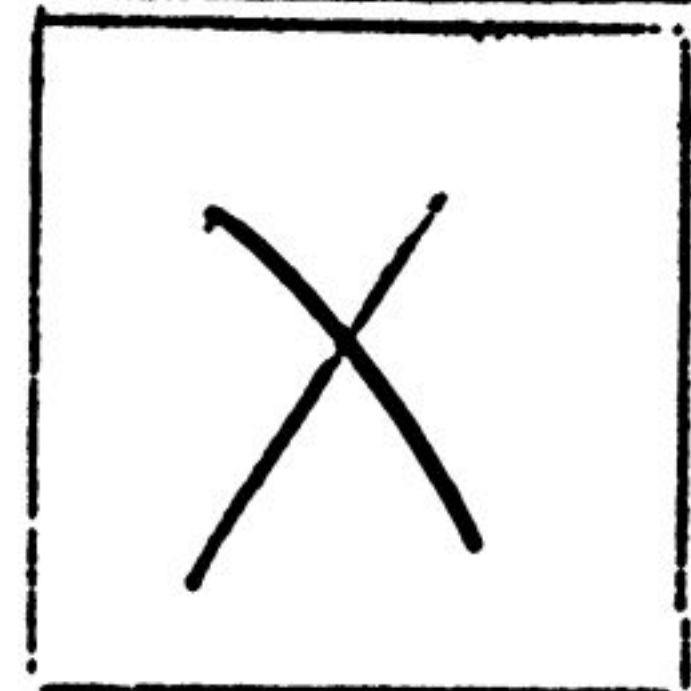


of the Melbourne Bushwalkers

Page 1

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ATTENTION : MEMBERS WHO HAVE RECEIVED A RED X

According to our records you are now unfinancial which means we will be unable to send you further copies of the News after this issue, unless the situation is remedied promptly.

Subscriptions:-	Member (over 21)	30/-
	Junior member (16-21)	15/-
	Husband and wife	40/-

The Treasurer is Naitland Vertigan, 43 Woolcock Avenue, North Kew, (b) 60 1671

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following new members and wish them many happy days' walking with the Club:-

HOBBY, Michael Stainsby - 16 Wallabak Street, Mt. Waverley, (p) 23 7051,
(b) 62 0131, ext. 241

PRICE, Andrew Alan - 258 Esplanade East, Port Melbourne, S.C. 7

OSENIEKS, Andris - 21 Clarke Avenue, Belmont, Geelong

NEWS OF MEMBERS

Congratulations to June and Bruce on the birth of their daughter, Margaret Anne. Our good wishes also go to newly-weds, Liz and Clive, who are leaving Melbourne to live in Traralgon.

SLIDE NIGHTS

On Friday 7th May a large number of members and friends saw slides of Christmas and since trips. Thanks go to all who helped in arranging this. On Friday 18th June we are holding an Easter and since slide night. If you have any appropriate slides, please see the social committee.

COMMITTEE MEETING

The next Committee meeting will be held on 4th June instead of 11th June. Will members of the Committee please make a note of this.

VICTORIAN NATIONAL PARKS ASSOCIATION

The next quarterly meeting of this Association is to be held on Tuesday, 22nd June at the Herbarium at 8.0 pm. Two films will be shown - "This is your land" and "Wyperfeld". The former film was made by the Forest Preserve Commissioners of the U.S.A. and is described as being superbly photographed and scripted and tells how some 50,000 acres of woodlands and open spaces has been set aside on the outskirts of Chicago for the permanent benefit of the people. It is apparently an inspiring story of a great conservation success and is a masterly exposition for the layman of the complex problem of people and land use and of its solution. We feel that this has much application in Victoria - in particular to the Yarra and Maribyrnong valleys and it should be of great interest to many of our members. The second film is a new and very good one of our own park.

