



# THE NEWS

OF THE MELBOURNE BUSHWALKERS

Edition 337

DECEMBER, 1977

Price 3¢

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**ATTENTION.**

Please note that the Clubrooms will not be open on Wednesday, 28th December, due to the Christmas break.



- Jan. 22      MOORABOOL FALLS - LAL LAL FALLS      Easy  
 LEADER:    ANY VOLUNTEERS?  
 TRANSPORT: Van from Batman Avenue 9-15 am.      \$3
- Jan. 29      WALLAN - WHITTLESEA      Medium  
 LEADER:    ANY VOLUNTEERS? - DON'T ALWAYS LEAVE IT TO GEORGE T.  
 TRANSPORT: Train from Spencer St. 9-34

Week-end Walks

- Jan. 14 -    LERDERBERG RIVER - LILO DERBY      Easy  
 15  
 LEADER:    Marijke Mascas  
 TRANSPORT: Van from Batman Avenue 2.00 p.m. SATURDAY      \$4

Come for an easy walk and a hard swim. Bring your lilos for the races down the Lerderberg. Who will be this year's champion? This is an annual event, a non-qualifying lots of fun Saturday afternoon and Sunday all day event.

- Jan. 27 -    AUSTRALIA DAY W/E.  
 30    A.W.T. PROJECT NO. 5 - MT.SPECULATION - MT. ST.BERNARD      Hard  
 LEADER:    Philip Taylor  
 TRANSPORT: See leader for details.  
 MAP REFERENCE: Howitt 1:100,000 & Dargo 1:100,000  
 APPROXIMATE DISTANCE: 45 kms.

This walk will include the Barry Mountains. Magnificent views, summer days, flies and no water will make it a walk to remember. Saturday camp will be in the vicinity of Barry Saddle with Sunday's camp at Mt. Murray Hut. Views can be obtained all along the route as we will be on a ridge. Water will be a problem so please be prepared for a dry camp if necessary.

- Jan. 27 -    AUSTRALIA DAY W/E.  
 30    PRECIPICE PLAIN (BASE CAMP)      Easy  
 LEADER:    Graham Mascas  
 TRANSPORT: Private

It couldn't snow in January could it? But then we didn't expect it last Easter. However we aim to put on the walk from Easter last but this time we aim to get there at least. We will have a base camp just past Mt. Hotham off the Alpine Way. The aim is to have a pleasant base camp with lots of day walk options - some hard e.g. Mt. Tabletop, some easy e.g. Precipice Plain. So come one come all. This is a private transport trip so no limitations on numbers but please try and make your own arrangements.

PAPUA, NEW GUINEA

Neil McDonald of 3 Adelaide Street, Highton, 3216 extends an invitation to club members who would like information about some interesting walks in Papua, New Guinea, to write to him or ring on (052) 43-2534. Neil has had experience in climbing Mount Giluwe several times in recent years and also in climbing Mount Wilhelm.

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DECEMBER COMMITTEE MEETING NOTES

Official minutes will be posted in due course in the committee room. Some points which came up:

REFERRED FROM GM 30NOV77: Deputation to Cabinet in respect of certain LCC recommendations for the East Gippsland Study Area: Michael Griffin (who seconded the motion at the General Meeting) found that certain key people could not take part in a deputation before Christmas, when, in any case, it is doubtful if the deputation would have due impact. Michael will not be available himself early in the New Year, but Dave Oldfield has the matter in hand for an early date in January.

TREASURER: Balance 30NOV \$5445-75. Bills passed for payment at the meeting totalled \$739-50. A bill for \$2950 for "Walk 1978" has been presented, but this was for a magazine of 88 pages, where that printed has 84. Business Manager to query, and amended bill to be presented at January committee meeting.

WALKS SECRETARY: OCTOBER: 153m + 61v = 214 = 64 w/e + 150d. LOSS: \$88

MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY: 366 members. Membership Application Form stencil lacks a space for applicant's signature. This will be rectified and a space for the postcode added.

