



THE NEWS

OF THE MELBOURNE BUSHWALKERS

Edition 282

SEPTEMBER, 1972

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WILL THE BILLY BOIL ANY QUICKER UP HERE?

It really is surprising how often you hear people ask that question on bush walks in high places. The answer is quite simple in principle, although if you want some numbers to fill in your story a bit you have to appeal to a nineteenth century German physicist named Boltzmann, who, as far as I am able to discover, never did any bushwalking at all.

A puddle of water dries up by evaporating. It dries up more rapidly on a hot day than on a cold day because the "vapour pressure" is greater for warm water than cold water. What is the difference between merely evaporating and actually boiling? The only visible difference is that instead of evaporation taking place quietly through the surface you get actual bubbles of vapour forming in the liquid. Thus boiling takes place when the "vapour pressure" of the water is equal to the surrounding pressure. If the "vapour pressure" is less than the surrounding pressure then any vapour bubbles which started to form would get squashed again, and boiling cannot take place.

On top of a mountain the surrounding pressure is less than at sea level, so the "vapour pressure" of the water doesn't have to be as great in order to equal the surrounding pressure. If the "vapour pressure" doesn't have to be as great, that means the water doesn't have to be as hot - in other words it will boil at a lower temperature. It will boil sooner, but because it is not so hot things will take longer to cook. Now if we want to know how much the boiling temperature is reduced, we have to know how much thinner the air is on top of our mountain than at sea level, for one thing. For another thing we must know how the "vapour pressure" of the water varies with temperature, because the temperature at which its "vapour pressure" is equal to the calculated surrounding pressure is the temperature at which it will boil.

Well, Boltzmann tells us how to calculate the way the surrounding atmospheric pressure decreases with height. His formula is a rather nasty-looking thing:

$$2.303 R T \log \frac{n_0}{n} = N m g h$$

where h is the height and n is the number of gas molecules per unit volume (there are n_0 at sea level). The other things in the formula are T , the (absolute) temperature; N , Avogadro's number; m , the mass of an individual molecule; g , the force of gravity; and R , the "gas constant". Anybody who is trying to ring Avogadro's number is not concentrating properly. What's that girls - you'd rather be on the line to a fiery Latin like Avogadro than listening to all this dry old rubbish? Oh well - his number is 602,300,000,000,000,000,000,000. Quite easy to remember - it's about the same as the number of molecules of water in a tenth of a glass of beer.

Well now, provided I haven't made any ghastly mistakes in the arithmetic, this means that if the atmospheric pressure is 760 mm at sea level (i.e. 29.3 inches), which is fairly usual, then at 1000 ft it will be 734 mm; at 2000 ft it will be 709 mm; and at 7000 ft, which is about as high as you're likely to go in this country, it is 597 mm. OK, so if we want to know what the boiling point of water is on top of Mt. Kosciusko, all we have to do is find out what the temperature is at which the "vapour pressure" of water is equal to 597 mm. The vapour pressure of water has been carefully measured over a whole range of temperatures and the results are tabulated in the Rubber Handbook. (No, it's

WALK PREVIEWSDAY WALKS:

- October 1 **BRISBANE RANGES-LITTLE RIVER GORGE-STEIGLITZ**
 Leader: Art Terry p) 93 3617 Easy/Medium
 Van leaves Batman Avenue 9.15 a.m. Fare \$1.75. Expected time of return 7.30 p.m. Approx. distance 12 miles. Map Ref: Meredith Military 1" = 1 mile.
 A very pleasant and varied walk through farm and open forested country. This area abounds in wildflowers and bird life. The area near Steiglitz has an interesting historical background. It is an old gold-mining district.
- 8 **MT. BLACKWOOD-KORKUPERRIMUL CREEK-BLACKWOOD RANGE**
 Leader: Les Markham p) 53 3340 Medium
 Van leaves Batman Avenue 9.15 a.m. Fare \$2.00.
 Map Reference: Ballan Military 1" = 1 mile. Approx. distance 9 miles.
 A pleasant stroll along the top of the Blackwood Range with good views. Bring water for lunch. A steep drop to Korkuperrimul creek.
- 15 **KEPPELS FALLS-TALBOT DRIVE** Not recommended for beginners. (above walk)
 Leader: Jenny Pulsford p) 26 6261 Easy/Medium
 Van leaves Batman Avenue 9.15 a.m. Fare \$2.50.
 Map Reference: Juliet B 2" = 1 mile.
 Easy walking along tracks with Keppels Falls as an added attraction.
- 22 **BLUE MOUNTAIN-YANKEE CREEK-SHAW'S LAKE**
 Leader: Bruce Meincke p) 306 2428 Medium
 Van leaves Batman Avenue 9.15 a.m. Fare \$ 2.00.
 Map Reference: Daylesford 1" = 1 mile.
 The leader reports that this is one of the most interesting areas for a day walk near Melbourne. The few climb will be amply rewarded.
- 29 **MOORABOOL RIVER-LAL LAL FALLS-BORHONEY GHURK COMMON**
 Leader: Phillip Taylor p) 306 6152 Easy/Medium
 Van leaves Batman Avenue 9.15 a.m. Fare \$2.00.
 Map Reference: Ballan 1" = 1 mile.
 I bet you have never heard of anything like Borhoney Ghurk Common. Come along and find out!

