



MEMORABLE TRIP REPORTS 1978 – 2023

COMPILED BY EILEEN CLARK

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ASSOCIATION NUMBER A5665B

We acknowledge the Traditional Owners of the lands and waters on which we travel and meet. We respect their elders past and present.

Introduction

There are memorable trips.....and memorable trip reports. This is a small collection of the latter, culled from the first 45 years of the Club's history. Not all members know that after every activity the leader is supposed to ensure a report gets lodged for the education, edification and enjoyment of other members. Some of these reports are highly detailed descriptions of routes taken, complete with grid references, elapsed times and what the leader had for dinner, while others are more creative. A very few record serious events that were managed by leaders. Most are true, up to a point. In the early years of the club, these handwritten sheets were stuck into a large ledger, known affectionately as the Family Bible, but since the coming of the digital age they have been featured every month in *Footprints*, along with stunning photographs of places visited.



I thank the leaders, reporters, scribes, poets and photographers whose work is featured in these pages. It has not often been possible to identify exactly who produced the work, while others may prefer to remain anonymous. In a couple of places, I have removed names to save embarrassment or lawsuits. Otherwise, the reports are reproduced as close as possible to how they were submitted (some of the handwriting was a bit hard to decipher...). Some photographs were added in production. Thanks must go to all leaders for their tireless work in keeping the Club active, the activities co-ordinators, editors and web keepers who promote activities, and all members and their support teams at home who have contributed to the Club through the years. May we continue to prosper for another 45 years (at least).

Burnt Boot Award

It's been some years since the Burnt Boot Award was presented to the leader of the gnarliest, most dysfunctional, heroically stupid trip of the year. Some leaders accepted the award as a badge of honour while others would absent themselves from the handover ceremony and needed to have it thrust upon them later on. It is fitting to record its germination.

In the first three years of the club's life, misadventure and idiocy went unrewarded until.....in 1991 about eight of us started from Howitt Hut with full packs for a weekend trip up Queen's Spur to Macalister Springs and Mount Howitt. The day was rainy, visibility lousy, the navigation appalling and East became West until late Saturday afternoon, quite by accident, we arrived back at the cars at Howitt Hut.

Having carried full packs up to 1700 metres elevation and back down again in a day, liquid compensation was sought and drunkenness shortly ensued. We were young. One walker left her boots on the mantelpiece in the Hut to dry but an errant elbow, a passing rat, an earth tremor or simply God's punishment displaced one of the boots into the fireplace hearth where the magic of heat and an inebriated inattentive owner turned it into the work of molten art that Bill Krautz crafted into the Burnt Boot Award.

Over the years there have been many BBC walks and ski trips that make bushwalkers from other clubs turn their heads away in shame. Better education, greying hair, the thought of loved ones, mobile phones and emergency beacons have conspired to make walks more predictable, retrievable and arguably more boring.

So the Award gathers dust waiting for the next time the "stupid" gene is let out of a leader's walk bottle to dance the landscape prettily and at year's end be rewarded with the gift of the Burnt Boot.

[Reprinted from the 25th Anniversary Booklet]



In the beginning (1).....

For many years, the Border Bushwalking Club has operated a booking system, whereby intending walkers ring the leader a few days before the walk and book in. This allows leaders to keep numbers manageable and enables them to assess each walker's competence and equipment to ensure that the walk and intending walker are a good match. All it takes is a simple phone call at the right time.....

Shall I ring before seven? She might be asleep
A rude awakening might make her weep

I try at eight. She's out on her walk
She's puffing so much I can't hear her talk

At nine and at ten, she might be at work
I don't want to feel like I'm making her shirk

I try at noon and there's no reply
My phone bill is running dangerously high

I'll use SMS to ask 'yes' or 'no'
So she can tell me where to go

Oh no, she's rung back and I missed the call
Will I ever book in for this trip at all?

Now it's late in the day, I'll call her at six
Once more there's no answer, I can't take a trick

When I call her at seven, the answer's surprising
'How can I talk when the soufflé is rising?'

At eight and at nine I can't get through
I really don't know what else I can do

My final effort, it's a quarter to ten
It's late, I know, but she might answer then

'The trip's fully booked, you should have called sooner
And please don't ring when I'm under the doona!'

In the beginning (2).....

Date: 18 June 1978
Area: Tabletop
Leader: Bob Fisher

Walk No. 1

The first walk of the Border Bushwalking Club was held on Saturday 18th June 1978 at Mount Tabletop. A party of approximately 120 people departed at 8.45 am from Coles carpark in Lavington for the property of Mr M Schulz at the base of Tabletop. Details of the proposed walk were outlined at this stage by Mr R Fisher, who along with many others appeared slightly bewildered at the large number participating, especially considering the misty weather of the morning.

The walk followed a small creek for several kilometres up Tabletop to the base of some overhanging cliffs. At this time, some light drizzle was falling, and shelter was taken under the cliffs, to enjoy lunch and a warm-up by the fire. It was evident at this stage that some were unprepared for both the weather and the walk, and they enjoyed the rest. During the lunch break, those more energetic continued up a ridge to the summit of Tabletop where very brief views of the neighbouring countryside were seen through the mist. The cliffs at this point were several hundred feet high and some of the neighbouring peaks were quite spectacular. On returning to the lunch point the total party packed up and departed for home, following a gentle downhill ridge back to the cars. At the finish the majority of walkers were smiling, undoubtedly a lot had been learned and hopefully everybody had got to know each other better.

[Editor's note: Legend has it that some of the walkers turned up in high heels, while the leader carried a stepladder to assist people when crossing fence lines!]



Some of those who were on the first walk, catching up at 40th anniversary celebrations.

Left to right: Margaret Hough, Stan Duffield, Bernice Duffield, Ray Henderson, Chris Sobey, Warwick McLaughlin

Date: 20 May 1979
Area: Baranduda
Leader: Jim Poyner

9.15 am set off from Wodonga Council Carpark in three cars. We left one car and a thermos of hot coffee along Boyes Road in Leneva. The occupants piled into the other cars and drove to the towers on Mt Baranduda.

After parking our cars at the wrong tower, we decided to walk to the larger tower and by 10.15 am we had found the trail, and it was immediately recognised by Dot, Bettie and Artie. The three ladies had accompanied Lyn Cropper last year along this same trail – in the rain!

Now, if you, dear reader, are planning to repeat this walk you may note that the current map (Albury 8225 Edition 1) shows only one vehicular track along the ridge. Let me tell you that there are several branch tracks and therefore, several important decisions to make. At the first junction, you should take the left track to Ward's Paddock, but we took Glass's Trail. It was a long way down and steep (some were heard to say they were glad it was down and not up). We arrived at a grassy knoll with a lovely view overlooking Allan's Flat. It was so pleasant that no-one minded when informed that we had ventured off the main ridge and had to trek back up the long steep hill.

Eventually we had lunch in Ward's Paddock. After lunch we came upon another junction and decision. Edna said that she thought we should take the Logging Trail to the left, but also that she was always wrong in these things, so we took the right track, and it was the right track.

We plodded on to the trig. point (not marked on the map) at the end of the ridge, assured by Sean on each of the last five rises that this was the 'last hill'. The last hill was a very pleasant vantage point with views of Lake Hume, Albury, and the mountains to the south.

After a long descent, footsore and weary, we made contact with the car and the welcome hot coffee at about 5.30 pm.

Date: 27 September 1980
Area: Beechworth
Leader: Neil Hall

Six Club members plus one dog (honorary member) travelled to Woolshed Falls. There was some discussion within the group as to whether it had really been improved by the addition of barbecues and stained pole fencing. The considerable number of people using the picnic area obviously enjoyed the facilities.

Discussion over, and after leader had found way across falls, group proceeded to cross falls. One must give credit to the leader (even if leader is only one acknowledging this necessity) who, in his initial role as leader, was determined to add interest to the walk. It was only with great foresight that arrangements were made for the honorary-member-dog to fall into the stream and be in danger of being swept over the falls, thus allowing leader to perform heroic act. Very soon after, party had to jump across a rapid-flowing stream about one metre wide, from one rock to another a metre below. Female members of group were somewhat perturbed as to the possibility of emulating honorary-member-dog's earlier performance: all crossed safely.

HINT: To have a dog cross a fast-flowing but not-too-wide stream, especially if animal is in the once-bitten, twice-shy stage... have mistress hold dog-on-lead in arms, throw dog's lead to leader on other side of stream, then throw dog.

After crossing falls, group proceeded northwest for a short distance. *En route*, we came across **one** orchid. Leader proceeded to examine flower, closely cupped in hand... honorary-member-dog so filled with hero worship that she chose that moment to give leader's hand a loving, sloppy, playful bite.....orchid revived after some time.

Recommended walking, came to vehicle track which was followed to dirt road, road was followed until it was opportune to cross paddocks to Reedy Creek, which we followed until we found suitable place to cross. All arrived safely back at car park.



Where is honorary-member-dog?

Date: 12–13 September 1981
Area: Falls Creek ski trip
Leader: Ray Henderson

The party set off early Saturday morning, picking up Steve on the way. Just as we were leaving, Walker 1 who was buying the tucker realised he had catered for three instead of four so extra food was picked up. Just prior to Mt Beauty, Walker 1 realised that he had forgotten his sleeping bag, so we stopped to see if the ski hire shops would hire one. While Walker 1 was in the shop, unbeknown to everyone else Walker 2 had got out of the car to go to the loo. As none of the shops had sleeping bags for hire, we set off to the post office to ring [friend] at Falls Creek to see if we could borrow his sleeping bag. While at the P.O. we realised that we were one member short and after great laughter we set off back along the road, to find Walker 2 standing by the side of the road. After collecting him, we set off for Falls Creek but unfortunately Walker 1's car ran out of oil, and he had to return to Mt Beauty to top up.

On finally reaching Falls Creek we loaded up and set off along Heathy Spur in perfect spring weather to Edmonson's hut where we had a short break. Many tents and skiers were in the vicinity, so we pushed on to Roper's hut, arriving about 4 pm. No other parties were camped there so we pitched tents and collected wood and water. Walker 1 topped off a good day by losing M's water bottle down the creek.

Saturday night was spent with much merriment and a fabulous meal, steak and vegies, garlic bread, fruit salad etc. Several members of the party tried skiing by moonlight. On Sunday with perfect weather, we set out for Timms Lookout, then skied home, calling at Kelly's hut on the way. Sunday tea was had at the Dederang Pub where Walker 4 kept wanting to ring home, trouble was he had no phone. Walker 1 spent several hours calculating the costs of the trip.

[Editor's note: Names and the author's closing remark about Walker 1 have been removed to avoid embarrassment and lawsuits.]

Date: 17 July 1983
Area: Table Top
Leader: Alan Kelb

5th Anniversary Walk

Started off in foggy conditions with a party of 26 which included members who had participated in the original walk. A couple of newcomers to the Club joined us. We entered through the property of Mr M Schulz. Heading in a northerly direction, we went up the first knob then climbed down the cliff side, gradually making our way up to the top of the mountain. By this time, the fog had lifted, and we were able to enjoy views of the surrounding countryside. Whilst at the top, we settled into our 'Chicken and Champagne' lunch.

Rather than retrace our steps, we chose a different route back down the spur of the mountain just below the cliff faces, walking in a southerly direction.



Date: 08 April 1984
Area: Bethanga Hills from Lookout
Leader: Joan Causer

Morning meeting.....weather fine
Gender female..... number nine
Bethanga Gap.....first in waits
Somehow cars travelled through different states!!!

Leader Joan.....not the BEST
Trouble telling.....east from west
Decision:.....take the Flagstaff Track
Goes around.....SHOULD come back

At first a signpost.....here and there
THEN NONE.... paths darting everywhere!
Up and down.....and round about
SLIGHTLY LOST.....without a doubt!!!!

BIG DECISION.....left or right?
Should we.....keep the weir in sight?
IMAGINE MAP! CLOSE EYES! STICK PIN IN TRACK!
WISE DECISION!.....Gets us back!!

Happy day.....for all concerned
Nine went out.....and nine RETURNED!

