



THE NEWS

OF THE MELBOURNE BUSHWALKERS

Edition 344

JULY, 1978

Price 3¢

Registered at G.P.O. for transmission by post as a periodical — Category B.

NOTE FOR THE "NEWS" FROM GERRY McPHEE

HISTORY

Even the simplest views seem to get confused at meetings. I will try and make some sense of the various motions and issues that arose at the club meeting on June 28.

It all started when I wanted to send into the June "News", copies of the replies of the Minister for Conservation and the Shadow Minister for Conservation to inquiries about the future of the Alps. Graham said that this would drag the club into party politics. I support the President's right to make interim judgements and interpretations about club policy and so did not send the two replies to the "News" Convenor. Instead I waited until the June 28 meeting and moved the following motion:-

1. The club itself will not publicize the views of any one department or political party except in the form of a comparison of the replies (or non-replies) from all parties/departments to issues raised by the club".

This motion was meant to put at rest all fears about the club getting involved with party politics, but strictly controlling the way in which such material comes out in "News". Graham said the motion was unconstitutional. I disagreed, and Graham was prepared to put his presidency on the line over the issue. I support Graham as President and think he is doing a good job. I would not have voted against him in what had become a vote about his being president. So I withdrew my motion.

THE PROBLEM

I believe members should be able to express their views about the Alpine area in "News". After all "News" is largely personal opinion, not club policy. I think that members should be able to describe and discuss the views and policies of persons and bodies that make decisions affecting bushwalking and ski-touring areas.

Surely that is not complex or unconstitutional. In my motion I made things too complicated.

At the next meeting I will move that -

"This meeting recognizes that the conservation policies of parliamentarians and government bodies are a fit subject for discussion in "News" provided that the views are clearly identified as being the personal views of a member and not those of the club".

I hope that this motion is less confusing. I've put this to Graham and he said he needed time to think about it, but he did see it as a reasonable basis for discussion.

GERRY McPHEE

SQUARE DANCE

August 19th

SQUARE DANCE

August 19th

Main Ridge Hall,
8.00 p.m.

SEE YOU THERE

Correspondence should be addressed to:-

The 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 7.00 p.m. Visitors are always welcome.

AUGUST WALK PREVIEWS

Day Walks

August 6 MT. TANGLEFOOT - BLOWHARD JUNCTION - VICTORIA RANGE - YEA RIVER Medium

LEADER: Philip Taylor
TRANSPORT: Van from Batman Avenue 9.15 a.m.
FARE: \$4
EXPECTED TIME OF RETURN: 8.30 p.m.
MAP REFERENCE: Taggerty and Glenburn 1:50,000.
APPROXIMATE DISTANCE: 12 kms.

Yes, I know that it is cold this time of the year but how about getting out and warming yourself up with a good walk. The country traversed on this trip will be varied ranging from open farm country to bush. Most of the walk is along tracks. Bring water for lunch.

August 13 REILLYS CREEK - BRISBANE RANGES - ANAKIE GORGE Easy/Medium

LEADER: Marijke Mascas
TRANSPORT: Van from Batman Avenue, 9.15 a.m.
FARE: \$4
EXPECTED TIME OF RETURN: 8.00 p.m.
MAP REFERENCE: Meredith 1:63,360 (out of date, unobtainable)

This walk has not yet been previewed, but will be by August 13. However, any walk in the Brisbane Ranges, with its gold diggings, wild flowers and varied country is interesting and pleasant. Bring water for lunch.

August 20 ACHERON RIVER - MT. STRICKLAND - WILKES CREEK Hard

LEADER: Ken McMahon
TRANSPORT: Van from Batman Avenue, 9.15 a.m.
FARE: \$4
MAP REFERENCE: Juliet and McMahons 1:50,000
APPROXIMATE DISTANCE: 18 kms.

We start the walk from the Acheron Way and make use of a 4 x 4 track (not shown on the map) which follows a nicely graded spur leading to the top of Mt. Strickland. This is a climb of 670 m. and will, hopefully, put us in the cold, white stuff. Depending on how much time we have and the weather conditions we may skirt the headwaters of Wilkes Creek to Mt. Kitchener. Our exit will be via Wilkes Creek Valley and then along 4 x 4 tracks to Marysville. Stout boots, overpants etc. will be necessary and walkers will need to take kindly to slippery logs, wet scrub and cold feet. Remember, this is to be a hard walk and will be hard: even if the group has to carry me.

