



# THE NEWS

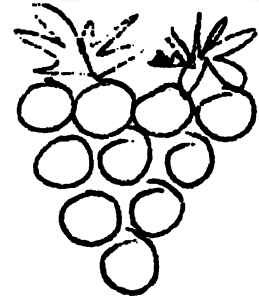
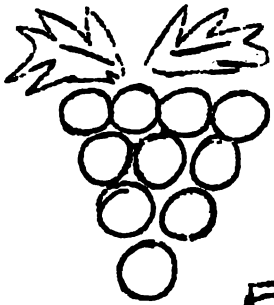
OF THE MELBOURNE BUSHWALKERS

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## WINE BOTTLING

Come and stock up on your cellars  
of wine

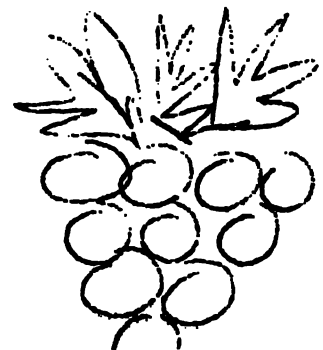
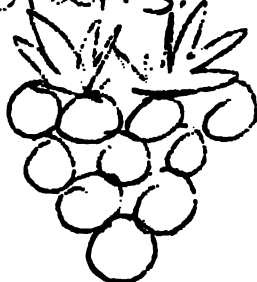
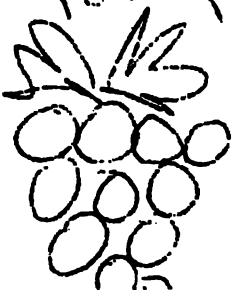
Where: 9 Albany Crescent.  
SURREY HILLS.

When: Saturday 8<sup>th</sup> November  
2.30<sub>r</sub> onwards → → → →

Bring. Enthusiasm and a glass.

Contact: Pave B:6021333 Ext 533

for further details.



Correspondence should be directed to:-

The secretary,  
Melbourne Bushwalkers,  
Box 17510, 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 7.00 p.m. Visitors are always welcome.

NOVEMBER - WALK PREVIEWS

DAY WALKS

NOVEMBER 2      MALLESONS LOOKOUT - MT. TOOLBEWONG-      EASY/MEDIUM  
LAUNCHING PLACE.

LEADER: Alan Kitchener  
TRANSPORT: Van from Batman Av., 9.15 a.m.

FOR DETAILS SEE LEADER IN CLUBROOMS

NOVEMBER 9      MT. BROUGHTON - SWITZERLAND RANGES-      MEDIUM  
MOLESWORTH.

LEADER: Marijke Mascas  
TRANSPORT: Van from Batman Av., 9.15 a.m.  
EXPECTED TIME OF RETURN: 8.00 p.m. (or later)  
MAP REFERENCE: Yea 1:50 000; Alexandra 1:100 000  
APPROXIMATE DISTANCE: 15 km

A pleasant walk through open country and over lightly timbered ridges. Good views, good walking, come along and enjoy it!

NOVEMBER 16      RYSON CREEK CAMP - SOUTH HELLS GATE-      MEDIUM  
NEERIM

LEADER: Graeme Laidlaw  
TRANSPORT: Van from Batman Av., 9.15 a.m.  
EXPECTED TIME OF RETURN: ??  
MAP REFERENCE: Neerim 1: 50 000  
APPROXIMATE DISTANCE: 10 miles

Walk not previewed yet due to illness. It will probably be mainly on tracks through pleasant bushland. Bring water for lunch. (and salt for leeches, Newsconvenor). See leader in clubrooms for further details.

NOVEMBER 23      COSTERFIELD - REDCASTLE.      EASY

LEADER: Sue Filson  
TRANSPORT: Van from Batman Av., 9.15 a.m.  
EXPECTED TIME OF RETURN: 7.30 p.m.  
MAP REFERENCE: Costerfield 1 : 50 000  
APPROXIMATE DISTANCE: 15 km

A pleasant stroll through open forest. Few rolling hills, not very steep, a few old gold mines, not very deep. At the time of the preview lots of orchids, lots of wildflowers, lots of lizards, lots of snakes, lots of kangaroos. Come along, bring water for lunch.

