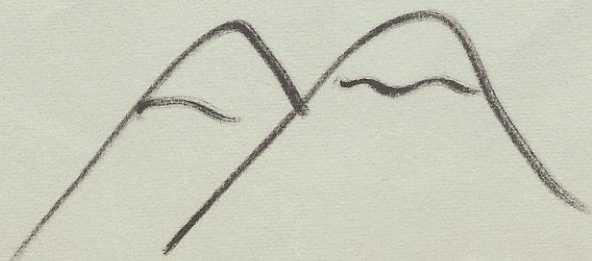


# THE MOUNTAINEER

No. 2      1964





## THE MOUNTAINEER

Official Journal of the Melbourne University Mountaineering Club. Registered at the G.P.O., Melbourne for transmission through the post as a periodical.

All correspondence addressed to Union House, University of Melbourne, Parkville.

No. 2 1964

Price 6d.

The A.G.M. has come and gone. So have the Easter trips and we are now well into the University year. And so to work or otherwise .....

### REPORT ON THE A.G.M.

6 March, 1964.

The Annual General Meeting was held on 6 March. This perhaps was an unfortunate date as it was the beginning of a long weekend and the first meeting of the year and as a result nominations just filled the positions and attendance particularly of older members was not very good.

As nominations were unfortunately very sparse no elections were held and some constitutional changes followed. However the committee is wished all the very best in the following year for their difficult job.

After business, Bill Bewdler gave a very interesting talk on the early years of the club, particularly its part in the early exploration in S.W. Tasmania.

### COMMITTEE FOR 1964-5

PRESIDENT: Max Corry, 140 Park Street, Parkville 34 5620 (night), 86 5321 ext. 477(day).  
VICE-PRESIDENT: Ross Smith, 30 Central Park Road, E. Malvern. 50 6782.  
SECRETARY: Lorraine Symons, 10 Dalston Road, Oakleigh.  
ASSISTANT SECRETARY: Geoff Smith, 36 Karnak Road, Ashburton. 25 5662.  
TREASURER: Tony Kerr, 2 Burnet Street, Mitcham. 87 1259.  
TRIPS SECRETARY: Dave Hogg, 292 Mitcham Road, Mitcham. 87 1680.  
STORES OFFICER: Richard Schmidt, 2 Cootamundra Crescent, Blackburn. 89 8803.  
CONVENOR C.S.C.: Dave Thompson, 8 Grattan Street, Prahran. 51 4451.  
GENERAL MEMBERS: Bob Chappell, 171 Park Street, Parkville. 34 3986.  
Phil Willy (Ropes Officer) 125 Park Street, Parkville. 34 6214.  
EDITOR OF CLUB JOURNAL: Sue Quilford.

MAX CORRY - one of those C.R.B. surveyors who recently initiated Toyota Tourist Trips. Conclusion drawn from his outside activities is that he leads a life of ease with the C.R.B.

ROSS SMITH - 3rd year Engineer who blushes.



LORRAINE SYMONS - recently returned from Dookie Prison Farm and now systematically attacking Ag. Sc. III and the secretary's job.

GEOFF SMITH - proud owner of a new Thyroid enzyme to be called smithase i.e. a research biochemist. Also discovered a wheel that "went round" at Ada River on the Powelltown trip.

TONY KERR - noted for his major occupation being "Cathing". Otherwise mad on mass invasions of Tasmania in conjunction with Physics III prac.

RICHARD SCHMITZ - possessor of a climbing hat, a white boiler suit, GIU and a Colonel Pewter holdall who has recently moved house to next door Aikman's Rd. in an effort to organize stores without lading out people at the same time. Also a Part III physicist.

DAVE THOMPSON - Dip.Ed. ex Commerce student who is either seen driving a V.W. or talking climbing.

BOB CHAPPEL - recently been 'dobbed' with all the "left overs" of jobs in Committee work. Resident at 171 Park Street who has difficulty handing in Physics III prac.

PHIL WILLY - a red-headed climber with an oxo man jumper who is the Ropes officer.

DAVE HOGG - owner of lactoperoxidase molecule. Unfortunately this has been out of action since Easter with a sprained ankle.

The Editor,  
The Mountaineer,  
M.U.M.C.

6 April, 1964.

Dear Sue,

It is to be hoped that next year the Annual General Meeting will be held in the middle of first term rather than in the first week as it was this year. Under the Constitution, all nominations for the Committee have to be presented one week before the A.G.M. which meant that they closed before the beginning of the academic year.

In my opinion, this resulted in a closed election, where in fact not one vote was taken. Had the A.G.M. been held later, say after Easter, we would have had time to think about who we wanted on the Committee, and possible future policies of the club. Many of us away on vacation jobs had perhaps forgotten about such things as nominations and were hardly aware of the A.G.M. because of postal misdirections from home, except the present committee who had more or less decided in Tasmania who was to take what position. I believe that this is undemocratic and should not be allowed to happen again.

However, I feel that this should not lead to dissention in the club and that the committee should receive the support of club members during 1964 as much as possible for the benefit of us all.

Yours faithfully,

DON THOMAS.



### SECRETARY'S REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1963-4

The high yearly turnover of members makes this club unique amongst other bushwalking and rockclimbing clubs of Australia. Upwards of 100 members do not renew subs. each year, these not only being inactive "new" members of the year before, but also many graduate experienced members. Quite a few of this latter group do not give up "Mountaineering" on leaving the club and I feel that the incoming and following committees should attempt to find out why these older members leave, and maybe find some way of keeping their interest in the club. The knowledge they could pass on to new members and their help on the administration side would be greatly welcomed. Also through a club such as this graduates would be able to continue "undergraduate" friendships, not leave them to become memories.

#### MEMBERSHIP

The membership has risen remarkably from the early 1963 total of 330 to the current total of 480, this latter figure including the 115 odd who have joined since the 27th of February this year.

Honorary Life Membership was granted to Fred Mitchell at last year's Annual Club Dinner in recognition of his tireless work on the administration side of the club, his prowess in all fields of Mountaineering and especially for the major part he played in the publication of the booklet "Equipment for Mountaineering".

#### JOURNAL

1963 saw the production of 6 journals and three supplementary circulars containing trips programmes, trips reports, and other various articles ranging from scientific tests on the breaking strain of climbing ropes to a non-scientific study of logs falling across walking tracks.

Last year four back cover advertisements were exchanged, with Kingston's Feather Mills of Collingwood, for one Mountain Mule rucksack worth £14.17.6. a new which is now in club stores.

All cover drawings in the past, originated from Fred Mitchell, who is now in Europe. This section of his work in the club has now been taken over by Don Ham an active club member studying at R.M.I.T.

The high membership meant a lot of time consuming work in stapling, folding and posting the journal. The retiring committee thanks those members who gave up their lunchtimes for this arduous task.

#### COMMITTEE

10 meetings were held during the year to carry out club business. A high attendance rate of 90% was maintained for most meetings. Apologies were duly received from absentees.



## TRIPS REPORT

Throughout the year there were 39 official club trips, the total attendance being 1040. This high average attendance of 26 was boosted by the 98 starters on the Queen's Birthday weekend trip to the Grampians and the 160 competitors in the Annual 24 Hour Walk, this event being won by two Monash girls.

Other very successful trips were the Easter Trips to the Mt. Feathertop-Bogong Area, the two snowtrips to the Baw-Baw Plateau and Mt. Bogong, the two Club Climbing trips, which attracted 89 participants, an extended winter trip to Pine Valley in the Cradle Mt. and Lake St. Clair National Park in Tasmania, and a very successful long vacation trip to this same National Park, which attracted 34 starters.

Last year saw also a large number of private trips, both climbing and walking. Club members contemplating a private trip are reminded to make full use of the available club facilities, namely food supplies, equipment, map library and reference library.