Date: 25 October 1987
Area: Thurgoona
Leader: Joan Causer

Five set out on a short back weir trail
Among the roses, a thorn, one male (Luv ya, Brian)
The sun was mild.....the day was mellow
In a sea of Patterson's.....dotted with yellow

Lovely blue water.....boats a-spray
Hills around in spring array
Patches of ground cover....stars of blue
And tiny blooms of buttercup hue

Dead timber sheltering boats a-fishing
Such a day sets all a-wishing
That spring could last....with its carpet of greenery
Offset by kaleidoscopic scenery

Date: 07 December 1986
Area: Intended: Mt Feathertop
Actual: Bright Gorge Walk
Leader: Eileen Clark

The walk that should never have been! It was raining when we met in Wodonga at 6.30 am, with an adverse weather forecast. Why didn't we go home and back to bed? We drove to Harrietville, where a gale was blowing. At Diamantina Hut, there was thick fog with rain and very cold. We drove on to Hotham village, hoping the weather would clear. It didn't. Sleet started to fall, and visibility declined further. We drove back to Harrietville very slowly, thinking we might walk up Bungalow spur. By now it was raining heavily at Harrietville, with mist and low cloud. We returned to Bright, determined to walk somewhere. The Tourist Information Office directed us to the Gorge Walk, along the banks of the Ovens River.

We donned jampers and splashed our way along a narrow footpath overhung by many dripping trees. The walk follows the river for about one kilometre as it passes through a small gorge. You cross the river by a small suspension bridge and walk back up the other side past beautiful gardens. This would be a very pleasant walk on a summer's evening. Somehow it lost much of its charm in the pouring rain. At the end, we went to a shelter shed in the park, had lunch and returned home.

Estimated distance walked: 2 km Time taken: 30 mins



The Gorge Walk in good weather

Date: Winter 1989
Area: Bus trip to the Red Centre 'Anklebiters on the Rock'
Leader: Rae Close?

Report is sung to tune of 'Frankie and Johnnie'

Carol and Geoff worked on coaches
Oh, how they made a great crew
Carol was tops with the cooking
Cap'n Geoff always got us through
Geoff was our man and Carol did no wrong.

We drove along the Murray valley
Up the Oodnadatta track
All along the Stuart Highway
Into Australia's outback
Geoff was our man and Carol did no wrong.

Checked out the Pound and King's Canyon
Struggled up Ayers Rock
Romped around the Olgas
We didn't have time to stop
Geoff was our man and Carol did no wrong.

We saw so much on our travels
Dead dog trees and cattle fans
Camel pacifiers
And lots of desert sands
Geoff was our man and Carol did no wrong.

The tour group worked well together
Drinks sold by Col, Steve and Cam
Rhonda and Barbara did the roster
Jim and Tony packed the can
Geoff was our man and Carol did no wrong.

The coach rules had to be followed
Dead ants and slave trade invoked
Fines were used against offenders
Some of us nearly went broke
Geoff was our man and Carol did no wrong.

Tonight is the last night of camping
We're all tired but had a great time
Many thanks for Jim's organisation
Farewell to all our new friends
Geoff was our man and Carol did no wrong.
Geoff was our man and Carol did no wrong.

(Written and performed by Bruce and Lyn Goldsmith)

Date: New Year's Eve, 30 December 1989 to 01 January 1990
Area: Falls Creek
Leader: Eileen Clark

Venue:

An unspoiled and little-visited area on the northeast side of the Bogong High Plains. Picture a valley with a fast-flowing creek, gentle slopes, a light covering of trees and no sign of other walkers. Pity about the cows and the flies, but you can't have everything. After all, we were nearer the Cemetery than Paradise.

Participants:

Can you guess?

Catering:

An amazing assortment of gourmet delights cooked on Trangia stoves, but note the following for future reference:

- Jocelyn cannot eat a whole packet of Soyaroni in one weekend, despite having it for breakfast, lunch and tea.
- Bernice and Eileen agreed that one packet of Instant Custard does NOT make two helpings.
- Stan prefers meat and vegies to rice and pasta.
- Barbara has given up Cherry Ripes and now eats muesli bars.

The wine list was extensive, even after one lot of wine got changed into water when the wine bags got muddled up. We welcomed the New Year with bubbly, riesling, sherry and port, accompanied by a cheese platter garnished with parsley, mixed savoury biscuits, olives, Christmas cake and Louise's cherry-coconut delights. Let no-one accuse the Border Bushies of roughing it!

Activities:

These were fairly low key and relaxing. Apart from eating, talking and reading, we were able to summon enough energy to explore the vicinity of the camp site. We discovered the remains of a substantial hut built from logs. We followed the creek to where it gurgled and tumbled over rocks in a shallow waterfall. We admired the variety of wildflowers and snowgums in bloom. We found what the map really means when it labels a track 'position doubtful'.

Entertainment:

- Barbara looking at Stan in the car and saying, 'Another bushwalk with no men.'
- Trying to find a parking spot in Mt Beauty on Saturday morning so Stan could check his equipment.
- Pauline showing how several metres of string can turn a daypack into an overnight pack.
- Bernice managing not to tell Pauline how *Bonjour Tristesse* ended.
- Jocelyn removing two heifers from the tent ('it's amazing what you can do after two glasses of sherry and a glass of wine!')
- Eileen managing to cross several creeks without falling in.
- Stan, Bernice and Jocelyn getting themselves arranged in the Mont tent ('I can see two big eyes looking at me!')
- Louise explaining how one button cost her eight dollars.
- Barbara trying to get into her sleeping bag while it was upside down and back to front.
- The other customers watching us eat ice creams in the milk bar in Mt Beauty on the way home.

Date: 01 July 1990
Area: Falls Creek ski trip
Leader: Warwick McLachlan

Three Men and a Baby went skiing
One wild white day in July
Three Men said, 'We're going to Wallace's'
Said Baby, 'I'll give it a try.'

The snow, it did beat down incessant
The wind, it was almost a gale
Three Men were all hale and hearty
But Baby was turning quite pale

'My skis won't glide on this snow, chaps
I'm so light I'll get blown away
And the snow that's piled up on my glasses
Means I can't see you to follow, today.'

Three Men kept on going to Wallace's
Except that they went somewhere else
While Baby went back and found shelter
And happily skied by herself

Three Men took some compass bearings
To get themselves home from Mt Nelse
That's why they hit Roper's Lookout
Not Heathy Spur, like everyone else

And Baby was as naughty as ever
She went for a ski in the creek
It wasn't a total disaster
But she did get very wet feet

But soon it was time to head homeward
And they packed themselves into the car
But the snow and the ice in the engine
Meant they didn't get very far.

Three Men and a Baby finished skiing
One wild white day in July
Mac, Mac, and Stewart got weary
While Baby simply got dry.

Date: 06–07 November 1993
Area: Mitchell River Canoe Trip
Leader: Rick Armstrong

Full of hope and expectation for a grand adventure, we drove over the Dargo High Plains road to Dargo on Friday night, dodging potholes and ducking wombats. The pub was a real eye-opener, your old-fashioned country pub with very basic facilities: three double bunks in one tiny room, and outside down the verandah to the men's dunny.

I was amazed to find that our 'minimal' equipment comprised five drums, four stuff bags and one loose tent, and, heavily laden, we set off. I was concerned about my canoe's tendency to ship water from waves splashing over the edges. The first ripple, 200m from the start, showed what a problem this would be. With Greg and John paddling calmly ahead, our cries alerted them to the fact that we were heading for Davy Jones' Locker. And boy! Was it cold that early in the morning!

This set the pattern for the day. As soon as we hit any waves, we filled up and had a swim. Examination of our gear at lunchtime revealed that several drums and stuff sacks were leaking. We made an early camp to dry off our gear, having covered about 30 km. With a warm fire, dry clothes, bellyful of food and a few nips of Sambuca and port, we were looking forward to the next day.

We had only about 27 km to go so I was predicting an early finish – little did I know! We soon came to a long rough rapid that we did not try to paddle, which meant a tedious, double shuffle portage to shift all the gear. After several spills and portages, it was obvious that the day would be long, so we decided to forego lunch. At one spill we lost a bag containing \$700 worth of gear as we were too busy trying to save ourselves, the canoe and paddles.

Progress was slow but we did have the occasional opportunity to admire the spectacular sandstone cliffs that soared above us. The country around was completely wild, with dense scrub and no roads. There was only one way out, and that was down the river. Late in the day, we recovered the missing bag of gear, much to our relief.

We decided to shorten the trip by taking an earlier pull out point and by late afternoon we were still hopeful of making it. But another spill, a long swim and a lengthy portage made that impossible. Just 4 km from our planned finish we set up camp on a steep bank, lit a fire and used the paddles to flatten the bank for sleeping. We had plenty of food (thank you, Kevin), a nip of Sambuca each, one dry sleeping bag, two wet tents and a set of dry clothes each (with help from the fire). We used the sleeping bag as a doona, and I am not ashamed to say we cuddled under it for warmth.

We knew the folk at home would be anxious, so we set off early next day. It was the usual round of spills, portages and some paddling until, while trying to walk a canoe round a rapid, the current grabbed it and smashed it against a rock. We were left with two options: leave a canoe behind and bush bash our way out over steep ridges and thick scrub or swim the canoe out. We chose the latter method and with several stops to dry out and warm up we covered the last 3 km 'swimmingly' with a few tows from Greg and John.

We reached Woodshed Creek about midday and made the steep climb up. Near the top, we were told that the police had set up a search and rescue mission to look for us. Sheepishly, I went over to the 'command' caravan and asked, 'Are you blokes looking for us?' After a few quick phone calls to anxious loved ones, we set off home. At the end of the day, the nett result was one lost paddle, a lost hat, a ruined camera, bruises and scratches for all of us, four tired blokes and one chastened leader. Still, it was an adventure to remember and maybe, sometime down the track, to savour for memories of overcoming unforeseen difficulties as a close-knit team. Thank you to the 'crew' for their understanding in difficult conditions.

Date: 9–16 September 1995
Area: Falls Creek Wilkinson Lodge (located near Wallace Hut, now demolished)
Leader: Marijke Korting?

A mouse-eye view of a snow and food adventure
(as squeaked to Michael Lowe)

Being a mouse at Wilkies you see some strange things, but that Border Bushwalking mob weren't normal. All they did all week was eat, eat, eat and go round Rocky Knobs between meal times. They seemed to go for a spin clockwise one day then anti-clockwise the next time around, obviously they didn't want to get bored.

Anyway, they turned up on the Saturday with packs that could carry half the stock of a Safeway store and proceeded to unload just that. During the week they made bread, biscuits, rolls and various dinners, including roast lamb, lasagne, pizza and seafood pasta. It was sort of like a back-to-basics week. But do you think they'd share? No way!

One time I decided to be sociable and went up to talk to the talkative one they called Marijke but when I got onto her pillow for a chat one night, the last thing she wanted to do was talk. Towards the end of their stay, they must have been bored when they chased me and caught me. I must be eating too many leftovers and slowing down, although with that guy Michael on the job, it's surprising there was any food left at all. With him, it's keep your whiskers and paws clear or they'll get chomped.

Apparently they did squeeze in a few more trips than Rocky Knobs. They reckon they made it to Langford West on Sunday, returning via Rover Lodge. The snow (and probably their knees) gave out at the camping area so they couldn't make it to Bucketty Plain. The next day, it was up to Pretty Valley where they reckon they found a 'Russian Lodge', built as a set for a Jackie Chan movie near the SEC hut. More likely they had a bit too much mulled wine the night before and were seeing things if you ask me.

Anyway, Marijke hurt her ankle during a fall, but I wasn't too concerned. You try to make polite conversation and they start screaming or chasing you. Apparently, a little rain and wind on the only wet day of the week stopped them from going to Mt Jim. I hope that mob appreciated the weather and snow cover they had. A whole week of hot, sunny weather with only one day of bad weather is as good as it gets in the mountains.

Apparently, Michael (the one that took five sandwiches for lunch each day and didn't even leave one for me) even wore shorts some days. Glad I wasn't there to see it, don't get much to eat these days and can't afford to throw up what I do get.

Well, they eventually left and talked about returning later in the year to finish off the truckload of food left over. I just hope they are more sharing if they do return, there's a partner and 56 offspring that need feeding in my household. Which reminds me, might go home and produce some more little ones. That's what us mice are good at, bye bye.



