



THE NEWS

OF THE MELBOURNE BUSHWALKERS

Edition 294

SEPTEMBER 1973

Price 3c

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NOTICE OF A MOTION TO CHANGE THE CONSTITUTION

to be discussed at the next General Meeting.

That the half yearly General Meeting shall be held between 15 -30 September instead of August, and the following meeting shall be in November, as from 1974.

Proposed - Tim Dent Seconded - Darrell Sullivan

NEXT GENERAL MEETING.....WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 8pm SHARP.

NO SEX PLEASE, WE'RE BRITISH!

That's the name of a play, in case you don't know, and the date of our THEATRE NIGHT to see it is

Thursday, October 25th.

It's VERY FUNNY

It's at the Metro, Bourke St., Tickets cost \$3.40 from Graham Hodgson. Best seats in the house (reduced from \$4.80 for our group booking)

LOST

A bright orange, two burner gas stove disappeared from Wilky some time between Easter and August. If any one brought it back to Melbourne by mistake, please return it to Tim and Helen Dent.

Talking of Wilky.....

WILL ALL THE WINTER PARTIES PLEASE PAY THEIR FEES!

There are still several still outstanding. Send your money to Dave Andrews.

WELCOME TO THE FOLLOWING NEW MEMBER

Felicia BUCHANAN, c/- 693 Toorak Road, Malvern 3144

WELCOME BACK THE FOLLOWING OLD MEMBERS

Michael GARNER, "Mundara", Moonlight Rd., Kangaroo Ground (b)6692114

Doug and Robyn POCOCK, 1 Earl Street, Upwey 3138 (p)754 2108

Helen HILL, 5 Parkside Street, Blackburn 3130 (p)678 0032

NEWS SUBSCRIBERS

Ted BROWN, 15A Paris Court, 41 Conduit Road, Hong Kong.

Mr. M. Dykstra, 31 - 77 Queens Road, Melbourne 3004

CLUBROOM DUTY ROSTER

September	19	Graham Mascas, Sue Ball
	26	Graham Hodgson, Peter Bullard
October	3	Ann and Darrell Sullivan
	10	Lindsay Barrow, Geoff Crapper

All correspondence should be addressed to
 Hon. Secretary, Melbourne Bushwalkers,
 Dox 1751Q, G.P.O.
 MELBOURNE, Victoria 3001.

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

WALK PREVIEWS FOR OCTOBER

DAY WALKS

7 BRISBANE RANGES - REILLY'S CREEK GORGE - STEIGLITZ

Leader; David Harrison Easy-medium
 Van leaves Batman Ave 9.15 am. Fare \$2. Expected return; 7.30 pm.
 Map; Meredith 1" to 1 mile. Approx distance; 8 miles.

An easy walk with only a short distance to travel in the van. Ideal for new bushies with boots yet to be run-in. Walk commences near lakes and progresses through an open, lightly timbered sanctuary area, over some gently sloping hills with birds and kangaroos abounding. Water will be needed for lunch on the hill top before progressing through some of the old gold mining areas. Walk will be completed with a down hill stroll on a forest lined track into Steiglitz a once booming gold mining town. An early return to Melbourne via Daccus Marsh. Commences at 270340 and finishes at 240276 on the Meredith sheet.

14 MAUD - GOATS SPUR - SHEOAKS

Leader; Ron Taylor (p)306 6152 Medium
 Van leaves Batman Ave 9.15 am. Fare \$2. Expected return; 7.30 pm.
 Map; Meredith 1" = 1 mile. Approx distance; 10 miles.

A pleasant walk through open country near the Moorabool River.

21 HAZEL CREEK - MT. DISAPPOINTMENT - TOUROURONG RESERVOIR

Leader; Geoff Crapper (b)25 4502 ex54 Easy
 Van leaves Batman Ave 9.15 am. Fare \$2.
 Map; Kinglake 1:50,000 Approx distance; 10 miles.

An easy walk, downhill most of the way, in well timbered country, with great views from Mt. Disappointment. The walk will include at that picturesque Board of Works Sanctuary, Touroorong Reservoir.

