



THE NEWS

OF THE MELBOURNE BUSHWALKERS

Edition 278

May, 1972

Price 3¢

Registered at the G.P.O. for transmission by post as a periodical.

DONT BE A

DONKEY

PAY YOUR SUBS

If this donkey has a
RED NOSE
this is your last copy
of 'NEWS'



JULY 1 - 2 SQUARE DANCE

TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM MAY 24 DAY WALK ON THE SUNDAY. DON'T MISS OUT

If your's new to the dance
And you'll not be alone
Just go there and prance
Like on a sharp stone
You'll soon have it done
Enjoyment for all
So come for the fun
At the Badger Creek Hall

MORE DETAILS IN NEXT MONTHS NEWS.....THATS IF YOUR'E NOT A DONKEY

SORRY THIS NEWS IS LATE !

Our hard working printers, Barry and Gwenda, have been away on holidays. The Editor made sure there was a great pile of printing, sketching, colating and Donkey nose colouring to welcome them home. And as that was enough for them to manage for this month the By-laws Supliment will accompany June News.

IMPORTANT NOTE

The Editor is taking a holiday next (rather a long one) and BARBARA DAVIES has kindly consented to do the job for the next few issues, so any one who sends contributions through the mail please note her new address.

WALKS PREVIEWSDAY WALKSJune 4 HIGH CAMP - MT. WILLIAM

Leader: Marijke Mascas (p) 50 2995 Easy
 Van leaves Batman Ave 9.15 am Fare \$1.75

NO PREVIEW

18 BLUE GUM TRACK - CARLY FORD

Leader: Graham Mascas (p) 50 2995 Easy / Medium
 Van leaves Batman Ave 9.15 am Fare \$1.75

NO PREVIEW

24 LYREBIRD WALK - SHERBROOKE FOREST

Leader: Dorothy Davies (p) 45 7545 Easy
 Train leaves Flinders Street Station 8.47 am. Private transport meet at
 Belgrave Station. Fare \$1.05 Approx distance 4 - 5 miles.
 Map: Broodbents No. 200
 Please note the train time is later than shown in the program.
 Through Sherbrook Forest for an easy walk where the lyrebirds display
 for the mating season. Don't forget this is a Saturday walk.

WEEKEND WALKSJune 9 - 12 WYPERFELD NATIONAL PARK

Leader: Ian Hill (p) 314 6757 Easy / Medium
 Bus leaves Batman Ave 6.30 pm. Fare \$7.00. Expected return 9.00 pm
 Map: VNBA 1" = 1½ miles. Approx distance 20 miles.
 The Mallee scrub, river red gums, clear warm sunny days, sparkling
 nights. A pleasant change from Melbourne's pot pourri and the rush
 of the ski season openings. Wyperfeld is Victoria's largest
 National Park, and my favorite, come join me over the long week-
 end. During the three days, from a base camp near the amenities,
 it is planned to day-walk to Wonga and Drambruk Lakes, Eastern
 Lookout and the Mallee-fowl country east (in search of that obscure
 bird). The area abounds with wild life and our mode of travel should
 bring many excellent encounters with the locals. Bring your camera
 and long lens.

17 - 18 SURVIVAL WEEKEND - LERDERDERG RIVER

Leader: John Siseman (p) 878 1839 Hard
 Van leaves Batman Ave 1.30 pm (Sat.) Fare \$2.50

NO PREVIEW

23 - 25 EXPLORATORY WALK - BURGROYNE GAP - MACALISTER RIVER

Leader: Geoff Kenafacke (p) 29 4667 Easy
 Van leaves Batman Ave 6.30 pm. Fare \$5.00
 Map: FCV Wellington 1" = 1 mile.
 Bludge trip in the Licola area with a fixed camp on the
 Macalister River. Bring your fishing gear. Many rocky outcrops,
 gorges and cliffs in this very scenic area. Ramble around and find
 some suitable future trips.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

BARBARA DAVIES AND JOY SEYMOUR 2/29 Yarra Street, Hawthorn 3122 (p) 81 2956

Roger Brown 188 Tucker Road, Dentsleigh 3204

Annette KINDER Hastings Road, Somerville 3912

Helen COLTMAN 11 Preston Road, Oakleigh 3166

NEWS SUBSCRIBERS

Michael GRIFFIN address unchanged

Greg Harwood c/- Cradle Mountain - Lake St. Clair National Park, Tasmania.

R. RADFORD c/- Secretary's Dept., Vic. Railways, Spencer Street, Melbourne 3000

Yet another despatch from our irrepressable correspondent in the colonies....

