



# THE NEWS

OF THE MELBOURNE BUSHWALKERS

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Price 3c

## PROTECTION OF THE NATURAL ENVIRONMENT OF THE SOUTHERN MORNINGTON PENINSULA DISTRICT

Few genuine wilderness bushwalkers would now consider the Mornington Peninsula, even fleetingly, as still being suitable for real walking.

Certainly, they are largely justified, as many of the natural features once prominent in the area\*\* are now lost, through exploitation, thoughtlessness or sheer vandalism. Recently, however, publication was made of a joint Federal/Victorian Government plan aiming at establishing numerous rather small National Parks in the Peninsula environs, which were released at the June monthly meeting of the Westernport Regional Planning Authority. These are to include Parks at the coast adjacent to Quail Island, on Phillip Island near San Remo, at Arthur's Seat, and one from Cape Schank to Flinders extending five miles inland to near the Main Ridge.

Some of these anti-savage measures may never eventuate as local councils are already partly opposed to the plans on financial grounds (although it is planned to spend over \$10,000,000 on buying back farmlands at Cape Schank alone).

The value of the area, I believe, lies in its proximity to Melbourne. Those walkers who may have some mid-week spare time (this is a suitable time, as not only is the area largely deserted then, but the Club holds no walks then anyway) may choose numerous walks including from near Arthur's Seat down Main Creek through to Flinders, or from Rye along the coast through to Flinders\*\*\*. The end points (and beginnings) of both these walks are serviced every day by public buses and thus those walkers without a car are at no disadvantage. It is possible, even now, to walk the above two two-day walks without meeting anyone (sometimes not even local farmers) en route.

If a decision is finally made on what to do with the land occupied by the military installations (since 1882) and the old Quarantine Station, the scope for walking will perhaps be increased to the western-most tip of the peninsula. Though the hummocky country west of Cape Schank once consisted of barren mobile dunes previous to the introduction of marram grass, that east of the Cape was of medium dense to open banksia, she-oak and eucalypt forests. Now, where any vegetation remains, it is usually ti-tree scrub, or exotics, although on unprotected and windy areas such as Cape Schank, little has changed since the aborigines formed their kitchen middens there. Plans do include the re-establishment of the open-forest vegetation in present day farming areas. Conservationists will have had some small but vital measure of success when platypuses again inhabit the stream systems when over 170 different bird species take their living in the air, over 30 fish species the ocean and bays, and many marsupials and other mammals, the good earth there. Likewise, if the numerous small caves, natural lakes, rugged cliffs, zeolites and cascading creeks are not allowed to further deteriorate.

Russell Wilk

\*\* The following texts give accounts of what the area used to be like:

- (a) "Phillip Island" by J J Gliddon
- (b) "The Mornington Peninsula" by R A Keble (Mines Dept. Vic.)
- (c) "Victoria's Playground" by W R P A (40¢ - Bushgear) - 1971
- (d) "The Shame of Western Port" 1971, by the Save Western Port Coalition

\*\*\* I would gladly help anyone interested (e.g. suitable campsites etc.)

All correspondence should be addressed to:

The Secretary  
Melbourne Bushwalkers  
P O Box 1751Q  
MELBOURNE VIC 3001

Meetings are held in the clubrooms 14 Hosier Lane at the rear of the Forum Theatre every Wednesday night at 7.30 p m. Visitors are awlasy welcome

#### NEWS CONVENOR

As your "News" Convenor will be away from Melbourne for the next two months could you please forward any articles, previews etc. to Joy Bover who has very kindly agreed to type the September and October "News" and to whom I am extremely grateful for her very willing assistance in this matter.

#### FEDERATION CONSERVATION COMMITTEE

The recently formed Conservation Committee will be meeting on August 27th to discuss, among other items, policies on various matters. These are (a) logging (b) woodchip industry (c) recreation vehicles (presumably this includes 4-wheel drives as well as track notes a i snowmobiles) (d) tracks and huts (e) National Park regulatinnns (f) water catchments (g) grazing (h) agriculture and (i) mining.

