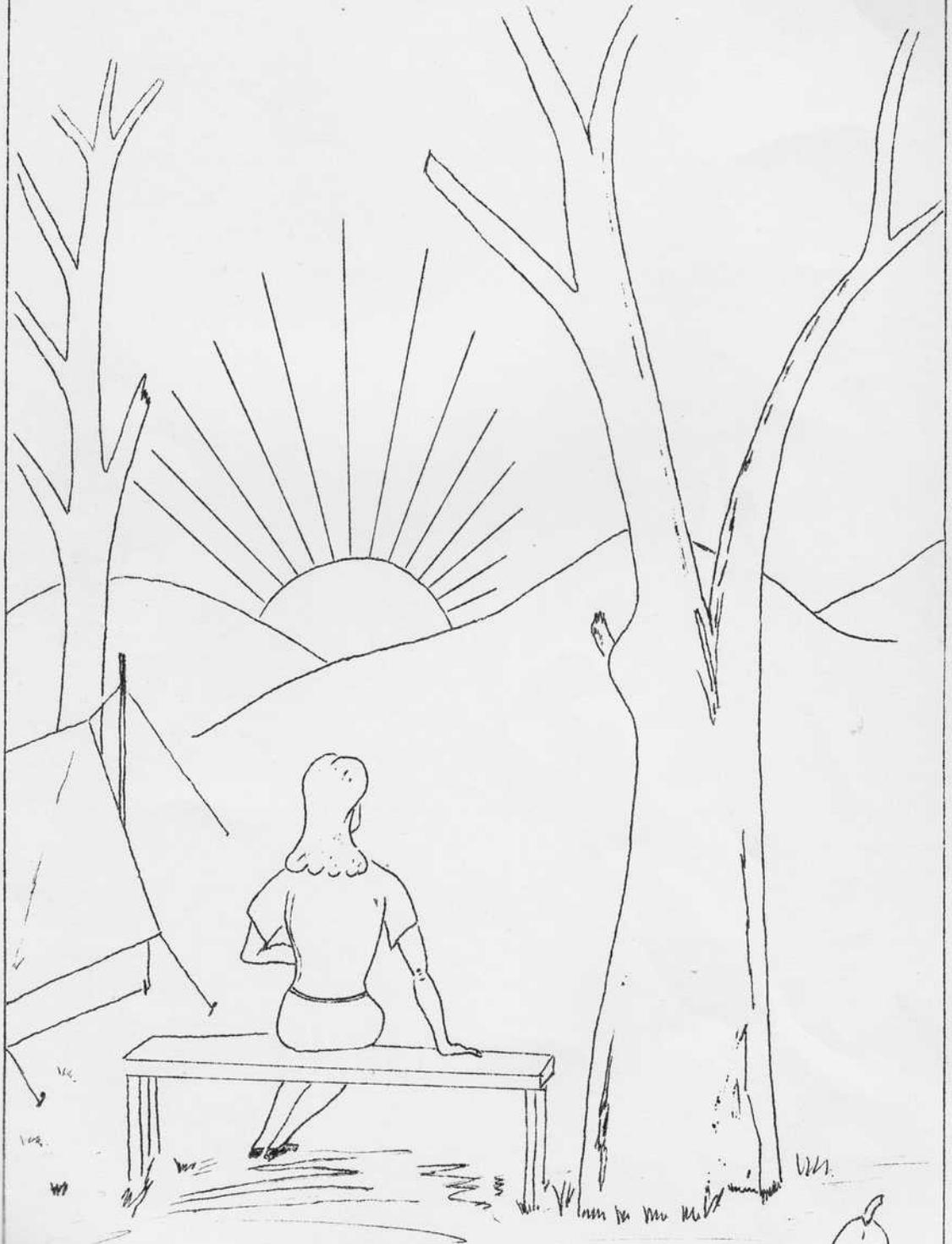


Price 1/-

No. 29

# WALKS & TALKS



The Magazine of The Bush Club.



