



# THE NEWS

OF THE MELBOURNE BUSHWALKERS

Edition 387

MARCH, 1983.

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## SOCIAL COLUMN

This year the Social Secretary job has been split into a Committee which will meet as necessary. My idea is to get several people involved in the organisation of events. The mainback bone of the Committee is Sandy Mattingley. So if you have any ideas for Social Events see me or Sandy but be prepared to be asked to help in organising the event. How successful the Social Scene is is up to you, the members, to participate and be involved in organising.

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## THE FIRST SOCIAL EVENT FOR THE NEW COMMITTEE

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### PANCAKE NIGHT

9th April, 7pm Rod's Place

56 OTTERINGTON AVE,  
IVANHOE.

\$8 per head

B.Y.O. Grog.

Pancake, Salad, Coffee provided.

Limit 40

See Social Secretary.

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SATURDAY 30TH APRIL 5.30pm

SAUSAGE SIZZLE ON THE BEACH AND SLIDE NIGHT ON BUSHWALKING THROUGH OUT VICTORIA.

AT KAREN GAMBERONI  
UNIT 4-68 GOULD ST  
FRANKSTON.

BRING YOUR OWN SAUSAGES AND B.Y.O. SALAD SUPPLIED  
\$3.00 PER HEAD

FOR FURTHER DETAILS CONTACT PHILIP LARKIN ON 66 8314

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APRIL WALK PREVIEWS (CONT.)WEEKEND WALKS

MAR. 31/ CATHERINE RIVER - COBBLER-RAZOR-VIKING-BUFFALO R.  
APR. 4. MEDIUM/HARD.

LEADER : MARILYNWHIMPEY  
 TRANSPORT: PRIVATE  
 EXPECTED TIME OF RETURN: Mon April 4, 9pm.  
 MAP REF: HOWITT 1:50,000, BUFFALO 1:50,000  
 APPROX. DSTN. 50 km.

This walk promises excitement both for the leader (who hasn't previewed it, and the party). I'm looking forward to bagging a few new peaks, including the Razor, the Viking, and revisiting some old friends - like Cobbler and Speculation.

APR. 15 ASTRONOMY WEEKEND EASY  
-16 STAR GAZING BALLARAT OBSERVATORY

LEADER BOB DOUGLAS  
 TRANSPORT: PRIVATE

As G.W.-J's article in WALK a couple of years ago demonstrated, a number of bushwalkers are interested in what can be seen in the night sky on a clear night in the bush. A weekend at the Ballarat observatory should provide an excellent opportunity to see some of these objects in detail. The Ballarat Astronomical Society, a group of about 30 keen amateurs, is in the fortunate position of having a number of large, good quality telescopes (mostly built between the 1880's and the 1920's) in a group of old buildings (with some really beautiful stained glass windows) on the top of a hill (behind Sovereign Hill) in a relatively pollution-free area. I can't guarantee that all telescopes will be operating, but they do have available a 26 inch refractor, 2 16 inch refractors, a 14 inch Celestron, a 5 inch reflector, and some radio astronomy gear.

The plan is for everyone to stay in the nearby caravan park (in tents or vans), to visit the observatory from 8 pm till late on Friday night (weather permitting), do as you please on Saturday (Phil Larkin is leading a day walk), return to the observatory at about 6pm for a BBQ (to which I've invited a member of the Society) and resume observations after sunset (again, weather permitting). An excursion to Sovereign Hill on Sunday is optional.

Bring warm clothing for the viewing nights. Coffee making facilities and a fridge are available on site.

## Prices.

Astronomy	\$5
BBQ	¢3
Sovereign Hill	\$5

Accommodation \$11 (tent), \$31 (on site van)

Book at Goldfields Caravan Park 108 Clayton St., Ballarat.

Prices are approximate for 2 people for 2 nights.  
 There is a limit of 30.

PLEASE BOOK EARLY

Bob Douglas.

WEEKEND WALKS CONT.

