



# THE NEWS

OF THE MELBOURNE BUSHWALKERS

Edition 277

April, 1972

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## ANNUAL DINNER AT EIDELWEISS



Forty Bushies had a really great time at the Eidelweiss Restaurant. Everyone turned out in their best gear - its amazing how good some of them look when they're all scrubbed up (Yes Mummajong, the Social secretary does own a pair of long trousers) WE wine and dine and made merry all evening and stole the show when the M.C. asked a few of our gallant gentlemen to demonstrate their skills at carrying heavy loads. Well he got more than he bargained for with half our party prancing round the dance floor with girls on their backs. (They were bribed into this performance of course with free champagne!) By this stage everyone was full of the good spirits of the occasion and didn't need much bribery to perform.



Thanks for arranging such a good night out Graham, we're all waiting for the next one.

## SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME.....

Notes compiled by our moving reporter on the recent Orienteering Exercise.

Bob Steel (the Organiser) sent groups off to their fates at 5 minute intervals.....it was interesting to see who went off together,

Did you know the Secretary and a Vice President tried to read the clues in the wrong order, and as a result ended up down the creek.

One group checked with only three points out of nine!!

Are tracks that hard to follow?

Why did most participants return with mud-laden boots? And what about the girls who are now suffering from saw-grass burns? And the group that ended in Narbethong and complained that the map was no good? And what about the very experienced navigators who couldn't find the first control point?

The Committee would like to hear what members think of the ideas in this letter form one of our members.

Dear Graham,

One of the bushwalking clubs here in Brisbane has expressed interest in an idea of mine aimed at getting some of the mentally retarded people with whom I work out of the institution at weekends and on a relatively cheap outing. I am hopeful that the club concerned will continue to run base camp weekends, from time to time, especially planned so that a number of mentally retarded people can go along and join in.

I am writing this letter because it occurred to me that MBW might like to consider the possibility of arranging something similar to this. There are many deprived people in institutions and homes who could benefit enormously from a weekend out in the bush, and the members of MBW would perhaps be very agreeably surprised to find that such people can be quite charming and fun to be with. I am not suggesting that anyone take on profoundly or seriously handicapped people - there are undoubtedly many quite high level persons in the various institutions in Victoria who would present a minimum of problems on such an outing. Certainly this approach is proving feasible with our high level mentally retarded people in Queensland.

An inquiry to the social worker at a centre for the mentally retarded would be a suitable starting point. Any way perhaps I have said enough to start with. If it is required I will gladly supply further information and ideas.

Regards,

Michael Griffin

(Psychologist, Lollinor Centre, Ipswich, Qld.)

All correspondence should be addressed to:

Hon. Secretary, Melbourne Bushwalkers,  
Box 1751Q, G.P.O.,  
MELBOURNE Victoria 3000

Meetings are held in the club rooms, 14 Hosier Lane, at the rear of the Forum Theatre, every Wednesday night at 7.30 pm. Visitors are always welcome.

WE HAVE ONLY 77 MEMBERS !!

What's this ? Mass resignations ? No its just subscription time again and only 77 members have paid up.

SO PAY YOUR SUBSCRIPTION....NOW!

You would not like to do those qualifying walks again, would you.

EXTRACTS FROM THE COMMITTEE MEETING April 10th. 1972

Chairman - Graham Mascas all present except Fred Halls who apologised.

Native Plants Delegate is now Doug Crocker

Walks Total attendance for March was 172 of which 53 were visitors.

Lake Pedder The Committee voted narrowly to donate \$50 to Lake Pedder Action Committee for their appeal to support independent candidates in the coming Tasmanian elections.

Social Secretary reported success of Club Dinner - There will be another. Coming events are:

May 3 Slides in the clubroom - Tasmania by Leigh Pretty

13 Pre Winter Warm Up Party at the home of Les Markham  
1/29 Larnook Street, Armidale

Everyone welcome, bring the usual contributions to make a party swing,  
(....and there's no landlord!)

17 Back in the club room Hotch Potch Slides from Ron Filsell (very interesting)

23 Ice-skating at St.Moritz - more details later.

26 General Meeting in the club room

31 The Social Sec. finally gets around to giving his talk on Mt.Newman

Map Custodian Bob Steel has made a new map filing system based on the 1:250,000 map sheet areas. Instructions on how to follow it are on the wall near the map file.

