



THE NEWS

OF THE MELBOURNE BUSHWALKERS

EDITION 311

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YOUR CLUB
NEEDS

YOU

Help distribute WALK 76 to your local newsagents, libraries, bookshops in the Metropolitan area and also to mail outlets around the city.

ACTION IS NEEDED NOW!

WALK 76 is being published this week and must be distributed early to the outlets!

This is your opportunity to do something for the club and to promote the joys of bushwalking.

All correspondence should be addressed to:-

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

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

NOVEMBER WALK PREVIEWS

Nov 2 MT. ST. LEONARD-MT. MONDA-NARBETHONG PLANTATION Easy/Med

Leader: Warren Baker (p) 899 908
Transport: Van from Batman Ave. 9.15am Fare \$2.50
Expected time of return: 7.00pm
Map Reference.: Juliet 1:50 000
Approximate distance: 10 miles

A relatively easy walk along a fire break and well made 4WD tracks. The only hard climb is for those who wish to climb to the top of Mt. St. Leonard for a panoramic view. It rains heavily in this area so please bring waterproofs.

Nov 4 ANDERSON-KILCUNDA BEACH-WONTHAGGI (CUP DAY) Easy

Leader: Arthur Francis (p) 725 7074
Transport: Van at 8.30am if enough people or private
Map reference: Haven't decided, but we shouldn't get lost if we keep the water on our right.

The area is very attractive in spring. The hills are green and the surf should roll in. We will divert from the beaches in some places to walk around interesting swampland which is frequented by many varieties of water birds including ibis, white faced heron and black swan. So have a Cup day holiday with a difference. Bring water (and food) for lunch.

Nov 9 RYSONS CK-QUARTZ CK-SOUTH HELLS GATE-TARAGO Easy/Med

Leader: Marijka Mascas (p) 256 940
Transport: Van from Batman Ave. 9.15am Fare \$3.00
Map reference: Neerim 1:50 000

A very pleasant walk in the beautiful forest area west of Neerim. We start from Rysons Ck. camp and walk due east (more or less) over forestry tracks. There will be a surprise in the beginning to stir the blood after the long drive from Melbourne. Bring water for lunch. A good walk for beginners.

Nov 16 MEREDITH-MOORABOOL RIVER-SHEOAKS Easy

Leader: Ross Hoskin (b) 677 332 x 51
Transport: Van from Batman Ave. at 9.15am Fare \$3.00
Expected time of return: 8pm
Map reference: Meredith 1:63 360 (out of print)
Approximate distance: 10 miles

This interesting new walk will start approximately 2½ miles ENE of Meredith and will follow the Moorabool river in a southerly direction to She Oaks. The walk will mainly entail ridge walking, through open scrub land and pastures. There are many beautiful views, interesting rock formations and a wide variety of wild life en route. It is necessary to bring water for lunch.

Nov 23 MT. GRANT-PARADISE PLAINS-STEAVENSON FALLS Easy/Med

Leader: Otto Christiansen (b) 350 1222 x370
Transport: Van from Batman Ave. at 9.15am Fare \$3.00
Expected time of return: 9 - 10pm
Map reference: Broadbents No.163
Approximate distance: 10 miles

We will do the walk in reverse. After a short climb from Steavenson Falls; we will reach the De La Rue, Oxlee and Keppel Lookouts, all of which offer excellent views of Marysville and the Cathedral Range. From Keppels Lookout there will be easy walking along a jeep track to Tommys Bend via Mt. Kitchenar Mt. Stinton and Mt. Grant.
Bring water for lunch and don't forget your snake bite outfit.

Nov 30 LORNE-TEDDY'S LOOKOUT-GEORGES RIVER-PHANTOM FALLS Easy

Leader: Art Terry (p) 933 617
 Transport: Van, Batman Ave. 9.15am Fare \$3.00
 Expected time of return: 9.15pm
 Map reference: Broadbents "Lorne"
 Approximate distance: 10 miles

A delightful walk in the Otway Ranges - a short climb to Teddy's Lookout followed by a swim and lunch at the mouth of the George River. After lunch, we stroll along the river through the bushland to the Phantom Falls. We will have plenty of time for a dip in the surf at Lorne where we will also have our evening meal. We will leave Lorne at 7pm.