Many of our Club members also belong to the National Parks Assoc. of N.S.W., but those of you who don't may be interested in learning something of their plans--plans which particularly concern all of us who spend some of our recreation enjoying the benefits and pleasures of week-ends camping and walking in the bushlands and reserves around Sydney, and further afield. I quote below from the National Parks Journal...

"Most important of our objectives for 1963, of course, is the passing by Parliament of an effective National Parks Act.

This we hope will tie the present national parks into a system of dynamic areas for recreation...and "system" implies a sane overall policy in the administration of the Parks.

The Act, we hope, will also give protection to our Parks and will raise their status to that of lands being used at top value--the spiritual satisfaction of all people now and in the future.

The Act, too, we hope, will also give protection to our Parks and will raise their status to that of lands being used at top value--the spiritual satisfaction of all people now and in the future.

The Act, too, we hope, will set up a specialist administration with adequate finance whose purpose will be "to conserve the scenery and the natural and historic objects and the wildlife therein and to provide for the enjoyment of the same in such a manner and by such means as will leave them unimpaired for the enjoyment of future generations." (From 1916 Act establishing the National Park Service of U.S.A. We are running just 47 years behind)

Our cover illustration this month was designed by Lilly Rich.

11 Lord Street  
ROSEVILLE.

Janet Stevenson  
(Editor)

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It could be recorded that the Bush Club, at the end of 1962, did some work clearing an old overgrown track in the Lovett's Bay area.

The weekend was in charge of Doug Melville and was chiefly notable for the fact that some members actually worked, that some track was actually cleared, that one member warmed a worm and bit it--to prove something vague, I understand. Can't say that the worm was enjoyed--it was described as tough--but I doubt if that was its only problem. Neither can I affirm that it was actually eaten. It was warmed on a stone, slightly washed in a little tepid tea (followed by the bite and the shudder) and I think was then spat out.

Another notable event was the meal that followed the worm. A whole chook--from the deep freeze. Warmed slightly--or rather burnt slightly bit by bit over the open fire--and somehow it slowly disappeared from sight bit by bit.

Certainly two notable events.

The party was considerably livened up at times by bull ants...never remember so many bull ant bites.

The area is good bushwalking country--flowers in profusion--good fresh water--some very good viewpoints--and a GOOD TIME WAS HAD BY ALL (except the worm). P.S. No bull ant deaths reported!

LET'S HAVE MORE OF IT - Track clearing, I mean.

Nance Stillman

My husband always says that when I go to Manly on my own one would think I was making an overseas trip. Small wonder, therefore, that I waited under the wrong clock on my first Sunday walk, and kept asking everyone wearing shorts whether they belonged to the Bush Club.

However, I eventually found the right bunch and all that was forgotten. I even thought the way to our destination hadn't been too bad, after all, until I discovered that it was only a brief resting period, after which the fun really started.

This was only one of many surprises. Another was being told by a veteran (I presume) that sandshoes were not very suitable. I turned around to look at his feet so that I should know what to wear next time, and what did I see--sandshoes! Yet another was on our return journey, when I felt that if I got any hotter I would burst. I began grizzling, thinking all the while "this'll probably be the end of me as far as B.C. is concerned." Instead, to my surprise, it was taken as a good, healthy sign and my annoyance disappeared.

I am now thinking of seeing a psychiatrist because although I have such a nice comfortable car at home, I'm off on yet another jaunt in a few days' time and looking forward to it! Wouldn't you say I was crazy?

-----

Slowly the daylight dies  
 The shadow of a tree serves me for an inn  
 For the host to welcome me  
 There is but a wayside flower

Very old Japanese poem

...For, lo, the winter is past,  
 The rain is over and gone;  
 The flowers appear on the earth;  
 The time of the singing of birds is come,  
 And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.

The Song of Solomon

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IMPRESSIONS OF A TRIP TO THE CENTRE

Dorothy Bryant

Distance, shimmering like a mirage in the noonday heat, lures one onward. No tantalizing question arises of what is over the hill or around the bend, for the long red road runs straight as an arrow for endless miles.