Duty Roster

April 19 Alma Strapazon, Tim Dent

26 Ann and Darrell Sullivan

May 3 Graham Mascas, Graham Hodgson

10 Art Terry, Fred Halls

WE WELCOME THE FOLLOWING NEW MEMBERS

Mrs Kay Crinean, 2/778 Drummond St., Nth. Carlton 3054 (p)347 4127 (b)381088

Robert Houghton, 18 Melrose St., Box Hill Nth. 3129 (p)89 4791

Peter Rose, 115 Mahoneye Rd., Forest Hill 3131 (p)878 1785

Alan Giles 53 Leicester St., Glen Waverly 3150 (p)232 7970 (b)37 8881

John Burton, Sgts. Mess, No.1 Stores Depot, R.A.A.F., Tottenham 3012 (b)68 0511  
ext. 237

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Maria and Warren BAKER, 9 Tara Avenue, Blackburn 3130 (p)89 9908

Brian BUSBY, 33 Austin Cres., Pascoe Vale 3044 (p)306 2091

Peter CROSSER, 1 Mast Gully Road, Upuey 3158

Les MARKHAM, 1/29 Larnook St., Armadale 3143

Rodney MATTINGLEY, 28A Martin St., Heidelberg 3084 (b) 350 1222 ext.771

Marion PAULE, 5 Melton Avenue, Carnegie 3163

Margret ROBERTSON, 3/16 Darling Road, South Yarra 3141

Chris SYME, The A.M.E. School, R.M.B. 300, P.O. Fyshwick, ACT 2609

Big vote of thanks to Rob Steel for all the work he put into organising the recent navigation exercise. From what I've heard every one had a really great time even those who ended up in the red face department.

Thanks go to all the willing contributors.....keep writing folks! In fact while you are all in the writing mood how about some articles for WALK magazine. Thanks to Marion and Helen the enthusiastic typing.

WALKS PREVIEWSDAY WALKS**May 7 COBAW RANGES (LANCEFIELD)**

Leader: Philip Taylor (p) 306 6152 Easy - Medium  
 Van leaves Batman Ave 9.15 am. Fare \$2 Approx distance 8 miles.  
 Map Reference: Pyalong 1" = 1 mile. Nearest medical help - Lancefield Hosp.  
 Contact: Fred Halls 97 3724  
 Want a pleasant way to spend a Sunday? Well this walk should meet your requirements with views, sunshine (?) and a long lunch time. Bring water for lunch.

**13 BELGRAVE - PUFFING BILLY - EMERALD LAKE**

Leader: Jenny Pulsford (p) 26 6261 Easy  
 Train leaves Flinders Street Station 10.12 am. Remember this is a Saturday  
 Fare \$1.65 This should be a pleasant day out, its not to hard for anyone.

**21 MALLESONS LOOKOUT - MT. TOOLEBEWONG - LAUNCHING PLACE**

Leader: Andy Price Easy - Medium  
 Van leaves Batman Ave. 9.15 am. Expected time of return 8.30 pm. Fare \$2  
 Map Reference: Juliet 1:50,000 and Gembrook 1:50,000 Approx dist: 8 miles.  
 An enjoyable walk with a climb before lunch and many good views and scenery.  
 It would be wise to carry water bottles. Lunch will be overlooking the  
 Yarra Valley; the a little scrub on the hill down to pretty Don River valley  
 and Launching Place.

**28 TUNNEL POINT TRACK - THE TUNNEL - FRENCHMANS (BLACKWOOD)**

Leader: Les Markham Medium  
 Van leaves Batman Ave. 9.15 am. Expected time of return 9 pm. Fare \$2.50  
 Map Reference: Daylesford 1 ml = 1" M.S. Approx. distance: 10 miles.  
 Nearest medical help: Ballan Hospital. Contact: Fred Halls 97 3724  
 An interesting walk through the lovely forests and abandoned gold diggings  
 around Blackwood. There will be time to examine the tunnel dug by the miners  
 to divert the Lerderderg River. We will have to cross the river at a ford  
 where the unlucky are bound to get watery feet. Thick trousers will be useful  
 for one short stage off the walk but apart from these two small problems the  
 walk is easy and pleasant.

