

"WALKS & TALKS"



Happy New Year and good walking everybody!

As 1965 comes toddling in on unsteady feet, so likewise do the new untried editors of WALKS & TALKS, with this the first joint issue.

Our thanks go out to the members who have rallied to the call for contributions, and we especially appreciate the cover design by Maisie Stavely.

We know we have unbounded talent in the Club - please let us have more evidence of it. Articles, poems, sketches, anecdotes, stories - all will be avidly snapped up.

Perhaps we should say a word about editing. This is not an easy task because sometimes, through lack of space or for some other reason, contributions may have to be curtailed or altered slightly, but we know members will understand and bear with us.

The founder of WALKS & TALKS, Janet Robinson, has set a standard which the subsequent editors have continued and which we shall endeavor to maintain. Janet shepherded the magazine through its early struggles and developed it into a publication of high standard. When she left for overseas in 1957 Helene Longton took over the duties of editor until she moved to Melbourne to live. The next incumbent was Nance Stillman who was able to hand it back in a thriving condition to Janet on her return to Australia. So you see that we, the new editors, have a lot to live up to and we need as much support and encouragement as you can possibly give us.

Numbers of members have been on holidays and camps over the Christmas period. We are looking forward to hearing of their adventures in due course in the form of articles for future issues of WALKS & TALKS.

To finish on a different note - some recent happy events in the Club should go on record -

Marriages: Alan and Margaret Sugerman, in October
Judy Loos became Judy Trant in November
Rhona McBurney and Howard Graham, in December

Birth: December 1964 - to Albert and Joan Fried - a son

All the above members and prospective members are reported to be doing well.

Dorothy Bryant
Flora Graham
Co-editors.]

THINGS TO REMEMBER IF CAUGHT IN A BUSHFIRE

(From information contained in a CSIRO pamphlet)

1. Do not panic, and do not run unless absolutely necessary.
2. Cover up all exposed parts of the body, i.e. put on long trousers, jacket, hat etc. (This is a shield against radiated heat).
3. Take refuge in running streams or pools, or in a rut or a hollow. A covering of earth is a protection.
4. In dense smoke hold a handkerchief or cloth (wet if possible) over mouth and nose. Breathe slowly, and await pockets of fresh air before filling lungs. Remember air near the ground is fresher and cooler.
5. If you have to run for it, go downhill. Try to work way to edge and rear of fire front.
6. If it is necessary to pass through flames to reach safety, don't delay. Take some quick, deep breaths and move briskly through.
7. Do not enter flames more than five feet high, or thirty feet deep, or when undergrowth is thick.
8. If the situation is dire, lie prone on barest piece of ground around, or in a rut or hollow. Cover up every exposed part of skin with spare clothes, tent, rucksack, everything available. Remember radiated heat striking exposed skin can kill before the flames reach you. Woolen material is the best protection. Use everything that will act as a cover against radiated heat.

HELP PREVENT BUSHFIRES BY OBEYING THE REGULATIONS

KANANGRA WALLS TO KATOOMBA3rd - 4th - 5th OCTOBER 1964

Peter Brown

Friday night found four of us stepping out of a cozy taxi from Mt. Victoria, on to the dark cold and windy Kanangra Tops. The extremely cold wind sent us hurrying down to seek shelter in the caves below, where we met five other Bush Clubites who had arrived at Kanangra some hours earlier. After a few half-hearted greetings from our drowsy friends we picked out the softest places we could find and soon were asleep.

Saturday, 3rd

The morning was fine but still very windy and cold. People started to waken and soon a cheerful group of 9 were huddles around the breakfast fire. At 8 o'clock we set out over the Kanangra Tops taking in all the splendid views as we went. Kanangra Deep looked most impressive in the morning light. Moist looking clouds were rolling in from the west, borne along by a strong cool wind. As the cloud swept over we were slightly dampened by a fine sleet-like rain, which was to come and go every now and then, but this did not dampen our spirits as the country around us was magnificent and the country to come held us in wonder.

Dropping down from Kanangra Walls by way of Gordon Smith pass, we travelled upwards gradually along the Kilpatrick Causeway to Kraft's Walls, where we scrambled around the left side of the Walls before stopping to rest and admire the views. Then we travelled up to Mt. Berry, passing around the cliffs on the sunny side, where it was quite pleasant, even the snakes being out, for a small brown one slid across my path into the thick bush.