Glimpsed from the speeding bus, the mulga trees, saltbush and needle-sharp spinifex evoke cries of wonder. Heads turn excitedly from side to side to view the yellow-crested cockatoos, long-legged emus and hopping kangaroos. Sometimes graceful brolgas dance a few steps before rising in flight, and clumsy bustards (scrub turkeys) scuttle into the tall Mitchell grass by the roadside.

Inexorably the road, like a magnet, draws us on. Where the east-west route meets the bitumen of the north-south highway, stands a monument to the Reverend Flynn, a welcome landmark to all. We turn here for Alice, speeding along the shining asphalt surface, past the Devil's Marbles, smooth rounded remnants of a great mountain range. After recent rains, carpets of ephemeral desert flowers entice us to stop. It is a veritable photographer's paradise, but we must be on our way, the shining ribbon of a road is beckoning.

Fascinatingly colourful Alice Springs cannot hold us for long. With mounting excitement we take the road again, our destination Ayers Rock.

Now the way is bumpy. Over the dry bed of the Finks River, flanked by magnificent river gums, we lurch. Then comes the red sandhill country and graceful desert pines, a species of casuarina. In places the roadside is covered with yellow, daisy-like flowers, contrasting vividly with the red, sandy earth. Everywhere there is colour. The cloudless sky is a brilliant blue and the purple outline of flat-topped Mt. Connor shimmers in the distance. The road is no longer straight. It bends and twists to follow the contours of the sand ridges until the Rock looms into view.

Climbing Ayers Rock is an unforgettable experience. The way is steep and the bus looks so small and insignificant below. Battered for centuries by wind and storms, heat and cold, great furrows have been gouged from the slowly softening conglomerate rock, and troughs and hillocks need to be traversed to reach the summit. But the panorama is breathtaking. We feel we are indeed on top of the world.

On again to Mt. Olga and the Valley of the Winds. A feeling of eerie loneliness, even in the bright sunlight, seems to emanate from these solitary sentinels of stone. From the cairn on top can be seen the hazy blue outline of the Peterman Ranges stretching into the distance towards Western Australia. There is an urge to go and explore where Lasseter trod. From a barely discernable turn-off just before the Rock, a rough waterless track runs eighty miles to the border. But travellers are few. Lured by gold and the lost reef, men have perished along its way.

Back in Alice, due to a bus mishap, we have time to explore Palm Valley, a green oasis in a setting of red rocks. Here are the remains of an ancient rain forest. Sprouting from the rocky wells of the canyon, cycads wave slender fronds in the breeze. Further in, tall cabbage palms fringe the rock pools, and ghost gum with stark white trunks make a perfect foil against the brick-red cliffs. Water weed covers some of the ponds and rushes grow around the edges. Other pools are crystal clear. Now the aborigines must have sought this place--a haven of cool greenness. With reluctance we leave the beautiful spot to clamber around for an hour in the adjoining amphitheatre. Initiation Rock repulses our efforts to get to the top so, alas, we never discover its secret.

Unexpectedly consigned to the 'Ghan' as far as Port Augusta, we take a last look at that vital and colourful town called Alice. Now homeward bound, thoughts turn nostalgically to the open spaces of the Centre, the red earth and cloudless skies and the bliss of sleeping under the twinkling stars at night. We shall miss all this back in the confines of suburbia.

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#### WILLIE'S EPITAPH

Little Willie from his mirror  
Licked the mercury right off,  
Thinking, in his childish error,  
It would cure the whooping cough.

At the funeral his mother  
Smartly said to Mrs. Brown:  
'Twas a chilly day for Willie  
When the mercury went down.'

ANON

A man who was wildly enthusiastic about his driving ability was once making a journey with his wife. After travelling a great distance, she consulted a map and told him they were lost,

"What's the difference?" he said, "We're making splendid time."