28 MT. GORDON RIDGE - STEAVENSONS FALLS - KEPPELS LOOKOUT

Leader; Brian Busby (p)306 2091 (b)37 8881 ex302 Medium
 Van leaves Batman Ave 9.15 am. Fare \$3.
 Maps; Juliet and McMahon's Creek 1:50,000 Approx distance; 11 miles

This walk starts at Steavensons Falls (no effort!), lunch above the falls and then proceeds via lookouts of increasing beauty up the gently sloping Mt. Gordon Ridge, then down to Marysville for afternoon tea.

WEEKEND WALKS

5 - 7 GRAMPIANS

1) ASSES EARS - WALLABY ROCKS - MT. VICTORY

Leader; Dave Thompson Medium
 Van leaves Batman Ave 6.30 pm. Fare \$7
 An interesting weekend with spectacular views and wild flowers.

2) BLACK RANGE - DOUBLE HEAD MOUNTAIN

Van leaves Batman Ave 6.30 pm. Fare \$7
 Unfortunately Max is unable to lead this walk, those interested in going should contact Walks Sec., Rod.

19 - 21 PRESIDENTS WALK - EVERTON - BUCKLAND GAP - MYRTLEFORD

Leader; Graham Mascas (p)25 6940 Easy
 Bus leaves Batman Ave 6.30 pm. Fare \$7. Limit 45 seats
 Map; Beechworth 1:50,000 Approx distance; 14 miles

This year the president is doing exactly what he wants for his weekend. If you have ever looked at the Beechworth map you will have noticed the huge amphitheatre just off the Ovens Hwy. We will walk right around this amphitheatre. Bring water for breakfast and lunch. I promise a really good camp site for Saturday night - ample wood, water and grass (for those who find it tasty), and magnificent views over the Ovens valley and adjacent mountains.

MT. BULLER DEVELOPMENT

On Thursday, 23 August, a public meeting was held in the auditorium of O.H.P. House, to discuss plans for the development of the Mt. Buller Alpine Resort. The meeting was arranged by the town planners, McIntyre, McIntyre and Partners P/L., who have been commissioned by the Mt. Buller Management Committee to prepare a report on possible means of developing the mountain. This was the second of three public meetings which have been arranged to obtain and gauge public reaction to planning ideas being considered. Approximately 150 people attended the meeting, mostly representing the lodge holders. I suspect some people also represented commercial interests and the odd conservationist was also present.

Listed below, are the range of planning ideas which were discussed and on which we were all invited to comment. Every one was requested to submit a brief written comment to the organizers.

1. Optimum ski slope capacity would be used to determine the ultimate residential and day visitor capacity.
2. The existing ratio (50:50) between residential capacity and day visitor capacity be continued (5175 beds: 5175 day visitors).
3. Committee of Management to take the initiative in all ski slope management and development.
4. Governing authority to be elected democratically and to be made up in the majority by the bona fide users of the area.
5. Prior environment impact studies to be used as a basis for determining all future development of the resort.
6. All future additional accommodation to be developed within walking distance of the village centre.
7. All new buildings to be designed in harmony with the natural environment and within the tree line.
8. Give priority to the development of beginners areas in determining the order of development of the new ski areas, and develop Corn Hill for day visitors and beginners.
9. Obtain maximum usage of all ski runs by slope preparation and grooming, snow-making and snow retention techniques.
10. The Committee to operate in co-operation with ski lift companies a system which allows for tickets to be available on any lift.
11. New accommodation to be provided in similar proportion to that now existing.
12. During winter only tracked over-snow vehicles to travel in the village beyond the transport terminal.
13. Allow controlled access to the Summit area for pedestrians and vehicles in summer and promote the resort for use in summer for special interest groups etc.
14. Provide separate access routes for skiers, pedestrians and vehicles within the village.
15. Provide a series of small integrated car parks.
16. Separate day visitors, long term and weekend parking.
17. Provide covered chair lift between Chalet Creek and village centre.
18. Provide community and shopping facilities within village centre.

