



THE NEWS

OF THE MELBOURNE BUSHWALKERS

Edition 256

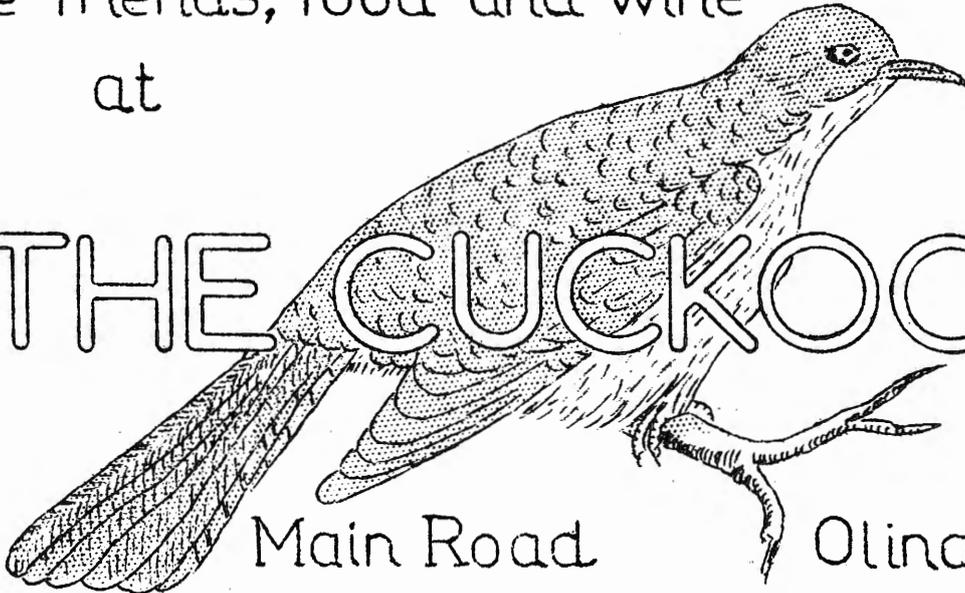
July, 1970

Price 3c.

Registered at G.P.O. for transmission by post as a periodical

Fine friends, food and wine
at

THE CUCKOO



Main Road Olinda

6-30 pm. - 12-00 pm. Dinner - Dance

Friday August 14th.

Smorgasbord - \$4-00 each \$1-00 dep.

BOOKINGS - Judith Shegog p.90 2703 Barbara Davies p.45 7545

OTHER SOCIAL EVENTS

Want to have a good laugh?

Want to see champion swamp waders in action?

COMING SOON -- Ron Filsell's film night on Barmah
Watch for it. (Possibly 2nd September)

Indispensable for all those going on the Feathertop weekend will be the talk
Doug Pocock is to give on what to take on snow trips on 29th July.

Art Terry will be showing films in the Clubrooms on 19th August.

DUTY ROSTER

29th July - Doug & Robyn Pocock
5th August - Peter Carlyon

12th August - Barbara Davies
19th August - Rod. Mattingley

All correspondence should be addressed to:

Hon. Sec., Melbourne Bushwalkers,
Box 1751Q, G.P.O.,
MELBOURNE Victoria 3001

Meetings are held in the Clubrooms, Hosier Lane, at the rear of the Forum Theatre, every Wednesday night at 8.00 p.m. Visitors are always welcome.

EXTRACTS FROM THE COMMITTEE MEETING

13th July, 1970

Chairman: Rex Filson

Present: Rod. Mattingley, Barbara Davies, Jenny Mead, Roger Brown, Graham Mascus, Robyn and Doug Pocock, John Sparksman, Athol Schafer, Maragret Wark, Peter Carlyon, Judy Shegog

Apologies: Alec Proudfoot, Dorrie Warton, Tyrone Thomas, Sue Ball.

Walk Secretary's Report:

Last month a total of 159 people participated in walks organised by the Club; of these, 40 were visitors.

"WALK" Magazine Report:

Robyn asked that articles for 'Mountain Muster' be submitted. In this category, she requires items of information which you consider are either interesting and/or useful to walkers.

