

A MERRY
CHRISTMAS

Walks Previews Page 2.
Mitchell's Muddle Page 3.

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- THE NEWS -
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' "Wot's in a name?" she sez An' then she sighs,
An' clasps 'er little 'ands, an' rolls 'er eyes.'

The Christmas walks are upon us once again.

Many of you will be filling up that pack with all sorts of rubbish, finally staggering off under a load of 50 lb. or more, and wondering whether or not the party's first-aid kit can deal adequately with dislocated shoulders and flat feet.

However, as they say in all the best bushwalking manuals (panaceas designed to provide one with a false sense of security and euphoria), the pack soon lightens and you are happily away for a week or so of delightful walking.

It is not our aim on this page to bring such a delightful image (synonymous with 'illusion') crashing in steaming ruins round your heavily-booted feet, so we will away with such idle chatter and, after first wishing you an extremely happy walk, settle down to the sort of grim business one would expect to find on the front page of such a hallowed newsletter. (You may cry if you wish.)

Our topic for this month, kiddies, is nicknames.

Nicknames (not to be confused with Fidel) are an essential part of bushwalking. No self-respecting pack carrier can last for more than three days before begging the merciless party for a nickname. And no wonder. What can be more evocative on a still, clear night, complete with the soothing whirr of mosquitoes and bushflies, than to hear that wonderful phrase rent the burnt-Marva air; "Get a move on, Fangs;" Memories, memories. The young lady concerned, touched to the quick by such affectionate remembrance, trots docilely in the direction of the disturbance and does whatever the caller bids, oblivious, her head reverberating with the magic word - Fangs.!

We intend to perform a double service to the MBW here. By printing some of these extremely brilliant nicknames on Page 4, we shall enable the newer members to understand what is going on around them. This, you must understand, is an incomprehensibly diabolical thing to do, for no sooner have the nicknames been absorbed by the information - starved members, than said nicknames are no longer invested with that sense of hidden power, mysterious knowledge and other such mumbo jumbo.

There is no longer a select "in" crowd who pride themselves in knowing all the latest nicknames. Everybody knows them. Oh, misery. Mysteriously, as a result of this, the second benefit from our page 4 revelation takes effect - People have to invent new ones. Go to it!

On page 4 you will find a short list of nicknames, old and new, together with their owners. You will probably know many more. The only apology we make is for printing this tripe in the first place.

DUTY ROSTER

Dec. 30	Wann Eyeling
Jan. 6	The Treasurer
" 13	Big John.
" 20	Boy Reames
" 27	Wife of the M.I.M.

In Brief

THE CLUB ROOM WILL NOT BE OPEN ON FRIDAY DECEMBER 23rd.

THE COMMITTEE WILL MEET ON THE THIRD WEDNESDAY (18th) IN JANUARY, 1967.

As Noah remarked while the animals were boarding the ark, "Now I Herd everything."

Stop Press - Heard that Honorary Member Roy Taylor was married recently. Our sincerest congratulations, Roy.

Which brings us to the Christmas Dance. Thank you to Mr. and Mrs. Phillips for putting up with us and for really turning it on supper-wise. Thanks to Roy 2nd his drummer for their sparkling music. A severe reprimand to the many, many bushwalkers who didn't turn up. What happened?

This newsletter always tries to bring you a bit of everything. There is a proverb that goes "Spice is the variety of life". (Correct me if I'm wrong). Hence the following (AO)