August 20 MT. GRANT - PARADISE PLAINS - WOLFRAM MINE ROAD Easy/Medium

LEADER: Keith White
TRANSPORT: Van from Batman Avenue, 9.15 a.m.
FARE: \$4
EXPECTED TIME OF RETURN: 7.30 p.m.
MAP REFERENCE: Healesville 1: 100,000
APPROXIMATE DISTANCE 14 km.

This promises to be a comfortable walk mainly along tracks through typical mountain ash country on the Great Divide behind Marysville. But be sure to rug up and pop in your thermos because the way this winter is shaping lately and with some good luck we just might have a soft carpet of white snow to ease the strain on your normally suffering legs. And the wattle should be in full glory.

August 27 FRYERSTOWN - SPRING GULLY - THE MONK - CHEWTON Easy/Medium

LEADER: Tony Morris

TRANSPORT: Van from Batman Avenue, 9.15. a.m.

FARE: \$4

EXPECTED TIME OF RETURN: 8.30 p.m.

MAP REFERENCE: Castlemaine 7/817 1:63,360 (out of print)

APPROXIMATE DISTANCE: 14 km.

We will walk from Glenluce northward to Chewton avoiding the old mining roads as far as possible. Although the walk is only a few miles from Castlemaine it seems that not too many people pass through the area I previewed. The signs of old gold diggings are all along the gullies. The area is low steep hills covered with medium density scrub not too difficult for beginners. Bring water for lunch.

Weekend Walks

August 4-6 BUTTERCUP VALLEY - KING RIVER - LAKE WILLIAM HOVELL Medium

LEADER: O. Christiansen

TRANSPORT: Van from Batman Avenue, 6.30 p.m.

FARE: \$10

MAP REFERENCE: Buller 1:50,000 Whitfield 1:100,000.

APPROXIMATE DISTANCE: 33 km.

This is a good walk for those of you who, like me, hate scrub-bashing - it's along tracks almost all the way. Bring a warm sleeping bag.

August 11-13 SKI TOURING - MT. FAINTER Medium - not for beginners

LEADER: Graham Wills-Johnson

TRANSPORT: Private

MAP REFERENCE: Nelse/Cope/Feathertop/Fainter 1:25,000's

APPROXIMATE DISTANCE 25 kilometres = 15 miles.

We climb Bogong every winter. We climb Feathertop every winter. But - do we climb Fainter? We do not! I had hoped we'd do it this winter - but then I realised you lazy lot would never be in it if there was an easier way. So bowing to the inevitable - we plan to leave several vehicles at Bogong Village and take the rest up to Falls Creek. Ski out to the little snow plains south of Mt. Fainter South and set up camp on the Saturday. That leaves plenty of time for exploration on the Sunday morning, as it's not too far (and all downhill) back to the cars at Bogong Village. That's the plan - what actually happens will doubtless depend on the weather, or whether I happen to put on the right wad, and on at least half a dozen other things!

August 18-20 VIOLET TOWN - STRATHBOGIE RANGES - EUROA Easy/Medium

LEADER: Rod Mattingley

TRANSPORT: Van from Batman Avenue, 6.30 p.m.

FARE: \$10

EXPECTED TIME OF RETURN: Early for a weekend walk!

MAP REFERENCE: Euroa 1:100,000

APPROXIMATE DISTANCE: 28 km.

The Social Secretary is giving me a hard time by putting on a barn dance on this weekend. If you can keep away from the fleshpots though, I can promise you a pleasant weekend ambling over those partly wooded rocky hills that you see to the east of the Hume Highway between Euroa and Violet Town. The walk is graded only easy-medium and has been changed from the walk listed on the program. Starting just south of Violet Town on Honeysuckle Creek, we'll walk generally south to camp on the upper reaches of Faithfull's Creek at a really delightful spot (yes, it's been previewed!). Sunday will be through more open country; ending at that well known resting place for highway travellers - The Seven Creeks Cafe, with their ever friendly and unobtrusive service. And to make this walk even more irresistible did you know that the full moon is due on the 18th? Of course, this is an excellent walk for beginners (every leader says that except Alex and Simon). Bring water for drinking during the day as the water on Friday and Saturday nights is sheepy and should be boiled before drinking. See you there. Actually, at the campsite on Saturday night there is a beaut bit of flat ground where we could have our own Square dance or whatever in the moonlight. That'll be much better than tramping down to that old dump of a hall at Main Ridge. What about it?

