



THE NEWS

OF THE MELBOURNE BUSHWALKERS

Edition 276

March, 1972

Price 3¢

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AT THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING HELD IN THE CLUBROOM ON 23RD FEBRUARY, THE FOLLOWING OFFICE BEARERS WERE ELECTED FOR 1972.

PRESIDENT	Graham Mascas 177 Burke Road, Glen Iris 3146	(p) 50 2995 (b) 37 8881
VICE PRESIDENTS	Sue Ball 1/7 Koromait St., Albion 3020	(b) 393 1627
	Robert Steel 10 Queen St., Regent 3073	(p) 47 3743 (b) 652 7417
HON. SECRETARY	Joy Seymour 6/462-8 Victoria Pde., East Melbourne 3002	(p) 41 6304 (b) 67 9221 ext. 12
HON. TREASURER	Ralph Bryan 39 Boronia Rd., Boronia 3155	(p) 762 2095 (b) 870 8900
HON. WALKS SECRETARY	Rod Mattingley 183 Canterbury Rd., Blackburn	(p) 8784630 (b) 350 1222 ext334
HON. SOCIAL SECRETARY	Graham Hodgson Pine Ridge, Sheffield Rd. South, Montrose 3765	(p) 728 1734 (b) 42 1831
HON. NEWS CONVENOR	Ann Sullivan 23 Barrington Cres., Tullamarine 3043	(b) 654 4200
WALK MAGAZINE HON. EDITOR	Warren Baker 10/24 Elphin grove, Hawthorn 3122	(p) 81 8376
WILKINSON LODGE HON. MANAGER	Darrell Sullivan 23 Barrington Cres., Tullamarine 3043	(b) 67 3354
COMMITTEE MEMBERS	Barbara Davies Tim Dent Fred Halls Alma Strappazon Art Terry	

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REMEMBER ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE NOW DUE
Please help the Treasurer and pay promptly

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** FIRST ANNUAL CLUB DINNER AT EIDELWEISS TUES 28 MAERCH See Page 2. *

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, Hosier Lane, at the rear of the Forum Theatre, every Wednesday night at 7.30 pm. Visitors are always welcome.

EXTRACTS FROM THE COMMITTEE MEETING 6th APRIL 1972

Chairman - Graham Mascas all present.

Walks Secretary Total attendance for February on walks was 178. Walks sub-committee - Robert Steel, Geoff Kenafacke, Bruce Meincke, John Siseman and Fred Halls

Social Secretary announced our first CLUB ANNUAL DINNER to be held at

EDEIWEISS RESTAURANT
98 Mount St. Heidelberg

on Tuesday 28 March from 7pm. till 12pm. cost will be \$4 per head. Come along and make it a good night out. See the Social Secretary to secure your booking. Dress will be respectable (i.e. suit and tie fellows) Clubroom events for April will be -
12th. Talk by Dr. Alan Holder "Treatment of Liquid Waste"
26th. Talk by the new Social Sec. Graham Hodgson on Mt. Newman

Wilkinson Lodge A ballot for the lockers at Wilky will be held in the club room on 29 March. These lockers are available to winter parties for \$4 per year. (See Feb. News) Any one interested in using a locker should contact the Manager before that date. Provision will be made to fit your own padlock to the lockers.

Equipment Officer for 1972 is Barbara Davies
PLEASE report immediately any faults you find in the equipment. We can't repair things we don't know about.

Search and Rescue Delegate is Tim Dent There will be a practice on Sunday 23rd. April. Please see Tim if you are interested.

Tracks and Huts Delegate is Art Terry

TRACK CLEARING WEEKEND 14 - 16 APRIL

Our club will be clearing the Mt. Tamboritha - Crinoline track, which is an area every one likes to visit so come along and do your bit to make even better. A Friday night start is planned with private transport or Transit vans. See Art for final details.

Native Plants We would like to hear from some one interested to act as delegate. It can be any club member. See Graham Mascas or Joy Seymour.

Other Delegates Federation - Rob Steel (he will select an observer)
National Parks - Rob Steel
Committee of Management - Graham Mascas and Tim Dent

The committee decided that the club should become affiliated with the Australian Conservation Council.

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Duty Roster
March 29 Ann and Darrell Sullivan
April 5 Barbara Davies, Rob Steel
12 Sue Ball, Joy Seymour

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I want every one to know that the kind souls who are helping with the typing are
Thanks very much girls.