(1)

APRIL 22 BENNIES - PARADISE FLAT - BENNIES  
25th. BASE CAMP.EASY

LEADER: PETER BULLARD

TRANSPORT: PRIVATE

MEDIUM

(2)

POWERS LOOK OUT - PARADISE FALLS BENNIES  
- MT. TYPO

TRANSPORT : PRIVATE

FOR DETAILS OF THESE WALKS SEE LEADER IN CLUBROOMS.

ADVANCE PREVIEW: CAPERTEE AND WOLGAN VALLEYS, BLUE MOUNTAINS  
N.S.W.(7-14 May Easy/Medium)

Ask anyone who went on the Colo trip at Christmas time about the breathtaking scenery - both valleys are closed in on either side with towering cliffs. There was no time when we were at Newnes then to have a look at the ruins and relics of the old shale works and the railway, but that is a gap I hope to fill this time. Much of the history of the area and many old photographs can be found in "The Shale Railways of N.S.W." by G. H. Eardley & E. M. Stephens (Australian Railway Historical Society, 1974). The 3rd printing (April 1981) is still available in Melbourne, but those who don't wish to buy one could check it out at the LaTrobe division of the State Library. Nearly the whole of the walk is on the N.S.W. Central Mapping Authority's 1:25000 Mt. Morgan map, though Newnes itself is 1km off the edge on the next sheet, Ben Bullen (which also has the glow worm tunnel on it), while a side trip to the start of the Colo goes onto the edge of the Six Brothers sheet. Paddy Pallin (Sydney) carries the full range of CMA 1:25000 maps of interest - arrange with local branch, or write to CMA, Bathurst (see catalogue in care of the Map Custodian for details). For a more general view, see National Mapping's 1:100 000 Wallerawang.

A tentative schedule: Sat 7th - drive to Newnes (I will probably drive to the Rock evening 6th, arr Newnes early pm Sat); Sun: rest day (drivers) Newnes or visit glow worm tunnel (very good value - I saw it last year) and plateau top overlooking Upper Wolgan; Mon: Cross over to Capertree valley by way of Petries Gully and Green Gully and to confluence of Freshwater Creek; Tues Down the Capertree to the creek which runs NE from Mt. Morgan (confluence at 615249); Wed: rest day, OR a dash to the Colo and back (you'll be busy), OR with the leader a side-trip up the creek to plateau level and the summit of Mt. Morgan (I hope! - in this country you never know when a cliff or canyon will bar the way); Thur: To the Wolgan and then up it to Annie Rowan; Fri: To Rocky Creek. Those who are going on to walk with Pearson in the Budawangs in the following week would continue on to camp at Newnes Friday night and drive to Braidwood (or wherever) on the Saturday. Those who, like myself, can only get one week, have Friday afternoon to do a side trip up Rocky Creek, Saturday morning to return to Newnes and Sunday to return to Melbourne.

- Graham Wills-Johnson

It was overheard at tea for a certain member to say "I played Handels Water Music and it rained during the night", and the reply was "then don't play the Firebird Suite" ??

NOTICES

"CLEFT ROCK" FEDERATION WALK MARCH 27th

VENUE - MT. VINEGAR AREA.

THERE WILL BE 4 WALKS - EASY, MEDIUM, MEDIUM AND HARD.

ALL WALKS WILL FINISH AT THE SAME PLACE WHERE REFRESHMENTS SHOULD BE AVAILABLE.

BUS TRANSPORT AVAILABLE TRIP FEE \$8.00

DEPARTS BATMAN AVENUE 9.15AM.

POSSIBLE LATE FINISH.

CONTACT TED SMITH BUS. 783 2277.

CANOE TRIP

Are there any club members interested in a one-day canoe/kayak trip on the Yarra from Yarra Glen to Whittons Reserve? This is an easy stretch of water and the country along the route is very scenic. If interest, please contact Tony Morris in the clubrooms or phone 669 f3182 (W) or 878 4460 (H).