My task as MBW delegate to this Committee is to present YOUR views on these matters as well as my own, so please inform me what views you have - preferably in writing, but otherwise by 'phone (489 6820 (p)) on or before August 26th. Time is short so please ACT QUICKLY.

*Jerry Grandage*

#### "THE ALPS AT THE CROSSROADS"

The above publication is being prepared by the Victorian Alps Book Comm.ttee and Dick Johnson and John Brownlie members of this Committee, have asked us for assistance. They say much help will be needed with this book in its physical preparation i.e. layout, paste-up etc. Could those interested in helping with this publication please let Dick and John know as soon as possible.

#### SEPTEMBER SOCIAL EVENTS

September 4th	Film "Hold Back the Sea" a documentary on Holland showing how man and nature have reclaimed the land that was once covered by water
14th	Square Dance
18th	A talk on "Water Pollution" by Alan Holder The talk will start at 8.30 p m

#### SEPTEMBER WALK PREVIEWS

##### DAY-WALKS

September 1st	<u>LANGLANG-MOSQUITO HILL-NYORA</u>	<u>Easy</u>
	Leader: Margaret Grogan	
	Transport: Van leaves Batman Ave 9.15 am - Fare \$2	
	Expected time of return: 7.30 p m	
	Map Reference: Warragul 1:100,000 (sheet 8021)	
	Approximate distance: 8 miles	

A very easy morning along a wildflower strewn and fence-free track. An invigorating bit of uphill scrub (about lunchtime) to an open crest with rewarding views of Westernport. The high point of the afternoon is the view from Mosquito Hill, with its friendly resident bull (the farmer promised) and easy amble down hill into Nyora hamlet

Previews contd P 3

DAY-WALKS (contd.)

September 8th CATHEDRAL RANGE-MT SUGARLOAF Medium/  
(? Hard)  
Leader: Alma Strappazon  
Transport: Van leaves Batman Ave 9.15 am - Fare \$3  
Expected time of return: 8.30 pm  
Map Reference: F.C. Taggerty 1" = 1 mile  
Approximate distance: 12miles

We will climb up on to the range from Cook's mill site then follow the razorback to the top of the Sugarloaf. Exciting ridge walking for those with good nerves. A track for the others. Carry water for lunch.

September 15th MT MONDA RD-CONDONS TRACK-MAROONDAH RESERVOIR Easy  
Leader: Gerry McPhee  
Transport: Van leaves Batman Ave 9.15 am - Fare \$2  
Expected time of return: 7 p m  
Map Reference: Juliet 1:50,000  
Approximate distance: 8 - 10 miles

Easy walking, mostly down hill, through forest - some foottracks. A walk for beginners and those who love timber. A new route for MBW.

September 22nd YARRAGON-STREZLECKI RANGE-TRAFALGAR Easy/Medium  
Leader: Dorrie Warton  
Transport: Van leaves Batman Ave 9.15 am - Fare \$3  
Expected time of return: 8 pm  
Approximate distance: 10 miles

Exhilarating walk in the Strezleckis with good views of the hills and valleys. As you will be led by an experienced leader, anyone wishing to get lost should come along.

September 26th TARRAWA-THE PINNACLES-YARRA RIDGE-YARRA GLEN Easy  
SHOW DAY  
Leader: Bill Downing  
Transport: 1st train on Show Day  
Expected time of return: 7 pm. Depends on show-day railway  
time table - not yet published  
Map Reference: Yarra Glen 1:50 000  
Approximate distance: 13 miles

Open undulating country in the morning. Scenic views in afternoon. Suggest bring water for lunch

September 29th HARCOURT-LAWSON'S LOOKOUT-EXPEDITION PASS RESVR-GOLDEN POINT Easy  
Leader: Stan Attwood  
Transport: Van leaves Batman Ave 9.15 am - Fare \$3  
Expected time of return: 7.30 pm  
Map reference: Castlemaine 1:63 360  
Approximate distance: 7 miles

Starting with a pleasant walk through apple-orchard country, hopefully at blossom time. This is easy ridge walking, at its best with plenty of good views and some variety around the reservoir.

