



# THE NEWS

OF THE MELBOURNE BUSHWALKERS

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## WHAT IS THE COLONG SCANDAL ?

On the 28th April, more than three hundred conservationists, mainly Victorians, but led by New South Welshman, poured into the AMP building to attend the annual general meeting of Associated Portland Cement Manufacturers (Aust) Limited.

Most of us were proxies, holding votes for NSW conservationists, hundreds of whom have purchased single shares in order to attend the company's meetings. The meeting, generally held in Sydney, was this year held in Melbourne, apparently in an attempt to discourage NSW conservationists from attending. But those same conservationists enlisted the support of Victorians, and within a couple of weeks proxies were registered by the score.

What was it all about?

The Colong Caves are in the southern Blue Mountains of NSW. The area has been dedicated three times as a public reserve: in 1899, for the Preservation of Caves; in 1928, as a Bird and Animal Sanctuary, and in 1939, for Public Recreation and Preservation of Caves. Up till then, limestone mining applications were refused.

Some years later, the Kanangra - Boyd National Park (98,000 acres) was proposed; it is NSW's most important wilderness area, and the one closest to Sydney. Amongst its features were to be the Kanangra Walls, the Boyd Plateau, the gorge of the Kowmung River, and caves at Tuglow, Jenolan and Colong.

However, before the establishment of the National Park, three small mining leases were granted in 1955 and 1958, within the Colong Reserve. (The NSW Mining Act gives the Minister for Mines power over reserves). The leases were small and inaccessible, but nevertheless were acquired by APCM, and in 1968 an additional and larger lease was granted them by the Government, but before this lease was granted, the boundaries of the National Park were neatly altered, excluding about 5000 acres, amongst which were the Colong Caves Reserve. Thus the Government could say "that mining would be outside the boundaries of the proposed National Park". After the lease was granted to the company, some 4000 acres were "given back" to the Park; ie, the same 5000, less the mining lease.

The mining project involves the removal of Mt. Armour, removal of millions of gallons of water from the Kowmung River, destruction of extensive cave systems and vital flora and fauna habitats, including that of the increasingly rare Brush-tailed Rock Wallaby, and all the despoliation, pollution and clearing of land which is an inevitable part of such an industrial intrusion. It means an island of perpetual noise and dust in the midst of a sea of wilderness, desecrating the very purpose for which the land was reserved.

APCM already has huge reserves of limestone in leases at Marulan, and NSW is rich in limestone; for instance, 5 miles away from Colong, at Murrain Creek, there are deposits exceeding 60 million tons. Mining in Colong is NOT necessary.

In May 1968 the Colong Committee was formed, to direct and co-ordinate campaigns of protest and revocation of the leases. It has achieved much since its birth. Tremendous publicity through all media has followed its activities; political voting has been affected; APCM's products have been boycotted. Expert advice and research from supporters of the Colong issue have completely contradicted statements from Government departments designed to mislead the public, and lectures by the hundred achieved the support of over 150 organisations.

Colong is regarded as a test case for responsible land use in NSW - their "Little Desert". But it is of concern to all of us, for it demonstrates yet again the imperative need to educate this country's leaders to an understanding which reaches beyond the dollar, and in their responsibilities to the Australian public, both present

(continued on Page 2.)—

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(continued) - WHAT IS THE COLONG SCANDAL ?

and future.

Our attendance at the meeting had a two-fold purpose - to make the directors of APCM further aware of the volume of opposition to their mining activities in areas which are reserved for public purposes, and to vote when necessary on any issues affecting Colong. On individual votes, naturally we could not outvote 18 million proxy votes held by the Chairman, but each general meeting brings a new wave of publicity, favourable for the conservationists, and unfavourable for the company.

The result of the meeting was that Colong's future hangs on a geologist's report on further limestone deposits at Marulan - if these prove satisfactory, the company will negotiate with the Government for an "equitable exchange".

The Little Desert issue was won by the public. The Colong Caves can also be won. And it will be - if enough people make it publicly known that they care. Such a fight costs money, and we can all make our concern known, and our support, by sending donations to The Colong Committee, 18 Argyle Street, Sydney, NSW, 2000.

DO YOU WANT TO WALK IN A CEMENT JUNGLE ? ? ? ?