WEEKEND WALKS

October 6-8

- MELVILLES CAVES-KINGOWER RANGE**
 Leader: Peter Bullard p) 50 5234 Easy
 Van leaves Batman Avenue 6.30 p.m. Fare \$5.50.
 Map Reference: Dunolly 100,000.
 We will spend Saturday morning exploring the many caves, where according to local legend, the bushranger Melville used to hide-out. There is a plentiful supply of water at the camping area near the caves, but bring a waterbottle as water will have to be carried for lunch on Saturday and Sunday. We will continue on to Mt. Kooyoora which is about four miles from the caves, and Saturday night's camp will be in this area. Definitely a relaxing weekend with plenty of sunshine on order! For information on this area refer to "WALK '71" Pages 4-8. "Kooyoora" By Fred Halls.
- 28-29 **TRACK MARKING WEEKEND - THE CRINOLINE AREA**
 Leader: Art Terry p) 93 3617
 Transport: Private. Approximate distance 25 miles. Expected time of return 9 p.m.
 A working weekend walk clearing and marking the track from Mt. Tamboritha, The Crinoline and Brunis Knob to the Wellington River for a well earned and refreshing dip.
- 20-22 **WILSON'S PROMONTORY**
1) SEALERS COVE-REFUGE COVE-WATERLOO BAY
 Leader: Graham Mascas p) 50 2995 Medium
 Van leaves Batman Avenue 6.30 p.m. Fare \$5.50. Map Reference: Algon Guide to the Prom, or Broadbent's Map No. 197.
 The leader describes this walk as being of the following character.
 Sealer's Cove - Morning Coffee on Saturday
 Refuge Cove - Lunch
 Wellington Bay - Dinner, Bed & Breakfast
 Oberon Bay - ...

WALK PREVIEWS · Continued.....

October 20-22 2) SOUTH POINT-ROARING MEG CREEK-OBERON BAY-TIDAL RIVER
 Leader: Art Terry p) 93 3617 Medium, Hard.
 Van leaves Batman Avenue 6.30 p.m. Fare: \$5.50. Expected time
 of return 9 p.m. Approx. distance 20 miles. Map reference: Algona
 Guide to the Prom, or Broadbents Map no. 197, or Military Map
 1" = 1 mile.
 A rewarding but scrubby walk (part of the way) to the most
 southern point of the mainland. Good views, lovely Saturday
 night camp—good swimming and good rock fishing, long trousers
 and strong leather gloves required for Saturday's scrub bash.

HARK THE HERALD ANGELS SING & ETC !!

Yes, folks, it is not very long till Xmas. It is time to start thinking
 about Xmas trips again. If anyone would like to lead a trip this year, please
 see your friendly Walks Secretary. If you don't want to lead a walk but have
 a suggestion for a trip, please let him know. He is always open to suggestion
(for walks anyway !!!)

