



THE NEWS

OF THE MELBOURNE BUSHWALKERS

Edition 351

OCTOBER, 1979

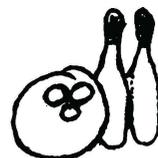
Price 20¢

Registered at G.P.O. for transmission by post as a periodical - Category B.

SOCIAL EVENTS

Anyone who hasn't been joining in with our activities now has the chance. Come to one event come to all, but there is alot to do now that Summer is nearly here!

TEN-PIN BOWLING



Thursday 25th of October

A Ten- Pin Bowling night at The Golden Bowl 293 Camberwell Road Camberwell. 7.30 pm. There is a restaurant if you want to eat beforehand and trampolines and squash courts for the energetic!

AND A

COFFEE NIGHT



Wednesday 21st of November, 8.00pm ish

This little get together will be held in the Clubrooms, so here is your big chance ladies and gentlemen to chat up that lady and/Or gentleman that you have had your eye on for the last few bush walks.

FOLLOWED BY A

AUCTION SALE \$\$\$\$

Wednesday 28th of November, at 8.00pm

Chief Auctioneer is Robert Douglas Esquire

Any goodies you have had tucked away for decades may now be brought to the surface of the old cardboard box, garage etc. and sold to the highest bidder.

Reserve prices are permissable but please remember we are not very rich so a \$200.00 price tag may not sell.

THEN A

BUSHIES BALL



FRIDAY 14TH, DECEMBER

Here is another chance to check out new talent, male or female! We are having a Bush Dance instead of a Square Dance just for a change so get on your dancing shoes and swing your pardners! The V.M.T.C. are joining us in this little venture plus a few Y.H.A. people. More information next News.

NOT TO MENTION A

CHRISSEY DINNER



Thursday 20th December

To be held at The Chateau Wyuna at Mount Evelyn!
Four course meal (I have alerted the Manager that we are big eaters)
Excellent three piece band.
Great company, happy festive atmosphere! SEE YOU THERE.

Correspondence should be addressed to:-

The Secretary,
Melbourne Bushwalkers,
Box 1751Q. G.P.O.
MELBOURNE, Vic. 3000

Meetings are held in the clubrooms, 14 Hosier Lane, at the rear of the Forum Theatre, every Wednesday night at 7.00 p.m. Visitors are always welcome.

NOVEMBER - WALK PREVIEWS

DAY WALKS

Nov. 4 ARGYLE - MT. IDA MEDIUM

LEADER: Ian Stewart
TRANSPORT: Van from Batman Av., 9.15 a.m.
EXPECTED TIME OF RETURN: 7.30 p.m.
MAP REFERENCE: Heathcote 1:50,000
APPROXIMATE DISTANCE: 12 miles.

The walk starts at Aryle, which is on the outskirts of Heathcote, and follows the ridge-tops towards Mt. Ida. Just before Mt. Ida there is a break in the ranges where we cross some grazing country. There is then a steep, short climb up Mt. Ida from the top of which there are excellent views over Lake Eppalock and the country around Bendigo. From Mt. Ida we head north along a ridge and finish in the grazing country at Lady's Pass. The section of the walk up to, and just past Mt. Ida is mostly on tracks. About 4 miles of the trip past Mt. Ida is through fairly thick prickly scrub, which is composed of hekea, wattles, grevillea, grass trees and many others. Bring water for lunch.

Nov 18 STEAVENSONS FALLS - PARADISE PLAINS - MT. GRANT EASY/MEDIUM

LEADER: Michael Mann
TRANSPORT: Van from Batman Av., 9.15 a.m.
EXPECTED TIME OF RETURN: 8.00 p.m.
MAP REFERENCE: Broadbents Marysville.
APPROXIMATE DISTANCE: 10 miles

The walk will start off at the falls where a few minutes will be allowed to take photos etc. We then climb up the side of the falls (on the track) to gain good views of the surrounding hills (hopefully). We will follow tracks via Paradise Plains to Mt. Grant so there will be no scrub to go through. It could be a good idea to bring water.

