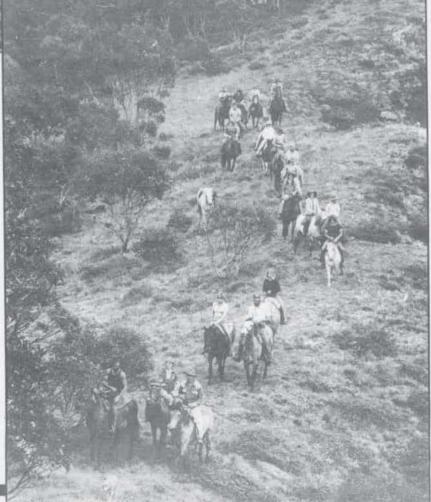
THE EASY RIDERS

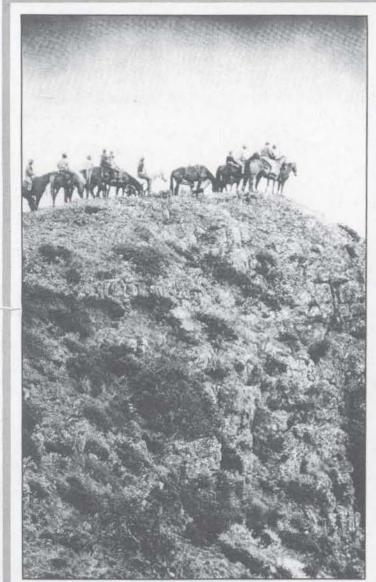


IT IS ANOTHER WORLD UP THERE IN THE HIGH COUNTRY. YOU CAN RIDE THE RANGE AND GAZE AT LENGTH OVER THE RUGGED BLUFFS, VALLEYS AND GORGES OF VICTORIA'S ROOFTOP.

You could be in it when they hit the high trail

Turn to page 28





A WELL-EARNED rest on top of Helicopter Spur, on Bluff Range.



"KIDS and adults alike come here raw, not really knowing what to expect," said Jana Lavick.

"A few are frightened at first. Prightened of the horses, the size of the country ... even us. I

passes.

That everyone learns quickly. They relax with their horison and begin to get involved with the whole concept. They lose they continued the whole concept. They lose they continued they continued to the continued to the







TWO young girls under a bush shower



countants, taberers, ductors school kids, grandjaarents and idade and their sons into the grand mountain bush they would never-hormally see.

The Loyick mountain seen have been a part of the high country history since 1865 outen to full Loyick went to

This country. Two words that, in this case, mean a lot. This is the kind of country that makes blokes like Stan McKaz will his Lavich boys have instructions to Unow his ashes from the top of M Bowitt.

"If a bloke ever gits the clause to start again, there condicts be a better gipt." Stan part of the start of the st area.

It infor moved to Merrijic and
was in the family until 1986, it
sits in the law hills below MY
Biller.

But the pub life was an anously. The binth beckened there,
it called out to the men who
knew it beat. says in his bushman's with the Lovick family of Merring acting as a quife on the trait adars to family runs up to the high plateau country of Victoria's tered livide.

He puts in as many hours as he can taking nine-to-fivers, ac-



THE sounds of the bush at night ector. Dehind her as Jocelyn Lovick cooks pinsapple frilters on an open fire east of Mt. Howitt.

The farm and the original run on Mt Buller (before the stiers came) were being neg-lectivit.

I twiss in '56 the Levicke went hack to their mountains.
They were furced off the Buller mountains.
They were furced off the Buller was in 1858 and into the hack essurity. It was a pack-hores job along dangerous and soliton issued cattle tracks up soliton issued cattle tracks up soliton in the same and foliage of the same and foliage was a second to the same and the

and have a good took at where they really live.

Jack Javics, 55, and patron Salot of the mountains, extab-ments of the mountains, extab-fly years ago. It was a Tanki to nature! energies which Jack has been able to keep exactly that way; it is the bush as the bush-she and his way.

main lives it.

Jack and his some — John, IT,
and Goarlie, M — run the tours.

They last from a two-day
two-day
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ing a luge stretch of roomstaline
across the Divide.

Provisions, tenta and personal
quar are louded abount fourwheel drives and taken to each
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bush but at each site where some of the cooking (prepared by the wives of Juhn and Char-lie) is done

lie) is done

After a day in the saddle the
tour, which could comprise as
many as 25 in all age groups, arrives at the camp-site, which is
already bestling.

abready bestling.
During the day they have transed rivers, ridden across diagreems apurs, jumped legs and streams, and observed both life many thought dishrt exist.
The riders can look forward to a huge bush meal at the sud of each day. Speckied trust cought that day is not of the south of the same and the sud of the sum of the

ghostly, started, while-transhed move guara.