WELCOME TO THE FOLLOWING NEWIES TO THE RANKS :

Kevin CANNELL	315 Summerlea Grove, Hawthorn. 3122	b) 42 2368
Robin STORER	3 Worsley Avenue, Westall. 3169	
Richard PALMER	28 Midlothian Street, Chadstone, 3148	p) 56 3015 b) 602 0171
Max WILKINSON	3 Sussex Street, Bundoora. 3083	p) 435 6255 b) 666 0231

CHANGES OF ADDRESS: Ed Lawton Unit 4, 136 Hoffman Road, Niddrie. 3042

Glenda Alexander	2/1169 Hoddle Street, East Melbourne. 3002
Anne Bevan	20 Queens Parade, Clifton Hill, 3068
Annette Kinder	11 Jesson Crescent, Dandenong, 3175
Dave Thompson	27 Johnson Street, Hawthorn, 3122

CHANGES OF PHONE NUMBERS:

Graham Hodgson b) 25 4502 Ext. 32 & Leigh Pretty b) 729 3539

***Addition to Walk Previews - Attention all Members !!!

Saturday October 21 will be the day for the Old Timers Get-together organised by
 Felix Harding NOT the 28th as programmed. The venue will be the Upper Yarra Dam
 Picnic Area. Try to arrive by lunch-time. Ring Felix on no. 97 5538 for details.
 Last year no less than 100 people attended this gathering.

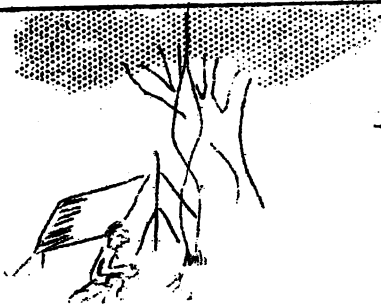
COMING EVENTS ON THE SOCIAL CALENDAR.

Wed. 4th October: Lake Pedder & Central Australia - Slides by Geoff Greenwood.
 Wed. 18th October: Remote areas of Northern Territory & Papua New Guinea b
 Lyle Blachford.

COMMITTEE NOTES:

Equipment Hire Officer reports that a new tent has been added to the collection,
 and two old tents have been discarded. If you have an unused tent, the club would
 be very pleased to receive donations or negotiate a price.
 SEARCH & RESCUE: During the Lake Mountain Search recently, the club was represented
 by 7 members. At the Toorong Falls Area we were represented by 9 members. A sincere
 thankyou has been extended to each participant, by letter from the Secretary, Joy.

DUTY ROSTER: 13th September- Joy Seymour & Graham Mascas
 20th September- Barbara Davies & Sue Ball
 27th September- Bob Steel & Graham Hodgson
 4th October- Alma Strappazon & Rod Mattingley.



ALONG THE TRACK

ACHERON RIDGE

Only ten of us got off the van at Acheron Gap but the quality was there, if not the quantity. Leigh Pretty performed the initiation ceremony in the circle by removing most of his clothes. Our two German friends must have wondered just when he was going to stop. It's just as well that he has almost as many hairs on his body as on his head.

We were soon climbing a track through the high timber, Alan's accented scientific rhetoric being interrupted spasmodically by bursts of high spirited bavarian. We paused to look at the scout chalet with its three-tiered bunks- "*Wo ist der krappen-house?*".

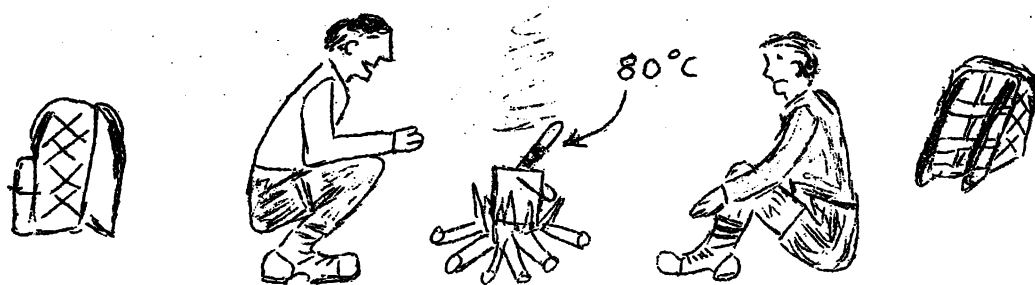
Descending steeply, fern trees glistening in the sun, we heard a distant howl. "Fox" opined one, but as lunch was called at the bottom, a flop-eared dog came around, sniffed disdainfully at all the packs then, choosing with care, slowly lifted his hind leg on Manfred's. "*Schweinhund*" yelled Manfred. A Kookaburra laughed. We doused the fire and continuing along a path dappled with filtered sunlight, following the ridge of the Acheron Range, it was very pleasant walking, the sun making its arc through the trees. We talked of water and camp as of something imminent. The sun dropped lower, we walked on. Light started to fade, more talk of water, we walked some more. It grew dark, the creek was dry, murmurs of mutiny came forth, torches flash on maps, leader silences opposition, we return to a side track, leader investigates - we wait. Gavin lights a gas lamp, a fire springs to life, good humour is restored. The leader returns waterless, but the "haves" share with the "have-nots", a billy of tea is brewed and frying pans get busy. The leader appears with a bag full of water, honour is maintained, the day is saved. The first course has been consumed. Leigh produces a pineapple and bananas and Glenda makes flour into a batter and the ritual of the fritters commences. During the burning a long bavarian dirge about a boy who climbs a ladder into a girl's bedroom provides the background. "*Was is das? Dein splitzen sticker. Ach! Mein Gott! Minden mein knicker*". It was an hilarious evening round the fire, nothing too corny for Norbert's infections laugh.

