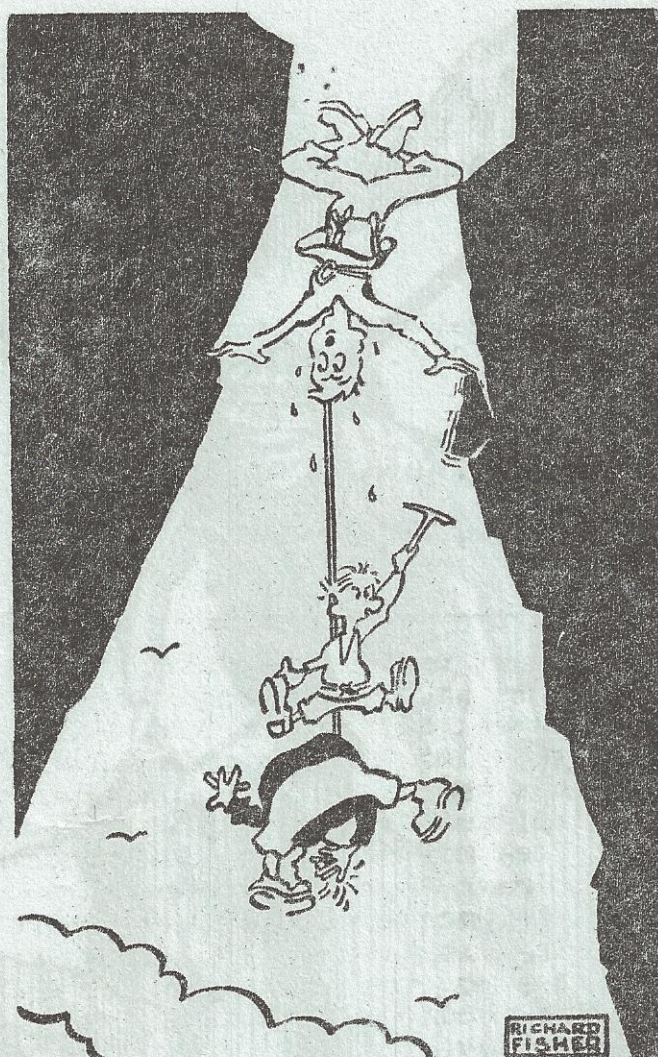




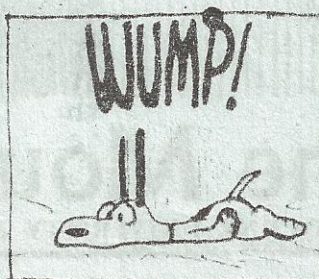
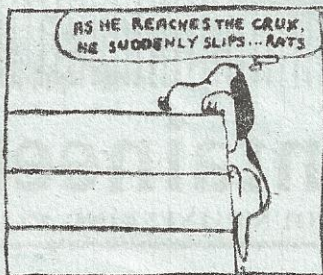
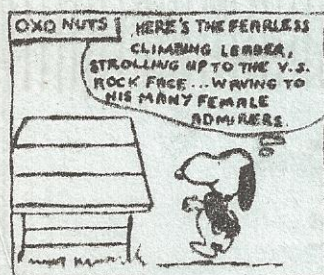
The Mountaineer

MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

Registered at the G.P.O. for transmission through the post as a periodical
No. 4 1967



PHEW! FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT
WE'D HAD IT!





