightingale who could fly over and visit them.

When I reached years of discretion - or indiscretion our parents might have described them! - I prevailed upon three girl friends to accompany me on an exploration trip to my faery lands forlorn. One of them was Esther Waite who is now a leading spirit in the conservation movement of the Hornsby District. She wore breeks, a garment no girl ever wore in those days, with a gigantic Coult's automatic pistol at her hip. We slept on the beach - this was long before the days of Paddy Pallin and tents and sleeping bags, and had a difference of opinion next day on the best way through that very rough country the "Herald" reporter had noted between Bouddi and Kincumber. The other two of the party went off on their own unable to resist the attraction of Bouddi skillion. A severe thunderstorm came up that afternoon; the other two found a hospitable farm house and comfortable beds - but Esther and I, despite our maps and compasses - and the Coult's automatic - had to make do with dossing in a smelly cow shed! I don't think that story has at all a good moral, do you? But that was in 1922 before the Federation had made rules about never splitting a party!

#### Maitland Bay.

The next landmark on Bouddi-Natural-Park-to-be, was the beginning of the bushwalking movement proper, and Paddy Pallin and tents and all that sort of sissy thing. Among the early bushwalkers was Dorothy Lawry who visited the faery lands forlorn in 1930. She pointed out that Boat Harbour, as it was then called, was not a suitable name, for there were many boat harbours up and down the coast. This one was the only one which had the wreck of the "Maitland" upon it. Therefore it should be called Maitland Bay. The name stuck and later on we had it officially put upon the map.

When the bushwalking movement became interested in conservation I dearly wanted Maitland Bay to follow Blue Gum Forest and become a national park. I got the newly formed Federation of Bush Walking Clubs to put it on the agenda, and deliberately set to work to soften up public opinion by writing articles to the press assuming the area was already all but reserved. It was easy enough to convince readers of the "Herald" on the desirability of my faery lands forlorn, but not nearly as easy to convince bushwalkers. A party who then visited it in 1935 subsequently presented me with a "Deed of Maitland Bay" in return for "noble efforts" to have it set aside as a national park. "A gift of the clear fresh drinking water that takes so much finding, the glorious grassy slopes that do not exist for camp sites, those flying night-and-day Imperial Airways-size mosquitoes the sleepless lights, the surfless bay, etc. etc., and the whole dog-gone place."

However, the Deed of Maitland Bay was really very good publicity. The Federation began to get interested, and then, almost without asking, Mr. Barry the District Surveyor, invited the Federation to send some bushwalkers to inspect the proposed parkland with him. Going up in the

train we discussed where we should take Mr. Barry. We need not have worried; Mr. Barry, without any bushwalking gear, and with his lunch done up in a handkerchief, took us! And he took us over the very roughest country, which we might have avoided had we been on our own.

### Bouddi Natural Park is born.

The upshot of Mr. Barry's expedition was that the faery lands forlorn of my childhood's dream were duly reserved, and the Federation was invited to nominate three trustees to act along with three from the local Council.

The only Council nominee who attended the first trustees' meeting was called Mr. Steam Roller, because he rode with iron will over all our proposals and wanted roads and all bushwalker abominations. However, when it came to discussing the name, it was he of all people who suggested inclusion of the term "Natural." So Bouddi Natural Park it became. Later, Mr. Steam Roller was replaced by Mr. Lillicrap, who was a tower of strength and help to us, and whom we selected President.

### Working Bees

Working Bees have become such a common matter among bushwalkers, that probably few realize that the first of all working bees was held at Maitland Bay in 1940. Everyone predicted it would be a failure. That was a challenge to be met by suitable softening up beforehand. Much to everyone's surprise it was a huge success. Sixty people turned up armed with the requisite tools to make footpaths and erect a shelter shed and tanks to provide that clear fresh drinking water the Sydney Bush Walkers had been unable to find in the admittedly somewhat brackish well. The tank and material had been floated in by boat on a calm day by the then honorary ranger who was a fisherman with a hut on the beach. The tree planting was the only thing that failed to bear fruit, both then and at subsequent working bees, when up to one hundred and twenty came despite the fact that in choosing the full moon of May, we generally seemed to choose Mother's Day. Tree planting has been fruitless because of lack of after care that could have been given had there been the money to pay a full time ranger. My forestry brother suggests that the only thing to do to rejuvenate the forest is to take the native tree seedlings already there, and put proper guards around them, but somehow this never seems to get done.

### Bullimah and Charles D'Arcy Roberts

One of the first three trustees was Charles D'Arcy Roberts, who had had a picture of Maitland Bay in his office long before it had been made a park. He loved the area and knew it from McMaster's Beach at the north east, to Killcare at the south west, and he was known to lead moon-light, midnight parties through the untrodden scrub. While I was abroad in 1938, Charlie took over the secretaryship and under his care various further lands were added to enlarge the original area. Less than a year after my return the Second World War commenced. Charlie enlisted and was to lose his life in a prisoner of war camp in Malaya, a life that the bushwalking movement and Bouddi in particular could ill afford to lose. After the war was over we thought of ways and means to commemorate him in Bouddi Natural Park. Eventually we decided to get leave to name the beach south west of Maitland Bay, Bullimah, the Home of the Great Spirit and erect a plaque on Bullimah outlook in honour of Charlie. On a windy afternoon of 30<sup>th</sup> May, 1948, Mr. Lillicrap officiated, and Charlie's parents came to the little commemoration ceremony there.