CHANGES OF INFORMATION

ATTWOOD Verle Anne and Stan  
44 Dinsdale Rd.,  
Boronia 3155.  
221 3364 (H) 542 2244 (B)

BROWN Graeme Tel 615 6057 (W)

CAMERON Heather  
9/98 Vale St.,  
East Melbourne, 3002  
429 2591 (H)

CRAWFORD Ann and Lindsay,  
4 Trumper St.,  
Camberwell, 3124  
299 2718 (H)

DOUGLAS Bob (Tel) 606 7296 (W)

DUNCAN Hugh (Tel) 890 2786 (H)

GRIFFIN Michael,  
52 Gardiner St.,  
Downer A.C.T. 2602  
062 497 052 (H)

HARDING Graham 489 0915 (H)

HODGSON Janet (nee McCredie)

HURLEY Maureen 337 3220 (H)

JAKAB Zolton  
8/11 Balacalva Rd.,  
Balacalva 3183  
527 8642 (H)

JONES Fred  
16 Orchid Ave.,  
Rosebud West 3940 527 8642 (H)

CHANGES OF INFORMATION      CONT.

LONG Wendi,  
1/7 Palermo St.,  
Mentone, 3194

MCFARLANE Devid Tel 393 0224 (B)

MOBBS Lance  
C/- Post Office,  
Forrest 3236.

MUIRHEAD Lynne 341 4574 (W)

O'Donnell Ian  
344 Dandenong Rd.,  
East St. Kilda 3182.

THOMPSON Leonie  
1/61 Boisdale St.,  
Surrey Hills, 3127.      606 8473 (W)

WHITE Keith    314 0022 (H)

WILHELM Angelika  
298 Oriel Rd.,  
Heidelberg West 3081  
459 1298 (H) 697 1283 (B)

NEW MEMBERS

Michael Anderson  
C/- 37 Tram Rd.,  
Doncaster 3108.  
606 5103 (W)

Jean Scarsbrook,  
8/E Waratah Ave.,  
Glenhuntly 3163.  
211 5626 (H) 609 5082 (W)

CONGRATULATIONS ARE EXTENDED TO:-

RUTH AND ROSS HOSKINS ON THE BIRTH OF THEIR DAUGHTER  
ALLISON ELLA HOSKIN ON 24TH FEBRUARY WEIGHING 3150 gms.

ANGELIKA WILHELM AND COLIN PROHASKY ON THEIR ENGAGEMENT.

LYNNE MUIRHEAD AND BOB DOUGLAS WHO WILL BE MARRYING NEXT  
MONTH.

COMMITTEE NOTES FROM COMMITTEE MEETING 7/3/83

It was decided by the Committee that the Club was not responsible  
for costs incurred for getting to and from departure points.

A new slide projector for the club rooms would be bought.

Bills passed for payment were \$1038.80

At the A.G.M. it was decided that \$392 would be given  
to the Tasmanian Wildreness Society.

The club was advised that Jack Baxter was in hospital, a  
get well card was being sent.

Committee members, leaders and members of the club were  
encouraged to make welcome visitors and new members to  
the club on walks and in the Club rooms.

COMMITTEE NOTES CONT.

Annual subscriptions are now due and payable \$12 members, \$6 students, \$8 \$18 couple, \$6 news subscriber.

An aluminium extension ladder has been bought for Wilky Lodge.

OFFICE BEARERS ELECTED AT THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING ON 23RD FEBRUARY 1983.

President Geoff Mattingly 81 Oakleigh Rd., Carnegie  
578 6545 (H) 561 4100 (W)

Vice Presidents Alan Kitchener 34 MacGowan Ave., Glenhuntly  
3163, 578 3942 (H) 419 7055 (W)

Athol Schafer, (for address see Athol in clubrooms)

Secretary Betty Spencer, 74 Capital Ave., Glen Waverley.  
233 8865(H)

Treasurer Hugh Duncan, 1/61 Boisdale St., Surrey Hills  
890 2786 (H) 615 4728 (W)

Walks Secretary Jopie Bodegraven, 29 May St., Balwyn.