"There was a young lady from Norway
Who hung by her toes from the doorway

WALKS PREVIEW

DAY WALKS

- Dec. 18. FERNSWAY - CALTE'S GAP - OLD SPUR ROAD
Leader - Geoff Keneflake (p) 97 3070. Medium. Fare \$1.75
Bus leaves Whight's 8.00 am. Map - Juliet 1:50,000 M.S.
- Jan. 15. WALBORTON - LITTLE JOE - TAYWELL - LA LA FALLS
Leader - Bob Frost (p) 874 5124. Medium. Fare \$2.30
Bus leaves Whight's 10.00 am. Map - Mt. Bride District.
(Forest Commission) Available from Scout Shop.
A very enjoyable after-Christmas walk. La La Falls if
time permits.
- Jan. 22. GLEN HAYCOCK - LATROBE RIVER
Leader - Michael Griffin (p) 90 4554 (b) 383 9194. Easy.
Van leaves Batman Ave. 8.45 am. Fare \$2.00
Map - Gombrook B. 2" to 1 mile. State Aerial Survey.
Glen Haycock is one of Victoria's forgotten beauty spots.
We will spend a long lunch there after following the old
railway for a short distance. The walk after lunch will
be along an extremely pleasant jeep track, descending to
the Latrobe River, followed by a short stroll to the van.
- Jan. 28. MORNINGTON BEACH (Swimming)
Leader to be appointed. Easy.
Train leaves Flinders St. Platform 6. 9.35 am. Change trains
at Frankston. Buy a Sunday Excursion to Mornington. \$1.75
- Feb. 5 TRAROO - LEADOT HILL - BRECKEN PEAK - TALLAROCK
Leader - Art Terry (p) 93 2317. Easy - Medium. Fare \$2.15
Train leaves Spencer St. 8.55 am. Buy a Sunday Excursion
(2nd. class) to Trarool. Map - Tallarock 1:50,000 M.S.
Good views from Leadot Hill as far as Mt. Buller. Easy
walking across plateau to old homestead. Pleasant descent
to Tallarock. Kangaroos and bird life. Delightful country.
Bring food for two meals and carry water for lunch. Train
leaves Tallarock 7.24 pm. so we will have enough time for
an evening meal in the bush.

OVERNIGHT WALKS

- Jan. 27 - 30. YANAKIE ISLANDS - WILSONS PROMONTORY (Two parties)
(Australia Day Weekend) Leaders - John Brownlie (p) 58 3388, Bob Steel (p) 47 3754
Van leaves Batman Ave. 8.45 am. Fare \$4.80
Yanakie Islands Standard - Undetermined. S.B.
This happy group will camp in sand hills before Darby River
on the Friday night. The trip will involve walking along the
edge of Corner Inlet, then traversing the Varico Range to
Darby River Sparkes Lookout. There will be time for swimming
in Whisky, Squeaky and Norman Bays. (Here's your chance to
swim in whisky folks.) Anyway bring your togs and a
capacious water bottle.
Wilson's Promontory Bob is doing his best to hire a big boat.
If he succeeds, we will camp at Port Welshpool on the Friday
night and then travel by boat to Chinaman's Bay on Saturday
morning. From there the route takes in Mt. Hunter, Five Mile
Beach, and finishes at Darby River. Promises to be a very
interesting walk in the northern part of the Prom not often
visited by bushwalkers. Bob promises good views from Mt.
Hunter of many Bass Strait islands. Bring togs and a decent
water bottle. (4 pints)

Thanks to all the people who helped with this pint size edition.
This is your Christmas present, Frank. The calm before the storm
(shopping big issue for Jan/Feb.) Yes, the next issue of the News will
cover both January and February. Date of issue uncertain. Probably
early Feb.

Later Note - The above was written with false confidence, before galloping
typist macerated Mitchel got at it. He will be severely dealt with, Frank.
(Suitable punishment - chained 2 feet from a family size cream-covered strawberry
shortcake. Additional nickname "Granny Davis" - for he is well bread).

ALONG THE TRACK
November 18-20

"Once more into the breach, dear friends....."

Two parties for Saturday. Leader Mitchell inveigled ten (including Helen) into accompanying him by threatening that their consciences would prick them most foully if they did not look upon his route with all the reverence that a Christmas training walk, under such a brilliant leader, should inspire. The remaining nine chicken-hearted peasants, included John Brownlie, who by some skillful manoeuvring ended up as leader.

The party under JB spent a most enjoyable day strolling over Stirling, reining down into Woollybut Saddle, climbing up to Terana and a nice cold drink, and then forging on to that onomatopoeic place called Boggy Cree.

Meanwhile the intrepid eleven were busily scoring themselves to death on the direct route. They now know what is meant by a sense of exposure.

One party (at first) for Sunday. We all started off confidently although admittedly JB was trying to undermine this treasured quality with loud shouts of "You're all mad." Down to the saddle and then up to Little Buller along a razorback ridge. On top of Little Buller we searched for a way to the next knob on the ridge. With a little effort we scrambled down and up only to find a series of knobs in front. One naturally had to get past these before descending via a spur to the Howqua.

