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WALKS & TALKS



THE MAGAZINE OF THE
BUSH CLUB

Our whipbird cover design this issue is the work of Elizabeth MacLennan. You will see brief notes on this songster on page 7.

I am sure you will all be interested to hear news of Joan Macken from abroad. Flora Graham has generously lent me a recent letter she has received from Joan in New York and this I have found so interesting that I have quoted it almost in its entirety for the benefit of WALKS & TALKS readers.

If anyone has news of Club members abroad that they would like to share with members, I would be very pleased indeed to publish selected extracts of general interest. Do let me know.

Janet Robinson
(Editor)

11 Lord Street,
ROSEVILLE

HOW TO LEAD A WALK THREE PLACES FROM THE FRONT

Ivy Hodson

At last Albert caught up to me and the Sunday dawned when I had to lead a walk to Rocky Ponds. I had only been there once, my very first walk with the Bush Club, and being a raw recruit was well to the rear, not taking much notice of my surrounding but concentrating on keeping up. (When I explained all this to my party, was told, coldly, how lucky I was to have been there once. Albert must be slipping. Usually you lead a walk you haven't even been on at all.)

With my friends rallying round me (how nice it is to have them), twelve of us got off the train at Wondabyne and started out. (Ask Max how he got on about his extension ticket from Cowan).

Max led the way up the hill and we all followed. Barbara and Cliff found it a bit trying, it was so hot, but with a drink of water which Bruce obligingly had in his pack, (I heard it gurgling) and a few drops of sal volatile, we were able to continue. Frank gallantly took the lead, with Dorothy close behind, and we followed Phyllis's paint marks, for which we were duly grateful. It is very overgrown with our faithful friend, the Hakea, so we were all beautifully decorated when we eventually got onto a bulldozed track. Frank said it was our track and, as we followed it, a dreadful suspicion entered our minds. Surely it was not a road to Rocky Ponds? Not another of our beauty spots to be spoiled!

We left the road eventually and got onto the track and were soon at the lunch spot. Needless to say, our first thought was a swim. That poor little pool. With John sitting under the waterfall, Lennie sitting in a "hip bath" up on a big rock, the rest of us managed to do a few strokes. With the exception of Max, who wanting to be like Greta Garbo, had gone downstream to find his own swimming hole. How we all chortled when he came back confessing failure. Oh, but now I think. Was he so silly? He did have the pool to himself because we had finished our swim and were busy getting lunch.

A sudden squeal from Barbara. "A snake." (How that snake grew every time someone asked how big it was.)

With lunch over, some having another swim, we left camp at 2 o'clock. John had now gathered a mighty bundle of bulrushes, tied together with his singlet. These he was going to use as window decorations (which shops he wouldn't tell me). I was allowed to go first on the track to Juno Head. This part I did remember (and anyway the track

was clear to follow), and I am sure I'm being charitable in thinking Frank and Dorothy were not to know how many spider webs were across that track.

Down on the beach, first a drink at the Fitness Camp and then a change of clothes and onto the launch. John is still attached to the bulrushes, although Lennie threatened to toss them overboard.

A cool drink and ice cream at Hawksbury River and the train home. Hark? What's that? Kittens? And that look on John's face. So maternal. He's always wanted to be a mother, he tells us, as with two tiny kittens tucked in his wind jacket (two for company) and instructions on how to feed them with an eyedropper, plus sausage meat, he radiantly gets off the train at Hornsby. Followed by Max with a resigned look on his face, carrying the bundle of bulrushes.

All things considered, I'm sure we had a very enjoyable day. My thanks to those folk who came to my aid, and I feel I now have a better knowledge on how to get to Juno head via Rocky ponds. BUT PLEASE DON'T TELL ALBERT.

TREES

Dorothy Bryant

The words of the old refrain: "I think that I shall never see, a poem as lovely as a tree", ring true to bushwalkers tramping through some leafy glade, as they gaze on pink-trunked angophoras glistening-leaved after rain, slender blue gums stirring in the breeze, tall mountain ash or sturdy snow gums clinging to the heights.

The definition of a tree is a perennial plant with woody trunk and branches. Trees covered the earth long before man appeared in the world. In the Cretaceous period of the Mesozoic era, about 130 millions of years ago, the rise of forests began. Thick tropical vegetation covered the land. Conifers were amongst the earliest trees, and belong to the flowerless group of gymnosperms. Redwoods are another ancient species, and the superb sequoias of California are their descendants.