Date: 17 September 1995
Area: Falls Creek Formal Luncheon in the Snow
Leader: Eileen Clark

Billed as a movable feast, this trip became positively peripatetic as we looked for a day with the right amount of snow, sun and good company. The leader was Eileen (Psychedelic President) Clark, accompanied by Ron (Rotorman) Hammond, Olga (Fairy Queen) Juskiw and Pauline (Purple Princess) McLaughlin. Duncan (strep throat) Thurlow withdrew at the starting gate but had the courtesy to send his food along anyway. The ladies were stunningly dressed in Op Shop evening gowns and Ron had a funny hat. The large crowd who saw us arrive at Windy Corner were speechless and dashed our hopes of creeping in unseen.



We skied in warm sunny weather to the Nordic Bowl for a photo opportunity then headed to the snowless dam wall. With hearts in mouths (and dresses hitched up) we skied down to the low-level crossing and survived. An hour's gentle skiing took us to the restaurant behind the gauging station on Watchbed Creek, where we had the entrée. It was a little early for lunch, so we skied around in the sun, discovering that skating and telemarks are hard to do in long dresses but head plants come naturally.

We returned to our table and set up our repast. First came the tablecloth, floral decoration and candle in silver candlestick. Then the food: spinach cheesecake, assorted salads, crusty bread and a chocolate and caramel dessert, all washed down with wine mulled in the Trangia. A couple of curious skiers passed by, but our other companions were the birds and insects of spring. The after-dinner mints were brought out but, dammit, we had forgotten the coffee. Ah well, nothing can be perfect. Eventually it was time to pack up and stagger back to the car and more comments from passers-by, but it had been a great day.



Date: 12 July 1998
Area: Table Top
Leader: Anon.

20th Anniversary Walk

More than 100 people turned up to Table Top Mountain Retreat on Sunday 12 July 1998 to celebrate the Club's 20th birthday. The day started with a re-enactment of the Club's first walk. Some members had been there on the original walk, and one pointed out the spot where the group sheltered from the rain under some rocks. But the weather was perfect this time and unlike that first walk, no-one turned up in stockings and high heels or other obviously unsuitable gear.

The walk to the top of Table Top was easy for most although the walkers became really spread out because there were people of all standards in the group. The views from the top were great, with Lake Hume, Albury and even the Main Range being visible.

By the time the walkers returned to the picnic area, lunch had arrived, so it was time to fire up the barbecue, have some of the Club's wine and catch up with old friends. Chris Sobey, one of the Club's founders and a Life Member, cut the giant birthday cake.

The Club's archives were on display, including old trip reports, photo albums and a wall of photos documenting the many different activities of the Club. Everyone was asked to sign a visitors' book which itself was added to the archives.

The weather, big crowd and good company, beautiful location and history of the day all added up to a great birthday celebration.



Date: 27 September 2003
Area: Albury–Wodonga
Leader: Anon.

25th Anniversary

On 27th September the Club celebrated its 25th Anniversary, a major milestone in anyone's book. The celebrations started on Saturday night with 65 past and present members of the Club gathering for the official Anniversary dinner. Present for the night were Bob Fisher, the inaugural Club President and his wife, Dale, and four of our five life members: Warwick McLachlan, Jim Poyner, Ray Henderson and Chris Sobey. It was fun to listen to the stories of some of the older war horses as they relived memories of their times and friendships in the club. This was somewhat assisted with a fabulous slide presentation (some 150 photos) put together by Warwick and an Anniversary booklet put out for this occasion, *Border Bushwalking Club 1978–2003 Out and About for 25 Years*. This publication was largely put together by Warwick McLachlan and Bruce Key.

The next day commenced with a walk along the Kiewa River and then up Huon Hill. Fourteen people joined in for the walk which was organised by David Bevan and Hugh Lloyd. At the top they were rewarded with a bar-be-que lunch, which about 45–50 people attended.

A big thank you goes out to everyone who helped put this celebration together, especially those on the organising committee; Bruce Key, Warwick McLachlan, Edna Jacobs, Stan and Bernice Duffield, and Eve Czarnecki. Also, a special thank you to Pauline McLaughlin, who did a considerable amount of running around for me in the last few weeks.



View from Huon Hill

Date: 05 and 06 March 2004
Area: Mt Buffalo
Leader: Various

The Border Bushwalking Club are pleased to announce the success of their charity bushwalk on Mt Buffalo to raise money for the Salvation Army Tsunami Appeal.

'We ran two day walks over the weekend of the 5th and 6th March', Border Bushwalking Club President, David Gordon, says, 'and despite terrible weather on the Saturday, we had over 60 people participate over the two days, and raised just over \$2,000'.

Mr Gordon tells us that he is still receiving cheques for the charity. 'We actually had more people booked in, but some participants pulled out of the Saturday walk due to the extreme conditions, which included hail, sleet and snow', Mr Gordon informs us. 'Those that did walk on Saturday now have an adventure to talk about but be assured that the conditions and the walkers were constantly being monitored to ensure their safety'.

The walks were supported by notable local identities, leukemia survivor Nicole Shipard (*Walking Tall*) and former Deputy Prime Minister, Tim Fischer.

'Mr Fischer joined us for a well-deserved cup of tea at the Mt Buffalo Resort on the Saturday, while Ms Shipard joined us on one of the walks on Sunday', Mr Gordon tells us.

'I really enjoyed coming along on this weekend and enjoying the magical scenery of Mt Buffalo. It was an opportunity to get out of the office, into the fresh air and meet other like-minded people, who had also decided to give a helping hand to all those who much rebuild their lives in Asia', said Ms Shipard.

The Border Bushwalking Club and the Salvation Army would like to thank the sponsors of this event for making this weekend possible. They are FMG Insurance, Hume Building Society, Border Country Coach Tours, Mt Buffalo Resort, Parks Victoria and ANZ Wodonga.



Date: 7–15 March 2004
Area: Tasmania: Precipitous Bluff
Leader: Marie Holt

The cast:

Leader: Marie Holt - carried 24 kg and thus greatly exceeded the 1:3 backpack/body weight ratio suggested by orthopaedic surgeons. Kept smiling throughout.

Rick Armstrong - brought with him his 7-league stride and a knee he did not tell the leader about beforehand. Relied on taking less footsteps than anyone else and got through albeit on bandaged knee.

Fraser Rowe - his prior experience of 25 days solo sea kayaking in Alaska and professional tour guiding gave him significant street cred and story recital rights.

Helen Robinson - simply another walk in the park. Used least number of Band Aids of the group.

Marg Brownlie - former rock climber, has ascended Federation Peak in the Eastern Arthurs - street cred aplenty and of course always available for the odd appendectomy without appointment.

Warwick McLachlan - little or no street cred but sang an endless supply of plaintive love songs while walking in the rear of the group, possibly to demonstrate he was still breathing notwithstanding the pack weight and lack of match fitness.

You could not get a more useful bushwalking group: a physio, a doctor, a surveyor, a professional tour guide, a veterinary surgeon (well, you never know) and a solicitor. Well, I'm not sure about the solicitor but Wills were a house specialty.

The track (Track! They call that a Track!) notes refer to shoulder high scrub. That would be all right if we were small quolls or wildfowl, able to fit neath the shoulder high scrub that intertwined or fell in on itself above the track. For 2½ days we had to push our abraded bodies through this stuff and only Rick remained in shorts pretty much throughout. Backs of hands developed intricate blooded whorls and patterns from pushing aside the pricking, overhanging bush, small trees and scrub with the occasional deep slash from the sword glass slicing through skin layers. Mostly we had had our vitamin C and they healed quickly enough but add cold driving rain, leaky raincoats and slushy Tassie mud and you wonder why God has so forsaken us. But that is only part of the story.

(You can read the rest of this epic adventure in Footprints, June and July 2004, available to members on the Club website)

Date: 04 July 2004
Area: Falls Creek
Leader: Sue Cardwell???

The Day of the Bog Monster
(The Misadventures of Jane and Mary)

Beneath the pristine, tempting white surface of Heathy Spur snow,
Lurks a wandering bog monster, ready to grab an unsuspecting victim below.
As the story goes, and everyone knows, the warning signs are around us to see.
So if you are short and stumpy, and come across snow that is lumpy,
You know your number is up.

These inviting bumps are not for jumps,
But are traps made by the bog monster – “Hungry”.
Jane and Mary were skiing on such a fine day,
When they encountered these bumps along the way.
Suddenly Jane disappeared with a cry of despair,
Through the crack in one of the lumps.

Mary turned around at the crashing sound that made her react with a jump.
She peered over the edge to see her friend standing knee deep in water.
Something had grabbed onto Jane’s skis and it was pulling her down, further and further.
With much prodding with stocks, Jane finally released the ski locks, and freed her boots and feet from the water.

Using stocks as ice picks – Mary’s great idea,
Jane pulled herself up and out of the bier.
Then, both lying on ice and using stocks thrice,
They managed to fish out Jane’s skis.

Mary urged Jane to ski as fast as she can,
Back to the safety and warmth of the day shelter.
With reckless growling sounds coming from the ground,
Mary and Jane made it helter skelter.

With such a happy ending in store,
You may well ask “Hey is there more?”
To such an amazing adventure.
To those who have survived a day in the snow,
Without a scratch, without a blow,
Take heed when you get to your own home.
For just when I thought I couldn’t take any more,
I bumped my knee coming in the front door.
Ouch!!*!!**

Olga “Jane” Juskiw

From the chronicles of the intrepid adventurers – Sue Cardwell and Olga Juskiw

Date: 02–08 April 2006
Area: Victoria Great Ocean Walk
Leaders: Noelene Young &
Pauline McLaughlin

Some walkers started the day
By walking from Apollo Bay,
While cars and packs
Were moved along the tracks.

At Shelly Beach we all met
And off on the adventure we set,
After we hoisted our packs
Onto our backs.

Through towering trees,
There was a light breeze
While mosses, lichen and fern
Awaited us on every turn.

Arriving at Blanket Bay in drizzle
Some tempers did sizzle,
As many campers made us sad
And no water was to be had.

A kind man was on cue
And came to our rescue
By driving us in his bus,
To Cape Otway around the bay

A short walk in damp
Led us to Cape Otway camp.
Tents were erected
And warm food selected,
And with grunting koalas overhead,
We slept soundly in our beds.

The bright sun shone at daybreak
So the wet tents took a shake.
From cliff tops high
The views caused a sigh.

In ideal conditions
We considered our positions
So some walked on the beach
Others on the dunes out of reach.

A sea eagle overhead did fly
While a dead one on the sand did lie,
And views of rugged coastline
Suited us fine.

Aire River camp site
Was home for the night,
But a tiger snake near the shelter
Sent everyone helter skelter.

In all kinds of weather
All nine agreed together,
That the well-equipped campsites
Made for happy nights.

The new day was wet
As off we set
With only day supplies
Which was wise.

Through wet forest
We had no rest,
Walking on slippery ground
No shelter was found.

A very slippery gully
Sent us scrambling in a hurry,
Through banksias and grass trees
And views of wild seas.

With wind and rain in our faces
And wet from head to laces,
We reached Johanna Beach
But hadn't met a leech.

The cars were there
And our toes were bare,
While along the road
We lightened our load.

We packed up camp
As all was damp,
And headed for comfortable beds
To lay our heads

Date: 09 December 2007
Area: Falls Creek: Bogong High Plains
Leader: John Stevens

Extreme Watermelon Eating (EW-ME)

Extreme Ironing (EI) is an extreme sport and a performance art in which people take an ironing board to a remote location and iron a few items of clothing. According to the official website, extreme ironing is the latest danger sport that combines the thrills of an extreme outdoor activity with the satisfaction of a well-pressed shirt.

Similarly, Extreme Watermelon Eating (EW-ME) is an extreme sport and culinary art form in which BBC members carry a watermelon to a remote location and eat it. EW-ME is the latest in healthy sports that combines the breathtaking thrill of carrying a 5.4 kg melon in your pack with the bonding experience of breaking melon with your fellow walkers. The friendships formed are enduring; the eating, mouthwateringly refreshing.