It was impossible to keep to the top because very often the particular knob we were on suddenly ended in a 30 ft. drop with the start of the next knob a vertical sheet of rock. The drop on both sides seemed almost vertical. We therefore had to descend very carefully and ascend after we had skirted the knob. JB was still assuring us that we were mad. We were starting to believe him. Mitch was beginning to realise that lunch time was approaching. We struggled on, down grassy schutes, down screeslopes, clawing our way to the next top and cursing the leader violently. Some people had had so much exposure that they started to get a washed out look, not to mention wobbly knees, hunger, an overdose of the sun and other assorted maladies.

Five of us were sent on ahead by Rob to reach Eight Mile Hut on the Howqua as soon as possible. We charged resolutely down the spur with gyro Smith in front and finally walked up to the hut at 1.45 pm. We were then eight miles from Fry's (where the van

was supposed to be) and had not had lunch. At four o'clock Spencer arrived from downstream to announce that he had left three others about 400 yards along the track. Nine down out of nineteen. (Poor old Dave did his foot in on the Saturday and stayed behind on Buller, to get a lift. I think his sense of timing is quite remarkable.)

From here the mesh of events becomes more complicated, and ends up as a kaleidoscopic blur of fragmentary happenings. Something about the van being stopped on its way to the Bluff. God bless these new roads which make a mockery out of such rash statements as, "You can bring the van as far up as possible if you like." Something else about seeing JB in a ridiculous pose, thousands (?) of feet below, leading eight others across one of the Howqua's ubiquitous bends. Rendezvous at Gardner's Hut. Tired bushwalkers. Wouldn't you know it, Mitch still missing. Memory of a grinning leader standing bedraggled as the van squealed to a stop. Final recollection of daywalkers clambering aboard at some unearthly hour, wanting to know.....

Memory fades, but a flash of light brings one last cataclysmic vision and the mind boggles - I thought I saw Ed with his arm round a girl!

AUSKI - AUSKI - AUSKI - AUSKI

You'll find all your bushwalking needs at Auski (9 Hardware St. - Off Bourke St.) Say hello to Tony, Charles, Lois and John and let them show you their complete range of models, (they also have packs) including the celebrated Bergen from Europe. For \$23.00 they'll flog you Paddy Pallin's lightweight 'H' frame pack, slightly smaller. (than what?) Self respecting Bushies go to Auski, and they even buy Freeze Dried Meat and socks.

NICKY N I C K N A M E S.

Val Jones: Fangs, Roadrunner.
John Rogers: Elvis (the pelvis).
Rex Filson: Barrington Tops,
Lecherous Likeneer.
Roy Beames: Sunbeames, The Littlest
Angel. (Night of the Wallet).
Robin Mitchell: Garbage guts,
Little Buller. (utter rot)
Poug Docock: Macquarie Island
Monster, Old Seal Wallow. (alias
pongo).
Dave Hespe: Wreck of the Hesperus.
Maitland Vertigrease: Taswop.
John Brownlie: Lop-eared Langlauf.
Joan Hunter: Walkie Talkie. (Yakity
Yak cf ordinary Yak).
Rob Steele: Pasquali (His sisters
aren't bad though).
Ann Silva: Gold Legs (hardly, I'd
have described them as splotchy).
Neville Simpson: Smith (or Today's
hard luck story).

(Nicky nicknames by Mikel Griffun
who will be fixed up on the next
walk, with galloping commentary by
the typist in brackets).

Bludy Eddy: Argus (here! here!),
Orapedology.
Shirley Trotter: Ginge, The Little
Nag (rhymes with snag).
Barry Short: Squee-gee or the Wet
Mappy.
Sandara Phillips: Sharpie (come on
make your mind up).
Sue Taylor: Susie Q. (I could think
of a few better ones than this
Michael -- what about Susie
Phew! for a start?)
Sue Filson: Martyr. (Dunno, she's
scored a 3 Br. WB. Inge, sep
din, kitch, bathrm in garden
setting with seal skin).
Fred Halls: Drambuie (Does Merle
know about this, Fred?)
Tony Morris: The Expert (Got any
new figures on the incidence of
rheumatism among Eskimos, Tony).
Darrell Sullivan: Yak (cf. Yakity
Yak).
Rodney Mattingley: Boots
(Hellorodney old chapsy).

