

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

COMING EVENTS

- Sept. 19 - Federation Search & Rescue Day practice. This will be in the Cookatoo area, with transport arranged. Will all able bodied and willing members please see Bill Horton about this.
- Sept. 25/26th - Mt. Blackwood - Mt. Bullengarook. Geoff Christensen, WF4553. As well as the pleasures of walking, the leader has promised us beautiful wild flowers for the budding botanist and beautiful rocks for those chips of geologists. The leader also requests that intending participants carry a compass (though we hope the wild flowers won't be that hard to find.) This is a van trip - hope your name is down.
- Sept. 26th - Croydon - Warrandyte. Eric Sculthorp. LA8454
Train 855 a.m. - 2nd return to Croydon.
- Sept. 30th - Showday - Lyrebird Walk. Heinz Wolff. UY2678.
A 2nd Ret. ticket to Fern Tree Gully, and the 9.18 a.m. express will get you there and the lyrebirds are there already, you don't have to carry them in your packs.
- Oct. 2/3. - Somers Park - Mt. Vinegar - Black Spur. Jock Low. FU7497.
Depending on the number of people booking for this trip, and provided those intending to participate are agreeable, the party will be leaving Melbourne by bus on Friday night, Oct. 1st. Make sure you see Jock soon if you want to go on this walk.
- Oct. 3rd - Mt. Juliet. Emeric Binet. LF4668.
This is a van trip, so please put your name down early.
- Oct. 10th - Federation Day Walk. Watch the noticeboard for further details of this walk. The walk this year will be led by the Melbourne Walking Club by special request, as the Club is celebrating its 60th year.
- Oct. 17th - Lancefield - Mt. William Alf Cole. (b) JA2171
Van trip.

SOCIAL NOTES

Barn Dance Weekend at Sunbury - 11/12th Sept.

Thirtyeight Bushwalkers couldn't be wrong - it was a jolly good dance. The six juniors who attended thought so too, especially the three of them, who, along with the three children of the family who live in the old homestead, took part in the dance itself in no uncertain manner.

The oldest homestead in Victoria is situated in a very pleasant spot by Jackson's Creek and Mr. Webb and Mr. and Mrs. Stringer are doing Victoria a great service by keeping the homestead in excellent condition, beautifying their surroundings even more, and also in allowing all and sundry to see their home. They themselves derive no benefit from doing this, as they give all donations to charity. They certainly made us all feel at home and we were happy to see them join in the fun themselves. And fun it certainly was. The usual waltzes and foxtrots were well broken up with wads of Scottish dancing and square dancing, and in the latter sport, a new Texas something-or-other was evolved by the dauntless eight who comprised the centre set, who battled on in the new variation despite all attempts to curb their creative geni. The hero of the set, tall, dark and handsome, was the choreographer of a new corner swing, involving two ladies at once, and the fact that he ended up swinging one of his own sex only goes to show that after all two females must equal one male. A large and delicious supper disappeared in a remarkably short space of time, and it was on with the dance until somewhere about 1.30 a.m., when we tottered to bed to dream it all again.

The morning was warm and sunny and those who had not seen the house before went in to look over it. The official walk was quite short but long enough for those taking part in it to be caught in a sudden spasm of quite wetting rain.

The only casualty was Felix, who late on Saturday night developed the 'flu, or such was the diagnosis on Sunday morning. However, he was later whizzed home by fast closed Holden and we hope he is feeling better by this.

On Friday, 24th Sept., there will be a slide show - all sorts of slides shown by all sorts of people, many of them taken on Club trips, so it should be good and since it is going to be good, we hereby issue a plea or a warning that you be early, because it is going to start at 8 p.m. sharp.

Then on Friday, 1st Oct., there is going to be another slide show - this time a little more specific in nature, as the slides will consist primarily of the country in which the Christmas walks will be taking place, though, of course, they will be as much of interest to those not going on Christmas walks as those that are.

On Friday, 26th November, there will be a talk, possibly followed by slides. The exact nature of this talk is a deep dark secret, even to those most intimately concerned in its deliverance (at any rate it has not filtered through to the fingertips of the News typiste) but suffice it to say that it will be of particular interest to anyone going on extended walks, either at Christmas or at any other time, while all members of the club, both new and old, should find it interesting and - er, stimulative.

