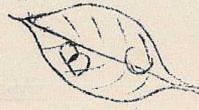
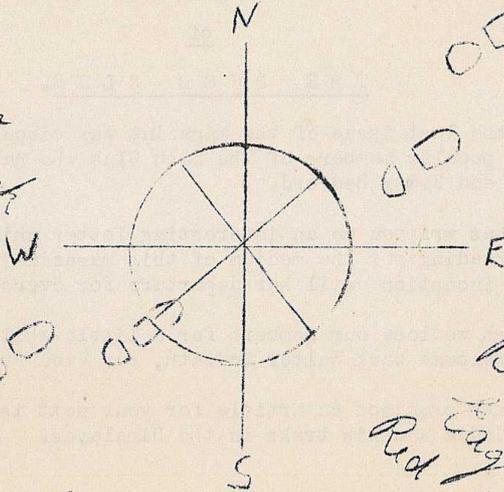


ISSUE No 6.

# WALKS

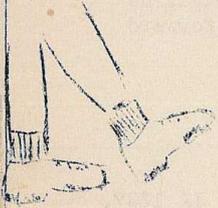


Carlson's Farm  
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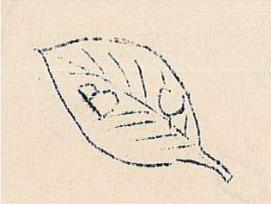
Running Palms  
Eagle Rock  
Red Hand Cave  
Cowan



WALKS.



JULY, 1957. 1/-.



WALKS      AND      TALKS.

The Magazine

of

T H E      B U S H      C L U B

Since the last issue of the magazine was circulated, we have said farewell to two popular members of The Bush Club who have gone overseas - Janet Stevenson and Peter Bedford.

Janet has written me an interesting letter which I feel sure you will all enjoy reading per the medium of this magazine which she started and edited from its inception until her departure for overseas.

Although we lose our members for a little while, they do return to the fold. We welcome back Walter McGrath, our Vice President.

Wally has promised an article for your next issue of the magazine on his trip to India and his treks in the Himalayas. We all look forward to it.

He.

Editor: Helene Economis, 55 Watkin Street, Newtown. Phone: LA 1327

A DAY IN DURBAN.

From: Janet Stevenson.

I'll be very interested to hear how the magazine is going. Would you like a description of my day in Durban?

We berthed in Durban at 7.30 a.m. It was warm but overcast A friend and I took a bus into town then hailed a rickshaw to take us to the markets. O the fun of that ride. How we longed to see someone we knew to wave to! Our rickshaw boy had white painted feet, red loin cloth with beadwork and a bright feather sticking out of his woolly topknot.

We first wandered through the Indian market where we sampled some appetizing little savouries and I examined their curio stalls. There were some nice little bead and berry necklaces for 2/-. I was quite proud of myself when I bargained for a pair for 3/-.

We were told the Native market was really the thing to see so we set off in search of it. Somehow or other we found ourselves in the middle of the produce market where we had to hang on to each other and our purses. It was absolutely packed, being Saturday morning and also the last two days had been public holidays - Ascension Day and their Union Day. It was really fascination standing outside the market gates and watching the people pour out - lovely Indian girls with their thick braided hair and beautiful, coloured saris - Negresses with babies slung contentedly on their backs and one and all with simply immense baskets of produce balanced carelessly on their heads.

More by luck than judgement we finally found ourselves in the Native market. How fascinating it was. There were native barbers plying their trade amongst the woolly headed populace: cobblers making the most unusual footwear - the most unlikely material and little bootees with fur tassels:

beadwork: wooden spoons: basketwork: weapons: and exactly the same bead necklace - for 6d.

Thinking I would get something really good at Cape Town I only bought some bead oddments, necklaces, bracelets and little covered scent bottles. Back in the city I had myself photographed sitting in one of the really colourful show rickshaws. I was picked up by friends there from Durban who took me to lunch at their home. Two things I noticed, particularly when going through the streets. One was the profusion of poinsettias and the other the chimneyless houses. They have a very mild winter in Durban.

After lunch I was taken for a drive through miles of canefields in the gently sloping hills to the north of Durban, passing several native compounds and ramshackle Indian living areas on the way. Then we went through a wild life reserve, stopping on the way to watch some monkeys scampering around on the side of the road. Back to the city via the long brilliantly lit beach esplanade, we paused to look at the statue of a very tired horse and man.

