



# THE NEWS

OF THE MELBOURNE BUSHWALKERS

Edition 252

March, 1970

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At the Annual General Meeting held in the Clubrooms on 25th February, the following Office Bearers for 1970 were elected.

President:	Alec Proudfoot - 17 Bayside Cres., Hampton p) 98-3155
Vice Presidents:	Rex Filson - 18 Sutton Pde., Mont Albert Nth. p) 88-1165 Graham Mascas - 177 Burke Road, Glen Iris p) 50-2995
Hon. Secretary:	Dorothy Warton - 21 Henty St., East Brighton p) 92-8518
Hon. Treasurer:	Tyrone Thomas - 2A Tyne St., Box Hill p) 89-5197
Hon. Walks Secretary:	Rodney Mattingley - 183 Canterbury Rd., Blackburn p) 878-4630
Hon. Social Secretary:	Judy Shegog - 124 Beach Rd., Parkdale b) 90-6066 p) 90-2703
Committee Members:	Sue Ball Margaret Wark Barbara Davies Doug Pocock John Sparksman
Magazine Convenor:	Robyn Pocock - 85 Union Road, Surrey Hills
News Convenor:	Jenny Mead - 23 Munro Ave., Ashburton p) 25-1709
Wilkinson Lodge Manager :	Peter Carlyon - 66 Suffolk St., West Footscray p) 68-6027

At the meeting, the following resolutions were passed.

- The subscription fee for 1970 will remain unchanged at

Member (over 21)	\$4.00
Junior member (16 to 21)	\$2.00
Husband and wife	\$6.00

- The visitors fee will now be 25 cents per day, payment of which should be made when making a deposit for the walk.

If you have any matters or problems you feel the Club and/or the Committee should know about or may wish to discuss, please don't hesitate to get in touch with one of the Committee members. They are there to represent you and your interests.



# WALKS PREVIEW

## DAY WALKS:

- APRIL 5 GRANITE - MEADOWS HILL - RESERVOIR - TALLAROOK  
Sun. Exc. Homewood, 9.30am. Spencer St. \$2.25 Medium,  
Tallarook Military 1" Andy Price
- 12 WILHELMINA FALLS - BLACK RANGE - BUXTON  
Van leaves Batman Ave. 9.15am Fare \$1.90 Medium  
Taggerty Military 1:50,000 David Oldfield  
A good walk amongst the tall timber, with views across  
the Acheron Valley to the Cathedral Range.
- 19 MT. STEWART -WAGGS RANGE - CULLENS RANGE  
Van leaves Batman Ave. 9.15am Fare \$1.90 Medium  
Yea and Longwood Military 1" Marion Siseman  
There will be plenty of variety on this walk, from wood-  
lands to open country with excellent views over the  
Goulburn Valley.
- 26 WANDIN EAST -PARSLOWS BRIDGE - WOORI YALLOCK  
Van leaves Batman Ave. 9.15am Fare \$1.40 Easy  
Monbulk and Gembrook Military 1:50,000 Athol Schafer  
Good walking and views on the eastern side of the  
Dandenong Ranges.  
Family Walk led by Sue Filson travels on this van also.

## WEEKEND WALKS:

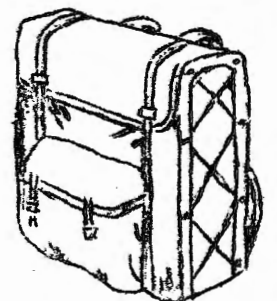
- APRIL BLUE RANGE - RUBICON AREA  
10 - 12 Van leaves Batman Ave. 6.30pm Fare \$3.00 Easy-medium  
Thornton Military 1:50,000 Ann Sullivan  
This promises to be an easy week-end in a most beautiful  
area, which will be unfamiliar to most people.
- 18 - 19 FEDERATION SEARCH AND RESCUE PRACTICE
- 24 - 26 DOM DOM SADDLE - MT. VINEGAR - MT.DONNA BUANG -  
WARBURTON  
Van leaves Batman Ave. 6.30pm Fare Medium  
Juliet Military 1:50,000 Rod Mattingley  
A very pleasant stroll along the Great Dividing Range,  
mostly along shaded and grassy tracks, come and help  
out-stare the tourists on Donna Buang!

## CHANGE OF ADDRESSES

KEITH Roy - Department of Works, Phillip, A.C.T. 2606  
SCHAFER Geoff - 8 Almondbury Road, Mt. Lawley, W.A. 6050  
TAYLOR Ron & Mrs Gwyneth - Flat 4 Cnr. Garden St. & Liverpool Rd.  
(P.O.Box 46) Kilsyth 3137  
VEENSTRA Allen & Mrs Shirley - 4 West St., Nunawading 3131

**AUSKI** 9 Hardware St.  
Phone 67 1412

The Bushwalking Specialist  
Paddymade equipment, Packs, etc.