Because of climatic changes the lush tropical forests were replaced by more temperate plants. It is interesting to note that with the loss of their prolific food supply the huge dinosaurs who had roamed the earth for millions of years, became extinct.

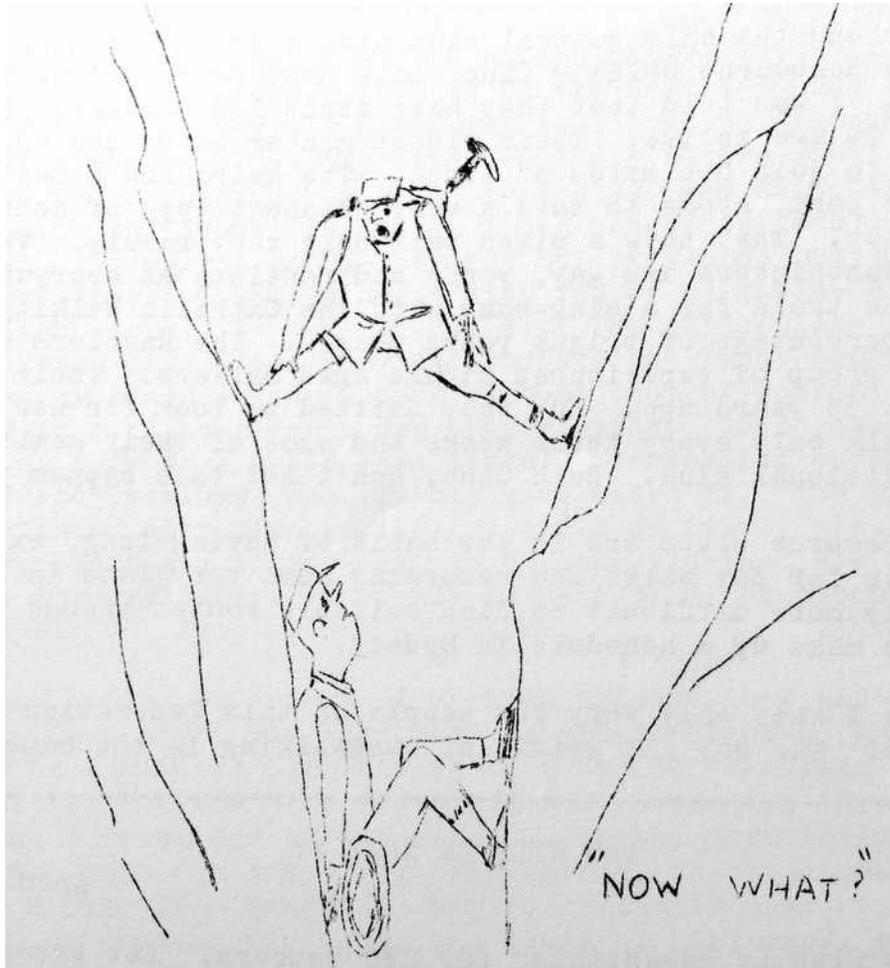
About 80 to 90 million years ago, in the late Mesozoic era, trees such as the fig, oak, holly, magnolia, sassafras, willow, maple and others appeared. Eucalypts, being a sandstone loving flora, could have evolved about this time as the great sandstone beds had already been laid down in the Triassic period of the Paleozoic era.

At the beginning of the Cenozoic era, in the late Tertiary period about 70 million years ago, the climate again became warm and humid and supported a rich and widespread flora, with the flowering plants (angiosperms) dominant. There have been many changes in the world's climate since then but the angiosperms have never been superseded. The majority of modern trees are angiosperms.

With the advent of man in the Quaternary period (1 million or so years ago) trees, after the cave dwelling period, provided him with a new way of life, and civilization today still relies largely upon timber for many of its needs. Trees have been exploited from the time the first man felled the first sapling, and the world today is the poorer for the indiscriminate denudation of its forests. More National Parks and conservation movements are necessary to preserve intact for future generations some of the unique trees and vegetation of our era.

Poems are made by fools like me, But only God can make a tree.

Joyce Kilmer



 REPORT FROM MELBOURNE

Ellen Schlesinger (Mautner)

If on a greyish Sunday morning 120 people with rucksacks on their backs are heading for the same train, even at busy Spencer Street Station in Melbourne, it is quite an impressive sight.