Wilkinson Lodge Report:

Peter reported that the S.E.C. has removed one of the white poles they had put across the access road to the Lodge. This removal means that there is now a 16' space to allow us to get vehicles closer to the Lodge.

Federation Report:

John conveyed to us the contents of a letter received by the Federation from the House of Representative's Select Committee on Conservation. A Sub Committee of Rex Filson and Doug and Robyn Pocock was formed to reply direct to this letter on behalf of the Club. The letter listed the terms of reference under which the Select Committee would investigate various aspects of conservation. A copy of the reply will be sent to the Federation. A copy will also be submitted to the next Committee meeting.

Search and Rescue:

An application from Mike Garner to join S & R was received and approved by the Committee.

Track Clearing:

Roger reported that the Ada River area, where it had been intended we continue track clearing, would not now be the area for our track clearing effort as it has been rather considerably bulldozed. John is to submit a proposal to the Federation for the Club to be allocated another area.

WALK PREVIEWSDAY WALKS:

August

2 SPRING CREEK-BRISBANE RANGES

Leader: Spencer George b) 63-2406

Medium

Map reference: Ballan 1:63,360, Meredith 1:63,360

Van leaves Batman Avenue 9.15 a.m. Fare \$1.40

Expected time of return 7.30 p.m.

A walk through open forest, along two creeks climbing three hills. About half the walk will be along bush tracks. There will be plenty of firewood at lunch time.

9 BULLARTO-MOSSOPS HILL-DAYLESFORD

Leader: Art Terry p) 93-3617

Easy/Medium

Map reference: Daylesford Military 1" = 1 mile

Train leaves Spencer Street Station 9.30 a.m. Buy Sunday

Excursion to Daylesford \$2.25. Expected time of return

9.00 p.m.

An invigorating walk in bracing country air traversing open forest, hills and high plains along the Great Dividing Range. Good views from Mossops, Dolphin and Wheeler's Hills.

16 SNOW WALK-MT. STICKLAND

Leader: Ian Smith

Medium

Map reference: Juliet 1:50,000

Van leaves Batman Avenue 9.15 a.m. Expected time of return

8.00 p.m. Fare \$1.80

23 PAUL'S RANGE-SCHOOLHOUSE RIDGE

Leader: Robyn Pocock p) 83-5027

Easy/Medium

Map reference: Yan Yean

Van leaves Batman Avenue 9.15 a.m. Fare \$1.60 Expected

time of return 7.00 p.m.

A pleasant ridge walk, down hill nearly all the way. Bring water for lunch so we won't have to lose height.

30 MOORABOOL RIVER-IRON MINE-LAL LAL FALLS

Leader: Dave Gibson b) 64-2561 ext. 60

Easy

Map reference: Ballan 1:63,360

Van leaves Batman Avenue 9.15 a.m. Fare \$1.80

The walk from Flagstaff Hill or Mount Doran to Iron Mine is through timber (according to the map which was last revised in 1933). Close to the remains of the old mine, an earth dam is being built and we will have a look at this on our way north to Lal Lal Falls which drop 94' into a rugged gorge.

WEEKEND WALKS:

August 7 - 9

SNOW WALK-BUNGALOW SPUR-MT. FEATHERTOP

Leader: Doug Pocock p) 83-5027

Map reference: MBW Feathertop

Private transport

A weekend suitable for those with no previous experience in the snow. Plans will have to be made on the day and will depend on the weather, but will be roughly as follows. First day - follow up Bungalow Spur to F.V.W.C. Hut. If the weather is suitable we will go on to the summit, otherwise we will spend the time setting up camp, building snow women and other winter pastimes. Next day we will go to the summit if we haven't climbed it the previous day, otherwise, messing around in the snow and then back to the cars at Harrierville.

WALK PREVIEWS (Contd.)