WALKS PRELIMINARIES

DAY WALKS:

April 9 YELLOWDINDI PLANTATION - NAVIGATION AND AUTUMN WALK (NARBETHONG)

Leader: Robert Steel (p) 47 3743 6 ? Easy miles
 Van leaves Batman Ave. 9.15 am Expected return 9.00 pm Fare \$2.50
 Map Reference: Juliet 1:50,000 Nearest medical help Healesville Hospital.
 Contact: Fred Halls 97 3724

The prime object of this trip will be an orienteering exercise. There will be a short walk in the morning from the van to the lunch spot. After lunch the orienteering will get under way. There will be two sections - for Novices and the Experts. Everyone intending to participate MUST BRING A COMPASS (preferably of the "Silva" type) and, if possible, a copy of the Juliet 1:50,000 map (obtainable from Robertsons & Mullens or John Donne) At the conclusion of the competition, which will take approx 3 hrs we shall return to the van. As my intention is to teach people to navigate I urge everybody to attend. Even those who feel they are good navigators should attend and find out how good (or bad) they really are! and have some good fun as well.

16 MT. ELIZA - MT. CHARLIE - BARINGO VALLEY (MT. MACEDON)

Leader: Chris Milne (b) 661 2419 Medium
 Van leaves Batman Ave. 9.15 am Fare \$2.00 Approx 8 miles.
 Map Reference: Largefield 1" = 1mile.
 Good walk, mainly through open country with a little scrub-bashing and a couple of short climbs.

23 CHILDERS - TRAFALGAR

Leader: Peter Vanderburgh (p) 58 7222 Easy - Medium
 Van leaves Batman Ave. 9.15 am Fare \$3.00
 Map Reference: Mirboo North and Moe 1" = 1mile
 A nice gentle 'take your time' type walk taking in some interesting Gippsland scenery. No scrub-bashing. Carry water for lunch.

25 BULLA - MARIBYRNONG RIVER - JACKSONS CREEK (ANZAC DAY)

Leader: Warren Baker (p) 81 8376 Easy
 Van leaves Batman Ave. 9.15 am Fare \$2.00
 Map Reference: Sunbury 1" = 1mile
 Should be a nice easy walk suitable for beginners through an interesting area not far from town.

30 JEHOSAPHAT VALLEY (KINGLAKE)

Leader: Ralph Bryan (p) 762 2095 Medium - Hard
 Van leaves Batman Ave. 9.15 am Fare \$1.75
 This trip is sure to have its ups and downs - literally ! The leader hasn't previewed this walk yet but he promises he will. He says it will be an enjoyable walk with a few hills - quote.

WEEKEND WALKS:

April 7 - 9 MOROKA HUT - MOROKA RANGE - CASTLE HILL - BILLY GOAT BLUFF - LITTLE RIVER

Leader: Peter Bullard (p) 50 5234
 Transport: Transit Van ; Private Fare \$6.00 Easy - Medium
 Expected return 10 pm. Leave 6.30 pm. Approx 20 miles
 Map Reference: Moroka, Wellington, Wonnangatta, Cobbannah 1" = 1mile
 Forests Comm, and Lands Dept.

Nearest medical help - Heyfield Hospital or Dargo Bush Nursing Centre.
 Contact: Fred Halls 97 3724

Do you enjoy a good hard climb with plenty of scrub bashing? Then this isn't for you. But if you like a little climbing to get magnificent views of the surrounding peaks and valleys, put your best foot forward and roll up for this one.

14 - 16 TRACK CLEARING

See details on page 2. EVERYBODY PLEASE COME AND HELP

Walks Previews (Cont.)

April 21 - 23 AVON RIVER - VALENCIA CREEK (STRATFORD)

Leader: Dave Gibson (b) 387 1600 Medium
Van leaves Batman Ave. 6.30 pm. Fare \$6.00

This should be a pleasant walk along the Avon River and through areas not previously visited by this club. Unfortunately Dave was not available for comment when "News" went to print so those interested in this walk should contact him for more details.