The Mountaineer

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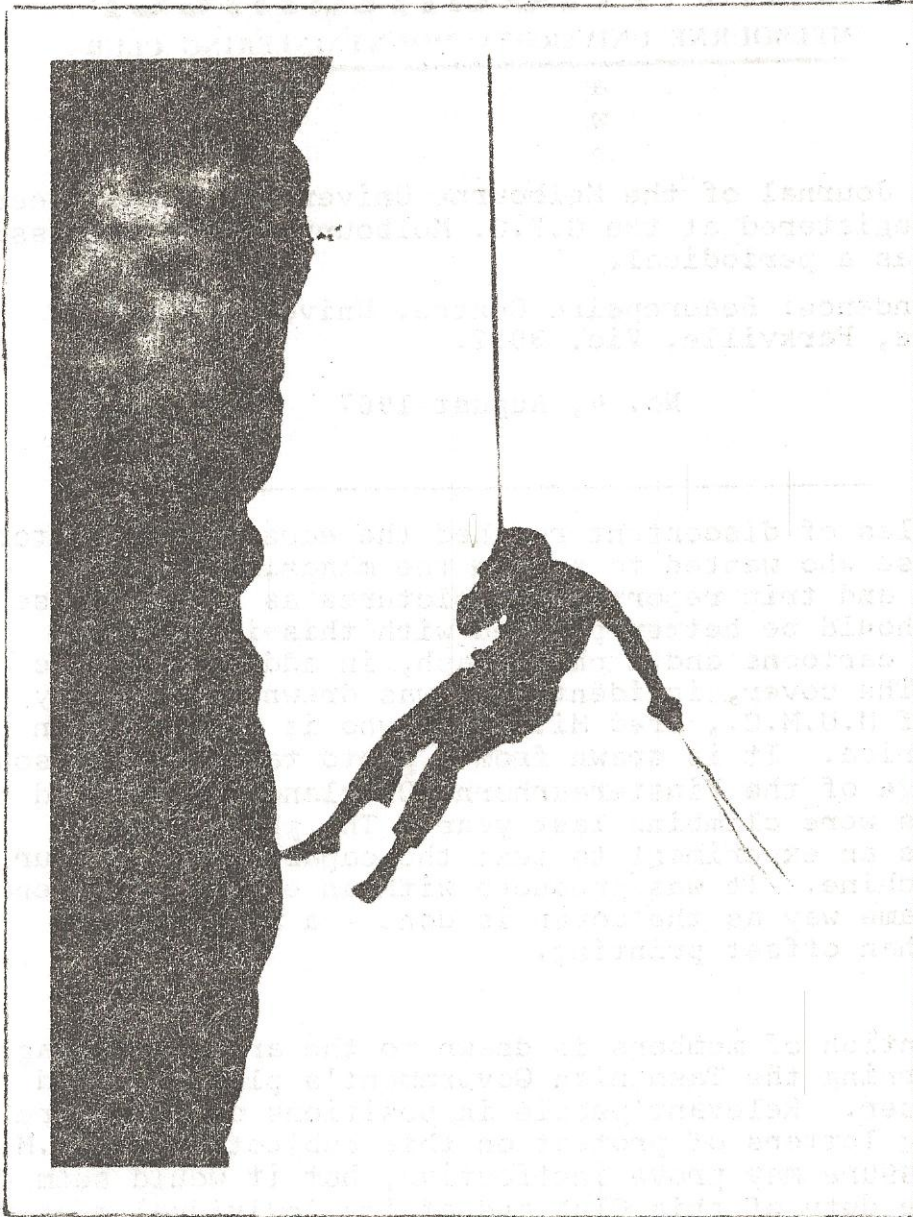
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Correspondence: Beaurepaire Centre, University of Melbourne, Parkville, Vic. 3052.

No. 4, August 1967

Rumbles of discontent reached the ears of the editor from those who wanted to see in the magazine not only articles and trip reports, but pictures as well! These people should be better pleased with this issue which includes cartoons and a photograph, in addition to the cover. The cover, incidentally, was drawn by honorary member of M.U.M.C., Fred Mitchell, who is currently in South Africa. It is drawn from a photo taken on the south west ridge of the Finsteraarhorn, Oberland, where Fred and Bob Jones were climbing last year. The photograph on page 2 is an experiment to test the capabilities of our Roneo machine. It was produced with an electronic stencil in the same way as the cover is done - a much cheaper method than offset printing.

Attention of members is drawn to the article on page 25 concerning the Tasmanian Government's plan to flood Lake Pedder. Relevant people in positions of power are receiving letters of protest on this subject from M.U.M.C. Such pressure may prove ineffective, but it would seem it is the duty of this Club and of its individual members to at least be aware of the issue and make others aware of it also. Each voice raised in protest magnifies the cry of opposition which must be faced by the parliamentarians.



Peter Myers abseiling from Castle Crag.