- \* Sue Brownlie \* -

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All correspondence should be addressed to:

Hon. Secretary, Melbourne Bushwalkers,  
Box 1751Q, G.P.O.,  
MELBOURNE Vic. 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.

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It is usual for this page to be more or less devoted to extracts from the monthly Committee meeting, but as the stand-in News Convenor feels that most people don't bother to read the extracts, she's not going to follow precedence. She does, however, appeal to all readers to read what is printed hereunder and take notice.

The Committee have regretfully accepted the resignation of Alan Miller, our Treasurer, and wish him every success in his new position. Rod Peters has agreed to take over as Treasurer for which we thank him.

Roger Brown would like to hear from anyone who has information on or knowledge of tracks and huts in the Victorian Alps.

Members and visitors alike are reminded that smoking on the van and drinking alcoholic beverages on occasions other than those deemed social by the President, is banned. We don't want to appear a lot of wowsers, but misuse in the past has caused embarrassment and as it is some time since you were reminded of these matters, a gentle jolt to the memory may be called for.

I feel all those of you who enjoyed the Square/Barn Dance would want to join with me to thank Margaret for organising such a successful evening - thank you Margaret, for a job really well done.

An appeal is made for - willing helpers for the Club clean up on 24th June. The more there are the less time it will take so lend your support. Roger Brown will be happy to answer any questions you may have.

While on the subject of Roger, if you are interested in obtaining a map for his walk 6th-8th August, please contact him on 57-6729.

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"NEWS" contributors - did you know that a copy of each month's "NEWS" is held in the State Library and in the National Archives in Canberra. Beware, BIG BROTHER is watching you. No wonder Mumajong is wondering if his alias will stand up to scrutiny.

WALK PREVIEWSDAY WALKS

- July 4 TOOLANGI-SMEDLEYS FALL-VICTORIA RANGE  
 Leader: Geoff Kenafacke p)874-1147 b)347-4822 Medium  
 Van leaves Batman Avenue 9.15 a.m. Fare \$2.50  
 Map reference: 1:50,000 Yarra Glen (metric) and  
 1:50,000 Glenburn  
 The leader knows very little about this area at present  
 so come along and explore it with him. (Whisper, he is  
 going to preview it)
- 11 DIGGERS GULLY FALLS-TUNNEL HILL-MURCHISON FALLS  
 Leader: Fred Halls p)97-3724 Medium  
 Van leaves Batman Avenue 9.15 a.m. Fare \$2.50  
 Map reference: 1:50,000 Kinglake and Wondong Sheets  
 This walk crosses the grain of the Strath Creek country  
 penetrating four creek valleys, climbing three ridges  
 with views of three waterfalls en route - Diggers Gully  
 Falls, Tunnel Hill Falls and the deep Murchison Falls.  
 It is dry open forest country, somewhat steep terrain,  
 loose underfoot in places. The last three miles will be  
 pleasant walking down the grassy valley of Wild Dog  
 Creek.
- 18 COSTERFIELD-REDCASTLE  
 Leader: Alex Stirkul b)46-4841 Easy/Medium  
 Van Leaves Batman Avenue 9.15 a.m. Fare \$3.50  
 Map reference: 1:100,000 Heathcote  
 A nice walk over undulating countryside with a few  
 gentle climbs.
- 25 MAUDE COATS SPUR-SHEOAKS  
 Leader: Spencer George b)63-2406 Medium  
 Van leaves Batman Avenue 9.15 a.m. Fare \$3.00  
 Map reference: 1" to 1 mile Meredith  
 A pleasant walk through open country near the Moorabool  
 River.
- August 1 SNOW WALK  
 Leader: Dave Oldfield b)31-7222 ext. 613 Medium  
 Bus leaves Batman Avenue 9.15 a.m. Fare \$4.00  
 This walk will probably be somewhere along the Acheron  
 Way or in the Marysville area, depending on the best  
 snow conditions. Contact the leader for exact details