Nov 11 TENNERIFFE - PINNINGERS MONUMENT - THE PINNACLES EASY/MEDIUM

LEADER: Brian Busby
TRANSPORT: Van from Batman Av., 9.15 a.m.
EXPECTED TIME OF RETURN: 9.00 p.m.
MAP REFERENCE: Longwood 1:50,000
APPROXIMATE DISTANCE: 22 km

This is an old favourite, but being my first time there may be some variations. The walk follows the rocky tops of the hills where possible, giving extensive views of the open country side. The going is relatively easy although there are few tracks. We have a fair distance to cover however which justifies the medium part of the grading. No drinking water available, especially at lunch.

Nov 25 LORNE - TEDDY'S LOOKOUT - ST. GEORGES RIVER - PHANTOM FALLS EASY

LEADER: Helen Waddell
TRANSPORT: Van from Batman Av., 9.15 a.m.
EXPECTED TIME OF RETURN: 8.30 p.m.
MAP REFERENCE: Lorne 1:50,000 (Military)
APPROXIMATE DISTANCE: 16 km

A beautiful walk not to be missed! Weather promises to be hot (it certainly was last year) and there will be plenty of time for swims in both the river and the sea, so bring bathers. Traditionally tea is eaten on the beach at Lorne and we leave for home at 7.00 p.m.

NOVEMBER - WALK PREVIEWSWEEK-END WALKS

Nov 16 - 18 DOOLANS PLAIN - MOROKA - SNOWY BLUFF MEDIUM

LEADER: Peter Bullard
 TRANSPORT: Bus from Batman Av., 6.30 p.m.
 EXPECTED TIME OF RETURN: ---?
 MAP REFERENCE: Moroka 1:63.360 or Howitt 1:100.000
 APPROXIMATE DISTANCE: 17 Miles

We will leave the transport at Doolans Plain and drop down into the Moroka River just below Snowy Bluff for camp in the afternoon we will be doing a side trip up Snowy Bluff where there are very good views, which will make it worth the climb. Sunday we will have a leisurely climb back up to the transport, before going home. The camp beside the river is very nice.

Nov 23 - 25 WILKIE FOR BEGINNERS EASY

LEADER: Rod Mattingley
 TRANSPORT: Private
 MAP REFERENCE: Bogong High Plains - Algona Guides

Wilkinson's Lodge is on the Bogong High Plains and about 11 km from Falls Creek. It was built by the State Electricity Commission in 1932 and was known as the S.E.C. Cottage. The bushies bought it in 1960. Much work has been done there over the years since, to make it the 'home away from home' it is, culminating in a new slow combustion stove installed in the kitchen last January. This week-end is intended mainly for those members who have not visited Wilky before. We shall walk to Nelse and possibly Fitzgerald's Hut on Saturday arriving back for a lovely meal cooked by the volunteer cook. Sunday will be easy to allow everyone to recover from the previous night's raging. Apart from that, it is a really lovely place. Worth the 5½ hours drive.

Nov 23 - 25 SPION KOPJE - CLEVE COLE HUT - GRANNY SPUR - GREY HILLS - HOWMAN'S GAP MEDIUM/HARD

LEADER: Geoff Law
 TRANSPORT: Private
 EXPECTED TIME OF RETURN: 9 - 10 p.m.
 MAP REFERENCE: Bogong High Plains & Adjacent Peaks 1"= 1 mile
 APPROXIMATE DISTANCE: 10 - 15 miles

Nov 30 - AVON RIVER BLUDGE
 Dec 2

LEADER: Bob Steel - THE President
 TRANSPORT: Private
 EXPECTED TIME OF RETURN: 20.00 hours (approx)
 MAP REFERENCE: Maffra 1: 100.000
 APPROXIMATE DISTANCE: As much or as little as you like.

The annual President's Bludge and Nosh Up!! We will also hold the Bush Games on Saturday night, so bring lots of energy and enthusiasm.

The program will be similar to previous years, with Saturday being occupied with walking into the campsite (about 3.5km) and wandering along the river, swimming, lazing in the sun etc. On Saturday night a Feast will be provided (for a small fee). Bring your own liquid refreshments.

Sunday will be spent recovering from Saturday night. More swimming, lazing, perhaps some walking and finally, struggling back up the 3.5 kms to the cars.

Grid Reference: - Friday night camp 877105
 (Maffra 1:100.000 - Leave cars - 871125(Green Hill)
 - Campsite - 870150

A sketchmap will be available in the clubrooms.