Membership Secretary Robyn Haby, 2 Keats Street, Elwood,  
3184, 531 7463 (H) 82 7074 (W)

Social Secretary Mick Mann, 30 Naroon Road, Alphington,  
3078, 49 4782 (H) 662 3848 (W).

Walk Editor Jan Llewelyn, 92 Palmerston St., Carlton.  
347 6140 (H)

Wilky Manager Rod Mattingley, 58 Otterington Grv, Ivanhoe.  
3079.

News Convenor Maureen Hurley, 11/48 Scott Street,  
Essendon, 3040. 744 4455 (W) 337 3220 (H)

General Committee Neil Priestley  
Phil Larkin  
Penny Stapelton  
Gail Pearson  
Rosemary Cotter  
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Committee Tasks for this year

- Equipment Officer - Gail Pearson and Neil Priestley
- Maps - Phil Larkin
- F.W.C. - Alan Kitchener
- C.C.V. - Penny Stapelton
- & A.C.F.
- V.N.P.A. & N.F.A.C. - R. Cotter.
- T.W.S. -
- & S.T.A.V. Rod Mattingley
- Search and Rescue - Phil Larkin.

## ALONG THE TRACK



SOUTH WEST TASMANIA - XMAS/NEW YEAR 1982/83  
LEADER: Peter Bullaro

I cannot recall a walk that divided so neatly into two contrasting halves. The change seemed to co-incide with our food pick-up at Melaleuca, the planned mid point of a two week trip.

The fine and at times hot weather of the first half of the walk, which followed the South Coast Track and visited many lovely bays, was interrupted on the morning of the fifth day as we slogged up the eastern side of the dreaded Ironbound Range in continuous rain and deep mud. But even on this day, as we stopped for lunch near the top, the rain eased and a glimmer of sunshine appeared. The roar of Peter's MSR heating water for a round of beans was a comforting sound as we replaced our sodden clothes. By mid afternoon the cloud gradually dispersed and fine weather followed us to Melaleuca.

On the second half of the walk, we left the coast by the Port Davey track headed towards Scotts Peak Dam. My most pleasant memory was a sudden burst of sunshine on arriving at Junction Creek Shelter after several days trudging through long stretches of mire and track submerged in water from the incessant rain and occasional hail. The permanent low grey ceiling of cloud, which had fogged us from Melaleuca, suddenly dissolved away exposing the ragged outline of the northern flank of the Western Arthurs for our admiration during the remainder of the evening.

Peter's organization of this trip ran to the most impeccable timing, even to the arrival of a six-seater taxi-bus at Scott's Peak Dam on the Friday afternoon as three of our group stood by the roadside pondering the slog along the gravel to our planned final camp on the Huon River. Imagine the open mouths of the other three members, having set up camp and in the process of settling down for the night, when a taxi-bus loomed down the road with three beaming faces at the windows. Quite up at the equilibrium, a hasty clearing of tents, the ruckracks were repacked and we were all away back to Hobart for the comforts of a hotel for the night.

The walk started at Cockles Creek, south of Hobart. When the bus stopped and we milled around the door unloading our packs a familiar and friendly face appeared beside the bus. Alva Strapasson had just returned from a few days solo walking along the south coast and was waiting for the bus back to Hobart.

There are two water crossings on the trip where you row across in small fibreglass boats, one left on each shore. The first at New River Lagoon on the south coast track and a second at Batnurst Narrows on the Port Davey Track. I was looking forward to these crossings with apprehension as my life has been sheltered from the skill required in handling small boats.

When we came to make the crossing of New River Lagoon early on our fourth morning, there wasn't a cloud in the sky, a mild breeze blew down the lagoon, the tide was out so you could almost walk across the lagoon except for the deepest part of the channel. We had great fun rowing across the mouth of the lagoon toward the vast expanse of the sand bar on the further side and then back again with Precipitous Bluff and Pindars Peak giving a perfect backdrop for photographs. Gerald Young showed great form with the oars. I didn't realize until it was my turn that one of the regulation P.W.D. oars was a foot longer than the other. I guess it must help you to keep a straight course when rowing across a fast current.