# ISSUE'S SNIPPETS

Word for this month is seat-warmer.  
(applicable to the committee also?)

Missing persons:- Seeing so many new faces in the clubrooms makes me wonder what has happened to some of the old clan:- Geoff Angell, Lin Connors, Hans Oppersdorff (still courting?), Ann and Cathleen Philp to name a few,

The beautiful new Valiant (ex RC Raffle) has been swapped, discarded for an old 1932 Bentley - a case of keeping up with the inlaws.

The wandering Brownlies have returned to Mt. Isa to pick up The Old Lady and Fred in order to continue their safari. Next stop The Alice.

One of the U.K. branch of the M.B.W., Tim Dent has joined a rambling club. Tim finds walking conditions in England different from here, youth hostels and farm houses are used for overnight accomodation as exposure is a problem due to lack of tree shelter and to inclement weather.

Family walks:- First programme has been completed, interesting to note a few statistics - three walks were held, eleven families participated with a total of twenty-one children. The general opinion seems to be in favour of regular programmed family walks.

Anyone needing a baby minder should contact the E.L.Child Minding Service, Moonee Ponds. (Not Galipoli Parade)

Moomba Walk:- Good to see that 25% of Moomba Walkers were "Bushies". Art did a marvellous Pied Piper Act; Ralph obviously experienced in droving took pleasure in wielding the whip; The refreshments organised by the Sisemans were much appreciated; Greg successfully prevented a grass fire; the committee were conspicuous by their absence; and back copies of "WALK" were selling like banned books.

The increase in visitors fees has spurred several "friends" of the club on to completing Application for Membership forms. Six applications were passed at the last committee meeting and more have been received.

SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE NOW DUE.

If you are not able to pay your fees with in the next two or three weeks, please remit them by post using the form provided below.

Hon. Treasurer, M.B.W.  
Box 1751Q, G.P.O. Melbourne.

Dear Sir,

Please find enclosed the sum of \$.....  
to cover annual membership fees for the year 1970.  
"News" subscription

Yours Faithfully

.....

Name.....  
Address.....  
.....Post Code

(Please print in block letters.)



# ALONG THE TRACK

## MOOMBA ON MT. BUFFALO

It is well after midnight. A million stars shine their brightest and seem so very close as we set up our "canvas town" for three nights, 4,500 feet up on the Mt. Buffalo plateau.

Saturday's sunny start reveal our two mobile families, the Pococks and the Mascas's, who swell our numbers to 39. The sun is well up before our indefatigable leader boasts "11 miles to walk today - that's all!" The first signpost we pass shows us that this is to be yet another example of Tyrone miles. So, after skirting Lake Catani sparkling in the sun, we leave the road and leisurely walk, climb, and bash (just a dash thrown in to keep up the leader's reputation) our way to the highest point on the mountain - The Horn, 5,645 feet. Bluebells grow in profusion with a scattering of "white starry flowers" as we cross the Dingo Dell ski-run and on, passing clumps of big yellow everlastings. Up looms the Leviathan, an enormous mass of granite rounded by the exposure to countless numbers of winters and summers and still weighing many thousands of tons. From here we see our first glimpse of this wonderland, of the huge boulders and the rocky groups that quaintly resemble animals, men, or anything your lively imagination wants to see. The Riven Rock and The Kissing Stones are two nearby. More are to come.

Along the road for a short way then and the massive bulk of The Cathedral with its iron cross hoves into sight. This always brings a keen sense of challenge to the beholder - if only we had ropes and gear! We climb its neighbour, The Hump of the Buffalo, 5,221 ft. An exhilarating scramble over and up on to giant boulders gives a magnificent view over the plateau in all directions and on to the surrounding blue mountain mass of which the peaks of Bogong, Feathertop, Hotham, Stirling and Buller were some easily identified. There is a fly clinging to the wall half-way up The Cathedral - oh, its Alex. When we can tear ourselves away some of the herd thunder down the track at breakneck speed - is it Ty in front or Pam? No, its Roger by half a foot. The sedate few enjoy a nature ramble with Lindsay - minus woof! discussing the various insects and whatnot which have amazingly survived the stampede. Large holes as wide across as a 20¢ piece denote the presence of those monstrous, ugly, but very patriotic chaps - the Wolf Spider. He carries the Union Jack on his back marked out in white. After a little bit of teasing with a long stem of grass he grabs it and is pulled slowly bit by bit up the smooth rounded tunnel and out - but he is gone again in an instant.

Over the tip and down the slopes of Cresta Run we go to sink lazily into the long grass on the flats and enjoy lunch with such delicacies on the menu as apple strudel, cheese cake and coffee, obviously highlighting the day for some still pyjama-clad guests of Tatra Inn.