CHRISTMAS WALKS

Anyone interested in going on a Christmas walk in S.W. Tasmania, leaving from Lune River and going via Moonlight Hills, Mt. La Perouse, Mt. Wylly to Precipitous Bluff and later dropping down to New River Lagoon and returning to Catamaran via the south coast track.

People who are interested should contact Peter Bullard as soon as possible.

Home: 509 8359 Work: 508 3460

* ** * ** *

Tasmania - Frenchman's Cap trip lead by Tyrone Thomas - Starters welcome. See T.T.T. promptly.

Dates Friday 22nd - Tuesday 26th December.

* ** * ** *

SHOALHAVEN RIVER TRIP - Would you like a week walking and swimming, or perhaps floating on a lilo along a river flowing through a sandstone gorge? Spencer George (836 4225) will be leading such a trip from Boxing Day to New Year's Day along the Shoalhaven River in N.S.W. The standard is medium with two 500 metre steep climbs and lots of sand, sunshine, swimming and flies.

* ** * ** *

FEBRUARY WALK

To walkers interested in walking in Tasmania beginning first week in February 1980. Going to 'Walls of Jerusalem' through to Cradle Mountain National Park area. Contact: Neil Priestley Bus. Phone 380 3209 or see him in the clubrooms.

* ** *

NOTICE RE HALF YEARLY GENERAL MEETING

The constitution requires that we hold a half yearly general meeting between 14th and 30th days of September, and that 7 days notice be given in writing to all members. Due to various factors, this provision was not met and the meeting was not held. Both the secretary and I were absent on holidays during August and September, and as president, I must take the blame for not ensuring that the constitution was obeyed.

It was decided at the last committee meeting to postpone any business until the November General Meeting, when full reports of club activities will be presented.

Bob Steel

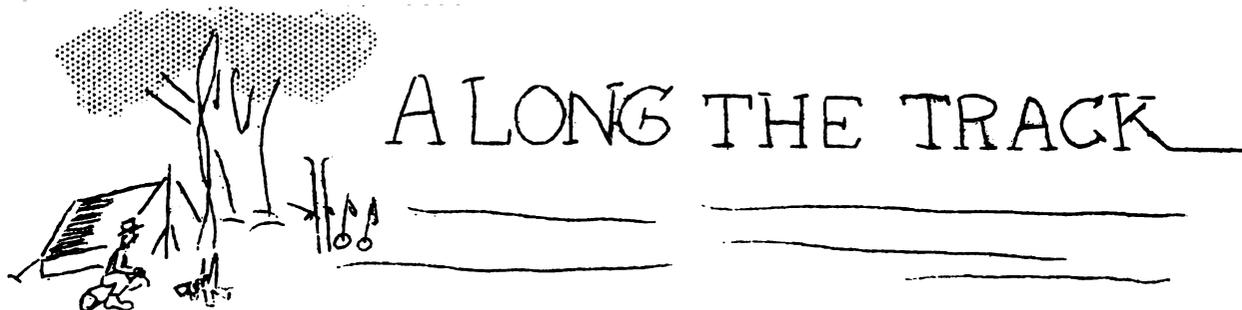
WALK - 1980

The Club's annual publication "Walk" will be available shortly. This year an extra 1000 copies have been printed in anticipation of a growing market. However, it is essential that members get behind THEIR magazine and sell them. The market is there. For example: my local Newsagent sold over 60 copies of 'Walk' 1979. Please give some thought to investigating the sales potential in your area. Here is an opportunity for you to do a little for your club.

Ken MacMahon
Business Manager

Thank you Alwyn Bloom who gave up precious holiday time to type last month's News.

Until Rosemary Gosling returns, News will be typed by Marijke Mascas so please forward all interesting snippets to her.



A LONG THE TRACK

BUTTERCUP CREEK - BUCKLAND'S SPUR - KING RIVER - LAKE WILLIAM

On Friday night August 24th, a group rather depleted by the transport strike, and those who made it, a little tired from long walks to the van (isn't it amazing how walking through the city and suburbs is much more tiring than a long walk in the bush), met at Gatman Avenue. Others were collected along the way, the last at Mansfield having travelled from Gippsland. Eleven were on the walk, seven visitors, some of whom were doing a leadership course, and kept meticulous track notes and navigated assiduously.