Crossing Bathurst Narrows was a different story. As the name suggests, the crossing is at a point along the vast expanse of the Bathurst Harbour system where two necks of land come relatively close together, possibly half a kilometer under normal conditions. When I arrived at Joan Point, the southern neck of land, it was raining and a strong north wind was chopping up the water forming white crests. There was no boat. Just at that moment a boat with two figures on board towing a second boat appeared from behind the northern neck, Farrell Point. When they arrived they asked me if I thought the water was too rough to cross. As they had already been across and back I thought it sensible to say "It seems O.K.", but I was thinking that maybe it will calm down later in the afternoon. They departed and as I watched them battle against the wind I wondered about my earlier advice.

When the others arrived, Peter was raring to go and without hesitation dragged the boat up the slipway. At this moment a solo walker appeared and asked if we wanted an oarsman. So this fellow rowed Peter and Zoltan across whilst we other four watched and admired his strength and skill with the oars through the heavily choppy water. Ten minutes later and Peter and Zoltan were back with both boats. Meanwhile the atmosphere was growing gloomier, the wind was stronger, the water rougher and our confidence sagging. Leon had erected his tent fly for shelter.

Peter asked who wanted to go next. There was a momentary silence, we began to express our reservations and as there was no hurry we could wait until next morning if necessary for the weather to moderate. In a rush of blood I said I would go but, my saviour was close at hand. Another solo walker, Frank, had arrived. In the confusion of our deliberations it was decided that Frank and Peter and Zoltan whose packs were already over the other side would go on this trip and then we would wait for improved weather.

Well the weather was really giving its worst as this small party cast off. I kept ducking in and out of the tent to give newsflashes on the progress of the valiant trio to Leon, Gail and Sandra huddled under the fly. For a long time the boat seemed to stay bobbing up and down in the same position about one hundred metres off shore with Peter heaving on the oars, and then later, there it was way out in the middle of the deep water seeming to drift in a huge sweep of the narrows. I thought I could see the white knuckles of Frank's hand gripping the gunnel. Sandra considered that Peter was doing a water level preview of Mt. Rugby looming in the background. Perhaps twenty more minutes went by and the next time I looked out both Peter and Zoltan were manning the oars and the boat was slowly edging toward the shore on the other side. I breathed a heavy sigh of relief and relayed the news to the others.

Next morning, conditions were brighter and we were all ferried across. Peter and Zoltan were almost on a business footing, as by the time they made the final exchange of boats, they made seven trips between them but I think they enjoyed themselves.

We all enjoyed the company of the small animals who emerged from the bush at our various campsites to check us out, but there was mutual wariness of too close an association. On our first night, rustlings in the lower branches of the thick trees was eventually resolved into the form of the opossum scourge of bushwalkers belongings. After a brief foray into Sandra's bag of international food delights followed by some firm persuasion in the rump they moved to the side of the arena for the rest of the evening.

At New River Lagoon, small shapes occasionally darted between bushes, then hopped gamely into the open to be identified variously as poforoos and paddymelons. With increasing confidence they gradually drifted closer to our campfire to pick up the small pieces of food in their dainty front paws and sitting erect on their hindlegs began biting off small pieces keeping their soft dark eyes on us all the while.

Whilst we prepared camp at Junction Creek Shelter we met Peeping Tom. There he was and there he wasn't. A small spotted triangular face looked out from the bushes and then was gone. Sometimes a whole shape appeared only to vanish back into the undergrowth just as quickly. The longer I looked expecting an appearance the longer my disappointment. So I began lighting my stove for a cup of tea, there was a tinkling sound at the tent, I turned around to see my first native cat with its nose in the food bag. What a thrill. Later as I lay in the tent after tea I watched it carefully reconoitre the whole area for scraps of food and I marvelled at the curve of its long willow tail.