- August 7-9 SNOW WALK
As stated before, this will be suitable for those without previous snow experience as long as their equipment is in good order.
Don't forget lilos, snow goggles and choofers are essential.
A talk on snow camping will be given in the Clubrooms on 29th July.
- 7-9 LANGLAUF SKIING-MT. HOTHAM AREA
Leader: Peter Carlyon p) 68-6027
Map reference: Feathertop (F.C.V.)
Private transport
This skiing trip is planned for the Mt. Hotham, Mt. Loch, Dibbing Hut area, one of Victoria's most spectacular ski-touring localities. The Weather Bureau has agreed to provide good snow and fine weather for that particular weekend (only after a considerable fee!) Any of those valiant bushie types, who also like to walk with touring boards on their feet, will find this trip worthy of the effort required to leave their snug houses and electric blankets.
- 21-23 LANGLAUF SKIING-MT. SKENE
Leader: John Siseman p) 878-1839
Map reference: Mt. Skene 1:50,000
Private Transport
Ski touring trip in the regions of Mt. Skene if there are sufficient snowfalls. It is hoped to have hut accommodation but be prepared to camp out. Further details from the leader in the Clubrooms on the Wednesday prior to the trip.
- 28-30 HISTORICAL RAMBLE-DEVIL'S KITCHENS-PIGGOREET
Leader: Barry Short b) 651-6266 Easy/Medium
Map reference: Ballarat 1:100,000 Army Survey
Van leaves Batman Avenue 6.30 p.m. Fare \$3.80 Expected time of return 7.30 p.m.
This will be an interesting trip through an area rich (in more ways than one) with relics of the old gold mining days. Plenty of mullock heaps and other signs of this bygone era assured.

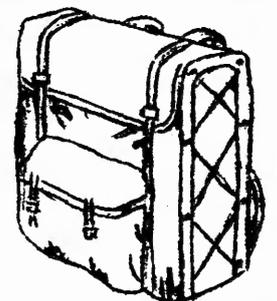
NOTES

Changes of address; Michael Griffin,
Flat 10, 24 Elphin Grove,
Hawthorn 3122
p) 81-8376

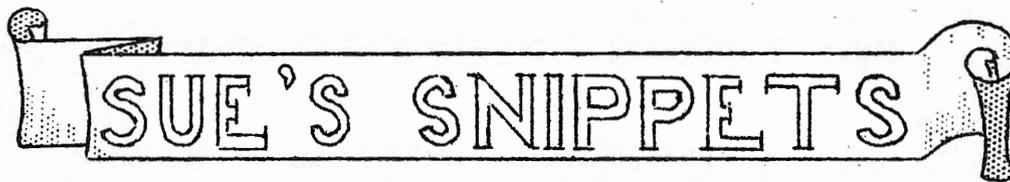
Greg Harwood,
Flat 2, 1573 Malvern Road,
Glen Iris

For sale - one Paddymade Explorer-Mountaineer H-Frame (frame only, no pack)
Enquiries - Gerry McPhee b) 669-2540 p) 82-4634

AUSKI 9 Hardware St.
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SUE'S SNIPPETS

Word for this month - butterfly.

The wandering Brownlies, Fred and the Old Lady have left Darwin and commenced their journey homewards. Welcome Home mats should be aired in November.

Bob Steel has been back in Melbourne for a short stay. It has been some time since we have seen him in the Clubrooms - almost a forgotten face.

Another long unsighted face in the Clubrooms was that of Bob Frost, over from Carnarvon, W.A., for a few weeks holiday.

Must have been Ladies Day for Peter's You Yangs trip with Alma braving the cold and Helen gadding off without husband and child.

Thought you might change your mind Rodney - a Land Rover is the better four wheel drive vehicle. Just ask any Toyota owner. (Unbiased opinion Ed.)

Frank Burt is settling down with the birds (feathered variety) near Busselton, W.A. for a year or two. Sensible man in this weather.

Our Hon. Secretary, President, Treasurer and Equipment Officer are flitting around New Zealand for a few weeks. Wonder how the bank balance stands!

John Bach has opened a Ski Hire and Equipment shop in Bluff Road, Sandringham. So all you ardent skiers, how about giving him some of your custom.

Beaut. slide night on Wednesday 15th July - Ken Simpson showed us the inside of many of the Aborigines and their burial grounds. Very fascinating. Thanks Ken. I'm sure all who attended enjoyed a very interesting and informative evening.