The enthusiasm in Jack that heavest additive in fer and that heavest additive in fer first that heavest additive in ferring the moral responsibilities of gear lack (seasings the mocess of a trip by the way each person cares for the first-clean stock horses be here picked by hand "There's beside existent, and all

There's bush cricket, and all



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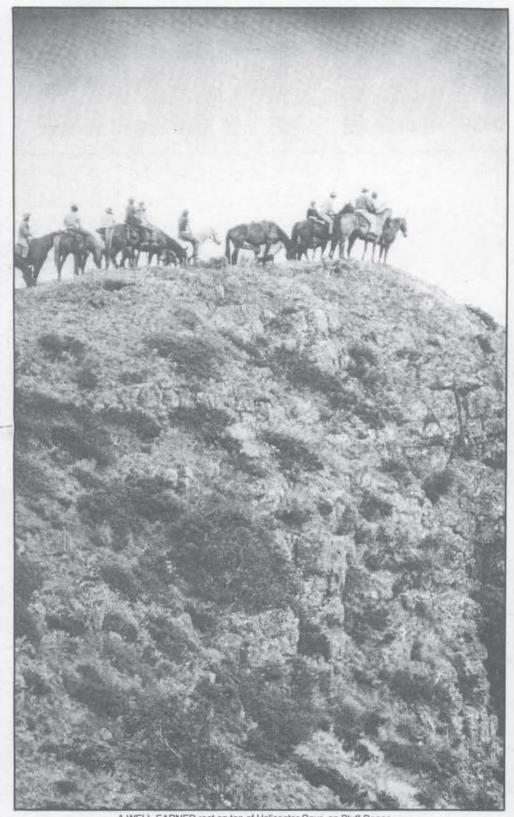
STAN McKay watches two girls crossing a river.

steaks cooked on an open fire. Each night is different. Summer in the mountains is a pictorial dreams Wild flowers in blues, masters and pinks, the ghoutly, stunied, white-tranked north of improvised games for the younger ones. But it seems to be the atmosphere of the place that briogs all ages to-gether.

"They get to love it like I do. The vactaons, the peace. There's an earlieness which breeds strength. It is hard to explain," he said.

There is a way YOU can ex-perience this life on an eight-day nafari run by Jack and his gang.

One of their trips is the first price in our Life. Be in it com-petition, being run by the Youth, Sport and Recreation Department, Details on page 14.



A WELL-EARNED rest on top of Helicopter Spur, on Bluff Range.



"KIDS and adults alike come here raw, not really knowing what to expect," said Jack Lovick.

"A few are frightened at first. Frightened of the horses, the size of the country . . . even us, I

guess.
"But everyone learns quickly. They relax with their horses and begin to get involved with the whole concept. They loss their fear and gain confidence. They continually ask questions about riding, busheraft and what makes us tick."

"By the third day you wouldn't believe they had never seen this country or ridden a horse before the trip".

This country. Two words that, in this case, mean a lot. This is the kind of country that makes blokes like Stan McKay tell his wife that when he dies the Lovick boys have instructions to throw his ashes from the top of Mt Howitt.

of Mt Howitt.

"If a bloke ever gets the chance to start again, there couldn't be a better spot." Stan says in his bushman's way.

Stan works with the Lovick family of Merrilig acting as a guide on the trail safaris the family runs up to the high plateau country of Victoria's Great Divide.

He puts in as many however.

He puts in as many hours as he can taking nine-to-fivers, ac-

countants, laborers, doctors, school kids, grandparents and dads and their sons into the grand mountain bush they would never normally see.

The Lovick mountainmen have been a part of the high country history since 1865, when old Bill Lovick went to the Howqua River diggings and established the first hotel in the

It later moved to Merrijig and was in the family until 1956. It sits in the low hills below Mt Buller.

But the pub life was an anomaly. The bush beckened them; it called out to the men who knew it best.



MORNING washtime . . . Victorian bush style.



THE sounds of the bush at night egho







TWO young girls under a bush shower.







hind her as Jocelyn Lovick cooks pineapple fritters on an open fire east of Mt. Howitt.

The farm and the original m' on Mt Buller (before the ders came) were being neg-cted.

It was in '56 the Lovicks went ick to their mountains.

they were forced off the Bul-r 'nın' in 1958 and into the ick country. It was a pack-ese job along dangerous and ldom used cattle tracks up to the Bluff Range and King lly ridge.

A hard reunion it was. But er the past 15 years they have ide it accessible to four-wheel ive and in the later years in-oduced hundreds of city-lers feeling the urge to get rid their suits for a week or so and have a good look at where they really live.

Jack Lovick, 55, and patron Saint of the mountains, estab-lished Lovick's Trail Safaris five years ago. It was a "back to nature" exercise which Jack has been able to keep exactly that way: It is the bush as the bush-man lives it.

Jack and his sons — John, 27, and Gsarlie, 24 — run the tours. They last from a two-day weekend trip to 10 days covering a huge stretch of mountains across the Divide.

Provisions, tents and personal gear are loaded aboard four-wheel drives and taken to each night's stop-over. There is a

bush hut at each site where some of the cooking (prepared by the wives of John and Char-lie) is done

lie) is done

After a day in the saddle the tour, which could comprise as many as 25 in all age groups, arrives at the camp-site, which is already bustling.

During the day they have crossed rivers, ridden across dangerous spurs, jumped logs and streams, and observed bush life many thought didn't exist.

The riders can look forward

The riders can look forward to a huge bush meal at the end of each day. Speckled trout caught that day in one of the streams and barbecued as an entree. That's followed by



STAN McKay watches two girls crossing a river.

steaks cooked on an open fire. Each night is different.

Summer in the mountains is a pictorial dream: Wild flowers in blues, mauves and pinks, the ghostly, stunted, white-trunked snow gums.

The enthusiasm in Jack Lovick is contagious. He has that honest ability to bring the tourists back to nature, involv-ing them in the chores and per-sonal responsibilities of gear and horses.

Jack measures the success of a trip by the way each person cares for the first-class stock horses he has picked by hand and sorted into a top bunch. There's bush cricket, and all

sorts of improvised games for the younger ones. But it seems to be the atmosphere of the place that brings all ages to-

"They get to love it like I do. The vastness, the peace, There's an eerieness which breeds strength. It is hard to explain," he said.

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