On our seventh day Peter elected it as a rest day to nurse our sore feet. We were camped in the teatree lining the foreshore of the eastern beach of Cox's Bight. Sandra was determined to take a photograph of a light plane that land on the Western beach, so armed with lunch and a thick book she set off with Zoltan for the long vigil of waiting for the arrival of a plane.

Around three o'clock we heard the drone of a plane coming along the coast and watched it fly overhead, circle and disappear behind Point Eric which divides the eastern and western shores of the Bight. Soon it was up in the air again and headed out towards the small islands off the coast. Ten minutes later we heard a plane approaching our camp and ran out in time to see it dip a wing as it passed over our heads. Half an hour later, a beaming Zoltan arrived up the beach followed by Sandra to give us a full account of their \$50 joy ride around the islands.

Thanks Peter for a well organized walk. I have now been down the south west at long last and despite my grumbles at the weather I thoroughly enjoyed it. Thank you Gail, Leon, Sandra, Gerald and Zoltan for your company.

Mr. Folk Guitar.

COLO . . . . . L I L O

Well, it was certainly different this time. There were eleven of us, not just one, for a start. What is more, we did quite a lot of the trip backwards, lying on our backs. Can't say I've done much travelling that way before. Still, perhaps we'd better go back to the beginning. That was, as the preview stated, outside the Mt. Wilson post office at 9 a.m., 27th December. Not a soul in sight. Nothing in sight at all, in fact; just a freezing fog and a persistent drizzle. At 9.01 a.m. Spencer appeared. It stopped raining. At 9.05 Chris and Helen, our Canberran expatriates, appeared. The fog lifted. At 9.10 the leader appeared!! There was a break in the clouds. Around 10 the remaining, highly-organized, super-efficient contingent hove to view. The sun came out. But it was still PERISHING COLD. Clatterteeth Canyon was absolutely and definitely OUT. Nobody had brought skates or woolly scarves. We decided to do the Wolgan and the Colo first, and hope for a heatwave in the second week.

There wasn't time, after we had done a monumental car shuffle, to have a look at the glow worm tunnel or the old shale kilns or Ye Ancient Rusticke Pubbe (still serving ale to the gentry) at Newnes. If you want to see all that, come on the trip in May. We however, had a long way to go, and go at once we did. By 5 p.m. 11 rather hot bushwalkers were flopping gratefully into the Wolgan River many kilometres further down the valley, and by 6.30 the same 11 now rather cooler bushwalkers were to be seen putting up their tents in a grassy paddock surrounded by some of the most impressive cliffs you will see anywhere. Day 2 brought many more refreshing swims in the river - well - wallows; in a drought year the Wolgan was doing its best (much better than the Capertee), but wasn't quite up to Mississippi standards. Day 2 also brought four wheel drives and barking dogs once we got to where the track came back to the river again, but the campsite was at least out of reach of such distracting manifestations of 20th century barbarism when we finally, somewhat wearily, got to it.

There were rumblings among the keener liloists on day 3 when it was still clear that there wasn't enough water to float on. The leader pointed out patiently that his preview had said we'd have to wait till the COLO had gathered some of its tributaries, and we'd only just reached the Capertee by then. All the same, I'm sure I saw his fingers crossed and touching wood more than once. By this time quite a controversy had blown up over WHO was the THUNDEROUS SNORER - heightened by the fact that some late-afternoon rain had roused romantic visions of the river rising twenty metres overnight and testing to the utmost the skills of intrepid liloist and native mountain duck alike the following day. Because of this it was deemed unsafe to camp too close to the mighty Capertee (as the poor unjustly-treated Wolgan had now become), and campsites were at a premium. How to keep the THUNDEROUS SNORER at a safe distance? that was the question. The river went DOWN overnight. As for the rain - well, nature thoughtfully provided us with a rock overhang under which to have the campfire and our evening meal, and when we had finished, thoughtfully turned off the rain and gave us sunset colours and mystery on all the cliffs. People wandered up and down the sandy beaches just being THERE: it really is that sort of place, whether in the middle of the day, as I saw it last time, or in the evening, as now, or on a bright sunny morning as we saw it when we started off next day.