The terrain changes completely now as we walk the faint track along a flat plain treading soft, colorful snowgrass growing in a mixture of peat and sand - a sharp contrast to the rock-strewn hills and slopes that we have passed. Strange, but where has the track gone? Undaunted, our leader heads through scrub, down and across a small creek nearly hidden in the grassy plain, up through a belt of stunted snowgums and - yes, some white Thryptomene - and out on to the road.

The sun is warm now and the climb up to The Horn dusty, except for the last rock-climb that leaves you perched like an eagle on the highest crag. Beneath you spreads the giant plateau; long before the Egyptians hewed granite monoliths these natural ones stood like sentinels on their lofty pinnacles. The grandeur surrounds you on all sides, you feel master of all, and yet such a tiny speck in all this vastness.

The return journey is by road, and I am ashamed to be the one to reveal that some dear "old ladies" rolled in style past those up front. But how could they refuse the offer of a very kind and friendly knight with shining white hair? (Ask Dorrie).

Saturday night and hot showers await - has anybody a 5¢ please? The Mascas family find their campfire the centre of attraction with everybody gathered and a few strong voices leading in good old songs. Some giggles are heard coming from the kiddies during their share of the repertoire. Eyelids are heavy - a wonderful day draws to a close.

Sunday came with the sound of Felix's piccolo. Another beautiful day. We take the opposite direction around the lake this time, then along a lovely little bush track which leads us to the underground river where it is two-at-a-time to grope our way into the darkened cavern and place one's head fearlessly into a hole to view the magical qualities of the little glowworms. Leaving the cool dampness behind, the track leads up out of the rocky river-bed and gives a grand, clear view over the Ovens Valley thousands of feet below. What is this, our herd has stopped to watch the tennis lovelies - no, ONE tennis lovely of bushie fame. On holiday. Now the Chalet stands before us, but we must have a look over the edge of the Buffalo Gorge at Bent's Lookout - ouch! Quick, grab the rail. Did those boys really climb here? Feeling dizzy, cold drinks, icecreams and lollies revive us as does the sight of that glorious aqua swimming pool with the suntanned mermaid - it is her again! Are we envious..... no, not a bit. We tramp on away from the gates of luxury leaving our thoughts and burning toes mingled in that cool liquid, until a loud shout from our advance party brings us back to earth...opposition, just as big in numbers answers from across the gorge in an equally ferocious tone...Echo Point! There stands Queen Victoria, solid as a rock, gazing out to the view with her veil and cape falling from her shoulders. Suddenly a commanding single voice sends a chill down each spine .."The wages of sin is death!" We are nearing Pulpit Rock.

Now we are en route to that crazily balanced block of granite, The Monolith, poised on a base so slender as to cause doubts as to its stability. We climb the twenty or so steps, gaze at the panorama and quickly retreat down the steps thinking surely it must be time for lunch. Nerves are soothed as we lounge in the soft snowgrass on the plain cut by Crystal Brook. The sun is making us drowsy, but there are always some mad dogs who will insist on going out in the midday sun, so while they head off to climb Mr. Dunne the few return to camp via Lake View.

Meanwhile, back at the camp ...Auntie Dorofy (even if she didn't provide us with trout for tea) has rescued more than one tent from a fate worse than death - the plumbers have been digging and when they yelled she shifted five tents in as many minutes from the creeping mess. (Sam, what did you have inside your tent?) Our village is re-erected and peace reigns once more as a red sunset tries to outglow the colours of our fires. Who is this? Why, it is the Sugar Plum Fairy. (Eats a lot for a fairy). Again the campfire grows, and grows, some depart for their tents, ...but here they are back again...Felix's music is so enticing. I believe the group lingered on as the night progressed. Puns is the word.

The Pied Piper calls once more with that delightful tune. We must up and follow as it is 6.00 and we leave at 7.30. On a day like today we can tackle anything - even the inevitable 4,000 feet descent with serenity. We say our farewells and head across Long Plain to Giant's Causeway, a fascinating pile-up of blocks where we crawl like ants over, under and through. Wildflowers wave in the breeze as we cross The Wild Dog Plains to Eagle Point and on to Mollison's Galleries, each giving fine views. The sun shines hotter as we start down and are pleasantly surprised to find the track well marked (thanks to the Federation) and of easy grade. Lake Buffalo beckons through the trees seemingly miles below, but in no time we are there with of course the hardy few plunging in with much splashing amongst boats and skiers. The van carries us off, leaving the beautiful Buffalo River Valley with its fields of tobacco and hops regrettably behind after three most enjoyable days in friendly company amid a walker's Wonderland. Many thanks, Tyrone.