We finished the fritters and cream and Manfred topped it all with a joke told in halting English. As we retired to our tents the full moon came up bathing the track and tall gums in silver and outlining fern patterns on the tentin shadow.

Sunday was a nice easy ramble to Keppal's Lookout where we laid in the sun and looked down onto Marysville's streets and smoking houses and across to the dark peaks of the Cathedral. A delightful path took us down to the Stevenson Falls where we climbed to the top to watch all the sun splashed water go pounding and roaring down the rocks into the ravine.

Yes, it was a good weekend.

Ron Filsell



(MYSTIFIED?
SEE GRAHAM
W-J's ARTICLE)

I THOUGHT THAT LAST CLIMB SEEMED A LITTLE LONG

PHANTOM FOSSIL

Dedicated to a member:-

An energetic soul at Geoff's party
decided to indulge and become hearty,
So with beer, port and whisky
and bacardi to be frisky
He set about an evening very grim.

The food was very morish, our friend's stomach hard to please,
He got stuck into the pizza and guzzled down the cheese,
Same way went the cake and things all washed down with a drink
His poor polluted stomach had not any time to think.
The turning point arrived for he really was too keen
and all looked on agape as his face became pea green,
Then alas but quite expected he laid down his precious mug
and a technicolour yawn was calmly chundered on the rug.

When bushies hurt themselves they do it on the most amazing things. On a recent trip Sandy Ireland lost his balance and tumbled on an avocardo stone (an avocardo is a tropical pear, a delicacy certainly not found growing in the wild and woolly Rye area). Sandy badly injured his knee, some Artful dodger is rumoured to have placed the article in the area.

I know metric measurements are coming but some people have let it go their heads. On Peter's walk, the topic of conversation had been on the metric conversion, then suddenly an exhausted visitor piped up and said 'I've just about had it. How many kilometres to go, litre?'

A slight grammatical error I know, but I guess it doesn't metre (P.F.)

After a recent occurrence may I suggest you don't leave the blue side of your lilo facing skywards, you may well return and find a bower bird reclining on it.

Sue Ball has acquired a new baby (I know Sue is not married but moral standards do allow this). Sue had problems in delivery as it is much bigger than her previous one, however it is a strong baby crawling around on all fours already. It, or I should say he is green, but this is not because he went to Geoff's party but because Land Rovers usually are this colour. All the best with it Sue !!!

You probably heard in part News about the pyromaniac tendencies of Dirty Dave. Well we now have another incendiary agent, this time in the form of Les Markham. Les decided to do a spot of studying in his tent one night, so with candle burning, gym boots carefully laid by his head, he started to study and ultimately fell asleep. A rude awakening was illuminated by the blaze which greeted Les' eyes, the candle had burned down to its plastic holder and set it alight, this in turn spread to his gym boots and then groundsheet, the tent was filled with black smoke and flames licked dangerously close to the tent itself. Les was lucky, I bet studying in tents won't lead to passing any exams, just a hot head!

The Matrimonial Bug has caught on again. This time the engagement is announced between Marion Trickett and Ian Hill. Congratulations to you both, on behalf of the "Matrimonial Bureau of Walkers" alias M.B.W.

NOT printed on rubber! You can't stretch scientific data that much). When we look this up we find that the temperature is 93.4°C (or 200°F if you haven't made the changeover yet). So water boils nearly 7°C (12°F) lower at Kozzy than at Bega. Here are the results for other heights.

HEIGHT (Ft)	BOILING POINT (°C)
Sea Level	100.0
500	99.5
1000	99.1
2000	98.1
3000	97.1
4000	96.2
5000	95.3
6000	94.3
7000	93.4

So, George, if you're wanting to make your pack a bit lighter, toss out that altimeter and keep the thermometer. All you need to do is pop it in the billy just before you make the tea. If it reads 80°C you have somehow wandered into the Andes or the Himalayas!