My impression of the meeting suggests the planners consider the present skiing capacity is limited by weather and facilities, to approx 5200, consisting of approximately equal proportions of residential and day visitors. It appears they consider this capacity can ultimately be doubled without serious harm to the environment. Once that capacity is reached, any overflow of skiers would have to be turned away and channelled to some other skiing venues. If the other existing resorts have, or are also reaching capacity, pressure will exist for the creation of a new resort. Such a clamour already exists to some degree and skiing magazines and newspapers sometimes name Mt. Feathertop, Mt. Bogong or Spion Kopje as possible sites. The area of Mt. Buller which seems most favoured for development, appears to be Corn Hill, which is on the ridge connecting Mt. Buller and Mt. Stirling. It seems the development is favoured, connecting these two areas by extending the existing Buller road, rather than gaining access to the new area from the Stirling road. However whenever a completely new resort becomes necessary, perhaps Stirling would ultimately become a strong favourite giving a chain of three skiing areas on the same main range, with access from two directions. Such a plan would not be without problems, because of the relatively poor snow falls in the area. However snowmaking may be sufficiently developed by that time to make the idea more appealing.



Phantom Fossil at Wilkie

Wilkie seems notorious for various occurrences of note, so I will commence with the somewhat rather pitiful attempts by some MBW members to use the scout rope tow (for those not fully aware, there is a scout hut near Wilkie and they possess a ski tow which rises some 300' up the side of the mountain behind the hut). The correct method of ascending is to clamp a metal device called a nutcracker onto the rope, this prevents rope burn to the hands. The Red Dwarf alias The Mad man from Drouin alias our esteemed treasurer was first to give the tow a try and all we suckers stood in line behind to watch the fun, Dave, stocks in left hand, skis pointing the correct way, boldly reached for the rope and promptly with surprised look on his face plopped onto the snow, he did not reach far enough and slipped. Not to be outdone however he brushed the snow off and lunged for the rope, he made contact and was smartly whisked off his feet (literally), the jerk was too violent and he again sat down in the snow, very disgruntled he rose again from the now rather flattened snow bed muttering something about the wrong bloody wax he had on. Dave did finally make it but not before nearly jamming his fingers between the wheels that drive the tow.

The second performance was by Leigh Sutherland who somehow contrived to achieve success in as much as she got the nutcracker firmly entrenched around the rope, but alas she was facing the wrong way and made the glorious ascent backwards. Dave Thompson thought this to be a huge joke and not wanting to show us up in front of the scouts made a valiant movement and got off to a beaut start, thinking all was OK yours truly followed about 6 feet behind, alas Dave fell off about a quarter of the way up on a particularly steep pinch, he gave no warning signals and so with stocks flying I rammed into his posterior, there were arms, legs, stocks, skis and foul language flying everywhere and we were slowly and surely slipping back down the hill, a brave scout rescued us and after about 10 minutes the union was parted and two highly embarrassed would be langlauffers reached the summit. The remaining members of the farcical frolickers did show the now quite hysterical scouts that MBW can use a ski tow to some advantage even if it did take half an hour to prove.

Thus ends episode one.

If you have never noticed, the Yabbering Yeti becomes quite carried away when hurtling down a slope, he was noticed doing many crazy turns yelling "Ben Hur Ben Hur yippee" what langlauffing and chariot racing have in common I am not certain but perhaps Rod could organise a chariot race along Flinders street, this might calm the Yeti down or something, poor fellow.

The yeti made other comments too, like I often go out of my way to avoid some people because I never want to become attached (we think he may have meant attacked but he said it not us).

The necessities, food and liquid refreshment were in abundant supply, however one poor thirsty soul was seen emptying the contents of everyone's glass into his own, (this was after we had supposedly drunk the contents at dinner) he claimed that every drop counted and that he had indeed $\frac{1}{4}$ inch (6mm) of the wine in his glass upon completion of his scrooge tactics. At least he wasn't the one who poured tomato juice on his porridge or the one who claimed ABOGS was a permissible Scrabble word, or finally the twit who left a tray full of onions cooking overnight and suggested we had a game of golf with black balls to compensate for the tragedy.

