



THE NEWS

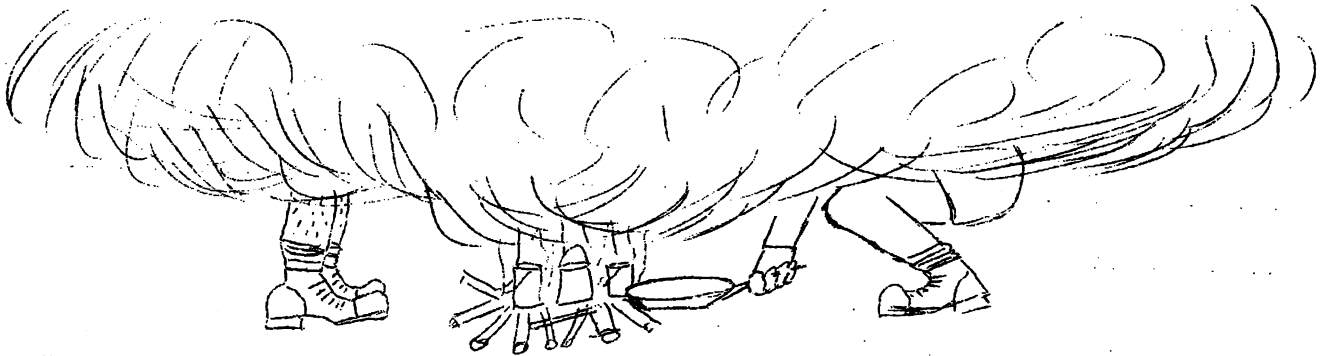
OF THE MELBOURNE BUSHWALKERS

Edition 271

October, 1971.

Price 3¢

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Category B.



"IT SEEMS TO HAVE A SLIGHT SMOKY TASTE"

THE PRESIDENT'S DIFFERANT WEEKEND.

Saturday 29th to Sunday 30th October, 1971.

Gone are the sausages and chops of the past and in come the gastronomic delights of this year. Gone are the mystery walks of previous years with everyone lost but the President. This time its D.I.Y. (Do It Yourself.)

Saturday

Come and see perform those famous chefs you have heard and read so much about - Tyrone of enormous pudding fame, Spencer (still a bachelor) George of the umpteen courses and the many others whose only mention in the past has been a few obscure words hidden away among those incomprehensible mutterings of Mummajong. In fact come and compete against them, their fame may be all myth, for one of the 'Golden Billy' awards.

There will be 2 Classes:-

(1) The most ambitious menu cooked in true bushie style over an open fire using only those items of culinary equipment generally carried by bushwalkers. Menu cards, please!

(2) The most exotic, ambitious or delectable single dish produced in true camp style.

There will be an award in each Class and the only limitations placed on competitors will be that they are expected to have used only those implements which they brought in their packs.

After such gourmet delights we will relax (I hope) round the fire and open the evening in gentle song with perhaps the occasional sip of that peculiar mulled vintage the President is known to provide.

Sundays Activities spell out something different again and instead of relying on the poor, suffering (?) President to get you lost, again, you can do it yourself.

An orienteering competition has been planned by the Walks Sub-Committee at two standards.

The first is not meant to be easy but is aimed at the majority of club members (and visitors, of course) who are seldom seen out with map and compass but are just happy to be led. What we want you to do is to prove to yourselves and us that you can manage if you have to. Come and try your hand at this sport and discover that you don't have to be gifted with an inborn compass but the whole affair is just a matter of applying a little common sense.

The second level is for those members and visitors who feel it is all rather elementary really and not worth the effort, to you we offer the challenge - are you really any good?

Of course, there will be time to have a go at both if you've had your confidence boosted on the first standard.

So come along and be my guest, enjoy a weekend with a difference planned to give you a challenge and a change. Travel by car if you wish or by Van leaving the city Saturday at 10.00 a.m. and returning Sunday for 6.00 p.m.