At Sea.
17th. April 1872

Field Marshall F.F.Fffotherington,
War Office, Whitehall, S.W.1

Sir:

In accordance with sealed orders No. TC/987/X issued to me from your Command (Logistics, Provender & Horses), I have spent the past two days with a detachment of the Melbourne Colonial Army under the command of a Colonel Terry. You will recall that the sealed orders specified that I should infiltrate this group heavily disguised as "other ranks" and report in detail on jungle demolition methods used by the colonials - reputedly far superior to those used by the British Army. This indeed proves to be the case, and I shall commence writing a new manual on the subject immediately upon arrival at Southampton.

Perhaps one of the greatest surprises I received was the inclusion of a squad of three WRAACs in the party. This had obviously good effects on the morale. Not only were the normally uncouth colonial manners of the males noticeably improved but they appeared to compete for attention by flying into the thickest stands of scrub, machetes flailing, sweat and foliage flying in all directions, and displaying a degree of zeal which could hardly be accounted for in terms of mere sense of duty. Not that the WRAACs themselves did not pose a formidable threat to any vegetation within range of their flashing blades. I have faced some of the fiercest hill tribes in India, Sir, but I can tell you a thrill of fear ran through me when I saw the WRAAC corporal (who would have been a few years older than her two sisters in the service) armed to the teeth with cold sharp steel, and with a very dangerous - perhaps even maniac - gleam in her eye. I tremble to contemplate the outcome if she had run amok, as indeed she was constantly threatening to do.

The geographical feature towards which the track was being cleared is known as The Crinoline. I must ask you, sir, not to mention this at the Military Club. The chaps would give me a frightful ribbing when I get back to the 43rd. Fusiliers were they to hear of it, and say that I had had a ball. I suppose in a way I did - but what an exhausting ball! A curiosity of the Colonial armed services is that neither rank nor age is any guaranteed whatsoever against work. On the one hand we had the Colonel himself swinging a very mean axe, felling hundreds of the gigantic trees which grow in this Colony; on the other hand we had a veteran of, I should imagine, at least Crimean War vintage (retirement from the colonial services is not permitted until at least the age of 75) who, inadvertently leaving his machete under a log, was promptly given another the moment the deficiency was discovered and told in no uncertain terms to get right back in there swinging. This he did with alacrity and effectiveness.

One point only I think it possible for us to claim that our methods are superior: this is navigation. Navigation was under the charge of a middle-aged-but-still-active bushwalker accompanied by his batman who, under his direction, nailed tin lids onto sundry trees. I might say that the resulting convolutions of the track were at times utterly perplexing, although I was unable to discover whether the object was to confuse any enemy wishing to invade the Crinoline area, or whether the presence of geomagnetic anomalies in the region was playing havoc with the compass work. What ever the case, I cannot forbear to express the relief I felt when, on the afternoon of the second day, it was announced that the supply of tin lids had run out. I admit I was ready to drop by then. Owing to the peculiar skills of the aforementioned navigator, that is just about what we all then did. From the side of a feature known as The Sugarloaf we descended vertically and at the double to the bed of the Wellington River, which must have been at least six thousand feet lower in elevation. I think under similar circumstances the British Army would have issued parachutes, but the hardy colonials no concession to the circumstances other than to dodge the occasional falling rocks.