--oOo--

#### SCENES OF BEAUTY UNLIMITED

We arrived at Darby River at approximately 11.30pm. and we hastily pitched our tents in fear of oncoming rain.

The awakening of our leader led to "get up!", "wake up!" much to the dislike of the sleepy heads. As breakfast was hastily tucked away and coffee gulped down, the leader kept on yelling "twenty five minutes". We packed and were ready on time.

Peter is one of those chaps who loves mountains, so much so, that nearly every mountain or anything that looked as if it could make us exhausted was steered towards then straight up and over the other side, much to the dislike of our older members.

However, I must say that every mountain was worth the effort. The rewards were far greater than the effort. A cool breeze and shady place enabled us to rest and gaze at our Prom. I've seen these splendours before, but, each time its better than the last.

On Saturday afternoon we wearily marched into Tidal River where everyone was miraculously revived with a cool drink and an ice-cream. After our revival, that gleam in Peter's eye came on again. That gleam means, to those who don't know Peter - "look out mountain here we come!" And so we were beckoned to plod a further 5 miles to Big Oberon where the fit went into the water and the lazy pitched tent and fell asleep.

Sunday. The water was perfect and the waves could not have been better as each of us made the most of that glorious day. Three of our intrepid walkers considered that lazing in the sun was sacrilegious so they sought out something more strenuous. They just ran up to the top of Mt. Norgate to have a birds eye view of a type of bird called a Swift.

The Swift, to my amazement, can fly up to a speed of 200 m.p.h. at the water, snap at a fish and gracefully resume a height of a hundred feet and head for home.

The arrival of the other group was met with mild surprise because they were early and bearing no signs of wear. They made quick use of the tempting water without reluctance.

As time flashed by, our feet headed slowly towards Tidal River which really meant the end of a glorious week-end - thanks to Peter's planning and concern.

Thanks for a great week-end Peter - it was a beauty.

Mario Attard.

### CONSERVATION NOTES

On 15th July 1969 the Victorian National Parks Association submitted to the Acting Premier, Sir Arthur Rylah, a request to reserve an area of the Victorian Alps as a National Park. This alpine national park would be approximately 2,000 square miles in the north-east section of the state.

It would encompass all of our Alpine walking country including Mt. Bogong, Bogong High Plains, Wilky, Mt. Loch, Mt. Feathertop, Mt. Hotham, The Wongungarra River Valley, Wannangatta Valley, Mt. Kent, Snowy Range, Cobbler, Speculation, Mt. McDonald, Macalister Watershed, Mt. Tamborine, Mt. Wellington, Lake Tarli Karng, Mt. Hump.

It is hoped that this will be a multi-use park, providing tourist facilities, limited cattle grazing and wilderness areas for scientific study.

The Colong Scandle: The Colong Caves Reserve was gazetted in 1899. It is 62 miles S.S.W. of Sydney G.P.O. The caves are in three groups, Lannigans Creek in the south, Billys Creek in the middle and Church Creek in the north. In 1928 the area was declared a bird and animal sanctuary.

This reserve is one of the last remaining wilderness areas in N.S.W., nevertheless three small leases for mining limestone were granted in 1955 and 1958 within the Reserve. The company was granted an additional lease in January 1968 which will involve the removal of 2055ft Mt. Armour. Limestone is to be quarried, crushed on the site and transported as a slurry by pipe 39 miles to Maldon. This means erection of a crushing plant on the site, formation of a network of service roads erection of workmans quarters and the extraction of millions of gallons of water per week from the Kowmung River (the only unpolluted major tributary of the Warragamba Dam).

This industrial intrusion will ruin the wilderness character of the park and will cause serious erosion, siltation, pollution and bushfire problems.

Botanic Gardens Annex: The Premier of Victoria has announced that an annex to the Royal Botanic Gardens is to be established at Cranbourne. 400 acres has been set aside for the project. 300 acres to be left untouched as a wilderness area. 80 acres to be cultivated with Australian native plants, and on 20 acres is to be build a research nursery for developing new strains of Australian native plants for growing in gardens.

A Creed to preserve our Natural Heritage:  
 The right to clean water - and the duty not to pollute it.  
 The right to clean air - and the duty not to be foul it.  
 The right to surroundings reasonably free from man-made ugliness - and the duty not to blight.  
 The right of easy access to places of beauty and tranquility where every family can find recreation and refreshment - and the duty to preserve such places clean and unspoiled.  
 The right to enjoy plants and animals in their natural habitats - and the duty not to eliminate them from the face of this earth.

Owing to the News Convenor being otherwise occupied in the Mt. Buffalo Pool with a tall fairheaded youth, This News has been produced by the printing staff. Any typing errors must be blamed on the machines.

*Albert*