## DAY WALKS (Cont.)

NOVEMBER 30      LORNE -- TEDDY'S LOOK OUT -- PHANTOM FALLS      EASY

LEADER: Art Terry  
 TRANSPORT: Van from Batman Av., 9.15 a.m.  
 EXPECTED TIME OF RETURN: 9.15 p.m.  
 MAP REFERENCE: Lorne 1 : 50 000  
 APPROXIMATE DISTANCE: 10 miles

A delightful walk taking in the beach, rivers, and the Otway Ranges bushland. Bring bathers for if the weather is warm we will swim at our lunch spot on St. Georges River. This is an easy walk except for the climb out of Alanvale.

WEEK-END WALKSOCTOBER 31 -      KOSCIUSKO NATIONAL PARK      MEDIUM

NOVEMBER 4      LEADER: Graham Mascas  
 TRANSPORT: Private  
 (Cup Day      EXPECTED TIME OF RETURN: Tuesday 10 p.m.  
 Week-end)      MAP REFERENCE: Kosciusko 1 : 100 000  
 APPROXIMATE DISTANCE: 70 km

For those of you with sympathetic bosses who can get off the Monday between Cup Day and the week-end, here is a chance to escape cup fever. A 4 day walk in the Kosciusko National Park which includes Grey Mares Range and part of Main Range to Blue Lake.

Friday nights camp is where ever you decide but we will leave Olsens Lookout at 9.00 a.m. Saturday morning (G.R. 121 752 Kosciusko 1 : 100 000). We climb up to Robertsons Ridge then follow Grey Mares Range N.E. to G.M. Hut. Changing direction here, we head south to Schlink Pass then up unto the Main Ridge to Mt. Tate, Mt. Twynham and Blue Lake before heading north again over Watsons Craggs to Olsens Look out, not an easy walk but not hard either. Good walking in spectacular country with plenty of escape routes if weather turns nasty. (Guaranteed not previewed so beware!!!)

NOVEMBER 7 - 9 LICOLA -- HORSE HILL RIDGE -- BARCLAY      MEDIUM/HARD  
RIVER -- KENDALL FLAT -- CRINOLINE-  
LICOLA.

LEADER: Philip Taylor  
 TRANSPORT: Private  
 MAP REFERENCE: Maffra and Howitt 1 : 100 000  
 APPROXIMATE DISTANCE: 25 km

This walk is situated in delightful country with something to suit everyone. Open paddock, forest, fences, river crossings I could go on but that would only spoil it for the participants. Wide expansive views are obtained from several good vantage points. There are several quite good climbs on the trip but nothing any reasonable walker could't handle. A very pleasant walk for springtime.

NOVEMBER 14 - 16 BAW-BAW BEE CAMP (MUSTERING FLAT)      EASY

LEADER: John Hillard  
 TRANSPORT: Private  
 MAP REFERENCE: V.M.T.C. 'Baw Baw Plateau'

An easy weekend in the Baw Baw National Park. Particularly suitable for those day walkers teetering on the brink of week-end walking. Only two hours walking on Saturday, with all that heavy bushwalking paraphernalia, to reach the campsite at Mustering Flat. Walks around Mt. St. Phillack, Baw Baw Village, Mt. Erica and Mushroom Rocks will make up the rest of the program.

WEEK - END WALKS (Cont.)

Any mutineers who prefer to spend the time lazing in the November sunshine will be frowned upon severely, unless, of course, it's hot enough for swimming, in which case the leader is likely to join them.

NOVEMBER 21-23 HOTHAM - FAINTER - BOGONG VILLAGE MEDIUM

LEADER: Spencer George  
 TRANSPORT: Mini Bus  
 MAP REFERENCE: Bogong High Plains-Algona  
 Guides Mt. Hotham - Mt. Loch  
 APPROXIMATE DISTANCE: 36 km

The walks secretary has ordered a bus. I have ordered fine weather. You will arrive in a fit condition, carrying a light pack and if possible a camera for a beautiful walk across the Alpine top of Victoria.

On Saturday we will start early from Diamantina Hut and climb Mt. Hotham and Mt. Loch before descending Swindler's Spur to Dibbins Hut. After lunch we will climb onto the High Plains and camp near Tawonga Huts.

With the perfume of snow gums in our nostrils, on Sunday we will explore the Niggerheads, Mt. Fainter and Bogong Jack Saddle before descending to Bogong Village for refreshments. Then our kind driver will swiftly transport us back to Melbourne.

NOVEMBER 29-30 PRESIDENT S WEEK-END BLUDGE  
PARKER RIVER, CAPE OTWAY

LEADER: The President, Bob Steel  
 TRANSPORT: Private  
 MAP REFERENCE: Otway 1 : 50 000 or 1 : 100 000

This year's President's Week-end is as usual a Bludge, but good walking is available. It will be a base camp at Parker River near Cape Otway.