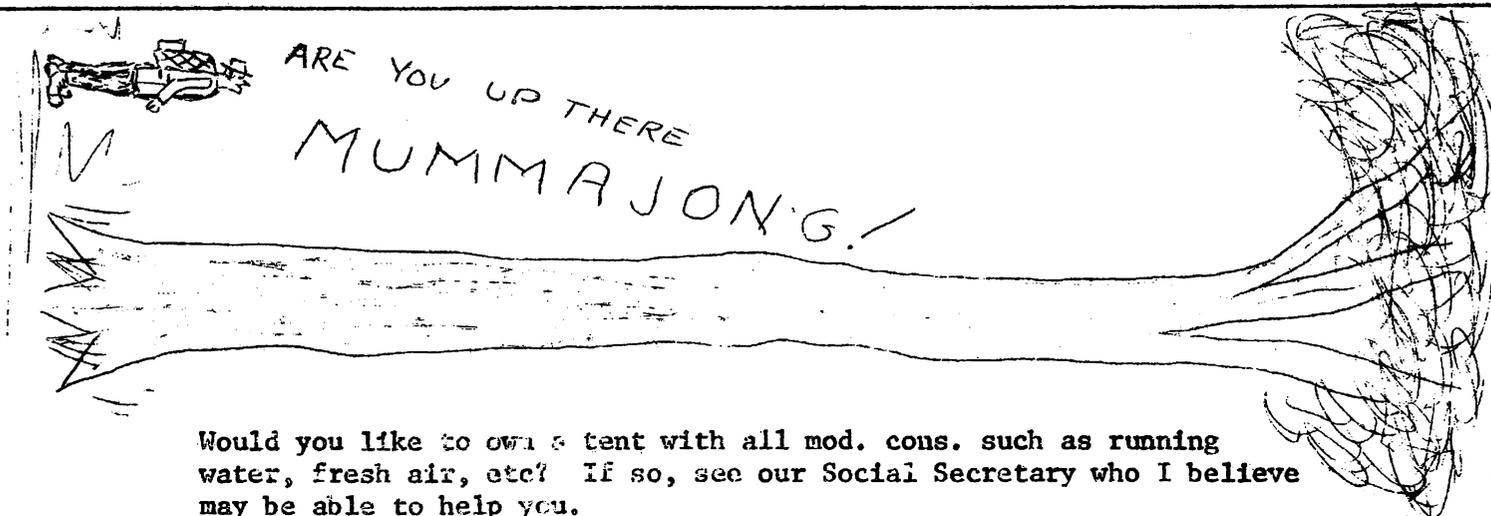
The recommendations of the report are that: (i) A new manual on track clearing should be prepared based on this officer's experience with the Melbourne Colonial Army detachment. (ii) This officer should be given at least six months rest cure at an appropriate spa.

Please express to Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, the continuing loyalty of her most humble servant,

Brigadier J.C.Paddyboot-Twinkletoes.

WELCOME TO ONE NEW MEMBER

Sylvia WITHALL 3 Scotts Street, Benteigh 3204



Would you like to own a tent with all mod. cons. such as running water, fresh air, etc? If so, see our Social Secretary who I believe may be able to help you.

Bad luck Spencer It so happens that you no longer have the distinction of owning the holiest jumper in our club. That honour now goes to Dave Thompson. That jumper of his has just got to be seen to be believed.

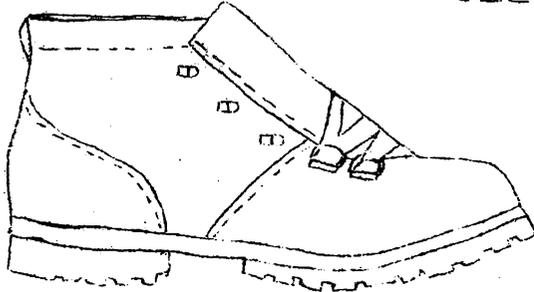
Stuart Hodgson according to brother Graham, has been posted to New Britain in Papua New Guinea and is liking it very much up there. He has rigged up his amateur radio station and has been in contact with at least one amateur operator here in Melbourne. By the way, Stuart, we are still waiting for a case of coconuts to supplement our dehydts!!

14 Gwynn Street, Mokos, - 80 cents

Lecherous Lee, it was reported to me
 Was lurking in the clubroom one night,
 When all of a sudden he spotted "The Mouth"
 And at one prepared for immediate flight.
 But alas and alack, for he was far too slow
 And buttonholed he was on the stairway,
 He was sternly lectured on the evils of sex,
 Conjugal, promiscuous and even their way.
 The shaken young man, psyche battered and bent,
 Returned slowly to the "Duke" for an ale,
 Where he met the rest of the No. 4 group
 And tearfully retold the whole sorry tale.
 The moral is obvious of this anecdote,
 If you happen to see "The Mouth",
 Make yourself scarce as soon as you can,
 Or subjected you'll be to invective uncouth (ouch!)

I hear Spudingley is renting a house by himself, (I see), somewhere deep in darkest Heidelberg. At the time of writing, the house warming (read booze-up) has not yet taken place. All the number 3's and 4's will be there making a concerted effort to have Spud removed unceremoniously from his *chateau mon repose*. Our secretary has let it be known that she would use the occasion to really let her hair down. For that spectacle alone, if nothing else, it should be worthwhile going along.

Mummajong



SEE LOCH WILSON AT
 BUSHGEAR PTY LTD
 46 HARDWARE ST
 MELBOURNE

FOR ALL
 BUSHWALKING AND CLIMBING GEAR



ALONG THE TRACK

JEHOSOPHAT JAUNT

After another painfully long trip in the van we had a view from the summit of Mt. Beggary which was rather imposing.