NOTICE is hereby given that there will be a brief, extraordinary general meeting on Friday, 24th Sept., that is, before the slide show, for the purpose of electing new women committee members. The situation has come to a climax, with the resignation of Mary Nash from the committee as that young lady is departing the state. The committee is now short of two women members, so please think about this in earnest and have your nominations ready for Friday 24th.

CLUB SLEEPING BAGS

It has been approved that the Club buy sheets for use with its bags when these are hired out. The sheets will be washed by the Club, but it would be of great help if those hiring the bags could wash their sheet if they have the facilities for doing so.

PRESIDENTS WEEKEND. - Nov. 6/7th.

We are going to start calling for sketches and camp fire items now for the President's Weekend, because otherwise nobody will start thinking about it until too late. So get it ready and tell Betna Dryden or Bill Horton all about it. We should also like anyone who knows any good songs to write down the words and indicate which of the usual popular tunes they should be sung to and give the result to Bill Horton in the not too distant future.

FEDERATION - First Aid class for women.

This class started last Monday night but if anyone else is interested in doing the class, they may still be able to join in. This is a good opportunity for gaining a knowledge which is essential to bushwalkers, and the opportunity should not be missed. Anyone interested please contact Jock Low or Bill Horton.

WALKS ALONG AQUEDUCTS.

All members who intend leading walks along or near aqueducts should notify the Walks Secy. well beforehand and should give him, as soon as possible the exact details as to when and where the party will meet the aqueduct. The Board of Works reserves the right to send one of its officers to meet any party in the vicinity of its aqueducts and permission must first be obtained from them following which full details of the walk must be given them.

CONTACTS.

There seems to have been some confusion over the contact system, and it has been decided that all leaders must get in touch with the Club contacts on return from their trips.

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CHRISTMAS WALKS

Time is running short and all those intending to go on one of the walks over the Christmas period should contact the leader concerned as soon as possible. Any suggestions for short Christmas walks, as well as a three day trip for Australia Day Weekend (Jan. 28th - 30th) would be welcome.

N.B. = THIS IS IMPORTANT =

Every month quite a number of News sheets are posted to members who cannot come to the Clubroom to collect them, and it is suspected that a large number of these are going astray. This applies particularly to those who are overseas, as in many of these cases the address left with the News Editor is either faulty or out of date. To those people, then, who have the News posted to them, would you please write and let us know that you are receiving the News. If we do not hear from you, we will assume that the News is going astray and will not post any more to you, until, of course, we get a belated letter, saying "I forgot to write and didn't know how much the News meant to me until I didn't get it..."

PERSONAL NOTES

Congratulations to RuthaAron, who became Mrs. Kaljee on Aug. 21st.

Congratulations also to Zoë Proud, who will be married to Ron Anderson, a member in former years; on Sept. 27th.

Also to Val Adams and Brian Wilcher, who have become engaged. The club is seriously thinking of charging marriage bureau fees.

We trust that Heinz is enjoying his holiday at Katoomba, N.S.W., and that he is not completely befogged every day, but is having some good weather.

We are glad to hear that our News Editor is now out of hospital and we are all hoping to see her again in the Clubroom in the very near future.

However, the hospitals of Australia can still claim one member of the bushwalkers, for the smoke signals tell us that Marie Gillespie is in hospital at Alice Springs. We hope it won't be for long, Marie, though we don't know why you didn't expect it after sending multi-millipedes to people - it's as bad as pointing the bone.

HALF-YEARLY GENERAL MEETING

The first business of the evening was to close the adjourned Annual General Meeting, which the President did, saying that he had not received the necessary nominations for the vacant positions on the committee. The meeting was rather long, the main business arising from it being:

"WALL - It was decided to publish the Club's magazine again this year, and spirits rose with the news that this last year's issue will probably pay itself off within two years. The Editor called for more photographs and articles and a little effort on the part of members in producing these quickly will get this year's edition away to a good start.