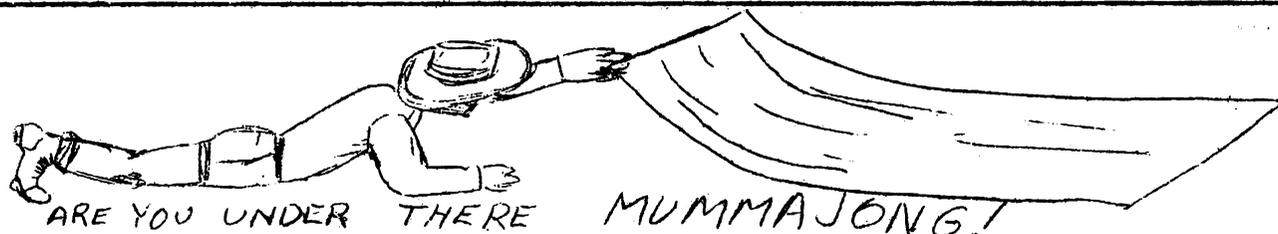
WEEK END WALKS**May 5 - 7 MAJOR MITCHELL PLATEAU (GRAMPIANS) - MT. WILLIAM - BOUNDARY GAP**

Leader: Fred Halls (p) 97 3724 Medium  
 Van leaves Batman Ave. 6.30 pm. Expected time of return 10 pm. Fare \$6  
 Map Reference: Ararat 1:100,000 Nat. Mapping. Approx. distance 15 miles.  
 Nearest medical help: Ararat Hospital.  
 The walk will start from the highest point in the Grampians, Mt. William.  
 There are superb views of the route across the high Major Mitchell Plateau  
 There are even better views further south on the way down along the edge  
 into Boundary Gap and on the scramble out on to the narrow sandstone  
 causeway above the deep gorges of the upper Wannon. It will probably be  
 necessary to carry some water on the plateau, there is normally only one  
 spring with good water. Although the distance is short it will not be too  
 easy; there will be a scramble along sharp narrow ridges. There are  
 glorious views of the Serra Range from the plateau's souther edge, but  
 wear long pants as some of the scrub is dense. Undoubtedly one of the  
 best weekend walks in the Grampians, finished with a steep down-hill to  
 Jimmy's Creek 2700 feet below Mt. William.

**19 - 21 POLLY McQUINNS - SEVEN CREEKS GORGE - TERRIP (STRATHBOGIES)**

Leader: Barbara Davies Easy - Medium  
 Van leaves Batman Ave. 6.30 pm. Expected time of return 10 pm. Fare \$5  
 Map Reference: Euroa 1:100,000 CFA Fire Map Approx distance: 17 miles  
 Nearest medical help: Euroa Bush Nursing Hospital. Contact: Fred Halls  
 Here is your opportunity to see some of the Strathbogie Ranges (south -  
 east of Euroa) come along on this pre-winter walk to loosen up those  
 muscles for the ski season. After commencing at Polly McQuinn's we will  
 walk through Seven Creeks Gorge and then over undulating hills in the  
 western section of the ranges to finish at Terrip Terrip.

Continued next page.....



I think our Social Secretary, Graham, deserves lots of thanks for organising such a splendid evening at the "Eidelweiss" where a good time was had by all who attended. I must compliment President Graham on his choice of table seat, one which afforded a very good view (yours truly can vouch for that, and stop laughing Marijke) Fred Astaire wouldn't feel so secure if he saw Art's flashy footwork on the dance floor. There were some notable absences however (No. ones and twos mainly) with very weak excuses being offered the following Wednesday.

For Super George's benefit:-  
14 Gwynn St., Mokoos, 80 cents.

There is a place they call the East Ridge,  
At Easter some bushies headed down it,  
And ~~tattered and torn they emerged~~ they emerged at the bottom.  
Wondering why the hell they didn't go round it.

My old mate Roger (a definite No. three) has been snared at last. As most people would have heard by now, he has recently become engaged and plans to marry in two months (!) It will be a quiet wedding I believe, with the bride's father holding a bow and arrow instead. All this coupled with the fact that he is about to enter the Army, which means that we won't be seeing him for a while. I hope all this does not mar his bushwalking to any great extent.

Congratulations to Geoff and Jenny on their recent wedding.

Barbara and Joy have managed to find another flat (Hobart) With short permission, rumor has it that they are planning a flat warming party to end all flat warming parties. So make sure that you secure your invitation by sending one dollar to "Mumajong" c/o the News Convenor (I need the money) Therefore, in anticipation of that great social event, I think I'll dash off now and start rehearsing my rendition of "You Used to Kiss Me on the Cheek, But It's All Over Now".

P.S. Warren and Maria have recently moved into a new house, so all you eager flat/house warmers watch this column for further announcements.