NEW MEMBERS

Welcome to -

Marcel and Heidi Herzig 28/124 Caroline St., South Yarra 3141
Marcel (b) 329 9433 Heidi (b) 66111 (Layby)
Alan and Doreen Parker 4/37 Cromwell Rd., South Yarra 3141 Doreen (b) 547 1681

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Glenda Alexander 2/36 Jolimont Terrace, East Melbourne 3002
Peter Carlyon Harrietville Primary School, Harrietville 3741 Phone STD 061 59 2233
Helen Coltman 100 Mt. Dandenong Rd., Croydon 3136
Kevin Haddington 2/2 Skene St., Newtown 3220
Geoff Kenafacke 69 Summerhill Rd., Glen Iris 3146 (p) 29 4667 (b) 347 4822 x 26
Jan and John Sparkman 1/13 Baker St., Moorabin 3189 (p) 95 6965

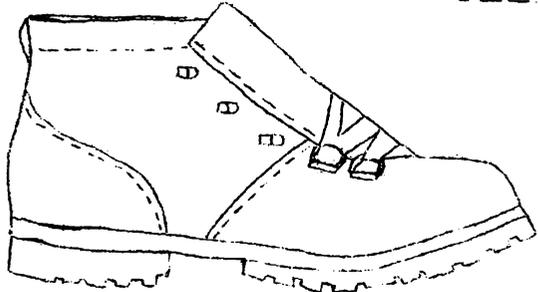
FORTHCOMING CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It was heard that one Secretary and one Equipment Officer will very shortly be changing their address. Seems that some landlords just don't like bawdy bushie ballads in the middle of the night. The old spoil sport.

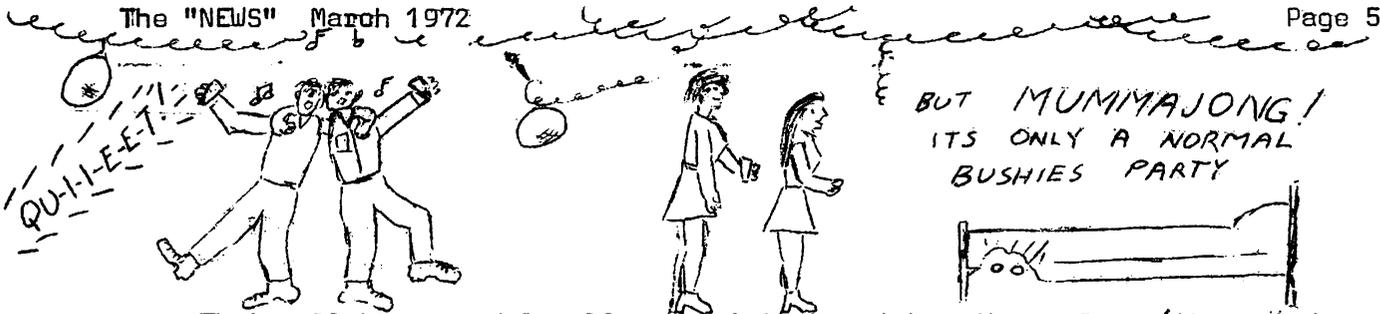
JUST IN CASE YOU MISSED THE FIRST NOTICEHERE IS THE SECOND ...
PLEASE PAY YOUR SUBSCRIPTION NOW !

ALSO Don't say you didn't hear about
The BALLOT FOR WILKY LOCKERS
OR
THE TERRIFIC NIGHT OUT ON 28 MARCH
ORTHE TRACK CLEARING
They are all mentioned on Page 2 under the Committee notices.

PLEASE NOTE New address of BUSHREAR is now 46 HARDWARE STREET on the corner of Little Bourke Street 1st. Floor.



SEE LOCH WILSON AT
BUSHGEAR PTY LTD
66 HARDWARE ST
MELBOURNE
FOR ALL
BUSHWALKING AND CLIMBING GEAR



That well known pedal welfare recipient and incendiary, Dave (the weird one) appears to be taking things into his own hands (literally) recently on Wednesday nights. He seems to be trying to emulate his esteemed predecessor, the one and only D. D.

I don't want to be accused of spreading aspersions, but what prompted that transit van driver to stop and talk to those two women hitch-hiking just out of Harrietville?

'Here we go again' Department

The second bushie marriage for the season has taken place. I am referring of course to Peter and Sue's wedding on the 11th March. Congratulations and best wishes to them both. Congratulations also to Loch Wilson and his bride on their recent wedding.

(Spencer has disappeared since hearing the above. He is believed to be hiding out up in the mountain stronghold of S.M.E.L.L.S.)

Apropos last September "Mummajong" para 4, it looks as if the two concerned are going to announce their engagement shortly. This prediction is only a grope in the dark (to coin a phrase) but is based on field observations and certain eye witness accounts, and therefore is subject to the usual unforeseen errors, common to all profound utterances.