This had been erected to the memory of Dick King, the man who saved Natal by riding six hundred miles for ten days to obtain relief for the besieged British garrison.

After a really wonderful day at my first foreign port, we sailed at 6 pm. We stood on deck watching the lights of the city highlighted by the esplanade fade into the distance.

Back on the high seas again we steamed straight into two days of very wild seas and all portholes were battened down. Unfortunately, this slowed us considerably and we didn't reach Cape Town until after sunset which washed out all the trips that had been planned. It was maddening wandering through the shopping area and seeing the lovely things in the curio shops.

However, a party of us saw some of the night life of the city and at about 4 in the morning got taxis up to the top of Signal Hill where the cable car goes from to the top of Table Mountain. From here we saw a wonderful view

Of the lights of the city and our ship in the Harbour. We sailed just as dawn was breaking but it was light enough to see the stark outline of Table Mountain clearly silhouetted and quite free of the usual enveloping tablecloth.

So I saw Africa. But a day in Durban and a night in Cape Town has only whetted my appetite for more. Perhaps one day I may get a chance to explore further. Who knows?

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PEOPLE ARE LIKE CATTLE?

By Ellen Mautner.

A year ago our four days Easter walk took us to Pigeon House Mountain and the Castle (at least to the foot of the Castle). When we had reached the Clyde River we headed for a deserted farmhouse to find shelter during the frequent spells of rain. We found the door of the farmhouse unlocked. The rooms were untidy, the furniture was dilapidated but it was apparent that others, too, made use of the old homestead. We carefully put the Stores we found aside, washed table and chairs, swept the floor and soon had a fire going. We then pitched our tents in front of the house.

Next morning two horsemen with several dogs rode up. They dismounted without much of a "Good Morning" for us, had a quick look into the house and then prepared a meal. All day long they rounded up cattle and when they came back in the evening we tried to befriend them. It was not long before the older stockman became quite talkative and freely chatted about his experiences.

"There are often parties coming here", he said angrily. "Shooting and fishing parties. They are terrible. They destroy everything and use our firewood. But you are all right", he added assuringly, "I could soon see that. You know, one can pick people like one can pick cattle.

WEEK END.

By a WALKER.

A lovely weekend looms ahead. Anticipatory joy!

First of all - THE PACK. Get it down with quiet and loving pleasure. Add sleeping bag, ground sheet, tent, billy - in fact, all the usual essentials. Next, go to bed and wait to see what the weather will be like in the morning. The weather is perfect. Ha: Collect more essentials. These include basic food. Time to leave approaches. What, oh what have I already packed? What, oh what do I still need? Scratch it all out and pile it all in again. "You'll miss that train" people start calling out. So-o-o, heave it up and stagger off. (I bet Mac does not have a disorganised departure of this type)

A few bad moments! Personally, I do not like getting through the city with a heavy pack. Trams and buses are not designed for them. I have an uneasy feeling that I might have an odd passenger or two dangling from the pack as I get off: or, at least bash out some front teeth as I lurch along. However, neither is done today. After we all meet and find places in the train we are off.

Another good moment approaches. We arrive at a quiet little station. The cinders or gravel crunch delightfully underfoot: the wooden steps resound to hobnail boots: the sun shines brightly: the breeze lightly touches the trees: the train disappears off stage: and there is a lovely country silence. Happily we merge with the bush and disappear from civilisation for some hours. Our packs are heavy it we don't notice. It is lovely to be out. We feel relaxed immediately. We move off at a good steady pace.

If the group is small we all walk fairly close together. If it is large, we get into a long straggly line. The further we go the longer the line. Sometimes we have a rest and a piece of fruit or perhaps a cigarette while we look along a lovely expanse of mountain or coast. Sometimes we do not rest. It depends on the time we make.

The pack now starts to get heavy and we do notice. Why, I ask myself, am I miles from anywhere carrying this lumping great bumpy pack? What in the name of goodness does it contain after all? Have I frantically stowed away some books as well as an old typewriter? Perhaps I should see a psychiatrist! I must try to catch up to Frank. He is away up front. Perhaps he can recommend a good psychiatrist. He'll be frank.

Wait a bit! Here is another memorable moment. The camp site is coming into view. Oh, lovely, lovely. Who has a heavy pack? Me? No, mine's not heavy. Don't think I've brought nearly enough ...