## CLUB STORE ROOMS

The club store rooms saw a lot of activity throughout last year, they being occupied, and sometimes very congested, almost every lunchtime by members using the before mentioned facilities. To relieve this congestion and to allow for expansion, especially in the food section, approaches were made to the Dept. of Criminology for the use of the adjoining basement of No.23 Royal Pde. Permission to use this basement has been given, and the club will appreciate any donations of shelves, chairs, cupboards etc. to furnish these rooms.

## FOOD

Throughout the year a number of new lines of food were obtained, through wholesale dealers, for resale to club members. The present range now includes all varieties of Cadbury's 4oz. blocks of chocolate, Dewcrisp dehydrated vegetables, dried Apples and apricots, sultanas, raisins, porridge, rice, powdered milk, tinned butter and New Zealand Freeze Dried Meat.

A Thank You from the committee is extended to all those club members who helped in the packaging of this food, most of which comes in bulk.

A second-hand set of scales, value £7.0.0., was bought last year, to aid this work.

## MAP LIBRARY

Upwards of £30 was spent on maps throughout the year, making the library probably the best in Victoria. It now contains some 300 maps, the Tasmanian section being the most comprehensive outside Tasmania. A section on New Zealand was begun last year to cater for the many club members that migrate to New Zealand every long vacation.



### EQUIPMENT

1963 saw the addition to club stores of two "Arctic" sleeping bags, one 4 man Willesden Proofed tent, one Mountain Mule Rucksack, 360 feet of British Standards 3104 nylon climbing rope, and 10 nylon inner bags, (made by club members from a parachute obtained from a disposal store) a total value of £90. 10. 0.

The hire charge for this equipment is very reasonable and the club saw a much greater use of this service by its members, than in previous years although, as with last year, there were many times when more members could have used club equipment if it had been returned more promptly after a trip.

### MEDICINE KITS

Although one of the two club medicine kits went on most club trips, their upkeep was sadly neglected during 1963. This was due to the stores officer not being able to afford more time from his studies than that was required to keep the equipment and food sections running efficiently.

I suggest that to increase efficiency in this section of the club, a stores sub-committee should be set up, the stores officer being chairman or convenor of the committee and acting mainly in the capacity of director, with subcommittee members being made responsible for specific sections of club stores. Also I suggest that to cater for graduate members, the club store rooms should be opened at least one night a week.

### MEETINGS

Numerous meetings were held throughout the year, the standard of speakers and slides being very high, but attendances sometimes disappointingly low.

The most successful meetings were the pie night in the Trophy Hall of the Beaurepaire Centre during which Don Hutton talked on Snow and ice technique, the 24 Hour Walk pep talk, the climbing course lecture and the combined meeting with the University Ski Club at which there was a very interesting talk on the recent Heard Island Expedition.

As usual, I feel that our Annual Club Dinner, featuring Bob Thomson, a representative from A.H.A.R.E. talking on "Antarctica Today", was the most enjoyable meeting of the year.

### ROPE

Rope sales continued efficiently throughout the year.

Although the club is no longer the sole agents for the British Standards Climbing Rope in Australia, our prices are below those of Paddy Pallin in Sydney, and Auski in Melbourne, our two competitors.



### CLIMBING SUB-COMMITTEE

Last year, the club saw a very inactive climbing sub-committee. Only one meeting was held during the year, and consequently no new leaders were appointed to the leaders list.

Apart from the Climbing Course, which attracted 84 participants on the two trips, new members in 1963 saw and heard nothing of club climbing. No reports of climbs on private trips were submitted to the editor of the club journal and rumours of coming private trips rarely reached more than a few of the older members of the club.

The few keen members of the sub-committee, and members of the general committee, attempted to organize club climbing trips, but as there was no support from many on the climbing sub-committee, their trips fell through.

However, this coming year looks full of promise for all prospective climbers. The climbing course dates have been set, and plans are well under way for many "follow up" climbing trips.

In closing,

I would like to thank all committee members, who did their respective jobs efficiently, all those club members who gave up lunchtimes to help with the arduous tasks associated with the journal and the club stores. I must make a special mention of our typiste Caroline Robertson, who will soon be heading toward Europe, for the large amount of time she has unrewardingly given to the club.

Thank you,

TONY KERR.

### EQUIPMENT FOR MOUNTAINEERING

The position for Convenor for "Equipment for Mountaineering" is called for as the club wishes to bring up to date the club's publication. Therefore there is an appeal for someone with the energy (not necessarily the time, although it would be useful) to do this.

The Club has acquired the next door basement to Aikman's Road for stores (No. 23), which will be open Tuesday and Thursday lunchtimes for buying stores and hiring and returning equipment. Any old "rat proof" furniture or seating would be appreciated.

### GRADUATES AND PART-TIMERS

The Club rooms (Aikman's Road) will be open on WEDNESDAY NIGHT from 7.30 - 8.30 p.m. for stores etc.



TRIPS AND MEETINGS PROGRAMME

- APRIL 24 - 26 Lake Mountain - Federation Range - Mt. Torbeck.  
tel.no. 87 1630 Leader: Dave Hogg. Standard: Medium. Van leaves front of Union at 6.30 p.m.  
 Fare: £1.6.0. to £2. 0. 0. Cancellation fee: 13/-
- APRIL 24 - 26 Jawbones. Advanced climbing for experienced climbers and those who have shown promise on the climbing course. Private transport. Further information from Dave Thomson (51 4451).  
tel.no. 51 4451
- MAY 1 Illustrated talk on caving by eminent speliologist. Phil Macumber. Men's Lounge at 7.30 p.m.
- MAY 3 Caving Trip - Labertouche Cave.  
 1. Leader: Phil Macumber. Van leaves top of Batman Avenue at 9.00 a.m.  
 Fare: 14/- to £1. 0. 0. Cancellation fee: 7/-
- MAY 8 Slide Night and Special General Meeting. Men's Lounge 7.30 p.m.  
 An election will be held for the new committee position of Editor of "The Mountaineer". Nominations must be signed by nominee, proposer and seconder and must be forwarded to the Secretary no later than 7.30 p.m., Friday May 1.  
 This will be followed by an illustrated talk on South-West Tasmania by members of "Corry's Mob".
- MAY 10 View Hill - Mt. William - Morandring.  
tel.no. 48 4596 Leader: Carol May. Standard: Medium. Van leaves top of Batman Avenue 9.00 a.m. Fare 14/- to £1. 0. 0. Cancellation fee: 7/-.
- MAY 15 - 18 Wilson's Promontory.  
 (1) Tital River - Sealer's Cove - Refuge Cove - Waterloo Bay - Tital River.  
tel.no. 25 5662 Leader: Geoff Smith. Standard: Medium.  
 (2) Fixed camp at Tidal River with day walks.  
 (3) Anyone interested in making other trips anywhere around the Prom. is invited to do so and use the club transport, provided such a trip fulfils the conditions outlined below. (See note after trips programme).  
 Van leaves front of Union 6.30 p.m. Fare: £2. to £3. (+ camping fee 5/-). Cancellation fee: £1.
- MAY 15 - 17 Mt. Arapales. Advanced climbing for experienced climbers and those who have shown promise on the climbing course. Private transport. Further information from Dave Thomson (51 4451).
- MAY 22 24-Hour Walk "Pep-talk". Men's Lounge 7.30 p.m.)
- MAY 23 - 24 24-Hour Walk
- See separate article in this issue.