WEEKEND WALKS

Nov BINDAREE-HELICOPTER SPUR-SQUARE HEAD JINNY Medium

31 - 2 Leader: Tyrone Thomas
 Transport: Van, Batman Ave at 6.30pm Fare \$9.00
 Expected time of return: 9pm
 Map reference: Howitt 1:63 360
 Approximate distance: 10 miles

A short, but quite difficult walk in that Helicopter Spur is very steep and rugged, but the view is superb. Water will need to be carried to Saturday nights camp spot on Square Head Jinny from Lovicks Hut area. On Sunday we will visit Bluff Hut and descend the forestry track to Bindaree. The total of only 5 miles of walking each day is misleading as the ascent of Helicopter Spur will be quite slow.

Nov WILKINSON LODGE Easy

7 - 9 Leader: Rod Mattingley (b) 350 1222 x771
 Transport: Private - about 240miles from Hosier Lane and Tamani.
 Map reference: FCV Feathertop 1:63 360

Wilkinson Lodge, commonly known as Wilky, is on the Bogong High Plains about 7 miles from Falls Ck. Any member of the club can use the lodge after first obtaining the keys from the Lodge Manager, but they must have stayed in Wilky before to learn how to "drive" the place. This weekend is then intended mainly for those who have not been to Wilky before. We'll be going on a fairly solid medium walk on Saturday to Nelse and Pattys, Ropers, Johnsons and Fitzgeralds Huts, but, of course, only Jay packs will have to be carried. Late risers on Sunday morning after the previous nights revels will be forced out of bed by the infamous Wilky slow-combustion smoke generator. As Wilky is rather small and numbers are limited, early booking is advisable. Refer to WALK 74 for an excellent article on the history of Wilky.

Nov MT. BOGONG-GRANNY SPUR-QUARTZ RIDGE-LITTLE BOGONG Med/Hard

14-16 Leader: Graham Mascas (p) 256 940
 Transport: Private

If Tim can run up and down Bogong in less than 2½ hours then surely we can walk it twice in the weekend. Obviously this is not a walk for the weak and unfit - but that's me, so why am I leading it? The only deduction is that it can't be very hard can it? Here it is in detail:-

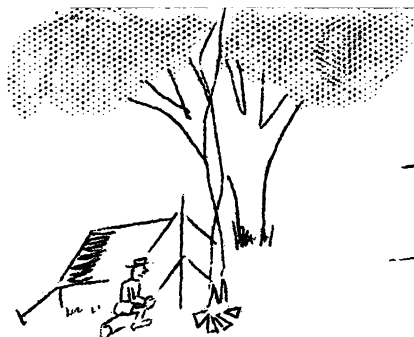
Camping the night Friday on Mountain Ck. road, we will rise early and climb Mt. Bogong via the Staircase, over the summit and follow the snow-poles to Tadgalio Point. Leaving the straight and narrow we descend Horse ridge to Granny spur and down to the gauging station on Big river. From here we climb the spur up to Bogong Ck. saddle and camp for the night nearby.

The following morning we climb again, up Quartz ridge to Stirling Gap and West Peak (including a short rest while the purists that wish to touch the summit twice in the weekend dash of to do just that) From West Peak with its most spectacular views we head across the ridge to Little Bogong - that little conquered knob. From here it's downhill all the way to Moncrief Gap Track then to Mountain Ck. road and the cars. Sounds good, doesn't it?

NB. There are parts of this trip that I haven't previewed, so be warned - No wingeing!

Nov PRESIDENTS WEEKEND-MT. TAMBORITHA-LONG HILL-THE CRINOLINE E/Med

28-30 Leader: Dave Oldfield (b) 317 222 x613
 Transport: Van, Batman Ave 6.30pm Fare \$9.00
 Expected time of return: 9.30pm
 Map reference: MTC Macalister Rv. Watershed



ALONG THE TRACK

GRIPES IN THE GRAMPIANS

or

MUTINY IN THE COUNTY

or

ANIMAL CRACKERS

or.....

A quick glance at the Walk Preview and you'd think there was a circus in town: SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE blazed the headlines, a catch-cry of startling simplicity, yet guaranteed to bring the people in. It took me in for a start.