That was the day we finally got to the Colo itself. Jopie (of illustrious leadership fame), Jan and Spencer decided that come hell or LOW water, this was a liloing trip, and lilo the Capertee they would. They did, but the rest of us could see that they were having to work rather hard at it, and settled for

immersions that were by now becoming increasingly swim-like. Some of the pools were nearly five feet four and a half inches deep. (Some old sticks will never be convincingly metricated). Then, at last, at 1.10 p.m., we reached the Colo. At 1.11 p.m. a number of small boys with large packs began to appear from the direction of Woolemi Creek. Their dodderly old leader or whatever had been left far behind. They began to tell us about Woolemi Creek, and we them about the Capertee. After a while, as is wont in such matters, our leader began to ask us whether we would prefer to have lunch there or go down the Colo a little first. One of the smaller members of the other party watched all this with eyes that increasingly looked like saucers. At last he could contain himself no longer. "Do all of you", he blurted out in a tone of utter disbelief, "get to have a say"? They're going to have trouble with that one!

It was late that afternoon that we finally came upon the Liloablecolo. From there onwards, in fact, even in a drought year with little current to speak of, it's pretty nearly ALL Liloablecolo. By the time we'd finished I don't think there was anyone who wasn't reasonably happy to get back onto their feet and give their hands a rest for a while, though Max did persist until his lilo ran firmly aground twenty feet up a sandy bank in knee-deep bright green couch grass. The end of the Colo trip by then was just around the corner. This after nearly four and a half days of continuous paddling through magnificent wilderness country that I haven't space here to tell you about.

Nor, really, is there space to deal with the next three days we spent in the canyons - Rocky Creek, with its deep subterranean mysteries (it's every bit as good as that photo in the March 1982 issue of "Wild" makes it look) - and, at long last, Clatterteeth which was very pretty indeed and didn't make us shiver at all. I can only say that if we neglect the northern Blue Mountains we are missing out on a lot, and thanks, Jopie, for a superb fortnight.

...U.W.C.

(Unmetricated Webhanded Colopaddler)

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COMMITTEE NOTES, CONT.

Committee Duty Dates.

- 16/3 Penny Stapelton/Alan Kitchener
- 23/3 Rosemary Cotter/Gail Pearson
- 30/3 Rod Mattingley/Neil Priestley
- 6/4 Penny Stapelton/Geoff Mattingley
- 13/4 Betty Spencer/Jan Llewelyn

Next Committee Meeting 11 April.  
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YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR 1983 ARE NOW DUE FOR RENEWAL. IF YOU HAVE NOT PAID BY THE END OF THIS MONTH, THIS IS YOUR LAST NEWSLETTER.

Ordinary Members \$12.00  
 Couples \$18.00  
 Pensioners  
 and Students \$ 6.00  
 News Subscribers \$ 6.00

Have you paid the correct amount- Some people were so eager to pay their 1983 subscriptions that they paid 1982 rates (forgetting about inflation) or perhaps they were fooled by that little gremlin who worked on the rates listed in the last News.

Could you please check the amounts listed above, and pay any discrepancy if necessary-

Please complete and forward the form below to:  
 Robyn Haby, 2 Keats Street, Elwood, 3184. or Melbourne Bushwalkers Club, Box 1751Q, G.P.O. Melbourne, 3001.  
 When returning this form could you please indicate any change in the information previously given.

Enclosed please find cheque/money order for \$ \_\_\_\_\_ as renewal of my/our membership to Melbourne Bushwalkers as member/couple members/students member/news subscriber.

Mr./Mrs./Miss/Ms. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Surname (Block letters please) Given names

Address \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ Post Code \_\_\_\_\_

Phone Home \_\_\_\_\_ Business \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_ Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Couples

1. \_\_\_\_\_

2. \_\_\_\_\_

Surname (Block letters please) Given names

Address \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ Post Code \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Phone Home \_\_\_\_\_ Business 1. \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_ 2. \_\_\_\_\_

Signatures \_\_\_\_\_