- Dates to be fixed  
(during vac)  
tel.no. 93 6761
- Central Australia trip.  
Leader: Mike Gething. The trip lasts for 16 days, covers 3.500 miles and costs £40. It is hoped to have sufficient people to fill a bus so that variations can be made on the normal tourist route. Those interested should contact Mike at 36 Devon Street, Cheltenham (93 6761).
- Dates to suit party  
(4 days during vac.)
- Prospecting Trip. Glenluce Springs - Vaughan Springs - Strangways - Newstead (along Loddon River). Leader: Rownn Webb. Standard: Easy. Public transport. For bookings and information regarding equipment etc. 'phone Rowan Webb (44 5634).
- MAY 29 - 1 JUNE
- Buchan Caves (See also Queen's Birthday Weekend). Private transport. Those coming must be able to provide their own equipment (lamp, protective helmet etc.). Preference for this trip will be given to those with previous experience at Buchan.
- JUNE 5 - 7  
tel. no. 32 3201
- Cooper's Creek - Walhalla.  
Leader: Sue Quilford. An easy walk in a former gold-mining area. Attractions include old lime kilns at Cooper's Creek, the remains of the Walhalla railway, horizontal mine-shafts at Walhalla and other relics of this old town and its "suburbs". Fare £1.6.0. to £2. Cancellation fee: 13/-. Van leaves front of Union 6.30 p.m.
- JUNE 12 - 15
- Queen's birthday weekend. Two trips are planned:-  
(1) The traditional Grampians trip. Climbing on Mt. Rosea and the Grand Canyon, day walks around Hall's Gap and much revelry at night. In addition, it is hoped to run a 2 or 3 day walking trip in the area. Anyone interested in leading such a trip should contact the Trips Secretary, Dave Hogg as soon as possible. Private transport.  
(2) Buchan Caves. Leader: Roland Bradbury. Private transport. It will be necessary to limit the number going on this trip according to the amount of equipment available. The club will endeavour to provide as much equipment as possible but this should not be relied on.
- JUNE 17
- Meeting. Men's lounge 7.30 p.m. See notice board for details.
- JUNE 20 - 21
- Night walk and Barbecue. Mt. Macedon Area.  
The walk (medium standard) will commence on Saturday afternoon and will finish about 11 o'clock that night with a barbeque on the property of Max Corry's parents at Romsey. Alternatively, the less energetic bodies may go straight to the barbeque. Depending on the number of climbing leaders present (and their state on Sunday morning!) There may also be an opportunity for climbing at Hanging Rock. Fare: 18/- to £1. 7. 0. Cancellation fee: 9/-



JUNE 26 Meeting: Men's lounge 7.30 p.m. See notice board for details.

JUNE 28 Warburton - Mt. Little Joe - Brittainia Creek.  
Standard: Medium. Van leaves top of Batman Avenue 9.00 a.m.  
Fare 12/- to 18/-. Cancellation fee: 6/-

JULY 3 Pie night and "Personalities" slide night. 7.30 p.m. Trophy Hall, Beaurepaire centre. All members are invited to bring slides of other club members in typical, or not-so-typical, poses. If you dare not show the slides yourself, label them with your name and give them to Chief Compere Bob Chappell. Pies and coffee provided. Bring swimming togs, too.

IN THE MORE DISTANT FUTURE, NOTE THESE IMPORTANT DATES:-

7 - 10 AUGUST. Main snow-trip to Mt. Feathertop.

14 AUGUST. 20th Anniversary Club Dinner.

PLEASE NOTE:-

ANY MEMBER MAY ARRANGE A TRIP IN CONJUNCTION WITH A CLUB TRIP USING CLUB TRANSPORT PROVIDED THAT APPROVAL IS GIVEN BY THE LEADER OF THE CLUB TRIP AND THE TRIPS SECRETARY, AND PROVIDED SUFFICIENT NOTICE IS GIVEN.

The aim of this ruling is to encourage members to plan their own trips, generally of a standard somewhat harder than the corresponding club trip, at the same time, providing transport to the area which otherwise might be rather inaccessible. In order not to interfere too much with the main club trip, it is desirable that these smaller trips have pick-up and set-down points fairly close to the route of the van and that the trips finish in plenty of time so as not to delay the return of the main party to Melbourne.

These trips may be made open to any club member or limited to a selected party as the leader so desires, and may be advertised on the club notice board and in "The Mountaineer".

ANYONE INTERESTED IN LEADING A TRIP OF THIS TYPE, OR A FULL SCALE CLUB TRIP, IS ASKED TO CONTACT THE TRIPS SECRETARY, DAVE HOGG, AS SOON AS POSSIBLE (87 1630).

BOOKINGS:-

- For all trips, unless otherwise specified, bookings should be made either
- (1) At "Aikman's Road" any lunch-time.
  - (2) At a Friday night meeting.
  - (3) By phoning Dave Hogg (87 1630).

DO NOT WRITE YOUR NAME ON THE NOTICE BOARD LISTS.

This is to be done only by the Trip Leader or the Trips Secretary.



THE 24-HOUR WALK

The "24" is on as usual this year, but with two main differences. Firstly, it is being held in the May Vac. (May 23 - 24 to be exact), and secondly, plans are underway to organize an Intervarsity 24, to be run concurrently with the main event.

For the uninitiated, an outline of the event is as follows:- Competitors from teams of 2 or more persons (travelling alone is strictly prohibited) and follows a specified route (indicated by map references). The winning team is the one furthest along this route after 24 hours.

Checkpoints are placed along the route where competitors must sign their names and "hash-houses", where hot meals are supplied and spare clothing etc. may be sent, are placed at intervals of 10 to 15 miles.

Mixed teams get 6 miles start on the all-male groups, and all-female teams get 12 miles.

Competitors must carry the following items:- Compass, relevant map, matches, torch and watch.

The area of the walk will be released at 9.30 a.m. on Saturday, 23 May, and maps and details of the course will be available as from this time. The vans will leave for the area at 12.00 noon.

Total cost this year will be £2.10. 0. and includes van fare, food, entrance fee and map. A cancellation fee of 15/- will be charged for anyone cancelling without reasonable excuse after booking have closed.

BOOKINGS: Preferably at "Aikman's Road" any lunchtime or at Friday night meetings. If this is inconvenient, 'phone Dave Hogg (87 1630). Because of the amount of work necessary in catering and arranging transport, bookings will close on Tuesday, 19 May.

ORGANIZATION: Joint organizers of the "24" this year are Don Thomas, Nick White and Dave Hogg. Approximately 20 people are also required for hashhouse organization, to prepare meals for the weary wanderers, maintain fires at the hash-houses and keep a check on the teams passing through. Hash house staff obtain free transport and food for their services. Anyone willing to help should contact Nick White (85 9033).

Nick would also like to hear from anyone willing to lend large tents (12' x 12' or larger) for use at hash-house sites.

INTERVARSITY 24. A team of three (3) will be selected to represent the M.U.M.C. in the intervarsity event. This team will also be eligible for the open event, as both events are being run over exactly the same course. The team will be selected by the committee and will be chosen on the basis of general fitness and stamina, performance in past 24's, interest shown in the club and experience in bushcraft and navigation.



Written application for selection, either as an individual or as a team, must be made to the Secretary no later than Friday, 8 May.

BILLETS are required for interstate visitors for the 24. Anyone who can help out should contact Dave Hogg (87 1630) as soon as possible. The visitors would probably arrive on Thursday, 21 May and leave on Monday, 25.

"PEP TALK" A meeting will be held on Friday, 22 May, 7.30 p.m. Men's Lounge, when an experienced 24 - hour walker will give hints on how to win the event and the organisers will outline the rules of the event and answer any questions.

Heard at Aikman's Road (No. 2).

"I'm not the stores officer. I'm only the deputy sub-junior."

#### MT. ROSEA CLIMBING WEEKEND

Doug Hatt, John Bayley, David Thomson.

Departed from Melbourne at 5.30 on Saturday bound for the Grampians and Mt. Rosea. After a  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour stop for dinner at Ballarat we drove on to the traditional camp site below Silver Band Falls, arriving at 9 p.m. (Not a bad average for a V.W.).