DAY WALKS PROGRAMME

- 23 May Masons Falls - Running Creek Gorge - Strathewan
 Leader - Dora Hester
 Van leaves Batman Avenue at 8.55 am
 Fare - 12/- Distance - 10 miles (easy)
 Maps - Military survey maps No. 829 Kinglake and No. 839 Yan Yean
 Expected time of return - 7 pm
- 30 May Avonsleigh - Cherry Lane - Nagana - Cockatoo Creek
 Leader Athol Schafer
 Train leaves Flinders Street at 9 am
 Fare - 2nd return Belgrave - 5/- (+ bus fare) Distance - 3 leagues
 Maps - Monbulk Military survey (1 1/4")
 Gembrook C (available at Scout shop)
 In other words approximately 10 miles of scenic spurs and ridges forming part of the southern rim of the Yarra Valley from where good views of the Dandenong and Warburton ranges can be enjoyed.
 Returning to the city 6 pm
- 6 June Kilmore - Mount Piper - Broadford
 Leader - Robin Petersen
 Train leaves Spencer Street at 9 am
 Fare - 2nd return Broadford - 15/6 Distance - 12 miles (medium)
 Maps - Military survey maps Pyalong and Broadford
 Undulating grassland country. Water for lunch.

OVERNIGHT WALKS

- 29-30 May Track clearing week-end - Big Pats Creek - Starlings Gap
 Leader - Darrell Sullivan
 Van leaves Batman Avenue 8.30 am
 Fare - 22/-
 Maps - Gembrook B, No. 850B, Lands, 2"
 Mount Bride area (Scout map)
 Warburton - Powelltown area (MBW)
 Federal and High Lead (MBW)
 We will continue clearing the track on the tram line from Big Pats Creek towards Starlings Gap, a distance of 3-4 miles. Last year's track clearing was done on the Starlings Gap end of this track. Most of the work will involve light scrub clearing and there will be some bridge building. It is hoped to have the use of a chain saw for any of the tougher bits. Everyone should bring his own food. There is a perfect camp-site for Saturday night amongst pine and cedar trees.
- 11-14 June Hattah Lakes - Kulkynne State Forest
 Queen's Birthday Leader - Jim Hester
 Train leaves Spencer Street at 9.05 pm
 Fare - 2nd return Hattah - £5.15.0 Distance - 30 miles (easy)
 Arrival time at Hattah is 6.37 am Saturday and this early arrival will allow the party to walk through to Lake Hattah for breakfast. From there we will walk around Lakes Hattah, Bulla and Brockie, finding a suitable campsite on the shores of the latter. Most of Saturday afternoon should be free for people to follow their own pursuits. Sunday will be a full day walk with day pack only. 2 trips are offered:
 1) For the fit - a return trip to the Murray River of 16-18 miles
 2) For the remainder - a 12-14 mile round trip embracing Lakes Roonki, Yelwell, Yerang, Lockie and, if there is no water skiing, Konardin and the beautiful Mournpoul (Walk 1963). The anabranch, Chalka Creek, which is the source of supply for this lakes system, will be followed for part of the way.
 Monday morning will be free, the party breaking camp after lunch and walking around Lakes Brockie and Arawak to Lake Hattah where the evening meal will be had. We will leave the lake after tea, taking advantage of the full moon to walk back to the railway station from where the train departs at 9.55 pm.
 We are due back in Melbourne at 7.05 am Tuesday morning, in time for those who have left their city clothes in the cloakroom to shower, change, breakfast and hurry off to work.

Would those who are going on this trip please pay their money on Friday, 28th May so that a block of seats can be reserved. Purchase of tickets after this date will be the responsibility of the individuals concerned. Fares are:

2nd class return - £5.15.0

1st class return - £7. 4.0

Secepers are available for 1st class travel only and cost 30/- each way. If required for one way only then a 2/- seat reservation charge is made. 2nd class seat reservations cost 2/- each way.

Maps will be available on the walk, also copies of extracts from National Parks Association Newsletter No. 27, October 1959. (Unfortunately this is now out of print, but for those going on the walk, beg, borrow or steal a copy if you can.)

