

CIRCULAR

No. 65

"THE NEWS"

19th February, 1954.

- THE MELBOURNE BUSHWALKERS -

Address: Room 110, 3rd Floor, Victorian Railways Institute,
Flinders Street, Melbourne.

ANNUAL MEETING, Room 56. (Feb 26)

At the end of this month we hold our most important meeting of the year, for the election of office-bearers, reading of annual reports, and discussion by members. A good attendance will make this meeting a great success.

VISIT BY PADDY PALLIN

Last Friday night, (12 Feb) was a memorable one, for Paddy Pallin paid us a surprise visit and showed a wonderful variety of kodachromes of the N.S.W. bushland, especially of its wildflowers and outlying areas such as Cox's Gorge. (Nostalgic sighs could be heard from one exile from Sydney!) Afterwards, many members enjoyed a discussion with Paddy, and everyone present hoped that he might be able to visit the Club again in the future.

THEATRE NIGHTS.

Feb 22 (Monday); Borovansky Ballet, at her Majesty's Theatre. Programme: "Les Sylphides", "Petrouchka", and "Graduation Ball." Stalls 11/-.

Mar 24 (Wed.) - National Theatre Company. Programme: Opera - "La Traviata".
Stalls 9/6. Concession price tickets for both nights available now
from Social Secretary, Ruth Hart.

LOST! A SLOUCH MILITARY HAT.

This was lost on the President's Weekend. It had been hung up behind the door in the Ben Cairn Hut, but could not be found when the party was leaving. Being of considerable sentimental value, the owner, Bill Horton, would be pleased if anyone could offer information that would help in finding it. It has apparently been taken by mistake, a very easy thing to do since the hut was very crowded.

TARA VALLEY TRIP. (13-14 March) Leader, Lesley Kurth.

In order to complete arrangements for this trip, members who are interested, and especially those with cars, should contact the leader (MB033 Ext 765) as soon as possible. Final arrangements depend upon the number of people interested in coming. This is a scenic trip, with some bushwalking and a visit to two National Parks in Southeast Gippsland. A discussion by drivers of cars with the leader is desirable to fix the time of starting out, etc. Leader will be in the clubroom on all Fridays.

SOCIAL NOTES.

VERY BEST WISHES to all these newly weds: Nick Geroe and Daphne Stevenson, who were married on 23 December; David Barclay and Joyce Edgcombe - on the 6th February; Pat Patterson and Keith MacDonald - on the 24th February.

BEST WISHES also to Neil McDonald and Barbara Faram who are to be married on Easter Saturday.

HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS to Halinka and Mario Juszczyk, who now have a son, George Mario, born on the 19th December.

Joan and Bob Darby who were married on 29th December have written of interesting ports of call since they sailed on 1st January, for Genoa and then overland to London. Anyone wishing to write to them will find them C/- Australia House, The Strand, London. They plan to be away 18 months to 2 years.

A very well known member, Betna Dryden, has just returned to Melbourne. Betna has been almost three years away and in that time has visited England, Europe, America, Canada and other places.

Brian Wilcher has also returned from a short stay in England. Travelling via the USA and Hawaii, he joined the Phillip Island party of the Bushwalkers within a week after leaving London.

Ken Grant has been spending a holiday weekend in Melbourne looking up old friends.

Old friends of Laura Tym (nee Howie) will be pleased to know that Laura has been into the Club in January, and that her young son, Russell, is growing into a fine little boy. Laura now lives in Coonamble, N.S.W.

MEMBERS PLEASE NOTE: that the walk on Sunday, 7th March, "Warramate Hills", Leader - FAY PITT (MB554) is now 2nd RETURN KILLARA, 9.12 a.m. (not single as stated in the Walks Programme.)

SOCIAL NOTES: (Ctd)

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Paul Lederer is recovering favourably from a sojourn in hospital. He is now at home at Warrandyte, and would be glad to see club members who are up that way.