Random notes mentally compiled during a flat warming / flat eviction party (cross out whichever not applicable) held in East Melbourne recently.....

Ralph nicely asked me to watch what I wrote in future (?)

Landlord has a look in and mentions, amongst other things that the noise level is a little too high.

A really resounding singalong session was held, with "Aphro", L. P., and Spudingley leading the rest. A pity that it was stopped due to a neighbour's complaint.

Does our Social Secretary own a pair of long pants?

The Mad Chemist it appears, partakes of the weed. Its a shame to see such a promising bushwalker go down in the prime of his life. I might add also, that he showed himself to be somewhat of a Terpichordian terror. Balaclava's answer to Fred Astaire no doubt.

Sue tells me that it is not true what they say about vice-presidents.

No spuds for supper, somebody is disappointed.

At 3am. yours truly goes home. One of they early ones. The rest looked well and truly settled in.

Our good friend Eddie Lawton
Wanted to go a courtin'
So what did he do
To follow this through?
He tried airs and graces
But they got him no places.
So he decided that a bed
Should be obtained instead
And he showed that he was no gombie,
For he had it installed in his Kombi.
So if Ed says - Lets go,
Girls don't be too slow
To inspect his new van
Coloured both white and tan.

One of our other roving reporters gives a 'glowing' account of a now famous evening

Barb and Joy certainly know how to throw a flat warming. The bushies who went will vouch for that. The warmth of the bedroom cum lounge with the 28 or so bods sitting, standing, etc. in it; the warmth of everyones tummy as the 48 bottles and 36 cans of liquid refreshment were consumed; the warmth of the melody of the songs which were belowed forth at 11.30 onwards; the warmth of the candles as they crept down and burnt their plastic holders; the warmth of the tempers of 12 neighbours who complained about the noise we were making and finally the exceptional warmth of the caretaker as he gave Barb and Joy their eviction notice. A beaut flat warming - we will be there for the next one

BAREFOOT COMMUTERS

Thursday, February the Seventeenth, the day that Melbourne was awash. Well almost. The rain stopped or sludged nearly all wheeled traffic, and out came the walkers.

What a day to be herded out of the Melbourne-bound train at Armadale and told, "No trains between here and Spencer Street, buses outside!" Seeing a thousand or so commuters huddled under a sparse cover of umbrellas, vainly waiting an overloaded bus, must have triggered off a dormant perambulatory instinct, for I thought it quicker to walk. And so it proved. The only two trams that slowly rattled up High Street were tarred with mud and feathered with commuters, clutching precarious, impossible and dangerous holds along running boards, on bumpers, around handrails. Anywhere.

What amused me most, as I headed city-ward, was the number of those resorting to the footpath. What an assorted collection! The middle-aged businessman, umbrella clutched tightly in one hand, and briefcase dragging in the other. The tie loose and askew, the face matching the purposeful stride, long but determined, those rounds of Sunday golf paying off in the regularity of step. Or was it just a need - the sun aggressively pouring its swelter through the heavy rain clouds, pregnant with a new deluge that sped his stride? The young clerk and his girl, she with shoes now thrown in her shoulder carry-all, toes of her pantyhose collecting the asphaltic grime. He with one hand in hers, the other countering the pull of the discarded jacket draped over his shoulder. Both now showing a pronounced limp.

So many, I noticed, had resorted to bare epidermis on wet pavement, and for many the mileage and lack of practice was written on faces. Pink feet, wrinkled feet; sore feet - surely a comment on the practicability of fashion footwear. The young executive with his friend, telling jokes to shrink the distance. As I passed, "...and this camel struggled on an on...". Many a camel was better conditioned than those hiking the miles from glasshouse to bedsitter.

Asphalt bashing - I suppose a form of hiking, albeit fatiguing but necessary. So many, with their heads down. Twos and threes chatting, loners with a pace as regular as a metronome, as fast as a rickshaw coolie.

How many of us spend our time on walks, or in life, rushing along, not looking up to catch a little bit of transient man or nature? Many of those home hikers, unpractised at the art, must have suffered, subjected to a sudden lapse from casking, commuting and relaxing. One could pick those who walk regularly. The steady stride, the easy gait, the relaxed brow.

Are we, as a city, used to long walks? Are you, as a walker, as fit as you'd like? I think few of us are.