On March 1st I participated in the annual day walk of the Federation of Victorian Walking Clubs. The credit for the excellent preparation, timing and choice of route goes to the Walking Club of Victoria, a small club who was the host for this year's "Moomba Walkabout". Perhaps they could have pushed the clouds a bit further away, but this was the only fault I could find.

We reached the starting point on the Geelong-Ballarat line after a two hours' journey in a special train. Train drivers, of course, are not bushwalkers and cannot imagine that one would want to leave a train in the middle of nowhere. Our driver overshot the destination by about five minutes and the train had to crawl back. Three ladders were provided to help us get down.

We walked first through grazing country and then along the swiftly flowing Moorabool River, deeply imbedded in a basalt and earlier sandstone gorge. It had been raining heavily before. We had to cross the river several times, rock-hopping and balancing with the help of "human chains". But greedy photographers waited in vain for the first one to fall in. The scenery changed often and was always of great interest - even if the thistles in the afternoon were a bit scratchy.

Fires in the open were prohibited. When we reached the lunch spot, a flat sheltered area at a bend in the river, there stood mysteriously before us a double gas-burner with containers of bottled gas, two kerosene tins for water and tea and a crate with twenty pints of milk. I looked around. Supposedly a car could bring the welcome gadgets as far as the top of the hill but from there they had to be taken down to the river valley and up again by human effort.

During the lunch break I contacted several clubs. The Melbourne Bushwalkers, founded in the same year as the Bush Club, are by far the

largest club and the only general club with a greater number of young members. The Melbourne Walking Club, male members only, was founded 60 years ago. I was told that they have about 120 members, 35 years and up, of which 50 are active. Their oldest member is 90 and comes sometimes by car to join his mates at lunch. The Melbourne Women's Club, their counterpart, seems to have a very pleasant type of member, again 35 years and up. They have a mixed walk only very rarely. The Melbourne University Mountaineers are gay, young and restless as everywhere. They mingled in the train for a sing-song with the Catholic Walking Club, who have a percentage of bright young people. The Ramblers are a closely-knit group of experienced middle aged walkers. Their club was founded about 35 years ago. But they omitted to look for new members and have a walk only every three weeks or so and some of their members have joined an additional club. Bush Club, don't let this happen to you!

Most Melbourne clubs are in the habit of having long, expensive train journeys for day walks and returning home very late in the evening. It is probably more difficult to find suitable routes around Melbourne than it is to make up a schedule in Sydney.

Although I knew only very few people on this Federation walk, I felt quite at home. The way and spirit of bushwalking is the same everywhere.

 WHO WILL IT BE NEXT??

Anon.

The Bush Club is advertising for new members. Let prospectives beware if they belong to the so-called stronger sex! The Bush Club hides a deadly secret - it is losing its bachelors. One by one they are falling by the wayside, succumbing at last to the lure of the femme fatale.

It can't be the bush cooking - such dubious concoctions the lasses devise, especially on fireless camps - it must be the thought that, perhaps two CAN live as cheaply as one (Ha! Ha! Ha! How silly can you be).

The first to set the ball rolling this leap year is Peter, and to Mr and Mrs Bedford, now of New Guinea, the Bush Club extends its heartiest congratulations. Who knows, Peter, what wheels you may have set in motion-we are waiting with bated breath ...WHO WILL BE NEXT?

 By persistently remaining single a man converts himself into a permanent public temptation.

Wilde - 'The Importance of Being Ernest'

 LETTER FROM NEW YORK

Joan Macken

25/3/64

I often think of different walks I have done and the delights of slithering over rocks, plodding up hills, and fighting off scratchy brambles and unmentionable leeches, and I wonder how I could have left it all behind me and traded it for this kind of life. But I do really miss you all and the walking too, and hope the club is still functioning when I get home so I can once more become an active member. At the moment I'm only active to the extent of crossing Fifth Avenue to catch the bus!

But I love being in New York and have settled down here until Spring next year. I originally intended going on to London in May this year, but was asked to stay on here (the Australia Trade Office) for 12 months, and after at first saying No (because you never know what glorious misadventure might be waiting round the corner) I eventually changed my mind and said Yes, mainly because I like New York so much and also because I will have such an enormous number of dollars saved up by next year (?)