Photo by Clive Parker

TRIPS PROGRAMME

- August 4: PERSONALITY SLIDE NIGHT AND PIE NIGHT
8-11 p.m. in Trophy Hall, Beaurepaire Centre.
Come along and enjoy yourself. If you have any slides which can be shown they can be given to the organizer - John Campbell - at Aikman's Road. Make sure they are labelled with your name.
- August 6: ROCK CLIMBING - HANGING ROCK
Private Transport; Leader - Kevin Sheehy
- August 9: ILLUSTRATED TALK ON ALPINE CLIMBING TECHNIQUE
(Wednesday) 7.30 p.m. in Theatre No. 2 (Latham Theatre) in Barry Building. Anyone interested in climbing in N.Z. or going to either of the
* N.B. pg. 5 Alpine Instruction Courses should attend this talk.
- August 12-14: FEATHERTOP ALPINE INSTRUCTION COURSE
(3 days) Transport - van leaving Union Car Park, 6.30 p.m. on Friday
Leader - John Retchford and others
Standard - medium
Map - M.U.M.C. Mt. Feathertop
Fare \$6.00; cancellation fee \$2.00.
KIEWA FACE CLIMB
During the course, Roger Caffin will lead a party comprising of anyone interested up Feathertop's Kiewa Face.
Standard - hard. For fit and experienced climbers only!
- August 19-20: ROCK CLIMBING MYSTERY TRIP
Private transport to secret destination.
Leader - John Bennett
- August 26-27: CAVING AT BUCHAN
Private transport; Leader - Nick White
- August 26-28: NEW ZEALAND ALPINE CLUB SNOW AND ICE
INSTRUCTION COURSE - MT. FEATHERTOP
Private Transport; Leaders - members of N.Z.A.C.
This will be slightly more advanced than the M.U.M.C. Instruction Course of August 14th. Specially recommended for anyone contemplating a trip to New Zealand.

- August 31- MT. BOGONG SNOW TRIP
Sept. 3: Private transport; limit 12-15
(3 days) Leader - Tom Kneen
Standard - medium
Map - M.U.M.C. Mt. Bogong
- ~~Sept. 2-3: ROCK CLIMBING AT ARAPILES~~
~~Private transport; Leader - Clive Parker~~
- Sept. 9-10: CAVING AT BUCHAN
Private transport; Leader - Nick White
- Sept. 16-17: ROCK CLIMBING AT BUNDALEER/ROSEA
Private transport; Leader - Roger Caffin
- Sept. 17: DAY WALK - POWELLTOWN TRAMWAY
Transport - van leaving top of Batman Avenue
8.30 a.m.
Leader - Rosalie Lahore
Standard - easy
Fare - \$1.60; Cancellation Fee - \$0.50
Map - M.B.W. Warburton-Powelltown
- Nov. 25-26: POST-EXAM BLUDGE (WALK, SWIM, LAZE) - WARATAH
N.B. p.5 BAY
Transport - van leaving Union car park 6.30
p.m. on Friday
Leader - Bob Chappell
Standard - easy
Maps - 1. Liptrap - Army survey
2. Yanakie - Army survey
- Between Nov. 21 CRADLE MT. - LAKE ST. CLAIR (TASMANIA)
and Dec. 10 Peter Griffiths would like to lead a
group of 8-10 through the Reserve,
spending 7-8 days there. For further
information contact Peter Griffiths
(21 Hall Street, Epping) or through
Aikman's Road.

BOOKINGS: There are only TWO ways to book for a trip:

- (a) enter your name, course, etc. in the
booking list at the Club Rooms (Aikman's
Road) any lunchtime;
or (b) telephone Michael Feller on 20.2232 any
evening.

DO NOT enter your name on the list on the notice board near the Union - this DOES NOT constitute a booking

DO NOT turn up in the evening just before a van is due to leave - book BEFORE you turn up

Remember - POYNTON'S NIGHTS - 1st and 3rd Thursday of each month

N.B. CHANGE IN PLANS FOR THIS TALK: IT WILL NOW BE HELD ON TUESDAY, 8TH AUGUST IN THE JAMES CROWE THEATRE.

N.B. POST EXAM BLUDGE

Same date, transport, leader, cost etc.

BUT - destination:- somewhere around Wilson's Promontory

This trip will be combined with Monash and La Trobe.

SLIDE MEETINGS:

Rowan Webb is planning to organise slide showings on Wednesday at lunch-times in the Little Theatre of the Botany Building. They will be advertised on Club notice boards. Bring your own slides along.

CLIMBING SUB-COMMITTEE:

Belaying practice is being held alternate Wednesday and Thursday lunch-times behind the Beaurepaire Centre at the beginning of the 220 yards running circuit.