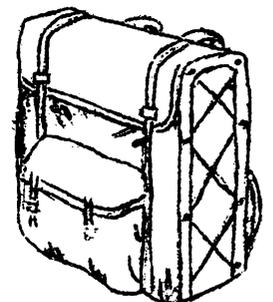
Not a particularly agreeable introduction to extended "legging it", but few could do otherwise.

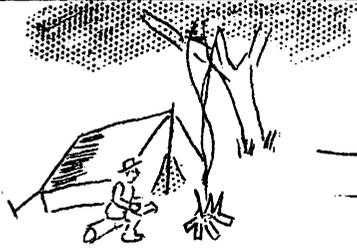
- Boy, was I glad to see home!

Ian D. Hill

AUSKI 9 Hardware St.
Phone 67 1412

The Bushwalking Specialist
Paddymade equipment, Packs, etc.





ALONG THE TRACK

CHRISTMAS WALK - BUENBAR - SNOWY MTS. - SUGGAN BUGGAN - BUENBAR (OMEQ)

Enjoying ease while it lasts we desperately fling ourselves in long grass and relax under blue skies to melodious buzzing of countless black flies. Around the campfire at Buenbar Hut speculations rise, coiling with smoke - what is in store for ten foolhardy bushwalking folk? Leader eats big that night. He knows something we don't. Before we've even begun, Norm counts the number of days until he's home again, and able, with coffee and transistor, to laze.

Tuesday, our first walking day, is a gentle? introduction to what lies ahead. With much climbing, groaning and crossing of streams, we arrive at Wheelers Creek Hut, dip ourselves in the icy cold waters and once more relax. The sun is warm, the grass long, and joy of joys, the little black flies are ubiquitous here too. Norm is one day closer to that transistor of his. What's this? Wednesday the 29th already over. All we have done is risen at five, breakfasted under dawn-painted skies, walked along pleasant green tracks, lost them awhile, scrub bashed and lunched, gasped on the summit of Pinnibar Mount, supposedly due to the view but in reality our breaths to regain. (This we succeeded in doing while John stole $\frac{3}{4}$ hour to erect his super-sonic, maxi, marvellous, magical, king economy size telephoto lens.) Then rested, refreshed, and revitalised, we descended to camp on a spur in the wind. Golden the sunset which ushered out day.

It's the 30th now. Downwards, ever downwards. Watch out, Tom Groggin, here we come. Downwards past snow gums into greener shades and bracken fern glades. The sky darkens, the humidity rises, but the atmosphere clears while we lunch by Omeo Creek. Then to the Murray River we go, set up camp and swim until the awaited rain pelts hard upon us. On this wet night Stuart discloses a secret. To maintain the raw hardnee of rice, boil patiently for an hour, preferably more, and behold, a finished product even harder. As this wondrous demonstration progresses, Norm complacently lurks in yellow tent out of the deluge, imbibing concentrated nourishment needing no cooking. What can it be? Ask Norm, not me. It's his multi-colored, multi-purpose, lightweight high energy pills. The rain closes in, Cheer up, perhaps tomorrow will shine. Who's kidding who? Rain on the day of New Year's Eve! That IS asking too much. Wise John the cameraman, knows this and farewells us as onwards we swim through wet scrub by the Murray. After following an idyllic foot track we lose it to spend all day long tangled in ridge after ridge of watery bushes. We drip into a damp little hole which almost sinks under the Murray. Rejoice! This is the campsite. Early to bed.

Early to rise. Hello 1972. Ere the New Year is hours older we're over the Murray and battling with a scrubby N.S.W. ascent. 3 hours climb and the Tin Mine Hut track is staggered upon. 8 miles left. Wait! First Felix the Firemaster, shows his style by kindling a blaze which rages ever higher. Our spirits rise too. But, lo! What's this? What rare forgotten delicacy? A slice of ham! Rod coyly hands his New Year's gift to all. Now the 8 miles to the Tin Mine Huts seem small. Across a tiny creek we settle, away from trucks, stockyards, horses, tumble-down shacks and empty beer cans. Cold descends the night. The sun smiles for the first time this year. We fly over 10 easy miles of track winding through beautiful snowgum country reaching our campsite for lunch. After noon we drink doses of sun, watching the horsemen who, before us, had come here to the Ingeegoodbee. Twilight deepens. Birds swoop in the calm, softly swishing their wings. Trout splash in the gurgling stream.