I suppose I should start at the beginning and tell you my whole trip in its proper sequence. It's 12 months next week since I left my homeland, and it was a really wonderful trip over to Vancouver. Hong Kong was the highlight, and definitely worth a return visit one day. And Honolulu, which is supposed to be so overrated, was wonderful. The trip could have gone on forever so far as I was concerned, and I was real miserable the day we got to Vancouver. But it was so pretty there I soon got over that. I set up house with two of my cabin-mates on the ship - English girls. We were in the West End quite close to English Bay, and I loved it. I was very unfortunate the first week I arrived when I broke my glasses (can't work without them of course!) and unhappily had to send home for a new prescription. So I couldn't start work quite as soon as I would have liked! Eventually, though, I got a job with Office Overload, who you may have heard of. You go round to different offices providing relief for girls on leave, etc. The reason I went there was that, if you want to do some touring, you just tell them you're not available. It's not as well paid, of course, because they take their cut too, but it suited me.

I joined Y.H.A. as soon as I arrived because they had a camping trip to Alaska in June and I was very keen to get to Alaska. And I thought it would be an excellent opportunity to show the Canadians how camping should be done! But the trip was cancelled, evidently through lack of interest, and I never did get to Alaska. So the next thing I put my name down with them for a cycling trip through the Rockies. The idea was to ride a bike from Banff to Jasper. I hadn't done any cycling since I wove my weaving way round the Lakes of Killarney, but with my usual daring I confidently registered for the trip, and henceforth every Sunday afternoon one of my longsuffering English friends and I went round and round Stanley Park on hired bikes, with the one aim of getting Joanie into top condition for her epic journey. The first time we set out we somehow got out of the park and onto a four-lane highway without knowing one rule of the road and trying desperately to remember to keep to the wrong side. We went through underpasses and overpasses and broke every rule in the book before we eventually landed back in the comparative safety of the Park. But I enjoyed those Sunday afternoons immensely, and as it turned out I never did ride from Banff to Jasper. They had originally fixed on a maximum mileage for one day of 30 miles. This rocked me at first, but then I thought of some of the walks I had done which must have been more than 10 miles, and thought that 30 miles riding should not be too difficult. However, towards the end they increased the 30 to 50, and this I thought was just too much to ask of my already bulging leg muscles. So with regret I declined the opportunity. I finished up going to Banff by Greyhound in August and enjoyed it and the Rockies immensely.

In September I did a trip down to Los Angeles on the "Oronsay". The ticket I came to Vancouver on was good for all the West Coast so long as I used it within six months of leaving home. So of course I didn't want to miss this opportunity of having a look at God's Own Country (my name doesn't begin with "Mac" for nothing!). I originally intended coming right back on the bus to Vancouver, but asked a friend who had just returned to Sydney to try for a 99days for 99 dollars ticket for me. You are supposed to be arriving in U.S.A. from a foreign country (which Canada isn't), but as my ticket had been issued in Australia originally I thought I might have a chance, and with a bit of fast talking I got it. And this was really one of the best things that's ever happened to me. I loved every bit of my bus marathon (I finished up crossing the continent three times!). The ship trip was good too, as we called at Seattle in addition to San Francisco and Los Angeles and I had a trip on the Monorail and up the Space Needle, which were left here after the World Fair. I had a week in Los Angeles "doing" Hollywood and Santa Monica and Las Vegas (which I thought was terrific and where I left a small fortune in nickels in the fruit machines). I struck a heatwave in L.A. and we had four days around 107o. After a "Summer" in Vancouver I really enjoyed it.

I went back on the bus to San Francisco, which I loved, and out to Yosemite Valley. Then back to L.A. to start my real trip. I first