Actually there was a circus, but it wasn't in town. It toured the Grampians for the weekend and performed continuously, pausing only for refreshment, and even that was a bit of a scream.

It was quite large as circuses go. All the regulars were there, transported by van, with the driver up front, and all the animals and their trainers carefully locked up in the back.

It was way past feeding time when they pulled into Ballarat that night in search of fodder and lamp-posts. While stampeding through the streets, the troupe happened upon a particularly palatable looking pizza place, and before you could say RSPCA they'd taken off with almost every pizza in the parlour. Back in the van all settled down for a good gnaw, and it was hard to say who had the lions share. Nevertheless, there was a good deal of horseplay afterwards, during which pizza lids, like misguided flying saucers, hurtled about inside, shedding pizza particles on the crowds below.

Much later, Halls Gap arrived and camp was pitched. Soon all that could be heard were the nasal grunts and contented purrs of Knight-nits and other nocturnal ruminants.

Next day, whilst the menagerie section separated from the main body and padded off in the direction of Mt. Frederick, the bulk of the party were to proceed in the direction of Mt. William, performing all the way. Despite inclement weather, exceptional joie de vivre was maintained by the irrepressible antics of the company's resident troupe of harlequins, affectionately known in circus circles as Dapper Crapper and his team of Performing Clowns. Some of their more hilarious tricks included erecting and dismantling the Big Top during a rainy lunch hour so that their sandwiches wouldn't get wet, and, amongst the sideshows, an incredibly lifelike impersonation of the Sleeping Beauty in camera by a Mr. S. George. One individual afforded ecstatic pleasure to many by immoderately splitting his pantaloons in public. Tumblers too were performing well, especially during the descent of the muddy slopes of Barney's Creek.

Unfortunately, Barney wasn't at the creek, and what with one of the more protracted of Hughey's pernicious precipitations and certain mysterious eccentricities of the track, the travellers erred and strayed from their way like lost sheep. Camp was finally and miserably declared at the scrubby edge of a muddy track. Even the Fosters-fomented frolics of a nearby fraternity of befuddled football fanatics failed to fortify them. Bitching bitterly and true to an ancient canine custom they doggedly rolled themselves around in the scrub in a futile effort to make it lie down before retiring for the night.

Sunday morning found the company all pleasant and erect as they set out for Red Man's Bluff. Before long however, the mob began to get restless and pawed the ground uneasily as they waited for their leader to catch up. Suddenly hoving into sight around a corner he sang out romantically: "To the High Road and the Red Man!" and pointed his finger vaguely westward in the direction of a scrub-infested mountainside. Subversive words emerged from the herd. "The Red Man? - what a load of Bluff - we're for the Low Road!" cried the opposition. "Nay," expostulated the Harrissed leader, sounding a little hoarse, "You can't do that - I'm in charge of this circus." "Sawdust!" retorted the rebellious ringleader derisively. "From now on we'll call the tune." "Well, the rebels may have called the tune, but it was the leader who played the band. In an impassioned speech he denounced disobedience, maligned moping malcontents and railed against all rabble-rousers.

Stunned by the unexpected ferocity of this oratorical outburst, the bellicose brood of Bolsheviks took a couple of steps backward and after a

hurried consultation announced that the leader had been given a "second chance". However, by the time the Red Man had been successfully mounted, the day was far advanced, and regretfully, although top of the bill, Mt. William had to be left for another visit.

The return to the van followed a downhill road which, like the weekends fate, was sealed all the way. Hoofs and knees, initially overjoyed at their release from the scrub soon began to wilt as dozens of boots at full bat, bounded along the bitumen in a mad dash for home.

One of the first to reach the appointed rendezvous stopped dead in his tracks. No van! Shedding his burden he trotted off up the road to look for it. Twenty minutes or so later, the van emerged from the opposite direction, bearing inside it the members of the menagerie, quite intact, and in superb physical condition.

Further down the road our bloodhound, travelling more slowly now, but still eagerly scanning the horizon for vestiges of that vexatious vehicle, shook his head in disgust as it drew quietly up behind him. Climbing aboard for the trip back to Melbourne he scratched his red hair in perplexity; really, it was all a bit beyond his Ken.....