Oh I nearly forgot - where? Try Grid reference 576 856 on the Taggerty 1: 50,000 sheet

- GRAHAM MASCAS

All correspondence should be addressed to:

Hon. Secretary, Melbourne Bushwalkers,
Box 1751Q, G.P.O.,
MELBOURNE, VIC. 3001

Meetings are held in the Clubrooms, 14 Hosier Lane, at the rear of the Forum Theatre, every Wednesday night at 7.30 p.m. Visitors are always welcome.

Members are advised that the Clubrooms will be opened from 7.30 p.m. now.

NOTES FROM THE COMMITTEE:

SOCIAL NIGHTS:

		Joint	
November	3rd	- Talk on Ecology	by Dr. Alan Holder and Dr. Ely both of Monash University
"	17th	- Slides on the Victorian Alps	by Roger Brown

DUTY ROSTER:

October	27th	- Alex Stirkul	November 10th	- Jenny Mead
November	3rd	- Sue Ball	November 17th	- Roger Brown

THERE WILL BE A GENERAL CLEANING OF THE CLUBROOMS ON THURSDAY 21ST OCTOBER, FROM 5.30 p.m. ONWARDS. CLUB MEMBERS PLEASE COME AND GIVE A HAND, DON'T LEAVE ALL THE WORK TO THE COMMITTEE MEMBERS.

* * * *

WALK MAGAZINE:

A Photo of Lake Hume or Tallangatta is required for Walk, if anyone has any would they please give to Athol Schafer as soon as possible.

* * * *

TREASURER'S REPORT:

There are 214 Financial Club Members at present.
Club finances satisfactory.

* * * *

WALKS REPORT:

A total of 134 people went on walks during September.

* * * *

MELBOURNE'S MUSICAL MOUNTAINEERS

His jaws were moving more slowly now, and eventually they stopped. A heavy sigh was followed by the rattle of greasy paper as he thrust the small remaining pile of oily brown chips into his neighbour's lap. The paper bundle moved desultorily down the row, its pile of burnt offerings growing smaller. A few moments later a ball of screwed up newspaper flew through the air, bounced off someone's head, and landed in a cardboard box in the corner.

Silence.

Eyes gazing vacantly out at the dark countryside speeding past. Nobody seemed to know quite what to do next. Then, on the night air, an ethereal sound was heard. A high, clear soprano voice was floating to altitudes ever more sublime. Another joined it, and another. A whole host of heavenly voices swelled the strain, made nobler yet by the resonant acoustics of the glorious moving edifice in which this miracle was unfolding. My heart rose within me; I thought that it would burst,

The bushwalkers were singing.

-Beethoven-

The News Convenor advises that a Book of Songs is being typed shortly, if anyone has any favourites they would like included, please hand them to me straight away.

- Joy Seymour -

WALK PREVIEWS

DAY WALKS:

- November 2 KORUMBURRA - ARAWATA RESERVOIR - KORUMBURRA
 Leader: Dave Gibson b) 387 1600 Easy-Medium
 Rail Cup Day 9.05 a.m. Fare \$4.25
 Please ring the Leader for details as the walk could be altered to private transport.
- 7 DOM DOM SADDLE - HEALESVILLE
 Leader: Leigh Pretty b) 874 0333 Easy-Medium
 Van leaves Batman Ave. 9.15 a.m. Fare \$2.00
 This walk has been slightly changed from the programme as there is some fenced in property we are not allowed to go through. Come along and enjoy the walk.
 Ring the Leader for further details.
- 7 *FAMILY WALK - DOM DOM SADDLE - OLD BLACKS SPUR RD - FERNSHAW
 Leader: Marijke Mascas p) 50-2995 Easy
 Van leaves Batman Ave. 9.15 a.m. Fare \$2.00 (-4 miles.
 Come out all you families for the first Distance
 family walk of the Summer. Our walk is down-hill from Dom Dom Saddle to Fernshaw along the old Black Spur Road amid the tall timber of the Great Divide.
- 14 POINT ROADKNIGHT - FAIR HAVEN
 Leader: Jenny Mead p) 25 1709 Easy
 Van leaves Batman Ave. 9.15 a.m. Fare \$2.00. Approx.
 Map Reference: Anglesea Military 1.63,360 10 miles.
 This walk will mainly be on the beach with only one or two easy cliffs to climb. Join the Leader on this, the first beach walk this Summer, and blow those winter cobwebs away.
 Bring water for lunch.
- 21 VIEW HILL - DEEP CREEK
 Leader: Bruce Meincke p) 306 2428 Medium
 Van leaves Batman Ave. 9.15 a.m. Fare \$2.00
 Map Reference: Lancefield. Distance 10 miles.
 A medium walk following up the valley of Deep Creek to near the head waters of the creek. A climb up View Hill will be thrown in for good measure. The walking area is just east of Romsey.
- 28 YEA - MOLESWORTH RIVER WALK
 Leader: Warren Baker p) 81 8376 Easy
 Van leaves Batman Ave. 9.15 a.m. Fare \$3.00
 The walk as advertised is impractical. We will do it in reverse and slightly differently. Starting from Cattans Pinch we will climb onto the ridge which overlooks the Golburn River. At its highest points some fine views are given of Yea and beyond so bring your cameras. There will be two or three small climbs but the climbs are well worth it. We'll finish at the Golburn river so bring bathers - or trout line.