According to the records of BBC, EW-ME was first observed on 9th December 2007 during a John Stevens' moderate walk. Encased in protective padding and stowed in a pack, the melon journeyed from Pretty Valley Dam to Weston's Hut (the fire ruins are bound by a now shorter strip of "caution" tape); past Red Robin Battery (where the temptation to swap the melon for a nugget of gold was resisted); onwards to Dibbin's Hut (where the melon was carved with a small machete and devoured by seven walkers), past Basalt Temple (where the melon commenced its digestion while walkers rock hopped the spectacular basalt mounds), around the base of Mt Jim (where it continued its digestion as the high country brumbies grazed) and finally back to Pretty Valley Dam (where it completed its digestion and loop). Altogether, the melon gained an altitude of 800 metres and travelled 20 odd kilometres, in one form or another.



June 2008:

John Stevens led many walks in the few years that he was with us. He's now moved on and we wish him well. He was well-known for carrying a melon in his pack to share at lunch time. The group who walked regularly with John decided that an appropriate memento for him would be a melon baller. It was awarded to John on behalf of the club, by the group who shared his last walk with the club, which typically, was an adventure!



Date: 14 September 2008
Area: Brown's Lagoon, Albury
Leader: Various

30th Anniversary

After a blustery Saturday night and Sunday morning, the skies cleared and the sun shone on the happy group who gathered after walking, riding or driving to Brown's Lagoon for lunch and lots of chatter. It was wonderful to see some original members of the club and to hear of the early days in the club. Members browsed through photos which reminded them of some of the great trips they'd been on, and the members who they'd enjoyed them with. There were messages from Bob Fisher, the Club's first President and from Jenny Stamp (now McConnell), who was President in 2001.

Debbie had made a birthday cake, and it was cut by six of our seven Life Members, Edna Jakobs, Jan Andrews, Les Sobey, Chris Sobey, Warwick McLachlan and Ray Henderson. With a tear in her eye, Chris read a poem that had been written by Joan Causer on the occasion of Chris's marriage to Les.



Border Bushwalking Club

By Joan Causer, one of the original members of the club

We remember the time of Everest,
The landing on the moon.
No trouble recalling Phar Lap
Or Waltzing Matilda tune.

We've had Albury royal visits
And lots of popular shows.
From concert hall to Bunnings
We've watched our city grow!!

But up in Burrows building
Way back in seventy eight,
Some of us here remember
A very important date.

No political gambits
No local government plot
Not even secret planning
For "internal bypass" or not!

Just a roomful of interested people
With energy in excess.
But enthusiastic intercourse
Lasting till nearly dawn
And thus the foundation committee
Of Border Bushwalkers was born.

On the very first walk to Table Top
Local response was most surprising
(After anticipatory planning
And a spate of advertising)

Which said "Everybody welcome
Bring the family and the dog"!!
But what was not expected
Was a day beset with rain and fog!!

There were dads and mums and babies
Grandparents quite a few!
Probably even a great granddad
And some toddlers round about two
Teenagers by the dozen
About 150 people, at last countin'
And the valiant leaders struggled
To get them off the mountain!

They succeeded in spite of the weather
And though there's been no exact repeat,
From that day the club has expanded
And offers varied programs complete.

In summer there's canoeing and camping
And climbing in the cooler places.
In winter there's the skiing and biking
Or walking in wide open spaces.

So let's drink a toast to 30 years
Of bush bashing through the scrub
Long may it survive and thrive.
The Border Bushwalking Club.

FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD

Date: March 2011
Area: Chiltern
Leader: Charles Dunn??

Chiltern Rambling (or eating?)

On a beautiful Sunday morning we gathered at the Chiltern Bakery for leisurely morning coffee and cake. From here it is a short drive to the start of the Tuan Track. The track is an easy 7 kms. The spiders had been busy making their webs and they were bejewelled with the insects that they had caught. There was a gentle breeze, the birds were singing, and all was well.

After completing this section, we drove over to the beginning of the White Box Walking Track for lunch. After a leisurely lunch under dappled shade, we set off on our 8.3 km walk. The undergrowth was lush, wild flowers in bloom, all out of season, the birds sang as did the walkers. Upon returning it was time for afternoon tea: plunger coffee, homemade biscuits and cakes. Well sated, it was time to head off on a 15-minute drive to Mt. Pilot.

We arrived here close to 5pm. With the cool rays of the setting sun, we climbed the 300 metres to the top. The views were glorious in the cooling autumnal air. After some time atop Mt Pilot, it was time to descend the 300 metres and set up for our picnic dinner. A tray of barbecued meats, a range salads were all washed down by wine and beer followed by more plunger coffee and gales of laughter.



Date: 11 February 2012
Area: Mt Buffalo South Wall
Leader: Deb Kahn

If you were on Mt Buffalo on Saturday 11th February, you may have heard voices echoing the chant of "Clayton can you eat that?" drift through the silence. The Clayton in question is new member Clayton Pollett who, armed with his alpine vegetation book, became the fount of all knowledge for this interested group of walkers. The day threatened to be stormy and cool, but the weather guru was kind and we walked in perfect conditions. Stopping regularly to check out vegetation and listen to Clayton, we soon found ourselves tasting alpine caraway, mountain pepper and native mint. Not surprisingly we survived and arrived at our lunch spot, overlooking Lake Buffalo in a very short time. A delicious picnic lunch was shared before we retraced our tracks and returned to the cars for tea and coffee accompanied by yummy mini chocolate muffins. The group then split, with some deciding to venture to warmer areas at the base of the mountain whilst others ambled out to Dickson Falls and were enchanted by the water tumbling down off the plateau and heading for creeks and rivers in the valley below. Another beautiful day in a great location with great company.

Date: 25–26 February 2012
Area: Falls Creek: NEW Weston's Hut
Leader: Deb Kahn

OVERNIGHT WALK – A PANTOMINE IN 3 ACTS

Narrator: Deb Kahn
Usher: Rosemary Mc Connell
Bouncer: Trav Radford
Barfly: Chris Gay
Colour advisor: Gil Ogden
Audience: Maureen & Ian Klinberg
Wardrobe: Jeff Paini
Chair Stacker: Lauren May
Beautician: Katia Thompson
Young married couple: Louisa & Bill Ehlers
Catering: Paul Schupina



ACT 1 – THE DEPARTURE

Narrator: The group assemble at Baranduda Scout Hall for an early morning departure.
Wardrobe: Has everyone got wet weather gear?
Colour advisor: It must be red.
Catering: First stop Mt Beauty for coffee
Narrator: And so the happy group drive to Mt Beauty for coffee before taking the long and winding road to Pretty Valley Dam.

ACT 2 – THE WALK

Narrator: With much bravado the group don walking boots and packs and head off via the Fainter Fire trail. They will attempt a cross-country navigation to Pole 333 via “the green tree.”
Young married couple: The backpack is moulded to her back so I can't wear it. I put all the heavy food in his little pack so don't worry he's not getting off lightly.
Beautician: No, I can't leave anything behind I may need it.
Narrator: Morning tea is taken at Pole 333. With only 2.5km to Westons Hut, the group set off in high spirits, following the pole line.
Audience: What a view; there's The Fainters and Niggerheads, The Razorback, Mt Feathertop and Mt Buffalo. Mum, take some photos.
Usher: Watch your step it's a bit boggy and the rocks are slippery.
Narrator: After a short time and descent the group arrive at Westons Hut and set up camp for the night.
Colour Advisor: I didn't realise tents came in so many pretty colours but why wouldn't you buy a red one – they go up faster!
Narrator: After lunch some hardy trekkers set off for Blairs Hut in the valley below whilst the young married couple frolic in the clover at camp.
Barfly: Who wants a drink? Anyone ever tied a fly to a human hair? It's more fun than a balloon.
Bouncer: Don't get silly, mate, or I will be forced to lock you in your tent.
Narrator: As the afternoon draws to a close and the hardy trekkers return from Blairs Hut, tall tales of bullock teams and goannas are shared over some refreshments and eventually dinner.
Chair stacker: Plenty of room on the grass for everyone just move up a bit please.
Wardrobe: I'll just have a quick wash before my next clothing change into night time apparel.
Audience: I'll just take a sunset photo then its bed. What time are we leaving in the morning?

Narrator: As the sun sets in the western sky the happy walkers head off to their tents and a well-deserved rest. An early departure is scheduled.



ACT 3 – THE RETURN

Narrator: Waking to a chorus of excited Richard's Pippets, the trekkers gaze skyward and don't like what they see.

Colour advisor: Is that sky grey with rain clouds?

Beautician: But I need to brush my hair before we go.

Usher: Just follow the track back up the hill to pole 333

Narrator: Before long wet weather gear was being donned, visibility was reduced, and the wind whistled around the hardy trekkers.

Catering: Are we stopping for morning tea? Who wants some chocolate?

Bouncer: Move along sir, it's cold and wet and we need to get to the cars.

Narrator: As the group reach the cars there is a lull in the weather. Changing into dry clothes for the trip down the mountain to Mt Beauty and lunch, everyone feels a sense of achievement



Date: 09 June 2012
Area: Flagstaff Range
Leader: Deb Kahn

To find out how this activity went select and insert the correct word into the appropriate space from the list below.

Saturday 9th 2012 saw 13 (..... for some) members of BBC walk in the Stanley State Forest along Road. Unbelievably there was not a in the sky or any fog in the Murrumgee Views across a u-shaped valley, remnant of the last age provided great views of the spurs that so clearly define the valley.

After 7.6km of, we reached the ridge for morning tea, the quiet being interrupted by the of motor bike engines. Most people thought it was one of the group who had encountered..... problems before the departure time but alas it was only an ex of another member. As we strolled along the ridge, clouds from adjacent valleys covered the sun. At the exact same time as our minded member had fixed his car and us in time for ourlunch.

After lunching on bread, cheeses, dips and assorted, we headed for Lookout. Being all downhill from there we rolled on to the and afternoon tea. A great day in the great outdoors.

husband rising thumping starter motor crusty smallgoods Murrumgee cars mechanically found picnic June unlucky Flagstaff cloud valley ice truncated active ascent



Date: 10 November 2012
Area: Mt Beauty Moncrieff Fire Track
Leader: Eileen Clark

Eight mares and a stallion lined up at the Mountain Creek course for the running of the Moncrieff Gap Cup, back on the program after many years' absence. It took longer than usual to get entrants and their gear organised and the start was further delayed when the locks on one of the horse boxes failed, but eventually the field was on its way. Jockeys' colourful silks shone under clear skies and a gentle breeze. The wide track was firm but not soft after recent rain and this allowed entrants to engage in friendly conversation during the race.

The pace was slow as runners made their way uphill towards Moncrieff Gap and soon a break was taken for hay and ginger bears. Horses and riders admired the views of Mt Emu and the upper Kiewa valley, a glimpse or two of Mt Buffalo and small snow patches clinging to the back of Mt Bogong. At Moncrieff Gap, the highest point of the track, another stop was taken for more hay, oats and beverages while the Chief Steward calculated, collected and distributed entry fees and overruled one protest.

The rest of the course was all downhill, but progress came to an abrupt halt when the leading mare was confronted by a stalker of the black slithery kind. It eventually retreated and progress resumed as the track zigzagged down towards Mt Beauty. The finishing post was within sight but there was still the infamous East Kiewa River water jump to negotiate. The water barely reached the fetlocks, but some runners decided to remove their horseshoes before paddling through while others delicately manoeuvred from rock to rock to keep their hooves dry. However, they were all outshone by one stalwart of the BBC Racing Club, who donned natty orange water slippers for the crossing.

After a quick scramble up the bank the race was declared a multiple dead heat. Correct weight was taken, all bets returned, and no trophy presented. Entrants were loaded into the horse boxes and transported back to the starting line for transport home after an excellent day out.



Date: 08 June 2013
Area: Albury Nail Can Hill, Jindera to Botanic Gardens and return
Leader: Bernadette Cromarty

Thirteen of us met at Jindera Gap,
We started out early, no time for a nap.

We walked in the fog along the Bakes Trail
Uphill and down dale we walked without fail

The sun it appeared before Reedy Dam
Our morning tea stop; (but no scones or jam.)

At Monument Hill, four said 'that was fine'
They got in their car and then there were nine

We walked to the gardens and started our lunch.
The chatting got quieter; it became more like 'munch'

Choc berries were shared as were ginger bears
And rum in dark chocolate and snakes cut in squares

Then up we all stood, time to put on the pack,
Said goodbye to one more and headed right back.