Those who prefer to drive up may join the party at Hattah.

Please note the telephone number listed under Jim's name on the current programme is no longer applicable.

12-14 June Buangor - Langi Ghiran - Ben Nevis - Beaufort

Train leaves Spencer Street 9.10 am

Fare - 2nd return Buangor - 30/-

Distance - 42 miles (medium)

BOOKING OFFICER ROSTER

21 May Robin Petersen

28 May Jin Hester

4 June Alan Bennett, Merle Halls, Rosamary Jeffroy

18 June Marion Houston, Sue Errey

ADDITIONS TO MAP FILE

7/841 MATLOCK

Matlock 1:50,000 (Matlock West) A 1 1/4"

Aberfeldy 1:50,000 (Matlock East) A 1 1/4"

7/851 WALEHALLA

Walhalla A L 2"

TASMANIA

Furneaux Group (Rex Filson) 1/4"

THE BARN DANCE

1-2 May

Labertouche was the setting for the Melbourne Bushwalkers' annual younger set Barn Dance, although some of the more ancient members were seen creaking around the fringe during the night. We were graced with the presence of our President, Mr W.I. Thompson and Mrs Thompson of Box Hill North. Committee members of varying ranks were also present. Rabble made up the rest of the seventy odd people there.

Mr Roy Taylor of Chelsea and his renowned orchestra provided the delicate background music before they went on strike at 1.30 am.

Most ladies wore warm slacks and tops, although there were not as many style setting figure-huggers as last year. Mrs Graham Sheppard of Traralgon wore a chaff-bag style neck to waist shroud and what were obviously elastic slacks. Miss Sue Taylor of Williamstown (Ugh!) was very pleased with the resilient black neck to knee camouflage she chose.

During the evening three (handsome) hooded individuals entered and silently measured the feet (?) of all the ladies present and, after great calculation, declared Miss Marion Houston of St. Kilda "the girl with the biggest feet". Miss Houston was presented with an expensively wrapped present which started an embarrassing parcel game. The laws of defamation prevent elaboration, but a handsome young lady from Glenhuntly and a pretty gentleman from McKinnon won.

Supper was served, buffet style, on a wooden trestle which was swept well before being covered by several pieces of plastic masquerading as tablecloths. It was previously decided not to serve chicken and champagne, and this decision proved sound when the time/quantity consumption curve was plotted later. Statistics: three dozen asparagus rolls, nine cream sponges, 14 plates of sandwiches, a plate of little doovers with knobs on, two plates of scones (everything else had disappeared when the count reached this stage) were consumed in 4 1/2 minutes. The three lbs. of frankfurts lasted less than 60 seconds. Proceeds from this galah occasion will go to the Society for the Propagation of Chaseable Rabbits.

Host collapsed in the hall afterwards to sleep (?). The following morning Mr Robert Steel of Regent led a walk to the borders of the nearby State Forest.

Dirothy Dox

FLINDERS ISLAND, EASTER 1965

Flinders Island at Easter was plagued by a very poor start. The forecast said 'rain' and a glance at the weather map for the previous week showed a large low slowly drifting towards Bass Strait. Besides this the Hobart Walking Club, the Youth Hostels, the Tasmania Rover Scouts and the Flinders Island Boy Scouts were going to camp on the island. It was too much to expect the weather to be good.

Thursday was a reasonable sort of a day and we were due at the Niddrie Community Hall at 9.30 pm. At about 8.30 pm just when people were enroute a terrific storm struck Melbourne and dampened spirits as well as walkers. The night passed noisily amongst late arrivals and loud snorers, but we were all (save Fidel) up bright and early for breakfast on Friday. The morning was fine though cloudy and the short walk to the 'drome was brisk. Our plane departed a quarter hour late with 24 walkers and one hostess in the cabin. Not long after takeoff the hostess brought us breakfast, for most this was the second, and for one member it brought the total of eggs to the half dozen. The flight over was fairly smooth. We had a rough patch when we had to pass through a cloud bank and one of the party found out how to use the small bags in the pocket on the back of each seat. Our two 'never flown before' members travelled in good spirits all of the way.