#### THE BIRDS AND BEES DEPARTMENT

One of the best and most interesting magazines on the market today is "WILDLIFE IN AUSTRALIA", edited by Vincent Serventy and published by The Wildlife Preservation Society of Qld., of which the president is Judith Wright. Articles on animals, plants and specific areas, and of course the conservation issues of the day, make a fund of good reading, especially for those who like to walk in the bush. We the last three issues for sale available in the clubroom. By the way, if you haven't been in for a while, a handsome new magazine rack has been built by Rob Steel. You are invited to inspect this latest addition to the clubroom.

Athol Schafer

#### WALKS cont:

##### May 26 - 28 UPPER LEDERBERG GORGE - MT. BLACKWOOD

Leader: Rex Filson (p) 88 1165

Medium - Hard

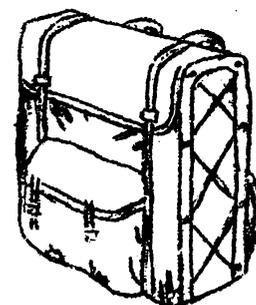
Van leaves Batman Ave. 6.30 pm.

Fare \$3.50

This walk is through rather rough country with climbs and thick scrub. Those keen walkers interested in going should contact Rex for more details.

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

The Bushwalking Specialist  
Paddymade equipment, Packs, etc.





## ALONG THE TRACK

### THE HIGH PLAINS FOR MOOMBA

The crowds are gathering along the Yarra for Moomba but we set off into the cool of the evening for Mansfield, Woollybutt Saddle and then down to the Howqua River. Spencer knows a good campsite near the river, but the loggers have been there and left their fallen trees and dust so we continue on to the bottom of the Howitt Spur and lay out our ground sheets on the floor of two dilapidated huts.

Soon it is a sunny morning with the smell of burning gum leaves to accompany breakfast; then it is up, up and still up, until 2,700 feet later we are seated on top of Mt. Howitt looking across Cobbler, Speculation and the Crosscut. We leave our packs and walk down amongst yellow daisies and pink native roses to the new MacAlister Springs Hut. It is lunch time and we lie in the sun and turn pink or brown. After a long, long rest it is back up, out of the snow gums to Howitt again, down and up to Big Hill, down and up to Hell's Window and Magdala, down, down then up to No. 1 Divide. Here a jeep track shows us the way to Lovick's Hut.

We have the area to ourselves and soon large gum logs are burning in the fireplace while the odours of ham steaks, chow mein and braised lamb fill the hut, and the weary party rests on the loungechairs in front of the fire. Comfortable foam rubber mattresses and beds have been provided for the party and by eight o'clock we are all inside our sleeping bags.

Breakfast next morning is leisurely; the hut is swept, the firewood replenished, the door shut and we are following the jeep track over Mt. Lovick and down to the Bluff Hut which is to be our campsite. Morning tea becomes lunch while faces and backs become redder or browner as we lie in the sun looking through the snow gums towards Mt. Buller. But this is a walking trip so after lunch we climb up to the open top of The Bluff and across its foot high vegetation to the far end where we sit and gaze at The Governors and Eagles' Peak and dream of blackberries and cream at Mitchells on Alma's trip the following weekend.

The Bluff Hut is much darker than Lovicks, the fireplace is not as efficient and the beds are lumpier, but Spencer is still eating ham steaks while the others are watching the sun disappear over the distant mountains. It is a late night, 8.30 before everyone is in bed.

Monday is another fine sunny day as we rapidly lose height and then follow the logging road around Square Head Jimmy and Helicopter Spur down to the Howqua River. The third long, long lunch time - faces, legs, arms, stomachs and backs still becoming redder or browner and the walk is over.

Thanks Phillip for a marvellous weekend, we will be on the next walk you lead.

Spencer George

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A WEEKEND IN THE BARRY MOUNTAINS (10-13TH MARCH)

It was a happy party that left Batman Avenue on Friday night in a transit van and camped that night at Porepunkah. Waking bright and early next morning and proceeding to the Mt. Selwyn area, we met the three others who came by private car.

In perfect weather we walked along what is now part of the Alpine Track and by the end of the day, camped at the foot of one of the peaks known as The Twins. After some searching, we finally found water, cooked our food and enjoyed the usual campfire gathering.

