

"WALKS & TALKS"

PLEASE ! PASS THE SALT



THE MAGAZINE OF THE
BUSH CLUB

For this issue's cover design we have to thank Peter Brown. It particularly illustrated the not to be forgotten Easter trip to Barrington Tops last year and the really choice leeches which attached themselves so lovingly to our feet and necks.

People have commented on their particular interest in Mrs Hawkins' letter, the second and last part of which appears in this issue. It is quite possible that Club members have access to similar family or other historical records which they would like to share with readers. Such contributions would be gladly received by either Judy Ellis or myself and would increase the general interest of our magazine.

Janet Robinson
(Editor)

11 Lord Street,
ROSEVILLE

THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM, OR
AN EXPLORATION INTO THE CULINARY ARTS

Wally McGrath

One day, perusing a periodical to which I subscribe, I read the following statement written by the Editor of that magazine:

"We are fortunate in having the services of a well known lady, who has won many prizes for her cooking, and who has kindly consented to supply us with a new cooking recipe each month for the benefit of our lady readers."

In Western civilization, it has been the practice for ages for the man to go out to work, in order to obtain the money to buy the essential things of life, and the woman to stay at home and do the housework and cooking. Thus, cooking has always been recognized as the domain of the woman of the house.

But all that is changing. With the wife doing the night shift and the husband the day shift, or vice versa, both must cook. Thus cooking, which was once considered only the woman's duty, has now also to be performed by the man, the more complicated dishes still being prepared by the woman on her days off.

Worse still, however, is when a man is suddenly placed in a position where he no longer has the services of a dear wife or mother, but has to live his life alone. If he does not cook he starves and if he continually cooks only stews, frys or heats up saveloys, he will first go through all the sufferings of ill-health before he finally starves. So he is forced at last to look up the cookery book to see how more nourishing dishes are made.

Such was my situation, when suddenly placed in a position where I must cook to live and cook well to remain healthy and have the energy to keep up with the other bushwalkers. With such necessities of life in view, I read with particular interest the cooking section introduced in the first issue of the new series of the above mentioned magazine, and among the recipes I found one which seemed within my capabilities and out of the routine of saveloys, hot pies, sausages etc. Most cooking recipes I read always seem to have one or more ingredients which are never in my cupboard, or require some operation which it presupposes the reader is familiar, but which is a mystery to novices such as myself.

The recipe I picked contained no ingredient or operation unknown to me and thus I was able to get to work. Among the ingredients were bread crumbs. True, I had no intentions of buying such things, when I

always seem to make a lot every time I cut the bread. Are not bread crumbs so lowly in significance that we refer to them in such a derogatory way when we say "you can have the bread crumbs from under my table". I learnt my first lesson here. When I came to make my bread crumbs, for some reason or other only a few crumbs formed and I consequently had to cook the dish without them.

When the cooking was finished, I had a product which many a modern newly married miss would envy. This all goes to show that when that Editor said the cooking section was only for the ladies, he did not realize that things are not always what they seem.

The grey gums by the lonely creek,
 The star-crowned height,
 The wind-swept plain, the dim blue peak,
 The cold white light,
 The solitude spread near and far
 Around the camp-fire's tiny star,
 The horse-bell's melody remote,
 The curlew's melancholy note
 Across the night.

George Essex Evans

BIRD SONG AT DAWN

It is sweet on awakening in the early morn to listen to the small bird singing on the tree. No sound of voice or flute is like to the bird's song; there is something in it distinct and separate from all other notes. The throat of woman gives forth a more perfect music, and the organ is the glory of man's soul. The bird upon the tree utters the meaning of the wind - a voice of grass and wild flower, words of the green leaf; they speak through that slender tone. Sweetness of dew and rifts of sunshine, the dark hawthorn touched with breadths of open bud, the odour of the air, the colour of the daffodil - all that is delicious and beloved of springtime are expressed in his song. Genius is nature, and his lay, like the sap in the bough from which he sings, rises without thought. Nor is it necessary that it should be a song; a few short notes in the sharp spring morning are sufficient to stir the heart.

Richard Jefferies

JOURNEY ACROSS THE BLUE MOUNTAINS 1822 (Cont.)