Bring your bathers (?), fishing gear, frisbees, bats and balls, bucket and spades etc. etc.

Walks along the rocky coast line, swimming, eating and sleeping. See Bob Steel for map, directions and last minute instructions.

\* \* \* \* \*

THANK YOU - all those people who offered help with equipment duty. We now have the service of Penny Stapley and Mick Mann. (dare we trust him in that small, dark room!!)

CAN YOU HELP??? - Does anyone have any "spare" poles (33-5 cm long) - particularly a top pole for a Paddy Pallin tent or know where I could obtain some? If you do could you please let me know?

LOST PROPERTY - There is quite a collection of lost property gathering in the Equipment Room - perhaps you might like to see if there is anything belonging to you!!

Sandra Mutimer.

COMMITTEE NOTESMeeting held on 6th October, 1980

TREASURER - Bank Balance as at 30.9.80 - \$6896.62  
Accounts totalling \$936.30 were passed for payment.

Insurance - Our workers' compensation insurance has been cancelled. We only need it occasionally when we employ a driver. Other insurances - Wilky, General Liability, are under review.

WALKS SECRETARY - August figures - 199 persons, comprising of 116 members, 93 visitors and 48 week end walkers and 151 day walkers. Profit on vans \$163

MEMBERSHIP- 359 financial members as at end of September.

WILKY - Work party on fence on Australia Day week-end, January, 1981. Also new winter booking procedure discussed - see elsewhere for details.

SEARCH AND RESCUE People were called out for the search for a girl lost in Seven Acre Rocks area (near Poweltown) Only Liz McKenzie attended from our club.

DUTY ROSTER 15 October - Bob Steel, Sandra Mutimer  
22 October - Graham Hodgson, Alan Kitchener  
29 October - Prue Hardiman, Libby Quarterman  
5 November - Max Casley, Graeme Laidlaw  
12 November- Ian Stewart, Rod Mattingley

Next committee meeting 10th Novmeber, 1980

\* \* \* \* \*

CONCESSION FARES

At the Half Yearly General Meeting on 24th September, 1980 the following motions were passed.

"That persons on unemployment benefit be granted a 50% reduction on van fares"

"That full time students be granted a 50% reduction on van fares"

A suitable notice will be displayed on the booking board.

\* \* \* \* \*

FOR SALE .

Bush Gear "Tawonga" tent. Double skin "Pyramid" tent with cooking - pack store area. Weight 3.4 kg (7½lb) This weight includes telescopic pole, all pegs and extra plastic grounds sheet. (Floor is worn). Has one well repaired tear. \$100 (or nearest offer)

Stoves - Optimus "00" kero stove as new - weight 750 g \$20.00(or nearest offer)

Optimus "99" (lightweight version of 8R) with lid/billy spare cap, plus pump and pump cap. Has new heat shield. \$15.00

Borde silver tube shellite stove with wind-shield/potstand. Weight 320 g. (YES) This is a HOT stove \$15.00 (or nearest offer)

Contact Gerry McPhee - B/ 479 3262 H/ 387 3417

\* \* \* \* \*



# ALONG THE TRACK

## HOTHAM TO BOGONG VILLAGE

### A Personal Recollection

Hey, its 5.30, wake up! Didn't you hear the alarm clock? I suddenly become aware of familiar voices. I lay still in the darkness for some time longer enjoying the last few moments of warmth, for I had carefully calculated the time needed to be ready for departure at 6.00 a.m.

The bus arrived nearly on time, and soon we were dropping packs in Diamantina Hut. Soon, a bit of muesli, a dark cold messy hut, escape back outside to a different world of brilliant white expanse and the beautiful Razorback leading to a magnificent Feathertop. Off exploring the southern slopes of Hotham I miss the circle, the faces all familiar except for Paul and Roy. A few struggling up on the hard packed old snow. Old snow turns to wind-swept ice, and we all carry our skis to the summit. Superb! Crosscut Saw, Cobblers, Feathertop. Loch, Bogong, Kosciusko and Fainter - our destination. The last of the party arrives, with me still enjoying the grandeur.

An easy ski down Hotham, Bill leading, falls - why? Suddenly I am caught unaware with my skis shooting out to the side as the snow turns to ice, and I know why! Roy breezes past, doing it well.