On our arrival, we were welcomed by M.U.M.C. and V.C.C. parties. After a brief discussion as to what, and how much of it did we bring (hic!), we all migrated to the V.C.C. camp where we spent the evening in the traditional way - yarns, song, and (hic!).

On Sunday we decided to climb Tourist Direct. Making the face at about 1 p.m., we started climbing immediately. Doug led the first pitch of about 100 feet or so up to the tree belay. I followed next, then John (using two ropes). From the tree belay, I led the next pitch up some easy rock from a crack, to an overhang. A traverse to the right then up an awkward groove to below a large overhang. A large spiked flake to the right, just above a ledge made an excellent belay. Doug came up, and continued out along an exposed but easy traverse to the left of the overhang to some trees on the face, then straight up steep rock to a ledge and tree belay at about 70 feet directly above the traverse.

John then moved up to the belay below the overhang, I did the traverse then up to Doug, and John followed. At this point, Tourist Direct offers two alternatives, first, one can move to the left and up steep rock, into a long chimney then to the top; on the other hand, another route follows a traverse off to the large Tourist Direct buttress on the right, then up the buttress to the top. We chose the latter, while Steve and Avril who by this time had caught up, did the chimney route.



Doug led the next pitch to the right, through some bushes on the face above the traverse (70 feet below) then into a long horizontal crack on ledge that goes along the side, to the front of the buttress. The ledge is just large enough to allow a climber (under 12 stone) to move into and along it on his stomach to a belay at the front corner of the buttress. (Being belayed fore by Doug, and aft by John, I moved along the ledge to Doug, where we exchanged ropes to I could lead the next pitch.

From this point, the climb goes along the remainder of the crack for about 10 feet to the front of the buttress. A very awkward move follows, I think the course of the climb, where one has to change from a prostrate position in order to move up the buttress to the next belay. This move is done on a small ledge about 1 foot wide, with awkward hand holds, in an extremely exposed position - the rock dropping vertically downward for 10 feet, then disappearing in an overhang 300 feet above the trees below.

However from this point, climbing is easy, up the buttress on large hand holds to a ledge and large tree belay about 60 feet above the narrow ledge. Doug and John then came up to the ledge and after a brief exchange of comments about the climb so far, John led the next pitch up a delightful chimney to the next ledge. I followed, and continued on, traversing left for a few feet, then up a large crack to the top.

After several minutes on a comfortable wind protected sitting belay, in warm sunshine, Doug and John reached the top after a most interesting and rewarding afternoon's climb.

We made our way down the path to the car and started back to Melbourne at about 6 p.m. For a change, we decided to take the Pomonal road to Ararat, and were delighted by a glorious view of Mt. William, highest peak in the Grampians silhouetted out against a deep red sky. A most tranquil scene, and touching way to end our days climbing.

DAVID THOMSON.

#### FOR SALE

MOUNTAIN MULES:.. £14..5..0.

2 colours and cheaper than elsewhere. See stores officer.

#### FROM OUR MOST RECENT CLUB EMIGRANTS

Fred Mitchell has discovered some long-lost relatives in Germany.

Peter Morgan left on his Autumn traverse on 8 March and on 25 March at lat. 66° 42' 5" long. 112° 47' E. the temperature was 35° F. and they had had a couple of blizzards.



NEW ZEALAND, 1963-4

Most comments on the climbing season just past that we have heard were short, sharp, to the point, and unprintable. There is little doubt that this was the worst season for at least 10 years; a severe winter left much heavy snow, and the almost continuous bad weather from Christmas till late January made climbing conditions hopeless. The atrocious conditions were probably contributing factors in the large numbers of accidents, many parties being unable to cope with the extreme conditions. Some good climbs were achieved, however, before Christmas, and by enterprising climbers who happened to be in position during the brief spells of suitable weather. There was only one Grand Traverse of Mt. Cook; another notable effort was the first traverse of the Main Divide from Mt. Tasman to Mt. Cook, done in 3 days. More typical, however, is the report of 26 beds in Murchison Hut for a week's bad weather - said hut has 10 bunks and a sloping floor. (Information from Jan.'64 Bulletin of Otago Section, N.Z.A.C.)

It was our intention to do some climbing in the Darran Mountains (near Milford Sound), working from Moraine Creek hut as base, with perhaps a snow-cave higher up. Accordingly, we left Dunedin in indifferent weather on 3 January after belatedly posting a note of our intentions to the Search and Rescue contact. It was raining steadily by the time we got to the point where we should have got off the bus, so decided to put up for the night at the more convenient Homer huts. A few minutes conversation with some of the residents showed that this decision was wise, as there were deerstalkers in the Moraine Creek region and anyway there was far too much soft snow for any climbing to be possible. The next week was spent eating, sleeping, playing cards or chess (cards and chess set made from locally available materials), or just doing nothing, while it rained and snowed. Any time the sun looked like appearing a fine display of avalanches was generated. The only exercise taken during the week was a climb to Homer Saddle (4480') one afternoon; this began during a shower and ended in a snowstorm.

At the end of the week two members of the party had to return to civilisation and work, so the remaining three of us decided to head for Queenstown by easy stages. The first easy stage was done by bus to save an 8 mile road bash; at the end of the ride was a  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hour walk to the hut at Lake Howden. This is normally the end of a tramp from the Routeburn, but we were to do this rather well-known trip in reverse. The Howden Hut was rebuilt about 5 years ago and is now very comfortable, with 17 bunks and a stove which refused to function even after half an hour's constant attention and encouragement with a primus. Normally this hut is full of trampers during the holiday period, but the weather had been so bad that the only other occupants that night were two deer-stalkers up from Invercargill for the weekend.

The next day (Saturday 11 January) dawned overcast and foggy again so we upped packs for about 4 hours to Lake MacKenzie. On the way the weather began to clear so cameras were exercised thus contributing to the slow average pace. The hut at Lake MacKenzie is a smaller version of that at Howden, and the stove more civilised, requiring only a little kero thoughtfully left by some previous occupant to get the wet wood burning.



Sunday was fine, so we attempted the nearby Ocean Peak (6062') but were foiled by soft snow; however, some good colour slides were obtained. Monday too was fine and clear for the next stage, to Routeburn Huts. The first hour is occupied in climbing out of the Lake MacKenzie basin; then comes a long and more or less level traverse at about the 4000' mark above the bushline of the Hollyford valley. On the other side of the valley the wall of the Darran Range rises to a multitude of glaciers and snow-capped peaks, most of which are over 7000' above sea level. Much of the product of the Kodak factory was expended here. There follows a crossing of the Harris Saddle, a descent of two hanging valleys to the bushline of the Routeburn valley, and a long slow descent through beech forest to the huts at river level.

Routeburn Huts were built about 40 years ago by the Tourist Department and do not appear to have had much maintenance since. As we had a day to fill in before heading for the head of Lake Wakatipu and the steamer, we took a short walk up the North Branch of the Routeburn to inspect the approaches to Mt. Somnus (7483'), Mt. Nereus, and the North Col which provides access to the notoriously inaccessible Olivine Mountains. At this stage the familiar high cloud, shortly followed by thicker low cloud, heralded the arrival of the nor'wester and more bad weather. Sure enough, about 2 a.m. the next morning it started to rain, and by 9 in the morning the river had risen about three feet. Fording a neck-deep raging torrent being out of the question, some time was spent looking for an alternative crossing place, which wasn't found until some hours had passed and the river had dropped somewhat. This meant, of course, that we missed the boat and had an enforced rest day at the head of the lake. The local bus proprietor's phone was used to allay parental fears and forestall the raising of a search party.