Mrs Elizabeth Hawkins

PART II

We got our breakfast and packed up our beds, and bade adieu to the house at Springwood. Mother, myself and three girls, as the morning was fine, walked on before. It was such a relief to get away from that place that I never enjoyed a walk more. We gathered most delicate nosegays from the shrubs that grew amongst the trees. You must understand that the whole road from the beginning to the end of the mountains is cut entirely through a forest, nor can you go in a direct line to Bathurst, from one mountain to another, but are obliged often to wind along the edges of them, and look down on such precipices as would make you shudder.

We had now three bullocks, as we had so much trouble to get on with two, but we were worse off than ever as the ascent became worse. They refused to drag - at first one laid down and then the other. The dogs were then moved to bark at them and bite their noses to make them get up. The barking of the dogs, the bellowing of the bullocks and the swearing of the men made our heads ache, and frequently we had to get out of the dray, and our fears made us scream out.

At length we got to a hill so bad that it seemed we would never get up it. We alighted and seated ourselves on a fallen tree awaiting the event. We were on the side of it. In front rose almost perpendicular, behind was a valley so deep the eye could hardly distinguish the trees at the bottom. To gain the top of this mountain the road wound along the side. The first day the horses got up. They were then brought back to assist the rest with the bullocks, but they could not succeed in rising from one piece of rock to another; with great whipping a sudden effort was made and one shaft was broken. This had to be repaired as well as we could. Some of the luggage was taken off and with the assistance of the other horse was got up.

When we arrived at the top, the men, much fatigued, found a spring of water, and with the addition of a bottle of rum were refreshed. We again set off, and for the next two miles it was perfectly dark with heavy rain. We were obliged to go on until we were near to water. Our tent was pitched in the road. We remained in our cart till the bedding was got into the tent. Of course we again laid down in our clothes. This very fatiguing day's journey we had only accomplished six miles.

For fear I should tire you with a repetition of the same scenes, I will tell you that every day of our journey from Emu Plains to Bathurst we were subject to the same things, which caused great delay. Our provisions consisted of half a pig, which was salted for us at Emu plains, and some beef. We had flour to make bread with, tea, sugar, butter, and when we stopped at night we had tea and some cold meat. It was our man's business to boil a piece of meat every night for the next day and bake a cake under the iron pot; and breakfast and supper were the only meals we had. I used to take in the cart with me just a little to keep us from starving and some drink for the baby, and during eleven nights that we remained in the wood, Hawkins never laid down till about three in the morning, when the overseer would get up and watch. Never but twice did he take off his clothes. As we occupied the tent his only resting place was the cart. It rained the next morning and everything was very uncomfortable. The men went in search of the cattle who were obliged to be turned loose at night to get water and feed. Could not find any of them. After waiting some time we thought it best to proceed, excepting one dray which the overseer was to watch whilst his men sought the bullocks.

As the road this day was something better, we got nine miles to two bark huts that had been erected by the men employed in mending the road; but were now empty. We were glad to take possession of one of them, and our men the other, as it had rained all day and all night. As in England you never saw anything like these huts, I fear from my description you will not understand them. Some stumps of trees are stuck in the ground, the outside bark from the trees are tied together and to them were narrow strips of what is called stringy bark, being rough it answered the purpose of cord, the roof in the same manner. There was a kind of chimney but neither windows nor doors, but a space left to enter. As many men were obliged to sleep here, all round were placed small stakes and across and on top were laid pieces of bark.

Sydney, Oct. 19th, 1871.

That it may be understood why I write what I am about to do after nearly fifty years since the foregoing was written, I must state that I arrived in the Colony in January 1822 and in April with my mother (Mrs Soldy), my husband and family, we left Sydney to go to Bathurst a place very little known. It was a tedious journey and everything so new and strange to me that on my arrival I wrote an account of it to my sister in England (Mrs Bowling living in Hammersmith). At that time information of the Colonies was interesting, and my letter was sent to the "Times" for publication, but before it went one of my nieces copied the first part of it, and as they never received back the original from the office, the account the family now have is unfinished, and feeling a wish for the conclusion I am asked if I can do it.