WEEKEND WALKS

August 30th - LAKE NILLACOOTIE-LIGHTNING RIDGE-MT STRATHBOGIE-GOLDEN MOUNTAIN Medium  
Sept 1st  
Leader: David Harrison  
Transport: Van leaves Batman Ave 6.30 pm. Should there be  
insufficient attendees to justify hiring a van this  
trip will go ahead using private transport  
Expected time of return: 8.30 pm  
Map reference: Any Strathbogie Map - Forestry map especially good  
Approximate distance: 18-20 miles

The walk takes us through dense timber country in the Strathbogie National Park. There is much wildlife, including deer, roos and bushwalkers. Beautiful panoramic views are possible assuming it isn't snowing.

HINT: It becomes very cold where we are to camp.



PHANTOM FOSSIL

QUOTES OF THE MONTH:

1. Dave Andrews (after having consumed numerous glasses of port) indignantly - "I didn't fall off the chair, I climbed down".
2. Anonymous - "I expect the gossip to start soon as I've been seeing a bit of Dave lately"  
Unidentified voice - "Oh, which bit".

I know bushies do not normally use deodorants but it would seem that the odour eradication stick is now priced so highly that it is almost a case of robbery under arms.

A NOTE ON AXE HANDLING AND HANDLING IN GENERAL

(Based on fact - the principal character shall remain anonymous due to a matter of extreme embarrassment)

The text - a large problem, i.e. a broken axe handle; the character had acquired a new handle, but the removal of the old one from the axe head had yet to be accomplished. Firstly striking the stubborn wood with a hammer was tried, to no avail. Next a large screw was inserted in the top of the axe head thus attempting to push the wood out that way. The only achievement here was to buckle the thread of the screw and considerably flatten the screw head. Not to be outdone our friend employed the services of a chisel, this was also put into the top of the axe head and once more pounded with the hammer. Unfortunately, not realising his own strength, drove the chisel too far into the now mutilated but firm axe handle - now the chisel was firmly entrenched. The problem was (a) one large axe head (b) remains of handle stuck in head (c) chisel stuck in wood. Not deterred however our valiant friend continued to hit the chisel. Unfortunately, the poor chisel could not stand up to the vicious treatment and promptly discarded its handle, thus we have another handle problem, but the chisel is still in the axe head.

Now we have the big guns - a wrench was brought in. This was shoved in the rapidly diminishing space in the top of the axe head, the wrench was pounded, Oh Dear, disaster - one dented wrench, one handleless chisel and a piece of axe handle all enjoying the hospitality of the axe head i.e. all firmly jammed. Our friend was not amused, using all the strength he could muster he whacked the whole conglomeration with a now worn out hammer, result, one severely loosened hammer handle. Our friend did finally remove an axe handle, a chisel, a wrench and a hammer from the axe head. He even inserted the new axe handle, but not before blunting a plane and splitting the end of the new handle.

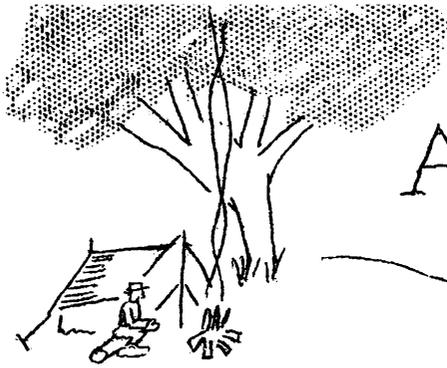
Moral: If you want to chop wood stick to a handleless implement, perhaps Karate?

Recently, as a result of a fall whilst trekking in Nepal, it has been necessary for Geoff Greenwood to spend a short stay in hospital. Turning on his visual charm to the junior nurses Geoff found himself reprimanded by a stern Night Sister of the vintage type. Hope you will soon be back walking with us Geoff

WORDS FOR THOUGHT

WILDERNESS is "where the earth and its community of life are untrammelled by man, where man himself is a visitor who does not remain".