WEEKEND WALKS

- July 16-18 CORNELLA-MT. CAMEL-MT. IDA-ARGYLE  
 Leader: Art Terry p)93-3617 Medium  
 Van leaves Batman Avenue 6.30 p.m. Fare \$4.50  
 Map reference: 1:100,000 Heathcote and 1:100,000  
 Nagambie  
 A pleasant walk along an open, narrow and low range -  
 the largest belt of Cambrian rocks in Victoria. The  
 highest point will be Mt. Ida 1,475'. We will spend  
 a couple of hours seeking gemstones - jasper and  
 selwynite - in the vicinity of Tulip Pass.
- 23-25 JAMIESON RIVER-MT. CLEAR-LANGLAUF SKIING  
 Leader: John Siseman p)878-1839 Medium  
 Private transport leaves Batman Avenue 6.30 p.m.  
 Map reference: Mines Dept. 1" to 1 mile Moroka  
 The leader intends to drive to and camp on the snowline  
 and do day trips from the cars. This trip is not  
 suggested for beginners.

RANDOM  
RAVINGS

TK

by

"MUMMAJONGS"

What is considered to be the best type of bushwalking footwear has been the subject of considerable debate in recent issues of "NEWS". The two opposing factions have supported the wearing of gym boots and leather boots respectively. Carpet slippers received dubious comment from one correspondent. It appears however, that most people so far have overlooked the near ultimate in outdoor footwear. I am, of course, referring to thongs. Not only is the threat of blisters removed for all time, but the sheer comfort obtained more than compensates for one slight limitation i.e. climbing Mt. Feathertop in winter.

Heard on the A.B.C. news a few weeks ago that the Country Roads Board rejected a plan to build a road from Myrtleford to Stratford in Gippsland via the Wonnangatta Station area. This was done on the grounds that the proposed cost of 9 million dollars was too high. If the money is ever found, it looks as if conservationists will have another cause to fight for. Let's hope 'Uncle Henry' doesn't get too much cash at the next Premiers' Conference.

What well known Club member (not a Vice-President) was recently seen being slightly more than friendly with a certain delectable damsel?

Classified Ad - Friendly female with own car wishes to meet eligible male pedestrian in early 20s (preferably someone who has recently lost licence). Should also possess quiet manner and short back and sides.

What has happened to our friend Norm McLeish? He has not been seen on a walk since the March long weekend. Rumour has it that he is secretly in training in an effort to make a grand comeback sometime during the Spring. (I suggest some games of squash, Norm.)

Wot! No engagements this month. Girls, Spencer is still available.

Michael Griffin recently made a farewell appearance in the Club-rooms before leaving Melbourne to take up a position with a handicapped children's centre in Ipswich, Queensland. Mike, we would like to wish you all the best in your new career. I would also like to take this opportunity to forewarn the Brisbane Bushwalkers of his possible appearance among them.

On recent day walks, the numbers of visitors have almost equalled those of members. While it is encouraging to see all these prospective new members coming along, it leads one to ask where have some of the once regulars disappeared to.

Those interested in first-aid and map reading should mention it to Committee members. Only by expressing interest in these matters can Club members convey to the Committee the desirability or otherwise of conducting such activities.

LOCH WILSON

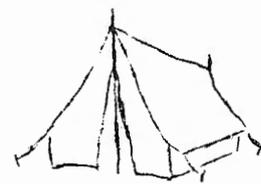
692 Glenhuntly Rd.

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Bushwalking Equipment,

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### TRAIL BIKES

"There oughta be a law against them". "They outa be banned". This is the instinctive reation of a great many bushwalkers toward the present upsurge in the use of off-the-road motor bikes.

Increased affluence enabling more expensive motorized recreation, cheaper and more readily available bikes and a very effective advertising program by this growing industry have all contributed to the growth of this new activity impregnating 'our' bush.

Why are bushwalkers not caught up in this swing to conquering the great outdoors with two wheeled freedom? Primarily it seems to be our concern, and rightly so, for protection and conservation of the bush.

- a) from damage by the machines
- b) from litter, fires and indiscriminate shooting accompanying increased accessibility.
- c) from pollution of the bushwalking scene.

Given suitable conditions, mud-churning bikes can erode walking tracks turning them into erosion gullies in the next downpour spoiling them for the walker. In many parts of the U.S.A. and Canada Skidoos - the motorized snow scooters - have been banned from National Parks due to their abuse on unfavourable snow conditions. Our Soil Conservation Authority has the power to implement legislation to protect areas susceptible to damage by accelerated erosion. The S.C.A. in conjunction with the Lands Dept. is currently reviewing the control of the use of 'motorized recreation vehicles' in remote areas.