Much could be written on the attractions of the tourist town of Queenstown, and of the many valleys and hills nearby of interest to the person who uses his legs to investigate country that cannot be seen from a car. However, such a catalogue of place names is of little interest at a distance of some 2000 miles, and this report is long enough already. Did we meet any Australians on our travels? Yes; John Cole, on the aircraft going to N.Z.; some Sydney types, about a dozen of them, who passed through Lake MacKenzie on their way to Howden; and Dave Allen and his merry oxomen in Queenstown. We would be interested to hear or read of their subsequent experiences.

Party: Claire Harris, Rex Harris, sundry New Zealanders.

R.P.H.

21/3/64.

Quote of the week: "As the trip goes on the mountaineers get higher and higher."

Talking of altitudes, this seems to be the reason for the success of the climbing course.



SNOWY MOUNTAINS AND PLAINS

Maps: Snowy Mountains Authority maps  
Geehi and Indi Maps.

December 26 - January 6.

Snowy Mountains Walks: Geehi Walking Club.

On the evening of 26 December, 1963, 9 Melbourne Sea Rangers surprised the tourists in an Omeo caravan Park by erecting hike tents by the river. Early next morning these strange females were off by Landrover and car to Limestone Creek, about 30 miles from Binambrā. Here they hoisted heavy packs for the long walk to Khancoban. Several of the girls who had not done much walking before devised a fool proof system against becoming overtired - they walked exactly 500 paces then rested 5 minutes - as a result some of the party were rather late in making camp that night.

The second day meant toiling past the Cobberas towards Quambat Flat. Just past here one of the girls collapsed with pains in her side similar to ones leading to appendicitis a few months before. An epic bash to Tin Mine Hills where Cooma Pony Club, out on a brumby hunting expedition, took over and rode back to see if she was o.k. When they returned about midnight the report was that the appendicitis query felt much better and every one was camped somewhat damply by the Indi.

The following days were spent winding towards Dead Horse Gap, with a visit to Tin Mine Falls which have a spectacular descent of 1,600 ft. On New Year's Day we arrived at Dead Horse Gap and picked up fresh food supplies and where rides with the local dustman around Threadbo and his timely gift of a bottle of wine for New Year celebrations, and the celebrations with the Ranger were the highlight.

New Year's Day meant a climb to Kosciusko with car arriving tourists. Attempts to stay at Lake Albina Lodges as previously decided, were unsuccessful due to the off season skiers stocking up for the winter. Therefore towards sunset we struggled down into Rawson's Hut by the headwaters of the Snowy River. This hut belongs to S.R. Authority and is only meant to be used by others in cases of emergency - but we decided this was an emergency, and stayed 3 days doing day walks and climbing Townsend which gives by far the best view in all the Alps.

We descended to Geehi via Hannells Spur which drops 6000 ft. in 6 miles - goodness knows how drovers ever got their cattle up the thing. Due to lifts down to Khancoban we arrived 3 days ahead of schedule and were very well received there with all "mod-cons" such as washing machines. It was with sad hearts we left the church hall where we stayed, for the long journey back to Melbourne.

S.B., N.R. S.K.



WILSONS PROMONTORY

February 1964.

Party: Tom and Peter Kneen.

The object of this trip was to visit the north-eastern section of the prom. After hitch-hiking from Foster we set off along the Sealers track and had lunch at the north end of Sealers Cove. Leaving Sealers at about 2p.m. we started rock-hopping around the coast towards Five-mile beach. Abundant water was found flowing off into the sea. Progress was slow taking  $5\frac{1}{2}$  hours to cover the 3 miles. We arrived at the beach at sunset and camped near the lagoon.

Next day we turned beach combers and hiked up the beach which is every inch of five miles long. Along the beach were an infinite number of shells and numerous animal and bird tracks. After lunching near the northern end we set off along the fire access road which runs up around Round Backed Hill on the western side. Many parts of the northern section have been burnt out in recent years and we passed through such a region on our scrub bash towards Mt. Margret, and took on the appearance of two nigger boys. Conditions were hot and dry and we decided to head for water which surely flowed into Chinamans Long Beach. The beach was reached at sunset but no water was found. The tide was also out so that we couldn't even wash in the salt water which was about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the beach.

After a dry night we arose and decided to retreat as the prospects of finding water further north were slim. Countless swans were in Corner Inlet that morning. We returned along the route of the day before and across the fire access road towards the Vereker Range. We found water at 12 o'clock the first since 3 p.m. the day before and in that period we had had  $\frac{3}{4}$  pint between two.

Refreshed again we cooked an enormous meal that night which made up for the previous night. Next day we walked out to the road and hitch-hiked back to Melbourne.

The vegetation and water supply is completely different in the northern part to what it is in the southern section. There are vast areas of swamps covered with thick low and often impenetrable tea-tree scrub behind. Five-mile beach and around Chinaman's Creek. Water is scarce but can be found at the Fresh water lagoon and at a small creek flowing into the north end of the five mile beach. It can also be found near the end of the fire access road on the N.W. side of Round Backed Hill and at the north end of the Vereker Range. Walkers should go prepared for dry conditions in the warmer months.

P. Kneen.



WALLS OF JERUSALEM-MERSEY VALLEY-CRADLE MT. AND LAKE ST. CLAIR NATIONAL PARK

February 2 to 15 February

Party: Cath. Milvain, Anne Waite, Tony Kerr,  
David Thomson

Maps Used: "Middlesex" (for road approaches to Mersey Valley)  
 "Ducane" (Walls of Jerusalem, Mersey Valley and Ducane Range)  
 (State Aerial Survey, 1 mile to 1 inch).  
 "Cradle Mt. Lake St. Clair National Park" (2 miles to 1 inch).

At 8.30 a.m. Sunday morning we were at Essendon Aerodrome. After a brief plane flight, a two hour car trip, and a one hour lunch break, we carefully placed our packs on our, as yet, unaccustomed backs and began the uphill trek towards the Walls of Jerusalem.

The Walls of Jerusalem, which are rarely visited by those belonging to the "Oxo" clan, are situated on the rocky, lake-studded, moss-patched, high central plateau of Tasmania; approximately thirteen miles east of the Pelion Huts in the Cradle Mt. Reserve. There are many routes into this area, possibly the easiest and quickest being the route we took.

We travelled by private transport from Devonport Aerodrome to the northern bank of the Fish River, (Ducane map) a main tributary of the Mersey River, via the very good all-weather Mersey Valley Forestry access road (Middlesex map). Although not shown on the current Ducane map, this road ends at the Fish River  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles upstream from the Mersey-Fish River junction. From here, beginning on the south bank of the Fish River, a very well marked and well trodden track took us to the Walls, which we reached at Monday lunchtime. Sunday nights camp was made, after a three mile 1500 foot climb, outside a dilapidated hut (it would be reasonably waterproof in a shower) beside a perennial tributary to the Fish River, (Grid location 546-230) a scrub bashing expedition down the creek bed for half a mile being necessary for water. From this hut the back continued to rise for  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile, it then levelling off to thread its way, for three miles, over the lake-studded plateau towards "Herods Gate". This is a pass between the two rocky fortresses Mt. Ophel on the left and the "west" and "Wailing" Walls of the Walls of Jerusalem on the right. Not until this pass had been reached could we see beyond it.

Ahead of, surrounded by its rocky guardians, lay Lake Salome, its waters reflecting the blueness of the cloudless sky. Mt. Jerusalem, some  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles past Salome seemed enveloped in a pastel purple hue while the West Wall, some 400 feet high, clothed in shadows of mystery contrasted with the beaming sunlit rock faces of Mt. Ophel and Zion Hill to the North and East of the Lake. Halfway along the northern edge of Salome a perfect campspot was found, there being an ample supply to dry wood, and level gran-covered tent sites protected by the surrounding vegetation, from any Westerlies that could rage unhindered through Herod's Gate. While David shot off to explore the numerous climbing possibilities on the surrounding cliffs Cath, Anne and myself headed down to the lake which, being no more than 4 feet deep, had managed to capture enough of the sun's energy to make swimming very enjoyable.