I will now commence my journey from the bark huts where we had to remain until the bullocks were found, as they had again strayed away. At this distance of time I cannot enter into all the details of each day's journey. At length we reached Cox's River; here we remained two days. The children had the benefit of bathing and their clothes washed. Our tents were pitched, some fowls cooked and we were most refreshed. Nothing but the usual difficulties occurred until we reached Mount York. It was awful to look on the road we had to descend and it was thought advisable the cart with the family should proceed. The children that could walk did so and we all reached the bottom at 2 o'clock a most wild and desolate place. Here seated on fallen trees, we remained hour after hour. One of the children had a small panniken and we found water to drink. In this state we remained until 7 o'clock; the children got very tired. At that time some of the men came back from the drays bringing such things and refreshments as we required. I then put the children to bed, some in the cart, some on the ground in the open air. The reason why we had been left so long left to ourselves was that one of the drays had nearly gone over the precipice, and every man was required to save it. It was 10 o'clock before all got safe down and our tent put up.

The next morning my spirits gave way, I suppose it was from the fatigue and fright of the day before that overcame me. I sat in the tent and cried and sobbed as a child does. They all left me to myself for a little while and I recovered. I went outside the tent; it was a lovely morning, everything looked bright, the children all cheerful and happy. At a little distance seated on a hill were two gentlemen. My husband went to them. One was Mr Marsden the chaplain of the Colony, returning from his visit to Bathurst. "Oh", he said, "I congratulate you, for you are all going to the land of Goshen".

Again we started. I only remember one thing in particular, poor little Ann, not more than two years old, was on the voyage always crying, and when we commenced our journey she soon got tired in the cart where there was little room, as our mattresses were always put on top of a dray. When the weather would permit I gave her to the woman who rode on one, where she was pleased, but one day going down a small hill, a bank on one side I suppose and a large stone on the road, the dray went on the side of the bank, and threw the woman with Ann in her arms, safe from their high position on top of the dray went slowly over without knowing they were thrown. At length we arrived at O'Connell Plains. A woman was there who very kindly gave the children milk and such food as they wanted. It was a comfort to see a house and a woman in it.

We next reached Bathurst Plains. What a joy we felt. What spirits it put us all in to see an open country and home in view. It was nearly dark when we reached the Macquarie River which we had to cross, and it was rather a serious undertaking, the banks on each side steep and the water rather deep. I believe everyone in the settlement came to witness the sight. We crossed in safety and got to our Home and such a Home after six months voyage and eighteen days travelling over the mountains. It consisted of three rooms, brick floors, two rooms in front, a skillion room behind one, and a pantry behind the other. The front door opened into the sitting room, the back door directly opposite, with a ladder between that led up to a loft. It was the former storekeeper's residence and Mr Hawkins had come to take charge of the Government stores. Our family consisted of my mother 70 years of age, eight children, the eldest son 12 years of age and a half, the youngest Edward, one year, my husband, myself and woman servant. How we all slept I really cannot tell, nor how we got any supper.

Mr Lawson was at that time the Commandant. He came to see us the next morning and promised to do all he could to make us more comfortable, which he did by adding two rooms, one in front and one in back; but it was seven months before they were finished. In the meantime we gave my mother the front room, put two beds in it and as many of the elder as it was possible. I had the skillion and when the winter came we suffered

much with cold as it was not ceiled but open to the shingles. Poor Ann again she had a cot in the loft and the woman took charge of her. Tom and George had the sitting room. When the new ones were finished we gave up ours to the boys, but we had to pass through that and also the one for the girls to get to our room.

I mentioned all these trifles my dear children, that should you ever in your journeys through life have similar hardships to encounter you will bear them as well as I did. I never looked on those things as a trouble. In England I always had a comfortable home, and I came here to seek one for my children, and never felt disappointed with my lot, making the best I could of it and was contented.

The settlement, as it was called then, at Bathurst, consisted of a Government House of four rooms, our own of three, and a Court House, barracks for a few soldiers, Government Stores and a good garden from which we were well supplied, huts for some prisoners who were employed by Government in their land and stocks, and a good barn. Here it was Sir Thomas Brisbane the Government Mayor of Goulburn, Mr Oxley and Dr Douglas, and the principal people in the Colony came to see us in our humble home. We had a grant of three thousand acres of land on the other side of the river, about two miles from the settlement, which we called Blacktown, and after two years we went to live on it. There I lived for nearly eighteen years contented and happy, and brought up eleven children. My letter home I believe ended with my safe arrival in Bathurst, so I will end here as my life since is known to all my family. I will only add that my troubles then began. I lost my husband, my home and three sons, but I have never felt the want of kindness from all connected with me, and whatever I may have thought at the time, it has pleased God to spare my life until I can now say from my heart all things have been wisely ordered. I am now in my eighty ninth year. I have seven children, forty four grandchildren and fifty three great grandchildren living in many parts of the world; England, Denmark, India, New Zealand, New South Wales, Victoria and Fiji Island. This day one of my grandsons (Charles Edward Mackenzie) is celebrating his marriage and takes his bride to the Fiji Islands.