WEEKEND WALKS:

- November 5-7 GUNYAH - FRANKLIN RIVER - FRANKLIN FALLS - FOSTER
 Leader: Jon Cairns p) 86 8227 Medium-Hard
 Van leaves Batman Ave. 6.30 p.m. Fare \$5.00
 On Saturday morning we shall follow a quiet ridge road through the rugged South Gippsland Ranges to the Mt. Fatigue Firetower, where there are fine views of Wilson's Promontary. Then we shall descend rapidly through open country to the Franklin River for late lunch and early camp. The remaining hours will be spent visiting the Franklin Falls, where swimming will be on the menu.
 Sunday will be a pleasant walk along country lanes, and a short climb to Lay's Hill for more fine Prom. views.
 Other Remarks:
 Camp Friday night will be dry and there will be no water until

WALK PREVIEWS

(continued from Page 3.)

NOVEMBER 5-7 GUNYAH - FRANKLIN RIVER - FRANKLIN FALLS - FOSTER

lunchtime, unless it rains that it. Water bags, etc., can be filled from a tank about 8 miles from camp, so bring them.

All personnel are advised to carry gaiters and perseverance, as the Falls are a closely-guarded secret.

All BG men shall be personally dealt with by the Leader.

12-14 ANGAHOOK PARK - AIREYS INLET

Leader: Margaret Jorgensen p) 37 3204 Easy-Medium

Van leaves Batman Ave. 6.30 p.m. Fare \$3.50¢

Map Reference: Anglesea.

An easy walk through Victoria's newest Forest Park - 7000 acres of unspoilt bush - plenty of 'feathered' birds and bees - and a view across the bay of distant Lorne. This may be your first dip in the ocean.

19-21 PORT CAMPBELL NATIONAL PARK

Leader: Rosemary Rider p) 25 1432 Easy

Van leaves Batman Ave. 6.30 p.m. Fare \$5.50¢

Port Campbell - situated on the great ocean road beyond Apollo Bay.

At Port Campbell National Park

Close by the sea there is to be

A weekend of surf & glorious sun,

So come along to share the fun

And bring your bathers everyone.

Bludging for the lazy is assured;

You may remain where Friday night

Your tents you moored.

Marine Biologists too catered for;

You may clamber endlessly

Among the rock pools by the shore.

All fishermen may stand and fish.

And energetic soles will find

Provided, as much good walking

As they could wish.

Hurry - bookings are already well underway.

26-28 MT. KOONIKA - MT. SPECULATION - MT. HOWITT - BINDAREE

Leader: Roger Brown p) 57 6729 Medium-Hard

Van leaves Batman Ave. 6.30 p.m. Fare \$6.00

Map Reference: Howitt 1" - 1 mile, VMTC. Water Sheds -

King, Howqua, Jamieson. Distance 18 miles.

This is a walk through magnificent alpine country which will provide many panoramic views of some of Victoria's best Alpine Country.

Our Campsite on Saturday night will be at 5500 ft. on Mt. Speculation.