EXTRACTS FROM THE COMMITTEE MEETING (Contd.)

Social Secretary's Report:

See front page of this month's "NEWS" for details of the night at the Cuckoo.

V.N.P.A. Report:

Doug reported that at the last meeting of the V.N.P.A. a motion was passed that the V.N.P.A. organise a Conservation Week winding up with a mass demonstration of solidarity for conservation. He has promised to keep us informed of all developments.

General Business:

Applications for membership were received and approved from Dorothy Davies, Elizabeth Spurrell and Jeff Flynn.

The meeting closed at 8.15 p.m.



BARMAH FOREST JUNE 12-15 or KNEE DEEP AND EASILY WADED

In the beginning, O brethren, this homely planet of ours was a raging flux of force and change. The parched earth was beset by moisture, as condensation warred with evaporation. The seas were formed, as were the lakes. Water flowed and transmuted rock into river bed. Time passed and played with the landscape; sculpturing, upheaving, setting the scene for man, who evolved onto a peaceful world, without flux or glaciation or mammoth upheaval. He forgot the forces, the channels of water. He ignored nature's array and dismissed her fancies.

There is now, on this earth, a group of people with wet feet and a healthy aversion to water. They discovered, under the guise of Barmah Forest, one of nature's supreme fancies - Barmah swamp; uncharted and uninviting.

The story is not for the squeamish, but to set the records aright, it must be told. The chief protagonist is that web-footed wonder named Filson, of Maroong Rise fame. His wife, in her wisdom, stayed home with the children. It will be forever to my sorrow that Rex did not stay with her.

The first day dawned on a somewhat reluctant party. The main track bore a slight resemblance to a quagmire, but we nevertheless set out. All proceeded reasonably well, until our leader, obviously in a private daze over wild flowers or his missing wife (I confuse them), decided quite dramatically to forsake our beloved muddy path and head into the wilds.

At this point, it is important to reproduce one of the master's statements, for it is redolent of his state of mind. There will be no swamp walking today, he said, (how do you walk on a swamp, anyway) because the track which we will now follow is obviously a ridge track, rising above the general level of the country. Tomorrow you may expect a few swamps, and on Monday I reckon that things might be worse.

Oh well, we thought, wet feet on the final day is probably forgiveable. So we followed, almost enthusiastically.

The track promptly descended (if that is possible) and was lost to view beneath the surface of a very colourful lake. Accompanied by the manic depressions of camera shutters, we waded in and at once became lodged in primaeval ooze. Rex was a wonder, cajoling, shouting, cracking the whip and ducking flying objects projected from all sides. We continued on like this for a while, until Rex finally decided that enough was quite enough. Dry land was sighted, and we floundered towards it, John and Jan still holding hands. (It's the happyade wot does it, you know.) Somebody became incoherent, insisting that they had sighted the Murray, but we gently pushed them into the nearest mud pool, out of pity. And then, like a long-lost dream, there it lay before our mud-stained eyes. A river and a campsite. We collapsed sobbing onto the (almost) dry ground and remained so until claimed by the advancing knight (whoops).

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Barmah Forest June 12-15 (Contd.)

The second day dawned on a considerably reluctant party. Rex had been heard to cry out for Sue in the night, but we assumed that he was merely teething. Thus we arose, our teeth on edge in preparation for the day's intrigues.

Rex, much to Art's delight, decided on a compass course. Art was determined to go whip, claiming that he couldn't possibly get lost in his yellow sartorial splendour. Bearings were checked and even Spencer was temporarily soothed by the massive doses of confidence escaping into the forest. Ed began with his left foot, straight into the reeds. Reeds are like icebergs, most of their mass being underwater. When Ed eventually surfaced, Rex rapidly retreated through the ranks, deciding that it would be expedient to lead from the rear. But we were learning, and so we retreated with him. The game was declared drawn and we set off again, Rex now holding a compromise position in the middle. I slowly began to appreciate Art's cunning.