As we were flying over the northern end of Flinders Island we could see the ground below bathed in sunlight. We landed in sunlight. We strolled out of the plane to the terminal building in sunlight. Our truck had not arrived so Maurice made a phone call and while we waited a heavy squall passed over and clouds obscured the sun.

The truck duly arrived and we set out for Whitenark where we purchased Shellite (which it is illegal to carry on the plane) before proceeding to Killiecrankie Bay. It rained on and off all the way and those on the back were soon wet and uncomfortable. When we arrived at Killiecrankie Bay the squalls became more frequent and heavier and it was decided to wait for a half hour before setting out on our first day's walk to Palana. During this time we walked along the foreshore of the bay. The squalls did not look as though they were going to ease so the walk was cancelled and it was decided to spend two hours in this area and then drive around to Palana. Some members of the party took the opportunity of climbing to the summit of the peak to the south of the bay whilst others followed the shoreline around to a creek to see if they could find a few Killiecrankie diamonds.

We had lunch in a boathouse and then drove around to Palana where some set up camp in a large hay shed whilst a few of the more hardy pitched tents in a casuarina grove by the bay.

The afternoon was spent climbing to the top of the peak immediately behind the settlement here a high barbed wire fence was located along with a couple of machine gun emplacements, relics of a radar station set up during World War II. The generosity of the islanders overwhelmed us. Mr Blyth, who owned the hay shed also provided us with hot water and allowed the women to cook on the kitchen stove; the male members of the party cheered.

Saturday morning it was still raining. A council meeting was held and decided to seek shelter about halfway along the island. We were very fortunate to obtain the use of the Emira recreation hall complete with gas copper. The custodian of the hall would not take any payment for the hall or for the gas which we had used. On the way those on the back of the truck were enshrouded in parkas, groundsheets and plastic and from the middle of all came this comment 'I feel as if this is a cattle truck where things have been reversed - humans on the back and there is a great big bull driving and leering at us out in the weather'. That great big bull was Harold who did a noble job of driving a truck on bad roads in the wet without brakes.

On arrival the majority of members soon settled inside the hall but four tents were erected under the shelter of the hoop-la stall and one hardy veteran pitched in the open. After lunch most members went for a walk, nothing was organised so people walked only as far as they wished. Some just went to the Emira Museum, others carried on to Settlement Point or followed the shoreline northwards for a couple of miles before cutting across country back to the hall. The afternoon was overcast but it did not rain.

Heavy rain fell during the night and again early in the morning. Then as soon as everyone was settled on the truck the rain commenced once more. We proceeded into Whitemark to buy more Shellite as the leader had left the last lot in the barn at Palana. We then continued to the foot of the Strezlecki Peaks where the party divided into two groups. Thirteen camped on a creek at this spot whilst the remainder went on to Lady Barron. The latter party joined in on a launch trip around the nearby islands finishing up with a barbeque on Cape Barron. They then returned to Lady Barron where they spent the night in a house.

The camping party made one mistake, they had the odd unlucky number. After pitching camp the group set out for the summit at a good pace but arrived just too late to take photographs of the view. For a fleeting second Cape Barron Island and other small groups of islands were visible and then cloud swirled all round and a heavy downpour descended on the summit. The party waited for half an hour getting slowly wetter before deciding that it was not going to clear and to descend. They were right, for the summit did not emerge from the cloud for the rest of the weekend.

Back at camp once more, tea was soon under way and walkers turned in early. Round about midnight an anxious voice called out loudly 'I've been watching the creek and it's risen 3 inches in a quarter hour'. Investigation showed the water flowing alongside the walls of the tents and the guylines disappearing out into the foam. In one place the foam was about three feet thick. A very hurried pack up followed, some shifted tents whilst those whose tents were too wet were billeted in with others who had had the foresight to pitch on higher ground.