### ONCE AROUND THE CABBAGE PATCH

"People in other states call Victoria, rudely, The Cabbage Patch, and make a show of looking for it on the map with a magnifying glass.. Thomas Wood, in his book COBBERS"

On Friday night Flora, Ruth and Gordon left Sydney in a hired Kombi van and proceeded down the coast to Victoria.

Tuesday, 18<sup>th</sup> September

Misty morning and drops still falling off the trees on to our tents, but no rain. In the night I had wakened and seen a beautiful starry sky, so hoped the mist would clear into a fine day. It did. Just as we were packing up our wet tents the sun came through, and we drove the 10 miles in to Buchan in sunshine. Soon got out of the timber and into cleared farmland, and saw rocky outcrops in the hillsides typical of cave country. Stopped on a hill above a property called Wahroonga and took a photo, with the Buchan River flowing through the valley.

In the town there is a bridge over the river and just across the bridge is the turn to the reserve and camping ground, passing under an arch with the name on top. This is a National Park and is a very well kept and attractive camping site. When we pulled up we could hear bellbirds calling all about us and then saw them in the trees very close and almost tame. I could hardly believe it because I thought bellbirds were very shy and kept to the treetops. They were greeny gold in colour with a lot of yellow showing as they flew. They don't seem to be very sociable with the other birds and were kept busy chasing these away, even the big ones like magpies and kookaburras. Not that these took much notice, though, as there were still plenty of them about on the lookout for what they could get, and we had to be careful where we put our chops.

There were kangaroos hopping about too, one with a joey in her pouch so big that he had to leave one leg and the end of his tail outside. There was a koala sitting high in the tree just where we stopped. The trees were all labelled--the one with the koala in was called a manna gum, but we saw another one up a gray gum.

We were all in immediate agreement that we wanted to camp here for the night, so began to unpack and settle down, first putting up our wet tents, then I went and had a shower, washed my hair and did some washing (good hot water). Some swallows were building a nest on the wall just above the washbasin and dropping bits of stick and mud down into the basin, making an awful mess. They have athletic looking shoulders for a little bird--probably need them for the long flights they make.

Had a lazy morning enjoying the sunshine having a little walk along the path looking at the trees and animals and birds. Trees like the ones we had seen in Lind National Park were labelled mahogany gums. Gordon had his field glasses and we had a good look at some of the birds. Back for lunch by our tents, and then at 2:30 inspected Royal Cave which was quite interesting but not very spectacular. The guide told his story well--there is quite a lot of marble quarried here, some of it being in Australia House, London, and in public buildings in Melbourne. We passed through a seam of black marble as we came to the exit.

The guide (Mr. Coles) had a yarn to us afterwards, He knows a lot of good walking country in this area--we must come back some time. The Spelios from Melbourne come up here a lot exploring the caves.

A koala was low in a tree on the way back and Gordon got him on movie with the sun on him. Back at camp Ruth and I took photos of one another with the kangaroos, then walked into town to shop for evening meal until Gordon caught up with Zombi. Heavy clouds coming up again after our day of sunshine, but no rain fell. Good solid meal listening to the birds and animals going to bed, and hearing the koalas growling and snorting as they came awake. Had a short walk after to see if we could see any on the move, but all we saw were tucked snugly into the fork of their tree. Looked up tomorrow's trip and decided we'd better get away early instead of taking time for a walk in the morning. A few stars came out before we went to bed, but still plenty of cloud. Camping fee here 2/- each--very good value.

...The party continued on to Tidal River at Wilson's Promontory National Park, where they were joined by Janet...

### Wednesday, 28th September

I was first up (soon after 6:30) after a very comfortable night in spite of several slices of damper. During breakfast had several interruptions for bird feeding sessions with our stale bread that we'd bought five days ago in Foster--first with seagulls, then with crimson rosellas. The rosellas would sit on our hands or heads while eating the bread we offered, but the seagulls just clamoured noisily on the ground, though they were very good at flying up and catching pieces thrown to them. Taking photos of all this made the departure time later than scheduled. I went down and had a final look at the river (Tidal River) before we went--it was a bit rushy and brown looking, but the whole picture of seagulls on the sand, thick flowering ti-tree along the bank and rocks, all reflected in the still water, was very attractive.