The effects of increased accessibility to the bush depend on the motives and 'bush education' of the rider. Where the motive is to prove the attributes of the machine by conquering increasingly rugged terrain, the preservation of and respect for the bush may well rate second and probably lower. Cans, cartons and cigarette butts are discarded without second thoughts for their effect on the environment. Nature is subservient in this outlook which invariably equates personal capacity with the capacity of the machine. There has been some concern shown in bushwalking circles for the safety of such people caught unprepared and ill-equipped incase of machine failure or personal injury, faulty navigation or bad weather in remote areas.

A very frequently ignored section of the trail bike community are those who treat the bike as a means to an end. A full weekend's walk can be condensed into a few hours by trail bikes, leaving the rest of the weekend for appreciation of the area by walks from base camp- for example, the Tarli Karng region. Further, it could be inferred that a conscientious bike rider will have less objection to carrying his rubbish out with him than a weight conscious bushwalker.

Indeed, educated use of this newly appreciated accessibility can have beneficial applications to bushwalking. The policing of National Parks can be done very effectively and more completely by a ranger on two wheels. SAR activities could benefit from the improved field party to base fast contact. In a similar role to the Land Rover Owners Club, the trail riders could act as a motorized step closer to the walkers in the field.

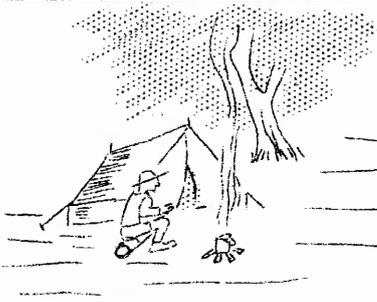
Thirdly 'pollution of the bushwalking scene'. Generally, many bushies go walking for appreciation of the peace and grandeur of nature, especially as a contrast to (and possibly an escape from?) the weekday life in the pollution of our city. When the peace and quiet of this escape is shattered by the buzz of two-stroke motors over hill and dale as the 'Kerosene cowboys' invade the bush, who can blame the walker for reacting instinctively.

Suggestions of logs and obstacles across walking tracks - even sabotage of cycles - only provide nuisance for walkers and blind antagonism of riders. Obviously trail bikes cannot be banned or outlawed completely, they can be controlled however.

- a) by effective legislation governing their use in areas where they pose a physical threat to the environment.

and

- b) by education through organized trail riding associations to develop an appreciation of and respect for the bush among those who use this two wheel freedom.



# ALONG THE TRACK

## MT. BULLFIGHT - LAKE MOUNTAIN

15-16 May. Leader - Roger Brown

CRACK!! In the greyness before dawn, the silence of the rainforest at Snob's Gap was broken by a noise like a pistol shot. A white heap covered in an inch of frost had suddenly begun to heave itself up, and a moment later that bellow so many of us have come to know and dread was heard echoing from range to range: "Everybody up ... everybody up". Soon three-inch ice crystals which had thrust their way up through the mud during the night were being scattered everywhere by booted feet whose benumbed and bleary owners bumped into one another trying to get fires to go and breakfast to cook.

Despite such an uncomfortable start, and the fact that our leader was disobeying his doctor's order not to take that swollen ankle bushwalking this weekend, by eleven we had showed the VMTC how to climb Mt. Bullfight and were drying our tents in bright sunshine on the flat rocks at the summit. Some time later the VMTC lot came wheezing up the last slope, and we left them there recovering as we set off along the Federation Range.

This Range makes the very best type of walking while you are on top - snowplains and alpine timber alternating, and a score of places where the temptation to camp is almost irresistible. A dramatic change occurs however shortly after lunch. After a rocky lookout the spur descends to Royston Gap through an appalling primeval rainforest in which huge rotten hulks of trees have fallen haphazardly in all directions - all of them covered with an icy slime, and all of them having to be clambered over because they block you in on every side. The sun never penetrates this dark, clammy misery, and after an hour or so the feeling grows that you will never get out into the open again. The hands move ominously 'round the dial with still no sign of a break ahead, and you wonder how things will turn out if we still haven't got out of here by nightfall ...