GROPING IN THE GRAMPIANS

Graham Wills-Johnson is one of the best BG* men I know. He gained that dubious honour in the space of one weekend in the Grampians. The selection committee(me) was ultimately convinced after reviewing his superlative subtlety displayed amidst the scrub and rock of the Serra Range.

Saturday morning began unpromisingly for a BG man, with Graham leading off in the direction of Mt. Rosea. Eschewing the walking track, he insisted on a direct ascent to the scrub covered saddle immediately south of Rosea. We arrived in dribs and drabs, 13 relatively determined and cheerful walkers in search of a traverse from the saddle to Mt. Lubra. We could see it clearly apparently not very far away.

Climbing out of the saddle, we struck our first real patch of scrub. It slowed us down, but the novelty was enjoyable. The rock-scramble that followed was also quite joyful - a varied and interesting morning so far. It is true that Graham got stuck in a nasty section of scrub and rock, but he emerged without too much puffing or too many curses, and we cheered him on spiritedly.

By this time the sky had turned a nasty grey colour, not at all friendly. A slight drizzle began, but not really with any heart, and we readily ignored it as we began to work our way across the plateau like ridge. Geoff, Chris and I started around to the east to avoid a magnificent forest of scrub into which the rest of the party disappeared. When the 3 of us emerged onto a big slab of rock(Geoff was happy because he had out-manoeuvred John) we could see a few movements back towards the thick scrub as Graham and the others slowly fought their way towards us. At this stage, the committee had almost scratched Graham from its list - he would never become a BG man that way.

Looking back toward Rosea, the sky had transmuted to black, an evil layer fast approaching. The wind whipped suddenly, driving a sheet of rain along the ridge. Instantly we were deluged, as Grahams group joined us with the rain.

We crept across the serrated landscape, heading toward lunch. The rain seeped in, insidiously, until parka, overtrousers and boots were seriously compromised, their defences beaten. Scrub and rock were endless and we seemed to have come almost to a standstill. At last lunch, squeezed under a rocky shelter, halfway down the side of a deep rift in the range. Graham still seemed happy to continue and the committee reluctantly scrubbed his name out. It cursed John for his galloping enthusiasm, but was somewhat heartened by Alma's apparent gloom. Even Geoff, almost a native of the region, seemed to be having doubts about our endeavour, but Graham groped onward, down and then up. The committee in true BG fashion, had managed to become whip (scrub is best tackled from the rear) and so, being a long way behind Graham, had no inkling of the marvels about to unfold.

Suddenly the other 12 were in sight, grouped in the scrub and rain. Graham was saying that he, personally, was happy to continue, but if everyone else wanted to get off the range, then he would go along with the majority. He believed in democracy and thought a vote would be a good idea. John began saying he wanted to continue and was about to charge back into the scrub, but Graham deftly stood on his foot while also silencing the other vacillators with an icy stare. Still protesting his reluctance to descend, Graham charged off for the saddle at the head of the rift, his energies suddenly renewed.

* The Fine Art of Bushgamesmanship

One last comment about how he was still prepared to continue towards Lubra, and Graham was lost from sight as he dived over the edge, like lightning, on his way down. The committee hastily returned Graham's name to the list and settled back to await further developments.

We all lay huddled in tents that night in the midst of a swamp inhabited by food deprived leeches. After digging 4 drains, 2 canals and an embankment it was discovered that 3 people had simultaneously contracted leech-in-the-eye. The long evening was rich in nightmares, with colonies of metre-long leeches pouring into each tent. Graham could hear roots moving in the earth and decided the world was about to end. The committee immediately advanced his name up the list on the grounds of insanity.

Graham finally clinched the BG award on Sunday, when he led us up the walking track to Rosea and allowed us to venture into Wonderland (without Alice). The Wonderland range is a nice touristy area with graded tracks, painted arrows and even a few steps. Even John succumbed, and the committee was mighty pleased.

Michael Griffin

Walk Preview.. Cont. from Page 3.

