



THE NEWS

OF THE MELBOURNE BUSHWALKERS

Edition 297

DECEMBER 1973

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SEASON'S
GREETINGS

FROM

The Editor,
Staff, AND ALL THE
Committee

DONT FORGET THE SOCIAL EVENT OF THE YEAR ON SATURDAY NIGHT (15th December) DYO
See last months NEWS for map of how to get there (Graham Hodgson's house,
406 Sheffield Road South, Montrose) SEE YOU ALL THERE!

All correspondence should be addressed to
 Hon Secretary, Melbourne Bushwalkers,
 Box 1751Q, G.P.O.
 MELBOURNE, Victoria 3000

Meetings are held in the clubrooms, 14 Hosier Lane, at the rear of the Forum Theatre every Wednesday night at 7.30 pm. Visitors are always welcome.

JANUARY WALK PREVIEWS

Previews of Christmas holiday trips are printed in November's News.

DAY WALKS

January 6 BUSHRANGER BAY - GUNNAMATTA BEACH

Leader; Russell Wilk (p)92 7139 Easy- medium
 Van leaves Batman Ave 9.15 am. Fare \$2.00
 Map; Sorrento 1"= 1 mile (Mines Dept., 107 Russell St.)
 Approx distance; 10 - 11 miles.

(Plent of walking and side tripping time, as it takes only one hour to get there - even in a van.) In this walk there is an amazing variety of landscape and geological features. We will commence at the old diggings at the mouth of Yallerong Creek at Cairns Day. From here there are views out to Phillip Is and Seal Rocks, as well as many zeolites for the collector. Proceeding with suicidal proximity to the cliff face, (you dont have to get as wet if you take this route ?), we will continue to pass several creeks and small waterfalls and cliffs over 300' high until we get to the native vegetation surrounded Burrabang Creek, of whose crystalline trickles we will suckle for lunch! After lunch we will scratch our way up a 200' sandy slope, out of Bushrangers Bay, and along the edge of undulating farmlands to Cape Schank. If it is clear enough we will even see the Prom and Cape Otway. At the Base of the Cape, Angel Cave nestles and can be entered. From here we will meander along the well defined coastal rock platform, if the tide is low, to the sand dunes backing Gunnamatta Beach. (If the tide is high we will go overland from here instead.) Those who feel inclined can have a swim, so be prepared, it may be hot! Definatly not a boring walk, as this short ramble passes through some of the most rugged territory within about 50 miles of Melbourne.

Jan 13 LERDERBERG RIVER AND FAMILY WALK

Leader; Graham Errey (p)877 2685 Easy
 Van leaves Batman Ave. 9.15 am Fare \$2.00

This should be a fun filled day combining a family walk with the annual Lilo Derby, an event not to be missed, (see under weekend walks.)

Jan 20 NARBETHONG PLANTATION - BLACK RANGE - DOM DOM SADDLE

Leader; Les Markham (b)699 2108 Medium
 Van leaves Batman Ave. 9.15 am. Fare \$2.00
 Map; Juliet 1:50,000 Approx distance; 9 miles.

Join Gronows Parlor Car for a scenic drive into the Divide followed by a gentle perambulation through magnificent forests to the Narbethong Plantations. Good tracks, varied terrain, beautiful scenery and views.

Jan 27 TALLAROOK - GOULBURN RIVER

Leader; Virgil Davis Easy - medium
 Van leaves Batman Ave. 9.15 am. Fare \$2.50
 Map; Tallarook 1:50,000 Approx distance; 8 miles.
 Expected return; 7.30 pm.

This promises to be a delightful walk along the banks of the Goulburn River. Dont forget your swimming togs.

JANUARY WALK PREVIEWS Cont.....

WEEKEND WALKS

12 - 13 LILLO DERBY - LERDERBERG RIVER

Leader; Graham Mascas (p)25 6940 Easy
 Van leaves Datman Ave 1.30 pm. Fare \$2.00

The annual Lilo Derby is an event not to be missed, and you can be sure that Graham will have something interesting in mind for this year. So come along and bring your lilos for some great after Xmas relaxation.