Suddenly we are on the road and our worries are over. Follow it for 300 yards, then turn off up a jeep track, and a 500 foot climb brings us onto an open flat and an ideal camping site.

An unusual feature of this walk was that it only produced one Mystery. This was The Case of the Wandering Whip. Much speculation centred around the question of why it took the Whip so long to appear each time we waited for stragglers, and some felt that the Secretary might be able to throw light on the matter, since she was always observed to appear at much the same time. Had it not been for the fact that Geoff sounded his honourable scout whistle every so often, I have no doubt that speculation would have ranged even further than it did!

The camp was perhaps somewhat more decentralised than usual, with 24 walkers distributed around five different fires, but entertainment was provided by a band of strolling players, prominent among whom was The Plastic Kid, who would appear from time to time with one foot or the other soaking wet. As he dried out which ever sock it happened to be this time, he would tell you how he had come to fall into a puddle or step into someone's billy. Harold's All-Nite Diner was also open for business, while anyone who was getting bored despite all this could always count how many tadpoles were in his coffee.

Continued on Page 7

Along The Track (Contd.)

## Mt. Bullfight - Lake Mountain

Sunday's section of the walk was a pleasant saunter in bright sunshine. Skating was considered at Echo Flat, but it was decided that the ice might not be QUITE thick enough, although promising. Lake Mountain was climbed; an hour and a half allowed for lunch on a grassy spur; and the rendezvous point near Snowy Junction reached after a gentle stroll three quarters of an hour ahead of schedule. But anyone who thought that because the walk was finished our adventures were finished was very much mistaken. At precisely the appointed hour a deafening roar shattered the tranquil afternoon, and an indescribable monster lumbered into sight and skidded to a halt.

Because it was green and had the word "GRONOWS" painted on the side, we could not escape the fact that it was our lives into which this thing had come - but really, what on earth WAS it? Why the pride of Gronow's fleet in 1903 of course, and, with its heart of iron, still going strong! Access was by way of a sort of quarterdeck hanging from the rear. Back doors it had none.

As we thundered down the mountain towards Marysville, it was hard to tell which was worse; the avalanche of dust pouring in from the back, the oil-and-burning-rubber fumes pouring in from the front, the vibrations shaking us to the respective foundations of our beings from below, or the crazy lurchings from one side to the other as we hugged the winding road at every-increasing speed, and hurtled downwards. Argument raged among those who could still breathe as to what the source of power could be for this frightening horseless carriage. Many thought that it might be driven by steam; some thought it must be an oil burner; but the most popular suggestion, based on the smell as much as the sort of noises it made, was that it utilised solid fuel, chiefly in the form of old rubber.

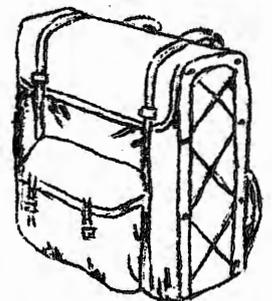
From Healesville to Lilydale there was a traffic jam. All the way. Steve, who had been dancing around on the quarterdeck waving Roger's placard appealing for help from passing motorists, was starting to make friends. One elderly matron tried very hard to sit on her dignity, but gradually subsided into a quaking heap of mirth until her disgusted husband saved the situation by overtaking on the wrong side. A carload of birds nearly fell out onto the road in their desire to get a better view of the performance. However, undoubtedly the star of the day was a gentleman in a slouch hat who was just finishing a bottle of burgundy as his chauffeur pulled in behind us. At this stage the traffic was still moving at about 20 mph. Our affable friend had unfortunately come to the end of his wine cellar, but tossed across a full family-sized bottle of Coke for the refreshment of the company. A little while later, when things had come to a halt completely, he came across himself and joined us for a while, bringing with him a large packet of biscuits. Sometime later Steve crossed over to chat with the chauffeur awhile as he seemed to be getting lonely, and so it went on until the last I saw of them was outside the fish and chip shop at Lilydale, where Steve was selling our generous acquaintance on the possibility of joining the MBW. And so, in our haphazard way, we returned to the humdrum metropolis for another exciting week at the grindstone.

Graham Wills-Johnson

P.S. Not even the smell of a cheese factory burning down (the Lilydale Fire Brigade was out in full force!) could penetrate the thick aromatic smog generated by our ferocious charger.