Out along the all too familiar route to Loch, looking longingly at some of the more interesting slopes - I could catch them at Loch if I had a run down Mary's Slide, but the others are too close, and I need time to wax up for the hot sun is already changing the snow. Up towards Loch we meet Geoff, who has been doing what I only dream of doing. A huge cornice, which we climb through to reach the top, and then a run down to a lower knob for a better view of Dibbins Divide. Down an easy slope and then across to a more interesting one - but Bob beckons us on, as he is concerned about the time.

Gliding down to Derricks, and morning tea, the waxless skiers recede into the distance, but after the break the heat has increased and I've stripped to a T shirt. I should have changed to red Klister, and I wonder about a conversion to waxless skis, as I'm passed up the slightest of gradients. But now we go down, and reach Geoff and Roy surveying a steep slope. Deep slow heavy snow - with a run out at the bottom. It looks possible, so I tackle it the way I learnt - by going straight down. From the bottom I see Geoff leap after me shouting war cries, but despite them, loses balance and disappears into the snow, re-emerging to shout abuse and blaming me somehow for the new tear in his trousers. Off to the next slope before I am caught on the uphill slide. Bob is soon with me at the top of the main descent, but I leave him as I deviate off down the attractive spur away from the pole line. Great skiing, and nearly to the bottom without falling, I think, just before the first fall! The snow is getting thin now - is it possible to ski to the bottom of the spur, and then ski back up the valley to the hut? Better cut back to the pole

line where Bob catches me, and we walk down to the hut, closely followed by Bill complaining about my strange navigation.

Well into lunch, and the others haven't arrived yet. Could they have followed me, but not cut back to the pole line? In the distance we see Geoff leading the others up the valley to the hut. Time to apply the essential red Klistar, and soon we are climbing up onto the High Plains, skis gripping well on the firm corn snow. Of course I slip, and fall in an impossible position - a good opportunity for a drink and to remove a shirt. Bob continues up on his magic waxless skis. A short time later we are near the top, the effort seeming insignificant to what we had thought it might be, and then to Mt. Jim concentrating hard on gliding, not walking, to make sure the red Klistar does not ball up on the cold dry snow. I pass Geoff, who is walking with 100 mm of snow under his skis, and climb to the summit of Jim which is decorated with intensely green lichen-covered rocks contrasting vividly with the white expanse. Another grand view of an open white expanse with views to Kosciusko - is that Jacungal? Townsend? Next week-end we shall be there probably looking back down to here.

The others have continued on to Tawonga Huts, where the shaded road provides an unexpected turn of speed followed by a grinding halt out on the warm sunlit snow. Some lobbying to ensure we are not waylaid by the alleged comfort of the huts, and then we are off along the road, my waxes not working now and I'm feeling frustrated about indecision about possible campsites. Fortunately, a campsite is soon settled, the tents up, wood collected, and I'm relaxing by the fire and eagerly anticipating the evenings gourmet delights. Darkness soon comes, the air starts to bite, my ears feel a bit cool, so I start to put on my hat - only to find it already on my head! Perhaps I should have brought a jumper! We all edge a bit closer to the fire, but inevitably find the comfort and warmth of the tent the more attractive proposition.

I wake to find the sun already up, but there is still time for a leisurely breakfast, and time to <sup>after</sup>rewax the skis for the frozen corn snow. Half an hour later Bob's warning we are away, and soon meet Gerry and friends enjoying the morning sun. We drop packs and are away, up the valley for a view of the Niggerheads and Feathertop. Back down again and an insanely funny dog fight with Ken, cutting across each others paths finally ending as he falls, and I, nearly, from laughter. Ken finds a jump, and immediately goes about conquering it. I go higher for more exhilaration and land awkwardly with one ski, desperately trying to get it back into place, but inevitably crumple to a halt. Geoff goes even higher, screaming, and screaming down, looking unstable before even reaching the jump. On the second attempt one ski slithers off down the slope. Geoff skis down one legged to where Alan has retrieved the offending ski. Down through the giant bumps and hollows, a tight corner in heavy deep snow, and out through the trees to the plain. Bob is soon with me, skiing with controlled excellence, continuing back to the packs. I wait, then give chase, dropping to the racing position, quickly gaining until in a moment of instability I fall. Bob glides quietly into the distance.

On towards Fainter, the skis are working at last - gliding effortlessly, and gripping with surety. Over a rise and the magnificence of Fainter. The face has steep gullies - that one looks possible, the snow probably packed and cold and out of the sun. Further up the snow changes and the skis lose their grip. Bob passes on his magic waxless skis - the only waxless skier not having problems - but with a change of tack I'm on top of the ridge, and after Geoff who is already on the summit.