The morning brought a very wet and dishevelled group out of the tents, packing up was soon over and we met the truck back at the road at nine o'clock. Rain was intermittent but very heavy all of the way back to Whitemark where the C.W.A. Hall was opened for our use. A roaring fire was seen going and most managed to get partly dry. A few went and warmed up a little at the local Hotel and found that for every two runs you get one free and one of our party had a whole bottle of stout on the house. Outside the weather cleared a little and some decided to have a walk along the beach. This was a good idea until they were about 2 miles from the hall when it started to rain again. Once more they were wet through to the skin. They walked the full length of the golf course and then found a bakery open and were somewhat consoled by fresh ham and egg pies and apple turnovers.

Back at the hall time did not permit getting dry again and it was not long before all were once more on the back of the truck this time bound for the airport. Our plane was to have departed at 2.40 pm but when we arrived we were told that owing to the state of the runway the DC4's could not land and they were using our DC3 for the Hobart run, therefore our flight would be delayed until 5 pm. We grouched quite a lot but soon settled in to wait huddled around a small single bar radiator at the terminal.

At 5 pm we were informed that our plane had broken down in Launceston and would not be back to pick us up. We grouched a lot more and then made a few hurried telephone calls. The grouching stopped when we were told that we were to have hotel accommodation for the night. As our truck had since departed we travelled back to the hotel in style - a bus. A few more runs, a hot meal and a bath and our worries were gone. Everyone had a peaceful night until 5 am next morning when we were all up and ready to catch the bus at 6 am. No bus! - but they ferried us out in a Combie van and a car. The plane was on the runway when we arrived and it was not long before we were all aboard. All seated comfortably when some donkey said 'Well, nothing can go wrong now', no sooner said than the hostess came in and said that we would all have to get off again as the plane was short of fuel and they would have to pump in a few gallons. Back to the terminal for a half hour before once more boarding the plane with strict instructions to everyone to be silent until we land on the tarmac in Melbourne.

This plane was a thirty seater and was not provided with a buffet. Seeing that most of our party would be going straight to work we had asked for breakfast. This was arranged and packed in individual boxes - a vote of thanks to A N A for this. A very peaceful flight over and a landing in the rain - the fiasco was over.

R.F.

THEY ALL GOT HOME

On 28th March bushwalkers thirsting for and bursting with knowledge of map reading eagerly perused the typed screeds of instructions for the navigation exercise while the van headed north from Melbourne. The ballot had uncannily given the married ladies all-female parties, the unmarried males all-male parties, while the three married gentlemen delighted in mixed parties. Gaily armed with strips of Joan's underwear, each party picked its spot to descend from the van, confident of an easy walk to the lunch spot.

Each party was given a number of grid references and was instructed to leave markers at these points. No two parties had the same combination of references, but it was intended that each point would be visited by several parties. The lunch spot was the same for everyone and the organisers' location of this point was confirmed when the first party arrived. The confidence of most groups was a little shaken by the morning's exercise, but all set off resolutely after lunch. The summit of Mt. Charlie was the next point for some parties, and this was not hard to identify though the climb was a bit steep so soon after lunch. About half an hour after finishing time most parties had reached the van, so the driver set off along the road where the two "outstanding" parties were expected. As darkness fell the entire party was reunited.

Very, very few of the 26 members aboard the van that evening were able to say that they had known exactly where they were all day (except of course the party which was later declared the winner of the event). All had enjoyed the day's exercise and seemed eager to improve their navigational skills more frequently than the annual exercise allows. We had learned that the scrub at creek junctions is thick, that a mountain looks somewhat different from different angles, that it is possible to go astray even on roads, that people go on building houses and roads after the map of the area has been published, and even that organising navigation exercises doesn't guarantee infallibility in map reading. And we still wonder what the local inhabitants (animal and human) have made of the crimson strips of underwear left ornamenting the trees in memory of our errors.

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