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The Bushwalking Specialist  
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TWENTY-SIX MOHAMMEDS IN SEARCH OF A MOUNTAIN

Mt. Buffalo, North Plateau, Buckland Valley, and with Bald Hill, Trig Hill and Lake Catani thrown in to make it all worthwhile. Well, why not? Weather looks set in for the weekend so why stay at home and get wet? Join Tyrone's trip and get soaked.

Dash out of work on Friday night, pack on back, ignoring stares and smart comments from passing peasants. Roar around corner to local Luigis' for a swift nosh. Gulp it down. Ye Gods, six-fifteen already. Make for the door, wiping away the grease with one hand and furiously trying to ease pack through restaurant door with other. S'funny, it came in all right; why won't it go out?

So begins the weekend. Drive for hours. Slow, bumpy, uncomfortable, cold and noisy. Everyone wrapped up to the eyeballs to ward off the cold. Great overcoats, scarves, blankets, gloves, ski-socks, boots, sweaters, woolly underwear and balaclavas.

Fatigue and the hypnotic swaying of the van begin to exact their toll. Slowly the dim figures are lulled into an uneasy slumber. Swathed in the cold silvery shafts of moonlight that flicker through the windows, the shadowy forms, their faces pale and waxen, begin to resemble some ghastly apparition; a bizarre bevy of zombies, long dead and now returned to haunt and strike terror into the hearts of mortal men.

Suddenly there is an unearthly shriek, and a remarkably lifelike zombie streaks batlike across the van, landing with a remarkable earthy bump upon the floor. Instantly, like a swarm of hungry vultures, the other zombies spring into life, and pounce upon the stricken phantom with gusto, tickling, stripping and (briefly) removing boots. Seems a funny name for a ghost, Roger.

All sepulchral evocations now dispersed, the van hurtles on into the night, stopping only briefly in Myrtleford, and beating a hasty retreat from a large crowd of hostile natives.

At about ninety minutes past the bewitching hour, the Gronow's pantehnicon grinds to a halt. "We're here" asserts the leader, despite earlier assurances that in fact Mt. Buffalo is non-existent. Party shouldered packs and blunders off into the icy darkness, looking for the camp site. That's easy to find. Now it's just a question of thawing out the tents so that they can be erected.

Now Rosemary Rider is a smart girl; upon learning that Helen Dean recently bought a smart new two-man tent, just crying out for a second man, although not quite able to conform to this requirement, Rosemary prudently decides to dispense with her own tent and move in with Helen. Helen consents on condition that Rosemary shows her how to put it up. Best part of an hour later, slowly freezing to death by the light of a fading torch, Rosemary has cause to reflect upon the wisdom of her action.

Other people have been more practical. Like Marijka, for example; shunning the old fashioned Baden-Powellian concept of "bracing the elements" she takes with her a small hot water bottle. No cold feet here (but watch out for wet sleeping bags). Harold Hilderhof however, is so enthusiastic about this back to nature caper that he decides to go the whole bit and not take a sleeping bag at all. Sensational? Perhaps, but look up 'sensational' in the dictionary - you'll find it near 'senile'. And talking about compromising the elements, what about Sue? Anticipating a cold weekend, she invested in a "20 below" sleeping bag, but being a charitable soul lent it to Pam Collinson. Where did Sue sleep that weekend?

Twenty-six Mohammeds in Search of a Mountain (Contd.)

Morning dawns cold and clammy. Everyone stays in bed waiting for some-one else to get up and light the fire. But all the wood is wet. Not much fire, bit of smoke and loads of steam. Slowly the jubilant campers begin to stir. Joy complains of a restless night due to a recurring dream in which she climbs over an endless succession of barbed-wire fences. Vic Auer emerges stiffly, bitterly complaining about a chronic bout of dandruff until some-one points out to him that it's just the icicles in his eyebrows thawing out.

Suddenly a figure emerges from amongst the trees. It's Andy; cheeks red, toes pink, eyes bloodshot and body blue. "Just been for an early morning swim in Lake Catani" says he, "Marvelous - you don't know what you're missing".

Oh yes we do!