SAVOURY SNIPPETS

A "confirmed" bachelor who usually carries a heavy burden, now appears to have shouldered another responsibility. Get ready for surprises in the "HATCHED, MATCHED and DISPATCHED" column.

It is surprising what happens when it unexpectedly rains during the night in the Otways!

Felix's task of hitching was made easier by the curious stares at the horse skull, Colline carried home from the top of Mt. Sabine.

NEW MEMBERS: We are pleased to welcome these people to the Club.

LOTHAR KOTTEK, 38 Charlotte St., Newport. (b) ML.6221.

HENRY PETER ROTHBAUM, 2 Unley Grove, Ascot Vale. W.2. (b) MJ.1251. (Division of Industrial Chemistry).

JUNE SWINBOURNE, Flat 6, 24 Kensington Rd., South Yarra. S.E.1.

(p) BJ.2461 (b) MF.0391 Ext. 256.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS and PHONE NUMBER.

BOB BITTNER, UY.3129 (p).

BERYL MASON, 153 High Street, Prahran. (p) LA.4974.

MARIO JUSZCZYK, 20 Violet Grove, Hawthorn E.2.

EMIL SLADE, 363 Upper Heidelberg Rd., EAGLEMONT, (p) JX.4984 (b) MY260 Ext 423

"CALIFFIRE COOKERY"

Many of our new members have had little or no experience at cooking over a campfire, so we are introducing this new feature to the "News" to promote "bigger and better" meals on our weekends. In order to give variety to this feature, we should like to receive contributions of recipes from members (preferably, those who have managed to survive experimental tests in the field. This guarantee is absolutely necessary, of course!) At the end of the year we hope to roneo a booklet of the less indigestible of these ingenious concoctions. Here is one to try out next weekend:-

Fried Rice: (suitable for breakfast or tea)

1. Boil rice in billy with water and salt. Cook till water is absorbed (otherwise, drain off excess water).
2. Add cooked rice to frying pan in which fat or butter has been heated and fry, preferably over a gentle steady heat, till rice becomes brown. Keep stirring.

Savoury Fried Rice:

1. Fry pieces of bacon or salami (in butter) while boiling rice. Cut these into small pieces and add to rice while it is being fried. Note: For an easy breakfast, the rice can be cooked the night before. No extra fat need be carried since fat from bacon is sufficient. Stewed dehydrated apples, flavoured with a clove or two and served with milk or custard is a good desert to follow.

but perhaps you want something more exciting! Then sprinkle dehydrated paprika (recommended by Nicky Geroy) on while frying rice.

Fried Rice: (Hungarian Method - as observed on a Xmas trip)

Place rice in frying pan. Add pieces of salami, salt and large pieces of butter. Add water to just cover rice. Cook over slow steady heat till water has evaporated. Keep adding water or butter if evaporation too quick. DO NOT STIR so that when cooked, the grains will separate. If pan is covered, water will not evaporate too quickly.

Good eating folks! Don't forget to send in your ideas to the Editor.

ON THE TRACK" - THE CATHEDRAL RANGE. (13-14 Feb) Mario Juszczuk.

Mario had promised us an easy trip over the Cathedral Range, and when our party of 11 got off the bus somewhere between Buxton and Taggerty, we heard the welcome news that we would have lunch before starting to walk. A really easy beginning - little did we know that this was the only easy part of the whole trip. From then on the order of the day was climbing up the steep slopes of the Cathedral, hanging on with our teeth to nearly perpendicular rock faces, stumbling over slippery rocks, and fighting our way through thick scrub; but the glorious views from the ridge, and especially from the top of the Sugarloaf, made it well worth while. However, much we may have complained during the trip, the happy chatter round the campfire at Jawbone Creek (an idyllic camping spot) on Saturday night, and in the bus from Buxton to Melbourne on Sunday night, showed that all members of the party had enjoyed the weekend.

REPORTS OF KMAS WALKS:

OMEQ-MT WILLS-MT. BOGONG-~~FEATHERTOP~~-HARRISTVILLE. (24 Dec - 5 Jan) Alf Cole.

On Christmas Day a party of Bushwalkers travelled to Bairnsdale by train and thence by bus to Omeo to begin what might have been called a ten day experiment to ascertain the restraining influence of their hitherto civilized environment, but rather came under the heading of a Christmas walk over the Bogong High Plains.

Failing to wake up Omeo that night they forsook it the following morning in the mail car for Mt. Wills. One of the party, in a fit of deliberate "anti-socialism" travelled in an unusual posture on the floor of the back seat, emitting muffled noises from time to time, and declined to partake in the breakfast at the Glen Wills Hotel. At Miscalculate (not one of the party but a place on the road) they began the ascent of Wills leaving the driver, who had been eyeing their packs and the leader's shorts, silently speculating. From the summit they surveyed the scene of their potential folly and plunged down through the scrub to a saddle camp.

It was here that - oh! the shame of it - a glass jar was found in one of the packs. Strangely enough, it was quite large and dark with a peculiar shape and a label with "Abbot'sford Br..." but that makes no difference; it was still a jar. Its contents, together with tins of plum pudding ^{and cream from the same pack,} were divided among the party, merely, it should be noted, to prevent further physical discomfort being suffered by the unfortunate (the discovery was unfortunate for him) one whose name shall not be divulged as he probably has enough embarrassment being seen with the sandy moustache which he has since grown - or rather, isolated. Let it suffice to say that the conduct of the party on this occasion was enough to impress upon him the true nature of their attitude towards the contents of his pack. Imagine the affront of another who, under these circumstances, invited the party to partake of his stewed nettles.

The next day was the first of a series of days in which a chain of circumstances (though it will be asserted a deliberate programme of research on slow starvation by a malicious leader) happened to bring dinner and tea rather close together. Although restraint still existed in sufficient quantity for this occasion to be passed over smoothly, later in the afternoon, it broke in brogue over the heads of the two miscreants who railroaded the party to Bogong.

The following day, spent on Mt. Bogong, passed without event, save another one of those insidious starvation experiments and the arrival of another two (bushwalkers) from Mt. Wills. Late that night at the Clive Cole Memorial Hut (called by one the "Steve Cole", by another the "Clive Cole") a most uncanny incident occurred. It was long after all the occupants were asleep, when the dying embers in the fireplace illuminated the hearth with a dull glow, when the only sound was that of the far off rising and falling winds which soared around the barren slopes and the rocky crags and over the summit of Bogong, when the moonlight shone full through the gathered clouds, casting shadows wide and dark across the deep gullies and lacelike under the dancing snowgums whose white branches were faintly luminous and whose moist leaves gleamed. Suddenly, there was a rumbling noise from somewhere about the Hut which stirred the occupants. After a moment of silence it began again more violently, and the Hut shook with it. Then the sound of slow heavy footsteps came from outside and the door creaked on its hinges. Some frantic whispering could be heard from the lower bunks and the light of a torch flashed around the room. When it was discovered that the table on which one of the sleepers had begun the night was bare, it gradually dawned on the semi-conscious ^{ness} of the apprehensive ones that the noise was not caused by a supernatural spectre of the plains trying to gain admission but a "supercilious inspector" of the firewood wedged against the door, trying to gain exit.

The next day the slow starvation business came to a head. At 2 o'clock on the spur below Quartz Knob, the party revolted and ignoring the leader's assertions that water was no more than an hour away demanded an immediate dry lunch. After lunch they continued down the spur and reached the Big River some two hours later. On the way they encountered a snake which, in the heat of the ensuing battle, literally lost its head and went to pieces into the frying pan that night. One member dined lavishly on "Snake and Onions" with much enjoyment.

In the luxury of the Wilkinson Memorial Hut the following night, a pair of shorts which were obviously in need of urgent repair were taken out of their owner's hands (fortunately he had another pair) and the "obviousness" was forthwith eliminated. A request by the leader that his shorts might also be mended brought forth from the needle wielder an indignant reply to the effect that she did not have a complete tailor's outfit, possessing as she did, needle and cotton only, and so the shorts remained as they were, or rather they did not improve, neither on that occasion nor on any other till, when the trip was finished, they were abandoned and the safety pins salvaged.

: ALICE SPIERER ALICE SPIERER :
: ALICE SPIERER ALICE SPIERER :
: has resumed dressmaking at 4 Ivy Street, Prahran :
: YOUR OWN MATERIAL MADE UP also NEW MODEL BRIDAL GOWNS FOR HIRE :
: M O D E R A T E C H A R G E S :
: For appointment: Ring LA.2918 :
: ----- :
: CURE YOUR OPTICAL ILLUSIONS CURE YOUR OPTICAL ILLUSIONS :
: AND PAY A VISIT TO AND PAY A VISIT TO :
: WERNER GRAF Optician :
: Optician :
: 2nd Floor, 80 Swanston Street, Melbourne. Central 3186 :
: ----- :
: LATEST EQUIPMENT INFORMATION FROM "AUSKI". :
: "Arabic" Waterproofing Agent. 3/8d. Triple hobs, Three Star muggers and :
: tricounis now available. :
: Arriving shortly from overseas. :
: "Willesden" japara tents (from England). This is a very good :
: quality japara and very waterproof.) also, :
: STOVES: The "Svea" (Swedish) and the "Primus", also :
: HEAVY "COMMANDO" RUBBER SOLES for Walkers, which can be used with :
: the "Jenkin's Fitmaster" Boot or with any other boot. These :
: soles are used extensively in Europe for Walkers and Climbers. :
: Perhaps these will solve your problem of tired feet and tender :
: soles, after a long day's walking (especially on roads!). :
: -----

OMLO-I-T. BOGONG-HARRIETVILLE. (Cont'd)

As a result of the bushwalkers' stay at the hut that night, its visitors' book records a little feuding in verse which as a result of exclusive world copyright, appears below:

'From regions remote as Bogong and Wills, I drive this lowly herd, To drive them to Tawonga Hut I seem to lack a word. To all my vain entreaties They reply in idle passes, I neither have the whip nor will To drive them from their breakfasts!	"In Shakespeare's realm strode Alfred Cole, When 'Bogong Great' was beneath the sole, For breakfast our dear Brutus spake But dehyds. and Cassius are too much to take, In mortal fear we stay no longer Lest Caesar's Ghost be in Tawonga."
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The latter is a jest at a Shakespeare fan from whom quotations of Caesar flowed like water from a leaking roof gutter. Incidentally, if Caesar's ghost did descend to haunt Tawonga Hut he most likely took one look at it and went back to Wilkinson's. With partly collapsed roof, it provides little shelter even for one so indifferent as a ghost! At this stage another Bushwalker, now living at Pretty Valley, joined the party for two days.

On the second last day the clouds descended upon the plains; the temperature rapidly dropped and pullovers, etc. were put on by everyone except two "bareskins" who, though shivering, claimed to be warm enough. However, it was obvious that each was waiting for the other to put something on so that he, too, could relax such spartan habits. That night the party tried for a meal at the Hotham Chalet. The manager, after taking one look at them discovered that provisions were low, but directed them to the Drift Chalet, where, he warned, there was a bed and breakfast attached to the meal. Upon learning the tariff the proletariat and the bour..... sorted themselves out and half the party trudged back along the road to the Diamantina Hut. It might be recorded here, that those who stayed the night at Diamantina DID NOT start out the next day with pockets two guineas, and faces several thousand hairs lighter.

OMEO-MT. BOGONG-HARRIETVILLE. (Cont'd)

Over the Razorback to Feathertop where they were abandoned by the leader, who with one who has since grown, or rather, isolated a sandy moustache (if this doesn't make him shave it off, nothing will!) - made his way back to Diamantina with great haste, lest the suppressed wrath of some injustice committed within the last ten days, should overtake him.

Editor's Note: Destination of leader was in the direction of an area known as "Seldom Seen", in wild, timbered country in the vicinity of the Dargo High Plains.

Down at Harrietville that night, the party were accosted by a "an old familiar" from Omeo who has lost his moustache, and who incidentally, looks like being the next local Presbyterian Church secretary!

BUCKLAND VALLEY-MT. SELWYN-WONNANGATTA-SNOWY PLAINS-MT. WELLINGTON-LICOLA.
(Dec. 24 - Jan 8) Leader, Gerda Schwerin.

Our party of five, after a night spent at or near the pine plantation at Porepunkah, were duly conveyed along the Buckland River on Xmas morning. The way to Mt. Selwyn led us along the old road to Beveridge flats, then Selwyn Creek and next day up to the Barries. The view from Mt. Selwyn came up to expectations, as before, likewise the camp in Selwyn saddle, except for the unexpected visit of a number of black beetles, duly received in his tent by one member of the party, causing hasty removal of said bod to a new site.

Ti-træ Range did not live up to its reputation of scrubbiness and lack of fine views, but undismayed, we pushed onto Guy's hut on the Range and another ideal campsite. A little scrub pushing and sidling the following day brought us to the spur leading to the Humphrey River, whence we made our way to the Wonnangatta and a vastly inferior camp, but superior swimming pool where all and sundry took a plunge. It wasn't long the next day, once we got started, before we were robbing the cherry trees and gooseberry bushes at the Wonnangatta Station, and drying sundry pieces of underwear pink by Conglomerate Creek to the detriment of the colour in a certain linen shirt. An unsuccessful attempt at rabbiting marred the otherwise perfect day, and a gooseberry pie was found to be filled with what appeared to be marbles.

Howitt Hut, our next objective, brought a meeting with the Caloola Club of Sydney. Then followed a fairly uneventful trip to Bryce's Plains on which we noticed the changeover in the cattle population from the Herfords of former years to Black Polls. A wonderful view was obtained from the Gorge, after which New Year's Eve was celebrated at 9.30 p.m. with 4 oz. rum.

Kelly's hut was reached in the early afternoon of the next day and repairs carried out to a solo. Camp was made near the "W" blaze on the way to Surveyors' Creek. Then followed a day of comparatively thick fog which was spent walking to Miller's, after which the weather cleared for a perfect day. We visited the Gable End, Sentinels and the Trig Point. A baby fox was adopted for a half mile walk, and a hunting expedition organised which was rewarded by one (very) dead (indeed) wombat. The next expedition was for (live) trout which, however, eluded the artful way--of our anglers. We then retreated to the camp with unchanged menu. More digging for a wombat and fishing for trout, with success as before, followed by the ascent (well, no further than necessary) of Mount Margaret and a descent into the underworld (so it seemed) at Licola, which brought us to the end of our walk.

"ON THE TRACK" (PACKENHAM-TOOMUC VALLEY-EMERALD) Bob Wittner - Jan 31.

Despite 20 fences in the first half hour, the party emerged successfully from these cross country obstacles, and continued along bush roads through pleasant, timbered country. Lunch was delayed until 2 o'clock when the first creek was encountered. In contrast to the "perish" of the morning, the party was caught in a thunderstorm in the last half hour of the walk, and some including the leader, took a taxi from Cockatoo to Ferntree Gully. By mistake, one passenger walked off with the taxi-driver's cardigan, but left it at the Ferntree Gully Station. Karl Bing will make enquiries to see that it is returned to the owner.

IN THE TRACK

GOMBROOK-BUNYIP (12-13 December, 1953) Felix Harding.

Ed. Note: Apologies are given for the omission of this description of a seldom visited area, in the December News. It is felt that the author's efforts should not go unrewarded.