The God who protected me through all these years may He be the God of them all, protect them, and bless them for ever.

(Sgd.) Elizabeth Hawkins
SYDNEY. Oct. 19, 1871

P.S. I have stated what the settlement of Bathurst was in 1822. I will now say what it is in 1871. It is a city having its Bishop, several churches, its Mayor and corporation, sends its member to the Legislative Assembly, has its banks and fine buildings, its School of Arts, its markets will soon be lighted with gas, and the railroad from Sydney is within thirty miles of it. Surely this is great progress, showing energy, wealth and enterprise.

GUIDE TO HOUSE HUNTING

Gordon Robinson

Probably you need advice on house hunting as much as would the Captain of a Chinese junk. Nevertheless, the following is the ramblings of a near expert in the art of finding floors in so called solid ceilings - and paying ceiling prices for dilapidated shacks.

For the past few months Janet and I have forsaken our favourite pastime, bushwalking. We have been occupied in searching for a little place to call our own, so that when we have our chosen home we can go bushwalking to get away from it occasionally.

House hunting and bushwalking are totally different, yet similar. Allow me to illustrate. On Saturday mornings we usually purchase the

Sydney Morning Herald and peruse the Houses for Sale column. A suitably worded advertisement is chosen from the multitude to investigate. In bushwalking, this is equivalent to glancing at the Club Schedule. The decision made, in both cases a phone call is made, to the hopeful agent or the equally hopeful camp leader. Questions are asked and answered, arrangements discussed and a meeting place agreed upon.

You all must have a general idea of what a bushwalker's equipment consists of. Following is the home seeker's equipment:

A small pocket compass helps in discovering the ideal aspect and deciding if the sun room does in fact get any sun at all!

Wear large heavy boots for testing the solidity of the suspected rotten floors. Wear very old clothes, as bushwalkers do, because new clothes would get damaged crawling under the house and getting into odd, never before visited corners. Carry binoculars to inspect ceilings for cracks and hidden corners for rust.

A geology pick is handy for testing the thickness of water and gas pipes. If the pick goes through the pipe wall from a reasonably sturdy blow then the pipes are not the best. The pick can also be used for testing wall thicknesses and solidity. If the pick can penetrate the wall thickness and protrudes the other side, then the wall is thin.

A few light taps with the hammer on baths, sink, wash basin and the like will indicate clearly if they can withstand shock loads.

The home seeker always carries a folding extension ladder for inspecting above the ceiling. The manhole is quickly located and the ladder just as quickly extended and, before the agent realizes what has happened, you are out of sight among the rafters, flashing about with your little pocket torch. I have found it a good practice to allow a few remarks to filter down through the manhole, jump up and down a few times and say loudly: "these rafters are not very solid", or "tisk, tisk, these tiles aren't very strong", or "this wiring is pretty old", or "the ceiling is about to sag" and other suitable comments.

A good test is to take along a billy can. Fill the billy from the sink tap - this will indicate if the water is running or not. Place the billy on the stove and note the time. Continue inspecting the house and return to the kitchen in about ten minutes and make the tea. Note the time, drink tea - and it's a charitable idea to offer the agent a piece of fruit cake.

Last but not least, it's a good idea to wear dark glasses (rose tinted). These are for seeing the many advantages which agents will tell you about, without prompting. They also come in handy for making other people's colour schemes appear more restful to the eye.

 Come in, Sit Down, Relax Converse
 Our House Doesn't Always Look Like This.
 Sometimes It's Worse!

Houses are built to live in,
 and not to look on.

Bacon - ESSAYS

Fools build houses,
 and wise men buy them.