Bouddi - Later History.

The park has always had trustees from the bushwalkers who were keen workers for it, and now the Council representatives also throw their efforts in. It is a joy to attend the trust meetings from time to time and see the progress made since early days. Daphne Ball, the present secretary, keeps her minutes and correspondence far better than I did, and Alan Strom commands an authority with government circles we should have envied, while the trust receives grants that look like fortunes compared with the twenty pounds or so we used to get, but they are still not enough to pay the full time ranger so badly needed.

The late Mr. Dingeldei did all sorts of practical things quite beyond our ability. At the time of writing this, funds are being raised to erect a shelter shed on Mr. Bouddi in his memory, and to provide some more of that pure drinking water which my S.B.W. friends so sorely needed.

But it is invidious to mention one name more than another, for both the trustees and their friends and bushwalkers generally have always worked hard to protect the park and keep roads out of the "natural" area, which has now grown to nearly twice the size it was when Mr. Barry first set it aside as a park.

The only sad spot is the rutile mining at Killcare Ocean Beach which has turned the best of all the camping spots into a desert. How many bushwalkers realize that the Mines Department has the final say over all lands in NSW, except Kosciusko State Park? The Trustees had no option but to agree to rutile mining at Killcare Beach. Of course the mining company undertook to restore the land to its natural condition afterwards - and of course it has not done so. But with the best will in the world it would seem impossible to restore our bushlands to what they formerly were. There are now only two alternatives. Either to leave the beach a desert - and there is beauty in a desert - or to become reconciled to commercial development and artificial beauty.

The bright spot is that so far the trustees have managed to keep mining away from Maitland Bay, Bullimah and Little Beach. If I had my youth back again I should use it trying to get the Mining Acts amended to take away the autocratic powers of the soulless ruthless money-making miners. What about the Federation placing the amendment of the Mining Acts on top of its agenda.

To return to the beginning of the story of Bouddi Natural Park - only last year Mr. John Wall, the honorary ranger who lives near Maitland Bay, recovered the big brass bell of the ill-fated paddle steamer "Maitland." So when the rusty boilers which have lain on the rocks for over half a century, do eventually rust away entirely, something will remain to show the beginning of Bouddi Natural Park.

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Alas. Time Marches on and causes CHANGE. The Xmas party this year will celebrate our last appearance in the basement of the Assembly Hall. We have all, or very many of us, rolled up there on the third Monday for the last several years and although it was far from perfect in many ways, it was convenient and we were used to it. Other premises have been found, and all members will be notified by circular but the old address has served us well and we feel sorry to have to leave.

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## A BATCHELOR'S LAMENT

Written on the occasion of the announcement of  
Albert's Engagement.

Alas! Poor Albert is leaving the ranks of the batchelors - his long run is almost over - his star is setting in the west - his colourful career is near the end. Like the finish of all fairy-tales "then they were married and lived happily ever after."

Soon we will no longer be able to speak of Albert alone, it must always be Albert-and-Joan. They will no longer be separate entities, they will become two-in-one, not being able to exist separately, like bacon and eggs, beer and biscuits, bread and biscuits, whisky and soda.

So shattering was the news of his engagement that a series of unusual phenomena descended upon the earth. Only two of the girls in the club could face the walk the following Sunday - the nice sunny weather prevailing up until that date suddenly changed to cold and rain - the volcano on Tristan de Cunha erupted and the favourite was beaten at Randwick. Some people blamed "this here atom bomb thing the Russians were letting off," but the members of the Bush Club knew the real reason.

The poor companions of Albert's batchelor days are now left without their senior member, their inspiration and companion in loneliness. Who now will be the leader of the lonely-hearts, who will offer cheery words when all seems hopeless.

Perhaps one could be annoyed with this defector who left the batchlors' ranks with obtaining the majority vote of his fellows- but not, that would not get one anywhere. I do not know what the others will do, but if the rush is on, I do not want to be left behind. Again will I bring out my well thumbed "List of Members" and pore over the names, marking and re-marking my order of preference. I will even apply the analytic method of selective deduction, listing each possibility under "Advantages and Disadvantages," allocating points for various items. For example : Ability to darn sox, cook etc. would get 10 points, Ability to mow the lawn, clean the car 9 points, and so on down the list. When I totalled up both columns I would then be in a position to tell which one was the most economical proposition.

All that then remains to be done, would be to put on my now spotted tie, dye my hairs that are showing signs of growing gray, take a peppill and wait for the next Bushwalker's Ball.

Look out girls, remember "Walter rhymes with Altar? !!!

W. McGrath

OUR COVER was very kindly supplied by Elizabeth (carefully traced by Barry for printing), and the following note was supplied by Elizabeth as well.

The drawing on the cover is that of the Bell-Miner. There are two kinds of Bellbird in Australia - the crested Bellbird of the inland and the Bell-Miner of the East Coast. Their calls are very distinctive and Australian poets have praised them as being among the most appealing sounds of the bush. The tinkling of the Bell-Miner is not made by one bird, but by flocks, bird after bird joining in until the chorus sounds like the chiming of elfin bells. The Crested Bell Bird, however, sings a beautiful solo. Bell-Miners are not often seen, their yellow green plumage being very hard to discern in the dense foliage of tree-tops. They build a cup-shaped fibrous nest suspended in a shrub and lay two or three pink eggs. They are very inquisitive and can be called into sight if you make a squeaking noise.