On top, I drop my pack, remove my skis, deliberately placing them upside down to ensure they don't disappear off the side, then stand up to take in the scenic grandeur. Bob wants a photo taken, but I suddenly become aware of the wind and cold, and struggle to put on my parka and mittens. How do you operate a camera with frozen hands surrounded by bulky mittens? We stay longer to enjoy the world of the mountains, but suddenly become aware of the cold. Down to a saddle between the two Fainters, the skiing easy with the hard corn snow making sideslips and turning easy. Moving on up to Fainter North the cornice looks impressive, but becomes disappointing when on top. Another series of views, and the wind is less evident. The cornice looks easy with an amazingly steep gully running out to a narrow end in the trees 200m below. The snow is tightly packed, verging on icy, but easy for turning and sure to be good further down. I prepare myself, ready to self arrest with a stock when the inevitable fall comes, having used the stock arrest on many previous occasions on icy slopes. Away - but I fall off the cornice on the first attempt, and angrily climb back to the top. Back up on the top Ken wants a photo, and someone else asks why I shouldn't ski down there, jokingly. Off the top and down, with one, two, three turns and the slope still gets steeper with no view to the bottom. I stop. I see the easy alternative, a small knob overlooking the final plummet, and so I ski down easily for the view. Time for another look at the gully - a slight bump there where I could turn. It's so tight that a turn would be mandatory every second or two. I'm sure I can do it! At the bottom a climb across a rocky face to an adjacent gully which leads up to the packs. A shout from up top, and Bob indicates that they are going back. In seconds I'm alone, the wind blows straight through the parka, and my mind turns back 3 years to a solo trip at Kosci, when I stopped myself sliding down 300 m down into valleys of Carruthers Peak, only at the expense of severely abraded hands. Suddenly the slope becomes impossibly steep, and I climb slowly back to the top. I shall go back next year, and I will do it.

Following Gerry's party down is easy, and we catch them having lunch in the brilliant sunshine. "Do you know where the road leads off, because we don't." "No, I was just following your tracks," I reply, thinking how I would normally be scornful of people doing just that. Bob comes gracefully down, sideslipping to perfection. It must be back up hill. It is hot out of the wind, and I'm cooking in the parka, mittens and hat. The climb is hot and tedious, but soon I'm back up to the start of the road where Bob has decided to have lunch. The road can be seen winding, around the sides of the hills. Down the road and the speed is easy to control at first, although Geoff finds one section of rocky ground a bit difficult! In the shade it becomes bumpy and faster. Snowploughs become impossible, and I settle to a more stable crouched position, continually gaining speed! Around a corner and I'm suddenly into a turnback corner. With no option I fall, stopping abruptly as the pack digs into the snow. Up on my feet just as Geoff hurtles past my ski tips and disappear into the bushes, having slid perhaps 25 m on level ground. The next run has patches of sunlit warm snow, causing me to stagger as the skis slow, and the pack continues. Why I don't fall I don't know. Another corner in the sun, so I should slow before making a controlled stop. Instead, I lose balance, and end up skiing up a mound with a good position to view the arrival of the others. One by one everyone arrives, except Paul who eventually arrives to describe some of the problems with skiing off the edge of the road! He and Roy had been doing well, unperturbed by the necessary falls. The final runs down the road are exhilarating. Following after Ken and Geoff. I find them spread-eagled around the corner with Geoff exclaiming doubts about Ken's sanity. "He was skiing as fast as me, but with a pack on, and I chickened out before him". More long runs



of controlled speed, only just managing to get round some corners, As we watched the waxless skiers arrive the difference was obvious. They just weren't experiencing the terror of speed!

Walking down the road I became lost in thought, and was almost surprised to see Roy, Paul and Alan still with me, to the end! The snow disappeared and the roar of the traffic of the Falls Creek road became dominant. Back on the bus I asked Bob how many people had been interested - only eight? Surely? I thought of the alternative - a week-end of skiing, at Buffalo perhaps, where people ski all day and never fall over, never feel sweat on their body, and go home when the weather turns overcast. I thought of next week end to Kosci, where the journey can continue, and my heart will beat faster, for a week at least.

Chris Thompson.

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#### FRIDAY NIGHT TENT POLES

Rob Harris mentions the problem light-weight walkers have in finding tent poles on a late Friday night camp.