Time prevented us from climbing more than the West Wall. The view surpassed any in the Reserve. Behind us, to the East, lay mile upon mile of



undulating lake-studded plateau catching its quota of rain falling from the grey blanket of swiftly scudding clouds. In front of us, to the West, stretched the "Reserve", separated from us by the apparently bottomless Mersey Valley which made its way like a ponderous locomotive twisting its way around the steeply plunging spurs and stark rocky peaks and bluffs. In the far west the white prominence of Frenchman's Gap was easily distinguished while all the peaks in the "Reserve" from Cradel in the north to Olympus and Ida in the south appeared as dark silhouettes against the clear blue sky of the far west.

The retreat from the Walls, on Tuesday the 4th, followed the foot track back to Fish River and then an interesting  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours rock hopping along the very low Fish River bed which brought us to the Mersey-Fish River junction. The Mersey was forded and camp was made on the overgrown jeep track (Middlesex Map) fifty yards from the river.

The next  $1\frac{3}{4}$  days was spent travelling up the Mersey Valley, a valley abounding in perfect campsites and offering very interesting walking. Huts, some very dilapidated and some in very good condition, presumably built originally for the drovers who must trek up the valley every so often, probably before and after winter to muster the numerous cattle that roam the open plains, along the valley. The Valley floor was all the time under the surveillance of one or more of the numerous bluffs peering down on us from their seats on the edge of the plateau, some  $1\frac{1}{2}$  thousand feet above us. The apparent blueness of the thick vegetation on the Sun valley wall harmonized with the vivid greens of the lush river bank vegetation.

Wednesday night's camp, after an easy very enjoyable walk of five miles (breakfast that morning was not finished until 10 a.m.), was made near one of the older huts in the valley near the Mersey tributary from the Leonis. Thursday morning dawned with the prospect of wet weather, which prompted an early start. Lees huts, 4 miles further up the valley, was reached for an early lunch. Soon after 12.30 p.m. we headed out into the now pouring rain headed for Ducane Hut, approx. 8 miles distant. Our route took us  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles further up the valley floor, then up, 1000 feet of very steep climbing through the bush forests that blanketed the valley's side where there was negligible undergrowth. With all of the surrounding peaks hiding in their shrouds of mist, a compass course was then followed through a very thick mixture of scrub and button grass. The main Reserve track was struck  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles below Pelion Gap. Ducane Gap was reached in semi darkness at 7.30 p.m. Thursday night.

The following eight days were spent in the southern portion of the Reserve. The weather was foul (!) although it did clear when we climbed Mt. Ossa on Saturday 8th. A faint shadow that could possibly have been Mt. Geryon was seen from the Acropolis a few days later, this emphasizing the foul weather as Mt. is no more than  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile from the Acropolis.

The main marring of the trip was one member's torn cartilage just out of Pine Valley Hut and the subsequent stretcher party to Narcissus Hut. But Anne is now almost fully recovered.

T.K.



"THE GREAT SOUTH LAND"

"If you're going bushwalking in Tasmania", said the Old Hand who had Been Through It all, "the best thing to do when you arrive is to jump into the first creek you see and get thoroughly wet. Then you'll be properly acclimatized." So with that definite and practical advice, our five mountaineers loaded rucksacks with winter woolies, water-proofs and 15 hundredweight of vittles, and staggered down to the T.S.S. 'Taroon' which lay patiently at anchor in Hobson's Bay.

Now I remember clearly having learnt at school that the climate deteriorates rapidly on approaching the polar regions, so when we entered the open sea, where the spume drove up and down the long wave-backs and the lull began to stroke as if nudged by a whale in curiosity and devilment, I reflected apprehensively on the truth of the statement. Next morning we were up early to get a glimpse of the snowclad stormy peaks of Van Diemens Land. Accordingly, we were astonished to gaze out upon a sunlit glassy sea, and began to suspect that perhaps the captain had thought better of it and was making for the tropics instead. Little did we know.

So on this shining morn our little band of explorers arrived at Devonport. Gleeefully we leapt off the boat and clambered aboard the Waldheim bus. That night we found ourselves at the frontiers of the Cradle Mountain Reserve, with its mile-high peaks and myriad of lakes. Here the Authorities, perhaps by way of amends for the rigours they are letting the traveller in for, have provided some wonderful little alpine huts, set amongst the pines, constructed in split timbers and shingle roofs and complete with blankets, firewood and lamps. Complete indeed, with numerous fat little possums, like baby bears, who wander nonchalantly into the huts and rummage through the rucksacks for whatever rations that take their fancy.

Next morning, we set off for the high plateau of the Reserve, whose surface twists and rolls as was the whim of the Creator. From it one may look far out beyond its walls, past range upon range into nothingness to increase the sense of isolation. And to sober the rash and adventurous spirit further, to remind him that the Reserve can also be harsh and uncompromising, are the snowgums clinging to the crests - bent now to avoid the wrath of the gales, yet lithe and with bright-mottled bark as an antidote to the winter snows. Through the timbered ranges the fires have swept in broad swathes, leaving the sombre ridges on the far horizon's rim all hoary-edged as the stubble on an old man's chin. Here, above the young and vigorous saplings, rise the dead giants of the old forest whose bleached limbs show fiercely white in the summer sun. What a contrast to the quiet pines crowding the dark valley sides, whose dense tops strive to bar the last flecks of sunlight from penetrating to the soft gloom below, so that nothing may grow on the open floor save the festoons of vines and the endless furry carpet of moss.

Out on the moors and meadows and valleys of the highlands are the glacial lakes which, like mirages in the desert, beset the traveller to draw him from his course. Those set against the peaks are deep and dark and chill, yet in the meadows their waters are shallow and tepid; their white sandy shores fringed with pandanus palm would almost convince one that they are tropical lagoons.



Often we camped by them. Our cook, as was his habit, would be first up to make the porridge on his little fire, the twigs crackling and leaping about to send up a thread of blue smoke wavering into the clear morning air. "Get up, you lazy beasts", he would exhort, shaking the tent for emphasis, "the best part of the morning is slipping past." And if the mood took him, he would recite a couplet from Omar Khayyan for the benefit of any nearby birds, then race down to the water to be first in for our morning swim. I can recommend the procedure as a fine cure for many ills.

Now the length of the reserve, and far beyond, is fairly strewn with peaks. Some rise abruptly from the high plains to stand alone, as islands, guiding the traveller from afar; some are drawn out into long jagged ridges to enclose and darken the valleys. Others huddle in clusters and great blocks, with vertical walls cleft and shattered so as to confuse, exhaust and delight the mountaineer. Yet so rough and split are the faces, that a well-trained ox might be persuaded to tackle it. And so, as compensation for having favoured the climber unduly, the gods have seen fit to provide the bases of these climbs with a tangled mesh of vegetation, so that the climber will arrive at the face suitably chastised, weary and ill-tempered.

Normally, of course, the climber spends most of his time creeping along the track in the murk of the Tasmanian summer, to pitch camp beneath a peak and await a fit of fine weather when he can dash up it with his carefully conserved strength and enthusiasm. But not for us. We had three weeks of sunshine, so I will simply mention that I managed to finish off three pairs of boots in the time and leave it at that. But enough of the climbing. There were worse terrors in store.