Weekend walks (Continued)

August 25-27 **SKI TOURING - BAW BAW PLATEAU**

LEADER: Rob Harris
(See Leader in Club Rooms for details)

NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

I would like to thank Gwenda & Barry Short for their hard work in printing and compiling the magazine, you both do a fantastic job. Please note that next month's "News" closing date is August 2nd, a week earlier than usual because of Barry's holidays.

Thanks must also go to Libby Quarterman for her effort in writing all names, addresses and telephone nos. for the members list. I also must take this opportunity of apologizing to Lynne Ratcliffe - her article was mislaid, nowhere to be found while I was on holidays. Sorry Lynn. Articles are still required, please forward them to 53 Riverside Avenue, North Balwyn or hand them to me in the clubrooms. As you know I can only put so many articles in the one magazine and all others are carried through to the next month's issue.

Alison Blaker

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

Faye Chapman, 4 Highfield Road, Canterbury, 3126. Home 830 5960
Helen Waddell, 19 Manningtree Road, Hawthorn, 3122. Home 818 6142 Bus. 798 5234
Jan Williams, 6/48 Wilgam Street, East St. Kilda, 3132. Home 527 2046 Bus. 97 3370
Gerhard Goreth, 26 Station Place, Sunshine, 3020. Bus. 688 1214
Christine Males, 16 Middleton Street, Lalor, 3075. Home: 46 52235 Business 429 1299.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS ETC.

Margaret Fryer Home 534 2670
Alwyn Bloom Business 470 2755
Ian Hargewaves Home 370 8232
Marion Ross Home: 376 9255 Business 666046 Ext. 380

All Members please note - Would you please notify the membership secretary promptly of any incorrect information on the membership list.

Thank you, Libby Quarterman

Club Room Clean-up

Do remember to come to the Clubroom cleanup starting at 5.15 p.m. on Wednesday August 2, 1978. Even if you only drop in for half an hour, your help would be greatly appreciated.

Eileen Ayre & Caroline Strickland

Please remember to keep August 19th free!!

Square Dance at the Main Ridge Hall, Main Creek Road, Mainridge at 8.00 p.m.
Caller: Ken Hooke & Co. Overnight accommodation available. See for bookings.

All very welcome,
bring your friends



ALONG THE TRACK

HATTAH LAKES BASE CAMP - QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY, 1978

Over the last few months, we have seen a number of articles describing how the club 'heavies' coped with the Alpine Walking Track. It is time now to report on the other end of the spectrum of weekend walking ... the humble base camp.

After Alex's party had departed, we found that there would be eight of us on the base camp. Mick and Eileen departed for Mildura to visit Big Lizzie, having agreed to meet us at our new campsite. The rest of us went walking across the sandhills, through the dry lakes, and around the wet ones. Pelicans gazed disdainfully at us from the sanctuary of the water, and kangaroos watched inquisitively before hopping away.

Early in the afternoon we returned to the cars and set off to find a suitable campsite. "Let's take this shortcut", said Cameron, who was navigating in the lead car. "That's funny. It shouldn't go this way." "Do you have any idea where we are?" "Take that track on the right." "You've got rocks in your head.... that's not a track, it's a creek bed." "You'll never get through that water!" But we did, and a very apprehensive Peter followed us through. Eventually we found our way to Lake Bitterang, and then to a very polluted Murray, where we found a reasonable campsite. Towards nightfall, Mick and Eileen had not arrived, so Rob and Cameron set out by car to leave a map for them in a previously arranged place. On the way back, in the dark, they got lost in the maze of tracks. "Should we start cooking, or should we wait for them?" asked Alison. "We may as well start - they won't be long!" As they finished dinner, the car was heard approaching, and was guided in by blinking torch lights.