The day was dull and windy when we left, but the sun came out in patches--stopped just beyond Darby River to take a photo looking back. The mountains and bays and islands were all familiar to us now, but four days ago when we drove in they were all strange. Janet was the driver, and she negotiated the rough stretches where the C.R.B. was attending to the road and got us through safely to the bitumen. The C.R.B. are treating the sandhills at the sides of the road by laying ti-tree branches very neatly over them, probably covering grass seeds, and in due course when the grass has grown sufficiently the branches will be removed.

We took the road to Fish River, and then on to the Gippsland Highway at Neenujan. This is all dairy country, but where the ground was not cleared it was covered with our familiar ti-tree shrub. Stopped at Leongatha to shop. Too windy and cold to have lunch out so had it in Zombi with a lovely view out over green grassy hills and away in the distance the mountains of Wilson's Promontory. We were now on the road between Korunburra and Wonthaggi. Passed by a few old coal mines out of Wonthaggi and then got glimpses of the sea, with the railway even closer to it than the road. Came to the San Remo where a graceful cantilever bridge goes across to Phillip Island.

The island seems pretty flat, with a few farms and lots of notices advertising building lots for sale, so probably it will soon be covered with houses. Chicory is grown here and we saw a few kilns. Passed by the koala sanctuary and saw about half a dozen fat little bears asleep up in the trees and one that was awake and lazily nibbling leaves. There was also an enclosed sanctuary for native birds and animals. Came to town of Rhyll where we saw a caravan park. The friendly old fellow in charge told us he'd let us camp for 12/6 and would supply firewood, hot water, laundry etc. We were soon established and his pleasant wife came out with a kettle of hot water in case we'd like it. We are the only visitors in the place so got all the attention. Apparently the tourist season has not started yet.

The old fellow told us there'd be penguins to see if we went to the place where they come in, so as soon as we'd had our meal we set out along the road towards Nobby's till a sign pointed to the Penguin Parade. Most of the fun was over when we got there, but there was a lot of noise going on-- rather like a lot of tired babies crying as they settled down. We walked down to the beach between two fences and saw a few stray penguins on the path, but most were inside the enclosure where they seemed to be burrowing a shallow shelter in the sandy ground or just sheltering in the long grass. A few were still coming in from the beach. They are the little fairy penguins and they waddle along on their little short legs with flippers flapping. Gordon tried to help one under the fence from the path and got a smart nip for his trouble. It seems that penguins come in every night, though later on in the year there will be many more of them.

Came back then to sample the hot showers, etc. The water is bore water and very hard to lather the soap. Lovely starry night now.

Flora Graham

(These extracts were taken from Flora's record of her trip. If you would be interested to see her diary in its entirety--unexpurgated-- have a word with Flora and I am sure she would oblige - Ed.)

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...Much, indeed the greater portion, of my journey had been occupied in long reconnoitring rides; and he who thus rides is in a continued state of excitement; now buoyant with hope...now all despairing and miserable, as he approaches the foot of the range without finding water...

How often have I found myself in these different states of the brightest hope and the deepest misery; riding along, thirsty, almost lifeless and ready to drop from my saddle with fatigue, the poor horse tired like his rider, footsore, stumbling over every stone, running heedlessly against the trees and wounding my knees! But suddenly the note of *Grallina Australis* (the magpie-lark), the call of cockatoos, or the croaking of frogs, is heard, and hopes are bright again; water is certainly at hand; the spur is applied to the flank of the tired beast, which already partakes of his rider's anticipations, and quickens his pace--and a lagoon, a creek, or a ravine is before him. The horse is soon unsaddled, hobbled and well washed. A fire is made, the teapot is put to the fire, the meat is dressed, the enjoyment of the poor reconnoiterer is perfect, and a prayer of thankfulness to the Almighty God who protects the wanderer on his journey bursts from his grateful lips.