This walk will take in that well known place where everyone has been

told to go to at one time or another, So come along and go to Buggary

and enjoy every minute of it. (also known as Mt. Buggary)

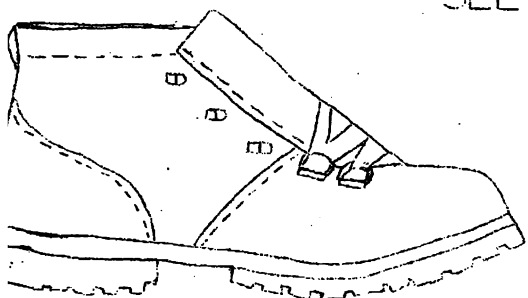
26-28* WILKINSON LODGE - BOGONG HIGH PLAINS

Leader: Peter Carlyon p) 68 6027 Easy

Private Transport leave Batman Ave. 6.30 p.m.

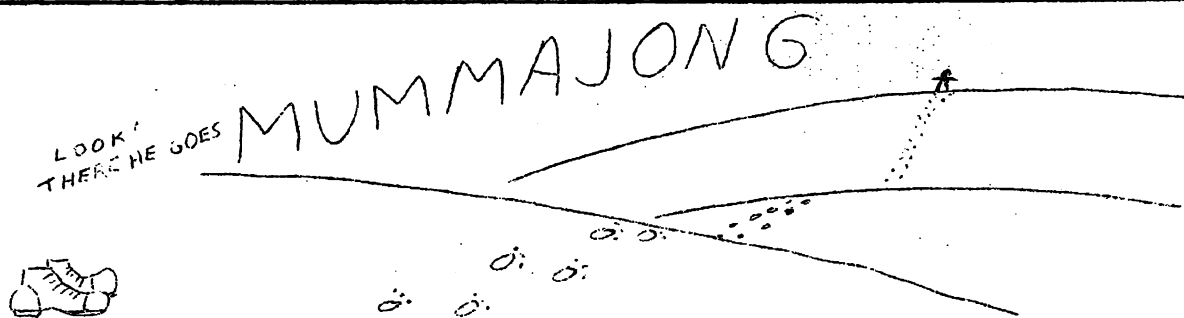
This weekend is meant mainly for the new members who have not been to Wilky. Come and enjoy a nice relaxing weekend at the Lodge.

There are plenty of fine walks around the Bogongs with **very** scenic country. Ring the Leader for further details.



SEE LOCH WILSON AT
BUSHGEAR PTY LTD
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MELBOURNE

FOR ALL
BUSHWALKING AND CLIMBING GEAR



This month, it is the turn of John Sparksman and Jan Abbott to become engaged, and everyone in the Club it is certain would wish them all the best.

Congratulations to Colin Crocker who also announced his engagement recently with Ann Potter of Perth. W.A. Colin has now finished National Service and is living in W.A.

We can hardly wait till next month. (Spencer has gone into hiding.)

Countless people (3 actually) have recently been speculating about the actual cause of this current wave of matrimonial madness which is sweeping through the Club nowadays. It was suggested that in part it was due to the efforts of a certain ex-blonde. Another school of thought contends that it is a result of the colder than normal winter. The true cause will probably never be known unless some budding sociologist does some research into the matter.

Who is it that moves swiftly and surely (second only to Pedro the Swift), is found on most Sunday walks and Wednesday nights in the immediate vicinity of any unattached female and is smooth, suave and sophisticated? Why its Deadly Dave of course, the daring and debonair dasher from the Old Dart.

In an article on the conservation problems and prospects in Australia's high country. ("The Australian" 8th Oct.) G. Mosley brings to light the problems faced by organizations such as the National Parks Association of Victoria in their efforts to try and establish a large national park in the Victorian Alps. It is hoped that they will be rewarded with success in the not too distant future, and that this Government of Victoria which is lethargic to say the least in the field of national parks, will wake up and set aside most of the high country at least, as a national park before mining, road building and grazing interests destroy it for ever.

It is not true that "Mummajong" was seen recently with you know who going you know where.