Some hairy characters decided not to shave but there was one person of note who meticulously went about his ritual every day, he shall remain anonymous but I hope he realises that a clean shaven man who lives to the age of 60 spends approximately 3,252 hours (half a year) gazing into the bathroom mirror.

This story reminds me that the average man shaves away 27 feet of beard if he lives to be eighty, the longest beard on record belonged to a gentleman of Bravnav in Austria. It was 8'9" long. Unfortunately in the year 1567 he tripped over it and broke his neck. Poor consolation though it may be, his beard was later put in a local museum.

The above paragraph as you may realise has nothing whatsoever to do with Wilkie but does keep up the tradition of useless information found in this column (not I said column and not magazine).

The following is a true story, the name of the character has been omitted due to a perhaps attack of embarrassment if it was.

To some this verse will mean a lot,
To most however, it may not,
The rhyme concerns a lot of bull
But of the truth tis very full
Tis about a walker with a weird taste
For food most others would disgard in haste
The delicacies concerned were round in shape
And their origins true would make one gape
To elaborate more would be just shear hell
So please think what you like cos this is all I will tell
Our friend had accomplished an amazing feat
and rapidly devoured two huge balls of meat

Stop Press

Wot Wot's this I hear, Sue Ball drove many hundreds of miles across water logged country in South Australia, only to become bogged just off the road near Ballarat!!! Shame Shame.

Climb the mountains and get their good tidings.
Nature's peace will flow into you
as sunshine flows into trees.
The winds will blow their own freshness into you,
and storms their energy

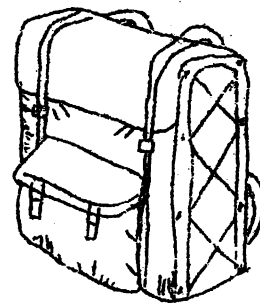
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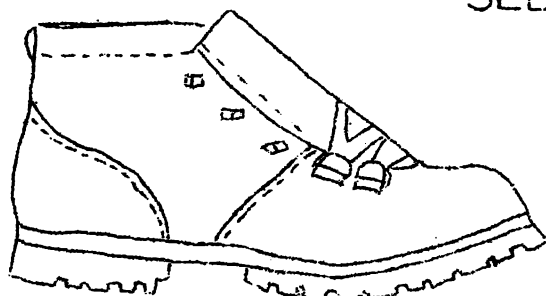
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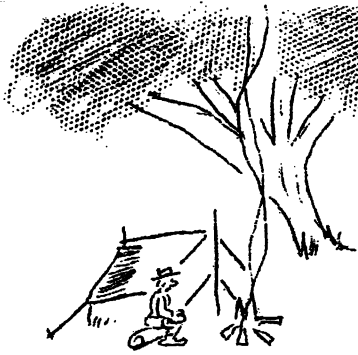


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ALONG THE TRACK

THE 2ND OF SPRING WITH SANDY

The van pulls up outside the Flowerdale Hotel and we all tumble out into the sunshine.

Minutes later we are on our way, but not before the "waterproof test" is made on our footwear. Near the edge of the road, undetectable by any but the keenest observer, lies a lake masquerading as a large patch of inviting green tufts of grass. In we go, boots and all, and soon emerge, still smiling, and, judging by the long queue, eager to join our fleecy friends on the other side of the fence.

Then it's up the grassy spur, through the green dampness of freshly fallen rain. The ewes, lambs beside them, move out of our way as we climb, and a cloud of white cockatoos rises squawking into the air.

The breeze strengthens slightly, and as we look behind us we see a shower approaching from the hills beyond. This time it does not come our way, but following some whim of Nature it changes direction and disappears into the distance.

The view is opening out now. All around, time-worn hills fold into one another, lush with new Spring growth. Up ahead we can see Flagpole Hill, while on our left are Grandmother's Hill, the Three Sisters, and the valley where Break O'Day Creek runs.

The white clouds in the sky turn briefly to grey showers again, this time forcing us to don our jackets until the sun reappears.

Beautiful country, this, open enough for easy walking, yet with sufficient trees, patches of ferns, variations in terrain, and expansive views to make it continually interesting. The special Spring mixture of showers and sunshine enhances the atmosphere as we progress along the undulating ridge. Then there's a final steep bit and we're on Flagpole Hill.