An hour later, another car was heard in the distance, and was also guided in by torch-light. "I suppose it is Mick?" someone asked as the car approached. "We've been looking for you for hours", said Eileen. "I've been following your Uniroyal tyre prints", said Mick, well-known tyre connoisseur, to Rob. "Did you know that there are Uniroyal tyre prints on every track for miles around?" Yes, as a matter of fact Rob did know!

Next morning, we left Neil in camp and set off for Lake Cantala under a heavy, overcast sky. We crossed the line of sandhills and strolled across the plain, still fascinated by the numbers of emus and black-faced kangaroos that we saw. Then we came to the mallee scrub, and tried to follow a compass course through it. Midway through, we could not believe that the compasses were reading properly, and were not surprised when we emerged from the scrub and found that we were 2 miles too far east. As we set off again, we noticed a lone walker following us; it was Simon, who had missed Alex's party because his train was late, and who had walked alone all the previous day. After lunch at Lake Cantala we moved on to Chalka Creek, which we followed for a mile. As we started our return journey we said goodbye to Simon, who, as a veteran of the Alpine Track walks, would never contemplate joining a base camp.

By this time it was raining heavily, and we were all keen to get back to camp as soon as possible. Because of our earlier difficulties, we worked out the return course, and both Cameron and Rob independently walked that course. To their surprise, their paths were diverging. Casting aspersions on each other's navigational competence, they set off again... on diverging courses again. After about four false starts and a great deal of cheerful abuse, we finally discovered that Cameron's pack frame was magnetised.

When we emerged from the mallee sandhills, we found ourselves in the lignum swamp, a mile south of camp. The magnetic sandhill had beaten us again. The heavy rain had by now made the swamp bed very sticky, and we clumped along on heavy mud-soled boots. By this time it was getting dark, and Alison and Carol started exchanging secret mutinous mutterings. Mick had a worried frown. He knew that his dry tent and sleeping bag weren't far away, but was not sure whether he would be seeing them that night. And Cameron and Rob did nothing to improve morale with their over-loud comments "Have you any

firefighters in your pack? We'll need them tonight." "My groundsheet should be big enough to make a reasonable tent." "Do you think Neil will be worried when we don't show up?"

When we did reach camp a little before 6.00 p.m. everyone hurried to cook and the sustained heavy rain finally drove us all into our tents by 7.30. All, that is, except Eileen and Mick, who were still waiting for their soya beans (with abrasive additives courtesy of Rodney) to cook.

The rain stopped during the night, and next morning we set about getting the cars out along very muddy roads. Several times a car would yaw, or slip sideways off the road and have to be dug and pushed out of the mud. At one point Rob's car made an unintentional U turn, and he had to reverse out for the next quarter mile. And while we were digging Mick's car out, four others in convoy drove past and stopped. Their dozen occupants sprang out, each clutching his tinnie, and leaned on the fence to watch the fun.

Eventually, we got back to Hattah and exchanged experiences with Alex's party over lunch. It wasn't quite the sunny, warm and dry weekend we had expected, but looking back, we did enjoy it all.

ROBERT AYRE

GRAMPIANS WALK

We left our campsite on Saturday morning for what I thought to be a little fitness and endurance test.

However, after a steady climb towards the road and carpark and on to Mt. William, I was surprised to find that we reached the road in 90 min. and the top of the mountain another 15 min. later. Wasting no time in those drizzly and windy conditions, we left immediately for Major Mitchells Plateau, where we arrived, after a bit of scrub bashing at about 2.00 p.m. to have lunch and set up camp. Next day we headed off towards the edge of the Plateau which should take us to a ridge leading down. The weather was as drizzly as on Saturday except for an occasional break in the clouds where we would get a misty view downhill.

It was here on the descent downhill on the last 45 minutes of the walk when a member of the party slipped and broke his leg. When Tyrone received the message of the accident he organised everything necessary at once. While Geoff and Norm went for a landrover, Doris gave first aid to the patient. Meanwhile, Tyrone's scouts came across 6 landrovers on a CB radio excursion. Despite the expressed dislike of bushwalkers for landrovers and other so-called recreation vehicles, they approached the people who immediately dropped everything and went into action to help us. Some radioed for an ambulance and a S.R. team, whilst others of the Landrover-party made a makeshift stretcher and took it uphill to collect the patient.