What a lovely place to camp. Everything, but everything is just right. Everything is there. Tent poles, good ground with grass and bracken, plenty of wood, running water. Quickly we make camp.

Tents go up: firewood is gathered: water collected: fire started. Soon an odd assortment of cooks with an equally odd assortment of battered utensils are clustered about the fire. There are people cutting up, people stirring, people peering into mysterious brews, billies bubbling, steak sizzling, lovely smells of food and good wood smoke burning. Oh, these are lovely moments.

There is a satisfactory feeling of well being after our meal. We've all enjoyed it. Our tents look just right, our bed most inviting, the fire is glowing, we are pleasantly tired, the stars sparkle and the young moon is setting. We all have plenty to say and plenty to sing. Later on we may get a piece of one of Albert's dampers. (How we all miss Albert).

Not yet have we discovered the skeleton buried about one inch beneath our ground sheet. Not yet have we rolled our backside out into the frost, or lain on a tube of toothpaste. Not yet has a cow dismantled our tent, nor have we yet lain for an hour, sleepless, while some drong in a neighbouring tent snores unconcernedly. However, even if we do not sleep as well as at home, the night is lovely, the bush is hushed except for the little noises - the creek babbling, the frogs croaking; perhaps a distant surf resounding on the sands or cattle munching on the hill.

I am always surprised to find how late it is when I awake. What is this? Some more good moments. I can smell mood smoke. The fire is going and a good cuppa is well within reach. It is lovely out in the early morning sunshine. Shake out the sleeping bag while the billy boils. Heavens, how hungry I am!

The cooks all cluster about the fire again. They stir, poke and brew as before. The concoctions sizzle, boil and burn. The sun has started to get warmer. We can bathe or wash to freshen up. Now, to repack. It is done much more tidily this time: the tent is dry: everything is neat. Sometimes we lounge, sometimes we walk, sometimes we load our packs and meet the day walkers. Any or all of these ideas are just right at the time.

Then we are off. After a bit we find a very pleasant spot and stop for lunch. Once again, after lunch, we move off in a straggly line towards our nice little station - or one near it. Sometimes the train journey is very pleasant. We are all together in a comfortable tiredness - sometimes it is not so good. We are scattered throughout the train in different compartments and even have to stand. Never mind. We have had a lovely weekend. We have a hot bath to look forward to and, after that, a beautifully comfortable bed.

Why! We must be among the very luckiest people in the whole world when one comes to think of it.

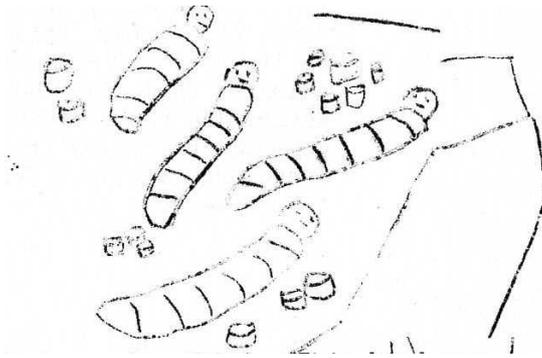
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NATURE SKETCH BOOK.

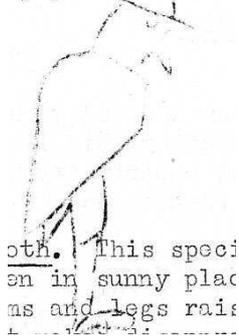
By Albert Fried.

It took a lifespan's patient observation to collect the following data on extremely shy creatures living only in the most secluded areas of our native bushlands.

1) The Cave Worm. It is usually of green colour and lives between flat stones sometimes referred to as "camping Caves". The creatures are very timid and pretend to be dead when touched at 7 a.m. They can usually be found surrounded with clusters of round objects which are not their eggs. In fact they contain cream, peaches, camp pie and suchlike.



