

CIRCULAR.

No. 79.

APRIL, 1955.

" - " THE NEWS - "

of

----- THE MELBOURNE BUSHWALKERS. -----

ADDRESS: Room 110, 3rd floor, Victorian Railways Institute,
Flinders Street, Melbourne.

ooooo 000 ooooo

EDITORIAL FOREWORD:

"ON CONDUCT"

"(a). To bring together those who esteem bushwalking and mountain climbing" -- so reads the first item under the heading "Objects of the Club in the constitution of the Melbourne Bushwalkers. Note the word "esteem", not just "like" or "enjoy", as it would read for a club with a purely social function to perform, but "esteem" because, for those who esteem bushwalking, the second object follows naturally --- i.e., "To encourage a wider appreciation of the wild life and natural beauty of this country and assist in its preservation."

Through its official and semi-official activities, the club is well known to and held in high esteem by quite a large section of the public both near and far. A second party to visit some particular spot or area is often met with a cordial welcome and, on occasions, helpful advice and assistance from the local inhabitants. On such occasions the leader and party have good cause to be thankful to their predecessors. Occasionally, the welcome accorded our parties is not always as cordial as it might have been; -- obviously the conduct of the previous party had not been all that could have been desired.

Under "Leaders' Duties", para. 11, of our Bye-Laws, "..... the leader shall endeavour to conduct the walk in an efficient and proper manner, and shall check any unseemly conduct on the part of members," but it is also essential that each member should give practical and moral support to the leader in the execution of his duties.

As you have all noticed at one time or another parties, particularly large parties, of walkers are objects of curiosity to the locals and, passing travellers; etc., and irregularities of conduct are noted and, under the circumstances, usually remembered.

Bushwalkers are proud of the way in which they can walk in the bush, leaving little or no trace of their passing. This could well apply where we come into contact with the general public on our trips, for it would be far better, to leave no impression behind us than to leave a bad one. The President.

ON CONTACTS & FINANCES.

CONTACTS: You must ring the following in order of preference:-

- | | | | | |
|-----|-----------------|-----------------|-------|----------|
| 1.. | Norm & Edna | <u>RICHARDS</u> | | WX 9524. |
| 2.. | Frank & May | <u>PITT</u> | | WX 6554. |
| 3.. | Jack & Margaret | <u>LOW</u> | | FU 7407. |

(You will note that Norm and Edna have changed their address, and phone number, and that Jack and Margaret are again in circulation,

Whilst we are on the subject of pep-talks, we shall pass on into two departments which are right now in the act of greasing down the stock-whip for early action; But be not alarmed to follow for we are just in good time to appease their wrath before they cut loose with their terrors.

Now, as we pass this chap, leave a pound on the table. He is the Treasurer, and he somehow has the idea, how I don't know, that more than half of us are in the red. Anyway we shall just leave that pound. There is nothing like knowing that we're under an obligation to no one.

Well, this is the second fellow. No, the ~~second~~ different kettle of fish. Watch him though, he is pretty angry. He is what is called

Walks Secretary. Apparently all walks leaders, yes that is correct, ALL, must ring one of the "CONTACTS", after EVERY walk. As ill-tempered as he appears, I am convinced he really means well. He seems to be a very conscientious and worrying type, and most anxious till he knows we are safe at home again, and he can not know that till we leaders ring one of the contacts. I am sure we all do so anyway.

NO. 1. CORREDENDUM: This is being put high on the list because of its professionally serious nature. Last month we were requested to correct an error in the Walks Programme, so did it by reproducing the same error, with an added injury, advising that the correct date was "wrong".

MONBULK-THE-PATCH-SHERBROKE-FOREST, should read April 24th, not 25

(B) Whilst we are on the subject of corrections, adjust this one on your Members' List: Ruth KALJEE .. phone XB 5609, not XB 5619.

(C) Also alter this address: Norm and Edna RICHARDS have moved to Firth St., DONCASTER, their phone now being WX 9524.

Norm mentions this as the best way of tracking them down is to go along Doncaster Rd., till just past the Eastern Golf Links, then left down Carnarvon St., till you run into Firth St., --- then a no further, for they are on the corner.