With combined strength of both, the Bushies and Landrover People (and some sound advice of the latter) we took the patient downhill to the S.R. team which had by now arrived.

What would have been an easy walk turned into a nightmare for one member, and demonstrated that despite some members inconsiderate attitude, there is within the club a spirit of solidarity.

Many thanks to the Landrover Party, and a speedy recovery to you Ivan.

H. G.

Your feet are sore
 And your tent's leaking
 Wood's too wet to burn
 And the branch above's creaking
 Spend half the night
 Just mopping your tent
 Start to eat breakfast
 Leader calls "Time we went"
 You swear it's your last
 When five miles becomes ten
 In the van you decide
 When you'll come out again.

IAN HARGREAVES

TEARING FROM BROADFORD TO YEA

There were seven of us sitting in the compartment on the train to Broadford. I was worried. The others all looked either much fitter or more competent at running than I felt. Art and Tim were swapping anecdotes about different runs, marathons and orienteering events in which they'd participated over the last ten years or so, Simon was stripped to T-shirt and shorts already - you could tell that he meant business, Ken Smith was sitting looking quietly confident, Norm coolly read the Sunday papers and Chris Murphy was suggesting all sorts of incredible things one could do with vaseline. I felt sluggish and wondered if perhaps this year I would be the one to delay the party on the 30 mile "walk-run" from Broadford to Yea ... I needn't have worried. No one was unfit, we all kept up and it seemed that we had hardly left Broadford when we were lurching on the top of One Tree Hill within 10 miles of undulating subdivided farmland already behind us.

Lunch? Our leader, Art, showed that he too meant business and was not going to be running in the dark this time. Fifteen minutes after our arrival on the summit of One Tree Hill we were sliding down the other side. The threat of spending Sunday night on a park bench in Yea postponed any complaints. The next twenty miles were notable for the abundance of wildlife, what with kangaroos, a fox, eagles, birds, sheep, dogs and the occasional irate farmer. ("Git orf my land!") Our first encounter with one of these occurred when we asked permission to go through the yokel's property. Why bother? You ask. We thought it best, seeing as we had to go right through the bloke's back garden. Besides, it was a hot, windy day so we were dying of thirst and wanted his water. He eyed us suspiciously and mumbled something threatening about bulls in the cow paddock. But Art turned on his "salt of the earth" charm and soon we had full water bottles and were happily swearing, grunting, heaving and sweating up the spur to Mt. Marian. A brisk walk and a jog across the ridge past the swimming hole of previous years (choked with weeds) and last year's fresh water spring (dried up) and we were down on the flats again, making brisk progress towards Mt. Jimmy. After the punishment inflicted on Simon and me last year (it is at the closing stages of the run) I was surprised to see that Mt. Jimmy is really only an oversized hill. This year, we both exalted in trampling it underfoot with no difficulty at all. The grin on Simon's face as he reached the top threatened to crack his salt-encrusted face. Last year, a certain person on the trip took advantage of 5 minutes' weakness on my part, beat me to the top and has since demonstrated his skill in manoeuvring his every conversation with me to the subject of Mt. Jimmy. I made sure I beat him to the top this time.

Pointing ourselves Yea-wards, we ran down the hill and past a farmer in an angry truck. He roared round a bend, cornered us and got out: "Always walk in just wherever you feel like it?" It looked as if we might be covering the rest of the distance by road - the long way. But Art salvaged the situation again with some sympathetic remarks about the weather, the paddocks, the cows and loutish yah-hoos. Soon he had secured permission to walk on the ruffians friends friends property. "See yah, mate." "Yeah, See yah mate". From now on Art used every trick he knew to avoid farmers, farmhouses, trucks, cowsheds, dogs, ditches, haystacks and bits of tin. However, it wasn't long before we reached Yea school - Art's official finishing post. "Six hours, twenty minutes, fourteen point six five seconds", he said, producing a stop watch.