Contrary to the above statement by "Mummajong", the News Convenor's Spy reports that "Mummajong" was seen recently at the Theatre with a female club member !!?? The reason why "Mummajong" is denying the fact is that he's becoming worried that his bachelor status is in danger, also.

M.B.W. has lost yet another Treasurer who is going to Sydney. We wish Rod Peters all the best for the future in Sydney. (Hope the books have been audited.)

Roger 'N.S.' Brown is hard to recognize these days with short hair, after sporting a bushie facial growth and shaggy mane for so long.

There is no truth in the rumour that Tyrone has been signed to play the part of Ned Kelly in the next film of our famous bushranger hero. Many people have remarked on the resemblance though.

WE WELCOME THE FOLLOWING NEW MEMBERS -

Joan Haig, Tasman Road, Somers, 3927.

David Thompson, 5 Heathbrae Ave., Sth. Caulfield, 3162 p) 211 3134

Brian Busby, 6 Cranleigh Grove, Mt. Waverley, 3149 p) 277 8675

David Andrews 14/41 Napier Street, Fitzroy, 3065 b) 379 4055

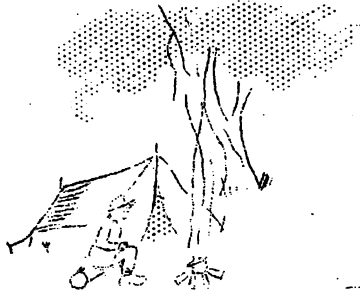
Alison Howell, 9/16 Darling Street, South Yarra, 3141 b) 66 6041, ext.202.

WE ADVISE THE FOLLOWING CHANGES OF ADDRESS -

Les Markham, 39 Shusto Ave., East Brighton, 3187 p) 92 9336

Ronald Smith, Flat 4, 22 Pine Ave., Elwood, 3184

Colin Crocker, Flat 26, King William Street, Bayswater, W.A. 6053.



ALONG THE TRACK

MEMORIES OF HORSEHILL RANGE - BRUNIS NOB - LICOLA NORTH and
THE CRINALINE. (September 3 - 5)

Batman Avenue. A mini car, a mini van; and a mini crowd whose anticipation mounts as wheels begin turning revolution upon revolution to leave city smog behind. Increased mileage, Drouin and food, and alas a sharply decreased temperature noted by all. Onwards, then somewhere in the darkness Licola is passed and after many more bends in the road motors stop at a grassy bank.

Cold night sounds, of silence, of twinkling stars, of fresh water over rocks, accompany diversified action. Figures submerge into warm sleeping bags and oblivion; others venture into night air and fumbling, erect tents; while the warmth of an already established fire, the remainder seek to share. Finally sleep descends cradling us till dawn.

Morning, frosted and iced with cold, is illuminated by the pale sun peeping through clouds above high encircling peaks. Eyes observe this dawning brittle, but no one stirs except to vanish deeper beneath billows of warm feather down.

A curl of smoke. Crackle. A Brilliant blaze. Thus the fire is mysteriously born. Caterpillar walkers wriggle from sleeping bag cocoons and emerge to hover, like newly transformed moths around flickering flames.

But still shivering abounds. The prospect to come is cold. Backed by cheers from complacent fishermen, (authors of last night's fire) our leader plunges into the icy river, which ravagely grips one short disciple right up to his ooooo contact lenses! Hasty the retreat.

Vehicles, re-manned and crammed, warm and lazy, rumbling and relaxing, take us relieved and relieved, winding back along the pleasant road and over a BRIDGE. Behold the new vantage point where begins the first ascent, one of many (& I quote) "To keep us warm on the exposed parts". Whose exposed parts we muse as bare legged we climb the wind buffeted ridge. Upwards we go, 2000 feet or so, above the icy waters now ribboned below.

Pausing at the summit amid an endless sea of ridges we spy matchbox houses nested far far away. Shifting our gaze we scan our route, then follow along the cleared expanses ahead, which fall beneath our tread then lie behind us. Wind fleeing Clouds cast shifting shadows, which punctuate sunlight and patch our path. Black cows and calves, unnerved by our approach, flash big eyes and move rapidly down the steep slopes.

We too descend, to lunch for an hour in a hollow where the bubbly singing brook reflecting gold warmth drugs us with sleep.