WALK BUSINESS MANAGER: Details of bill as above. Resume of financial position of "Walk 1977" - the original budget was for a \$280 deficit, and there is about \$700 in sales still to be invoiced and collected. A stocktaking shows that all editions of "Walk" of which there are still copies on hand have passed their "breakeven point" (except of course '77, and the current edition).

COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT: The working bee was well supported, and many hands made light work.

EQUIPMENT OFFICER: November takings \$6-50. Cumulative for the year \$113-50.

MAP CUSTODIAN: The 1:100000 Dargo sheet recently published has been added to the map collection. A set of 1:100000 sheets covering South West Tasmania and the Reserve/Central Plateau area is to be purchased.

DUTY ROSTER: 21DEC Shirley Allot, George Telehin; 28DEC CLUBROOMS WILL BE CLOSED; 4JAN Geoff Mattingley, Sylvia Withall; 11JAN Shelly & Rob Hayes; 18JAN Bob Douglas, Janet White.

Meeting held: 5DEC77

Next Meeting: 9JAN78, 14 Hosier Lane,  
7pm.

Visitors are welcome.

ARTICLES FOR 'NEWS'. Closing date for Jan. issue - WEDNESDAY, 11th.

Thank you all members who contributed to this month's 'News', particularly to Geoff for his 'Along the Track' report and to Bob for his helpful and well-thought-out article 'On Becoming A Weekend Walker'.

Apologies to Marilyn and Tony whose articles are not published this month because of insufficient room. We shall look forward to these next month.

News Convener.

Well - our Walks Secretary certainly put the cat among the pigeons as far as the question of weekend walking is concerned. DO we have a problem? Looking at the figures a bit more clearly, there is a bigger-than-usual downward fluctuation in a graph that shows pretty wide fluctuations anyway, but as yet this cannot be said to be a long-term trend. Still - there aren't many new faces on the weekend walking scene lately, and many of the old ones seem to have disappeared. This in itself should be cause for concern: any group which does not have a constant (if small) intake of new members must begin to ossify and decay. So, what can be done about it? I think most of the relevant points were touched on in the discussion which followed (reported in last month's Committee notes).

Bridging-type activities? I don't think we should write these off too smartly, in spite of the fact that some of them don't seem to have made up the numbers. The base-camp-with-daywalks has seen some spectacular successes (I associate names such as Mascas and Steel with these), and I think is possibly the most promising avenue. The Saturday-morning-start-walk requires more work on the part of the leader in drumming up support and more commitment on the part of participants..... a logical second stage after the base-camp beginning, but not all of them have succeeded in attracting starters.

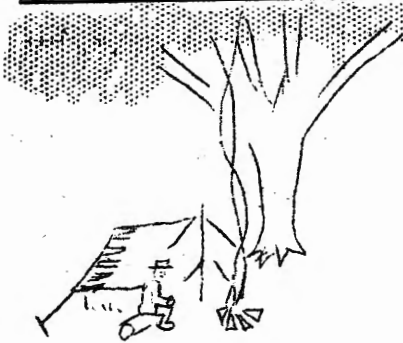
Canvassing by leaders? This is of the utmost importance. We used to see it - now we don't. There is NO trouble getting sufficient leaders for weekend walks, so if you agree to lead one you should be prepared to be in the clubrooms every Wednesday night for at least three weeks ahead, ACTIVELY promoting your walk. Too often these days we don't see the leader at all - even to give him our money! I think nothing would more effectively alleviate the problem than active canvassing by leaders. Quite apart from anything else, the leader who has persuaded certain people to come on his walk is going to be in a position of responsibility to those people that will automatically prevent him from committing some of the errors of neglect which otherwise all too easily occur.