Saturday's walk will be a pleasant ridge walk after climbing Mt. Tamboritha, with spectacular views across the Caledonia River valley to the Butcher Country. The campsite on Long Hill is rather rocky, but this is compensated for by the view of the Crinoline. The leader will be carrying a corkscrew for the traditional festivities. Sunday morning's climb of the Crinoline will be followed by another ridge walk to Brunis Knob, then it's down, down, to the Wellington River to cool your steaming feet.

C O N T A C T S:

The club has a contact system in case of delays to trips. Before you leave home, give someone a list of the contacts and tell them to ring the numbers in order, in case of delay. Do not ring the police etc.

LEADERS - please remember that you MUST phone the contact when you return.

The contacts are as follows: Graham and Sue Errey

Norm and Edna Richards

Geoff and Jenny Kenafacke

See the back of your programme for more details of the system.

SOCIAL CALENDAR: After a hectic October, the Soc. Sec. has decided to de-escalate activities in November, so nothing much doing.

November 19 - possibly a film

November 26 - General Meeting

Start booking for the CHRISTMAS DINNER on Dec. 16 at the BARON OF BEEF in Sherbrooke. Cost is about \$7 a head and there isn't much cheaper.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS:

WILKINSON, Max - 935 Main Rd., Hurstbridge 3099

BRISCOE, Ken - (p) 763 9575

McKENZIE, Elizabeth - 2/73 Edgar St. Nth., Glen Iris 3146 (p) 208 867

STRICKLAND, Carol - 29 Barcelona Ave., Keilor (p) 336 7337 (b) 620 081

GRAY, Paul - 8/136 Park St., St, Kilda 3182 (b) 949 6386

WELCOME TO THE FOLLOWING NEW MEMBERS

HEDSTROM, James - 5 Nambour Rd., Templestowe (p) 846 1316

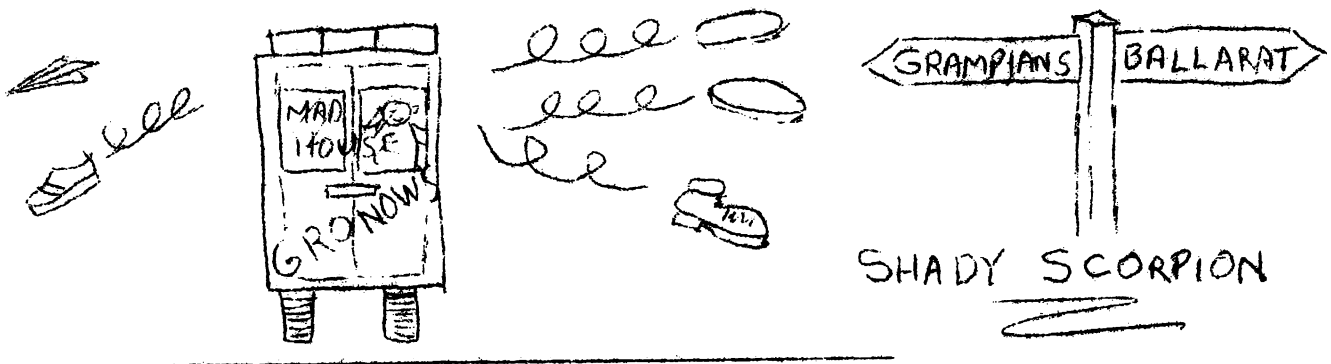
ADAMTHWAITE, Edward - 1 Cole Ave., Belgrave (p) 754 2334

WILSON, Thea - 11 Mountfield St., Brunswick (p) 362 672

CHAN, Yvonne - 65 Metung St., Balwyn 3103 (p) 853 987

CHAN, Ian - 63 Metung St., Balwyn 3103 (p) 853 987

GROMEK, Bernie and Coral - 48 Dorset Rd., Ferntree Gully (p) 763 8963



Well! There's not much doubt about the headline news this month. Details next month, but a short synopsis now:

John Siseman's Sunday walk on October 12 decided that 5 miles along the Armstrong river was too much to expect in 6 hours. Accordingly, even though no-one had any gear, they decided to spend the night out. A large bonfire, poems by Norm and songs by Rodney kept everyone going. Monday morning on finishing the walk they were greeted by Bob Steel who had stood an all night vigil. He and his Kombi ran a shuttle to Marysville where the Pub opened at 9.30am for the walkers. They finally got back to Batman Ave. around midday, only to be greeted by the wrath of the MCC parking officers. There is one consolation though - those visitors on the walk and are crazy enough to want to join up, can consider John's Sunday walk an 'official' Weekend Walk by definition. (see Sec4(a)(i) of the Constitution)