A copy of the M.U.M.C. Climbing Rules is enclosed with "The Mountaineer" for your perusal.

A Noble Art Neglected:

The M.U.M.C. is lagging! Yes, I mean it. Lagging desperately behind in an important branch of mountaineering, so much so that it has almost become a lost art as far as our Club is concerned. I refer, of course, to the ancient sport of peak bagging. The aim of this occupation is to reach the top of as many mountains of any size, shape or description as possible. The practitioners of the art will go to great lengths to add another peak to their list and seem to derive great satisfaction in doing so.

What prompts this observation? Recently, I read that some members of the Melbourne Walking Club had well over 100 Victorian peaks to their credit. Then, the other day, the Hobart Walking Club circular arrived containing a detailed Peak Bagger's Guide to Tasmania. The Hobart types have carried the whole business to great lengths - they have a points score system by which members can grade their ability as Peak Baggers. My only complaint is that there is no concession for mainlanders who have a serious handicap, being brought up in a climate where summer occurs at least once a year.

But seriously, the honour of the Club is at stake. Are we, who represent youth and enthusiasm to be outdone by a bunch of doddering old men and the natives of a waterlogged apple orchard? Perhaps the situation is not completely hopeless. At least one of our members rates as a Dishonorable Peak Bagger on the H.W.C. scale - and Sir Thomas Cherry, it is said, had climbed everything over 4000' in Victoria over a period of thirty years. There has been some sporadic interest in Route Bagging, a short range variation, which consists of climbing a mountain by every known route. But generally, sad to say, apathy prevails. Let us resolve to correct this situation. Let the cry of 'oxo' ring from the mountains. Make it your business to climb every mountain in sight. Remember, a peak a day keeps boredom away.

Aadvaark.

NEW MAP: M.U.M.C. Mt. BOGONG: Two sections: one at 2" to 1 mile shows stream flow, peaks and man-made features in the general area. The other at 4" to 1 mile gives form lines in the summit area. We think this is the most up-to-date map of the area. It is available from the Club.

CLIMBS WITH A HISTORY.

By H.P.

No. 1. Mixed Climb - Mt. Rosea:

To many climbers each cliff has its own personality. Some, like Arapiles, are warm and friendly, welcoming the intruders who have ended its eons of loneliness. Others show a passive indifference to those who despoil their lofty crags, just occasionally playing an unpleasant joke to make their presence felt. Rosea, on the other hand, strongly resents the trespassers who have destroyed its privacy. The unrelenting steepness and technical difficulty; the numerous false lines ending in impassable overhangs; the mists and their rain which swirl suddenly up out of the valley; all make a climber feel unwelcome on Rosea.

In 1960, Victorian climbers made their first attempt on Rosea. The result, defeat and bitter disappointment. A year later the cliff finally yielded. The development that followed was quite remarkable under the circumstances. Even the new generation of climbers, who take pride in their lack of respect for all who have gone before them, are forced to admire the early efforts at Rosea. With little more experience than Jawbones and Sugarloaf, these climbers put up routes that still maintain respect in our present era of downgrading.

George Glover (Granpa) was a wiry little Englishman who lived for his climbing. Considerable criticism has been levelled at his attitudes to climbing, but it was these attitudes which allowed him to be one of those responsible for the sharp rise in standards in Victoria during the Rosea era. His life revolved around his weekends at the crags, and these he would not waste sitting around a campfire. Early to bed Saturday night meant an early start Sunday and another good route completed. During his stay in Australia he compiled a respectable list of first ascents, one of these being Mixed Climb.

Little is known about the first ascent so one can only speculate. Most of the early routes at Rosea seem to start with a definite line in mind, but quickly diverge to avoid resistance. Mixed Climb is no exception. The yo-yoing, hazy description, and incorrect pitch lengths contained in the original route description suggest that several false lines were tried before the climb was pushed through to the top. The climb starts at the foot of an obvious corner, but this is left halfway up the first pitch. The second pitch returns to

Page Missing

on separate occasions. They discovered that they had previously taken different routes up the latter half. It appears that the divergence occurs shortly beyond the mantleshelf on the traverse. One can either climb the wall directly behind the belay above the mantleshelf, or, alternatively, traverse further to the right and up.

Recently I was involved in a small incident on Mixed Climb myself. I was on the belay just mentioned and Fred Derrick was leading up the wall. He had just reached the ledge which may be used as a belay, when he dislodged a reasonably sized rock. It managed to put a neat dent in my helmet and remove a little skin.