"Oh, don't worry about mozzies in Tassie, they're a rarity", the Old Hand had reassured us. When the insects found us, however, it soon became apparent who considered who a rarity. Of a night, it was too hot to be entirely sealed up in our sleeping bags, so the mozzies would line up on the tent roof in their hordes, patiently waiting for Dinner to calm down a bit. And not only mosquitos: the forest paths were beset by those voracious little bandits, the leaches, waiting in ambush for us. Come to think of it, "waiting" is hardly the word, for at the first halt, these little horrors would come galloping up, anxious for their delicious annual meal of Bushwalker.

And speaking of meals, reminds me of the night at Pelion Hut. Normally our diet was sufficient to choke a horse, but just for once we couldn't wolf down any more. So after dinner we sat the spare dumplings on a plate covered by a billy. When morning came we found the plate, wonderfully clean but perforated like a sieve. Beside it lay the billy, whose stout rim sides had also been carefully and lovingly chewed (leaving teeth marks like bullet holes) apparently to savour the last skerrick of dumpling. Of course, it was a 'Tasmanian Devil' whodunnit. Therefore our respect for the culprit increased; and for that matter, as did our esteem for the cook.

One could only regard it as a stroke of fate that our cook should have discovered a new recipe for Haggis just before the trip. And so when we reached Advance Base in Pine Valley the following night, a great Haggis was prepared (with the help of fifteen advisers) and launched over the fire in the huge iron boiler which Providence had arranged to provide the hut with. The hour



was late when it was finally pronounced ready and the crew being ravenous of course - fell upon it and devoured the lot. Straightaway they crawled off in sober silence to their bunks before it could take effect, there to ponder on the rashness of their action.

Thus encouraged, for starving men will eat anything, our cook set to next day in earnest. He began his masterpiece, the Damper. Now the gourmet will appreciate that, in order to maintain its distinctive flavour, the ingredients must be necessarily simple. In awe we saw our cook manage to incorporate therein a dozen diverse ones - amongst the dissidents there ran a dark and slighting rumour that this was merely because it was the only food that he could lay his eager hands on. Once again the cauldron was set upon the fire, with the plate of dough inside as in an oven. Or perhaps I should say as in a furnace, for the temperature of the reaction was found to be sufficient to melt a hold clean through the aluminium plate. Anxiously we took it out and dissected it. Within the thin hard shell of ebony lay a core of finest damper, steaming deliciously; obviously this was no recipe for amateurs. Thereafter we let him work unhindered - or that is, until we reached Narcissus Hut. For it was here that, in a burst of inspiration, he invented his Curry. So strong was it that we really had no idea what the other ingredients might have been, and he began to suspect that the cook, in his bold and imaginative experiments, was in danger of being carried away by his own enthusiasm. And thereafter a watch committee was appointed to supervise his activities.

By now the more sensitive of our readers may be feeling somewhat upset at the punishment being inflicted on our explorers. But I would be misleading you if you thought that the crew felt their lot unjust. For to be quite honest, they were afflicted with a form of altitude delirium.

The symptoms of this ailment are difficult to define, but they include an uncontrollable urge to venture into remote and inaccessible regions; an insatiable appetite; and stranger still, an absurd passion to climb the highest and toughest trips in sight. Evidently the victims' thoughts are deranged, for not only does he fail to appreciate the state of his exhaustion, but in the advanced stages of this disease a glint of fiendish glee comes into his eye as he devises further punishment for himself.

Well, it's called Mountaineering.

LES SOUTHWELL.



PRESIDENT'S OPENING DAY WALK

Whilst wandering around the shop during Orientation Week, I decided to pay a visit to the Men's Lounge. But to my surprise I found the way barred by a table at which was seated a tall, thin debonair character flanked by two glamorous female assistants "How about joining the Mountaineering Club", he said "it's one of the largest and most active in the University. We have trips every weekend of term and Easter as well." Before I could say no, several sheets of paper had been thrust into my hand and the only way out it seemed was to join the club. I wasn't in the mood for arguments. I filled out the membership form and then one of the girls asked me to sign another list. Thinking this was another formality, I obliged, but to my surprise she replied "Don't forget the van leaves at 9.0'clock sharp on Sunday morning". On having a closer look at that sheet I realized that I had put myself down for the President's Opening Day Walk some ten days hence. So I came away from this perfect example of the young con-man and accomplices, much wiser and some six bob poorer.

As I either had to fork out a five bob cancellation fee or pay up a ten bob fare, I decided on the latter and duly arrived at the appointed place at the appointed time. Here was a sight to be seen with sixty other mountaineers in all forms of dress from skirts to boiler suits congregating at the top end of Batman Avenue. With a bit of luck we all managed to pile aboard the two vans which had also arrived and left the great metropolis some twenty minutes late (a record I'm told for mountaineers). After a rather uneventful trip, we stopped beside a water reservoir. We were told to fill up our water bottles as the rest of the trip would be dry (Wot! No Pubs!). So everyone made a frantic rush towards the water, but not to fill up water bottles. So after playing tourists for a while just looking at the water, we continued the journey through the timber of the Mt. Disappointment forest to Cottrell road where the hor'do alighted and gathered round in double ellipse (it certainly wasn't a circle) to perform the ritual of name calling. The ceremony finished with a loud war-like whoop of "oxo" and the mob headed bush following the little man who was enjoying the ride on Dave's back. Soon the line of bods stretched from horizon to horizon and eventually we discovered that the leader was not up the front as we had imagined, but miles behind. As we had reached a road junction there was nothing to do but sit down and wait. Eventually he and a couple of henchmen came into view and announced that they had taken a detour to visit Flatrock Lookout and the tower no longer existed; so we didn't miss much anyway. Humping our blueies further down the road running along the top of the Great Divide to a pleasant lunch spot amongst the trees. But we weren't the only occupants and a battledraged between us and the leaches, stopping only to allow us to get a few morsels of food. We then beat a hasty retreat and set off quickly again along the tree-lined forest road to Mt. Disappointment. Unlike previous opening day walks I'm told, this mob is a pack of racehorses so we reach Mt. Disappointment a little before three, a fair way ahead of schedule. Everyone chooses the latter alternative when we are given the choice between continuing on and meeting the van via an extended route or sunbaking on the top. To fill in time we are given demonstrations of tree-climbing by the "monkey-types" present. Before long the siesta had ended and we jaunted down to the vans a short distance away. I was to learn later, that the trip was by no means over, as the traditional invasion of Chinatown was yet to come. So we virtually took over one Chinese cafe to end what had been an easy but enjoyable day.

"Pidgin Toes".



### HIGH LEAD - BIG PAT'S CREEK

We arrived at the High Lead track at about 11.45 a.m. (yes a.m.), after an extended stop at Yarra Junction while Jim talked his engine into action. The trip had been advertised as an easy one, suitable for beginners, so after half a mile we stopped for lunch. The afternoon saw near mutiny in the ranks as we toiled up the steep grade of High Lead for over an hour. Camp was pitched near the Ada River, where a long rotting trestle bridge cuts a swathe through the ti-tree. It had been stated that beginners could gain experience in pitching tents etc., but as three of us slept under trees and several others curled up around the fire, I'm sure that the wrong impression was gained.

The next morning after a leisurely start, we crossed the Ada River and continued along the New Federal track. The track is quite clear, though many bridges have collapsed.

Lunch was eaten atop a large trestle bridge which spanned the valley at a height of forty feet, and afterwards we continued via Starling's Gap to Big Pat's Creek Road.

R.H.S.

### DISCOVERY OF THE BOGONG HIGH PLAINS

While actual description of places and reports of trips are more interesting to most mountaineers, history of our mountains will also have a fascination for many people. If this assumption is correct, then there will be some interest in the men who discovered the Bogong High Plains, the highest part of Victoria.