At Davies Trail, two more left our mix
So, we kept on walking, but then there were six

Then finally it happened, we spotted our cars
There was talk of beer, tea, wine and spas

We said our farewells and headed away
Bushwalkers all happy; another great day!



Date: 27 September 2014
Area: Livingston National Park
Leader: Bernadette Cromarty

The twelve sights of Livingston National Park.

Please hum to the tune of the 12 Days of Christmas!

On the 27th of September bushwalking gave to me...

A snake slithering into the bush.



On the 27th of September bushwalking gave to me...

Two shy echidnas and a snake slithering into the bush.



On the ... (you can work out all these bits by now)

Three bouncing 'roos ...



Four weary walkers

Five walking trails

Six hours of walking

Seven arms a pumping



Eight boots a tramping

Nine flowers blooming



Ten seconds resting

Eleven facts on bush lore

Twelve hours of sunshine

...and a snake slithering into the bush.

Walkers who completed this walk last year will be pleased to know that no magpies were harmed in the writing of this song. Bernadette Cromarty.

[Editor's note: This comment refers to an unfortunate incident on the previous year's walk which ended in Magpies Nil, Car 3]

Date: 08 October 2014
Area: Bonegilla: Maher's Hill
Leader: Cindy Marsh

What a great place and a great way to witness the total lunar eclipse. Lots of us headed up Mahers Hill, starting in bright full moonlight and I for one am glad it became dark...it meant I couldn't see how big the bull I walked past was. The moon was an awesome sight as it became a reddish colour reminding me of Mars. Some great photos were taken, and it was fun sitting on a tarp under the moon sharing food and drinks as we witnessed this phenomenon. Thanks Cindy for organising it.



Date: 6 March 2015
Area: Lake Tarli Kargn
Leader: Rosemary McConnell

Licola, expensive petrol and the ice creams were stale.

A return trip of about 900 km was worth it in every way, even if at times the trip was bumpy and fog bound

Kits of gear were compared and Kulinary expertise admired

Excellent 360d views from Mt Wellington and Spion Kopje

Tough, tough climb down to and up from lake. Thighs were feeling the pinch but worth it

A thoroughly inspiring/good weekend and scintillating company

Loos and water at campsites an added advantage

Icy lake water invited Peter, and then the others, for a quick dip in this unique 51 metre deep lake. The lake was formed by a landslide 1,500 years ago and is the only lake in the Alpine region, it's the only deep lake in Victoria.

Kind of you to read this rubbish, keep reading

Alison, Dick, Bernadette, Ron, Ira, Peter, and Rosemary had a wonderful time.

Rosemary led the ratbag ramblers. She had wanted to do this trip for over 40 years.

Nyimba campsite, a two night delight, in the snowgrass and gums.

Great campsites, great company, great neighbours, great sunsets, great weather. Gone home.



Since the last elections, Greens candidate Dick has had time to contemplate and has decided to embark upon a tried-and-true campaign method – be seen in budgie smugglers.

Date: 07 March 2015
Area: Falls Creek: Young's hut
Leader: Ian Trevaskis

After an early coffee stop in Mt Beauty, eleven brave souls ventured out in the near freezing conditions, (well, 5°C), with a warning from their knowledgeable leader that there was an 80% chance that the 40% chance of less than 1 ml of rain would occur after 3 pm. Not wanting to get caught in this possible torrential downpour, we ventured forth quickly, navigating successfully between dead tree and green tree across the moors, to Pole 333.

After a brief break, where **SOME** people shared their cake, we marched across the high country where we passed a lone hiker, and then meandered down through the snow gums, where we were encouraged to pick up rocks to take to Youngs hut (only the strong managed this). A very leisurely lunch was had, admiring the hut but bemoaning the lack of view at the toilet. Here we had to say goodbye, with much regret, to a brave member who decided to stay the night, despite the hut's lack of a dishwasher and the tatty curtains (we hope he is now safely home).

Heading back up the hill, a very brave female was quickly able to alert the team, with a committed, authoritative exclamation, that a monstrous black snake was on the track, thereby preventing any possible injuries (to snake or walker). Back on the high plains, we manoeuvred between mobs of horses with their horselets, found a geocache, and navigated successfully cross country through the wild flowers and back to our cars, having thankfully beaten the rain that probably never did fall. Of course, our walk was celebrated at the Mt Beauty bakery.

Date: April 2015
Area: Falls Creek: Young's hut, the saga of the tatty curtains continues
Leader: Not identified

Seven of us, including two potential new members, walked out to Young's Hut from Cope Hut recently to hang some new curtains in the hut. This had been originally planned as an overnight trip, but because the Three Peaks Challenge meant the road would be closed on Sunday to accommodate the 2,500 cyclists taking part it was decided a day walk was a better option. Weather was perfect for a day on the High Plains and we enjoyed a visit from the resident brumbies on the way back. Ian and Clayton took a detour to summit Mt Jim. A most enjoyable day was had by all, and our two visitors were suitably impressed by the recently refurbished hut.

Date: April 2015
Area: Ulladulla Week
Leader: Liz Nilbett

The Bogey Hole Ulladulla.]



The sea, the sea, forever free
Approaches me indifferently.
Shimmering, calm skin of the early morning tide,
Is ripped apart by the howling, violent night.
As I sit and watch at a certain safe distance,
The surfers attempt to scale the waves in an instance.
Dogs bark and splash in the patterns of foam
Unleashed on the beach to chase and to roam.
Some people bathe in the Bogey Hole's calm waters,
Unknowing, it is the Bog Monster's summer headquarters.
Enjoy the blue sea and bask in the sun
Forget all your troubles and just have fun.
These scenes are all framed in the imaginative mind
To be plucked and retrieved and enjoyed at any time.

Painting and poem by Olga Juskiw

Date: March 2016
Area: Great Ocean Walk, Victoria
Leader: Cindy Marsh

ONE MAN'S GREAT OCEAN WALK (A walk with a difference)

As you may or not know, on a recent Club trip along the Great Ocean Walk I suffered chest pains and felt like crap. Bit of indigestion, have a rest and she'll be right - had a rest, pack back on, more chest pains, have another rest and she'll be right. Thankfully, Amanda Tonks, an I.C.U. nurse, had other ideas. "Ron, you're going to hospital".

Yes, I was having a **heart attack**. Alison and Amanda transported me to Apollo Bay Hospital and within an hour I was in an ambulance on the way to Geelong, where a team of doctors and staff was waiting. I was immediately taken to the procedure room, a clot was found in a main artery, a stent was fitted and I'm alive to tell the tale.

I would sincerely like to thank Amanda, for her expertise, Alison my ambulance driver to Apollo Bay, our leader Cindy and the rest of the crew for a great HALF walk. There's unfinished business to be had on my return to full health. Thank you all. Ron.



Date: November 2016
Area: Three Capes Track and Mt Field, Tasmania
Leader: Alison and Dick Wellard



Magnificent scenery, excellent company, great huts and amazing organisation. Thanks, Wellards. Liz & Brad.

The food consumed on our trip to Tasmania varied enormously. Sometimes it was rehydrated spaghetti bolognese four nights in a row, or as at the Salamanca markets, scallop pies, wallaby burgers and fresh strawberries. Always there was plenty of wine to wash it all down. Alison.

DICK'S HELPFUL HINTS FOR TOP BUNK DWELLERS.

- Arrive at the camp site late. This will ensure all the lower bunks are taken, saving you the tiresome problem of having to make a choice.
- Ensure your hips/backside are never wider than the gap at the top of the ladder.
- Always ascend/descend facing the bunks otherwise the last step is fraught with danger.
- Measure the distance between the floor and your bunk. You can multiply that distance by the number of ascents/descents and add that to the total distance travelled during the journey, thus gaining bragging rights over your lower bunk companions.
- Ensure you do not suffer from altitude sickness.
- Ensure you possess a strong bladder or a wide mouthed bottle.

Date: June 2017
Area: Cycling the Murray to Mountains Rail Trail
Leader: Ian Trevaskis



Ian put on bike rides on two consecutive Sundays. The first started at the old Everton station. Warwick, Marie, Liz, Trish and Ian rode uphill for approximately 16kms to Beechworth where Sandy and John met us. It's a bit of a grind up to Beechworth but incredibly pretty. Marie, being the super fit person she is, chose to ride the mountain bike section which runs adjacent to the bike trail. We bought lunch in

Beechworth and took it to Lake Sambell where we were met by two more members. It's great when you know the next leg of your journey is going to be easy and that's where riding up hills has advantages. It was mainly downhill from Beechworth back to the cars and a great chance for John and Sandy to re-discover their bike legs. A mob of kangaroos joined us for part of the way back and required some pretty fast applying of brakes when two suddenly hopped across the trail without warning.

The second ride was again along the rail trail but this time starting at Eurobin and riding to Wandiligong then back to Eurobin. Well, keen biker David started and ended at Myrtleford. This was a ride with the incentive of a pub lunch, so it was very well attended. The old rail journey through the region must have been stunning. I'm sure if it still existed it would feature on "Great Railway Journeys of the World." But now it's a fantastic ride. The huge old remnant red gums give a hint to what a majestic forest must have once been here. As we rode through Bright to Wandiligong we passed a pine plantation with those beautiful red and white toadstools growing. Sasho told us that where he comes from they call them "deer" mushrooms because they have white spots like fawns. Lunch was great, the ride was great, the company was great, a coffee stop on the return trip was great, in fact it was a great day! Thanks Ian.



Date: October 2017
Area: Snowy Mountains
Leader: John Hillard

FIVE GO ON A WHACKY ADVENTURE

A multi-day trek in the wilderness far from civilization can do strange things to the human mind. By the time he staggered out of the bush at Dead Horse Gap, one our group was excitedly patting a furry little stuffed koala called 'Kevin'. They had been reunited after Kevin was found in Tin Mine Hut where he had been languishing for three years awaiting the return of his beloved companion.

Following close behind the pair came the Leader, also carrying a tiny stuffed animal – a camel named 'Fifi', whose task it was to ring a little bell each day to indicate to the slowly-going-demented group the much dreaded 'Five Minute Warning'. Fifi was rarely sighted during the day, preferring her own company in the depths of the Leader's pack, however she did prove to have an adventurous spirit when she went white water rafting in Bernadette's plastic bowl not long after leaving Cowombat Flat.

Nine days divorced from reality had obviously taken its toll and a disturbing change had fallen upon the five adventurers who had set off on a bright sunny day from Taylor's Crossing near Benambra, to complete 125 kms of the Australian Alps Walking Track (AAWT). By the time they arrived at Dead Horse Gap they were openly speaking to their little stuffed friends and talking of hooking up with them on Facebook, of reading their blogs and of encouraging more members to get on board and adopt a stuffed animal companion!

As well as busting their guts trudging up to Johnnie's Top; of fighting off blood-crazed leeches; of undertaking daring river crossings; of being rained on, hailed on, snowed on and fogged on; of clambering under and over numerous fallen trees; despite all that nature threw at them, our intrepid troupe still managed to stand at the very source of the mighty Murray River (thank you Pete for leaving that track marker three years ago), locate the hidden cairn that marks the NSW/Vic border and ignore the vivid descriptions of one member's recent movements in the bush.

The five have since undergone an intensive rehabilitation program and appear to have come to terms with the fact that small stuffed soft toys are not real, live beings. Once again, another memorable, if somewhat whacky journey into another world.



Post Script We would like to extend out thanks to John Hillard (and the darling 'Fifi') for not getting us lost too often; to Rosemary Hillard and John Kaitler for getting us to the starting point safely; to John Kaitler for coming in with a food drop on day five (and for not eating my coffee scroll!); and to John K and Warwick McLachlan for the pick up at Dead Horse Gap. (Commiserations to Pam Duncan, who was a late withdrawal due to a foot injury; we're sure she'll be there for the next one.) Ian (on behalf of Sandy, Bernadette and Marie)

Date: February 2018
Area: East Ovens River walk
Leader: Deb Kahn

The signage says, "Track generally maintained during peak bushfire season." The reality was, track not maintained in any season. So this allowed us to be creative bushwalkers and walk where no one else had gone for a very long time, and not even marked on maps. We followed obscure MV tracks, faint animal tracks, but mostly we followed the river, as it was the only option available. Blackberries scratched us, insects bit us, and the river cooled us as we moved slowly upstream. Our tally for the day was four tiger snakes, 42 river crossings (approx.), two butterflies doing freestyle, two big deep swimming holes and six pairs of very wet boots. Thanks to everyone for pitching in and helping us navigate our way. It also shows you that great days can be had down low as well as up high.



