

of the Melbourne Bushwalkers

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ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

NOTICE TO MEMBERS

The AGM of the Melbourne Bushwalkers will be held in the clubroom at 8.30 pm on Friday 25th February 1966.

It's THAT time of year again.

What are you going to do for the club this year? Have you ever thought of the work to be done? Thinking up interesting walks programmes, getting leaders, booking vans, keeping walks reports; planning and organising dances, theatre nights and slide nights, getting supper and washing up every Friday; collecting news for News, typing, wrapping, addressing and mailing it; collecting articles and photos for Walk, contacting advertisers, preparing material for the printer, editing, proof-reading, distributing; answering enquiries from prospective members, general correspondence, minutes, membership records, booking rooms; controlling the club's finances, collecting subs, van fares, paying bills; maintenance and improvement of Wilkinson Lodge; drawing and reproducing club maps; keeping the map file up to date; looking after equipment for hire; representing the club at outside meetings; generally thinking ahead of what needs to be done, getting people to do it, and having plenty of new ideas.

We need help from all members and especially do we need enthusiastic workers as office bearers and committee members. All positions become vacant at the AGM. A nomination form is included in this issue of News and additional forms are available in the clubroom.

WHAT ABOUT IT?

FIRE

On Friday, 18th February Hugh Brown will give a talk accompanied by slides in the clubroom at 8.30 pm.

RANGES OF ADDRESS

SAUNDERS Rosalie - Flat A, 71 Spencer Street, St. Kilda
VERTIGAN Maitland - Flat 27, 48 Sutherland Road, Armadale
WEILLING Charles and Mrs Anno - Flat 25, 6 Redan Street, St. Kilda

COMMITTEE DUTY ROSTER

21 January	Helen Mitchell	4 February	Barry Short
28 January	Robyn Lewis	11 February	Darroll Sullivan

NEW MEMBER

Welcome to:
MORRIS Anthony - 17 Railway Road, Blackburn, (p) 89 8361

WALK MAGAZINE

It appears that issue No. 10 (The Boots) is running low and may have to be declared out of print. We would be pleased to hear from anyone holding spare copies - please contact Ian Phillips (p) 29 4016

SKYLINE No. 15

Copies of the latest issue of Skyline, the magazine of the Launceston Walking Club are on sale in the clubroom - price 2/6 ea.

DAY WALKS PROGRAMME

- 23 January Howat's Lookout - Yan Yean
 Leader - John Rogers (18 Kinkora Road, Hawthorn) Easy
 Van leaves Batman Avenue at 8.55 am. Fare - 11/- (\$1.10)
 Map - Yan Yean 1" to 1 mile M.S.
- 30 January Kilmore East - Monument Hill - Wallan
 Leader - Medium
 Train leaves Spencer Street station at 9.00 am
 Fare - 2nd return Kilmore East - 15/- (\$1.50)
 Map - Kinglake 1:50,000 Military Survey.
- 6 February Blackborrying walk. Emerald Lake
 Leader - Lorraine Richey Easy
 Train leaves Flinders Street station at 9.00 am
 Fare - 2nd return Belgrave - 5/- (\$0.50) + bus fare
 Bring swimming togs as well as containers for all those berries.
 Map - Monbulk 1:50,000 M.S.
- 13 February Lordorderg Gorge
 Leader - Maitland Vertigan (b) 60 1671 Easy
 Van leaves Batman Avenue at 8.55 am Fare 12/- (\$1.20)
 Swimming togs and lilos essential. Gala event - annual lilo derby.
 Map - Ballan 1" to 1 mile, M.S.
- 20 February Queenscliff - Point Lonsdale - Saltlake
 Leader - Roy Beames Easy
 Train leaves Flinders Street station at 8.52 am.
 Fare - 2nd return Queenscliff - \$1.85 (18/6).
 Bring swimming togs and water for lunch. A nice easy trip.
 Return to the city about 8 pm.
 Map - Sorrento 1" to 1 mile Military Survey.
- 27 February Seville - Woori Yallock
 Leader - Neil Ham Easy
 Van leaves Batman Avenue at 8.55 am. Fare - \$1.10 (11/-)
 We leave Seville township and head due south for about 2 miles, then we travel due east passing several apple orchards on the way. Bring bathers and towel as there will be sufficient time for swimming. Also bring water for lunch.
 Map - Monbulk 1:50,000 M.S., Gembrook A, 2" to 1 m., Lands Dept.