Morning tea was welcome when we reached Gabe's Gap at the bottom of Mt. Berry. Most of us carried a small quantity of water as the ridges that we were travelling on were too high and dry to provide us with any.

The wind was fresh, so we didn't mind starting out again to climb up to Stormbreaker by way of the ridges, High, High and Mighty, and Mighty. Once on top of High we stopped to admire the view. The day was clear then and we could see the distant valleys and mountains to the east and the deep gorge of the Kanangra River close on our left. From High we climbed along the rocky narrow ridge over High & Mighty and Mighty, and from there we could clearly see Cloudmaker and the steep climb before us. Climbing up these ridges is tiring work, as they consist of broken rocks, rather resembling man-made rock piles. The vegetation on the ridges is sparse, so walking was not hindered by too many obstacles. Looking around from Stormbreaker we could see for many miles in all directions. Then came the main climb of the day - Cloudmaker. The time was 11.30 a.m. and we were planning a late lunch at Dex Creek which was to be our first water and also our camp-site.

Cloudmaker consists of five steep ups and downs - Rip, Rack, Roar, Rumble, and then Cloudmaker itself. We were tired before we started the climb and found that by the time we had climbed to the top of Rumble our tummies were rumbling and our mouths were as dry as the ridges we had been walking on. So there we stopped for lunch. The wind was quite fresh again and the rain and sleet were coming over, so we cut lunch a bit short and climbed the rest of the way to Cloudmaker. After signing the Visitor's Book at Cloudmaker Trig, we hurried on down the ridge that would take us to our camp-site at Dex Creek. We found the creek was not running much at all but the water from the pools was drinkable. We selected a well-grassed area, which was sheltered to some degree by thick clumps of malee and bottle brush, and there we set up camp.

Then came the rain. All at once the sky would cloud up and the fast-moving clouds would drop their cold wet load on us. Then just as quickly as it came, the rain would stop, the clouds would disappear into the east and the sun shone in a clear sky. The wind, which was as strong as I have ever felt it, added greatly to our discomfort that night.

Sunday, 4th October

I awoke to find my tent down around me next morning, and heard that a few others had had the same trouble during the night. But the weather had cleared, and after breakfast we packed up and started walking at 8 o'clock. From Dex Creek we climbed over the Mokolong Saddle to take the Western Divide to Moorilla Mountain. The country was confusing and we took the Eastern Divide instead of the Western, but soon realized our mistake and made our way across the swampy valley between the two Divides, and on to the correct ridge. The Western Divide was easy walking and soon we were scrambling around the Moorilla outcrop. Morning tea stop was a little further along the sawtooth-like ridge that would take us to Mt. Strongleg, the slopes of which we would descend to the Cox's River. The rocky ridge with its many ups and downs made tiring walking. Eventually, after a long steep descent, we made the Cox. Its flat grassy banks were a pleasant change from the rocky ridges.

Crossing the Cox was difficult. Because of the rain the day before the river had risen a good 18" and was flowing fast. Nevertheless, we all managed to cross without mishap by wrapping our packs in our groundsheets. We left our boots on as the river stones in the bottom were slippery in parts, and paddling with our arms gave us more movement in the water which was flowing chest-high. Once across we changed our clothes, and let the wet ones blow dry in the sun and wind while we indulged in much-needed lunch, the time having moved on to 2.15 p.m.

Our clothes were almost dry by the time we moved on at 3.15 p.m. The steep Yellow Pup ridge to Yellow Pup was tiring walking. We climbed all the afternoon and as the last rays of the sun were disappearing over the mountain to the west we made a last exhausting scramble up to Mount Dingo. Walking along under the cliffs of Dingo we came to Dingo gap, then along the track over Merri Merrigal with the light slowly fading as the night closed in. Some rock pools at the top, to which we were directed by two campers we passed along the way, provided us with our first drink since lunch.