Ralph said in his preview that there would be ups and downs and he wasn't joking. We travelled down slippery steep sided slopes into dense jungle type foliage, across leech infested creeks, up treacherous, previously virgin ground, dodging gold diggings, out into the open country again, only to be surrounded by ferocious looking cattle who seemed to be rounding us up, and finally the anxious moments when all hope was lost, our van was not there to meet us.

Enough rubbishing, it was a very pleasant day walk, taking in some interesting scenery. The Jehosophat Valley is named after a bloke called Jeho who used to be a member of this club. He stopped walking, however, and ultimately got fat (so be warned) and when he returned after a 3 year absence many were heard to comment, "My, but Jeho's so fat". Being a popular fellow, they decided to name a certain valley after him. Didn't know that did you Ralph?

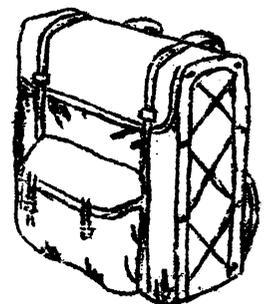
Unfortunately this woeful tale must be terminated, but just in case you are interested, the van did eventually appear.

ANON. (WHO WOULD DARE PUT A NAME TO THIS)

Have you heard about the woman who went to Germany for her holidays and she stayed in Munich. She was amazed at the number of stray dogs in the streets so she rounded them up and brought them back to England. There were so many that she had to buy some old mills up and used them as kennels. When the Americans heard about here, they came across to see her and were so impressed that they decided to make a Musical about what she had done and they called it,..... "The Mills Are Alive With The Hounds Of Munich". - Just thought we would add a worldly note to the "News".

AUSKI 9 Hardware St.
Phone 67 1412

The Bushwalking Specialist
Paddymade equipment, Packs, etc.



WHITES CORNER - DAVIS ROAD - GLEN NAYOOK

A bright sunny Sunday morn and 22 persons spread out in the spaciousness of a 40 seater departed from Batman Ave. Unlike the proverbial rolling stone, as the van rolled out of Melbourne it gathered passengers in ones and twos until 30 were aboard by the time Croyden was reached. Two hours later the van disgorged everyone at Whites Corner and Felix led off into the scrub. The visitors no doubt wondering what sort of a day they were in for as they scrambled over fallen logs. However a wide timber road was soon reached and a good pace was maintained until the long gradual uphill haul weeded out the unfit. Near the top of the ridge Felix called a 5 min rest which was extended to a 3/4 hour lunch break. Fed and rested everyone was then itching to go; the mozzies also having feasted.

Down, down through the bush and then out into rolling pasture land, the placid cows grazing undisturbed by our intrusion. Logs and planks sawn and stacked showed the chief industry of Glen Nayook, where a halt was called at the small general store for afternoon tea break, drinks and ice-creams all round including the local tabby. Out then to the local beauty spot "The Glen" hidden in the folds of the hills. A charge for cars but not for walkers. Down into the cool depths of a fern gully. Tall tree-ferns standing like palm trees viewed from below, and from above spread out like a tracery of lace.

A detour was made around the back of Nayook (a cunning move; thus avoiding returning past the store) and then along the route of the old railway line. Giant cobwebs and tangled masses of blackberries clinging to the clothing and scratching the naked legs. A large blue-tongued lizard basking in the warm sunshine; not the only blue tongue in sight as the lush shiny blackberries were popped into eager mouths. Down the track and through the farm yard, to the astonishment of a surprised farmer who'd never had such an assortment of visitors including one in a bikini - a tale to be told over a pint in the pub no doubt. Down to the bottom of the valley, the Daw Daws beyond on the horizon and at the journey's end, the van, doors gaping wide in greeting.

Thank you Felix for a most enjoyable and varied walk.

Verna Miller

TRACK CLEARING WEEKEND

"We will meet, as usual, at the windmill outside Licola" During the night a number of cars stopped alongside the Wellington River; small colourful shelters were erected and the walkers crawled inside. Early next morning we could hear Art chopping up wood, and by the time we were out of our tents he had the fire going so that we could warm ourselves and cook breakfast.

We drove on to Tamboritha saddle where everyone was issued with a slasher while the lucky (or unlucky) ones were awarded red ribbons, axes, nails, tin lids, and hammer. The ribbon - tiers and lid - hammerers went first to mark the way over Mt. Tamboritha while the clearers followed slashing, breaking, removing and felling any innocent shrubs or trees which were near the marked trail.

About lunch time we had marked and cleared to a jeep track and so we had the pleasure of walking for a few miles before the cutting began again. As we cut nearer to our campsite for the night the scrub seemed to grow thicker so eventually we had to abandon cutting and head as quickly as possible to the water supply which we reached just as the sun was setting. Some very tired people with aching arms sat around campfires, cooked delicious meals and thought of bed very early in the evening.