A clean up (for some), a change of clothes (for some), a pleasant amble and we were in the main street of Yea; last year we had barely 20 minutes to frantically shove down some food and drink before collapsing in the bus. This year, we had an hour and a half extra - which meant that we spent an extra 90 minutes frantically shoving down food and drink before collapsing in the bus.

But we didn't really collapse because nobody was really tired. I pretended to fall asleep so as not to hurt the leader's feelings too much, but it didn't do any good. I've heard a rumor that next year Art's planning to lead the same trip - only this time we run backwards.

GEOFF LAW

THE CONTINUING SAGA OF MAKING CAMP AFTER DARK

The van departed, having dropped seven of us at the start of the Mt. Margaret track, and leaving Bill with all his spare clothes. So began a hard walk, and one of the best although many would say "for madmen only". This wasn't one of your everyday weekend walks, it was different.

We made camp in the dark near the tent of Norm who next morning demonstrated his car parking talents behind the only bush in the paddock. Then we were off up Mt. Margaret; we the greyhounds, GWJ the hare, half an hour ahead of us. We didn't catch

him until he waited for us for lunch but by then the fateful decision had been made during our morning tea break on Mt. Margaret summit. As we surveyed the splendid view Geoff said "I think we'll go up that spur. Let's not camp at Lake Tarli Karng like everyone else does, let's be different". With 3,000' of climbing already under our belts a similar climb to the Wellington Plateau was thus scheduled for the afternoon.

At lunch at the chromite mine GWJ was told. He promptly packed up and became hare again. "You'll catch me." And this time we did - on the divide between the Wellington and Dolodrook Rivers which developed into our spur. Some maps indicate that there is a jeep track along that divide. We found evidence of it in the lessening of the density of the scrub - from thick to medium. The real climb began with the sun sinking and signs that we weren't the first pioneers of this spur. A scout hat, a piece of blue plastic and a Tom Piper can reduced the feelings of wilderness.

The party split into two groups for the final ascent with the cliffs ahead an unknown quantity. They turned a spectacular red reflecting the setting sun as we pressed on upwards. The first group breeched a break in the cliffs just as light failed to be met with the sight of the twinkling lights of civilisation below and to the south. The second group came later, having filled their water bottles at a trickle among the cliffy section. But we didn't need bother with running water for camp. To keep up the standard of the walk we melted the patches of snow we found lying about and made camp among the snow gums (yes, in the dark again).

Around the fire a weary group gathered. There was discussion on whether it was indeed a Hard walk - some thought it deserved the classification of tough especially after four or five hours of fighting scrub. Norm made telepathetic attempts at the VFL results, Bob shared a bottle of wine and while some retired to rest the musical offering began. Camp fire singing? - No way! We had a symphony concert. The programme: Wagner's Overture to Tannhauser, Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 2 and Beethoven's symphony No. 5. Derek's rest was a little disturbed by the symphony - his tent was beside the concert platform.

Next morning another 7.30 a.m. start and we made a side trip to Gable End to see the view, then made our way to the Sentinels and at last Tarli Karng was visible far below. Mt. Wellington and Spion Kop rose into the clubs across the way. The steep drop down to the lake for morning tea brought out perspiration but only Norm braved the depths. He was so refreshed that a short while later he was ahead of Simon and the rest of the party up on Riggalls Spur, if only for a brief moment. The Sentinels had high photographic appeal but not much time was lost as we sped down to the Wellington River for lunch. The afternoon saw us make good time out to the van along what is in places a very pleasant walking track. It's a pity the vehicular scars remain.

A memorable walk.

Thanks Geoff

Ken.

ASSORTED WAFFLE

Probably the best (implied) advice we heard all night came from the bored voice somewhere up at the back of the meeting which, as I was getting to the end of my longwinded explanation came through quite clearly... "Bullshit". It would be very easy to go on much too long about the issues. Nevertheless I am certain there were a number of misunderstandings which I must clear up.