18 - 20 WILKINSON LODGE - BOGONG HIGH PLAINS

Leader; Darrell Sullivan (b)67 8428 Easy
 Private transport leaving Friday evening. Arrange with leader.

More great after Xmas relaxation! or if you prefer some brisk walking round the high plains, that can be arranged. Something for every one. As usual preference will be given to newer members who haven't been to Wilky yet, but all are welcome.

25 - 28 1) HOWITT - THE VIKING - THE RAZOR - CROSSCUT SAW

Leader; Max Wilkinson (b)666 0231 Medium - hard
 Private transport leaves 6.30 pm. Arrange with leader.

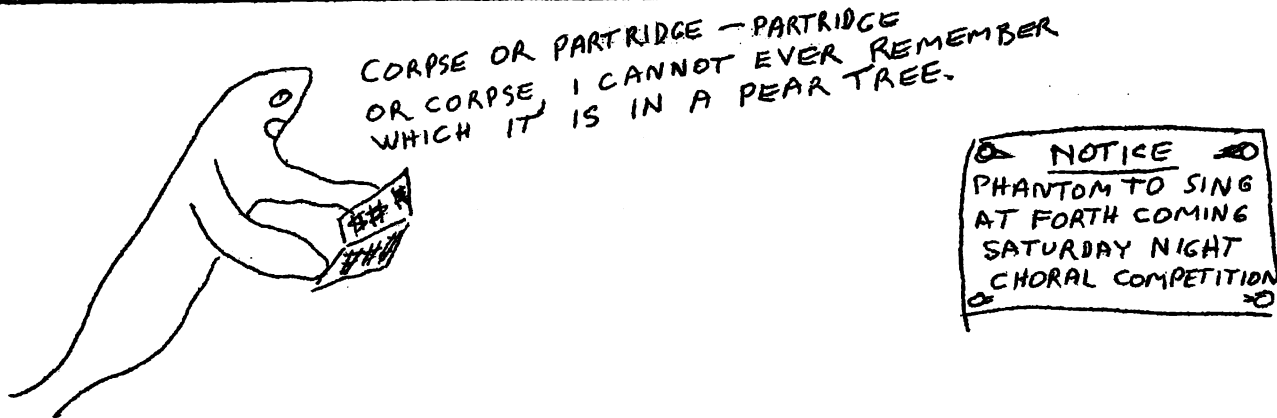
Maps; Lands Dept. Howitt 822 1" = 1 mile, FCV. Macalister River Watershed. Friday night we will drive to Licola then northwards to intersection of Howitt Road with the track to Macalister Springs, where we will camp. Saturday we will walk along the track to Wonnangatta River, Wonnangatta Station and camp beside the river. Sunday we will follow the ridge leading past Blue Hills to the Viking - hopefully for some good views. The campsite lies in a grassy saddle about a mile west of the viking.

.....continued p. 7.

<p><i>molony's</i></p> <p>197 ELIZABETH ST. MELBOURNE 67-8428&9</p>	<p>STILL TOPS FOR BUSHWALKING, SKIING, AND CLIMBING NEEDS</p> <p>INSPECT OUR RANGE 1ST & 2ND FLOORS</p>
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<p>AUSKI</p> <p>9 HARDWARE ST PHONE 671412</p> <p>THE BUSHWALKING SPECIALIST</p> <p>PADDYMADE EQUIPMENT, PACKS, ETC.</p>	
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	<p>SEE LOCH WILSON AT BUSHGEAR PTY LTD 46 HARDWARE ST MELBOURNE</p> <p>FOR ALL BUSHWALKING AND CLIMBING GEAR</p>
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PHANTOM FOSSIL

Has anybody ever called you an expert at anything? Chances are that they have and you felt highly complimented at the time. Next time someone says you are an expert at walking, cooking etc. just have a think about how the word expert is made up i.e. X and spurt. X is a has been and spurt is a drip under high pressure. Now do you still feel as though you have been complimented.

Norbert was given a can of TAB Coka Cola recently. He took a sip and said "Yuk, this is bloody dehydros in liquid form". (Incidentally, dehydros is Norbert's way of saying anything that is dehydrated).

Geoff Greenwood had a tremendous time at the Prom recently. Geoff is a physio-therapist and can work wonders when it comes to massaging various limbs. No fewer than four girls had limb problems and Geoff was seen periodically rubbing, massaging etc. various parts of the girls' anatomy. Geoff was always seen to have a rye grin on his face everytime someone wanted treatment.

Very corny joke:-

Bushwalker in doctors surgery, custard dripping from one ear and a raspberry jelly dripping from the other.

Doctor: What seems to be the trouble?

Bushwalker: I feel a trifle deaf.

At the Bovers' wedding reception David got up to have his say and admitted that he had thought up his speech while he was doing something that particular morning. He didn't say what that something was but everyone noticed that his speech was written on toilet paper!!!

CLUB CONTACTS

From December 21st 1973 to January 13th 1974 Club Contacts will be as follows:-

December 21st - January 2nd

- No. 1 Geoff and Jenny Kenafacke (p) 29 4667
- No. 2 Marian and John Siseman (p) 878 1839

January 2nd - January 13th

- No. 1 Graham and Sue Errey (p) 877 2685
- No. 2 Geoff and Jenny Kenafacke

After January 13th its back to normal.

WELCOME TO THE FOLLOWING NEW MEMBERS

- Brian Costa - 33 Barton St. W. Footscray 3012. (p) 68 4644 (b) 35 3211 X 399
- Gerald Allott - 12 Raymond St, Rowville 3178. (p) 763 6028
- Keith Wester - 107 Domain Rd., South Yarra 3141 (p) 80 4091

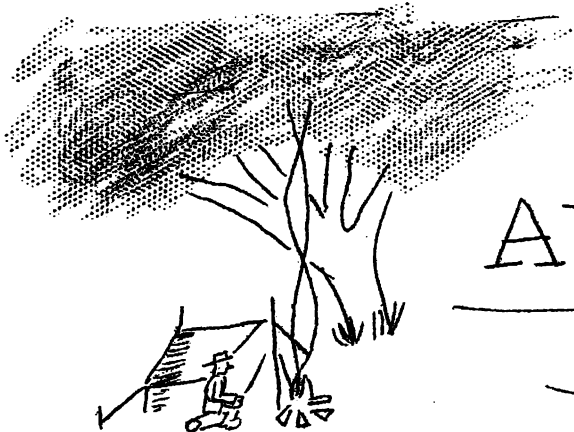
RENEWED OLD MEMBERS

- Lance Mobbs - 29 Thomson Street, Maidstone 3012
- John Richards - 1/5 Ghalwyn Road, Carnegie

(CHANGES OF ADDRESS ON PAGE

NEWS SUBSCRIBER

Dennis Aims, 58 Park Street, Seaford 3198



ALONG THE TRACK

A TRIBUTE TO A VERY FINE LEADER

This small article is referring to the walk to Mt. Disappointment - Toorourong Reservoir. When booking, I had some trepidations after I realised who would be leading it especially as he had quite a renowned reputation.

The day started off rather badly weather wise - it had poured all night and it was quite overcast and trying to make up its mind before the van started. We arrived at the appropriate start without too much hesitation or mishap and there the beginning of a very pleasant walk began. Although a bit trying and extremely tiring for a few unfit bods amongst us, it held a wealth of interest for those interested in wild flowers. We arrived back at our van without any unnecessary diversion although it necessitated in us breaking the law and being faced with a high fence at the end which had to be negotiated. We had a choice of becoming ferrets and wriggling our way over damp earth through a hole in the fence or becoming acrobats and flying high over the top. Needless to say, the majority preferred being ferrets to fliers.

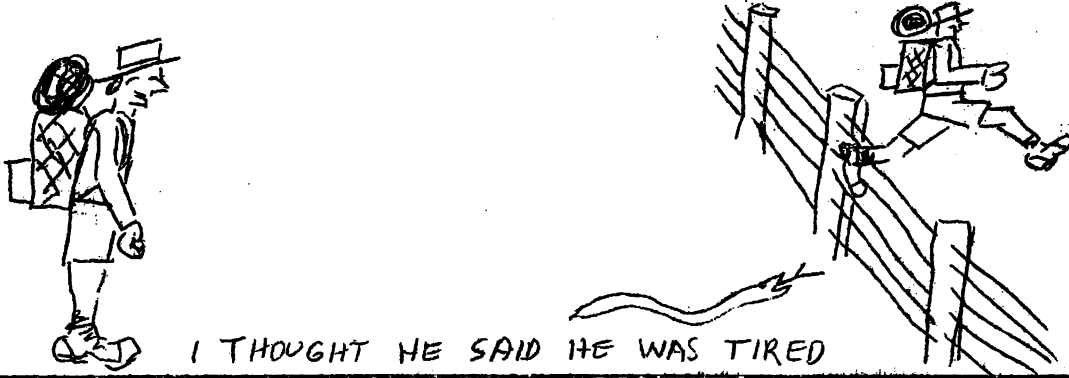
To conclude, it was a most enjoyable walk over mountains and through light scrub, despite the unpredictability of the weather. I would recommend that you lead another one quite soon Geoff - thanks.

Marianne Snidjers

B.B.'s BUSHWALK by Sandy Ireland

It was in the fair hamlet of Marysville that our gracious leader B.B. unloaded us on an overcast Sunday morning. Actually, it was at the very spectacular Stevenson Falls where we began our walk. With the traditional circle of "social horror" completed and numerous other recitations by the leader completed, we began to wend our way up on to the main ridge. Alas, as we made our way towards De La Pues Lookout, disaster struck - the count of heads revealed two missing. However, as is traditionally known on our walks, the wayward "couple" were soon relocated.

We stopped for lunch at a very pleasant knoll before Keppels Lookout. This vantage point gave excellent viewing of the Marysville Valley and the distant Cathedral Range. We really had it made for lunch as we were treated to the new "in thing" in the club i.e. Astrology. It would seem that Geoff Crapper is the most expert exponent of this noble art and he let forth relentlessly with his many stella predictions of club personalities. Speaking of Art he mystified us all with the clinical aesthetics of stark white socks and gym boots which completely and absolutely remained unscathed by mud and stone alike. After lunch we proceeded along the ridge until we descended upon the main road ready to climb the Mt. Gordon Ridge. B.B. gave us the choice of the bludge way into Marysville, or the ferocity of the ridge climb. But no, we all cried, being true bushies, we will take ferocity every time. Hence, to the top and from Woods Lookout Tower we again enjoyed magnificent viewing. From then on, the walk continued down into Marysville for malted milks and the van. As we approached the town from the northern end we noticed a magnificent specimen of the Tasmanian Waratah in full bloom in a garden. For the benefit of the club botanists its botanical name is *Telopea truncata* Family Proteaceae. All in all I would like to thank B.B. alias Brian Busby for this really excellent walk.



FROM STEAVENSON'S FALLS TO MARYSVILLE: or,
BRIAN BUSBY'S BODY COUNTS

A notable aspect of this walk was the fact that the number of body counts made divided by the number of Peters present equalled the number of snakes seen by at least one member of the party. (The corollary to this is that the number of bodies counted equalled thrice the number of body counts plus the sum of the peters present and the snakes seen).

Starting at Steavenson's Falls, we spent some time gazing up at the 271 feet of cascading foamy whiteness and enjoying the delicious freshness of the fine spray drifting into our faces. In warmer weather it would have been difficult to tear ourselves away, but since it was cool and windy it was not long before we were following the mossy track which zig-zags up to the lookouts.

We had been climbing only a short time when the leader called a halt, and body count number 3 commenced (the first had been in the van and the second during the 'circle'). Incredibly, 3 of our party were already missing. Good heavens, if they were going to disappear at this rate no one would finish the walk! Art went back to look for them while the rest of us continued on.

Bush peas, pink bells, blue love creeper, stackhousia and occasional orchids were growing at intervals along the track, while tree-creeper, carefully keeping out of sight, were singing constantly. Many of us walked unwittingly past the first snake of the day - a young black snake, according to George, who guarded it carefully while we looked at it.

At De la Rue lookout we stopped for a few minutes to admire the view of the Cathedral, the Sugarloaf, Mt. Margaret and picturesque Marysville. A little further on we came to Oxley's Lookout, where we had lunch. From there the view was similar, but we had longer to observe it. Clouds moving steadily across the sky produced an ever-changing pattern of light and shadow across the landscape.

Art and the Missing Three arrived, and yours truly discovered that she was almost sitting on the second snake of the day.

After lunch and body count number 4, performed this time by our worthy whip (one of the Peters), we proceeded along a pleasant part of the track, now lined with bush peas and austral indigo, towards Keppel's Lookout. After a brief stop en route for body count 5, we arrived at the Lookout, where we paused again to enjoy the view. Then came body count 6 and we were off again.

A while later we happened upon the ruins of an old sawmill, and explored the area for a short time. Those hunting for interesting old bottles and other relics were rewarded only with the knowledge that at least they had tried: the place had been combed thoroughly by many before us.

Body count number 7 saw us back on the track and heading towards the road. At the road we stopped for body count 8 before setting off up the steep, muddy, bulldozed slope which took us to Wood's Lookout. At this lookout we had a rest and some of us climbed the lookout tower. Needless to say, Andy was among the first to the top.

After body count 9 we made our way down the slopes to Marysville. Apart from one diversion through the scrub, during which one of our Peter's took quite a tumble, we followed a bulldozed track all the way.

During a particularly steep part of our descent one bushwalker took off at a very rapid rate, apparently out of control. "Graham's stripped his gears!" called someone as he charged past. Fortunately he didn't overturn and hit a tree.

At the bottom we spent a few minutes at the creek, which was ..o'r

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brim full and flowing fast. Bavera with its masses of delicate flowers was growing in rich profusion all along the banks.

Marysville greeted us with a colourful display of rhododendrons, azaleas and waratahs in full bloom. Having bought refreshments we climbed into the van, where body count 10 revealed that we were all there and it was safe to set off for home.

Thank you, Brian, for a very enjoyable day.

* Virgil Davis *

BULLARD'S FENCE BASH

The day commenced with a dark set in the distant shies, and Harold Grave promised us he would hold his breath, and keep the rain away; man was he blue in the face by van time. The walk commenced at a very quaint blue stone bridge, which the van was unable to encompass because of the bridge load consideration. Here the walk commenced along the some what higher environs of the Campaspe river valley. We all enjoyed the magnificent waterfalls to be found in this delightful area. As we walked we climbed over fence, after fence, after fence, and so on "ad infinitum". In fact, we encountered every conceivable type of fence in the length and breadth of Christendom.

The battle-torn bushes finally emerged as victor over these obstacles. But many an item of clothing bore the badge of the savage encounter with barb wire and broken dropper posts. Undaunted by this, however we walked onwards towards the very steep crossing of a tributary of the main Campaspe river system.

One fair damsel, who shall remain nameless, decided to attack the problem of steep grade, by going down it horizontally, regardless to say the results were catastrophic. After repairing what was left of the fair young maid, we advised her that "horizontal" descent of steep grades, should be abandoned in the name of sanity. As we wandered along towards the track which would lead us up to the van, our Harold attempted to stomp on a large black snake, which took off at a great rate of knots, incidently so did Harold.

I would like to thank Peter Bullard the leader, for a really excellent walk in a tremendous walking area.

WALKS PREVIEWS.....cont.

25 - 28 Next morning a scramble to the summit of the Razor, returning via Mt. Despair, Mt. Speculation, The Crosscut Saw, Mt. Howitt and Macalister Springs to the cars.
Members of the party should be prepared to carry water. The walk is in beautiful country and well worth the effort.

2) BINDAREE - THE BLUFF - MACALISTER SPRINGS - STANLEY NAME

Leader; Bob Steel (p)47 3743

Medium

Van leaves Batman Ave 6.30 pm. Fare \$6.00

People interested in going on this walk should ring Bob or see him in the club room.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

David and Joy BOVER, 30 Bettina Street, North Clayton 3168 (p)544 2763

David (b)609 5770

Linda HOADLEY, 5/21 Elphin Grove, Hawthorn 3122

Correction from last month.

Paul ROUSE, 609 Park Street, Brunswick

EXTRACTS FROM A REPORT FROM JON CAIRNS.....

My last big expedition was to Scotland for five weeks and in the first week I walked over 100 miles with a tenderfoot friend of mine from Melbourne through the mountains and by the lochs and burns of Perthshire to Dalmore on the River Dee. The weather was exceptional for September (good that is) but we did not climb any mountains. I had bought a new tent for the occasion, a Blacks 'good companion' (nuts aren't I, its almost twice the weight of the old one) and despite the very cold nights which we kept at bay with generous draughts of whiskey we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. After I had visited some Highland Regiment Army acquaintances of mine in Aberdeen, I continued alone by bus up the eastern side towards Inverness, and did a days walking in the whiskey country between Huntley and Dufftown and spent two nights in bad weather at Loch Morlich in the Cairngorms, hoping for a good day to climb Cairngorm Summit. I didn't get one. After a day in Inverness visiting Loch Ness and Culloden battlefield, I went by train to Wick and camped out at John O'Groats in lovely weather. However a gale struck the following night and I retreated to the sanity of youth hostels and guest houses (which I had already done several times previously) and continued my journeyings by bus to Tongue on the north coast, then south again to Inverness and Lairg.

I took a train then to the Kyle of Lochalsh on the west coast (and that train journey is one of the most scenic in Britain with superb mountain scenery) I spent three days on the Isle of Skye, living-in with a kind lady at the fishing town of Portree. The weather was superb and I went for a couple of day walks. I saw the Cuillins but being alone, I did not climb them. They are just magnificent and I was reminded of Tas. peaks every time I saw them. But the trouble with them and most Scottish peaks is that there are few tracks and access is difficult and in almost every incidence a rope is needed if one intends to get to any of the tops. It was so warm one day that I took a plunge in a burn to cool off - In Scotland - In September! Next took a ferry to Mallaig, train to Port William and spent two nights camped in Glen Nevis to climb Ben Nevis. Again the the mist beat me there, and I am sorry to say I did not climb a single Scottish peak - disgusting isnt it? Well then I continued to Glencoe, scene of the masacre of the Mac Donalds on 13 Feb 1692 and spent a day tramping about in the mountainous Forbidden Glen. A day in Oban, then I returned to London via Glasgow and Edinburgh.

By and large I had a great time and covered a good cross section of Scotland. I dressed like a 'bushwalker' but didnt always live like one. But I think the first week was definately the best of all.

More recently I have been back in the English country side; minus tent - Oxford, Stratford upon Avon, Avon valley, Bath and the Salisbury Plain, and visited some friends in Wiltshire and Devon. The autumn colours are absolutely glorious nothing like our own, and the waether cool and sunny. I walked 30 miles down the Avon Valley I hadnt bargained for, but simply because the countryside was exceptionally beautiful and I felt that walking was the only way to see it thoroughly. But I'm afraid serious walking ventures are over for the time being. Its almost winter in England, not really wet yet, but getting cold. Its dark almost by 5 pm. and its only November. I bought a big shipping trunk yesterday (sob) and in it are my sleeping bag, two tents, pack and boots, as well as other effects that I'm sending home ahead. Not for the dust bin my boots, though now they are almost worn out, but a glass case in my museum if antiques.

Well thats all the news from my end. Now that Spring is with you (lucky peoply) I imagine old soldiers all and sundry will come out of hibernation and anxiously paw the dust of the never ending walking track. Give my regards to them allAlec (he's a gentleman and a scholar), Art, Tyrone, Dorrie, Joyce, 'Spuddingly, Felix (as in Sludgudius) and any others whose names I have forgotten. I shall look forward to being with you again soon round the ole camp fire. (Feb 74, incidently)

Regards, Jon Cairns

THANK YOU to all contributors and thank you to Helen and Joy (faithful typists) and thanks, Alma for passing on Jon's letter.

I've been told I have to print a January NEWS (I was hoping for a holiday) b/c of the walk previews, so all you people leading walks in February get your previews in as soon as possible after the holidays....please.

Hopeful deadline..... January 9