The Gombrook bush certainly did sparkle under the summery sun as 5 members started off on the last weekend walk of the year. After a leisurely luncheon by Rockatoo Creek, the party pursued a south-easterly direction, mainly along timber trails. To relieve the monotony of easy walking, a spot of scrub-bashing was indulged in, plus a few excursions through swampy water-courses. Camp was made somewhere on the upper reaches of the Bunyip River, giving valuable experience to those preparing for the Xmas Tasmanian Walk, for the site proved a veritable den-broth for leeches. The nutritional value of the fauna was tested by the leader.

On Sunday morning there was more bashing through a particularly vicious growth of scrub which fortunately gave place to open forest as the flanks of Mt. Bowt Range were reached. An old ridge road led to the south-east end of the range where rocky outcrops of granite afforded distant views of Western Port Bay, the Strzelecki Ranges and the wide Gippsland Valley. A spur was then followed which led down to North Garfield. Soon leaving the road the party ascended Mt. Cannibal where more extensive views were gained from natural outlooks. Leaving the mountain, the party found themselves confronted with Cannibal Creek, a swampy barrier filled with a hedge like belt of tangled and dense scrub fifty yards wide. After an hour of bashing and bridge building, the party finally emerged, bespattered with mud, only to learn they had to cover 4 miles in less than an hour to catch the 3 o'clock train. Three bods did a marathon cross-country (Graham carrying two packs), reaching the station just in time, but only to find the other two had arrived fifteen minutes earlier, having caught a local bus. The temporary disappearance of Graham as the train pulled in caused a minor disturbance until he reappeared at the last possible moment.

HILLIP ISLAND. (30 Jan - 1 Feb) Horst Eisfelder.

Ten Bushwalkers set out for a long weekend on Phillip Island but only 7 (plus 10 packs) arrived at Anderson Station after 3 members had hopped on to a wrong train, taking them to Korumburra, at Nyora after taking liquid refreshments there. By the time the three erring souls had hitch-hiked to San Remo, the fisherman who was to have taken us to Cape Woolamai refused to set sail as an "Easterly" had sprung up. So we walked along the beach to our camp near the old jetty. Next day another two members joined our little group. The weather was rather good apart from some rain and wet sleeping bags early on Monday morning. The camp was uneventful and the time was spent with a few short walks and a few dips in the sea. Other favourite pastimes were eating and spinobashing, especially the latter.

KENNET RIVER-BENWERNIN TRACK-MT SABINE-APPOLLO BAY. (30 Jan - 1 Feb) Ron Abbott.

Arriving at Kennett River on Friday night in driving sand and spray from the surf, 17 people managed excellent accommodation in the sawmill with a sawdust fire already provided for cooking breakfast. Soon after starting up the river which was running a very strong stream, the leader was "pushed" in. Following his example, 7 of the party spent the remainder of the day paddling in the river, even though the leader had managed to find some wiregrass in which to camp. (There was a road to start off with.) Leaving the amphibious group to its own devices, the main party continued along wiregrass covered tracks and bull-dozed "roads" to Mt. Sabine, from which there were good views to the north around Forrest. In contrast to Saturday, the weather was fine.

From a two-hour lunch on Mt. Sabine, the Wild Dog Creek was followed right to Appollo Bay. A section of this road, about 200 yards long, has slid about 100 feet down into the valley. That night it rained and it is surprising what will happen on such nights! Walking the short distance into the town, the 130 p.m. bus couldn't come soon enough, in almost continuous rain.

HINT for THOSE WHO MAKE THEIR OWN PLASTIC WALKING GEAR.

A tube of "Pliobond" (a G.U.D. product obtainable at hardware stores) can be used to seal plastic edges. Squeeze out tube onto one plastic edge and quickly press down the other edge, while the mixture is still sticky. Seal a short length at a time. One tube should be sufficient for one parka, and should make it waterproof. at the seams.