Eddy danced through the reeds, often without getting anywhere. It was cold and wet and miserable and Jenny was getting upset and so was I and Robyn's nose was turning blue and we suddenly found land. (Pause for breath.) We paused for breath and hastily replaced our toes, which had long ago fallen off. SBX was begun in an effort to get the blood pumpers restarted. Circulation restored, we did the only thing possible - wade into the next swamp. A nightmare of swamps washed underfoot, only to end at the confounded Murray again. Two thoughts emerged. In the first one, Spencer realised that we could have kept our feet dry by staying on the main track. We didn't believe him. The second was mine. Musing over Rex's earlier comment (see above) I engaged in a little projection, with the obvious conclusion that Monday would find us walking upstream along the bed of the Murray River. Luckily for my peace of mind, realisation came that my premise was false, for the Murray does not possess an abundance of reeds. Sleep that night was, you might say, fitful.

The final day dawned on a totally reluctant party. Felix, as ever, coaxed us into consciousness with his 'pick a low'. By skilful manoeuvring, the fire was practically alight by the time I arose; so of course I at least was heartened. The Murray swished by steadily, and last night's visions returned. There must be easier ways to enter N.S.W.; But no, we retreated from the state boundary and headed for the first swamp. Things went pretty well for a while. Brian, admittedly, was hobbling, and several members were unusually reluctant to wet their feet, but after Felix, in a vain endeavour to stay on dry ground, had led them all into a water jump, ambitions collapsed and everyone grew webbed appendages.

Just as well, for suddenly the track ended on the verge of a vast wetness. Threelandrovers were contemplating the prospect, and we discovered that the track junction we were seeking was approximately two feet under water, twenty yards out from shore. The required path then ran underwater for about half a mile.

But you must be bored by all this swamp wading. At least I hope so, for space is short. Anyway, we thrashed through the aquarium and found dry land at Doctor's Point. (Somebody evidently has a sense of humour.) The van was separated from us by dry land now, and so we bid farewell to the unsuccessful landrovers on the far shore. Shoes more or less dried out and warmth returned. At the psychological moment, Rex declared lunch and saved his skin; proving that he is a master strategist even if totally irresponsible when let loose in a large area. The van returned safely, Spencer almost enjoyed himself, Eddy was declared chief swamp wader, Jenny's barometer pressure dropped, Robyn's nose didn't fall off, Greg ran out of film, Laurie is still recovering, Peta had hysterics several times, Roger comforted her, Art was declared the yellow peril, Andy

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Barmah Forest June 12-15 (Contd.)

swam over to that other state, John and Jan don't like paddy melons but are champion hand-holders, Rex returned to Sue and the kids, nobody loves him any more, I give up, and it was a bloody good walk! (Thou shalt not swear in the "NEWS".)

P.S. Good heavens, we all survived!

Michael Griffin

THE NIJMEGEN MARCHES

'The Nijmegen Marches began in 1909 when 41 walkers set out on a four day endurance hike to prove a point - that anyone with care and training can walk great distances with enjoyment and without undue fatigue.

The Royal Netherlands League for Physical Culture sponsored that first march and has run them every year since with breaks only through the two world wars. The marches first became international in 1928, the year the Olympic Games were held in Holland.

The Dutch themselves take their training seriously. Office workers exchange sober suits for vests and shirts in the evening, beginning with a walk of a few miles and gradually increasing their distance until they are fit enough to take the Nijmegen Marches in their stride.

This year, with the temperature hitting the nineties, 1,442 of the 15,901 entrants failed to finish. Women and youngsters do a shortened course. One who successfully completed the full 100 mile course was a 73 year old Swiss. And he has a wooden leg!!'

From "Soldier" Oct. 1969.
Athol Schafer

My thanks to this month's contributors. As the printing staff would prefer "NEWS" not to be any larger than 8 pages as it takes them till nearly midnight to run off this many, despair not those who cannot see their article in this issue. Rest assured it will be in next month's "NEWS".

Jenny Mead,
News Convenor

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692 Glenhuntly Rd.

For all

Caulfield

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Climbing gear, Shirts, Pullovers, Sleeping bags.