OVERNIGHT WALKS PROGRAMME

- 28-31 January Wilson's Promontory
 Leader - Rex Filson (b) 63 7030 Hard and easy
 Van leaves Batman Avenue at 6.30 pm. Fare - 46/- (\$4.60)
 The hard party is advised to bring longs!
 Map - Wilson's Promontory, 1" to 1 m., MBW, Wilson's Prom. 1" to 1 mile, M.S.
- 12-13 February Lordorderg Gorge
 Leader - Robyn Lewis Easy
 Van leaves Batman Avenue at 8.30 am. Fare - 18/- (Pl.80)
 See above.
- 26-27 February Cockatoo - Shepherd's Creek - Woori Yallock
 Leader - Athol Schafer Medium
 Van leaves Batman Avenue at 1.30 pm Saturday afternoon.
 Fare - \$1.80 (18/-)
 A leisurely summer walk giving views of Werburton Ranges.
 Maps - Monbulk 1:50,000 M.S., Gembrook A and C, 2" to 1 m. Lands Dept.

AUSKI

AUSKI

AUSKI

Paddy Pallin has produced a light-weight H-frame pack, slightly smaller than existing models. Cheaper too, at \$11.10.0

Need a new pack? Then call at AUSKI's and inspect his range which includes models of the celebrated Bergen Rucksack imported from Europe.

AT LAST

Freeze-dried meat - available at

AUSKI's

CALL AND INSPECT

See LOIS, TONI, JOHN and CHARLES

at Auski House

Hardware Street, Melbourne (just off Bourke Street)

PHOTOFLORA '66

A photographic competition for colour slides of wildflowers of Victoria. There are four sections in the competition - wildflowers, natural landscapes, orchids, "in the bush with a camera". Entries received 1st-14th February. Application forms with further details are available in the clubroom.

TAKE NOTE

WARNING!

WARNING!

WARNING!

WARNING!

PROTECT YOUR EARDRUMS WEEK

He has been to Barrington Tops again.

ALONG THE TRACK ...

Lake Mountain - Echo Flat - Koppel's Hut - Sugarloaf, 3rd-5th December 1965

It has been said that a loader is "one who knows where he is going, why he is going, and how to get there".

We wonder!

Minus maps, lists and all the official paraphernalia of loadership, we departed promptly from Batman Avenue to the campsite outside Marysville and, having eventually settled camp, lit a fire for a nightcap cuppa'. Several hours and many hilarious outbursts later, peace settled down over the sleepers.

For some unexplained reason the dumbfounded party was ready to move $\frac{1}{4}$ hour earlier than the official time, and after a circle all mooched off along the road to Koppel's Falls. A pleasant rest was spent in doleaching and photographic pursuits and the party was then considered set for the climb to the Y.H.A. huts at Lake Mountain.

Humidity, consistent slope and out-of-condition muscles quickly took their toll of the "weaker sex" to the disgust of one manly type who grumbled under his breath as the "weakies" were ushered along up front - "I don't know why women come on bushwalks".

Sufficient to say that no one died (quite) and that eventually all arrived (in various conditions) at the huts where the navigator and his spouse joined the party for lunch. After this much-needed break and drink, some of the energetic types strolled up Lake Mountain summit while most of the others struggled along to the campsite.

Camp was pitched earlier than we had expected in a pleasant area of snow grass, snow gums and little tadpole inhabited water pools. They always said noise carried at night, but one party's conversation could be clearly heard by another that night on the opposite side of the camp area - could have embarrassed some! It was not until we moved away the next morning that it was discovered that two of the party had been missing since the previous lunchtime. With a certain air of confidence in the capability of these two we continued down various wrong paths until the lunch break.

A few hours pleasant walking brought us to the Sugarloaf Saddle, thence to the super direct track. The pint sized bomb of the party really showed his worth then, leaving two females for dead and waiting patiently at the bottom for quite a while. An hour after the first arrivals the stragglers reached the van and the two lost souls rolled up in right swanky style by car. The day walkers were packed into the van and after a watering stop on the way to town the weary wanderers were tipped out at Batman Avenue to find home, bed and gallons of fluid refreshment.