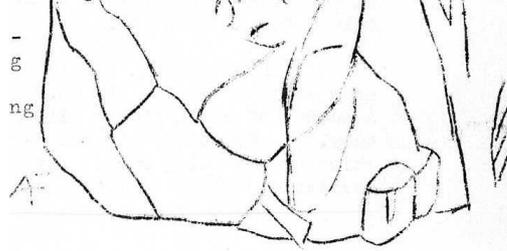
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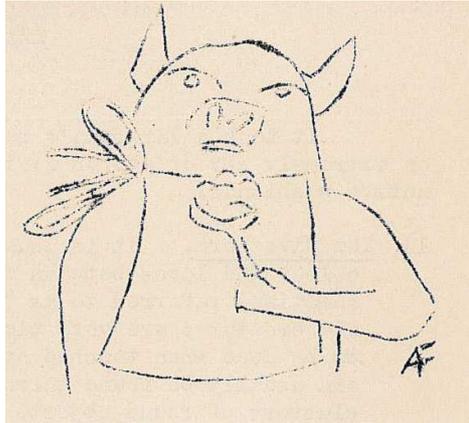
2) The Cuckoo wading bird. This bird may be discovered by the lucky observer on deep muddy bush tracks during the rain, wading slowly, with its leathery wings folded, apparently looking for leeches.

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3) The Giant Sloth. This species may sometimes be seen in sunny places reclining with its arms and legs raised. When disturbed it makes disapproving grunting noises and moves with incredibly slow speed into another restful position.

4) The Camp Hog. Its main activity is eating in which it shows remarkable powers. Whole grocery stores disappear in the unfathomable depths of its insides. It has a pronounced, however peculiar, sense of beauty. This is expressed by its habit of collecting brightly coloured food tins and its apparent admiration for certain perfumes such as those emanating from sizzling bacon and stewing D.Vs. (Dehydrated Vegetables).



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NATURE PRESERVATION.

By Rhona McBurney.

As bushwalkers we seek our relaxation and enjoyment in the bush. Therefore, it is our responsibility to look after this living thing which affords so much pleasure. What a wonderful opportunity we have to do this! At the risk of being told to write for a gardening column I would like to make a few suggestions.

If you have a garden or know someone interested why not collect and grow seeds of native plants. Quite a number will germinate and grow easily. A number of small plants will grow from cuttings - this for "green fingers" only.

By doing his you may be able to help preserve some of the species which are becoming rare. Of course, this doesn't mean collect every seed available, except on land which is being cleared for building.

You may come across an odd lantana or other noxious weed growing in an area not previously over-run by those pests. It is an idea to pull it out as these weeds spread quickly and soon choke out the natural vegetation.

Why not spend a little time helping to improve tracks so that others, older and perhaps not so agile, may share a little of your pleasure. The clearing of less frequently used tracks, which, according to reports, are at present impenetrable, would open up country for the walkers.

By becoming an honorary ranger for the Protection of Fauna you may be able to give valuable information to one of the wild life surveys which the Fauna Protection Panel conduct from time to time. Members often mention having seen some interesting animal such as a spiny anteater or platypus.

Remember overseas visitors and scientists are astounded by the great variety and beauty of our plants, animals and birds.

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THE DINING ROOM MANTLEPIECE.

By Gordon Robinson.

I had returned from the newsagent with an impressive volume on rock climbing which I promptly began reading to the disgust of my father who wanted the lawn mowed.

My attention was drawn to the author's statement that he constantly practised rock climbing in his flat by climbing onto the mantelpiece. I thought it over awhile but finally scrapped the idea as I believed Mum would take a dim view of her son attempting to ascend the dining room mantelpiece. However, that afternoon the family decided to go visiting, from which I was excused after some skilful manoeuvring.

When the house was very quiet I crept to the dining room to survey the proposed sheer cliff face. It was an open type fire-place with a semicircular opening surrounded by stall brightly coloured blue tiles which in turn were surrounded by red bricks with white tuckpointing visible. The shelf looked extremely narrow but quite sturdy, being supported by three elaborately shaped gussets nicely varnished. It looked impossible to scale but I wasn't going to be put off so, enthusiastically sweeping the mantelpiece clear of nicknacks, I stepped back to plan my attack.

Perhaps if I stand at one end of the shelf, then manage to get a foot-hold where the tiles join the bricks and project myself into space, I may be able to get an elbow on the shelf top. Then with knee braced against the wall I may be able to swing the other leg over the edge of the shelf. From here, by sheer strength perhaps I can gradually bring my leg and arm slowly together until my other arm and knee could use the shelf to hoist myself upright. After all, I could only claim success if I was standing upon the mantelpiece!