The van dropped us about one mile from our camping site and we had a delightful moonlit walk in on a clear cool night. In the morning we woke up to a heavy frost which quickly cleared to a beautiful warm sunny day. Soon after we left camp we were stopped by a local farmer who asked us nervously if we knew where we were going and warned us not to get lost - no doubt sick of being called out to search for lost walkers and four-wheel drivers.

As the day progressed it became even hotter - almost like a summer's day. We had a pleasant lunch at Tomahawk Hut - when we found it and retrieved the faster half of the party which had forged ahead on a wrong track. We walked through picturesque ash and peppermint gum forest (I'm assured) with spectacular views of snow-capped mountains - Buller and Cobblers (like Fujiyama), Fainter and Feathertop - although the early spring flowers we had been promised were limited to many different varieties of wattles and, towards the end of the walk, 'sarsaparilla' and pink boronia. However, the bird life compensated both in numbers and variety - particularly the colorful gang gang cockatoos. We also saw evidence of many wombats mainly in the form of early morning diggings on the track.

There were some slow steady climbs and, finally, a steep descent down to a hut by the King River - an idyllic camping spot. We made the most of it with a long drawn-out dinner involving the usual study and discussion of what everyone else was eating and sampling of the more curious items. This was followed the next morning by an even more luxuriously relaxed breakfast and chat around the camp fire and we left camp at 11 a.m. One walker had even had time for a little trout fishing.

Sunday was therefore a short day. Rather than ford the freezing King River we scrub bashed up the river bank. After fording Evans Creek we had a longish lunch in the sun to dry out. We ended by recrossing the creek. As we drove home via Whitfield and Mansfield it started to rain heavily after a week-end of perfect weather.

Jan Llewlyn, Sandra Mutimer

FALSE TEETH IN LOGIC CLASSROOMS

In late August a party of nine skied from near Mt. Tamboritha to the Bluff, whose original inspiration it was I can't remember but somehow Ken became organiser and leader - that is, recipient of complaints and arbitrator between the Hard and Soft Core groups present. He succeeded (somehow) and, incredibly, the trip went off without a hitch.

Saturday morning at Lost Plain: The sun was out, the weather was brilliant, the snow was nicely glazed and the waxes were working. We said good-bye to Sylvia and the mini-bus and set off for a week's skiing. It was a memorable day. Some of us barely removed skis throughout and we could feel our skins turning brown. Even the discovery that I had left my klisters behind at the lunch spot became no more than an excuse for a packless ski run.

Along the Track (cont.)

We camped at the tip of Racehorse Plain - on grass, with water handy, limitless wood and snow nearby. Pearson, Chris T., Bob and I skied to Mt. Reynard, from whose top we could see the course of the whole venture: The Snowy Plains, Mt. Howitt, Magdala and the Bluff. We hoped the weather would remain fine and we rapidly skied back in the late afternoon sun to our perfect campsite.

Next morning we were woken up by cracking wood and half-heard grim sounding prophecies on the weather. A brisk wind was blowing. "Come on folks!" yelled Ken, "We better get away early. The weather's coming over nasty." With the party's best interests at heart we all responded, ignoring the fact that the designated departure time had been nine o'clock. We got up, packed and then stood around for an hour watching Ken wax his skies. By the time we left it was nine o'clock,

The snow diminished and deteriorated with distance and by the time we reached Guy's Hut it had all but disappeared. Still, we'd had some good skiing and seen some fine looking wild horses. A severe blow was dealt to the Hard Core when it was decided that we would spend the afternoon exploring Bryces Gorge rather than pressing on. It was a bushwalk. The only snow we found became airborne again and most ended up on Ken. Apart from the snow-ball fight the only other activity shown on this pleasantly lethargic afternoon was from the photographers, whose shutters were clicking like Geiger counters. Mad-Dog Murphy, camera virtually strapped to an eyeball clambered around the loose rocky sides of the gorge, oblivious to the vast drops below. The good taste of the cheese-cake he shared out was off-set somehow by the bad taste of his jokes. "Did you hear the one about the Jewish rabbi and the....." Crash, Rumble, Pitter Patter. Divine retribution against the spate of religious jokes was manifested in a sudden downpour which lasted a day. Even the sacrifice of half the offender's dinner couldn't assuage his wrath and so we all went to bed.