Suppose you have two chess clubs. Club A has a constitution which says the objects are (i) to play chess (full stop). Club B has a constitution which says the objects are (i) to play chess (ii) to foster social activity among the members. Suppose 98 of the 100 members of Club A want to talk about tennis. Old Cantankerous does NOT want to talk about tennis. His reason for joining Club A rather than Club B is that he wants to concentrate exclusively on chess. The last member of Club A is - you've guessed it - the poor benighted President. Even if the meeting votes 98 to 1 that it wants to talk about tennis, the President is STILL bound to uphold the rights of Old Cantankerous and refuse to allow any talk about tennis! The only way to get tennis onto the agenda is for 66 of the members, having given due notice, to get the constitution changed so that it reads the same as Club B's, when tennis can be dealt with under object (ii).

The President of Club A is bound to disallow a motion "That we discuss tennis" at a general meeting, and is not suppressing free speech in doing so. An argument we heard the other night was that Club A should be allowed to discuss the motion because you'd only have a problem if it was passed, and it might not be passed. I'm afraid

this one just does not hold water. The only proper course of action for those members of Club A who want to talk about tennis is to bring in an amendment to the constitution. Old Cantankerous resigns, grumbling - minorities do not have a very comfortable time when issues are forced too hard - and you end up with two Clubs, A and B, which both play chess/tennis. Poor Old Cantankerous!

Suppose, however, that in Club A (with its original constitution) it is not tennis that rears its ugly head, but draughts. Actually I guess most of us see chess and draughts as being quite different, but I am trying to introduce shades of grey, so let's suppose that for various reasons (say that people have been playing games of draughts pretty openly in the club for years) that there are problems of interpretation. The President is now in a tricky situation if a meeting wants to talk about draughts. He has to decide at once whether the motion is in accordance with the constitution or not, and having done so he is in a "sudden death" situation. If he is not able to persuade himself that the draughts question is different from the tennis question, and the meeting disagrees with him (50/49; not 66/33 or 98/1), then he is in an impossible situation and MUST resign. It is NOT a matter of making it a question of confidence, and I am upset that it looked to so many people as though I was seeking a vote of confidence (someone even used the word "blackmail" in the debate). I was not. It is simply a matter of admitting that one's understanding of the resulting situation (which understanding, of course, may well be wrong) is that one would be trying to satisfy simultaneously two mutually exclusive demands. The proper thing is to be replaced by someone who sees no such conflict.

As I mentioned in my boring preamble at the meeting, the only section of the constitution which has anything to say about politics, and then only by implication, is section 2(b). It is a matter of interpretation as to what forms of political activity this section requires/licenses. I base my interpretation on what I think most people would expect on reading the constitution for the first time and having some idea of what bushwalking clubs are like that is lobby politics but not party politics. Now that the question of party politics has been raised explicitly (and I think it is one of the most divisive that could be raised) I would hope that it CAN be discussed freely, but I have certain obligations under the constitution to see that, even if a majority of 98 to 1 wishes otherwise, things are done correctly. And if you really do wish to force the issue you can do it with a mere 2 to 1. You don't need 98 to 1. Poor Old Cantankerous!

-----W-J

JULY COMMITTEE MEETING NOTES

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

CORRESPONDENCE: Letter from Conservation Council - affiliation fee \$45. No reply from Premier to our request for delegation to be received - Secretary to write again.

ACCOUNTS; Balance 30 June, 1978 \$4,911.65. Bills passed for payment at the meeting totalled \$233.00.

WALKS SECRETARY: May 88v + 139m = 227 = 164d + 63w/e. PROFIT \$83.

MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY: 353 financial members, including 7 applicants to be presented.

NEWS CONVENOR: Closing date August 2nd (Printer Barry Short will be away on holidays hence, one week earlier). 18 months supply of header pages to be purchased for \$144.90.