On Sunday it was tie, hammer, axe, slash again until the supply of both red ribbon and nails was exhausted soon after lunch. The Tyrone suggested a short cut, I guess you have all experienced Tyrone's downhill walks. This one was certainly downhill all the way, but it was too vertical for the aged and decrepid. The only pleasant thing about the descent were the cold Wellington River at the bottom and the coffee and fruit cake which Dorrie supplied before we began our homeward trip.

Art intends completing this section of track clearing and marking in November, so starts saving your tin lids now, please

Spencer

MDW NURSERY RHYME

Dye bye club gear have you seen the mould
 Yes Barb, yes Barb, three bags holed
 One went at Easter, one went in May
 One returned from Cobberas rotten with decay

EASTER TRIP Bon Accord Spur - Mt. Loch - Machinery Spur - Mt. Diamantina Spur -
Mt. Feathertop - N.W. Spur.

The Gronows van carrying the bludgers to the summit of Mt. Hotham had passed us in Harrierville and it was left to the rest of us led by Tim Dent, to slog unaided along the Bon Accord Spur. The first day passed uneventfully as it normally does; the break from sedentary city lives to a long uphill climb with heavy packs being too drastic for many of us. We camped that night near the Diamantina Hut.

The second day we walked from Mt. Hotham to Mt. Loch and at the top of Machinery Spur the party split up. Tim led one group down the length of the spur to Blairs Hut and the remainder followed the track. The weather was superb and part way down the hot dry track we came across a stream of icy water gushing from the bank. Somebody suggested that it was laced with cyanide from the mine just above us but one brave soul, obviously in an advanced state of dehydration from the heat plunged his mug into the water and drank heavily. Happily, the expected death-throes did not occur.

An old shaft at the Red Robin mine was examined in great detail for gold nuggets but energetic tapping at the vein with a rock-hammer failed to reveal the glitter of even a single speck of gold-dust.

Tim's party had reached Blair's Hut ahead of us and had set off to visit Westons Hut while Alan Parker who had been tempted by the trout pools of the Kiewa River very soon disappeared with his hook and line. However, he returned empty-handed but like a true fisherman had wondrous tales to tell of the big 'uns leaping and fighting to get his bait.

The topic of conversation around the fire at Blairs Hut that evening was food. Members of the party who had travelled through India and the Middle East soon dominated the evening with descriptions of dishes enhanced with the most wonderful spices and curries. It also seems that the progenitors of these gorgeous meals prefer western-style food. This will be a great comfort to me on future walks, to know that somewhere in darkest Persia there is a villager who would prefer to eat dehy. stew, surprise peas and Milo.

On Sunday we climbed out of the Kiewa Valley along the Diamantina Spur to the Razorback with a side trip to Federation Hut and then on to Feathertop. It was originally intended to stay at the MUMC hut and finish the weekend at Harrierville, but after loafing for an hour on the summit of Feathertop some members of the party became intoxicated with the wide open spaces and proud of their fitness and strength so a rebel group led by Tim and Alan and including the two girls Alma and Joyce, continued along the Razorback toward Freeburg. For those who chose the shorter route, the last we heard of Tim and Co. were anguished cries across the stillness between Feathertop and the North West Spur as we sat in comfort in the MUMC hut.

On Monday morning the party led by Sam Larsen and now with the addition of Peter and Sue Carlyon, descended the N.W. Spur. Part way down someone has humorously placed a sign warning of a steep descent. It was a helpful warning but did little to make descent easier, in fact, unless anyone had been on Alex's Christmas trip, its difficult to imagine making an ascent with any speed and agility.

We finished the walk in the back of a ute travelling into Harrierville. Tim and his party managed to survive the additional 15 miles to reach the road at Freeburg in time for the van.

A very good walk Tim. Thanks!

Les Markham

DEADLINE FOR JUNE NEWS IS JUNE 7th Keep the articles rolling in.
Thanks to all contributors and typists. Its nice to see some different names
at the end of the articles. PLEASE GET YOUR WALKS PREVIEWS IN ON TIME.

REMEMBER all items for July, August, and September News to

WELCOME TO MORE NEW MEMBERS

GRANDAGE, Gerry and Christine 1/9 Jarrow St., Brunswick 3056
(p) 36 5410 (b) 64 0251 ext 532

GREENWOOD, Geoff 5 Meak St., Brighton 3186 (p) 96 3567 (b) 267 1077

*****Beware the terrible twins Allsopp and Crook - professional boy catchers
.....S.S. *****