With the continual rise in standards, Mixed Climb has lost much of its awe. Routes such as Vosaxis and R.I.P. Corner have stolen the limelight at Rosea. However, I have not heard of anyone who has climbed it and been disappointed. It is still a worthwhile and satisfying climb.

CLIMBING AT THE HOMES EXHIBITION:

Six M.U.M.C. climbers expect to give exhibition climbs on an artificial mountain at the Homes Exhibition, between August 31st and September 9th. Go along and cheer them, but be warned; abuse will be returned along with sundry loose rocks, pitons, piton hammers, etc.

DONATION BY LADY CHERRY:

Lady Cherry, wife of the late Professor Sir Thomas Cherry, a foundation member of M.U.M.C., has donated some of her husband's maps and books to the Club libraries. Her gesture is greatly appreciated.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS:

The Secretary, Marg James, has shifted her abode to 242 Palmerston Street, Carlton. Telephone no. - 34.2788.

THE RENOWNED CLIMBING CAREER OF BRAVE
ROGER AND HIS FAIR FIONA

Remember last year
Our brave little tale,
How the Beast's evil plot
With justice did fail.

Of Roger the Dodger
And his Fiona Fair,
To climb on the Bluffs
At Arapiles they'd dare.

Well this marked the start
Of a glorious affair,
A renowned beginning
To their climbing career.

They were seen on all cliffs,
The small and the big ones,
Joyous cries from the faces
Rang like driven pitons.

They downgraded Kestral,
And others; it's true;
They upgraded Orpheus
Five plus to A 2.

New routes at Stapelton,
'Piles and the 'Bones,
And these were done,
Without chaperones.

After these deeds,
There was great speculation,
Friends awaited betrothal
With great expectation.

At last Fair Fiona
Wore a ring flashing bright,
And they were out later
And later at night.

The peals at the wedding
Were unlike other times,
No bells: karabiners
And pegs rang the chimes.

lower her about 100' to a block. Here Marg sat and damned Rosea to hell until Mike Stone brought up a rope to belay her to ground.

For a long time there had been differing opinions as to the nature and difficulty of the second half of the climb. This was finally resolved by Ian Guild and Chris Davis early last year. Both of them had climbed the route before, though

Now like all good climbers
Who are just newly-wed,
They now spend their time
Together in - contemplation of the
psychological basis
of V.S. ascents.

H.P.

M.U.M.C. and the Other Feathertop Hut:

Enclosed with this "Mountaineer" are a letter and a questionnaire relating to the hut which the Federation of Victorian Walking Clubs is considering building on the Bungalow Spur, Mt. Feathertop, to replace the present hut which is almost in a state of collapse.

M.U.M.C. is strongly in favour of the building of this hut, and has made a donation of \$50 towards it. It is hoped that some Club members will be able to assist with the building of it. However, there may be work parties at Feathertop for the maintenance and improvement of our own hut, and this should be taken into account by anyone answering the questionnaire.

An informal meeting of Federation members has been called for Tuesday, September 19th, at 161 Flinders Lane (2nd floor) at 8.00 p.m., for the purpose of discussing the Federation hut project. Any Club members who are interested are invited to attend.

If possible, I would like the hut questionnaire to be returned to me by September 17th so that I will have a reasonable idea before the meeting of how much assistance the Federation can anticipate from the Mountaineering Club.

David Hogg.

Nightwalk and Barbecue - 3 & 4 June

On this trip, the late start proved advantageous as the van reached its destination at the best possible time and would have been too early had everyone assembled punctually. One of these days, a van will leave on time, to the satisfaction of the considerate and the disgruntlement of the casual.

The van followed a devious route and arrived at the start area just south of Strath Creek at dusk. Parties of four were set off at various points without having any official confirmation of their ideas of their whereabouts. The objective was clear however - a barbecue site about ten miles away between Broadford and Tallarook.

The original plan of allowing groups complete freedom of choice of route was modified at the last minute by the inclusion of three voluntary check points. These were to encourage groups to deviate from the most direct route, to add interest to what could otherwise have been a rather tedious slog, and to prevent groups arriving too early at the barbecue site.