Dr. Ludwig Leichhardt  
(Overland Journey from Moreton Bay

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#### FRIENDSHIP OF BOOKS

These friends of mine regard the pleasure of the world as the supreme good; they do not comprehend that it is possible to renounce these pleasures. I have friends whose society is delightful to me; they are persons of all countries and of all ages; distinguished in war, in counsel, and in letters; easy to live with, always at my command. They come at my call, and return when I desire them; they are never out of humour, and they answer all my questions with readiness. Some present in review before me the events of past ages; others reveal to me the secrets of Nature; these teach me how to live, and those how to die; these dispel my melancholy by their mirth, and amuse me by their sallies of wit; and some there are who prepare my soul to suffer everything, to desire nothing, and to become thoroughly acquainted with itself. In a word, they open the door to all the arts and sciences. As a reward for such great services they require only a corner of my little house, where they may be safely sheltered from the depredations of their enemies. In time I carry them with me into the fields, the silence of which suits them better than the business and turmoil of cities.

Petrarch

A fact which does not come before our notice very often, but is nevertheless true, is that our language is one of a large family. In fact the family, called Indo-European, is spread over nearly all of Europe, as well as large portions of south-west Asia.

The best way to show the relationship is to compare the words for the numbers one to ten in several representative languages.

<u>Latin</u>	<u>French</u>	Italian	<u>Spanish</u>	<u>Portuguese</u>
unus	un	uno	uno	un
duo	deux	due	dos	dois
tres	trois	tre	tres	tres
quattuor	quatre	Quattro	cuatro	quarto
quinque	cing	cinque	cinco	cinco
sex	six	sei	seis	seis
septem	sept	sette	siete	sete
octo	huit	otto	ocho	oito
noves	neuf	nove	nueve	November
decem	dix	dieci	diez	dez

<u>German</u>	<u>Dutch</u>	<u>Danish</u>	<u>Swedish</u>	<u>Icelandic</u>
eins	een	en	en	einn
zwei	twee	to	tva	tveir
drei	drie	tre	tre	thrir
vier	vier	fire	fyra	fjorir
fünf	viyf	fem	fem	fimm
seche	zes	seks	sex	sex
sieben	zeven	syv	sju	sjö
acht	acht	otte	atta	átta
neun	negen	ni	nio	níiu
zehn	tien	ti	tio	tíiu

The above examples belong to two groups, the Romance and Teutonic groups and, as you will be able to recognize, English belongs to the latter. Celtic, Slavonic, Greek, Indian, Iranian and other groups all belong to this great family.

I conclude with a Middle English poem, which was written about 1445, and although English has so many Romance words in it this poem or lyric is almost purely Teutonic in its vocabulary.

Now would I fayne some myrthis make  
 All oneli for my ladys sake  
 When I hir se;  
 But now I am so ferre from hir,  
 Hit will nat be.

Thogh I be long out of hir sight,  
 I am hir man both day and night,  
 And so will be;  
 Wherfor wold God as I love hir  
 That she lovid me!

When she is mery, then am I glad;  
 When she is sory, then am I sad;  
 And cause whi-  
 For he livith nat that lovith hir  
 So well as I,

She sayth that she hath seen hit wreten  
 That seldyn seen is soon foryeten;  
 Hit is nat so;  
 For, in good faith, save oneli hir,  
 I love no moo.

Wherefor I pray, both night and day,  
That she may cast all care away,  
And love in rest;  
And evermore, wherever she be,  
To love me best;

And I to hir for to be trew,  
And never change her for no new  
Unto myne end;  
And that I may in hir servise  
For evyr amend.