One solution is to bring along a pair of bamboo poles. Easy and quick to grow, bamboo makes straight and strong, yet light-weight poles, which are also bio-degradable so they may be discarded or broken up and burnt on the breakfast fire.

WARNING: Bamboo has to be watched as it spreads easily and can become a nuisance.

A.S.

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#### WALKERS WEIGHT WATCHERS

There are two useful things to keep in mind when choosing clothing for bushwalking. The first being flexibility so as to cope with the variety of conditions likely to be encountered. The other being that cotton and wool provide greater comfort than synthetic material. For light clothing and underclothing cotton allows perspiration to easily pass through it and evaporate. Wool also has this property together with the advantage of providing good insulation even when wet.

The following is a list of clothes with reasons for taking and ways of using which should be sufficient for bushwalking in other than very extreme conditions.

**HAT - SUMMER** (optional) Keeps sun off head, face and back of neck - cotton hat with brim at least 7 cm wide (Brimless toweling hats may look dapper but are not worth their weight.)

- **WINTER** (essential for high country) woolen beanie - preferably of the type which can be pulled down to make a balaclava.

**JUMPER - SUMMER** Light weight pure wool polo or crew neck style loose fitting and long enough to keep the kidney region covered when bending or sitting.

- **WINTER** Two light weight as above. Apart from two light jumpers being warmer than a heavy one, two allows greater flexibility. If the weather requires one to be worn during the day and it becomes wet, the second can be put on when in camp with the wet one over it. Apart from the wet one still providing insulation it also dries out.

(Thick woolen shirts - usually too hot to walk in, quite bulky, not as efficient as jumpers)

SHIRT - SUMMER. One heavy cotton with long sleeves and button up front. the heavy cotton gives protection from the bush and resists tearing. Long sleeves also give protection from the bush and sun but can be rolled up. The button front can be open or closed.

- WINTER. One cotton "fleecy" lined or fine woven wool-long sleeved and button up front. (flexibility as above)

PANTS - SUMMER. Shorts of heavy cotton (denim). The shorts tend to be more comfortable if the reach half way down to the thigh and give that extra bit of protection where it counts. Overpants can be used in summer for severe scrub bashing.

- WINTER. Shorts are usually wearable, however, long pants are usually desirable for extreme conditions and in camp. Pure wool is the only fabric worth considering. Cotton or synthetics become saturated very easily and consequently cold. (You would be warmer in shorts than saturated long cotton pants)

UNDERPANTS - cotton, two pairs - handy if you are soaked by falling in a river etc. - use one pair as swimming togs if necessary.

SINGLET - Woolen, loose fitting, long.

- SUMMER. Useful if jumper and shirt are wet - put on singlet, wring out jumper and put on - warmer and the jumper dries out. Also handy on frosty nights.

- WINTER. A good start to feeling warm in camp. It is almost impossible to stay dry when walking in the rain. If shirt and jumper are damp due to wearing a parka while walking, once in camp put on woolen singlet, damp shirt, dry jumper then damp jumper. You will be warm and within a few hours all will be dry. Damp woolen pants will also dry in this time while still keeping you warm.

SOCKS - Two sets (viz 4 pair if you wear 2 pair at the time) Pure wool with nylon reinforcing in heel and toe. Always keep one set dry. If one pair is soaked during the day at camp remove them, dry your feet, apply a little powder, put on dry socks. If you need to move about the campsite, empty water, mud from the boots and put them on. Any dampness from the boots will not affect the warmth of your feet. If the sox become damp they will dry out overnight in a sleeping bag either on or off. Quick drying of wet socks near a fire will matt and harden the wool. Simply wring them out and use them for the next days walk. Apart from them being a little chilly for the first half hour walking it will do your feet less harm than hard socks. A few sets of wet socks can add considerably to pack weight.

It should be noted that changing from wet clothes should be done as soon as possible after the campsite has been reached. Even before the tent is pitched if it is not raining.

Footwear and wet weather gear plus "odds and ends" will be discussed next time.

There is no doubt that some have additional ideas or disagree with those put forward. I would like to hear from you.

Rob Harris.

A SEARCH AND RESCUE

I received a call at 9 p.m. on Saturday 4th October to go on a search in the Poweltown area (Seven Acre Park) for a mentally retarded girl. Departure time was 6 a.m. on Sunday from Dawson Street, Brunswick, police station, or 6.30 a.m. from Ringwood police station.