-- quoted in "National Geographic" Feb 1974



## ALONG THE TRACK

### THE STORMING OF THE FORTRESS

Ye suffering cats! 5.30 am Saturday and Max cheerfully calls us out of our beds. We stagger around in the dark, hugging the fire so thoughtfully provided by our redoubtable leader. What a head! After a night spent listening to an insomniac magpie that warbled the same tune over and over again like a long-playing record. What was wrong with the silly bird, anyway? Doesn't he know nights are for sleeping?

Still in the dark, our convoy of cars winds its way along the dark forest roads until we reach Deep Creek. Presently there is some daylight, and off we go along the creek. There is no track but plenty of rocks, scrub, gorges and waterfalls. The Leader stops often to consult his map, muttering darkly, and we menials are confounded by talk of notches, rifle-sights, V's, U's, etc., but faithfully we follow along, scrambling over and under and through the scenery for hours, until we and the rain arrive together at a large rock overhang. Here we all decide to lunch, so our leader gracefully acquiesces and allows us 25 minutes break. The cave is thickly carpeted with a strange overlay and there is some dissention in the ranks about its composition, all the experts having their say, and the inexpert saying even more. For goodness sake don't drop your sandwiches! There are a lot of rabbits in the Grampians, Keith!

But with this matter still unsettled, we set off once again into the mist and rain. This particular area of the Grampians is rough and rugged and beautiful. The great rocks have strange and wonderful formations; sheer walls of sandstone squeeze the streams into tumbling, foaming cascades, until the water finds its rest in deep, cool wells of silence, encircled with feathery green ferns. Canyons and gullies as mysterious and untouched as in the days before the arrival of the white settler.

We struggle up the gullies and late in the day find another overhang. Some of us remain here, while the rest move up the valley a little to a more elite position, a cave with a northerly aspect across the valley. The plebeians stay in the lower cave, and are soon dripping around a cosy fire, cossetting the inner man (in the dark). It's early to bed but no one puts up a tent - there's nowhere to put one anyway - and we all sleep like cavemen under the overhang; the unlucky ones get the drips, some lie on bare rock, (stoics) but the fore-sighted ones have a very dry and comfortable night.

Max comes down from his eyrie at 5.45 next morning to make sure we are all awake. Breakfast in the dark (again!) and we cope with the pressing problems of porridge portions when one's spoon has disappeared. His spoon? Jim must have his tea, Peter must have his drink of milk, while the weaker sex endure in silence (!) in their usual admirable fashion. Jerry is the wisest of the lot and blandly breakfasts in bed by candlelight.

We head off later for the Fortress and there is much rock scrambling, scrub bashing and ups and downs and rain, but we get there eventually, and it's an impressive sight. We have not the time to climb to the top, but no one complains about it, we have had our share of climbing this weekend.

Soon we start downwards, with our noses turned for home; more scrambling, slipping and some really intriguing caves. Further down the spur, we look back at the Fortress and it appears now like a profile of a sleeping man's head wearing a nightcap.

The leader has done an excellent job of navigation, and suddenly, unexpectedly, all arrive back at the cars. It was a real "Grampians' walk, no tracks, no

guides, but we all enjoyed it immensely, and if anyone should doubt that, we have the scars to prove it!

A last glance at the Fortress, and then the convoy moves off once more through the dark forest along the slippery roads to home.

P S I nominate Galliano and John for a medal! They must be the best scrub bas ever!

*Alma Strappazon*

### HEMALAYAN EXPLOITS IN VICTORIA

#### Perilous Winter Ascent of Bogong

#### Dr Nangaparbat Gives Exclusive Interview

KATMANDU, MON: My goodness gracious me, as we are saying Katmandu. Yesterday in the afternoon a party led by Dr D Nangaparbat B A (Calcutta) (passed!) returned to base, after yet another daring expedition above the snowline. In spite of hazardous weather conditions, the highest mountain in Victoria was conquered by this intrepid party on the second attempt.