Unfortunately, only one of us climbed the 5,600 ft. peak that night, which turned out to be the wisest thing to do, because on ascending it next morning, our view was partly obliterated by mist. In the vain hope that the view would improve, we lit a fire on the peak to keep warm - only to find that the view worsened!

Retracing our steps, we scaled Mt. Murray after lunch and this time were rewarded by a view which made up for what we missed earlier. Returning to our transport, we found a pleasant campsite alongside a stream and considered what we should do on the Monday.

Tyrone decided on a walk in the Bright area, and as Jenny and our two Canadian friends left early for Melbourne, the rest of us climbed a 3,300 ft. peak known as Clear Spot in the midst of a pine plantation, which afforded excellent views of Buffalo, Bogong etc., and of course The Twins.

The return trip was made without undue incident, leaving us with memories of the weekend and the hope that another walk like this one would not be too far away.

*Contented Bushie*

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ALMA'S WEEKEND

To the strains of "Lloyd George loved his father and mother" and after much harmonising, descanting and trilling, the van fairly rolled along its way to Sheep Yard Flats last Friday week.

Alma was able to get her 21 "charges" up quite early next morning even after only about 5 hours sleep, with the promise of luscious blackberries and fritters for tea at Mitchell's. You should have seen the gleam in Spencer's eyes! With a good days climbing behind us we reached the "promised spot" quite early and set up camp. There were soon billies of blackberries boiling everywhere. Rod was seen to make a beautiful blackberry pie with crust on top, and bottom too. What a treasure going to waste girls!?

The night's entertainment was provided by two lady(?) rabbit trappers from a nearby camp.

With the promise of yet another beautiful sunny day the following morning, the party divided, the small group on the so-called easy route which turned into nearly a 2,500 ft. climb up to the van, and the others on a beautiful easy graded walk along the Jamison River.

To put the "finale" to a lovely week-end, our leader arrived back in Melbourne to find she had become a grandmother. Congratulations Alma, and I'm sure you must be the Club's first most active GRANDMOTHER.

*Joyce Dunn*

NEW BY LAWNEW BY LAWNEW BY LAWNEW BY LAW

ALL NON-COMBUSTABLE MATERIALS SUCH AS CANS, ALUMINIUM FOIL, GLASS, ETC. CARRIED ON CLUB WALKS SHOULD NOT BE LEFT BURIED BUT BROUGHT BACK BY THE PERSON CONCERNED.

The club by-laws are currently being re-typed and a new up to date version including all recent additions and alterations will soon be available to members.

IF YOU PAY YOUR FEES YOU'LL PROBABLY GET IT WITH YOUR NEXT NEWS.

### SISEMAN'S SOUTHWEST SAFARI

"There's nothing much to hang on to," said John helpfully. "I couldn't agree more", I muttered under my breath. "Put your right leg down further", he called up from below. "About another eighteen inches further - further..." Suddenly sixty pounds of pack hanging from my shoulders took over, my hands were scraping through loose earth where there were no handholds, and then I was falling backwards off the cliff. At moments like this your whole life is supposed to flash before you. All that flashed before me was a whole lot of earthen cliff moving upwards at a rapid rate, but if my whole life had flashed before me in those fleeting split seconds, the ~~last reel would have had some of the~~ most spectacular scenery on it. For the past fortnight we had been walking through the Arthur Range in Tasmania's south west.

I have never seen a mountain panorama to compare with that which surrounds you when you stand on the last low saddle of The Coronets overlooking Lake Pedder from the north. Behind you is the Sentinel Range. Away on the left Mt. Anne towers up to incredible height and remoteness - a lofty pinnacle which would look remarkable in any surroundings. In front of you is Mt. Solitary; then a wide gap through which the Western Arthur Range can be seen spiking into the sky across the distant horizon; and then the imposing Frankland Range, mirrored by Lake Pedder at your feet. John said the beach was wider than he had ever seen it. It seems alas, that we will never see it again. You won't see anything like it anywhere else either - it was unique.

I didn't really want this to turn into a diatribe against the vandalism for which your taxes and mine pay, so I was going to suggest that we move quickly, and without looking back, down to the western end of the Arthur Range. But then I remember that the first thing which met our eyes when the clouds lifted as we reached the top was a horrible scar across the plains below, terminating in an enormous ugly blotch - the Scotts Peak road and the quarry for the dam across the Huon River.

From any point in the Western Arthur Range your view to the north has this ghastly wound slashed right across it. It will be there for a long time yet, unlike the beach at Pedder. Nothing will grow on that exposed quartzite for scores of years to come. All we can do is look the other way and try to forget that "civilization" has stretched such a long, thin, scabrous tentacle so far out into the wilderness.