The Treasurer pointed out the improvement in the Club's financial position and arising from this it was decided to make investigations to try and obtain a little more space in the V.R.I. building for storing Club gear and expanding the Club's facilities.

The National Parks Association delegated reminded Club members of the Assn.'s Annual General Meeting, which will be held in the Museum Theatre, Latrobe St., on Thursday, Sept. 23rd, at 8 p.m. After the business of the meeting is completed, there will be an interesting slide show of some of our National Parks. Incidentally, the small sum of 5/- (payable to N. Richards any time, any place) will ensure you individual notification, nicely printed on nice buff paper, of all the Assn.'s activities as well as assure your conscience that at least you are doing something about preserving the bush that made you a bushwalker.

That Jack-in-the-box, the Bathing ox, popped up again, and Karl Bing and Brian Wilcher were given the jobs of co-managers of the box, for opening their big mouths too wide. Will all members please take pity on them and give them all support in this matter.

ON THE TRACK

August 15th - Seville - Sylvan Dam - Mt. Evelyn. Leader: Brendan O'Connell

This is a part of Victoria well known to members and is regularly traversed by all and sundry. Twenty-two bushwalkers, however, decided that it was worth seeing again. The glorious weather rather than the desire to see an untried leader making his debut, was, no doubt, the dominating factor in making their decision.

ON THE TRACK (Contd.)

The party comprised the fleet footed and the not so fast. Some of the latter group succumbed early in the day and jumped on a bus to Lilydale.

On arrival at Mt. Evelyn a pleasant hour was spent ~~waiting~~ waiting on the train by listening in a nearby cafe to a juke box, watching some optimists working slot machines and eating nice juicy steaks, etc. etc.

Nothing spectacular happened to make the walk memorable from others, unless perhaps the successful substitution of instinct for navigational skill.

August 21/22nd. Mt. Donna Buang Area. Leader : Edna Richards.

The programme said "Snow Walking", but apparently the leader had not succeeded in getting in touch with the right authorities, as no snow was forthcoming. In a rather belated attempt to quiet her conscience and the clamours of her intended party, she managed to persuade the Weather Bureau to forecast a light fall of snow on the Sunday, but whether the Bureau did not live up to its word or whether the snow was indeed so light as to be invisible to the naked eye is still a mystery.

However, the programme also said "Hut accommodation" and that at any rate proved to be true, which was really appreciated as the old weather man tried to make up for the lack of snow by producing a nice little storm, on Saturday night. We couldn't help thinking that perhaps the weather man was being kind, after all, when it transpired that one brave member of the party, bent on defeating the cold, cold snow, brought a brand new Lilo mattress but in the excitement of packing this wonderful acquisition, forgot all about his sleeping bag. To make matters worse, he had packed his rucksack himself that weekend too. He payed for his sins during the night, however, as little demon nightmares flitted up and down his recumbent form (I believe the poor things were a bit footsore at the end of the night, as their beat proved to be a rather lengthy one). Before we finish with Saturday night, we are still wondering why Lorraine gave us such vague and varying explanations for her intermittent shrieks.

Sunday was a lovely sunny day and the leader took us out along the Boobyallg plateau, an area which some people, no doubt, remembered from the last track clearing weekend. A pleasant walk, with pleasant views, topped off by a pleasant walk down to Warburton in the afternoon certainly made up for the lack of the promised snow, and everyone was happy.

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ON THE TRACK (Contd.)

29th August. Belgrave - Sylvan Dam - Lilydale. Leader : Lothar Kottek.

Perhaps it was because of the exhortation that this walk would be one for the "tough eggs" that among the dozen or so males there were only four members of the fairer sex (one not only married but accompanied by her husband - but not for long.)

After most of the unrevealing outer garments had been disdainfully removed, the party set off along a delightful track through the Monbulk forest. The morning was fine and crisp; the air scented with the wattles and eucalypts.

Despite all the leader's valient efforts, it was not long before some members had become temporarily lost. With the assistance of all aids known to science, the lost ones were re-united and it was not long before we reached the foot of a very high hill, laid out in blocks of green fields, chocolate coloured soil, and belts of timber.

After lunch, the climb that followed rewarded everyone with wonderful view of the rolling mountain ranges, blue and slightly hazy in the warm sunlight.

On reach the Silvan Dam, the aqueduct was followed to Mt. Evelyn - the recreation ground nestling in the wattles was a picture. On arriving at Lilydale just on dusk, one could not but feel thankful for the existence of such beautiful country, only 20 odd miles from Melbourne. Throughout this infinitely varied and charming walk only a few contacts with civilisati had been made.

Sept. 5th - Cherokee - Mt. Robertson - Gisborne. Leader: Bill Kirkp

Eleven bushwalkers of assorted sexes were greeted by rainy f when they left the diesel at Gisborne railway station. However, the eade soon dispelled the clouds and brought out the sun, by using a potent brand of auto suggestion. Or so it seems, seeing he was breathing strnage incant. ations as he led the party into the hills.

By lunch time, all had developed keen appetites and were ravenously biting into their sandwiches, when the leader announced "not to eat too much, but to save something for tea".

Fortunately (especially for the leader) a secret cache of potatoes was "eyed" out by one of the party. One gormandizer (stomach capacity that the bottomless pit) inadvertently placed a month's supply of spuds into a pack belonging to one of the ladies. She must have been a female Hercules for she didn't realise the increased weight until the summit of Mt. Robertson was gained.

By compass and chance the leader discovered the thriving village of Cherokee. Next a pig farm was visited where a dirty long sow gave one well known membor a "sniffer" come. A local farmhand, judging the party by externals only, took them to be either the ragged boys' brigade or the pauper's prowling club. Taking pity on them he handed out free milk and firewood.

As night fell (and the rain) a log fire was lit and all crowded aro for a buffet tea. The spuds were baked - thoroughly, to a cinder. Down came more rain, so the party sloshed off, through puddles and a buffeting win to the station, where a ses n of ballet quickly restored warmth and high sp

STOP PRESS

New addresses:

C. Prissick, 6 Moore St., Hawthorn.

M. Sentfleben, 10 Wells St., Deepdene.

Robert Les, 14 Eastern Ave., E. Newborough, Via Yallourn.

ON THE TRACK (contd.)

Here is another member's impression of the same walk:

The rain fell fast, 'twas a leaden sky,
But the spirits of all were still quite high
As eleven set out in the queerest habit
Which might have even scared a rabbit!

'Twas a pleasant walk along quiet roads
With a sight now and again of country abodes.
The wattle blossom was a lovely sight
The the sun came out - everything right.

Lunch was had and enjoyed at leisure,
Eating without hurry really is pleasure.
Refreshed once more after food and tea
We took to the track - our goal Cherokee.

Some spuds were found by the wayside growing
"We'll take those for tea", said the leader - knowing,
So each was given a quota to carry,
Then on again - we could not tarry.

Mount Robertson was voted a worthwhile climb
And it was declared we had enough time.
The going was tough for one though - alack,
Someone had put six spuds in her pack.

Along we strolled again, until
A pig farm was sighted on a nearby hill
As one walker called, a piggy came fast,
"My long lost cousin", he grunted, "at last!"

'Twas noticed there also were some kine,
On milk for tea we also shall dine,
So we spoke quite nicely to the farmer, who
Gave us some milk, and some firewood too.

Although the rain was falling quite steady,
For something to eat we all were ready,
So a fire was lit neath a gum tree tall,
And a meal, of sorts, was had by all.

The fire burned brighter as the rain still fell
Some folks thought they were in - well,
As they prodded the fire and poked the ashes,
And the heat dried them off - and burned their lashes.

As the time wore on, we had to leave,
That we'd been so warm it was hard to believe,
As the coals were scattered and the spuds taken out,
And the wind and the rain whistled about.

But to the road - and with steady stride,
We arrived at Gisborne and were soon inside.
Into warm dry clothes was a lovely treat.
And then some action to warm our feet.

Some Charleston steps, and some square dancing too,
The Mexican Hat Dance and a rumba or two.
When the train came along we really were glad,
But we all declared what a grand day we'd had.

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