Good things end. Tethargically we stagger, tackling the second uphill, designed like the first to "Keep us warm on the exposed parts" - which it does. Along the scrubby rocky spine we make good progress catching glimpses of our evening campsite.

Enticingly the McAllister beckons us onto the soft green pastures flanking her sides. New energy. Scramble. Scurry. Hurry. Nearly there. Oops, a minor slip. Blast, a bigger slide. Momentum gathers frighteningly. Quick! Slam on the brakes. We've arrived.

Sitting at the water side, relaxed, a theme song flows through our minds. "The river is deep the river is wide". Hmm. On and on the waters murmur softly.

Softly. What was that we heard. What! Good grief. Disaster. "The river is wide, it will chill our bodies and our soles." Camp is on the other side. Between it and us a raging torrent lies. Busily we procrastinate, scratching in the undergrowth like startled hens. Brave the first splash - it's the leader again. We follow shivering and numb, suitably dressed and un. One gentleman? has removed his trousers their dry state to retain. Intact his modesty remains behind a knee length black mack.

Knees, Knees, blue and purple, stiff and now seemingly useless for ever, slowly thaw out by Andy's great fire.

Thawing over, bodies clothed, tents erected, the Eden beauty of the site penetrates

Continued on Page

ALONG THE TRACK (continued)

Horsehill Range - Brunis Nob - Licola North - The Crinoline

our minds. Tall gums, wattles, water clean are sheltered by surrounding ridges.

Cooking and eating, sitting and talking are the order of things. The moon rises, describing its orbit it sheds silver - bright light, painting the night in tranquillity. In the bush night nothing stirs, except one or two 'en - tented' walkers re-kindling the fire against insidious cold. All else slumbers,

Crisp and fine, morning dawns as the moon prophesied. Breakfast. Final checking of packs. Breather the fresh air. Then starts the third climb.

Many feet higher, numerous rocks clambered over, much scrub bashed, countless scratches acquired and two hours later we discover an oasis of sun.

Decisions. 2 hours for lunch or just one. One - and a dash up the Crinoline. Two - and the new seasons dawning begun. For most of us the Crinoline sun. Just our reward, as we cross her pink tiered rock shirts, rise over her near bald crest with its small patch of stunted vegetation, and follow her ridge along to the high spot of the walk. There the undescribable beauty of peak after peak intoxicates and silences us. Back to our lunch spot we almost fall. Our eyes still seeing visions we laze for the remaining hour.

Reluctantly we embark on the last seven miles. We wonder how what lies ahead will compare with Saturdays ridge, which how, on our right, quite puny appears.

Alas, oh for yesterday, when the Wellington McAllister Divide rose not ahead of us, but beside. Never did a descent rise so much. Never were downs accompanied by so many ups. Scrub and rocks, rocks and scrub. A snatched view, breathingly beautiful. Onwards we push. Scratch, Ouch. Wearying legs. Stop again.

Yes stop again. Look. Remember these mountains it is for them that we came. Distant snow capped Buller, the Sentinals and others with or without a name. Before this alpine grandeur we are diminished, yet somehow share its strength for awhile.

Finally the last descent, the big let down, the end of the walk. All eyes search the ground, the easiest route is found. One more river crossing, shallow and cool. We linger awhile by water no longer hostile: it seems it knows we soon will go.

Over the paddock, onto the road we amble. Mini Car and Mini Van Engines rumbling we noisily depart, and even before the trail of dust we raise has settled the country resumes its silence as if never disturbed.

Thanks Tyrone for a memorable walk. One happy walker.