went to Grand canyon where there were more Australians than Yanks, most of them travelling Greyhound and on their way to the East Coast to pick up the Oriana. I loved it there and spent two days. I didn't do the mule trip down but walked quite a long way with an English girl who reckoned her mule was 9 feet tall and got off in a hurry. Next I went to Phoenix and from there to El Paso and across the Rio Grande into Mexico. I was travelling with an Australian at this stage and we kept together until Florida. I had good company all the way and met Swiss, Germans, English, Scottish (two fellows in their kilts in the wilds of Arizona), and of course Yanks and Aussies. I nearly went on to Mexico City from El Paso and wish now I had taken the opportunity, but maybe I'll work it in yet. I went to New Orleans and on to Miami Beach, then up the East Coast to Savannah, Richmond, Washington, Atlantic City (incredible!), then on to New York where my fate was decided for the next 12 months. For all I had seen shots of the Manhattan skyline so often on t.v. and newsreels etc., it was still a heartstopper to see it all laid out before me as we approached from the New Jersey side. Most big cities leave me cold, but after four days here I was so keen I began to get the idea of working here. I decided to register my name at the Consulate for employment, and if I was called up before December (when my bus ticket expired) I would come back from Vancouver. I was influenced also by the fact that I could come back for free on the bus and so be 3000 miles closer to my next goal of England. Anyway, they welcomed me with open arms (they were really desperate) and the next thing I knew I was back on the bus heading for Vancouver to pick up my possessions and get back as soon as I could to start work. I managed to stop off in Montreal to see Betty, then went through Winnipeg, stayed there one night, then through to Vancouver. I loved this trip across too - didn't find the Prairies monotonous as everyone says you do, and of course the Rockies were as gorgeous as ever. It seemed unreal at times to be drinking coffee at 2 or 3 in the morning at places like Medicine Hat and Swift Current and Moose Jaw. I love Canada and the Fraser River is one of my first three rivers now. I got back to Vancouver at 5 one morning and left the following day. This time I came back via Seattle, Idaho, Montana and Chicago, and it also was a wonderful trip. We got caught in a blizzard on the top of a mountain pass in Montana and were caught in the snow until a couple of snowploughs came along and helped us out. It was 2 in the morning and most exciting. I told some awful fibs at the border because you dare not say you are coming in to work. I've only realized since how lucky I was to do all the travelling I did. I was a legitimate traveller, but I tore my "white slip" up when I went into Mexico because it had expired and I thought they mightn't let me back in and I'd have to spend the rest of my days making serapes or something south of the border! Anyway, to get back to my tale I started work on 12th November. Whoever would have thought I would be a Commonwealth Public Servant.

I love the job here. I'm in the Trade Office and have been promoted to Boss' secretary. He is H.C. Menzies (cousin of Bob) and very nice. I was asked to stay 12 months because he had four secretaries last year and, as aforementioned, eventually decided in favour thereof (in Joanie's interests, not in Australia's!). It killed me at first that my ticket still hadn't expired and there it was lying idle while I banged a typewriter. I really enjoyed my trip so much. And I met wonderful people along the way and only made a few minor blues. Like when I queued up at the Hall of Justice in L.A. when I saw a sign saying "Visitors Passes here". I thought I would probably have a grand tour of the building, but eventually was forced to the conclusion that the black, brown and white crowd was queuing to visit their dear ones in prison, which was in the same building. I got off that queue fast.

And I enjoyed the strange variety of food across the States. Like having tomaty and mayonnaise with good old Irish Stew and the odd things that are served as "Vegetables". Once I remember the vegetable was Sliced Peaches in Jelly quivering on a Lettuce Leaf. All sorts of interesting things! And I liked the Candied Yams in the south, but I hated the "Grits" which you get with your fried eggs and are just like Breakfast Delite.

I like the American people very much. When you meet them on their home ground they are very nice. Take the fellow behind the counter in The Chicago Cafeteria where I was queuing up for my breakfast. He asked me where I came from (it must have been the way I didn't say Cawfee) and when I said Australia he said "AUSTRALIA - sit down baby and I'll bring it over to you". Others, of course, look vague when you tell them Australia and eventually say triumphantly, "Oh, you're ENGLISH". In the South I was asked if English was taught in the schools at home; I told them I learnt it at my Mammy's knee. The South was really interesting. One day I had for a seatmate a coloured lady with a four months old daughter called Yvette. When it came to Yvette's feeding time Momma pulled out a bottle with stuff that looked like cough mixture in it. Yvette tucked into it and I thought the colour problem being like it is down there maybe the Yanks had invented brown milk for brown babies. I was pretty friendly with the mother by this time and asked her what it was. And it was Coca Cola. At four months!

What with these interesting encounters I did find it hard to settle, but the staff here is really nice - mostly Australians with wanderlust, but also a Canadian and an English who are the only "permanents" on the staff apart from the two bosses. We have good fun together and it will be quite a break when some set off again for foreign lands.