---

#### GLOSSARY FOR NEW AUSTRALIANS

We hope that English types, having digested this, will much more readily understand the language:

"Come good" - Obtain the information in the face of overwhelming odds. Restore the equilibrium after a night on the tiles.

"Dinkum --True, genuine.

"Fair dinkum" - The undistorted truth, arrived at in a fair and reasonable manner, without too much hanky panky.

"Bonza" - Really splendid.

"It's a fair cow" -Not really splendid.

"Holy cow" - Goodness gracious me.

"Too right" -Absolutely bang on.

"Durex" - Sticky tape.

"Crook" -Not really up to the mark.

"Go crook" - Vent one's anger-express disapproval.

"My word" - Yes, that's quite so.

"My oath" - By gum.

"Sheila" -Female who comes out and goes in by the right amount in the right places.

"Bludge" -Beg or borrow and possibly return at some unspecified date.

"Winge" - Australia has its faults too.

"Give it away" -I've had this lot.

"Fair go" -I say, old chap, it's not cricket.

"You beaut" -I'm in complete agreement with your words and actions.

"Dill" -Utter clot.

"Ning Nong" - Utter clot.

"Galah" - Utter clot.

"Dong" - Put one on.

"She'll be right" -It's not good really, but any blame will fall on your shoulders.

"Overseas" - United Kingdom.

"Continent" - Europe.

"Fruitologist" - Greengrocer.

"Potatotorium" -Barrow for retailing spuds.

"No show" -Not a hope.

"Shoot through" -quit.

"Pommie" - Poor, unfortunate, under-privileged visitor from U.K. slightly below Victorian in social register.

With acknowledgements to the Editors of  
THE HOSTEL YARN and the S.M.R. TRAMP

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And this shall be for music, when no one else is near,  
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!  
That only I remember, that only you admire,  
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

R.L. Stevenson

EGGSACTLY AS IT HAPPENED

"Brian, would it save water if I boiled my egg in your billy?" inquired Flora.

"Yes," answers Brian, except that I haven't put my billy on yet. I'm just building up the fire."

"Well," said Flora, you can put your egg in my billy."

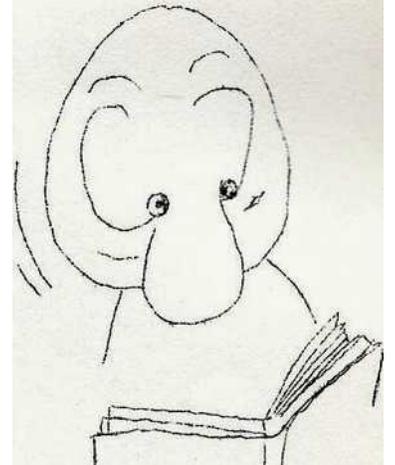
"All right," agreed Brian.

I've only washed my face in the water," added Flora as an afterthought.

The audience in the round couldn't restrain themselves any longer.

This little drama was being played around a breakfast camp fire down Shoalhaven way. Water was scarce but advice freely given--and in the main ignored.

After some discussion, Brian declared that he was prepared to have his egg boiled in Flora's wash water. After all, Flora's face wasn't very dirty!



The audience waited, breathless, as the eggs were collected and placed side by side. After careful examination, Flora announced -- "Your little end is smaller than my little end." This statement was greeted with delirious mirth.

A position was soon selected for the billy and contents on the blazing fire., Preparation completed, Flora and Brian settled down to a long discussion on eggs and their boiling habits.

An egg is very egg shaped,  
I've rarely seen a round,  
Ovals are shaped like eggs--  
Least that's what I have found.

All have shells,  
Some have smells.

Most eggs are kinda oval,  
Some more oval than others.  
They are not orphan alone,  
For all eggs must have mothers.

Some have dots,  
Some have not.

They come in various sizes.  
Sparrow eggs are rather small,  
While the spotted Pardalope  
Has hardly one at all.

Some are spotted,  
Some are mottled.

They come in different  
markings,

Some are well striated,  
Others can be overdone  
And described as mutilated.