The next morning is shrouded in mist which slowly disintegrates as we walk along dew covered ways. Mt. Meenak is reached as the sunshine breaks through to colour the view and heighten the brilliance of abundant wild-flowers. Suggan Buggan is invaded. We swim in the river, bake in the sun and farewell Martin who feels enough walking has been done. Most important is the collection of food for our journey's forthcoming phase. Soon

the campsite looks like a local foodstore as eagerly we spread bags of goodies around. "Hey, what will you give for a can of baked beans?" "One pound of salami," sounds a good deal. "That chocolate looks good, but surely you'd rather this bag of brown rice." Just down the track a little grey pony happily smiles. Its belly is full of leftovers nobody wants, best of all, Les's donation - a mountain of barley sugar glucose.

January 4th. The outline must only suffice, from which conclude what you will. Reloaded our packs weigh heavily down. Overcast and fly ridden the morning oppresses as Mt. Meenak's 3000' is tackled. is followed down to the Ingeegoodbee which sparkles amid steep green rocky cliffs. "Smile followers! the leader commands. "800' to ascend, then all precious height will be lost again before lunch." Thunder begins rumbling and echoing. The storm breaks over the post lunch 1000' jump. Onwards, up and down, endlessly in refreshing? rain we splash, beyond Macfarlanes Flats to Berrima River, over 14 weary miles. We step into a Wednesday of undecided weather to surmount inclines no landrover could. Then rumblings are heard and a vehicle triumphantly appears. It has accomplished impossible climbs. Into the rover some of our packs are flung and lightly we walk until a mile or so on the automobile stands, rendered immobile by a freshly fallen tree which bars the route. All hands clutch the trunk, great strainings, then cheerings as the offender is hurled from the trail. Smiles all around and marvellings at the nature of happy coincidence. The Playgrounds reached, we rest and debate on the next day's climb to Cobberas One which the omnipresent rain darkly threatens to cancel.

The 6th day of January is fringed with frilly frayed clouds which by 9a.m. have not blown away. Those who are climbing depart, leaving avid readers and Stuart's books far behind. Ah! The beauty concentrated in so small a distance needs seeing to be understood. Rocks weathered and cracked are lichen spotted in yellows, whites, pinks, greens and reds. Between them, in fine snow grass, delicate flowers raise purple, blue, lemon and mauve little heads. Trees agonised and twisted cling to rocks and soil where they grow, not as they desire, but as the elements dictate. Clothed in colored striped bark, knotted in pain, these trees deep secrets contain. The Cobberas peak pokes above clouds which in obliterating greyness below us descend, flux, disperse, form and dissolve. Through their inconsistency we glimpse mountains beyond, then return to the Playgrounds to rest our bodies and interest our minds. Felix poses fantastic mathematical problems which Dick deftly solves. But mostly we simply watch from below the clouds we'd earlier seen from above, trying to catch warmth from an intermitant sun.

The last two days soon pass. They include miles of road walking, the conquering of Mt. Pendergast, camping at Long Plain Flat; commiseration atop Mt. Misery, a galloping scrub-bush and the final 8 miles back to Buenbar Hut. Looking eagerly ahead we see the cars standing silently amid countless buzzing, melodious black flies. Nothing has changed. Norm counts the number of hours before he's reunited with that transistor of his. Exhausted we relax in thick grass wondering if the last two weeks really have passed. Or perhaps we blinked our eyes and dreamt awhile. No the evidence is real - tired scratched legs, pack-weary backs, and three pairs of shoes worn through, discarded and burnt. No, these are not illusions. We really have walked all those miles.

Now we think of tomorrow. Tomorrow will see the end of soggy rice, dehydrated stews, March flies, pulse raising climbs, smokey campfires, leeches, mosquitoes, wringing wet socks, hard stony ground and long sleepless nights. Tomorrow will see the end of clean air and clear water. Ended too, will be days of living under the sky and watching its moods from early to late. But we take heart in the compensating promise of smog, trams always missed, and deafening noise. And each day there will be the need to ask, from below the shadow of tall buildings, "This morning did you have time to watch the sun rise?"

Thanks Alex, for a tremendous walk.

Rosemary Rider.

You've got one fan Eddie. C.J. (who wishes to remain anon) thinks you should stand for President next year seeing you didn't make the committee this time.

DEADLINE FOR APRIL "NEWS" IS 12th. APRIL Particularly Walks Previews !