Date: 16–18 March 2018
Area: Beechworth
Leader: Many

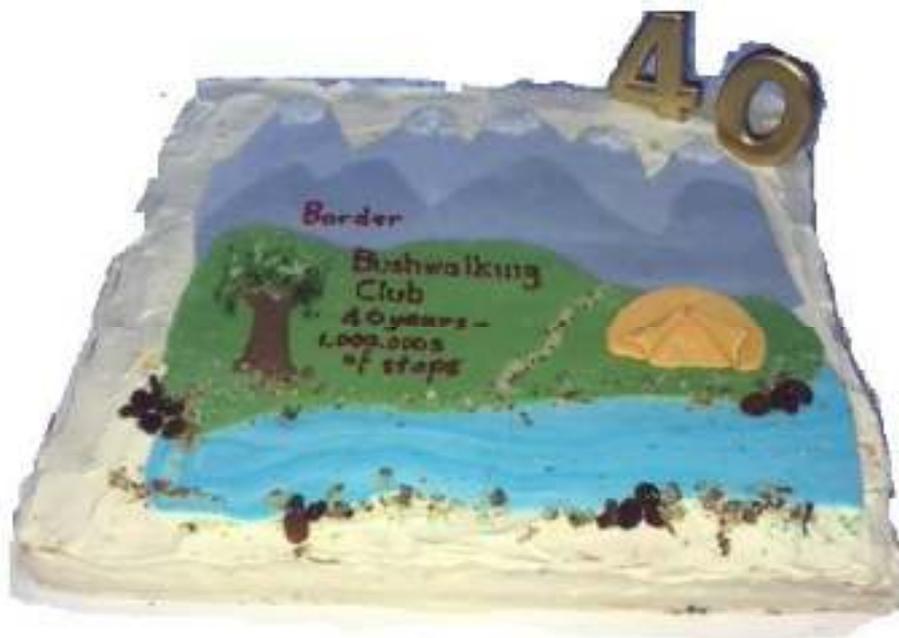
40th Anniversary Celebrations

During the initial planning stages, we anticipated a modest roll up of twenty or so and we were blown away when 63 past and present members attended the various social events over the weekend. The events were based at the Lake Sambell Caravan Park, with people staying in tents, caravans or cabins, or coming for the day. This proved to be an ideal venue for the event and a big thank you goes to the Caravan Park management who obligingly accommodated our much larger than expected numbers.

The first event was Friday evening's Happy Hour followed by dinner at the Hotel Nicholas. There were walks and a bike ride on Saturday, leading up to another Happy Hour and a celebration gourmet barbecue, cake cutting, presentations and reminiscences. Thanks goes to Beechworth butchery for the excellent quality of their meat and in assisting us with after-hours service.

Thanks also to our attendees.....those salads and desserts were absolutely fantastic, so much so there were suggestions that we should publish a BBC recipe book including ideas for home and camp cooking. Thanks to those who brought eskies, tables, fridges and to our cooks who slaved over the BBQ on a hot night to feed the masses.

Last but not least, we express huge gratitude to Ira Robinson who did an **amazing** job of organising all the food for the weekend. It was a mammoth task which required a great deal of work. Not only did Ira sort all that out, she also cleverly decorated the fantastic cake which was more photographed than the Royal Family.



Date: 11 April 2018
Area: Lavington: Bungambrawartha Creek track
Leader: Eileen Clark

Willing Worker on Wednesday Wander

For most of us, walking is a leisure activity, an antidote to the stresses of daily toil, but Wednesday's Bungambrawartha Creek trail walk was just another working day for Bella the wonder dog as she guided her blind owner, Jenny, along the way. With 35^o forecast, four of us plus Bella met early in Noreuil Park and drove to Lavington to start the walk. The first part of the trail passes through parkland and provides easy walking on a broad path, so conversation flowed thick and fast. We stopped for morning tea at the 'Turtle Crossing', where a big statue of a turtle reminded us of the fauna that used to live in the creek, which was completely dry today.

Suitably refreshed, we continued on southward where the track winds its way behind Albury landmarks such as the cemetery, netball courts and High School, and past a community garden before finishing up at the Botanic Gardens. Bella was rewarded with another big drink and a rest in the shade while we chatted, before taking Jenny home. Two walkers reclaimed their cars, and I retraced our steps back to the start of the walk to collect my car. By now, it was very warm, and I was glad we had started early on our very pleasant wander. The trail is virtually flat all the way and off road except for one short section along a quiet street, but with several roads to cross.



Date: 19 May 2018
Area: Falls Creek: Young's Hut
Leader: Eileen Clark

Seven started the walk; six finished it

The walk to Young's Hut turned out to be one of those you hope never to have. The day started so well, with seven day walkers accompanying four others going in for the weekend, and for a change we were walking in along the Alpine Walking Track from Cope Hut instead of Pretty Valley, a distance of 12.5 km each way.

It was foggy in Mt Beauty, but we drove up through the fog and into brilliant sunshine by the time we reached the car park at Cope Hut. All around we could see snow patches, the result of last weekend's early season blizzard. We made good time to Cope Saddle, downhill on a well-made track, but from there on the track got rougher, lots of small rocks, bushes, holes, rivulets and, increasingly, snow cover that sometimes gave way when trodden on, plunging our feet into icy puddles. We made slow progress, especially the overnigheters with their huge packs, and when we stopped for morning tea in a sheltered spot near Pole 333 we noticed the breeze was blowing the fog up from the valley, hiding the views we hoped to see.

We decided the day walkers would go ahead at their faster pace and it was about 1.15 pm when we turned the corner and walked into Young's Hut, bathed in sunshine with a carpet (or at least a rug) of snow in front. We needed a quick turnaround if we were to get back to the cars before dark and we were just finishing lunch when the others arrived. With a quick 'hello goodbye' we started back at 1.45 pm, up the steady but not steep climb out of the trees onto the open plain. By now it was apparent that one of our number was not at all well, and with chest pain, faintness and a racing pulse we didn't need Dr Google to tell us what the problem might be. At 2.30 pm we stopped at Pole 280 (or thereabouts) and activated an emergency plan.

I rang 000 and remembered something Cindy had told us once: in a remote area emergency of any sort, always ask for 'Police Search and Rescue' and let them decide who to call out. I did this and after assessing the situation they transferred us to ambulance dispatchers, and here our problems started. We gave them our GPS co-ordinates and got the response 'So you're near Seymour?' 'No', we replied, 'We're near Mt Hotham'. It took several efforts before they entered the co-ordinates correctly and identified where we were. They said they would send an ambulance to the trailhead at Cope Hut if we could walk out to meet them. We explained this was not possible, it was 10 km away and there was no vehicle access to us from the trailhead. They transferred us to Mt Beauty ambulance station who immediately said: 'You'll need a helicopter' and activated the call out. They also suggested we send someone to the trailhead as a Plan B, so two of the group who had a car there were dispatched.

Meanwhile the temperature was dropping (it had never been higher than about 3^o) and the fog was rolling in. We had one person in the group with Police Search & Rescue experience and they became the contact person with the rescue services. We had one health professional who kept a careful watch on the patient. Our chief priority was to keep him warm, but potentially with a long night ahead of us it was important that the rest of us did not get chilled, because once we stopped walking we all felt the cold. Everyone was very well equipped, and we were able to wrap the patient in a couple of spare coats, an extra hat and a scarf and then an emergency blanket, reflective foil on one side and orange plastic on the other. We all had wet feet, and this was troubling the patient, so we pulled off his boots and socks, wrapped his feet in a spare thermal top, and thrust them in a backpack. Two people had JetBoils so we made him a hot drink and makeshift hot water bottle, then huddled together around him to keep him warm. The people at Young's Hut had no phone signal but I sent them a text to inform them and asked everyone to notify someone at home that we

would be very late out. The patient was concerned about his fur child waiting at home for dinner, so we contacted a neighbour to arrange care.

The sun was starting to sink towards the horizon and the fog was swirling around when we heard the welcome sound of a helicopter approaching from the south. It flew over us at quite high level then veered away to the east. 'Come back' we shouted! They could talk to our contact person on the phone, who was trying to guide them in through the banks of fog. Suddenly we saw them nearby at quite low level. We grabbed the emergency blanket off the patient and started waving the orange plastic frantically. They saw us and had barely touched down before the paramedic leapt out, shouting at us that the weather was closing in and they had to get out FAST. We pulled all the spare clothing off the patient, thrust his bare feet into wet boots, and half ran, half carried him to the chopper. The paramedic checked that we could walk out, and the chopper was gone, having been on the ground less than five minutes. It was about 4.30 pm, two hours after we had called 000. If we hadn't called when we did the helicopter would not have been able to get in.

At this point, we realised we had no idea where they were taking the patient, who had no wallet, phone or contact details with him, but that wasn't now our problem. We packed up our gear and the patient's pack, donned our head torches and set out into the rapidly gathering darkness for the 10 km walk back to the cars. We soon warmed up once we were moving, and with mini breaks to eat chocolate or snacks we made good progress. Amazingly, once night fell the fog disappeared and the stars were brilliant. We had been walking about an hour when we had a phone call from the paramedics telling us the patient was in the Latrobe Regional Hospital in Traralgon. The patient had told them we were from the Border Bushwalking Club so they googled to find a phone number and even let us have a few words with the patient.

We were almost back at the cars when the hospital rang, confirming the patient had had a heart attack and would be transferred to Monash Medical Centre in Melbourne for further treatment. We reached the cars about 7.30 pm, where the couple who had gone ahead were waiting for us. Our trouser legs and bootlaces were frozen solid so putting on dry shoes was a bit of a challenge but soon we were on the way home.

This could so easily have been a disaster, but I had a brilliant team who were all well equipped for a cold weather walk. Thanks so much to you and to the paramedics who were prepared to fly in marginal conditions, and to whoever invented mobile phones.



Date: 09 June 2018
Area: Albury Nail Can Hill, Jindera to Botanic Gardens and return
Leader: Bernadette Cromarty

Six met at eight, no-one was late
In spite of the rain, we did not complain
Next, it was up, up, up to the top
We were so hot now we had to stop
On the way down, we let it rip
Nobody lingered by the tip
We squeezed through the gate, aware that our rate
Would now become slow as up we must go.

The fog was still low, it caused us no woe
And a short break for food improved our mood
The track became flat, I fancied that
But it didn't last long, more hills came along
Then the zig-zag took us down
Almost into the centre of town.

In the rotunda, it was slurp, munch and crunch
And two departed after lunch
The remaining four set off again
Well aware of the terrain
Down became up and up became down
We managed it all without a frown

Back at the cars before half-past four
26 k completed, perhaps even more
Metres climbed, over 800
Quite a big walk, in case you wondered
E, D and S said thanks to BC
Then it was home for a cup of tea
And thereby ends my poetry.

Date: 02 September 2018
Area: Mt Stanley
Leader: Bernadette Cromarty

Spring had sprung the day before, but it had sprung a leak. For some reason I had chosen a Sunday, the second day of Spring, for my second attempt at Mt Stanley for the year and the weather put many a song in my heart.

Six members gathered Henny Penny like, at the top of the mountain (**I can see clearly now the rain has gone**) to great views of snow on the surrounding mountains. We began our descent but after a while the results of recent rain were obvious and it was **slipping and a sliding** for all. We heard a gentle cry from Eileen (**please help me I'm falling**) as she very gracefully bottom planted in the mud. **C'mon Eileen** was all that was required to get her on her feet and finishing our descent.

Fortunately, the track improved greatly once we turned off the Jeep track and onto Granite and then Parky's and soon we were having morning tea **down by the river**.

After a lovely break we began to **climb every mountain**. Well, it was just one mountain, but we went up and down it a few times. I enjoyed having **sunshine on my shoulders; it makes me**, and the group, **happy**.