Two young stockmen, Jim Brown and John Wells, were the first white men to discover the High Plains in 1852, while working for G. Gray at Cobungra station. The three men had brought up a herd of cattle less than a year ago from a property near Wangaratta, driving them over the Gibbo range, to Hinnomungie station. There they met an aboriginal, Larnie who told them of good grass at Cobungra River. After being left in charge of the cattle with Wells, Brown argued that there must be a shorter route to the markets of the N.E. Larnie described a way of reaching the Bogong region used by aboriginals for the feast of the Bogong Moths.

Brown and Wells set off following a spur onto Bucketty Plain and reached the Bogong High Plains near Mt. Cope. They continued on towards Mt. Nelse and were able to observe the ridge with Mt. Fainter and decided that this was the logical route to take.

On later rides, the two fine mountain horsemen found an alternative route over Mt. Hotham and established both routes. They were also the first to traverse the Razorback to Feathertop.

cont.



cont.

Some of the names given to features by Brown and Wells remain to mark their fine achievement: Rocky Valley, Mt. Jim Feathertop, The Niggerheads, Blowhard, and Bucketty Plain.

John D. Griffiths

Source of information: Article on "Discovery of the High Plains" by S. Carr from Proceedings of The Royal Society of Victoria 1962.

#### OPEN CRADIE MT. - LAKE ST. CLAIR RESERVE TRIP - 2 - 15 FEBRUARY

This year saw the organizing of a standard Reserve trip open to members who had been on one weekend walk with packs. Thirty-one eventually made the trip which consisted of an 8-day overland Reserve trip followed by 6 days in Pine Valley. A food dump was arranged at Narcissus hut so that only 8 days food had to be carried.

The party was split into 6 small groups of 4 to 7 people who organised their own routes to suit themselves. These varied from a standard "straight through" trip to Forth Gage and Walls of Jerusalem trips.

Those who went remember the various epic happenings of the various groups such as

- the Boat crossing for those who went by P.O.T.
- meeting Dave Hogg at Cradle Mt.
- the button grass ".....-?#...++"
- attempts on Pelion West-"tripping lightly over the undergrowth ... CRASH!"
- lunches - !!!!!!! ""++?"
- triple bunking in the Pelion Huts and steamed pud.
- hysterical river crossings and lousy cooks.
- the Hey bobs from Queensland.
- the choofer "bushfire" at Hartnett falls.
- singing in Narcissus Hut and the food dumps.
- RAIN - especially in Pine Valley.
- "damnable Ida" - including the river crossing at Narcissus Hut.
- the stretcher party out of Pine Valley when Anne tore the cartilage in her knee crashing under a log.
- clean clothes at Cynthia Bay.
- the Pine Valley Hut Bunks - never triple bunk in them.
- one party's lack of biscuits.

The trip was successful as a whole and everyone enjoyed it. The large party had both advantages and disadvantages. Cheaper fares, food and spare clothes taken over to Cynthia Bay free by T.A.A., bulk food buying, and experience for some who may have trouble organizing their own trip were the advantages. On the other hand the organization took a lot of time and some parties had personality problems with "incompatibles" who previously did not know each other, and hut space. Perhaps some of these disadvantages could be eliminated now that the



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RECIPES

For those experienced at bushwalking and camping this section will probably seem superfluous. But for those who have limited or no experience of "dehy" and such, the suggestions may be of use. To begin, there are a number of dehydrated foods now available from the good old "dehy veg" (mixed peas, potatoes, cabbage, onion, parsnip, carrot etc.) to the more elaborate New Zealand A.F.D. Meat. Dehydrated food descriptions can be found in Equipment for Mountaineering. Some people, with iron stomachs and dulled taste buds can throw everything they can find into a billy, boil it up and EAT it. But most of us find this rather hard to get down night after night for a week or a fortnight or even 3 or 4 days. As an opening idea here is:

DEHY A LA MORGAN

(3-4 serves)

Ingredients: 1 pkt. oxtail soup  
2-2½ oz. mixed dehy veg  
1-2 oxo cubes  
1 rasher bacon per person

Method: cut up bacon into small pieces. Salt.  
Soak dehy till "softish" to help cooking.  
Mix altogether and add water.  
N.B. dehy and oxtail soup will soak up water at  
so more water may be needed.  
Cook till peas in dehy are eatable.

Variations: Recipe above is without meat and with present  
Mava Beef Curry and Savoury Beef more meat can be added.  
Also A.F.D. Freeze dry Beefsteak Stew and Beef Mince.  
Curry.  
Deb added to mixture } or separate  
Rice added to mixture }

Stew is a basic component of most meals but there must be other means of cooking "dehy". Any suggestions for favourite recipes or brews can be put in the Club Box addressed to the Editor.

DATE: 10 JUNE, 1974 (FRIDAY)

PLACE: 171 PARK ST., HARRISVILLE

P.O. BOX - 1000, SLIDERS PT.



THE OXOMETRIC INVASION

There was panic down at Waldheim for the word had reached their ears,  
That headed for the Isle of the Apple  
Was a full-scale invasion by some forty Mountaineers,  
Being organized by Kerr and Schmidt and Chappell.

The start of the invasion was on Sunday afternoon,  
With the Ranger warning them of fires and snakes,  
Then at last they hit the trail, (thought the Ranger, "None too soon",)  
And spent the first night camping by the lakes.

Next morning it was Cradle, their first mountain to ascend,  
As the great, long line moved slowly to the peak,  
While one enterprising party went and climbed up the wrong end,  
Quite possibly some privacy to seek.

There was rather rainy weather as they plodded on their trip,  
They splashed in every creek that they could find,  
While a purple-parkaed yeti made a most efficient whip,  
Making sure that no-one else would get behind.

In the meantime, the Big Leader brought his party from the Walls  
To meet the other travellers in the rain.  
They fought the Mersey leeches and crossed the waterfalls  
To have a grand reunion at Ducane.

Then for food, down to Narcissus, and when they had got back,  
Around then to Pine Valley they did troop,  
And on leaving, a torn cartilage was suffered on the track,  
Which posed a rather weighty problem for the group.

The Reserve, when all was finished, was not too bad for wear,  
(Or so the Ranger thought on looking round),  
Though they've suffered some erosion, all the mountains are still there,  
Although Cradle's sunk a foot into the ground.

And the tracks are all much wider, and the leeches are well-fed,  
And Oxo-men fill hut-books far and near,  
And the Ranger waits and wonders, if in days that lie ahead,  
The invaders will be back again next year.

-oOo-



THE CHANGING LEADER

There was panic down at Nainital for the word had reached that camp. That headed for the lake of the lake. Was a full-scale invasion by some forty mountaineers. Being organized by Kaur and Gopal and Chappell.

The start of the invasion was on Sunday afternoon. With the Kaur warning them of lives and limbs. Then at last they hit the trail. (Thought the Kaur, "Don't look.") And spent the first night camping by the lake.

Next morning it was Gopal, their first mountain to ascend. As the great, long line moved slowly to the peak. While one extraordinary party went and climbed up the wrong end. Quite possibly some misery to seek.

There was rather rainy weather as they plodded on their trip. They splashed in every creek that they could find. While a purple-marked yell made a most efficient whip. Making sure that no one else would get behind.

In the meantime, the Kaur brought his party from the hills. To meet the other travelers in the rain. They fought the heavy leeches and crossed the waterfalls. To have a grand reunion at home.

Then for food, down to Nainital, and what they had got back. Around them to the valley they did those. And on leaving, a town called on the track. Which used a rather weighty problem for the group.

The Kaur, who all was finished, was not too bad for work. (Or so the Kaur thought on looking round.) Through their's suffered some erosion, all the mountain are still there. Although Gopal's sunk a foot into the ground.

And the tracks are all much wider, and the leeches are well-fed. And Gopal will last longer far and near. And the Kaur will be somewhere, if in days that the ahead. The invaders will be back again next year.

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Exceedingly antipathetic details of this journal may be obtained from  
Kaur's Office.