The modification proved futile and unnecessary. Tedium was prevented by some by checking in at the Strath Creek pub; the navigation challenge was ignored by others who roadbashed when there was excellent open country on either side; and the fear of premature arrival was conclusively shown to have been groundless by the arrival of the first group at 12.30 a.m.

The barbecue continued quietly as the other groups arrived from the east, south and west until well after 3.00 a.m.

The clear dark frosty night turned into dawn, revealing the glowing remnants of a substantial campfire, surrounded by frost-encrusted, bulging sleeping bags. One by one, the occupants came up for air, encouraged by the crackling of the revived fire and the sparkle of the frosty dew in the clear sunlight. Les remarked, as he surveyed the wisps of farmhouse smoke hanging in layers in the valley that it was the first time he had needed sunglasses in bed.

Magnificent - but where was the President?

The last reported sighting of his party was at the Strath Creek pub the previous evening. A motorised expedition sent to the pub found no sign of them there, or along the road.

Where were they? Still coming.

When they arrived and hungrily started their part of the barbecue, about twelve hours later than planned, they explained that they had holed up for the night by their own fire and so had enjoyed the early morning walk down the valley.

After they had fed and the area had been cleaned up, the van left for the city, arriving at Aikman's Road at 1.30 p.m.

In conclusion, the excessive length of the walk - for which the organiser apologises - caused the trip to take a very different form from that visualised. However, good humour and splendid weather more than saved the day.

"Hamish"

Bush Telegraph

The University of New England Mountaineering Club has recently published a guide to the New England area of a New South Wales. This is a very impressive book, somewhat along the lines of 'Snowy Mountains Walks', and it describes the bushwalking, rock climbing and caving aspects of the area. It would be very useful for anyone doing a trip in the area. Copies are available from U.N.E.M.C. for 70¢.

It's on again! Congratulations on their engagement to

Sue Mahoney and Ian Wright

Faye Macaw and John Retchford

NOTES ON THE OXOMETRIC ICEMEN:

Midwinter, the festival event of the Antarctica year, has been and gone. We hear from the grapevine of the air that "Dick" Schmidt was the star of a fancy-dress football match played at Macquarie Island, being the essence of femininity in pink and white organdie, flowing locks and a pair of exquisite A.N.A.R.E. "coldwets" working boots. It seems that Ron Jelleff and Geoff Payne in the banana belt at Wilkes, are in opposing teams in a big sports challenge consisting of snooker, darts, carpet bowls, table tennis and tug-of-war.

South of the circle at Mawson, Ian Thomas was more cautious acting as a handicapper in the Annual Mawson Sea-Ice Race on Midwinters Day open to all skiers, motor cyclists, foot runners, dog teams and V.W.'s.

Tony Kerr doesn't seem to be worrying about fitness; he was one of four men who went on a twenty mile run around the island with a dog team and a motorised toboggan. (Guess who went all the way on the toboggan and who arrived back much fresher and earlier than the rest!).

The Forests Commission in its wisdom has covered much of the State with a network of roads and jeep tracks for access and fire control. While admirable as such, we can't help thinking that they could have shown more regard for the scenic aspects of the mountains when planning these roads. For instance, only a few of the mountains over 6,000' have escaped having a road right over the summit.

Apparently the coming 'in' thing is the "Meet", i.e. a gathering for a few days in a given area of people from different clubs. There is to be an inter-state meet at Mt. Arapiles on 26-28 August and an intervarsity meet has been proposed for some time in the future

SOUTHERN RANGES: Lune River - New River Lagoon: TRACK NOTES

A hard, infrequently done traverse. Although scrubby in places it presents some good views of ranges and coastline and has not yet been cut out.

Start: Lune River, approx. 90 miles from Hobart. Hitch-hiking easy to Hastings Caves turn off, then only 1/2 mile to leaving the road via currently used miniature train line.

From the H.C. turn-off cross two bridges to a small group of old houses on the right. Opposite the last, a reddish galvanised iron-roofed farmhouse, is a deserted house some 50-100 yds. off the road, suited to spending the first night. Continuing in the same direction, one comes to a deserted schoolhouse where water may be obtained.

Day 1: About a mile from the above, a railway crosses the road. Lifts are given generally. The line ends at an old converted quarry at a large shed. Failing a lift, walk.

Continue on overgrown line through thick scrub to second quarry. 35 minutes.

From extreme right hand side of quarry a taped and cut track rises through the scrub to Moonlight flat, ending on the southern edge at 10' high tripod.