A SPARE HOLE

===== B I T S and P I E C E S =====

GEORGEIOUS GEORGE WOOD is flogging
a Paddy Pallin "Bushwalker" with
four pockets (a pack, that is).
Holds 40 - 45 lbs. or 65 lbs. if
you're one of them. As new -- its
yours for just \$12 cash. Ring
93-5701 after hours (if hours isn't
answering, ask for George).

MAGNIFICENT GESTURE (not a rude one,
I hope): Good Old Art led a good
old walk recently and it so
happened that two members of the
party decided that it was their
birthday. Art presented Alma and
Andy (talkabout alphabetical allies)
with a marvellous cake iced by his
own shaking hands which was
promptly devoured. My only regret
was that there wasn't enough for
a second slice (if I'd had my
way there wouldn't have been enough
for a first slice -- typist). Andy
also received the key to the door.
Congratulations to Alma and Andy
(now he is full grown) and especially
to Art for a wonderful gesture.
Three cheers all round (and a cake
for the typist next time).

Plenty of bushies at the
recent VNPA meeting. Good to see.

At least Ed. doesn't talk
about his job any more.

PROVERB: People who wear false
teef shouldn't eat sponge rubber
lamingtons.

ANOTHER PROVERB: People who go around
planting sponge rubber whatsits
have no right to be recently married.
(Don't get this Mike).

We're watching, Barry.
(What for?)

THOUGHT FOR THE AGM:

"Mr chairman, a bomb has been
found under this meeting hall.
I move that it be disposed of."

"Is the motion seconded?"

"I rise on a point of order. The
motion should not be accepted as
it is not listed on the Agenda."

"Mr chairman, I move that the
standing orders be suspended."

"Mr chairman, rule 34 says. . .

B A N G! ! ! And serve them
jolly well right.

ON THE SAME THEME: The trouble
with practical jokes is that
they sometimes get elected.

THE NARGUN THREATENED ! ! !

Since the Den of Nargun has been brought more into the public eye, the inevitable vandals have visited the park. There has been damage to the extent of blasting being done in the main cave. Now rumor has it that the National Parks Authority is putting a road right in to the bluff over the first cave. If this eventuates, the irresponsibles will have even easier access. Therefore, if you are thinking of visiting this fabulous valley, we advise you to do so soon.

WELCOME TO THE FOLLOWING NEW MEMBERS WHO BLUFFED THEIR WAY PAST THE LAST COMMITTEE MEETING:

SNASHALL, June, 40 Churchill Av., Cheltenham. (p) 93-8135
(b) 90-2192

SUTTON, Gwenda May, 21 Newry St., North Fitzroy.
(b) 64-1279

SMITH, Ian Mackie, 22 Evelyn St., Clayton. ...

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: KEITH, Roy, 321 Shannon Av., Geelong.

ATTENTION! ATTENTION! ATTENTION! ATTENTION! ATTENTION! ATTENTION!

CHRISTMAS CONTACTS.

1. Helen & Robin Mitchell 50-3042, or
63-0211 ext. 625.
2. Sue & Graham Errey 88-4385.
3. Ann & Ian Phillips 29-4016, or 83-2665.

BEFORE SETTING OUT ON YOUR CHRISTMAS WALK ADVISE THOSE AT HOME OF YOUR DESTINATION, OUTLINE OF TRIP, TRANSPORT ARRANGEMENTS AND EXPECTED TIME OF RETURN. ALSO LEAVE THE ABOVE TELEPHONE NUMBERS TO BE RUNG IN CASE OF DELAY OR EMERGENCY.

THIS IS EXTREMELY IMPORTANT

LATE NEWS: The Committee met for the second last time on Wednesday, December 14. . . . The Wilkie sign post at the junction of Cope Rd., has now been removed. The snow poles remain and it is eventually planned to extend them to the door. . . The Hon. Treas. is happy -- we flogged the old smoking heap (duplicator) for a fiver (ten dollars takeover currency).

Heathens: People who don't quarel about religion
Income tax: A penalty imposed for reckless thriving.

Remove staple carefully

(Registered at the G.P.O. Melbourne for transmission by post
as a periodical)

Chas. & Mrs. D. Peck.

4. Kindred, 2p

Zealandia