"Heavies"? Judging from the reaction on this one I'd say that a chord of underlying conscience had been struck. Not that it made much difference. In almost the next breath we heard how good for the morale (whose?) it was to start at the back and overtake the whole party. Next day a relentless sense of urgency was drummed up. Ploughing along at my own unavoidable plod I came upon a group of strong walkers taking an unauthorised rest and looking rather fed up. They told me they would not be starters for another walk coming up soon which all of them would have been able to handle on their own terms, and which all of them should have been on. If the strong are pushed under by the super-strong a break opens up in the continuum and the resulting groups get smaller and more exclusive. Michael Griffin's article "Competition & Co-operation" in News April 1977 has some valuable comments on this question. The club does need a sharp cutting edge, and I hope will never develop the atmosphere of stifling restraint which can so easily arise - but the opposite errors can also arise. The sharp cutting edge must remain joined to the main body. I place - once again - the greatest proportion of the responsibility on the leader. The leader must be aware of the pressures (which are perhaps largely unavoidable) and counteract them. Ignore complaints about people getting too cold/bored/flyblown until you are sure your backmarkers have had a fair go. Many walkers in the club base their decision to go not so much on the official grading of the walk as on the identity of the leader.

Well - after that little lot I think I'd better pipe down and vanish into some mist-shrouded Tasmanian swamp for a while. It only remains to wish you all a Merry Christmas and safe walking (or climbing) over the holiday break.

W-J.

\* \* \* \* \*



# ALONG THE TRACK

## A.W.T. 2 - THOMSON RIVER TO MT. SKENE RD.

Not only a jarring, squeaking, jolting and suffocating transit van journey the night before, but a drizzly, cloudy morning and steep climb to start the walk with A.W.T. 2 and all its miserable participants had definitely started on the wrong foot. The weather was decidedly uncertain as we staggered out of the dripping scrub on Mt. Easton to a road which we followed, virtually viewlessly, down to the Jordan River and Jericho for lunch. You may have noticed a lack of genuine excitement and joyful reminiscing on my part so far. It reflects my impression of a dull morning's walking. In fact, the most interesting thing to happen all morning was G.W-J.'s rearguard approach to our lunchsite, in which he tried to bash through the entire length of a fallen tree.

After our luxurious eleven and a half minute lunchtime we were faced with a scrubby climb towards Mt. Victory, which saw the racehorse contingent expending its excess energy by charging upwards through the scratchy scrub at breakneck speed, only to collapse in the sun (hopefully) at the top. Others took things easier. Our sunbaking was foiled by the gathering clouds which were to remain all afternoon. The deterioration in weather was accompanied by a similar decline in walking country: Our remaining 3 or 4 hours were spent bashing along an endless series of roads (not nice on sandshoed feet) which would occasionally yield views of either logged slopes or further distant, grey featureless mountains. It gradually became obvious that the mental assault produced by this relentless robotlike thudding had so dislocated the minds of some poor wretches that they not only managed to look as if they enjoyed it but actually packed up and began walking again after about 5 seconds of our 15 minute afternoon tea break. A sad situation indeed.

After about fourteen more light years of this we eventually arrived at our campsite. The weather really began to close in: it was windy, foggy and cold. Then it started snowing - first the occasional flake and finally a whirling, fluttering whiteness. But as tents were erected over the unpromising ground and the first licking flames of the fire appeared "the situation soon righted itself." Freezing cold and miserable, I decided that the situation could right itself quite well without me and went to bed.

When I emerged about half an hour later an inch layer of snow covered the ground - and it was still coming down. My eighth consecutive month of snow! But nice and warm and rested, with a warm fire and hot food and drink I concluded that it really did look quite pretty. A pleasant night was spent sharing lots of lovely goodies around the fire. The exertions of the day (the tediousness of which had left me far more exhausted than anything on A.W.T. 1) were forgotten.

Sunday dawned bright and sunny. The snow hadn't melted. We were faced with the prospect of a short day, superb weather, beautiful scenery and virtually no roads to contend with. Not only this, but Kristina pointed out that as we were camped right near the road we were to drive back on, we would be able to leave our tents to be picked up by the drivers. At first, I didn't take the suggestion seriously. "Humph," I said in Saturday night's snowstorm. "Too dangerous to walk without your tent." But when my frozen tent remained upright without poles on Sunday morning and I looked around at the cloudless sky I became an enthusiast. Several others had the same idea and we congratulated Kristina on her genius..... But then a rumbling growl was heard. Big Brother had been watching us. The Prime Minis... (woops)... President scowled at us from the smoke of the fire and gruffly informed us that we were thoroughly immoral, decadent, illogical and degenerate. (Our degeneracy had already been established as none of us had shaved that morning). "Too dangerous without your tent," he said. "Where you go, your tent goes" and "Life wasn't meant to be easy" (Not really). G.W-J. was amply supported in his crusade by Bob, but he can be excused on account of his social backgrounds in the Deep North. Despite this opposition several tents were left by the side of the road where they were nicely dried out by "pikers" P.B. and Renee. But we had our just desserts coming .....