G. Wills-Johnson

A SPECIAL WALK - KINGLAKE

The aim of this walk was not to conquer mountains or struggle through miles of scrub but simply to give a group of mentally handicapped children another experience to add to their lives.

Our bush walk was in the Kinglake National Park and the journey to the park was filled with lots of chatter and spontaneous singing, perhaps not in tune but very happy. At Kinglake we all piled out at the picnic area near Mason's Falls and after much organising we managed to form a circle with kids evenly distributed amongst bushies and helpers. At last, all introduced, we headed off.

I had avoided planning the day's walk in great detail because I was uncertain of the children's interest and limitations. Their limitations proved few on the short walk before lunch, some of the male bushies were well occupied with their charges. Along the track we passed by the 'Falls' which looked quite impressive. To reach the 'falls' required a few slippery 'slides' which were quite an achievement for some of the group. I wonder if Dorrie's friends had ever played 'horses' before, as she cantered them along the track.

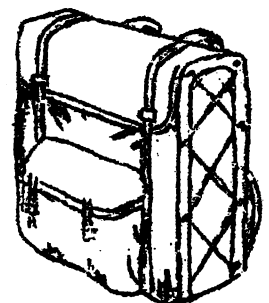
Returning to the picnic spot we cooked lunch for a hungry hoard - Helen was rather sceptical that such a large mountain of rolls and sausages would disappear but growing kids are all alike with a limitless appetite.

After lunch I thought we could tackle a longer walk to the Sugar loaf peak - approx. 5 miles. This turned out to be a mistake as I didn't take into account a steep hill at the end of the track. Some kids tackled the climb with no effort, others were left exhausted. There were no serious casualties though and Mrs. Hathaway our helper seemed to suffer most.

Generally the kids did not take much interest in the bush itself. Bracken fern along the way tended to suffer as some of the boys took out their aggressions by playing the bracken viciously with sticks. As a group of people

. . . . continued .

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we seemed to be a novelty and some of the boys were briefly interested in carrying Tim's day pack. Some just enjoyed the new playground, others simply wanted to hold hands and talk. After all - everybody needs a friend!

The return journey showed a marked contrast; the children continued to sing and talk, however the bushies looked somewhat exhausted. It was quite a day, being constantly watchful - sometimes chasing after an exhuberant 'mischief'. It was definitely not an 'easy' walk.

Next time it might be better to vary the activities and divide the group into smaller parties. (We took twenty children.) This would allow the kids to develop some of their own interests like tree climbing, rock throwing, creek crossing or just anything that one can do in the bush.

One boy asked me when we would come again, I replied 'Soon'.

I shall certainly return to 'Janefield' just ask:-

Yvonne Lees, Athol Schafer, Tim Dent, helen Dent, Peter Bullard,
Geoff Greenward, Joan Cerruty, Richard Marlo, Alan Crocombe,
and Dorrie Wharton.
what they think?

Thanks must go to the helpers who assisted on the walk, Mrs. Hathaway and her crew from the Janefield Girl Guide Camp, and of course I thank our club for the assistance given.

- Glenda Alexander.

UNLIKELY ORIGINS OF MBW CHRISTIAN NAMES

STEWART - composed of two words, stew and wart. Stew a conglomeration of food items churned into a pot. Wart a conglomeration of bacteria churned into a spot, this the obvious meaning is a lumpy looking brew euphemistically called a stew.

JOAN - a name adopted by the famous crone Queen Joan who was zoned alone on her throne and did nothing but drone, moan and groan over the loan of her bone toned phone.

RODNEY - again formed by the combination of two words, Rod and Knee. A rod is a slender straight device, knee-joint between thigh and lower leg. We now have the loveliest male legs in history, slender, straight, etc., legs which would drive females wild.

ALMA - something you could take on a walk but you could not bring it upon yourself to leave it there, at least not all of it, because half of it could be burned. Alma is a combination of Al(aluminum) and Ma(magnesium). Al non combustible Ma highly combustible. Thus Alma is bushwalking refuse, and half of Alma can be left in the bush.

VIRGIL - the name means mermaid, for Virgo (if you know the stars) is a pretty innocent young girl, Gill the breathing device used by fish. The girl with gills ie part fish, has always been known as a mermaid.