Some old tapes mark faint pad to big gum creek campsite. Four and a half hours.

Day 2: The pad moves up the N. Side of Gum Creek and disappears. Move round left hand end of cliff and hill 1 and over top. Where poor stake lines to Pigsty Ponds starts. It takes the N. Side of hill 2 and goes over hills 3 and 4 to end of spur, to clear route down to Ponds and dropsite marked PP. 3 hours (one hour to La Perouse without packs).

Day 3: Move up steep gully (S.W.) to skirt cliffs at S. end of Maxwells Peak, and onto top. N. along top to saddle and ridge to Pinders (contour line from top of gully around W. side reputedly fast if one keeps clear of scrub).

Pick up cut and marked pad at N. side of saddle to avoid heavy scrub to N. side of Coze Lake campsite. Two and a half hours. Climb spur on W. side to gain ridge. Move along top to pick

up cairned route to high saddle (above small ponds to S. - possible camp). 2 hours. Climb Pinders from here (15 mins.) Drop down and cross N. face (campsite) on lower end of obvious rock ledges (visible from Ooze Lake) to spur running out to Whyllly.

Follow spur to Pandani Knob where thick scoparia starts. Scrub gets heavy in Saddle to hill 2. Best going keeping right on top. Over hill 2 to saddle - keep on N.E. side to avoid spur. Water close to hill 3 makes this a possible campsite. 3 hours.

Day 4: Over hill 3 to Leaning Ti-tree Saddle - good water and campsite. 40 mins.

From saddle climb hill 4 and head for open rocky saddle to hill 5. Keep on top of ridge.

Easy going on N.W. side of ridge which is hill 5 to face of Whyllly. Climb face to horizontal rock strata which provide easy contour to saddle to hill 6 - the plateau out to Mt. Victoria Cross. Three and a half hours to hill. Climb Whyllly from here.

There is a stake line into the gully between V.C. and Whyllly to a cut and sheltered campsite, and possibly a track up the other side. This is not the D.Z. however.

Follow saddle top to S. end of V.C. plateau (hill 6) and continue to tin-canned campsite. A little further on is the D.Z. marked by a sheet of aluminium W. or E. 40 mins.

Day 5: Head post D.Z. to saddle to hill 7.

From hill 7 the scrub is very bad to the crest of hill 9 just left of obvious saddle. Four and a half hours. Water just under ridge.

The going is easier along the crest, although it involves some rock hopping to the saddle under Precipitous Bluff (Camp might be made just before saddle although water not abundant).

Ascend diagonally right (N) to water fall. Move up over cliff face to upper gully and up N. side of same. 3 hours. Bad weather camp half-way up the gully in scrub, indicated by stone arrow and cairn, and exposed but larger and open camp some

yards from the crest of the mountain (approx. 15 mins.)

Day 6: Just north of high campsite above gully are two cairns. Move down gully via tapes. Short way down route switches into next gully south and moves across to directly under cliff face. Follow face down to bottom of cliff - no tapes.

Head on compass course Magnetic 260° to lagoon. Scrub is 'hori', 'myrtle' and everything else! Pad in gully some distance down (approx. 3 hours) turns into blazed trail. Pad peters out (one and three quarter hours) as angle decreases, after which blazes end. Beware limestone sink holes looking like gullies. Near lagoon, ground is hilly and has gum trees. There are occasional creeks at lagoon edge and a few campsites (not readily apparent)... no campsites or water before lagoon. 4 and a quarter hours. A very full day's work.

Day 7: Wade down lagoon to boat shed (three and a half hours) and fibreglass dinghy. To cross most creeks move out into lagoon where it shallows. To cross limestone creek, however, move upstream to fallen log. Cross via island and 2nd log (main stream cuts close to bank here - deep water close to edge). Leave one fibreglass boat on either side PLEASE.

D.Z. on west side of crossing just east of scrub. Follow beach to extreme west and to campsite and creek. (one hour). Allow approx. one hour for boat crossing.

From here one can take south coast track to D.King's place or one need not cross the lagoon, but instead return via the south coast track to Calarmaran. Details of the latter obtainable from H.W.C.