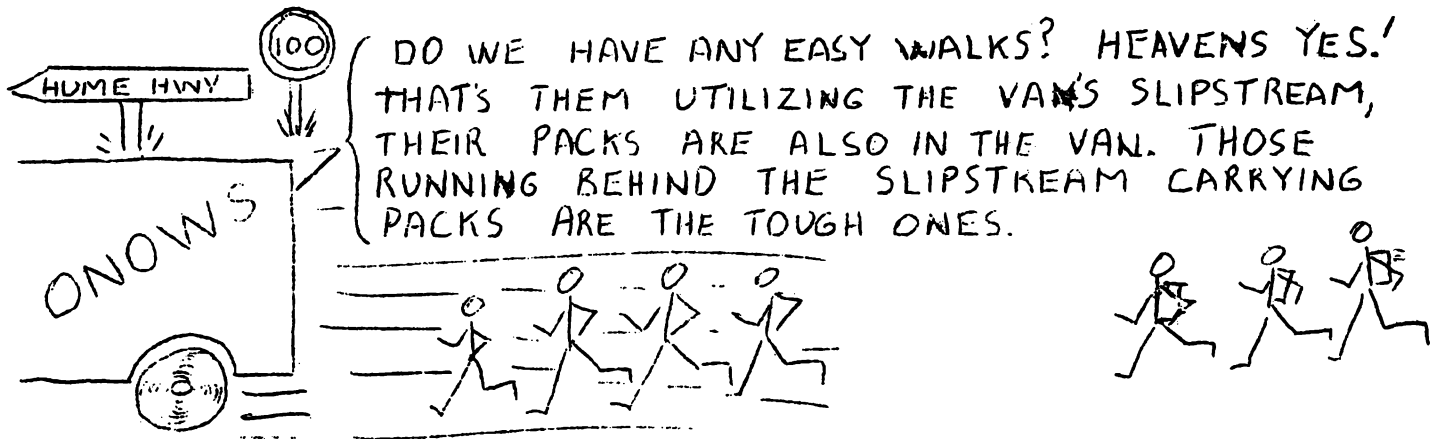
FEDERATION : Next Council meeting 4 July. Special General Meeting to consider proposed amendments to FVWC Constitution 1st August.

"WALK" 1979: Ian Hargreaves (Welcome to the club committee, Ian - likewise to Christine Nicol our new vice-president) appointed as advertising manager. Editor hopes to start getting copy typeset by 1st August. A good selection of b & w have been received - also something like 400 slides, among which several possibilities for front cover, but a wider selection would still be welcome. Articles still welcome.

COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT: Workparty (clubroom cleanup) 5.15 p.m. Wednesday 2nd August. Please come!

DUTY ROSTER: 2 August Christine Nicol, Caroline Strickland; 9 August Libby Quarterman, Graham Wills-Johnson; 16 August Rob & Shelley Hayes; 23 August Arthur Francis, Geoff Crapper.

Meeting held: 3 July, 1978 Next Meeting: 7 August, 1978
14 Hosier Lane, 7.00 p.m. Visitors are Welcome.



LOPEZ

The ubiquitous Shady Scorpion has been keeping a high profile in the clubrooms and has been outspoken on a number of occasions in recent weeks—some of his more notable quotes are "I've been approached by many girls" and "who's volunteering to be assistant letcher?"

On a recent Sunday walk, in the mountains around Melbourne, it was so cold that Graham, son of Hodge was seen wearing a jumper and gloves. Otto must have got up in the dark to go on the same trip as when he rummaged through his kitchen cupboard when looking for his lunch he brought out a can of food. By lunchtime he was really hungry and out came his can of lunch — only to discover it was dogfood! He ate it anyway and pronounced it edible — but he barked a bit later in the day and had to be physically restrained from chasing a cat after arriving back in Melbourne.

Once again, none of the "little people" did anything spectacular this month, although one of our smallest members, Simon A, was seen ordering 3 mixed gelatis and 2 cappicino's before a meeting.

As a guide to the popularity of the recent revival of slide-nights in the clubrooms, the talk on canoeing was very well attended and no-body complained that the talk lasted for nearly 2 hours. A few were surprised at how long they had sat in the one spot. As a contrast, the general meeting the following week lasted only an hour and three quarters, including a debate on a dissention motion that only 2 people understood (El Presidente and Chief Stirrer McPhee).

Graham was seen walking around the clubrooms carrying a brand new pair of green skis with red stocks. He'll be dashing around the snowfields in a big flash of colour this year.

Fred Halls showed some very interesting slides of wildflowers from all over Australia. When the ones of W.A. were being shown that well known snowy haired Western Australian wall-flower was seen looking at this homeland in earnest.

Happy belated 21st birthday wishes to Caroline Strickland. Hope you had a great time celebrating.