(D) Now turn up BROWNLIE, John, on your Membership List, and change his phone number from Cen. 7220 to MF 4756. He does not know of this, but a silent number is no good to us who get enough of it when seeking rises in pay.

NO. 2. NEW MEMBERS: There are two new members written in this month and, chaps, it looks as though the girls are out to pressurise the majority voting advantage. Add these two names to your Membership List.

Catherine CANTEBURY,

5 Mackay St.,

YARRAVILLE, W. 13.

(b) MJY 660, Ext. 248.

Valerie EVERETT,

331 Whitehorse Rd.,

RINGWOOD.

(p) WU 66186, (b) MF 4501.

We all hope you will both have many happy days walking with us, girls.

NO. 3. LOST STOLEN or STRAYED? Just before Christmas, Win Bennett very kindly loaned her sleeping-bag to someone in need, and has forgotten to whom she loaned it. The person who borrowed the bag must also have forgotten the matter, too. We hope this note will jog a dormant memory, for its loss has placed Win in a slightly invidious position.

NO. 4. WILD FLOWER LECTURE:

Club members will be pleased to learn that our Native Plant Preservation Society delegate stood in for Professor Turner, (who was unable to give the lecture at the Lower Town Hall on the 23rd of March), and did a craftsmanlike job on behalf of the Professor. The meeting was a very successful one, and netted the Society a welcome £40. Congratulations, Geoff, and we all hope to hear more of it too, yes, of you as well as the financial aspect. Geoff would very much like to thank all the members who turned up, and helped to make the meeting the success it was.

NO. 5. SOCIAL ASPECT: A son was born to Joyce and David Barkley on well I am a little confused here, not wishing to make mistakes with such important pieces of news.... Anyway the note says, "Tuesday, 4th April". Congratulations to you both, and we hope the young chap will develop into just as astute a walker as you, David, even when it comes to tracking down lost things, such as missing light-metres.

NO. 6. PRESENTATIONS: Well now for this announcement which was held over from the last issue because of a suspected omission. We were all pleased to have visits from three of four members, who are now newly marrieds, and find little time just now for such pleasures as visiting the Club. Whilst they were thus with us, we were all delighted to involve each into accepting the Club's token of its best wishes, and we all join in wishing each of you every happiness and lots of success for the future.

The three who dropped in were Tess Fraser, Mario Juszczyk, and Pat Peter Becker. Unfortunately, Audrey Becker was not able to call, but Peter did the honours for her.

NO. 7. NATIONAL PARKS: The Club's delegate to the National Parks Association is Norm RICHARDS. His name was omitted from the list given on page 2 of last month's issue of "News". Could you write it in please?

NO. 8. COMING EVENTS: TRACK-CLEARING WEEK-END, 7 - 8th May.

This event is a very important one from the Club's point of view, for the strength of our representation in this event measures, to some extent, the value of our pull and inter-club spirit in Federation matters. Besides, looking at it from our own angle, and as stated in the March issue, nothing gives more pleasure when walking along well made mountain paths tunnelled in through an encompassing jungle of foliage, than being able to say, "Well I had a hand in this." And also, girls, do not forget that you, too, can have a finger in this 'I-had-a-hand-in-this' business. The game is not a Mens-only affair. Though perhaps we are expected to do the beast-of-burden chores, there is no saying what we could do to a good square feed put together by people who really know the art of making mouths water. We'll be very pleased to see you.

I am afraid this column which has always been a feature of every "News" slipped by till I happened to browse through some back-numbers. As it is, I have nothing of the coming-event nature in mind except, perhaps, one that annually subjects me to its time-ravaging reminders about this period. As few would be interested anyway, I shall press on with the parting assurance that 'I shant forget again.'

NO. 9. RECEIPES: Here is another feature which has fallen by the way since the Old Committee handed over. As some of you have already come to realise, this business is a little out of my depth, and I am afraid the column will just about have to run itself. It is a pity to see such a very useful art --one could almost say a very important measuring stick for judging competent walking ability-- being disregarded so criminally. Here's hoping for suggestions from our capable cooks.

NO. 10. REMINDERS: Just a couple of prods in case you've forgotten

- (a) Do not forget Frank Pitt's request mentioned in the last issue of "News". Would any person knowing of any interesting LECTURES or FILMS by persons having subjects of interest to Walkers for our LAST-FRIDAY-IN-MONTH-GATHERINGS see Frank.
- (b) Also, do not forget Heinz's plea for unpaid 1955 Membership Subs. As much as we'd like to disbelieve it, the no-mon-no-f economic basis of the world affects even such lets-forget-the-universe shows as bush-walking clubs tucked away down-under.

NO. 11. WALKS CONTRIBUTIONS: I fancy Norm is once more looking forward hopefully for early "Walk" contributions. You may feel this is a little premature, but I know that he has already received at least one and there is really so much to do before the magazine goes to print, that I daresay Norm sometimes wishes it were his full-time employment. So, should you have a spare moment or two, and something you feel is of interest to Club members, and the buying public too remember, dash it onto paper whilst the urge is upon you. And do not forget that even such almighty personages as H.G. Wells made meagre contributions to, in the case of Wells I think it was, a school sheet, before flooding the world with their brilliance. We can't all be Wellises, but we can give it a go.

NO. 12. ANOTHER REMINDER: I forgot this one before. Now leaders if you forget to ring one of the Contacts after returning from a walk, even day walks, dont run across Alf till you feel that he has forgotten your dereliction I understand he is grinding his teeth in bed, which is a sure sign of tuning-up before gnashing them on duty.

NO. 13. ON THE TRACK: We hope to jam a few walks contributions into this print, as there is a carry-over from last month. So, not wishing the position to get out of hand, I'll again get in amongst them

MT. TANGLEFOOT to HEALSVILLE:

BILL HORTON

Soon after Ringwood, the van collected its eighteenth and last passenger for the pleasant run via Healesville and New Chum Creek road to Toolangi and the slightly dusty run via Sylvia Creek road to the o turn off for Mt. Tanglefoot, pausing en route only to watch a large wallaby sitting peacefully in the middle of the road.

After debussing, a half hour's easy climb up the old road found the party at Tanglefoot; and before long, everyone was jammed on the top platform of the wooden fire-watcher's tower admiring all the excellent views in every direction.

From Tanglefoot, the party followed an old overgrown track followed the ridge in the general direction of St. Leonard. Hundred of high trees killed by the severe fires of 1939 are still standing but slowly rotting away, and many others have crashed to the ground since quite a few having fallen across the old track we were using. Combined with the high bracken, these logs impeded progress a little, but did not prove too difficult for the party. In about an hour the tower on Mt. St. Leonard could be seen in front. The summit was a quarter of a mile after entering a stand of magnificent trees, and struck the road leading to the St. Leonard turnoff, with the lighthouse in about half a mile.

Lunch was shorter than usual to allow plenty of time at the and soon after 3 o'clock, eighteen pairs of feet were angling their way up (?) number of stairs to the fire-watcher's lookout post at the top. Quite some time was spent in admiring magnificent views and pointing out various features so that finally almost everything was named to the satisfaction of all. Unfortunately, due to thick haze over the plain below us, Melbourne and the Bay could not be distinguished. Just before leaving, the M.M.B.W. representative contacted Mitchell via radio telephone and spoke to Mr. Skewes, who is in charge of the area and thanked him for allowing us the opportunity to visit the tower.

It was almost 4 o'clock when we left the tower and ambled down the fire-break towards Healesville, arriving at the aqueduct, and the road and van at about 6 o'clock. Even 6 o'clock seemed to be too early to heading home after such a beautiful sunny day. However, for several miles along the road back, we had ever changing views of St. Leonard and adjacent mountains a beautiful finale to a very pleasant day.

YARRA GLEN to HURSTBRIDGE:

JOHN BROWNLIE.

"That was a nice cup of coffee." The leader thus addressed three enthusiastic followers at Lilydale. That railway brew, however, must have numbed his brains. Shortly after leaving, he noticed another line branching off to Yarra Glen that is, our destination. So the 'delighted' party alighted at Mt. Evelyn, hitch-hiked back to Yarra Glen, and arrived two solid hours later than intended.

On the way we met Ken Rushworth, a former Bushwalker who now teaches at Wonthaggi. Ken wishes to be remembered to all his old Club friends.

The aqueduct provided the first lunch spot. The weather being hot after dinner, and distances ^{short}, we yielded to the temptation of camping early, and ended the day with an egg-breaking tomato-squashing episode.

Because Sunday's weather continued hot, and we, the enthusiasts, remained sticky, cool drinks were enjoyed by us on arrival Hurstbridge.

A one-&-half hour's wait, a cool change and a drenching from a cloud-burst finished a hike which did not proceed entirely according to plan. (What a rotten leader!!) & unsigned.

(ED: Incidentally, the contributor of this neat little article ---- whom no doubt you realise didn't lead the walk in question ----- implores anonymity. Dear writer: Your fears are understood but founless, really. We have our hirseds waiting around for just that sort of stuff& they revel in it too. ..So be cheerful)

WILSON'S PROMONTORY:

ALF COLE.

This party of thirteen left for the Prom. on Thursday night in four cars, and arrived at the gates of the camping ground on the Friday morning. After leaving the vehicles at the turn-off to Mt. Oberon, it climbed to the summit for lunch, and camped that night on the track about a mile before Telegraph Hut, where the party, that is we, left our packs the next day whilst tripping off to the lighthouse. Many of the party were intrigued with this, their first visit there, and climbed the sixty six steps to inspect the shining lenses of the light, and scan a sea dotted with many rugged and mountainous oddly shaped islands.

On Sunday, five of the party scaled Mt. Wilson and declared that the view was well worth the effort of the climb which, by the way, was not the difficult job anticipated. Later the same day, this group rejoined the rest of the party now camped at Oberon Bay where it had been enjoying the sunny beach and swimming. On Monday morning, after an early morning dip, the party regretfully made its final round to Tidal River, after many backward lingering glances at the beauties of Oberon Bay some glances lingering a little too long!!

We were pleased to meet an old and well-known friend at Tidal River our jovial Egon Donath, enjoying yet another of his many trips to this popular spot.

It is becoming increasingly apparent that the native birds and animals are aware that they live in a sanctuary, and show little fear of the many people who camp with themwell amongst them anyway. They are really quite friendly little fellows.

There still are a couple more to go in. One is a little too long to fit into the remaining space, and I think I'll take the other along to the big shop in Russell St., and get a cinematographic expert on to it.

14. ODDS AND ENDS:

Some people get into awkward positions... One, during a March trip, who uninvited, appeared to seek spiritual rejuvenation, indeed struck physical reversion He hit the dust outside a bruised and angry wreck. - Should be a lesson re stickybeaking.

The chap on an Easter trip who tried to make burnt offerings of a unused Willesdon tent, must surely have been overcome by an extraordinarily misguided religious fervour of some sort. Such archaic behaviour in these enlightened times might well be classed, shall we say, an anachronism. We wish him every success in future sacrificial ceremonies.

A recent trip back from Gippsland proved a rather protracted and wearily uneventful affair That is except for a mechanical upset, a confusion involving stolen cars, a mix-up with roundabouts and a drunkard, as well as being ensnared in a lightening police road-block which concentrated a dozen speeding vehicles into a scrambled mass and scissored. Tiny up the opposite embankment -- a delay incidentally, the party found to be in mistake anyway. But despite this initial dullness Darky, taking the bull by the horns, saved the day He tried to play the part of an interjecting bystander, and restored the status quo.

DRESSMAKER
DRESSMAKER

SLICE SPIERER.

DRESSMAKER
DRESSMAKER

A L I C E S P I E R E R.

Your own material made up. Your own material made up,

MODEL BRIDAL GOWNS FOR YOU TO HIRE.

Moderate Charges.

455 Malvern Road, HAWKSBURN. (Between Chapel St., & Williams Rd.)
PHONE: BJ 5200.

OPTICAL SPECIALIST

OPTICAL SPECIALIST.

OPTICAL SPECIALIST

WERNER GRAFF.

OPTICAL SPECIALIST.

FOR ANY OF YOUR OPTICAL REQUIREMENTS VISIT WERNER GRAFF WHO HAS EXCELLENT RANGES OF SUNGLASSES & SPECTACLES FOR INSPECTION.

See --- W E R N E R G R A F F --- at

2nd Floor, 80 Swanston St., MELBOURNE. PHONE: Gen. 3186.