DOUG - very old origin, dating back to early man. The Cro Magnon primitive cave man only used two words Do (the order always directed to his wife or captured female cro magnon) and Ug (the widely used meaningful phrase). The first bright spark after first inventing fire decided he would call himself Doug thus utilising the vast vocabulary existing at that time.

FOR SALE: A 3-man tent (walled) in good nick, almost new. Flinders Rangers. \$20 or best offer. See Glenda Alexander (address in this "News").

THE NEWS CONVENOR ADDS: As you all can see for yourselves, this edition is stock full of goodies for you to read and comment upon if you so desire.....A great response to my plea last month.....Sincere thanks to all contributors and to Helen for her wonderful typing (that machine of hers certainly does a good job doesn't it?) I hope some of you who have not written an article yet, seriously do something about it so that you can contribute to the club with ideas and articles.

TROPICAL TRANSITION

"No, the rat-race isn't for me," I mused cynically, battling my way through the five o'clock scramble for Flinders Street Station. I yearned again for far away places with strange sounding names.

I applied for a position as a Patrol Officer in New Guinea.

I was sent to the island of New Britain, situated north east of the New Guinea mainland. In the western part of the island where I'm currently stationed life is relatively unaffected by the white man's intrusion, and life is slow and peaceful. The people are simple and friendly but very shy, and illiteracy prevails: 80 % of our police force cannot sign their own names.

My H.Q. is Kandrian a small Government outpost on the S.W. coast. Located within a natural harbour formed of a semi-circle of coral islands, it's a Hollywood South Sea Island paradise. Cool sea breezes keep the temperature to a comfortable 75°; coconut palms sway gently by the sea-shore, and an underground spring bubbles up nearby, serving both as a swimming pool and fresh water supply. Bananas, pineapples, beans, onions, potatoes, coconuts, tomatoes etc are sold at the colourful local market, and everything costs 10 cents per basketful.

Informality is the keynote. Shorts and open-necked shirt for the Europeans, and bare feet and lap-laps (native kilt) for the locals. No one ever locks their door (if they have one to lock), and nothing ever gets stolen. Apart from the occasional domestic squabble there's very little to break the tranquility.

After 3 months at Kandrian I was commissioned with a bridge building project near a small village about 18 miles inland. A primitive road (impassable during the wet season) has been blazed into the interior to help open up some of the more remote villages, but a large, trestle bridge, strong enough and high enough to withstand seasonal flood waters. It's all being built with bush materials and local labour. Quite an ambitious project. Huge trees from near and far have been felled, paths cleared, and the logs laboriously dragged through the jungle on chains pulled by up to 200 men. Another patrol officer and myself are in charge, and we've taken up temporary residence in the nearby village.

So here I am, living in a thatched hut on a Melanesian island. It's pouring with rain, spiders hang from the roof, which leaks, and there are holes in the floor just right for unwary feet. No refrigeration, hot or cold running water, air conditioning, electricity or sealed roads; no mail, garbage or sewerage services, and supermarkets are conspicuously absent. Cooking and lighting are by kerosene; we flake out on home-made camp stretchers and our loo is a luxurious hole in the bush.

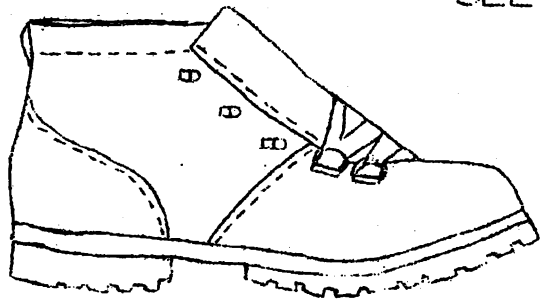
At first these strange white men with their kerosene lamps, transistors and typewriters were a source of considerable curiosity to the local villagers, but with amazing rapidity they have accommodated us so that now we hardly warrant a second glance.

This is a very backward area - there are no schools, and the population survive on subsistence farming. Their staple foods are sweet potato and taro root. Grass skirts are common among the womenfolk who are usually bare breasted and perpetually pregnant. Even the most fundamental concepts of hygiene are unknown to these people; running sores and a virulent form of dermatitis where the skin dies and flakes off in concentric circles. Ugh.

It's an interesting, challenging, frustrating, tiring, rewarding and unpredictable life.

And you don't have to queue for any trains.

** Stuart Hodgson **



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