V.A.J.

Officer - Beaconsfield Reservoir - Borwick, 12th December 1965

With reference to "Along the track" in the last issue of "News" (Dec.'65-Jan.'66):

1. No walk was planned between Borwick - Beaconsfield Reservoir - Beaconsfield.
2. I asked for and was given permission by the Honorary Walks Secretary to alter the walk to Officer - Beaconsfield Reservoir - Borwick, but there was not time to alter the Summer Programme.
3. The walk that was advertised on the Melbourne Bushwalkers Official Booking List was enjoyed by more than thirteen bushwalkers.
4. If thirteen bushwalkers read the booking list correctly, why did the "Other Six" arrive at Borwick station by private and public transport ready to start the walk?
5. As loader I was not notified of any members arriving by private transport, therefore I cannot be held responsible for their arriving at the wrong starting point.

E.L.

Mount Juliet or Fidel's Farce, 19th December 1965

A. One day, in the cold of last Winter, my senses might have been numb, because I agreed to lead a Walk, persuaded by that affable Walks Secretary, John Siseman. Much mucking around persuaded all concerned that I should lead the final Ante-Yuletide TRAINING Walk.

We looked back at old Railway Timetables and said, "Ah, yes! Summer Excursion Express leaves Flinders St. at 9.15." Alas! That was my first mistake - the vast majority now are so with our affluent Society that this is no more. Firstly, one or two days before, I checked that the Train did not leave till 9.42. Then, fortunately for my blood pressure, I read no further.

On Sunday, 19th December, I thought I'd better turn up early. I arrived c. 9.00 am, so had everyone else who came! (except one awaiting us at Healesville) - 8 all told. We amused ourselves by wondering whether anyone else would turn up. None did. Then, when the train pulled in, the Railways pulled three coaches off. Such is their expectancy of travellers. The next horrible realisation came when we found the train was a Langsamzug, i.e. it stopped slowly and wearily at each and every station on the line. Thus we arrived at Healesville at about 11.25 instead of 10.52. The later start robbed us of 25 minutes, and the slowness of c. 5-7 minutes. All of which adds up to the fact that the V.R. are a b---- disgrace. They have also lopped 25 minutes off the return time leaving Healesville at 6.25 instead of 6.50, yet the train, again a slow one, took exactly the same total time the express used to take. From which I conclude that the V.R. have not declined, but was never any good from the start.

B. As for the Walk itself.

On the Train the Party decided that Juliet was too far, even with a Taxi. Therefore we wandered past the Tourists in Queen's Park, longed to stay at the Pool till we noticed Healesville is ahead with its decimals, and then took the next turn on the left. At the end of the road the leader declared he couldn't take the walk seriously. After a rest and distribution of vital nourishment by Michael, we wandered over the hill, found a track, wandered along it till it divided and crossed the burn. Being 13.00 we were too lazy to walk farther, and so we ate lunch.

13.45 we left and after following the High Track for 10 to 15 minutes, decided it was not heading whither we wished to go. We left it and headed up the spur intending to reach Mount Riddell's summit. This was the last the main party saw of the double A, who hove off as youngsters will, reached the summit, waited, ignored whistle, and reached the station behind us, just before the RM left. It is understood they enjoyed themselves.

However, the rest of the Party grow old, and the Leader found himself in danger of being left behind by himself, he was so slow. Yet the others had mercy on him. The route was tough, uphill (not too steep) and difficult in the blazing sunshine. It was a scramble resulting in many scratches. Many rests were needed. Eventually we hit the summit road and walked up it to the Rain gauge. Being 4 pm we felt disinclined to pursue the summit, so, following afternoon tea, note-writing and whistling, left about 16.15 hours. Now came a comparative race to the bottom, and a brisk walk along the road, arriving in plenty of time for milk shakes.

N.C.

ALONG THE CHRISTMAS TRACK ...Tarli Karng - Mt. Wellington - Bennison Plains, 24th-28th December

We knew it was going to be a good trip. The leader had just cursed loudly. He had taken the first three steps of his trip - and then fallen in the river, effectively dousing himself, his pack and his camera. This was the only wet crossing in the dozen or so we were subsequently to make as we found the fords across the Wellington River to be knee-deep, stony bottomed, cool and friendly.