We had intended to camp at the cave at Mobb's Soak, but as this is hard to find at night we decided to keep going along the track to Kennel Flat. We started out along the Wombat Parade by torchlight. There was an awkward rock climb to negotiate at the beginning, but apart from that the track was well defined and easy to follow. At 8.30 p.m. we arrived at the campsite, very tired and very hungry. Cooking started immediately, and very soon people were going off to bed under a starry sky. After the wet blustery conditions of the previous night, this spot, which was sheltered from the wind and where the ground was soft and level, made for very good sleeping.

Monday, 5th October

After a leisurely breakfast, walking began at 9.30 a.m. From Medlow Gap it was not long before the nine of us had climbed over Mount Debert and up Tarro's Ladder to the top of Narrow Neck where we had morning tea while admiring the wonderful view and discussing the events of the previous days. It was a cool day, just right for enjoying the walk along Narrow Neck to Katoomba. Lunch was at Corral Swamp. At last we were settled on to the 5.15 p.m. train to Sydney, with that good feeling of accomplishment that walkers get after a hard one.

ON READERS

READERS may be divided into four classes:

1. Sponges, who absorb all they read, and return it nearly in the same state, only a little dirtied.
2. Sand-glasses, who retain nothing, and are content to get through a book for the sake of getting through the time.
3. Strain-bags, who retain merely the dregs of what they read.
4. Mogul diamonds, equally rare and valuable, who profit by what they read, and enable others to profit by it also.

S.T. Coleridge.

USEFUL HINTS

Compiled by Ellen Schlesinger (nee Mautner)

It is the little items in our packs that often make or mar the day.

Forgotten Cup?

Here is a hint for an emergency drinking cup. Cut an orange in two, preferably one part bigger than the other. Spoon out the larger half and you will find that it makes an excellent cup. It even holds hot tea!

Wash Basin

Before you prepare your meal you may want to wash your hands with warm water but, of course, you don't like to use your tea billy. A plastic shower cap in the pack is neither weight nor bulk. Filled with water it stands up like a basin, and it can serve as a container afterwards or a cover for a damp towel.

Scratched Legs

When scrambling through scrub and undergrowth we get our bare legs decorated with patterns of red scratches. It is painful and ugly. Of course the stronger sex hide the scratches during the week with long trousers, but the poor girls have to wear nylon stockings. The remedy is to get a pair of worn-out schoolboys or golf socks, cut them off at the ankles and wear them as leggings during those scratchy cross-country parts of the walk. They are easily slipped on and off.

HOW TO FIND THE TIME TO GO OUT WITH YOUR CLUB AND STILL BE
HAPPILY MARRIED

Wally McGrath

So the editor is retiring!

Janet was the 'Genesis' of WALKS & TALKS, and became editor at its inception in April 1956. She has remained in that position ever since except for the period of her absence overseas. Many a member has at one time or another tried his or her hand at journalism per medium of the magazine under Janet's guidance.

Why is Janet giving up the editorship? Because she is now married and has many other things to do!

This reason always seems to be accepted without question, but I question it. Marriage has lately had a disastrous effect upon the Club. First one, then another, then two at once, with more to come - all first grade walkers - now seldom come out.

Why do they have to curtail their Club activities? They all say married life takes up so much of their time that they have little opportunity for other outside interests.

Listen to one who, though not married for a number of years has had to run single-handed a big house with a large yard, doing all the domestic and outside duties newly-weds have to do, go to work, and who can still find time to go out walking every Sunday. The only difficulty encountered is getting out for a full weekend.

If one person can do this, then two people living together should have ample time. The only exception is, of course, where young children form part of the family.

If anyone is interested in how to find sufficient time for bushwalking, I would be only too pleased if these people would come along to my place where I would let them into some of the lurks. I will give a few examples of methods which I have developed over the years to reduce housework.

I have found that bed sheets can be turned and used twice as long before washing. Similarly, one can also turn underclothes inside out, leaving a clean side against the skin. These two examples illustrate how the period between laundering can be lengthened.

When a hole comes in the heel of your sock, slew the sock around about 22½ degrees, so that the hole is not directly under your heel. As more holes develop keep turning the socks 22½ degrees. With this method the socks will last about twelve months and no time will be taken up with darning. When all the holes link up and the feet fall off, the tops can be used as gaiters when out walking with the Club. Study my socks 'get-up' next time you are out and you will see what I mean. For the ladies, buy ladder proof hosiery and eliminate darning.