(Cont.)

A.W.T. 2 - THOMSON RIVER TO MT. SKENE RD. (Cont.)

The snow had breathed new life into the walk and although the morning was crisp and invigorating there were no racehorse tendencies (our first mistake), we being quite content to enjoy the views while following in the footsteps of the leader who we trusted (our second mistake). Lying in the sun at a road junction after an hour's walking I wondered why Bob and Mike kept advancing logical (but unattractive) reasons as to why the slower half of the party hadn't turned up. Surely it was clear that collapse had followed the exertion of carrying ice laden tents. But no. We had missed the turn off, so it was back up, up, up two miles to where Kristina found the correct turn off. Nobody there. Down, down, down to the Black River. Nobody there, either. Splash, splash down the river. Still nobody. Perhaps I should point out that wading down the Black River produced the best walking of the entire trip. The sunny day, the valley and steep banks, the logs and rocks and ferns all combined to create a magnificent impression of the sort of wildness we went for.

Arriving at the track exit, we found a note pinned to a tree. The "slow" party, now the advance party, under the disgruntled leadership of W-J, had already begun the climb out (not knowing, of course, whether we were ahead or behind). The note was signed by four members.....Four! There were supposed to be six! Where were Neil and Ken McI? "On top, I suppose," said Ken McM. "I'm not going to worry about them." Well, if the leader wasn't going to worry about them, the rest of us certainly weren't and lay back to savour the sun for the full three and three quarter minutes of our lunchtime. After lunch, the final climb, being on a proper walking track, was nice and clean and healthy and wholesome. No sodden snow or scratchy scrub. Emerging on top of Mt. Shillinglaw, our rattling pace continued. Shorts, T-shirts and sandals striding purposefully through snow gum and grass under blue sky and hot sun. At last, this was what Alpine walking was all about.

We soon picked up G.W-J.'s racehorse mob, which had obviously had a rather more leisurely lunchtime than us and proceeded to the vans. Here, all six parties were reunited (even the drivers, all three of them, had split into two groups). Naturally, each party had to tell each of the others its own story and when you consider that this leads to thirty separate conversations, (all at once, of course), you have some idea of the confusion, especially as there were only twenty of us anyway. Soon, however, we were all crammed into the vehicles which took us back to Melbourne with only 2 unforeseen interruptions. The first was a flat tyre. The second occurred when we found ourselves outside a shack in Aberfeldy, confronted by a ruffian, who, brandishing a shot-gun herded us barefoot inside his lair where we were to drink cordial.

So much for A.W.T. 2 ..... Some advice: Sunday's walk is worthwhile but you may as well drive Saturday's. Thanks once again must go to the drivers, John H., Rod and Nancy (?), and the leader, Ken, who only made the one mistake and who also drove a van up. With the advent of alternative transport for A.W.T. 3 I was quite looking forward to it. But fifteen dollars...? No way!

Geoff Law

ON BECOMING A WEEKEND WALKER

At a recent committee meeting the Walks Secretary, in delivering his report, said that we had become the Melbourne Daywalkers. He was commenting on walk statistics, the number of daywalkers greatly outnumbering weekend walkers in recent months. This may be a bad time of the year to analyse statistics - there is always a seasonal slump in winter and end-of-year exams. may have kept others away - but some of us have a gut feeling about this that the statistics are only confirming. For it seems obvious that the club is down to a hard core of no more than 20 to 30 weekend walkers, less than 10% of membership.