After lunch at the stockyard at the foot of Riggall's Spur, we slogged up in the fiery sun, sheltering frequently under stunted gums. The signpost indicating the turnoff to Tarli Karng was a welcome sight at 5 pm. By now the party had divided into the usual companionable two's and three's, but all completed the final 20 minutes' descent through towering gums to the lake before nightfall.

The lake was an oasis after our tiring day. We had the area to ourselves. Campsites were plentiful and well-sheltered, but future parties should consider taking a light axe as fallen light timber has been exhausted. The only dangerous wildlife are the huge unafraid possums. Most of us bathed sharing the lake with the trout, which continuously broke water, feeding on insects. Christmas was celebrated by torchlight with the assistance of ham, Deb, peas, carrots and pineapple, followed by plum pudding and cream (Carnation variety). All slept well - Andrew too well.

A possum raided his food supply, demolishing it within inches of his bed under a fallen tree.

Although all wanted to remain longer at this delightful spot, our march out commenced next day at 9.45. Lunch was eaten at the jumble of decayed logs that was formerly Rigall's Hut. This section of the walk was cool and shady, with just a sufficient number of water courses to make each pause worthwhile. When the party later arrived at the Moroka Camp, the Tireless Trio, accompanied by several others, walked up Mt. Wellington. The more experienced (older and cunning??) walkers slept. The evening camp was made at the site of the fast vanishing McFarlane's Hut - now a collection of fireplace boulders. The night was surprisingly cold, with a heavy frost lying on the ground next morning.

Three noteworthy events occurred that day. The M.B.W. map was found to be in error, a member produced a razor and insisted on shaving, and a Mini-Minor disgorged three girls on the nearby jeep track. They had sighted our camp fires. We offered them the M.B.W. hospitality traditionally given to lost travellers, but despite this inducement insisted on setting up their camp on the opposite side of the jeep track. All six agreed that we had seen the best of Tarril Karing as that night the lakeside would respond to two transistor radios, a Rover crew, 8 walkers, fishermen and sundry others. The jeep track that day resembled a trial course with dust clouds heralding the arrival of yet another car.

The trip in its final stages was a solid track bash in heatwave conditions. Monday's lunch was at Surveyor's Creek Forestry Camp, with the evening camp at Kelly's Hut. This hut is one of the few remaining cattlemen's huts in original condition. It is situated in a delightful meadow garden with a bubbling, sweet water stream within easy reach.

The trip concluded with a rapid easy walk through open country to the road turnoff to homestown. Two drivers then volunteered (= were directed) to pound the gravel road to pick up the cars at Tamboritha to ferry the party back to the Wellington River starting point. An excellent trip - with all members vowing to return to the lake for a much longer stay in the near future, before the fishermen and car tourists take over the area.

S.G.M.

Kosciusko State Park, 27th December - 8th January

First day full packs and it's an uphill fight against gravity; forest, scrub and sun hit back; the track cowers and hides, finally dying out completely. At last the snowplains! Three members are magnetically attracted by gon alp, keep on and scramble ever higher; the immune crawl under the shade of the nearest tree and pant for 3 dry long midday hours little dreaming that a cool spring gushed only a few minutes walk away. No one got up to look. Into the dark woollybutt forest and lunchsite is reached in time for tea. For the next few days it is up and down the alpine scene, crossing and recrossing the rivers, the spurs ever steepening, humidity rising until breaking point is attained to the accompaniment of thunder and the drum of soaking rain. A grand sight: Mt. Jagungal as a backdrop and a family of emu running before the darkening storm. New Year's Eve spent in a tin hut, song and recitation until 11 o'clock - late enough after the long days. Doubtful Gap track lives up to its name. One minute our position is confirmed without doubt; a little later and it's as though we have been whisked miles away to a different track in other parts. Now across Happy Jack's Plain to the hut bearing the charcoaled inscription "this hut saved the lives of 4 gallant men - amen", but which has to be well cleaned out before being suitably habitable for the MBW. In one corner stands a huge old fourposter bed. At last we're on the summit of Mt. Tabletop; Mt. Jagungal now appearing pretty small on the southern horizon, to the east the shores of Lake Eucumbene and the Yaouk Bill Ranges, while the northern view is dominated by the Bogong Peaks (later climbed by two of the party). Kiandra is approached in two parties; the healthy ahead, the crooks at the rear. Soon the historic buildings appear. On closer inspection it would seem that it's about time a bulldozer was employed on them - and also on possibly a few of the modern eyesores! For the next few days we continue northwards until the ACT lies to our right (east). Half an hour before the train leaves Tumut we learn that all seats are booked out. One of the party is amazed that alternative transport is arranged within minutes. Now it's time to refatten on a few thickshakes.