English Proverb

FIRST AID

Judy Ellis

Do you carry a first aid kit? The following are what I consider to be the bare essentials for a kit and I have had this list checked by a doctor who is also a keen bushwalker.

- (1) Snake bite kit.
- (2) One triangular bandage (commonly known as a sling).
- (3) One 3" bandage (right size for arms or legs and folded or cut in half for fingers).
- (4) One small tube of Acriflex or something similar for burns and scalds.
- (5) One small tube of mild antiseptic cream.
- (6) One packet of Aspirin.
- (7) Some "Band-Aids".
- (8) A couple of safety pins.

The approximate weight of all this is 7 oz. and can quite easily be carried in a plastic bag.

Now, just to say a few words about some of the above items -

When dealing with a SNAKE BITE it is important to remember that when applying a tourniquet, irrespective of where the bite is on a limb, DO NOT apply the constriction below the elbow or below the knee; this will not impede the circulation sufficiently as in both these positions there are two bones. The tourniquet, which should be at least one inch wide to prevent cutting into the skin, should be applied OVER clothing to minimize bruising of the tissues. NOTE THE TIME the tourniquet is applied and release slowly every 20 minutes.

Remember also when cutting the skin at the site of the bite, cut along the LENGTH of the limb and not across, otherwise the muscles lying underneath may be damaged.

I think that all snake bite kits have instructions with them, but these are just a few extra points.

A TRIANGULAR BANDAGE, as well as being used as a sling, is very good, when folded, for giving support to a strained or sprained ankle. If necessary, it can also be used, when folded, as a bandage for an arm or leg.

For BURNS or SCALDS, they are usually less painful if the air is kept away. If treated straight away, bandage the area firmly and this will help prevent blisters from forming. If blisters have formed, bandage lightly so as not to break them. If Acriflex or some such ointment is first lightly smeared on the area this will help soothe it.

A bland ANTISEPTIC CREAM on a wound is better than acriflavine, iodine etc., because, apart from the fact that the person may be allergic to them, they stain the skin a yellowish colour, and if a doctor has to see the wound later, it will be very difficult for him to see the condition of the wound under the yellow stain. These strong antiseptics also destroy the healing properties of the skin.

I do hope that this article has been of some help to you.

The physician heals,
Nature makes well.

Aristotle

CAMP FIRE

Anon

"Well, I don't know" said the older member gloomily - dropping a dab of butter into the billy of greens to stop them from boiling over - "things aren't the same somehow".

"I well remember a few years back, sitting round a camp fire late one night with six or maybe seven bachelors. Of no interest to me, mark you - but the point is they were bachelors and the rum was passing round. It was the year of the Purple People Eaters, whenever that was. And look at them now - four have wives and the whole darn lot have cars - see what I mean? It's just not the same."

A couple of chops were deftly placed in a good spot and a ground sheet and tools placed for comfort and convenience a little way back from the fire.

"Now marriages and motoring appeal to a vast and varied collection of the human race and lots of fun and surprises can derive from each. I have enjoyed both - but they do tend to undermine small bushwalking clubs - and of course those bachelors are only a small proportion of the active members affected."

Gloom settled heavily round the camp fire while the billies bubbled and the frying pans blazed.

"No - things are getting more difficult all the time. We need young blood - some young members with a following, keen, enthusiastic, tough, self-reliant. Well (wait for it), suppose we invite that young group of Beetles or whatever.." but here a small log burnt through with a little crash and four or five billies capsized into the fire, sending up a cloud of soft white ashes and spilling out a collection of half-cooked apricots, spaghetti and meatballs, instant pudds and sausages.

 Matrimony, - the high sea
 For which no compass has yet
 Been invented.

Heine

DOGGEREL

Anon

The hours I spend
 With my French Roll
 Laid end to end,
 Would sufficient be
 To paint a masterpiece
 Or compose a symphony -
 What have I done? Contrived a bun?

And if you think "that's rather mere",
 It's more than you can do, my dear.
 Or should you feel that is not so
 Well have a go - just have a go!

 To conclude this issue on a more serious note, I came upon the following: (Ed.)

SUNSET AND NIGHT

But as I gaze some mist of evening falls
 And coldly wraps thy glory from my sight;
 The sun descends, and on the mountain walls
 I see the sudden steps of night.

George Miller