Lunch! We admire the view as we sit, sun-drenched, on the leeward side of the slope. The ground drops away steeply below us, and we gaze across the valley to the tree-dotted hills rolling away as far as the eye can see. Directly below are farm houses, cattle grazing, cars passing along a road, and several dams brim full with recent rain. A brown hawk soars lazily on an updraught, and a few magpies fly overhead. Twisted dead trees nearby form interesting foregrounds for those who wish to record the scene on the permanent memory of celluloid.

An hour later we are on our way again, and are soon descending to Break O'Day Creek with its extensive banks of mud. We pick our way across as best we can, and pause, as another shower passes over us, to contemplate the great quantity of water flowing swiftly past.

The country changes now, and before long we are following a road through eucalypt forest. The rain has accentuated the delicious perfumes of the bush, and we savour it to the full as we walk along. The acacias in full bloom are a glorious sight, and pour their golden scent into the air all along the track. Heath, mint bush, baecia, "dusty miller", hop goddenia and bush peas add a final touch of colour and texture to the scene.

Suddenly we come upon a large wooden structure among the trees. Sawmill, mine, or what? We stop to investigate. It is - or was - a mine, and we enjoy the spine-chilling thrill of looking down the shaft and thinking how we'd be dead before reaching the bottom if we fell in. The structure itself is a battery, used in the process of crushing the metal dug from the shaft.

After a bite of afternoon tea we proceed along the road, which is now taking us over Mt. Robinson. A few miles later we reach the Flowerdale Poll Hereford Stud Farm, where the van is waiting. We clean some of the mud off our boots and absorb a last bit of sunshine before piling in for the trip home.

Thank you, Sandy, for a very interesting and most enjoyable walk.

WILD LIFE AT WILKIE

You'd think, being marsupials not rodents, that the little blighters would have better manners, but this isn't so. Phantom Fossil was outraged when an entire block of his best dark chocolate was carried off one night, so he and that bewhiskered demon of the snow slopes, the Red Dwarf, decided on revenge. Half the afternoon they spent constructing a Devilish Cunning Trap, with bits of wire and bits of string, and sealing wax, and an old cut-down pineapple juice tin of truly monstrous proportions, and a piece of metal foil which would rattle at the moment of crisis, and heaven knows what else. It wasn't entirely clear at that stage what they were going to do when they actually caught something in their ingenious and terrifying invention, but the general impression was that the luckless captive would be given a stern lecture and then released up at Wallace's to feast on MUMC supplies instead of ours.

Night fell, as it has a habit of doing in those alpine regions. Ten skiers consumed three tons of apple crumble and a firkin of old red port. A convivial evening was spent assembling words like "pelargonium" and "abogs" with little ivory tiles on a venerable faded board. At ten of the clock the Red Dwarf glanced significantly at the Fossil, who nodded silently in return. The intrepid pair then withdrew upstairs to activate the Dreadful Machine and to lurk in darkness and silence in their sleeping bags until the luckless prey should appear. Downstairs we waited in breathless silence for the drama to begin.

Suddenly the hut shook under the impact of a snore from the Red Dwarf which was answered almost at once by a snore from the Fossil. As we gazed at one another in shocked disbelief the thunderous snores continued - first the Fossil from one side, then the Red Dwarf from the other. Such dereliction of duty could not be allowed to continue! G.G. grabbed the broom, positioned himself right beneath the Red Dwarf's epicentre, and rammed the handle up into the ceiling with a mighty crash. The Great White Hunters awoke with a start. Only a really huge rat could make a noise like that! Quick as a flash they jerked the string activating the trap, which immediately collapsed with a clatter.

"Gotcha!!!" cried our heroes in unison, and there was a lot of thumping and scuffling for a moment or two. Then a disbelieving silence. Then some dark muttering. Another short silence, and then once more the hut began to sway like a tired old collier in a heavy sea under the impact of a snore first from one side and then from the other.

Next morning the Fossil was heard confessing to his accomplice that it was probably his fault that they had caught nothing, as he had, after a long struggle, succumbed to temptation and eaten the bait (a delectable piece of Cadbury's Old Jamaica) himself under cover of darkness.