Our lunch break was at the bottom of our last big, on track, hill. Between bites you could hear **please release me**, but the hill was there to be climbed and climbed it was. At the high point we turned onto the cross-country section. Charles took the lead and found the easiest pathway way through the bracken and rocks. It felt like **a long way to the top** and when we got to the **rock me** section we declared **you can go your own way**. That way everyone could say **I did it my way**.

After some close encounters of the turd kind (**insert your own 5 note sequence here**) we made it to the top and we were **on top of the world**.

Thanks everyone for a day that was **simply the best**. Bernadette.



Date: 08 September 2018
Area: Tawonga Gap track south
Leader: Eileen Clark

Diary of a walks leader

Wednesday 6 pm Weather looks fine for Saturday, should I wear shorts?
Nine people have booked in. Organise cars, calculate petrol money.

Thursday 5 pm One person books in late ('I've been away!')
Reorganise cars, recalculate petrol money

Friday 9 am One person cancels ('Family visit'). Just as well we didn't need that
car. Recalculate petrol money, send email to all walkers.

Friday 6 pm One person books in very late ('Pretty please, I forgot!'). Notify driver,
recalculate petrol money.

Saturday 8.20 am SMS: 'XX got lost on the way here, we'll be a bit late.'

Saturday 9 am Arrive at Tawonga Gap car park, relieved to find two cars there
already. Two others soon arrive.

Saturday 9.15 am Find change for visitors' fees. Put on boots, deliver walk briefing.
Remind people about petrol money.

Saturday 9.20 am Weather fine and cool, start walking.

Saturday 9.30 am One person not well, decides to withdraw from walk. I accompany
walker and friend back to car then return to group.

Saturday 11 am Morning tea, treat walker's blisters, discuss socks. Group appreciates
warm weather and snow views. Less enthusiastic about steep hills.

Saturday 12.30 pm Lunch! Person who forgot fork is banished to Naughty Corner to eat
salad with fingers. My lentil lasagne much admired. Considerable
discussion on how to chop vegetables with a mandolin (or should that
be a mandoline?). Brief conversation with man passing by in Toyota
Landcruiser.

Saturday 2 pm Short stop on return trip to discuss essential elements of a Singapore
Sling.

Saturday 2.45 pm Reach cars just ahead of 12 men on trail bikes. Pose for group photo.
Remind everyone about petrol money.

Monday 9 am Bank visitors' fees. Send risk form to archive. Notify membership
secretary of visitors. Send lasagne recipe to Walks Coordinator. Write
trip report. Book in for next week's walk!

Date: Winter 2019
Area: Across the top: Cairns to Broome
Cyclists: Liz and Brad Nilbett

Random acts of kindness

Brad and I recently rode our bikes across the top of Australia. It was a fantastic experience and leaves us hungry to ride more. While the adventure was awesome, the biggest thing we really took from the trip was the amazing kindness of strangers. Riding a bike in the outback is a bit like walking with a dog - lots of people stop to talk to dogs and also cyclists in weird places. While most people just drive past, often with a wave, we are always touched by people's kindness. As I rode along towards the end of the trip I quickly counted up 35 acts of kindness, but I know there were many more. Lots of people pulled up to ask if we're OK and quite a few went past giving the thumbs up sign as their way of asking if we were alright. Sleeves of strangers were rolled up on the two occasions we had a puncture.

Riding along the very corrugated and isolated section of the Savannah Way a voice from a passing car called out, "We thought we were following bike tracks! You must be crazy! How would you like a real cappuccino?" and so by the side of the road in the middle of nowhere, Brad and I were treated to a magnificent cappuccino. Turns out these people used to make coffee from their van as a living. While we assumed this would be a one-off meeting, we were in fact to come across this couple a few times and they offered to do some food and water drops for us. An enormous help. As it turned out, at the eleventh hour, about to embark on the next leg of this remote section, cappuccino couple's car broke down. No food or water drop. What to do? Well, enter yet another amazingly kind couple of travellers who just pulled into Borroloola at that moment. I asked one if he was heading north to Roper Bar and he said he was so I asked would he mind dropping off our food and some water at the Limmen N.P. ranger station. He said that would be fine. It would only be a 15km detour for them. Well, so I thought, but he was a bit geographically confused because his mate said, "We're only going to Lorella Springs turn off" so a 15km detour became a 100km detour on a very rough road. We said it was too much to ask but they were more than happy to do the detour. Thanks to their kindness an important drop off was sorted.

We arrived some days later at the ranger station and there were our supplies awaiting us. The head ranger gave us a wonderful welcome and was so hospitable. She was excited by what we were doing and offered us showers and the kitchen to make coffee and the washing machine. We loved our showers and the coffee but sitting on a couch was amazing.

Same day further up the road at our camp site, four lovely people from Victoria asked us over for some wine. Wow! The next day another car pulled over. Out hopped two very well-dressed ladies. I told them we don't pick up hitch hikers. One of the ladies gave us her lunch, a packet of barely sugar and even offered us limes to put in our water. Turns out this was the Administrator of the Northern Territory, (their equivalent to our Governor) and after bravely putting her arms around us (we didn't smell too good), invited us to Government House to take tea with her when we got to Darwin.

Over the journey we were given bananas, fish, mandarins, oranges, apples, lollies, cold soft drinks, fruit juice, sandwiches, salami and other groceries, a meal, wine, bottles of frozen water, shade under a caravan awning at the side of the road, icy poles, cake, tea and coffee, a food drop and four water drops. There were more offers for water than I can even recall.

When not on our bikes we tend not to talk much to other travellers, but we intend to change that. Obviously rocking up somewhere on a bike or riding in remote places is something that draws people to talk to you, but friendly, kind and lovely people are out there in big numbers and we're going to make more of it and get to know them.

Date: Spring 2019
Area: Around Albury–Wodonga
Leaders: Various

Wednesday Wanders

Week One we wandered to Wonga
Admiring the sculptures on the way
Magpies swooping, wattles blooming
A typical early spring day

Next week we wandered to Sumsion
Humming a happy tune
Past Porta and Gateway Island
It was over much too soon

Week Three we arrived at Beechworth
To find it covered by frost
But the leader's good navigation
Meant there was no risk of getting lost

Week Four in Wodonga, oh dear, it's Grade Three!
Huon Hill was a test for me
I puffed as I climbed and to make matters worse
The track was hidden by Patterson's Curse

Week Five came around,
Eastern Hill was on show
But alas, too much work,
I could not go

Week Six, getting warmer, with Spring near its end
North to Thurgoona we decided to wend
To walk Hume and Hovell but to our dismay
A big new estate was in the way
But wait, logos painted on the ground
Helped us find our way around

Too soon our walk was at an end
We said goodbye to every friend
We hoped we'd meet again quite soon
And I got home just before noon.



Date: 16–17 November 2019
Area: Mt Buffalo
Leader: Deb Kahn

Deb and Mick's Excellent Adventure on Buffalo

We'd walked nearly 17 kms. We'd crossed The Long Plain that was in full flower, been up Mt Dunn for our first break and Eagles Point for lunch. It had been a hot, long day, with more ups than downs and the novelty of getting over or under the incredible number of fallen trees had long worn off.

When we got to the Mollison's Gallery turn off, all the information that we had told us there was only 3 kms to go. The information also told us that the first 2 km would be overgrown with blackberries and the track difficult to locate. As soon as we started on this section it was obvious that a lot of work had been done because it was quite easy to make our way downhill. That is until we came across the "Mother of all fallen trees." This tree was gigantic and as it fell it took others with it. In front of us lay carnage that had wiped out all traces of the track. Initially we tried to continue downhill following the fallen mess. But this was hard. Then we went around it to the left, then to the right. This was harder. Mick went off scouting for the track, while we continued through the maze. Finally, he got low enough to clear the debris and rejoin the track. So now we had a point to move to. With legs that were bloodied, and bull ant bites thrown in the mix, we finally started to move again at a pace. Our little tree adventure may only have been around 400m, but it took nearly an hour to navigate through/over/under the mess.

We pulled into camp at 6:20 pm, tired and hungry. Next day, we were up with the birds and left camp just before 8 am. The long slow climb back up to the plateau got us warmed up and we had our first break at Macs Point. We walked past Wild Dog Plains, Split Rocks, Giants Causeway, Stanley and Drillhole Rocks. Then when we were back to Long Plain and heading to our next stop at Lake Catani. The cars were a welcome site. But even better was the cold beer and the hot chips at Happy Valley Pub. It had been an adventurous 35 kms, including climbing and descending about 1300m over the two days.



Date: 29 December 2019
Area: Falls Creek: Kelly Hut
Leader: Eileen Clark

(To the tune of 'Good King Wenceslas')

Five keen bushwalkers set out, on the feast of Stephen
(Well, 29 December actually, but close enough)
When the snow lay round about, deep and crisp and even
*(There **was** a big snow patch on Mt Nelse)*
Brightly shone the sun that day, 'though the flies were cruel
The wildflowers were a brilliant sight that really cheered our Yu-u-ule

Up Heathy Spur they followed me, happy voices chatting
The track was clear, the path was soft, thanks to rubber matting
Twelve grumpy Boy Scouts came our way, they couldn't raise a smile
A horde from Melbourne slowed our pace, one hour for every mi-i-le

Morning tea atop the Spur, lunch for all at Kelly's
Walkers know what food is best to fill their hungry bellies
The President was in The Chair, his acolytes around him
A nap for one, then up the hill, to test each weary li-i-mb

Back we went, the way we'd come, but now the sun was hotter
Lots of short stops on the way so we could drink more water
Soon the dam came into sight and our walk was ended
We changed our boots and stowed our packs and back to home we we-e-nded.



2020–2021

For those old enough (or young enough) to remember, the only word to describe 2020 and 2021 was 'unprecedented'. The Covid-19 pandemic hit the world and life as we knew it changed dramatically. Indoor gatherings were banned and outdoor events severely restricted. Here on the Border, the Covid years were bookended by severe bushfires in 2019 and a major landslip late in 2022 that closed the Falls Creek road near Bogong village for many months. Through all of this, the Border Bushwalking Club kept going. Car pooling was scrapped, group size limited and walkers kept their distance from each other. At times when the border itself was closed, we had separate walks in Victoria and New South Wales. We learned a whole new vocabulary: lockdown, 'iso', social distancing, omnicron and delta, RATs and PCR. We discovered a new geographic entity, the 'border bubble', which in turn gave rise to a new form of relationship for people living alone, the bubble buddy. Read on!

Lament of the Bubble Buddy

(To the tune of 'Soldier, soldier, won't you marry me', in a Covid-approved ceremony of five people only, you, me, two witnesses and the celebrant)

Oh, Bubble Buddy won't you walk with me, for I am all alone
Oh no, dear friend, I cannot walk with you 'cos I have no mask to put on.

So off she went to her local chemist's shop
And she bought him a mask of the very, very best
(She bought him a mask of the very, very best)
And her Buddy put it on.

Oh, Bubble Buddy won't you walk with me, we can go 5 ks from home
Oh no, dear friend, I cannot walk with you 'cos my sanitiser's all gone.

So off she went to her local chemist's shop
And she bought him a bottle, almost the best
(She bought him a bottle, almost the best)
For her Buddy to put on.

Oh, Bubble Buddy won't you walk with me, you can cross the Border zone
Oh no, dear friend, my RAT says woe, and I must stay on my own!



Socially distanced lunch

Date: 30 December 2020
Area: Mt Beauty
Leader: Eileen Clark

Mt Beauty Candlelight Supper

What better way to see out the old year than a short stroll followed by an alfresco candlelight supper as the full moon rose over Mt Bogong? Rose and Violet accepted Hyacinth's invitation to sleep over and pitched their tents on her expansive but rather sloping lawns. They admired the bouquet of *Floribunda plastica* she had placed strategically in the hole to stop them falling into it in the dark. Then they headed to the riverside park in Mt Beauty, where they were joined by Daisy.

We first walked round an attractive artificial lake known locally as *Le Pon d'age*, admiring the reflection of Mt Bogong and noting the families happily frolicking on the beach or playing in the warm water. As befitted the occasion, Hyacinth was resplendent in a hostess gown in psychedelic hues of scarlet and purple, while Rose's pink shirt showed off to perfection her reindeer antlers studded with diamonds and pearls.