Our bus left Dawson St. by 6.10 a.m. and 26 men and 1 lady arrived in Poweltown at 8.00 a.m. There we sorted out what we needed into day packs, rope being recommended to all. Details had been leaking out about the lost girl - she was 18 years old, a compulsive eater, and had disappeared from the middle of a group from her special school.

Leaders sorted us on a club basis into groups of four, each with its own leader. We were driven in State Emergency Service (S.E.S.) cars to Seven Acre Park. As the S.E.S men in our car gave us further information, optimism waned. The girl did not speak, and if intent on anything would just put her head down and go! She was physically quite fit, and no one knew if she would respond to searchers calling her name.

As we hopped out of our car we were warned about a snake (black in color) which had gone into the bushes just near my door. It later returned to its sunny spot near the car.

We waited around in the sun, and gleaned some more facts. The girl was, or had been, wearing a green skivvy, blue jeans and desert boots without much tread, was 5'4" tall and had dark curly hair. We were encouraged to call her name although she might not respond. Some clown suggested that we charge through the bush making noises like chocolate.

Not long after nine we were lined up on a road, half to each side of a walking track. We were to do a line search, keeping about five metres apart and walking in a direction parallel to the track (no maps, no compasses needed) There was a lot of wire grass, forming little 'bowers' where someone could be lying. My neighbour said it must be a Forestry Commission Regrowth Area.

Meanwhile vehicles were sent along roads and tracks. In a creekbed bordering our initial search area, a young bloke noticed shoeprints with little tread. Some S.E.S men and bushwalkers followed up the trail, and found clothing where the girl appeared to have slept. Further on, there were prints going both up and down, but which last? Later the trail was lost but someone climbed a tree, and reckoned the footprints went left around the tree. Shortly afterwards, they could hear someone, and came upon the lost one trapped between two logs. The men doubted if she could have got out by herself, but they differed as to whether she was pleased to see them. One said that she struggled to get out with their assistance, and the other that she was resisting their aid. They agreed that she looked much less frightened when she saw some familiar faces, whose owners had already identified her clothes. One bushwalker had lent his jumper to the girl.

By 10.15 a.m. we were happily having morning tea, having been notified by radio of the clothes find at about 9.30 a.m., and of the actual rescue a little after 10.00 a.m., I wished the girl had turned up before I had fallen off a rock and bruised myself, and wondered if I would have been up to a day's bush-bashing. We walked up to the Seven Acre Rock two minutes away to admire the view, then returned to the cars. Having slept little I stretched out in the sun. The girl was on her way home, and the men on the D24 van had decided to close the transmission.

Unluckily for the S.E.S., one of its vehicles lost its load of three trail bikes and trailer down a steep slope. When our cars finally set off for Powelltown, the road was blocked by a Land Rover and winch. We watched the last bike coming up, apparently undamaged, and examined where the trailer used to be held on by less than a quarter inch strips of welding.

Then it was the bus back to town and home around 4.00 p.m. after 10½ hours of mostly sitting.

\* \* \* E. McKenzie

WELCOME TO THE FOLLOWING NEW MEMBERS

William MARTIN, 17 Eloura Av., Brighton East, 3187 H/ 592 6446  
B/ 592 6446

Carmel IENNIS, 4 Myrtle St. Hawthorn, 3122 H/861 5836 B/41 4222

Philip LARKIN, 41 Hartington St. Elsternwick, 3185 H/523 5903  
B/669 8314

Peter BUCHLAK, 27 Mary St. St. Kilda, 3182 H/534 1840

Ruth HEBBLETHWAITE, 2 Belson St. EAST MALVERN, 3145

Graham HARDING, 12/18 Grandview Gr. Prahran, 3181 H/529 1993  
B/641 5540

Barbara BURTON, 2/60 McIlwrick St. Windsor, 3181 H/51 7627 B/616 9300

Christopher CONNOR, 205 William St. Melbourne, 3000 H/489 5262  
B/67 8912

Pamela DEBNEY, 2 Sythney Crt., Surrey Hills, 3127 H/837 7483  
B/697 7325

Cathy LION, 19/219 Williams Rd. South Yarra, 3142 B/616 6174

Del DWYER, 22 Little Collins St. Melbourne 3000 H/ and B/63 5401

Elfriede SCHMIDT, 44 North Rd. Avondale Heights, 3034 H/337 9381

Beverley SARNYAI, 2/ 13-15 Nicholson St. Footscray, 3011

ADDITIONS AND CHANGES TO MEMBERSHIP LIST

Bob STEEL, H/725 6171 B/82 8031

Pearson CRESSWELL, 96 Kay St. Carlton, H/347 7927 B/460 4466

Janet McCREDIE, 36 Moor St. Fitzroy, 3065 H/419 5351

Sandy DART, 4/39 Coorigil Rd. Carnegie, 3163 H/ 56 5667

Jan WILLIAMS, 17 Leckie St. BENTLEIGH, 3204 H/557 3370 B/67 9124

Les KRIESFIELD, 2/23 Bruce St. West Coburg, 3058 B/60 0471x304

Would all members please notify the MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY (NOT THE NEWS CONVENOR) of any changes of address and phone no's at home or business so that the computer list can be kept up to date.