Centre of operations next morning became Guy's Hut, though to reach its safety one had to run the gauntlet of the snowballs hurled by its ferocious, though thankfully inaccurate occupants. Being only a few hours from Howitt Hut we decided to push on despite the rain and the afternoon was spent sloshing on skis through the slush. Before long, the only sign of Chris T. was a set of perfectly parallel ski-tracks receding into the distance, but one-by-one we all reached the haven of Howitt Hut, whose main significance lay in its well hidden and safe guarded, much revered contents - The Food Dump - it was intact. In fact, most people found they'd dumped too much, resulting in increased generosity. The beneficiary of all this was the only member of the party without a food dump (me)

Eventually the hut was crowded with nine bodies which parked into the oppressive fog, borne of steaming clothes, flesh and water. Everyone vied for a spot at the fireplace, extending cold limbs towards the roaring fire, which was soon obscured by dangling wet socks, precariously perched billies and pieces of snow covered wood - arranged around the blaze for the purpose of drying out. The compacted mass of people wedged in this prime position was pierced here and there only by long sticks which reached unerringly towards the fire with the intention of either placing a full billy of water in the flames or removing one. To leave one's place meant losing it indefinitely so the shrewd ones had scattered their mugs, billy-grippers, spoons and so on within easy reach thereby adding to the general confusion. Moving about the small area of hut between the fireplace and bunks was complicated by the gloom, the dripping parkas and overtrousers hanging from the rafters, and the piles of firewood on the floor. Even standing became hazardous as people near the fire were apt to pick up any lump of wood not knowing that someone was standing on it a few yards away. This was done not only to replenish the fire but in the hope that one of those jammed about the fire would move aside, thereby allowing one to regain a lost position. This general chaos, though quite manageable for those with experience, proved to be unbearable to the Hard Core, who usually cook on choofers in the cold confines of a tent pitched in snow. Hence Bob and Chris, who with quiet and melancholy dignity donned their soaked parkas and packs and disappeared into the mist outside, led a

Along the Track (cont.)

a general exodus until the numbers in the hut reached a level conducive to both comfort and conviviality. Arrrr! It was time to examine G.W.J's food dump (G.W-J was absent, having preferred to attend a chemical education conference) We quickly passed over the ten packets of freeze-dried steak and the fourteen slabs of black cooking chocolate and found the cask of wine. Arrrr! We were just starting to get going when the damn thing ran out. It had been half empty - and I was still only half full. All I can say Graham, is that you've got a hell of a nerve giving us your left over plork!!

The next morning we headed off for Mac Springs. This was broken up with a bout of ski jumping wherein Ken, the great master of Silly Skiing managed to fall over every time - once ending head first in the snow, his ski tips beside his ears and his whole body quivering with mirth. An hour or so later I was able to watch Ken zoom straight down the steep track to the Mac Spring Hut - arms and legs akimbo he ignored every turn and eventually flew into a patch of trees. The others weren't any better off and soon the track was littered with bodies. I finally managed to extricate myself from my vantage point (sprawled half-buried in the slush) and zapped down to the hut, quite happy to be in one piece and looking forward to another warm and comfy night in a hut. !!!!!!!!!!!***@

There was a profusion of multi-colored skis stacked in the snow outside the hut which was obviously full. A snow camp! We found a nice spot on top of the Devil's Staircase where most camped in the snow, though some dug their way to the ground with the hut's shovel. An experienced and cunning member of the party occupied the only bare patch in sight. (I quite like sleeping on a 45° slope, actually) We cleared a fire place and after a protracted struggle had a good minimum requirement inferno going which for the two nights we were there, was dominated by wet socks. People arranged themselves against the snow edge so as to elevate their wet feet towards the warmth and Alan rigged up a rotating sock-drying swing from a branch directly above the fire. This resulted in smoke impregnated footwear which periodically rained on the flames every time the branch broke. In fact, the smell of scorched wool was so common that I managed to spend about five minutes with my jumper on fire before locating the source of the smell. This was all good "personality slide" stuff and the photographers were sounding like a typing pool. Murph's flash unit was passed around from Bob to Ken to Chris to Rob and back to Murph. If you were quick you could cook without a torch.