The next walk was along the river, *La Promenade de la Kiewa*, a 1 km track with a short turning loop at the end that afforded great views of the fast-flowing river and the camping ground on the opposite bank. However, after walking and talking for some time, Hyacinth realised something was amiss because the path came to a dead end, *un morte finale sanguine*, as she so eloquently put it. Daisy and Rose hastily consulted the great cartographer Monsieur Google and we decided to retrace our steps and eventually found the right path, guided by the smell of bacon from the campers.

Supper was taken in the new picnic area beside the river, a charming and well-equipped location. Hyacinth lit the candle while the meal was prepared. Because of Covid regulations we were unable to share food (rice paper rolls, chicken schnitzel, quiche and an appalling *compote* of brown rice and kale) but sharing drinks seemed to be in order, and in a flash three bottles of wine and a hip flask appeared on the table. Ever the good hostess, Hyacinth had anticipated this and produced four brand new wine glasses with hand-painted logos of a local ski race (*L'hoppet Kangarou*).

As daylight faded, we ate our supper, finished some of the wine and waited for the moon to rise, and waited for the moon to rise, and waited.... Eventually we decided it was time to go home and as we walked back to the cars, we noticed the full moon, just emerging above trees before moving over Bogong. Hyacinth, Rose, Violet and Daisy agreed it had been a great evening and worth doing again some time.



Date: January 2021
Area: Kosciuszko National Park: Jagungal Circuit
Leader: David Graf

Here are some actual words Bernadette wrote about the trip while we were lazing the afternoon away at Grey Mare hut.

There was a koala named Kylie
With Ian she never was smiley
She decided to stay
And send Ian away
That Kylie, she really was wylie

David first mooted our trip
With ups, downs and places to dip
He led us all here
And we all gave a cheer
And tomorrow away we will skip

Pete and Ness, they both love to explore
And of food, well, they have a big store
They walk all day long
Then slip into sarongs
And the next day they say, 'let's do more'

Pam, well she says needs much more gear
It must always be useful and near
It's because she's female
Or that is her tale
But she carries it all with good cheer

John always tells us a good tale
Of sun, rain or snow and a gale
He's been everywhere
But he always takes care
To ensure he's safe home without fail

Now Sandy's our resident nurse
She ensures we don't leave in a hearse
She's always so calm
And administers balm
Without her things would be much worse

Date: 03 October 2021 and 25 September 2022
Area: Wodonga Two Hills x 2
Leader: Bernadette Cromarty

Now this was the two hills, take three
And we gathered together with glee
The bubble had finally burst
And we said we will give it our worst

We met as a group from two states
Some newbies and others, old mates

Underfoot it was sometimes quite boggy
And the summit of Mahers, it was foggy
But the views took on sepia tones
And were captured on cameras and phones



After lunch at the very high river
The sun it appeared, just a sliver
I said 'Huon's not nearly so steep'
A promise I just couldn't keep

But we climbed 'til the bends
And we all became friends
We decided the fun of all walking
Is best coupled with laughter and talking.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

The day was bright with the sun
And 10 folk were up for the fun
We climbed up Mahers without fear
With views of mountains and the weir.

With the Kiewa, a river in flood
We watched it flow as we munched on our food
With old friends and new there was talk
Then to our cars, to head back to our walk

Huon was muddy and wet
But to summit our minds they were set
The risks didn't mention charging cattle
And our nerves they surely did rattle

We agreed the day was the best
And then headed home for a rest



(PS No humans were harmed in this event)

Date: 11–12 February 2023
Area: Mitta Mitta canoe camp
Leader: Deb Kahn

Down the Mitta Mitta River we glide,
with Deb and Mick as our trusted guides.

The water rushing, the sun so bright,
a perfect weekend, what a delight!

Our canoes cutting through the stream,
with each stroke we're living the dream.

The beauty of nature all around,
a sense of peace and freedom we found.

We stopped to rest and picnic, to bask in all it's might,
sharing each other's company was such a delight!

Eddy in the mighty Mitta Mitta river,
rotating boats, what a quiver!

Round and round we spin, and turn
with laughter and screams, a sight to learn!

The power of the river, the force of the flow,
the thrill of the ride, we'll never let go.

Eddy, the vortex, the spinning sensation,
a playful game of nature's creation.

Deb and Mick, with expertise and care,
ensured our adventure was beyond compare!

Through rapids and bends we found our way,
their knowledge and friendship on full display!
So thank you, Deb and Mick, for our fantastic weekend away.



Date: 29 April 2023
Area: Falls Creek: Tawonga Huts gourmet weekend
Leader: Bernadette Cromarty

There was movement at Mt Beauty for the word had
passed around
That the road up to Falls Creek had opened up
And the cooks were doing gourmet with the recipes
they'd found
So five of us drove up to walk and sup



All the best available members from their houses
near and far
Had packed their gear and food on Friday night
For our members, they like walking where the wild bush huts are
And sharing food and wine is their delight

There was Eve who'd never made it to our gourmet do before
And Wendy who feared climbing with full pack
Though few could match her pace as off she tore
And Pauline who supported from the back

David who's renowned for a pav from years ago
Proved that he's a versatile young man
And Bernadette who led the gang, and told them where to go
She led alone, as we had lost I-an

The day walkers they floated as they had some lighter packs
As they didn't have our yummy food and wine
And as they climbed they gloated that they had much lighter sacks
But decided that their walk back would be fine

The walks they were such fun and we visited two huts
Through rain and hail, we dreamed of pleasant sun
But we cheered with fire and friendship, oh, and some cheese and nuts
And everyone declared it so much fun



There were purple hats and ties and bling with earrings bright
That made the evening special and formal
The food and wine together made it such a special night
It certainly wasn't dehydrated normal

We had casserole and salad and some lovely homemade bread
And delicious brownie capped off our great night
So now we were all drowsy as we were so well fed
So, we headed off to bed and said goodnight

The night was cold and foggy but we got some sleep at last
And a fire in the morning cheered the bunch
Then we sprinted to our cars, our speed it was quite fast
It was nice to end in a café for our lunch.

Date: 09 September 2023
Area: Nail Can Hill: Choose your own adventure
Leader: Bernadette Cromarty

After a day of dismal weather on the Friday, Saturday September 9th was a very pleasant day to walk. The blurb said to choose your own adventure and they certainly did. Ira, Tim and Bernadette met at Jindera Gap and began to walk south, up and down, past the trig marking the high point of the walk to the gate above Centaur Rd.



Here Eileen joined us for more up and downs along the Ridge Track. We met the resident echidna who was not interested in joining us, so we moved on. As we neared Pemberton St Charles joined us. He had a sudden change of work plans so, with four committee members gathered, we agreed to his last-minute inclusion.

We headed to the Botanic Gardens for lunch and Lisa was able to join us for this part of the day. Two magpies also decided to get involved but it became clear that, after warbling away and still no donations of food, we were not the club for them.

Ira and Lisa waved us goodbye after lunch and we turned back. It was strange but the hills had grown. What had seemed flat or a gentle downhill had become a substantial uphill when going the other way.

We dropped Eileen off at her entry point and completed the walk, tired but happy walkers. For those who completed the walk both ways, it amounted to about 28kms and elevation gain of about 850m. For everyone it was a good Winter workout in a pleasant environment.
Bernadette

How many went on the walk? (By the Club's befuddled record keeper)

There were three at the start on a cold winter's day
No messing about, they were soon on their way

Up past the trig point, down past the tip
At Centaur Road one more joined the trip

Near Hernia Hill they found an echidna
They said, 'Come and join us' but sadly he didn't

At Monument Hill there came one more
They knew it was him by the boots that he wore

A woman was waiting at the top end of Dean Steet
She came along too, but only to eat

At lunch in the Gardens, there came magpies, two
No food for them so away they flew

Suitably fed, all were soon on their way
Two left for home, not wanting to stay

At the end of the day, two had walked 28 k,
One did three-quarters, one more than halfway

But the weather was fine, and all had a good day
And that is the best thing I could possibly say.



Milestones and celebrations

The Not-Quite Twins

Eileen and Ron were born within a few months of each other and grew up in adjacent suburbs in south London, but they did not meet until they joined the Border Bushwalking Club. Here's how they celebrated a BIG birthday in 2015.

Young Eileen is clearly a hero
And this birthday ended in zero
So we did celebrate
With a walk; bring a plate
And we took off without any fear, oh!

The day cleared up with warm sun
And the walk Eileen led was good fun
Rivers, trees, hills and bends
And the chatter of friends
Meant a great time was had by each one.

The lunch it was five courses long
A great feast we had all brought along
So much food we did make
And, of course, birthday cake
Which prompted a verse of that song



The weekend of November 7–8 saw Ron “Mr Young’s Hut” Hammond celebrate his 70th birthday. His choice of place to do this was one of his special places – Young’s Hut. Ron has been there many times, often leading working bees.

Five walkers shouldered full packs to stay the night at the hut while ten others opted for the Saturday day walk and generously portered various items of party food and drink. Recent rain made for a wet and sometimes muddy track, but the weather was perfect, and we were watched by a mob of eight brumbies, including a foal, as we chatted our way the couple of hours to the hut.

Following an inspection of the recent refurbishments of the hut including curtains and weatherboards, lunch was enjoyed sitting or lying in the sun on the grass. Ron provided both chocolate and vanilla birthday cakes, and an array of other treats appeared from packs. A very pleasant evening by the fire with more goodies to supplement dehydrated food and usual drinks finished the day.

We woke to icy tents but a lovely clear morning and after a leisurely breakfast including toasted crumpets (thanks Ron) and inspection of a large black snake at the water pipe, we broke camp for the cars. While walking out, plans were made for Ron’s 80th but this walker just hopes she is as fit as Ron when she is 70. Thanks Ron for giving us a reason for this walk to Young’s (as if we ever need a special reason to go there) and I know Ron was really chuffed that so many of you helped him celebrate becoming a septuagenarian.

A Presidential Pairing

March 2018: On behalf of the members of the Border Bushwalking Club, the committee wishes to congratulate Cindy Marsh and Rick Pickering on their recent marriage. We wish them a long and happy future together. Cindy and Rick served terms as President and Vice-President of the Club.



A Special Day for a Very Special Person

On 16 February 2020 we celebrated Life Member Edna Jakob's 90th birthday. Following rather concerning weather forecasts of rain and thunderstorms, it was considered wise to have the Moveable Feast in the lovely stone shelter in Queen Victoria Park at Beechworth instead of the plan to go to Mt Buffalo. Ten long-time friends and members met with the lovely Edna Jakobs and members of her family to celebrate this Special Day. There was so much pleasurable catching up and enjoying reminiscences (and tall story telling) along with consuming the delicious party-picnic foods brought along by everyone, that the day drifted along and before we knew it, it was time to head home. A perfect day, including the weather. Many thanks to all of you for making it possible. Marijke



Edna is second from the left

No meal is complete without a decadent dessert.....

This recipe has appeared several times over the years in Club publications, but I have yet to see it served at a function. Are there volunteers out there who would like to produce it for the Club's 50th anniversary in 2028?

Chocolate Moose

This is for VERY special occasions only. It takes a lot of effort, but the presentation is spectacular!

Ingredients

1 moose
40 lbs (18 kg) best cooking chocolate
17 containers Cool Whip artificial cream (or equivalent)
1 cherry

Method

1. Send spouse (partner, significant other) to Alaska to capture moose, or have one delivered by UPS.
2. Meanwhile, melt chocolate in very large double boiler.
3. Keep warm.
4. Tie up moose with rope.
5. Holding the moose by the tail, carefully dip in melted chocolate, covering it completely with a thin coating.
6. Arrange moose attractively on large platter and refrigerate for 2 days to set chocolate.
7. Remove rope, wash to remove chocolate, if necessary, and return rope to clothesline.
8. Garnish chocolate moose with Cool Whip and top with a cherry.
9. Serve immediately.
10. Or you could just chew on the rope, which may be tastier.
11. Quantities may be doubled for serving a crowd.



Looking forward to seeing you on the track, on your bike, skis, snowshoes, canoe or at a meeting. Look out for the 50th anniversary celebrations!