A.S.

NOMINATION FORM

I wish to stand for election to the position of

.....

Nominated by

Seconded by Date

FOOT NEWSMoscinski -- Dead Horse Gap. etc., 24th December - ?

It was 4.10 a.m. Christmas Day when Fangs, Frankenstein, Hairy Shoulder Blades, Birmingham, Sambo, Handy Andy, the leader's cook and, of course, the handsome, attractive, virile leader arrived at Dead Horse Gap for the trip of the century. A couple of hours later the intrepid party (sleepless) left for the roof of Australia to discover a kiosk. Dead Horse Gap was unanimously renamed Dead Bushwalker Gap that night.

After a Boxing morning jaunt to the bright lights of Thredbo (young and foolish ones only) the party walked along a terribly interesting road to a renovated Cascade hut. By the way, Taswop was still flying over from Christmas ... um ... festivities (that's the word) at Duck River, capital of the Australian mainland state, Tasmania. Next day the party continued along the terribly interesting road to the Tin Mine -- after Taswop had caught the back-markers about travelling from Cooma to Khancobon and back before he found Dead Horse Gap. (It appears that the Lancelston Walking Club is not training its members well enough in navigation before allowing them to graduate to pig time mainland walking.)

Back to the terrific trip: the backmarkers took a little more time than usual walking to Tin Mine because of the time spent trying to wake Taswop up after every stop. Finally they gave up and left him lying by the side of the track sleeping off the effects of Christmas Duck River water.

Next day the party continued along an even more terrific road to Cowambat Flat taking care not to be flattened by some of the more energetic native fauna (genus, automobilious; species, volkswagenus, mini mincrus, ford cortinorus, falcon utilitious & etc.) and collecting The Pilot on the way (Peaks bagged = two in four days).

The tuffies - Sambo, Taswop and the reluctant leader - left at the early hour of 9.3. a.m. for the half-day jaunt from Cobberas No. 2 to Mt. Erano (The Big Cobberas) arriving back in camp at 10 p.m. (bagged: four peaks, one bull ant first thought to be a prickly, and three pairs of blisters).

The party next followed the Upper Indi instead of the road, to Limestone Creek. Twelve hours and six miles later level ground (= camp) was reached. Taswop pitched the remaining two halves of his tent. It rained that night. Sights during next day's amble up the Limestone included brumbies, big swimming pools (ideal for a quiet weekend), murals in the old Limestone homestead and adjacent little house, Taswop wallowing in mud to cool his webbed feet (not as good as Duck River mud, of course) and swimming in the never-never with Fangs, caves by candle light and a genuine mid afternoon mountain cloudburst. New Year's Eve celebrations included an argument between the leader and Frankenstein, a breath-by-breath description of the dog eared sections of Taswop's James Bond book and Auld Lang Syne at 7 p.m.

The next day's walking is best forgotten, but the feed at the Benambra pub is not. It is the first time too skinny bits of bacon and anaemic eggs resembled juicy steak, onions and strawberry short cake and cream. (We shall ignore out of good taste and deference to the by-laws the vulgar liquid intake methods adopted by nameless individuals, including Taswop - really, lemon squashes would have done just as well at 10 p.m.)

The leader is a bit hazy as to what happened next, but he vaguely remembers stomach gyrating aerobatics with the local crop dusting pilot, Taswop setting a new world record for daily crossings of Lake Omeo, meals at the pub, more meals at the pub, Taswop enquiring about rich widows (after hearing there were several millionaires in the district) and giving his correct age to the Benambra constabulary (under fear of perjury) so revealing himself to Fangs as a decrepit old rake.

27 times in 24 hours ... delirium.

MEMO TO THOSE SPECULATORS: Taswop is another McKirney.