Libby Quarterman

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Thank you all for your wonderful response this month to News contributions. We are still looking for someone who will contribute to a gossip column. Please write all articles CLEARLY as deciphering scrappy bits of paper can sometimes be difficult.

Closing date for next News, Wednesday 12th November.  
Sent all your articles, news snippets etc. to:  
Marijke Mascas, 12 Hillcrest Rd., GLEN IRIS, 3146, or post in the "Red Box" in the Clubrooms.

WILKINSON LODGE

Up to last year, Wilky was never occupied for more than five weeks in winter. This winter however, Wilky was being used for eight weeks. This increase in numbers in winter, will mean that sooner or later, there won't be enough room to fit in everyone who wants to go. An improved booking procedure for winter is required to give everyone wishing to stay at Wilky an equal chance.

The following proposed booking rules were discussed by the committee and it was decided to publish them in the "News" so that you all have a chance to comment on them

Bookings would be on the basis of each group staying for one week and changing over on the Saturday morning. The closing date of the first Wednesday in April may seem a little early in the year, but each group has to organise their food and get it into Wilky before the road is closed with the first snowfall which can be in early May.

1. Bookings open first Wednesday in March and close first Wednesday in April.
2. Booking sheets to be on display in the clubrooms. To book a place in a week, each person has to place their name on the appropriate sheet.
3. Sleeping capacity for winter to be normally a maximum of 8, but up to 10 if everyone in that week agrees to the larger number.
4. If more than 8 or the agreed number of people wish to use Wilky in one week, members would have preference over non-members. If there are still more than 8 or the agreed number or people a ballot would be held.
5. Names will go individually or in couples, as appropriate, into the ballot unless there are only two groups involved, when if all concerned agree, the ballot is between the two groups.
6. A successful group in item (5), if less than 8 in number cannot refuse others.
7. If a week is not booked out by the last Wednesday in April the remaining places will be filled in on a first come, first served basis.

Please let me have your comments on the above, favourable or otherwise.

WORK PARTY - There will be a work party on the Australia Day Week end in January 1981, and eager volunteers are required.

- The main jobs are:
1. replacing the fence either side of the sliprails
  2. Painting the kitchen.
  3. Collecting fire wood.

Rod Mattingley

FROM OUR FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT

Undoubtedly there are many in the club who remember Stan Klusik, although most of them probably have lost track of him around the point where he jumped out of an aeroplane and broke his leg. (It was his first, and so far only, parachute jump - he knew a better way of landing than the one they told him about.) After they took the metal plate which was screwed to the bone in his leg for nine months, he put it on the mantelpiece and went to Africa. There he climbed Table Mountain, got himself robbed at knifepoint in Mombasa, climbed Kilimanjaro, where he claimed to be the "highest person in Africa" (didn't he notice how many flies there are in some of the villages?), got himself a dose of malaria ("but I'm O.K. again now" - chirpy as you like), crossed the Sahara desert, and finished up more or less in one piece in London.

His talent for survival must have impressed someone - or maybe it was just that he was the cheekiest passenger they had ever had - but after he had been in London several weeks a director of the travel firm that got him there got in touch and asked him if he enjoyed the trip. "Yes, I'd go back and do it again tomorrow if there was any way". "How would you like to be a trainee driver with us, then?". He left London on 5th October on a 9 month safari to Johannesburg and returns as assistant to the driver, with a party of 18 passengers. Next time he will be in charge. "I will probably panic if the truck breaks down in the Sahara or in the jungle, but I guess I will manage - I will have to".

In case anyone wants to write to him he gave the following addresses and dates; in each case send your mail to C/ Poste Restante, Main Post Office.

Kano, Nigeria	20th October
Bangui, Central African Republic	- 15th November
Nairobi, Kenya	20th December
Johannesburg, South Africa	18th January.

The firm he is working for is - Tracks Travel, 161 Kensington High Street, LONDON, W8, England.