The gradings on the Grampians trips got a little mixed! They(!) tell me the tough trip got a bit wet after lunch on Saturday. The ain continued to drench our heroes as Rob made them battle the merciless scrub near Mt. Cassel. The fact that they were walking on a bearing of 260° instead of 170° didn't help much and they managed to put an extra hour or so onto the walk. Sunday nearly had a mutiny when the finger pointed to scrub again, but the leader was given a "second chance". A good walk, and not one punch thrown!

The Shady Scorpion DOES know all! Congratulations to Shirley Trotter our Membership Sec. who might have a prospective new member on her hands - her fiance, Ken McInnes.

You take your life in your hands if the Gronows van stops in Ballarat on Friday nights. A certain pizza parlour uses lovely round cardboard pizza containers, which were cunningly gathered by the few sitting near the rubbish box. Then EUREKA! beautiful flying saucers. The air was thick and the fight was on. Paul showed great style with a fine wrist action and mass-hysteria prevailed until the missiles began to include gym boots and Paddy Sherpas.

I bet the record set by a certain young lady visitor won't be equalled for a while. She did her first and last qualifying walks in the space of 7 days between Sept 21 and 27. That's keenness or insanity!

Speaking of records - another unconfirmed one was made on the Show Day walk. A grand total of 6 people turned up (2 talked into it the night before in the lower clubroom) and had the spacious Gronows-50 van to themselves. By the way, the leader didn't turn up either-tut, tut. Not to worry, hubby stood in and everything went OK. PS. The mob picked up an itinerant bushwalker along the way - Graham Manders a member of long standing.

QUOTES OF THE MONTH:

All quotes courtesy of the Hodgson-Clunas party.

While watching slides of palms in Palm Valley, McDonnell Ranges

Pat Ham: "Oh, are those palm trees planted?"

Dave O: "Yes, a gardener comes around twice a week.

Dave H. to GwJ on Stan K's shoes

"Light a cigarette and we'll call you the towering inferno"

"What's it like up there with normal people"

GwJ: "They're a bit unstable"

Debbie J: "I've only seen Graham's(H's) back view before.

Stuart H: "That's the best part!"

We need you to help distribute WALK 76, our club magazine, around the city and suburbs. This years magazine is due out this week, and we will be having a WORKING BEE to take it to shops in the city on Saturday, 1st NOV.

This is your chance to help the club out, with plenty of people you need make only one delivery and we can probably arrange transport for you as well.

Meet at the clubrooms on Saturday, and ring the following people NOW if you can help.

BOB STEEL (b) 6527422
DAVE OLDFIELD (b) 317 222 x613

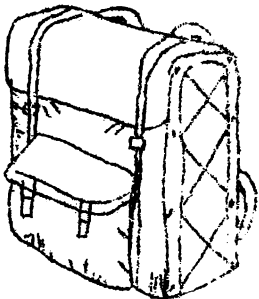
You will only have to deliver the magazines, not sell them to the shops. We also need people willing to take magazines out to their local newsagents - contact the same people to help in this way.

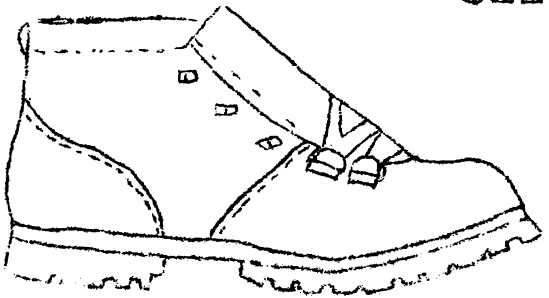
All those people helping in the distribution of WALK 76 will be able to buy their own copy for only 65cents - a saving of 10cents.

* M A L E O F T H E M O N T H *

To Rod Mattingley - the starving masses of the Holgson party say an earnest thank-you for the glorious, beautiful and delicious pavlovas and cakes made so lovingly with your tender hands.

molony's STILL TOPS FOR
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