No sooner said than done; I rubbed both hands together, grabbed the shelf firmly with my right hand and looked for a likely foothold with my left foot - there wasn't one! There was a slightly raised edge where the gaping hole met the extremely smooth tiles but by no stretch of the imagination could it be called a foothold. However, bracing my foot against this minute raised edge and grabbing the shelf firmer still, I allowed my right knee to bond considerably then unleashing untold power I catapulted my sturdy frame into space! What followed I find impossible to describe clearly. After some anxious moments, followed by a sinking feeling, I was on the broad of my back looking up at the underside of the mantelpicce. There was also a painful throbbing lump on my forehead. My approach must be incorrect, I decided! So I again perused "Rock Climbing for Beginners".

"Cliff faces can be scaled by the diagonal method" it said. That was the answer - the secret to the whole thing - diagonal attack! I stood back and imagined diagonal lines in all directions, overlooking nothing.

There happened to be a three point power point at one side of the mantelpiece about 18" from the floor. It was placed there for a radiator. Was it fair to make use of this? After some pondering I decided it was.

With part of the left foot on the power point base I lunged in the general direction of the shelf, my right hand curled around the end of the shelf, my left hand slid along its front edge, my right leg was draped along it, my right side hard against the wall: I hovered in this position for some agonising moments, frantically scraping for a foothold with my left foot, finally finding the minute rim with my little toe.

My first emotion was one of relief, the second was a thought that success was just around the corner, third was an acute pain the the little toe, fourth was panic. Somebody was ringing the front door bell .... the family had returned and I was expected to open up.

Wally McGrath can have the Himalayas - I don't want them!

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BUSHWALKING ON A RAINY SUNDAY.

Report on Walk, 31st January, 1954.

By J. Ashburner.

When we alighted from the train at Cronulla, heavy rain was falling and showing every promise of setting in. Only three members were present and it was decided to abandon the idea of taking the ferry to Bundeena and starting the walk as per schedule, and instead to have a stroll to Cronulla surfing beach.

On reaching the beach, the leader was attracted by the roll of the breakers and soon decided the time was ripe to change into bathing togs and make the plunge, after fruitless efforts to persuade the other two members to join him.

This part of the walk proved quite strenuous, as a fairly strong current and surf were running and much effort was required to reach the outer line of breakers. However, after an hour of this enervating pasttime, which the leader voted "The best bush walk ever", it was decided to partake of lunch in the peace and quiet of the beach shelter shed, surrounded by a hundred other hungry beachlovers, dozens of their children, and several portable radios.

Ample supplies of crystal-clear drinking water, ready-boiled, were available from the kiosk adjacent to the beach, so we had no worries in that direction.

After satisfying our hearty appetites, we noticed that the sea breeze was getting stronger and colder, bringing the driving rain into our delightful shelter shed, so it was unanimously decided to return to the station, board the train and partake of the customary siesta, between Cronulla and St. James, thus renewing our energy for the greater efforts which were yet to be made.

On reaching this latter station, with the bushland setting of Hyde Park in the background, the intrepid little party decided to push on down Macquarie Street, inspecting all Royal Tour decorations and arches en route, and make for the Botannical Gardens. I might mention that rucksacks were left in care of the cloakroom attendant at St. James, as it was decided that this part of the walk was far too tough to be burdened with such surplus weight.

The truly exploratory nature of this walk was vividly illustrated on reaching the gates of Government House, as one member of the party exclaimed,

"Oh, is that Government House? I've never seen it before". After leaving this point, the tracks were numerous and confusing, so it was decided to blaze a trail across country, until the shores of Farm Cove were reached. From here the narrow track round the foreshores was followed, many other "bushwalkers" being encountered on the way, until the Royal Pontoon and landing stage were reached. A thorough inspection was made here and our flagging energy revived by "Sweetie-Pie" ice creams bought from a vendor doing a roaring trade from the crowds of tired walkers.

Numerous barely discernable tracks were followed through the Gardens and the beauty of the wild flowers was appreciated to the full. Eventually, tired and exhausted, we reached the gates just as a downpour of rain was commencing, so took shelter and enjoyed a much-deserved rest at the entrance of the Mitchell Library.

Being true Bushwalkers, we waited until the rain entirely ceased before commencing the long and tiring return journey along Macquarie Street, inspecting the "rolling log" arch with its rolling log being tested for the first time. At long last, St. James Station was reached about 3.45 p.m., our rucksacks collected and off home to a hot bath then straight to bed.