Professor Parbat, as he is known by members of the Travellers' Club at Bombay, is famous for having never lost a Sherpa through death by pneumonia, and his latest expedition proved no exception. Gloomily surveying the foaming waters of the Muddy Khoka Khola he turned to his 2IC, Commander Garitub RN, and said "We can't have the men getting their feet wet in that!", and ordered the yak train on up to Trappers Gap. The assault on Bogong was thus made by way of the Eskdale Spur, and after a heavy morning portering supplies, Camp 2, serving as Advanced Base Camp, was established at Michell Refuge at 5100 ft.

The first attempt on the summit was made from Camp 2 on the Saturday afternoon, in defiance of bad weather from the west, which continued as forecast, with strong winds and occasional snow. The tree line is passed about three hundred feet above Camp 2, after which the Eskdale Spur narrows sharply and becomes very exposed. Within a short distance steep cutting became necessary, and Professor Parbat has paid particular tribute to the efforts of Sherpa Billmarr, who, being equipped with twelve-point crampons, moved out to the head of the party and gave invaluable help in establishing the route in icy sections.

Perhaps the most distinguished-looking member of the expedition was Sir Peter Ashby (not accompanied on this occasion by Lady Cynthia, who had remained behind in London), nonchalantly leaning on a shooting-stick, his silver hair streaming in the icy gale, regarding with interest the more modern techniques practiced by his younger colleague from the Travellers' Club. Not so distinguished - in fact positively disgusting - was a hairy, half-human object which accompanied the party, and which could occasionally be heard yabbering incoherently. It was this latter loathsome apparition which, when the expedition had finally cut its way to within two hundred feet of the top of the Eskdale Spur, suddenly produced from the folds of its coat or hide an ancient grandfather clock. The Yeti had struck! Just then so did the grandfather clock! It struck twenty past four (It isn't often that you get grandfather clocks which strike at twenty past the hour, but this one was made in Glasgow.)

With darkness only an hour away, and eleven hundred feet of cut steps to the renegotiated, Dr Nangaparbat was left with no alternative but withdraw the party and fall back on the Advanced Base Camp until the following morning. Comfortably ensconced in Michell Refuge later that evening, the party finished dinner, and settled back to be regaled by some rather nautical songs that Commander Garitub recalled from his days in the Royal Navy. Suddenly Sherpa Reddwarf produced a bottle of an evil-looking liquid which local rumours have it was the dreaded Chang. Knowing the strictness with which the rules of the Travellers' Club at Bombay are observed, such rumours can have no foundation. However, whatever the fluid, libations were prepared in propitiation of the ultramontane and meteorological spirits.

It appears that the libations had the desired effect. Not only was that rarest of events, the shadow of a smile, seen on the face of Sherpa El Mar Kam, but by ten o'clock at night the full moon rode high in a windy sky, and cold silver light

gleamed above the trees, reflected from the snows of the summit.

When Professor Parbat roused the party next morning, before dawn, there was not a cloud in the sky. An icy, stiff gale blew from the east, exploding huge plumes of spindrift high into the air up on the exposed section of the spur above the tree line. The party set out just before eight in the morning, with grave doubts expressed by the leader as to the chances of success of this second attempt owing to the strength of the wind. Such fears proved not entirely unfounded, with a sherpa being blown off his feet at one stage, and the faces of all being severely sandblasted by the snow that was perpetually whipped off the cornices. In spite of the bright sunshine and blue sky, conditions were at times distinctly uncomfortable, and the temperature remained well below freezing point until nearly 1130 am.

Much of the previous afternoon's work at step-cutting had to be done again, and the last two hundred feet to the top of the Eskdale were mainly up sheets of hard ice. Even when the top plateau had been reached at Eskdale Point, the hardness of the ice sheets and the stiffness of the gale made the traverse across reasonably level ground to the summit cairn half a mile away more reminiscent of skating than of walking. At last, however, the party stood at the summit of Mt Bogong. Dr Nangaparbat silently carved another notch on the handle of his ice axe, and it was time to contemplate the nerve-wracking business of descent.

*Ye Olde Yabbering Yeti*

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WEEKEND WALK PREVIEW contd..