Don't waste your money on crockery when cardboard plates were made especially for you. They cost less and can be thrown away when used, thus saving washing-up time.

When you go to a chain store and have an ice cream or American hot cake, save your plastic spoons and forks. It will not be long before you have sufficient to invite the Club to a 'Bottle and Plate' evening at your home, all for a very small capital outlay.

If you have not yet bought an iron, do not bother. If you have, sell it and cut out ironing altogether. Buy all drip-dry, non-iron clothing, nylon sheets, pillowslips etc. Use the popular 'tissue' throwaway handkerchiefs. Laminex tops for your dining tables will eliminate tablecloths altogether. Ironing is a thing of the past. Enjoy yourself in the sun.

Don't buy jugs. I have inherited dozens of these and no-one wants them. The bottle the milk comes in is sterilized by a far superior method to that which a housewife could subject a milk jug to. Throw away all jugs, jars, basins, etc., and use the containers the food comes in - this will save you lots of work.

Throw away your bread board and knife and buy sliced bread. Throw away your mix-master, as cakes, puddings, etc., can be bought much cheaper than you can make them and, in most cases, are much tastier. The meat mincing machine has, of course, already gone from the modern home.

Automatic washing machines, power mowers, electric razors, automatic cameras, electric toothbrushes, etc., have all brought about reduction of time spent in the home.

Perhaps when the retired editor, or any other newly-weds of the Club realize the enormous saving in time made possible under modern living conditions, and study the little lurks of which I have given a few examples, they may yet find time to come out on our walks again.

MT. KU-RING-GAI, WOODNUT'S BOATSHED, ROACH TRIG.
REPORT OF WALK, 29th AUGUST 1954. *

Substitute Leader: Ellen Meutner
Attendance: 17 (9 members,
3 prospectives, 5 visitors)

It was an experience and a half. At the last moment, i.e. on Friday night, the leader, Mr. Paddy Pallin, had to withdraw and I reluctantly agreed to take over and lead the party, with the help of my memory, Paddy's telephoned explanations, an excellent sketch map drafted by Eric McLerie, the military and tourist map and the assistance of several members who had done the walk before.

The weather was made to order. The bushflowers seemed to be more beautiful and varied than ever (but I think we say this every year). Shrieks of delight were heard; cameras clicked; Latin names floated through the air; petals were counted.

I knew the direction but did not know the district well enough to always find the easiest ascent and descent, and some scratches appeared on some legs. All this did not speed up the progress of the large party, which included a number of prospectives and visitors. We reached the lunch place at twenty minutes past one for an hour's rest and look around. It is an interesting little spot on a short creek with some rocky waterholes showing a series of marks in the shallow water where the aborigines sharpened their tools, and there are a few aboriginal carvings on the flat rocks.

We had to cut out the usual roundabout way to a rocky plain with aboriginal carvings and a special patch of native roses.

Bushwalkers never get lost, they are only delayed. Somehow we got into a gully between the ridge on which we intended to walk back and the ridge on which we had walked in the morning. I think all seventeen members participated in the discussion on which way to go, and if I remember rightly we had eighteen suggestions. So we tried a bit of everyone's. The strongest arguments were put forward by Bessie Benn, a visitor from the WEA Ramblers, and she led us back to the wharf via the ridge we had come in the morning.

We were one hour later than we had arranged with the boatman. However, it probably made no difference because he had forgotten about us. We shouted across the water. We flashed a torch; blew a whistle; we lit two fires. Eventually he picked us up one and a half hours later, about 7 o'clock, apologized and, to make up for the delay, took us to Bobbin Head. There we waited for the 10 minutes to 8 bus. The Ranger supplied us with hot water for tea, and lucky were those who still had some raisins or biscuits in their packs.

* This used to be an annual "Wild Flower" pilgrimage.

Co-Ed.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE NEGRO ON EUROPEAN CULTURE

Maurice Clare

In this modern world, as we look about us, one of the most notable developments is the achievement of independence by a large number of African nations. This makes us think, and sometimes wonder about the ability of those nations to rule themselves.

One thing that is clear, however, is that despite the material backwardness of some of these peoples, they have contributed and are continuing to contribute tremendously to the music, art and culture of the world.