Although there was nothing in the walk preview to indicate that we were to be taken for a ride, Johnny Hillard is intent on hiring a horse for the weekend. After one abortive attempt to reach the Mt. Buffalo Chalet, in which he walks numerous miles in the wrong muddy direction, he makes it to the Chalet stables, but when informed of the cost, he hastily assures the proprietor that right now he doesn't just happen to have a kingdom to spare, thank you very much, and ends up walking, like the rest of us.

'Course every trip must have it's quota of intellectuals. Take Anne Bevan for instance (and who wouldn't?). After years of practice (and thousands of bruises) she has perfected a revolutionary technique whereby she can bushwalk, presumably enjoy the scenery, and bury her face in a book all at the same time. The book seems to bear a very appropriate title too. It's called "Unancestral Voice"; and after hearing Graham Wills-Johnson's vocal efforts I wouldn't blame any of his of his relations for disclaiming kinship.

After breakfast, the leader takes us on an expedition to Og, Gog and Magog. (Any resemblance to brazen idols of the same name in a certain Melbourne arcade is merely coincidental.) They are large outcrops of rock of unusual formation.

We slog up Og, jog to Gog in the fog, and stand agog at Magog. Then we go down again via a monumental scrub-bash.

When we get back to the camp site in the midst of a blustering Buffalo blizzard, what should be there to welcome us but a splendid fire and Roger! With selfless magnanimity he modestly admits to having stayed behind all day just so that he could have the fire ready for us upon our return. Yes, but where's the cup of tea then?

Dinner finished, Sam comes over all melancholy. He has rosy visions of the bar up at the Inn. Warm and cosy, a sort of Uncle Sam's Cabin, with a log fire blazing in the corner. It's no good - he's got to go. So Sam plods off into the rain en route for the Inn. But by the time he gets there, the proprietor takes one look at his bedraggled appearance and says sorry mate, you'll scare off all my other customers. So Sam has to be content with a cup of Milo and a wooden chair in the drying room.

Now you must admit that hot showers are something of an unaccustomed luxury to hardy MBW types. (Hot showers at a camp site, that is.) But some folk are never satisfied:

"Hey, there's a SPIDER in here!"

and

"WHAT, you have to put money in?"

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Twenty-six Mohammeds in Search of a Mountain (Contd.)

After the Sunday Shower, we stand and deliver to the Bushranger who calls in to collect his dues, and then we're ready to pack up and go. We descend thousands of feet of Mt. Buffalo through thickest jungle; slipping, sliding, caterpulting and in Helen's case, somersaulting our way down to more temperate regions, finally emerging upon tranquil pastures just in time to catch the van. Home.

I hereby proclaim this to be a true and accurate account of the walk as appended. To protect the parties concerned, only the facts have been changed.

Certified Reporter

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THE LEADERS DIGEST (HEARTBURN)

Volume 2

Trevor : Leading with dynamic endeavour, forever?  
Alex : Where he goes Mummajong is sure to follow  
Sue : Not a leader but, will she  
Geoff : Never a leader but a whip forever  
Tony : Good at A-balone  
Dave : Can he behave or possibly be saved?  
Graham : Has not been misled for awhile  
Spencer : Not a chance Sir (Ode to Mummajong)  
Kevin : He'll never get to heaven  
Peter : Your time is almost upon you  
Joy : Oh; Boy;  
Barbara : Stew art is good art

Shy Wanderer

Note: The News Convenor who, for once can understand the above, will be happy to explain to anyone not in the know.

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Definition of a Softie: A Track Clearing delegate with a hot water bottle.

Definition of a Memory Lapse(?): The young man who left his tent at home and his pants on Mount Bullfight.

Wanted: Someone who hasn't heard the joke about Fritz.

Did you know that the average bushwalker contains enough fat to make 7 cakes of soap; carbon for 9,000 pencils, phosphorus to make 2,200 match heads; magnesium for one do of salts; iron to make one medium sized nail; sufficient lime to whitewash a chicken coup; enough sulphur to rid one dog of fleas and water enough to fill a 10 gallon barrel.

Aren't we marvellous!

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On Joy's behalf, I would like to thank all contributors to this month's "NEWS" and urge you, please, to keep writing articles for "NEWS".

Jenny Mead (Stand-in News Convenor)