Sept 20-22nd      DONNELLY'S CREEK-MT USEFUL-ABERFELDY      Medium  
 Leader: Joy Bover  
 Transport: Private  
 Map ref: FCV Walhalla & Matlock 1" - 1 m sheets

The countryside in this area is quite rugged but we should find a few overgrown mining tracks to follow. We might even find a few old gold mines! Further details will be supplied later.

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Geoff Kenafacke has supplied the following notes all obtained from "The Alpine Observer".

The first one concerns an item by Mr Murray Byrne, Minister for Tourism. He is quoted as having said that a joint CRB/Ministry of Tourism study project has been completed, to link Falls Creek with the Omeo Highway. The unanswered question is "What further threat does this pose to the Bogong High Plains?"

This link appears to concern the winter months.

From reports of meetings of the Bright Shire Council, we note the Australian Alpine Club approached Council to apply to the Minister for Youth, Sport and Recreation for the purpose of erecting a survival hut between Falls Creek and Mount Hotham. In actuality this would be sited just off the High Plains on the spur leading up from Cobungra Gap.

The Council has agreed to apply for the grant on the understanding that the AAC will provide the local contribution.

Dr Mosley of the Australian Conservation Foundation has seen the plans and is quoted as having said "that the hut appeared more substantial than necessary for a survival hut".

Rumour also has it that the AAC may also be contemplating a similar hut somewhere near Pretty Valley Pondage.

(Thank you Geoff for sending in these notes and for keeping us informed on what's happening on and around the High Plains -- from your above notes we certainly need to be)

I should like to thank all contributors to this month's "News", especially Geoff Crapper for compiling the 1974 Financial Membership List and for arranging for it to be typed. My thanks go to the poor typist who was dubbed in for the onerous task of typing it. to

WELCOME TO THE FOLLOWING NEW MEMBERS

- Bacsak, Mona - 37 Lunch Cresc., Middle Brighton 3186. (p) 926859 (b) 926859
- Chesterfield, Debbie - 39 Ferrars Place, Albert Park 3206 (p) 699 2328 (b) 6526304
- Finger, Ricky - 3 Hunt Drive, Seaford 3298 (p) 7865804 (b) 2671055 X 169
- Higginson, Betty - 2 Leslie Grove, Brighton 3186 (p) 92 2112
- Maginness, Margaret - 17 Greenville St., Mooroolbark 3138 (p) 725 6325 (b) 604728
- Mutimer, Sandra - 2A Balfe Cresc., West Brunswick 3055 (p) 385398
- Poloniato, Diego - 12 Hillcrest Drive, West Meadows 2047 (b) 35 7875
- Price, Paul - 169 Dalton Road, Lalor 3075 (b) 440561
- Robert, Gordon - 38 Scott Grove, Glen Iris 3146 (p) 257841 (b) 421361
- Stow, Gregory - 309 Punt Road, Richmond 3121
- Vallard, Keith - 5/102 Brighton Road Elsternwick 3185 (p) 912453 (b) 267 2911
- Wallace, Linda - 1/91 St Vincent Place, Albert Park 3206 (p) 695 673

\*\*\*\*\* DON'T FORGET THE SQUARE DANCE - A GOOD TIME GUARANTEED\*\*\*\*\*



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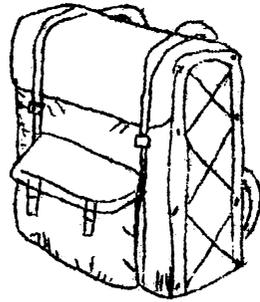
STILL TOPS FOR  
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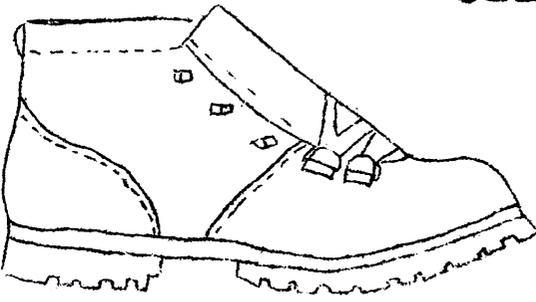


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