----- Ye Olde Yabbering Yeti -----

Walk quietly in any direction
and taste the freedom of the mountaineer.

* * *

Mountains are the beginning and the end of all natural scenery

* * *

OBITUARY

It is with deep regret that we have to record the passing away at the early age of 57 of one of the earliest members of The Melbourne Bushwalkers and a Man who has reached the highest pinnacles on the international scene - Tun Dr. Ismail Rhaman Deputy Prime Minister of Malaysia.

Doctor Rhaman arrived in Australia just before the outbreak of the Second World War to study medicine at the University of Melbourne. Whilst studying he joined The Melbourne Bushwalkers and was very active with the club - holding the record for the greatest number of walks by a club member.

Upon returning home, he became Malaysia's first Ambassador to The United States and had a distinguished career which was subsequently to take him to Deputy Prime Minister - a post which he held concurrently with Home Affairs and the Trade and Industry portfolios.

We extend our deepest felt sympathy to Mrs. Ismail Rhaman and the six children of the family. We also commiserate with the Government of Malaysia where Dr. Ismail's presence will be sadly missed.

MT. DULLER DEVELOPMENT Continued

The preceding paragraph is pure personal conjecture and should not be regarded as definite policy or intention. However, all bushwalkers should be interested in the development policy adopted for Mt. Buller because this is probably the fore runner of similar planning for the other ski resorts and the results will ultimately affect these and other mountains over which we walk.

Geoff Kenafacke

THE CONTINUED CURSE OF KERSOPS

The M.D.W.V.N.F.A. Delegate from the M.M.D.W. would like to thank the Park Ranger and his staff at Wilsons Prom for their consideration and handling of a recent misadventure involving him and a anonymous young lady.

Contrary to what every one may think we really were lost (oops sorry, geographically missed placed) somewhere between Waterloo and Refuge as our bruised and battered bodies showed.

We had ventured forth unknowingly along Doug Pocock's Wombat Pad (Walk 1970, "Astray on the Prom") and after a torturous Sunday, which saw us take 10 hours to travel 3 miles through some of the most impenetrable scrub this side of Kersop's Peak, we arrived at Refuge at nightfall.

There was no known way we could have walked the 10 miles back to Oberon Car Park that night, so we took refuge at Refuge in the hope that not too much fuss would be made about us being overdue. The next morning we set off eager to behold the more familiar site of Sealers Cove.

Our boots were thoroughly waterlogged after crossing Sealers Creek so the marshy bogs of the swamps didnt present any additional worries as we sloshed our way back to Windy Saddle.

After staggering into Tidal River on Monday afternoon we were informed that the helicopter and trail bike on standby would have been called in to search for us had we not turned up when we did. Which all went to show us just how easy it could be to end up a headline in Tuesday night's Herald.

Geoff Crapper.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Manik DATAR, 16 Spring Road, Springvale 3172

Les MARKHAM, 2/399 Kooyong Road, Elsternwick 3105 (b)699 2100

Tim ANDREWS, 10 Fuller Ave., Glen Iris 3146

Shirley ALLOTT, c/- Nurses Home, Queen Victoria Memorial Hospital,
172 Lonsdale st., Melbourne 3000

Shirley TROTTER, phone no. (p)24 3763

SNOWMOBILES

"We dont like snowmobiles.....Their use is severly restricted.....
We knock back dozens of applications for permits for snowmobiles....
...We would not use them ourselves if we could get some other method of transport which would allow us to move around quickly..... I the U.S. snowmobile accidents account for more people becoming quadraplegics than do automobile accidents each year.....we will continue to oppose snowmobiles."

Quotes from Bob Jones (Forester for Mt. Buller) during the public meeting on Mt. Buller Development.

Well I know I've been yelling for articles for News lately; the response has been really great. I've been swamped, and couldn't fit them all in one issue. So don't be discouraged, they'll be printed next month. Thankyou to every one who made the effort.

Thanks go to Joy for helping with the typing.

DEADLINE FOR OCTOBER NEWS IS WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 3rd.