The Negro influence is exercised not only by the people of that race in Africa, but also by those in the Americas. Music is undoubtedly the field in which the Negro excels. Such brilliant singers as William Warfield, Marion Anderson, Mattiwilda Dobbs and Leontine Price are only a few of those people who, in the face of economic difficulties and racial prejudice, have reached the top through sheer ability. In the instrumental field many Negroes are amongst the leading soloists on their respective instruments. Those of this generation have the benefit of a formal musical education but their fathers had frequently to rely on self-tuition and improvisation, and it is amazing what they achieved in the circumstances.

In the lighter musical field, the popular Latin American dances as well as jazz are shot through and through with African melodies and rhythms. The Negro Spiritual is an accepted part of the serious singer's repertoire. The 12-bar blues form is also a contribution to music by the American Negro.

In Africa this influence is just as strong. Native choirs trained by European conductors using native material are a revelation to listen to. The music of the Bantu peoples is full of power and beautiful melody. To the European ear, African music is so strongly rhythmical that its melody is sometimes overlooked.

Those who have seen the film ZULU will appreciate the beauty of Bantu music.

African artistic motifs are increasingly used, particularly those from Nigeria and nearby countries.

Finally, there is the move by African leaders to educate their peoples. Their most intelligent students have been sent to many Western universities and other educational institutions to equip them to lead the masses away from ignorance, disease and poverty. We have some of these people studying in our own land.

What I have said is not the end of the story. With education giving them a sense of their dignity as human beings, the Negro peoples will have an increasing influence on the culture of the world.

WISE WORDS

That I spent, I had.
That I gave, I have.
That I kept, I lost.

(Unknown Sage)

OUR ALTERATIONS

Flora Graham

Some periods in the lives of most of us are so painful and uncomfortable to live through that it is not until they have receded some distance into the past that we can bear to recall them and talk about them. Such a period was the great wet winter of 1963 when the Graham residence was undergoing major alterations.

The great wet winter actually began the previous Christmas, which was as wet and wintry as any July. Before that time the Graham residence had a big unlined back verandah, used as kitchen and dining room, with windows all around and walls made of all sorts of odds and ends with plenty of cracks to let the draughts in, and barn-like stairs leading down to the laundry and bathroom, where there were even more openings where draughts could come in.

The work was begun with great enthusiasm just before Christmas, and as there was then extra help available quick progress was made. This was mostly demolition work, which is quickly done anyway. Then began the long slow progress of rebuilding. Temporary arrangements had to be made for the bathroom and laundry. The bathroom consisted of three galvanized iron walls just outside the laundry door, and a 4-gallon drum with a showerhead in the bottom, which was filled with warm water and hauled up with a rope. This was a very good arrangement most of the time, but during the wet wintry Christmas the cold rain came down from the sky on to our poor shivering bodies before the warm water had a chance to come out of the shower.

For the next few months the weather was very pleasant for open air living and for doing the washing in the laundry with no walls and having showers in the bathroom with no roof. But all good things come to an end, and so did the summer weather.

Winter set in early with a vicious storm, the first of many to come. Although by this time the lower regions were almost storm-proof, and the newly appointed bathroom a delight to use, the walls in the upper section had been partly demolished so that a lot of the storm found its way in.

Involved in the alterations of the upper regions was the raising of the roof to make room for a ceiling. This was done section by section so that we would not be completely exposed at any one time. Each time a section of roof was removed seemed to be a signal for bad weather - a more reliable weather signal than the M.L.C. tower. Without fail, a rainstorm or a windstorm or a hailstorm, or all three together, would come by before the section of the roof could be replaced. Essential matters such as cooking and washing up, still had to be attended to despite the storms, and you would not know if you had not tried how hard it is to hold an umbrella over you while you do the washing up. I usually settled for a raincoat, galoshes and a wet head.

To add to our difficulties, there was a great gaping hole in the floor where the stairs had been removed and a couple of planks were placed across the opening to walk on. There was a new hole where the stairs were to be, but until they were made the old ones were propped precariously in the opening. Our bushwalking training stood us in good stead to negotiate these hazards without coming to harm.

Comparative calm has now set in, with only the final titivations such as painting, etc., to be done. What about coming up and seeing us some time?