- Rosemary Rider -

ALONG THE TRACK COBBLER LAKE & MT KOONIKA

The Mighty White Hunter plunged into the raging torrent, emerged on the other side like a drowned chook, and choked to a stop. Mouth to mouth resuscitation was commenced - and on a drowned chook that isn't easy. Meanwhile up on the plateau the ladies philosophically circumambulated Cobbler Lake while Ty came back in the ever trusty Mini to find out what had happened to the four members who had so rashly chosen Chicken Airways. That is how it happened that we didn't go to

Actually it is not true that the locality for Sue's walk was changed. Right from the start it was planned to be in Victoria. So two hours after lunch you will find us somewhere near the summit of Mt. Koonika in steady pouring rain, with snow round our ankles, an icy chill trickling down our backs, and fog completely obscuring the landscape. Dave handed round some fizzy things he'd brought back from Wales, and we decided to return to our camp on Cobbler Lake, and about a hundred yards back from where these pour over a cliff into the valley of the Dandongadale Falls in a spectacular series of waterfalls. The thunder of falling water was a constant background. Meanwhile in Bass Strait a depression below 200 millibars was deepening rapidly. The evening meal was taken with showers between courses. At suppertime steady rain was accompanied by thunder and lightning. By 2 am this had intensified to a hurricane roaring through the forest, which drowned out even the sound of the waterfalls as though the whole world was about to explode. Rain, hail, sleet and snow - we got them all.

How much would the creeks down in the valley rise? The Hunter had already been in trouble. The Min was brilliant at dogpaddle, but surfing was another matter. Even Joan's Veewee could be cut off from the so-distant outside world. Trees across the

Cobbler Lake & Mt. Koonika (continued)

road were a certainty.....wonder if they'll appreciate Monday's lecture being cancelledthis tent really WILL blow away if that wind keeps up.....been lucky..... no leaks yet.....zzzzzzzzzz.

Life can be very mundane. Sunday morning's breakfast was a choofer job, with hail spattering down outside. Lunch was in a chilly breeze in the cars by the river at Cheshunt. Tea was in Melbourne. - Graham Wills-Johnson -

I have received some post cards from Barbara Davies and Rod Mattingley, travelling around Australia, thought you might be interested in a few extracts.

Dear Joy and Bushwalkers,

Here's a little news from the 3 intrepid travellers.

After much travelling through the Centre and W.A. to more recently from Darwin we went down across to Borroloola on the Gulf of Carpentaria. It used to be a real outpost but not so much now with the bitumen road. Anyway we rolled in on the final day of the Annual Race Meeting. What a riot! Anyone sober enough by midday or so, could enter the various gymkhana events but there were not many in such a state. People came from hundreds of miles around, mostly, it seems, to heavily patronise the pub!! There were several Hawkers selling anything from Salt to stockwhips and many aborigines were about.

Arriving in the Cairns area was a complete contrast to any country we'd seen previously. The luxurious rain forest, refreshing waterfalls & golden beaches were a welcome change. Cooktown and Port Douglas were of historical interest. Saw many wonders of the Barrier Reef on Green Island - a beautiful coral cay. We are now in bustling Townsville, quite different to Cairns.

You can tell Tyrone that he may be a "Peak Bagger" but we are definitely "National Park Baggers". So far we've visited 68 of them. Tonight we just experienced our first tropical storm & had to drag out the rarely-used tent, but we were only on the fringe of it so it wasn't such a drama after all! One of the trips we went on was a day's cruise in a yacht (4s' ketch) from Shute Harbour (near Prosperpine). 16 of us sailed to an uninhabited island where we were deposited in the long boat for a trip ashore. I spent several hours snorkelling with a few other people. We saw brilliantly coloured fish of countless varieties, as well as magnificent coral. Our host was a most amicable fellow who gave us a nice spread at lunch time, then we contentedly sailed home at leisure.

Regards from Barb, Rod, & Harry

NEWS CONVENOR'S NOTE:

Many thanks to the contributors to this month's News. I have received so many articles this month, it was not possible to print them all but will hold the others for future issue.

Some Leaders of Walks are either not handing in Walk Previews or they are received too late for The News. The Leaders of December walks should hand their Previews in as soon as possible if they wish their walks to be published.

- Joy Seymour -

A CONCISE BUSHWALKERS DICTIONARY

Being a handy guide to obscure bushwalking terminology.

Breakfast In Bed -- Porridge down your sleeping bag.

Park Warden -- Bushranger.

Private Trip -- Soldiers only.

Map Reading Instruction -- Bring your own "Morgan's".

.....
Tear along the dotted line.
(The exercise will do you the world of good).

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