I rode my 99 day ticket right to the end - in fact I managed to get 101 days out of it. At Christmas-time I took an extra day and went to Montreal via Niagara Falls. I set out at 9 p.m. Christmas Eve and arrived at Niagara 9 a.m. Christmas Day. And boy was it snowy up there! There were icicles hanging from the second-storey eaves and almost touching the ground. It is a wonder the Falls weren't frozen over - I was! If you stepped off the path at the Falls you were up to your knees in snow and ice. But it is a Christmas Day I will never forget. I loved every minute of it. The Falls were magnificent but their setting is very disappointing. I had my Christmas dinner of hot dog and cawfee in the Greyhound bus station before setting off for Syracuse, where I spent the night, then next day went through country which was a real winter wonderland to Montreal. It was minus 60 there in the mornings and in the heat of the afternoons managed to reach +60. I don't know how Betty has managed to survive all this time. I have never been cold like it in my life. Not shivery but just plain numb. I had to do facial contortions every few minutes to keep the circulation going - must have looked charming! Betty was fine and she and a friend of mine who lives with her had plans for coming down here at Easter.

I have enjoyed the winter here very much. We have had some fairly heavy falls, one in particular when everything practically stopped, there being 11 inches. But work on behalf of Australian trade carried on as usual! We have a few fringe benefits in the Commonwealth; to wit, a few jars of Australian honey after they served their purpose as samples; also a can of Sauerkraut and Sweet & Sour Gherkins (which I never knew before were typical products of my homeland). These two items still repose on my kitchen shelf, not because of any sentimentality but because I don't like them - sweet or sour! Also a pair of rubber kitchen gloves - indispensable! Also eight sample pieces of 2 x 2 best merino blanket, which another girls and I had the fun of our lives transforming into one very odd looking one-piece blanket on a sewing machine which must have been Mr Singer's very first effort. The finished product is a riot, but far better to sleep under than my All-Weather Coat.

I'd better bring this epic to a close. My best wishes to all the Bush Club.

WHIPBIRD (See Cover Design)

It takes time and patience to see the Eastern Whipbird but the effort is worth while. A shy creature which frequents heavy scrub along Australia's east coast, the Whipbird feeds mainly on the ground, searching under leaves and logs for insects. If lucky, you may see the birds

playing and chasing each other through the undergrowth with their small crests raised. The call from which the bird takes its name is a long-drawn whistle ending with a sharp whipcrack and followed by two soft notes like "choo-choo". These follow-on notes are usually uttered by the female, but sometimes the male renders the whole call.

 MATTERHORN

Alan Catford

We were lucky, for a quite moderate tariff, to get a hotel room with a direct view of the famous mountain from the tiny balcony overlooking Zermatt's automobile-free streets. (Only tiny electric trucks are seen representing motor transport in Zermatt). The weather was perfect that first afternoon, the direct rays seen departing from the steep green slopes of the deep valley, but lingering long on the snow and rock of the high tops. Matterhorn shone high above in the blue of the southern sky, a noble lady of immense allure. Tomorrow was the day!

We decided to give ourselves a good start, and took a cable car up the first fifteen hundred feet or so to Schwartzsee. Then it was a footslog up a winding track to the base of the rock climb, where the climber's mountain really begins. The rock climb itself must be about 2500 feet, as the Matterhorn summit is about 5000 feet above the valley. There is plenty to see on the way. Matterhorn was formed by glacial scouring, and the great ice-rivers still occupy their permanent positions filling the huge cirques which form the mountain's sides. (Matterhorn is actually a general term for a sharply peaked mountain formed in this way - by glacial action on all sides). A big glacier on the north-western flank of the mountain ends in an ice-cliff, and a section of this has fractured into great chunks of stratified ice the size of office-blocks. Later in the day we had a chance to appreciate the scale of this cliff when we spied four men toiling up a slope at its base. (they formed a rescue party going to the aid of a climber injured by falling stones. These men and a helicopter co-operated to bring the man safely down to Zermatt the next day). Away to the east, a big snowfield leads to the foot of Monte Rosa and to mountains beyond. The Gorner Glacier winds down through the dark brown rocky foothills of this region, curving gracefully in our direction. The greeny-blue ice tongue is edged with crevasses, and moraines add pepper to the salt which is snow. These glaciers, in the comparative warmth of summer, are a maze of caverns underneath, and icy torrents emerge from their bases and cascade down to the lower levels.