Wednesday morning was woken at an ungodly hour by the photographers ooh-ing and aah-ing outside my tent. The sun was rising on the Cross Cut Saw, the Razor and the Viking. It was beautiful. I won't bother describing it - have a look at their slides. It's worth it.

After an abortive trip to Howitt, the morning was taken up with Silly Skiing and reading Dick Dingo in the Mac Spring Hut log book. It was only in the afternoon that some real skiing was accomplished - on to Howitt and near the Cross Cut Saw in superb conditions: For many the highlight of the trip (though two suicide attempts by Ken failed) the views were spectacular. It was a different story the next day, though, as we slithered our way over Howitt in fog and light snow, we'd had a late start due to the ice, poor visibility and the usual general stuffing about and a further hour was lost when the waxing skiers had to scrape all the klusters off due to the fresh powder snow. A hasty camp was set up just short of Hells Window. We went to bed early and cooked in our tents.

Late next morning saw some frantic skiing on the summit of Magdala. The snow was fresh and powdery, offering a complete contrast to the previous six days' skiing. What a gentle sensation!! We couldn't get enough of it, and damn! there was only one day to go. Unfortunately Friday was taken up with searching Bluff Hut - carrying packs of course - so every downhill stretch was savored until finally we searched our destination. It was bitterly cold Everything was frozen and poor Bob had cracked and started eating his pack. The cursed hut was full so we had to clear snow again, though the main problem with pitching tents was the tendency for the pegs and poles to stick to our numbed fingers. It was freezing!!

And Some more from "Along the Track"

Saturday again - our last day - and Bob, Chris T., and I had set off early to climb the Bluff and get some skiing in. As a fitting end to the expedition, I broke one of my skis - I knew this would happen as I had already put a stock through my tent, discovered a new rip in my pack, torn the drawcord away from my sleeping bag and allowed my parka to disintegrate. (I'm trying to inject some pathos into this article.) My timing was immaculate as all this had occurred during the last two days - the ski breaking in the last one hundred yards. So a sober descent of the Bluff was made followed by an interminable road bash to Eight Mile Gap. But where was the van, the three of us thought as we neared the carpark. The sound of a vehicle was heard ...

Meanwhile back in Melbourne, Rod (our driver) had been unable to collect the booked minibus from Budget and after many frantic 'phone calls had located the only one left in Melbourne, way out in whats-a-namia and had whisked out there, picked it up and zoomed towards the pick-up point, hours behind schedule. Just as he pulled into the carpark, three dirty figures emerged from the mud. "You're late", he said, and threw them, (us actually) a bag of oranges and a flagon of port. I proceeded to drink myself blotto.

The others arrived and we went home. Now for the ending. Thanks Ken, Sylvia and Rod (and Chris M., for giving me all that food) for the driving and stuff. It wasn't a Club trip - not officially - but I've had nothing better to do and lately "News" had been rather empty. Though rather slack, the trip will definitely be remembered as the highlight of '79 - a bum season.

Geoff Law

- - - - -

Committee Notes

Meeting held on Monday 1st October, 1979

Fourteen persons were present (Rob Ayre in U.S.A. and Rosemary in Qld.)

Main items of interest were as follows:

Correspondence - A letter will be sent to Rover Scouts and Falls Creek Ski Rescues Service for their assistance in helping Jean Giese when she broke her ankle at Wilky.

A letter will also be sent to Mr. and Mrs. Hardiman thanking them for their hospitality for the sheep roast last Saturday 22nd September.

Treasurer - Bank balance \$7,692.98. Accounts totalling \$1,721.00 were passed for payment (includes \$1,577 for transport).

Walks Secretary - Attendances for August - 219 on walks comprising 75 visitors and 144 members, 143 were day walkers and 76 weekenders. Unfortunately we lost \$475 on Club transport in August, however we are still ahead overall for the year so far.

Social Secretary - A varied programme in stall for members, see elsewhere for announcements. C'tee thanked Prue for work to make the sheep roast a success - 49 people attended.

Membership - 357 members as at end of September.

Search and Rescue - Peter Arden has been admitted to the S & R list.

WALK - expected out late October - colour cover, colour centre spread will sell for \$1.20.