The purpose of this article is to increase the number of weekend walkers, by encouraging day-walkers or non-walkers to come out on weekends. Firstly I shall attempt to describe the emotions which make weekend walking such a pleasure for me, and secondly to dismiss some of the myths or taboos which may have prevented some people from attempting it.

I shall commence by saying that my emotions are of course my own, that other weekend walkers may feel differently and that you may find something completely different again. For me the rewards are: the camaraderie and companionship around a campfire, the fantastic beauty of walking through a mountain forest, the joy of camping beside a stream and of cooking on a good gum wood fire, the challenge of the elements and the terrain, the feeling of achievement at the end of a weekend.

(Cont.)

ON BECOMING A WEEKEND WALKER (Cont.)

There is also the communion with nature, the ease of slipping into an understanding with the bush, the exact opposite feeling of fear and dread expressed by D.H. Lawrence in 'Kangaroo'. Others have pointed to the fresh air, the often wonderful views, the complete break with city life, and the sensation that even two or three days in the bush can seem like a week.

So why is it that weekend walking has dropped in popularity? Many reasons can be put forward - expense, inconvenience of transport, standard of walks, type of walk, type of leader. Here I shall discuss only another reason - the difficulty that some people may have experienced or expect to experience in making the transition from day walks to weekend walks. This is a difficulty I suppose most walkers have to overcome - I certainly did. The following points are drawn from my experience and daywalkers who have been considering making the step might find them of some practical help.

You must want to be a weekend walker. Motivation is an obvious pre-requisite for all the steps you take which you want to result in success. If you must be close to home for the weekend and in a comfortable bed for all three nights, if you are not prepared to carry a heavier pack, or sleep in a tent then weekend walking is not for you.

Make the transition slowly. If you have not walked at all then do some day walks first. This will get you used to the motion of constant walking and will exercise the muscles you need later on. Then start weekend walking on easy or easy-medium walks. These are generally of no greater distance than most day walks and involve little climbing. Base camps and 1½ day walks are ideal for this - they combine elements of day and weekend walking, light packs, easy distances, tents, campfires.

You don't have to be 'superfit'. Ideally, though, you should be a regular exerciser before commencing weekend walks. But these are no more than the exercises which large numbers of people do anyway - squash, tennis, day-walking, cycling, gym and so on. If you don't exercise or play sport regularly then, as I said above, a certain amount of daywalking should see you reasonably fit for weekend trips.

Don't worry about equipment. You obviously need more equipment for weekend walks but begin by hiring what you need (from the club or some bushwalking shops). You would probably not even need boots - sandshoes would do for this transitional period. And if you really do become interested provoke campfire discussions about equipment and sit back to listen to the experienced. Eventually you will have a good idea of what you need for yourself and if you have become a weekend walker - then buy.

Don't worry about becoming lost. Parties with experienced leaders or walkers (and most of the club's leaders are) become lost very rarely indeed. However, what does happen occasionally is that a party, through some unexpected difficulty, does not reach its intended destination at the planned time. All the leader has lost on these occasions is time, and neither himself nor his party. You may be inconvenienced by such delays but, in retrospect, they will mean nothing - except perhaps give a good anecdote.

Don't worry about navigation. This is your leader's responsibility and there are always others in the party who will know what to do in an emergency. If you are interested ask, observe and listen. The club now seems set on having an annual Navigation Course and this will obviously help.

Don't worry about the 'racehorses'. It is the leader's responsibility to set the pace that the standard of the walk demands. He may or may not allow the fast walkers to go ahead. If they do it is for reasons of their own - competition amongst themselves, a wish to lie longer in the sun at lunch or camp, a desire to stretch their fitness to its limits. They do not race ahead in order to humiliate slower walkers. Some walks demand quite a consistently high pace but you should not be on these in your transitional stage.

Choose your walks. Initially, don't attempt medium-hard or hard walks. You should be reasonably fit for medium walks. Mt. Feathertop is an ideal introductory weekend - summer or winter. (It may sound surprising but you don't need any more equipment for snow-walking than otherwise, apart from some extra clothing and stout boots.) Feathertop offers a regular straightforward climb to the second highest peak in Victoria and, from the top, some of the most beautiful views in the mountains. Its standard is easy-medium, even in snow. The Circuit at Wilson's Promontory is an excellent medium standard introductory weekend.

When in doubt ask. Ask the leader in the clubroom, or on the 'phone, about the walk. Ask people in the clubroom about walking. Ask people on the walk about the country. Ask, Ask, Ask.





I SEEM TO HAVE GAINED THREE EXTRA PLUS THREE! MY GOD, ARE THEY THE PHANTOMS OF THOSE WHO FELL BY THE WAYSIDE ON AWT 1+2?

### LOPEZ

Graham Hodgson's beach walk turned into a stroll through Geelong after the van caught fire. The scene was set when the van started spluttering near the Ballarat turnoff at Geelong, and it finally stopped near a milk bar. There was a faint burning smell in the rear of the van and Ross, who was riding in the front with Denis, opened the back door and asked all to evacuate. The van was emptied in about 30 seconds, and then Denis took the grill from the van and proceeded to extinguish the fire. The shutterbugs were madly snapping the smoke, Denis and the fire extinguisher. After pushing the van from the central roadway the Geelong Fire Brigade arrived, with sirens blaring and lights flashing. After this excitement a few went into the milkbar for refreshments. Then the party went down to the waterfront to do a beach walk. After walking past docks and an amusement park the group arrived at a small sandy beach, promptly went past it, and lunched at the Botanical Gardens. After lunch they went for a swim at Eastern Beach and back to the replacement van. The 40 passenger van was then crammed with 45 bushies, with 4 others returning by various means - train and private car. Graham led the singing on the return journey.

The third A.W.T. trip was a disappointment to those hardy travellers who wanted a hard trip as they didn't have any snow at all. However, the going was a bit rugged on Saturday afternoon and all of Sunday as the group had to negotiate overgrown tracks and a splendidly regenerating forest of closely spaced saplings. The newest committee member was the only dropout on the trip. At 5.30 on Saturday the drivers/tourists (Shelly, Rob & Bob) decided to walk up the track to greet the walkers. After pushing through the scrub for half an hour the tourists heard the walkers coming towards them and decided to wait for the party. The leader then decided that they were on the wrong track and the walkers then reversed, with the tourists quickly catching them and falling in step behind the last walker. After moving in this fashion for a few minutes the party stopped and were extremely surprised at finding their numbers swelled. Amid cries of "We weren't really lost" the tourists thought it was funny to "rescue" a group of weekend walkers. The walkers were then led back to the appointed campsite at "Low Saddle."

Upon perusing the back of the new walks program it was discovered that the Secretary now lives at "Seafood South." We know that Rob is fond of his food, but that is ridiculous.

Overheard - Debbie - "Don't worry Ed, I'll fix you up."

Debbie - "What do you mean? What did I do to Ken McMahon? I didn't touch him."

The President's Weekend passed without anyone having their early morning cuppa in bed. At the start of the walk on Saturday very few people were far-sighted enough to see the cool change coming, so they walked without raingear. After a sweltering walk in the blistering sun and having a couple of swims on the way the rain came down and "drowned" them all. Upon arriving at the Crapper Castle the President, Host and assorted others were seen dripping dry. Graham was heard to say, "I didn't have a swim so I could keep dry." Apart from the drenching the weekend was a great success with a convivial sing-along around a red-headed walker posing as a camp fire. Sylvia and her helpers created a magnificent banquet in spite of the 'Total Fire Ban'. Sylvia treated the group to fried potatoes for breakfast on the Sunday morning. The tourists were out in force, with huge palaces abounding in most unlikely places. Otto was seen carrying a large tent (still in its cardboard box) into the camping area, and proceeded to erect his two room green and yellow tent. The peace of the night was shattered by Koalas imitating pig gruntings as a reprisal to the bushies singing.

PRE-OPENING ACTIVITIES (Cont.)SPORT (Cont.)Squash Courts

Enquiries regarding available bookings:

Hunts Squash Centre, 41 Johnson St., Fitzroy. 419-3649.

Albert Park Squash Courts, Albert Road Drive, Albert Park. 26-2277

Bowling

Mutual Tenpin Bowl, 256 Flinders St., Melbourne. 63-6282.

Southern Cross Bowl, (Southern Cross Hotel Bldg.) 95 Bourke St., Melbourne. 63-2543

Table Tennis

Albert Park Squash Centre, Albert Road Drive, Albert Park. 26-2828.

St Kilda Railway Station Sports Centre Pty. Ltd.

Canterbury Road, St. Kilda. 94-5093, 94-5640.

Variety of Sports (Swimming, Squash, racquetball, sauna).

Vital Indoor Sports Centre, 109 Lt. Collins St. Melb. (near Nauru House). 63-1671.

ART, PHOTOGRAPHY, CRAFT EXHIBITIONS.

A couple of hours could easily and enjoyably be filled in, at these centres.

National Gallery of Vict., St. Kilda Road, Melb. 62-7411.

Pay as you wish after 5 p.m.

17th Nov. - 5th Feb., 1978. (Robert Raynor Gallery)

Woodcuts & Linocuts.

7th Dec. - 15th January, 1978. (Temporary Exhibitions Gallery)

British Painting 1600-1800

A magnificent exhibition of 56 paintings and 12 miniatures including three works from the private collection of Her Majest, Queen Elizabeth II.

Special admittance charge in addition to normal Gallery charges.

2nd Floor.

15th Dec. - 5th February, 1978. (Australian Galleries - East Wing)

Mike Brown. An exhibition by this Australian artist.

20th Dec. - 19th February, 1978. (Photography Gallery)

Antarctic Photographs 1910-15 Herbert Ponting & Frank Hurley.

Coming Exhibition:

National Crafts Exhibition 3rd Feb. - 12th March, 1978.

Duvance Galleries, 27 Lower Plaza, Southern Cross Hotel,

Cnr. Bourke & Exhibition Sts., Melbourne. Closes 6 p.m.

Church Street Photographic Centre, 384 Church St., Richmond. 429-3110.

Fiona Hall. "Touching Space". Closes 6 p.m.

Exhibitions held frequently throughout the year on very varied topics in the Exhibition Buildings, Melb.

(To be continued)

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

ARDEN, Peter - 14, 108 George St., East Melbourne, 3002

CROSSER, Peter - 1, 251 Beaconfield Parade, Middle Park, 3206.

DENT, Avril - 16 Selbourne St., Hawthorn, 3122 (P) 819-1568 (B) 26-2566

DOCHERTY, Lucy - 34 Fenwick St., Nth. Carlton, 3054 (P) 34-78684 (B) 396-2777

HODGSON, Stuart - 300 Malvern Rd., Prahran, 3181 (P) 51-3350

HUTCHISON, Greg - 25 Monaro Ave., Kingsgrove, N.S.W., 2208

STANLEY, John - 177 Barkley St., Nth. Fitzroy, 3068.

STIRKUL, Margaret & Alex - 4 England St., Bulleen, 3105 (P) 850-7493 (B) Alex 359-7091

THOMPSON, Chris - 7 Eildon St., Ferntree Gully, 3156 (P) 75-83169 (B) 729-3899

WELCOME TO THE FOLLOWING NEW MEMBERS.

HARGREAVES, Ian - 31 Clarinda Rd. Essendon, 3040 (P) 37-8232 (B) 41-93300

MARSEN, Jim - Flat 1, 6 Ormond Rd., Ormond, 3204 (B) 653-2290

MATTINGLEY, Stuart - 42 Clarence St. Elsternwick, 3185 (P) 528-5474 (B) 42-2711

SHANNON, Raymond - 106 Rattray Rd., Montmorency, 3094 (P) 435-0129 (B) 665-6727

STORER, Robyn - 3 Worsley Ave., Westall, 3169 (P) 347-7905

STOW, John - Flat 4, 46 Ulupna Rd. Ormond, 3204 (B) 544-5936

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