It was early afternoon when we arrived at the four-storey, unattractive concrete building at the foot of the great rock mountain. This building houses climbers overnight, so that they can make an early start next morning on the ten hour climb. After lunch, I decided to try a little - just a little - of the climb. Half an hour later I found myself well up on a highly exposed ridge of crumbling slate, with an incalculable drop awaiting me if I trusted to a loose piece - which I was extraordinarily careful not to do! There came a place which I decided was a fifty-fifty risk, and simultaneously figuring that I was probably off the accepted route anyhow, retraced my steps and handholds. Soon I found the rather well-worn rocks which are the proper ones to negotiate, and was thereafter managing very well until the mist came. By this time I was 400 or 500 feet up, and as time was marching, Janet waiting, and I had never intended climbing the mountain anyway, I reluctantly gave it best. Thus far, the climb could not be called difficult for anyone who can climb at all. But what lies further up only those who have been can say. And many have tried, without the help of a guide, to meet the challenge of this fascinating peak, and have paid the supreme penalty. The churchyards of Zermatt are full of their epitaphs.

Next time perhaps - if there is a next time - with a guide!

THE SWISS ALP

Yesterday thy head was brown, as are the flowing locks of love,
 In the bright blue sky I watch'd thee towering, giant-like, above,
 Now thy summit, white and hoary, glitters all with silver snow,
 Which the stormy night hath shaken from its robes upon thy brow;
 And I know that youth and age are bound with mysterious meaning.
 As the days are link'd together, one short dream but intervening.

J.W. von Goethe, Translated by W.E Ayton

BUSH CLUB MEMORIES

Frank Macken

The number of years that I have been with the Bush Club may allow me some latitude in comment (subject, unfortunately, to editorial censorship).

I joined well over ten years ago, when Beryl McLean had nearly completed her record term of over seven years in office as the secretary of what was then a flourishing club.

The earliest of the walks brings memories of our slow processions around Middle Harbour and The National Park, punctuated with many intervals and rests for the study of botany, coupled with profound studies of the map and compass. Photography then seemed to be more or less the box camera or Kodak camera stage with all sizes of black and white prints as a result.

At the monthly meetings we were often entertained by what I thought were good lectures from visitors, and often too by a talk from a member, illustrated by black and white photos passed from hand to hand to show us something of their trip away to distant parts.

Marie Byles kept her patron's eye upon us and we had quarterly meetings at her Cheltenham hut on the fringe of the bush, and also heard her witty lectures about her trips overseas, illustrated by slides and projector, while the big billy boiled in the fireplace, and there too we huddled around for warmth in winter.

Each month there was a weekend camp sponsored by Beryl McLean or Eckart Hill. How we enjoyed the campfire songs, always we had them. The names of the camp leaders varied, but these two were usually the moving factors. Eckart and Albert Fried soon teamed together, and to walk with them was a new experience of tramping in the mountains for hours.

Soon the onset of the motor car and other factors following post-war expansion depleted the club membership. Walking seemed no longer in fashion (in fact it's not really fashionable even now). People wanted to spread their wings elsewhere after wartime controls and repressions. For some time we were a shadow of our former strength, but time heals all wounds. Changes were taking place and new vigorous walkers came along and revitalized the club. By constitutional amendment our presidents were now limited to two year terms.

Time has seen a splendid procession of presidents since. I recall Ruth Milton who had the first nerve-wracking (for her) term of office as president of the new post-war era, 1953-1954, and then Eric Cadzow, a most tactful president, followed by cheery Dorothy Bryant, then Wal McGrath, Gordon Robinson and Howard Graham, all of whom have done splendid jobs and are still with us. A word in passing - we mustn't forget we had very conscientious secretaries, too.

Then came the era of 35 mm photography, and with colour too. How rapt in pleasure we were to see ourselves and our bushland in colour on the screen when Albert first projected his colour slides.

Loyalty, unity, numbers and real bushwalkers came back to the Club, more strenuous walks and camps were scheduled. Somehow we don't always have the campfire singing now as we used to. However, we go on, each of us looking for that something we need, that harmony, that friendship, that human quality; and all are finding a common unity in Nature and in each other. Earth and sky and mind all joined together. As Kipling says, "One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin".