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EDITORIAL FOREWORD

The start of the New Year being the season when people resolve their actions for the future twelve months, the suggestion is offered of why not serving on the executive, either as an office bearer or member of the General Committee.

Some of the current holders of office are moving on to "fresh fields and pastures new" so their will be ample scope for those willing to step in.

Or, perhaps, you know someone whom you think can do a better job; then don't hesitate to exercise your vote at the Annual General Meeting, formal notice of which is now given -

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

will be held

28th FEBRUARY, 1964

at 8.15 p.m.

Presentation of Annual Reports and Election of Office-Bearers and Committee

NOTE: Nomination forms will be available soon in Clubroom.

There is no record of the meeting on the current program-so please mark the date in your diary. The last Friday in Feb. Room 110.

ATTENTION SUB-COMMITTEES. Please hand your annual reports in to Robert before the next Committee Meeting.

ADDRESS LIST.

The secretary is compiling the new list, and if you have any changes of addresses or phone numbers, please let him know, now.

INFORMAL SLIDE SHOWINGS

We have bought a small 150 watt projector which will be kept together with the small screen in the cupboard. Members will be able to arrange informal showings during ordinary club nights.

END OF A SPLENDID ISOLATION

Shocked to learn that plans are being made to run a chair-lift up Mt. Bogong to a chalet on top, according to talk in Mt. Beauty.

FIRE RESTRICTIONS

- 1.) On a proclaimed day of acute fire danger NO fire in the open air is permitted.
- 2.) Normally a fire may be lit in a State Forest for cooking provided: (a) the fire is contained in a receptacle, fireplace or trench 18" deep and not left unattended; (b) its size is the minimum necessary; (c) an area of 10 feet radius of the fire is swept clear of all inflammable material; and (d) the fire is extinguished with water before leaving.

During the next few months all care must be taken with fires and the Fire Lighting Regulations adhered to scrupulously.

DAY WALKS PROGRAM

- 26 January Emerald Park (Swimming) - Easy 8 miles
Train departs Flinders Street Station 8.56 a.m.
Ticket: Return Belgrave plus Puffing Billy fare.
WANTED a leader for this easy trip... Let Walks Sec. Jim Hester
knew if you can do it. Phone Jim 68 4086
- 2 February Killara - Mt. Toole-Be-Wong - Woerri-Yallock - Medium 13 miles.
Train departs Flinders Street Station 9.15 a.m.
Ticket: Return Woerri-Yallock 10/-.
Return city 7.15 pm. Anne Weiling 85 1979,
- 9 February Conical Hill - Mt. Disappointment - Glenvale - Medium 10 miles.
Van leaves Batman Avenue 8.55 a.m. (10/-)
Come along with Tom Roberts.
- 16 February Avonsleigh - Menzies Creek - Clematis - Easy 10 miles.
Train leaves Flinders Street Station 8.56 a.m.
Ticket: Return Belgrave (4/-) + Bus.
Bring a billy for those blackberries. Lorraine Ritchey.

OVERNIGHT WALKS

- 24-27 January (Australia Day Long Weekend)
Aberfeldy - Jordan River - Red Jacket - Joricho.
Medium 20 miles.
Van leaves Batman Avenue 6.30 Friday Night. (48/-)
Note new leader: Val Goldsmith (p) 56 2288
- 8-9 February Wandong - Sunday Creek - Dry Hills - Glenvale. Medium 18 miles.
Van leaves Batman Avenue 8.30 Saturday morning. (18/-)
Come and discover the beauty of the country side with leader
Joan Skurrie.
- 22-23 February A Moonlight Walk! Main Creek to West Head. Easy 15 miles.
Van leaves Batman Avenue Saturday afternoon 1.30 p.m. (24/-)
Maps "Sorrento" & "Western Port" military 1"=1 mile.
Discover the glories of the full moon against an oceanic
background with Doug Pocock (p) 5441686

"WAYFARING" is the title of the Journal of the Melbourne Women's Walking Club.
If you would like a copy we may be able to obtain you one. See
sec. Price 2/6. A copy is available for inspection room 110.

AUSKI

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Paddy Pallin had produced a new light-weight H-Frame Pack, slightly smaller
than existing models. Cheaper too, at £11.10.0d.
Need a new pack? Then call in at AUSKI'S and inspect his range which include
models of the celebrated Bergen Rucksack imported from Europe.

AUSKI has instant mash potato in bulk.

CALL AND INSPECT . . . see LOIS, TONI, JOHN and CHARLES at
AUSKI HOUSE, 9 HARDWARE STREET, MELBOURNE....(Near Fourke Street).....

WELCOME TO A NEW MEMBER

CORLETT, Maureen Lesley - "Cowabee", 470 St.Kilda Rd.; Melbourne, S.C.2
phone (p) 26 2547

CHANGE OF ADDRESS:

Frank Burt - 61 Lees Street, Dunedin, N.Z.
Kath Ratcliffe - 28 Newlyn Street, Caulfield

"Au Revoir"

Best wishes to Fay Chesterfield on the occasion of changing her name on the 25th of this month. Lucky chap is Neil Barry of Sydney. It's been Fay who has produced "News" last year, and we would also thank her for the mountaineering books she has donated to the Club.

"ALONG THE TRACK"

24-29 December, 1963

Cromwell's Knob - Moroka River - Mt. Kent - Little
Round Plain - Moroka River - Cromwell's Knob.

Christmas Eve found us four speeding along by car to the third bridge on the Wellington River where we bedded down beneath the stars. Awoke on Christmas Day at 05.45 hours, Moroka Standard Time. Nothing surprising, really, except that we were experimenting with daylight saving time, and had put our watches forward one hour for the duration of the trip. It worked very well, getting up with first light and retiring at sun down.

A 1½ hour drive along Benison Plains road brought us to the saddle between Trapyard Hill and Cromwell's Knob where we left the car. We followed a very old jeep track around the Knob and then down a rocky, razor-backed spur, going N.E. towards the Moroka River. The jeep track faded out, but we continued down and down, our knees aching with the strain. On our right there was a sheer drop to the river and soon we could see our spur ending in cliffs, so picking a 'creek bed' on the right hand side of the spur, we clawed at vegetation and slithered 500' down to the river. All in all, we had dropped 2,500' in 3 miles.

Upstream a bit we pitched camp and tucked into our Xmas Dinner; ½ a chicken each, plum pudding and cream, and tinned fruit, all washed down with tea. Suddenly the wind changed, and with a sharp crack a big dead tree crashed to the ground not 40 yards from our tents. After that we were a bit chary about camping under dead timber.

On Boxing Day we intended to walk 5 miles up river and explore the Moroka Gorge. Vain hope! After some rock-hopping we were soon forced to wading up to our waists. So we continued on through the boulder strewn scenery, passing cascades and waterfalls, or deep pools with cliffs dropping straight into them. An hour was lost going over one of these cliffs, and we even had to resort to pack hauling. Rubber soled boots gave an excellent grip on rock surfaces, but studs skated. Ask Harold about it, and also if he thinks packs are buoyant.

We continued on, crawling about cliffs, hopping over rocks, and wading the river, making campsite on Fitzpatrick's Creek late afternoon. Still a mile from the Gorge, we set off without packs, but were more exhausted than we thought, so gave up. But we'll be back one day.

On the third day we started our marathon climb of 2,500' in 3 miles up to the summit of Mt. Kent. Up, up, and up we climbed, and on, and on, and on, our lungs gasping for air, and the sweat rolling off us. At long last we reached the top, and enjoyed the fantastic view of row-upon-row of mountain ranges, extending in unbroken lines to the horizon. After lunch, by taking the wrong way down, we wasted 2 hours reaching the jeep track where we saw a pair of fine brumbies.

Because by now we were very tired and parched, we carefully hoarded our last mouthfuls of water, and prospected every creek-head along the track, but it wasn't until 8.30 p.m. that the magic cry of "Water!" went up. We drank our (over

fill, then pitched camp by this stream of Little Round Plain.

As a relief from 3 days hard tramping, we eased up, and, next morning walked leisurely along the jeep track, with only one side trip to Stonehenge, camping at the Old Horse Yards on the Moroka River, a distance of 5 miles. The rest of the day was spent in fishing and sleeping.

On our last day we awoke to find the countryside blanketed in fog which didn't lift until 11.a.m., so it was nice and cool for a change, with no flies to bother us. A good upstream foottrack, which, however, gave out occasionally past the Moroka Hut, led to a jeep track which took us all the way back to the saddle where we had left the car. From here we motored back, but with no haste, to Melbourne after a most enjoyable five days.

BARRY SHORT.

MAPS

Broadbents now have a cheaper edition of their "Snowy Mountains and Approaches" map and sells at 5/-. Half the price of the former edition. Broadbents No.379B

The Mines Department has prepared a new geological map of the Geelong District based on the mile-to - the-inch military map. The map, and one for Port-arlington showing undersea contours, are available from the Geological Museum at 5/- each.

STILL ON MOUNTAIN TRACKS

One of those quaint old carriages from the now closed Mt. Lyell Mining & Railway Company line between Queens Town and Strahan may soon will be running on the 2'6" Puffing Billy gauge - perhaps recalling some of our walking days in Tasmania.

SPECIAL OFFER TO MEMBERS OF WALKING CLUBS

"Greyhound Safaritours" are offering a 10% discount to members of Walking Clubs during their 1964 season. Application must be vouched for by Club secretaries. Mid year tours include: Central Australia, Alice Springs, Ayres Rock, Mt. Olga, Northern Territory, Channel Country, Gulf of Carpentaria, North Queensland, Carnarvon Ranges National Park, Qld. Details available at room 110.

NOT A DOUBT

"Hey, Charlie, do you think we'll get some rain tonight?"

"Shouldn't be surprised seeing I've forgotten my rain-cape, torn my parka, and I'm carrying a tent that leaks!"

DOUBTFUL

The well-groomed, well-washed tourists stared in amazement at the unwashed, weary walkers who emerged from the Bush after a couple of weeks of rough weather, and still wearing their capes over their heavy packs.

"My word" said one old dear, "but you certainly look all the same in those strange clothes, and what beards you have all grown - well, except him!"

The 'exception' immediately took exception to this remark.

"What do you expect" came the trill. This "him's" a 'she'."

UNDOUBTABLY SO.

"Would you believe it, but we got up at dawn to see the sun rise" he was saying.

. Couldn't have picked a better time, now could he?"

THE RETURN OF THE BOGONG MOTHS

An account of a trip from "Canyon Walk" to Mullindolingong.



That's right, our first camp was by the Ovens, where the lovers like to linger, but we didn't move any when we dosed down.

Later, in town, the clerk was busily writing out the receipt for the bus. He glanced up at us.

"What troop," he asked.

I just forget what we looked like, but I had to explain that we were not scouts but members of the MBW, all six of us. Bill Downing, John Richards, Felix, Fidel Isaac P. and yours truly.

By 10 the same morning we had been comfortably carted up to the Tower Lookout, Tawanga Gap, about one mile south and higher than the usual place where the motorists stop and goggle. The walk started along a leafy, shady track and 5 hours later we were dropping into the campsite below Simmon'd Gap, a spot visited by the Club, Easter, 1961. How time flies!

"A hut!" came Isaac's wacry, but he turned from it, the place being full of junk, and the heavy log construction and the flat roof reminded him of the Northern Territory, USSR.

Skillfully avoiding Draper's Mistake next day, we found Dungey's Track, and by the afternoon were dropping down to the river. A count of heads revealed that



"fallen in with a loud splash"

Fidel had unaccountably disappeared somewhere along the precipitous path. Search and Rescue operations were soon begun, but it was not till 7 p.m. that he was found 4 miles ahead drying out his gear. It seemed he had tried to cross the river at the wrong place, slipped off a boulder and fallen in with a loud splash, and after fiddling about for some time in the river jumped to the erroneous conclusion that he was trailing the party, and so rushed madly on.

But a greater jolt was in store. Half-a-mile up from Lawler's Hut a new private road for logging was being pushed up to Cobungra Gap, obliterating the original track in many places. Bulldozer chaos, snig tracks everywhere, steep slopes stripped of cover made one wonder about the future usefulness of No.4 Power Station. Mercifully, Blairs surroundings had been spared (so far) and the hut was found in good condition. On our fourth night out, Weston' Hut sheltered us from the misty rain.

3 p.m., 29th Dec. (dead on sched.) we arrived Wilky, a scene of confusion, the aftermath of recent industry by Messrs. Hordern and Bach. Tools, iron, odd fittings and a large coil of large bore plastic hose lay all about, while inside partitions had been knocked out and a large area of drying concrete fenced off.

Our voices soon arose Neil Ham from his nap, being the sole occupier at the time. He was up there for a month and one of his daily tasks was to tramp across to Basalt Hill for ice to keep his lemonade and drinks cool.

Next day was spent free, mainly washing clothes, unpacking the food parcels and a short 6 mile stroll. That evening, seated at table, we viewed through the window a total eclipse of the moon.

The last day of 1963 proved perfect for views. We set off along Langford's East Aqueduct, these waterways offering splendid and varied views every few minutes. After a pleasant ramble we farewelled Neil who had accompanied us to Hollond's Knob, then turned our footsteps in the direction of Johnson's Hut.



"heading downhill instead of up"

A New Year's morn of low cloud shrouded Spion Kopje, so after inspecting the extensive snow drifts on Mt. Nelson, we hit the trail for Timm's Lookout Spur, dropping into snowgum forest white with Christmas Bush. A secret track led down to a cosy campsite, sheltered by high valley walls overgrown with luxuriant vegetation.

The Granny Spur was made for granny (she got up quite easily), and for a whole day we had Mt. Bogong for ourselves where the pure white Alpine Daisys contrast brightly against the red grasses. Found in good condition was the summit hut. Those of the party who saw the mountain as big, but soft and rounded and gentle, were in for a few surprises as they descended the Quartz Knob, and a couple, keeping their eyes more on the ground than the country found themselves slipping off the spur in the wrong direction. However, by evening all were back, safe and sound at Bogong Creek Saddle again.

Still another day was needed to quit the high country via Roper's Track twisting through grottoes of rock and fern, and crossed by noisy mountain rills, down to a fire trail cut under high banks of majestic rain forest timbers. As the last glow of daylight faded behind Big Hill Lookout, we dropped the last few hundred feet to the Kiewa.

Stalking though town early next morning went Isaac P. enquiring those abroad the abode of one of his STC mates who, when located, plied him with lemonade & winks. But there were only a few minutes to spare before the mail car left - and we also said goodbye to Bill.

The remaining four of us brought fresh provisions and headed bush once more, up to a creek near Trappers Gap. A short walk in the afternoon led up to the Mt. Emu ridge, grand views of Mt. Bogong and an abandoned mill hut for the night. Our junior member collecting water down a gully, tried to leave by going further down hill, until holed at by Felix.

9 a.m. next morning we were standing on the summit of Mt. Emu taking bearings of some of the outstanding peaks we could see. Looking to the north we saw the vast timbered basin of the Little Snowy Creek, and our objective beyond - Mt. Tawanga 4160'. After our track plunged and wriggled up and down a couple of deep saddles, shaded by straight, tall sub-alpine forest, and riddled to blazes by the industrious wombats, it turned sharply down a spur for the cultivated valleys.

But we pressed on, and soon were in a wilderness of ridges and spurs, in trackless timber country except for a few wallaby pads, and we did disturb a few of those animals crashing through the sticks of scrub. The sun lost its veil of clouds, so by mid-afternoon we were all flaked out flat on a high tor which caught a cooling breeze. After another hours climbing the mountain seemed just as far off and we gave up, going west (almost went) off the flanks of the ridge.

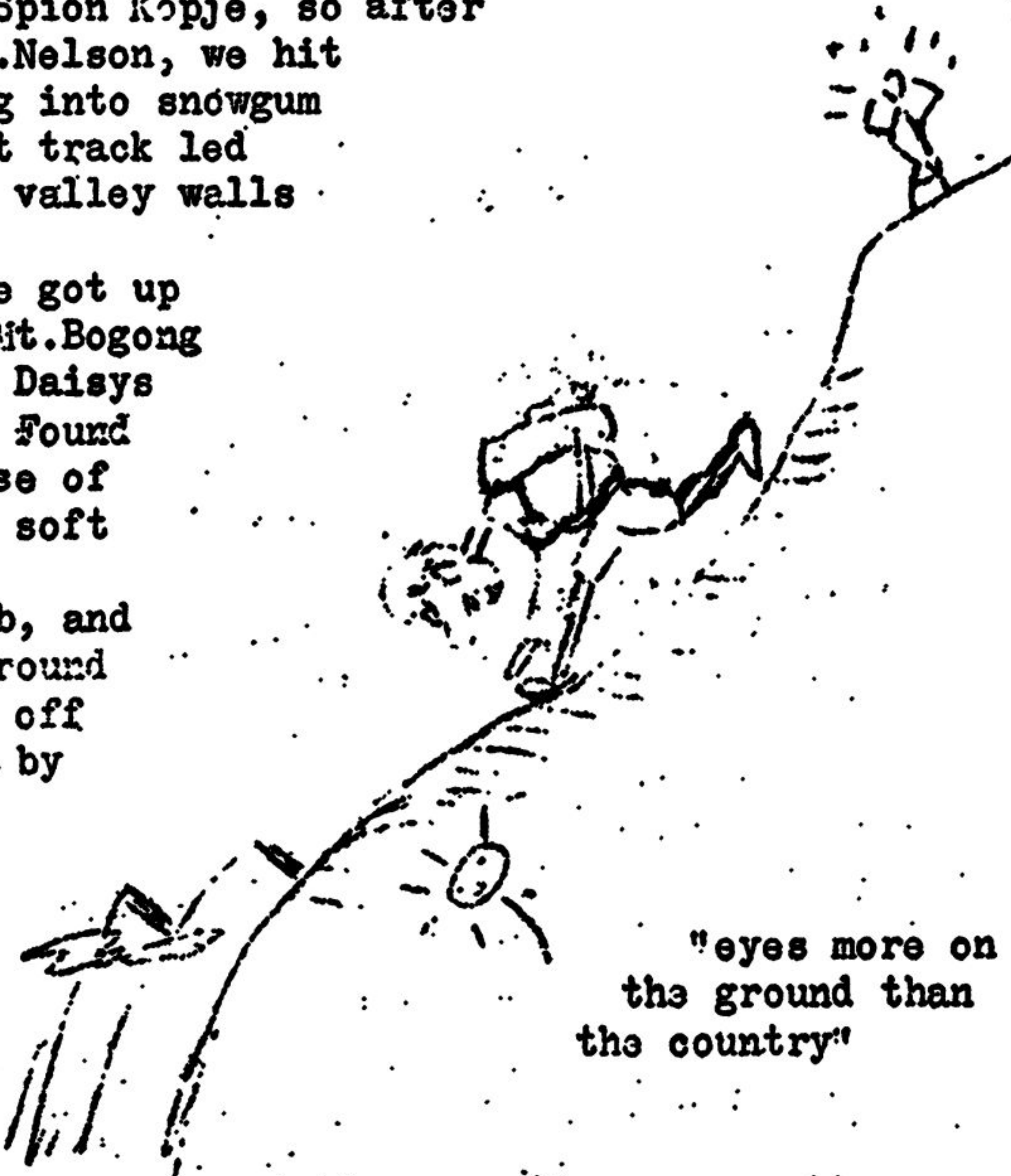
A long descent was broken by a tea break near the refreshing sweetness of tumbling mountain waters. Finishing the descent by the light of the stars we came to more open forest, then a farm where a dog was set on us, the farmer mistaking us for a pack of dingoes about to descend upon his chickens with slathering fangs. As soon as he recognised us as bipeds he apologised profusely and invited us in for a cup of tea with his nine kids.

About half-past eleven four Bogong Moths were setting up their last camp - again on the banks of the Kiewa.

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While we were passing time at Wodonga waiting for our train a cloud of flies and beard moved slowly up the street and then emerged the vaguely familiar features of Messrs Siseman and Pocock, the latter gravely declaring he had lost his sense of humour going down a scrubby spur.

Athol Schafer.



"eyes more on
the ground than
the country"



"flaked out"