Our wilderness, for several days, was pure Wagner. Huge rocky crags loomed through swirling fog and vanished again. Looking down from some pinnacle through a sea of whiteness, suddenly you would find yourself looking at a black lake which looked back, unblinking, into your very soul - and when you looked again it had gone and all was once more white. Incredibly folded rock screamed silently, writhing in agony in the grip of forces past all comprehension, millions of years ago. Valhalla is not far from here. But then a total change. The air grew still, the stars came out, and a heavy frost put a sparkling white patina on the tents and sheets of ice on the waterbuckets. At Promontory Lake the sun rose on a perfect jewel of a day. From the highest point of Mt. Scorpio an hour later, we could see blue smoke rising from among the trees on the edge of a blue lake a mile away and a thousand feet below. The crisp morning air easily carried our cooee down to those who had stayed in camp, and clearly brought their answer back.

But the eye is constantly drawn, as if hypnotised, to something on the south east horizon. We have been getting closer to it, day by day, and ever since we saw it for the first time in the remote distance from

the Frankland Range it has exercised a compelling fascination. That giant fang, standing up among the lesser mountains, cannot be other than Federation - a huge canine tooth of rock - a great spear thrust into the sky. It will take us another two hard days to reach it.

You looked down then, and wondered if human foot had ever been set on the shore of Lake Mars in its lonely valley far below, surrounded by impenetrable-looking scoparia forest. Has anyone, since time began, ever been down there? I suppose so - but here is one of those rare places where you can pretend and know it might be true.

The light of battle was in the cook's eyes. "Plates up!" she said, for the second time, very distinctly. In a dead pine tree nearby a branch suddenly broke, and the younger tenant of Silver Towers was seen to descend gracefully, if with breathtaking rapidity, from somewhere near the top of the tree to a point from which further descent would not normally be considered possible. His arrival at the latter point having been accompanied by minor earth tremors up to about 2.5 on the Richter scale, the question uppermost in the minds of the concerned onlookers was, however, not so much whether he would descend any further, as whether he would ever rise again. Only the cook looked unsympathetic. Our intrepid woodgatherer soon stirred, however. "Oh well, I got some wood anyway", he said. Then he put it on the woodheap. Then he got his plate. Then he found it needed washing. Then he went down to the lake to wash it. Then he found he'd forgotten his waterbucket which he might as well fill while he was down there. Then..... I have wondered from time to time why our cook resigned after the first ten days - she DID mention something about how we should have brought a long-handled spoon for stirring the dehyds - maybe that was it. Whatever the cause, we suffered a dearth of expertise in the kitchen department on the

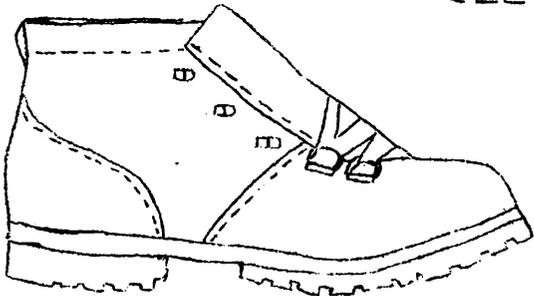
leg of the tour after the ladies had deserted us. Not least of the resulting disasters involved a tapioca pudding at Goon Moor. Our chief scrub-basher and pathfinder was unlucky enough to draw, for washing-up duty, the pot in which this particular disaster took place, and after an hour or so of scratching away was heard to rename the locality "Goo Moor".

They say there's something in the buttongrass water which gets into your system and makes you go mad. The symptoms are that you keep going back to Tassie year after year. I have not been before. I will be going again.

G. Wills-Johnson.

WALKMAGAZINEWALKMAGAZINEWALKMAGAZINEWALKMAGAZINEWALKMAGAZINEWALKMAGAZINEWALKMAGAZINE

ARTICLES ARE STILL REQUIRED FOR WALK....Its not quite full yet, Warren will be happy to receive your contribution. And don't think your efforts might not be good enough ....Have a go. WALK is made up of the efforts of ordinary walkers like You. So see what you can do. See Warren Baker if you think you would like help in any way. WALK sub committee needs Typists, Readers, Commenters, Spelling Mistake Correctors and Hard Workers..... ANY VOLLUNTEERS.....PLEASE.



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