AUSKI.

A U S K I..

AUSKI.

DO YOU HAVE SORE FEET AFTER THE TRIP ?

IF SO, COME & SEE JENKINS THREE DECKER SOLE WORKMASTER
FOR COMFORT AND HARD WEAR THESE ARE THE BOOTS.

For all other walking needs, AUSKI is the place to go.

Oxo's, Egg Powder, Dried Milk (for lightness), and
PADDY PALLIN'S quality equipment of all types.

A U S K I, 6th Floor, McEwen House, Little Collins St., MELBOURNE.

PHONE: MU 1412.

Sixteen people set off to the Baw Baws on a Saturday, unaware that before the week-end was out, they were to become closely acquainted with the 'Little People'.

The first halt was at Noojee with its famous pub, saved from the fires of '39 by its patrons who fought back to the wall and beer in hand Perhaps the first recorded use of foam in fire-fighting.

From NOOJEE, the road rose steeply towards the 4,000 foot Plateau of the Baw Baws. For the first time the Party began to feel the influence of the Little People. --- I hesitate to say that they picked the roads up to put them down in other places ... but after inserting notions and casting clouds of doubt over our correct route. So the party trundled along and back again before realising where it was. But worst of all, much worse, was in store!

On the Neubynnes Mill road we first saw the Air Force Cadets, and looked with astonished interest at their equipment, which appeared to consist of a blanket, a ground-sheet done up in a long roll, and an haversack of food and odds and ends.

The track rose steeply as we passed and repassed the Cadets on the long pull upwards. At about 5:30 we reached a fine open valley bordered by dead snow gums bent at an angle like the ribs of some huge prehistoric monster. This valley was soon alive with little fires, the Air Force Cadets, the Catholic Working Club, and so on. About one hundred and fifty of us were camped nearby. Those who had carried heavy packs now had their reward; and if one of our party was short of a little butter and an egg or two, what matter!

Next day was fine and clear with lovely cloud effects, and all the photographic personnel rejoiced to see them. "Yellow filter" muttered they; "Good for Kodachrome", murmured others, and swung their cameras into place. And the Little People rubbed their hands also, and eyed Long John with a glint in their eyes.

The first climb was up the Baw Baw over rough rocky ground to the cairn at the summit. On the way down we had our first encounter with the Mt. Tramping Club -- in the person of a fine bearded specimen with a wooden pipe who straddled out of the scrub and announced his identity. And the Little People surveyed him too, and smiled into their beards.

The Tillicoultry Track was then followed over open uplands until the halt for lunch at Talbot Creek, at the foot of MT. ERICA. Here the party ate a pleasant lunch, again in company with the Air Force Cadets and the Little People. Long John, replete and drowsy, lay back closed his eyes, and the Little Folk moved up on him casting their spell. He slept insensible in the midst of friends, and sleeping they left him. He awoke to find himself alone, neither hair nor hide was to be found anywhere. He bore off swiftly after them, and rejoined the party at a cluster of rocks where several rabid photographers were photographing a small dead tree of exquisite proportions.

Next we came to the ruined Talbot Hut with only the decaying chimney remains standing. From here there is a wide view across the Thompson River valley to the ranges beyond, dominated by the great peak of MT. USEFUL. Every few minutes clouds swept down the valley and completely blotted out all these enchanting views for a few fleeting moments.

The track then bent steeply down the mountain to the Rocks. There are huge glacial boulders piled one on top of the other like giant mushrooms. Some time we spent clambering about them and, yes,

We stopped the night at the ruins of what was once, no doubt, a flourishing saw-mill. And here the Little People were really to carry their fun and games too far. Our leader very nearly lost his party, and they him: One member sojourned peacefully under a tree waiting for the party to pull itself together and move off camp next morning, whilst it (that is the party), in turn, hovered less peacefully down the road .. for him. Whilst he thus dozed restfully under one tree, and oblivious of the din over yonder (except that it conveyed to him that his party still was not ready), another curious and uninvited member was being cast out, amidst great commotion, from a religious meeting in a nearby shed. No other soul in sight except for the hovering party a mile or two down the road. Anyway it wasn't in sight either

..... (To be continued!)