NOTES:

1. The scrub is very tough. Gloves are essential, preferably of heavy leather;
2. Waterproof trousers are also very necessary both against the scrub-prickly and in case of bad weather when the wet scrub would do damage to wet legs, as well as making them cold;
3. Most campsites are exposed, some very! Sod clothes all round the tent are almost a necessity not a luxury.

4. The lee side of any ridge is virtually impossible. The windward side is also bad. Keep to the top.
5. The times allow for some rests, flakes, etc. but not lunch. Weather will slow a party considerably if bad.

Roger Caffin.

EQUIPMENT REPORT:

Space Blankets:

These have recently come onto the market, with much advertising and a host of claims. I have only tried the "Bear Space Blanket" made by Norton Australia Pty. Ltd. Price \$8.00.

This is made of what they describe as a metallized plastic. It has reinforced edges and eyelets at the corners. It is 56" x 84" and weighs 11 oz.

A number of uses are described for it, viz a) wrap around yourself for warmth, b) wrap around a sleeping bag, c) use as a groundsheet.

Used as a groundsheet it is very effective in keeping water out. As an insulator it is far better than the usual plastic or similar groundsheet. Its disadvantages are that it is completely waterproof, meaning that one has problems due to sweating as is the case with nylon parkas. Thus its use around a sleeping bag would be limited on a trip where daily airing of the sleeping bag is impossible. It is no substitute for a good down bag.

I have not yet used it with a sleeping bag directly on snow but feel it would be quite suitable.

The final thing is the rather prohibitive cost! Until they become a good deal cheaper I don't think they are worth investing in.

N.W.

Bunyips, Yetis and Other Beasties

How's your mind these days? Boggling? Mine did a while ago and its taken me till now to recover. It happened like this:

You see, we were on a track-clearing weekend and after tea we were sitting around the fire when a Sweet Young Thing said, with obvious sincerity, "Have you ever seen a bunyip?". I was stunned. My mind reeled. Could she really be so naive, so ignorant of the ways of the world? What had her parents kept from her? Hadn't they told her about the birds and the beasties? Something is seriously wrong with our education system when questions of this type are asked.

Deeply shocked, I realised that there may be thousands more like her, and that my mission in life must be to correct this sadly neglected aspect of their education so that they can take their rightful place in society. Unfortunately, I cannot resort to the Press. I have been able to enlist the help of the Society for the Preservation of Useless Anachronisms and their vast resources, this being the only useful thing they have done for several aeons. So if you are one of the ignorant majority, read on, as I present a brief catalogue of some of the rare and not-so-rare things that go bump in the night.

Ever since the days of Captain Cook there have been reports of a strange beast known as the bunyip. Evidently, it is large, semi-aquatic, nocturnal and dangerous. More precise descriptions are very scarce since it appears that few who have seen it have survived to tell the tale. It is said that the aborigines would not go near waterholes or rivers at night for fear of it, and there are reports of terrifying barking roars in the night near swamps. Various so-called learned men have proposed all sorts of mundane explanations to conceal the true facts from the public. Some claim it is an aboriginal myth, accepted too literally by naive settlers. Others, that it is a cautionary tale based on a time long past when the aborigines' ancestors lived in a land which had crocodiles. Still others claim that the bunyips are seals, and point to the many reports from coastal swamp areas. This last explanation has even been extended to the claim that seals once roamed the Murray-Darling river system. The coming of the paddle drove them back, and it has recently been claimed that they are returning again, thus explaining an increase in bunyip noises. So they go around with their mouths open and their eyes shut and the enigma of the bunyips

as enigmatic as ever. Perhaps the only satisfactory explanation is that bunyips are composed of rotting logs and swamp vegetation and are thus invisible to non-believers.

The yeti is even more celebrated. On one of the early Himalayan expeditions strange tracks were found in the snow. These were attributed to the yeti or Abominable Snowman. Over several years vague rumours and stories of this beast spread, a couple of skulls were produced from a monastery, and an expedition was sent out to try to find out what, if anything, the yeti was. It returned with little conclusive evidence. Tensing, in his book "Men of Everest" repeats his father's description: "It looked like a big monkey or ape, except that its eyes were deeply sunken and its head was pointed at the top. The colour was greyish and the hair grew in two directions - from above the waist upward and from below the waist downward. It was about four feet high, ran on two legs only, and made a high, shrill whistle." The Sherpas believed there were two types of yeti - the metrey, which is a man-eater, and the larger chutrey, which eats only animals. Their feet are supposed to point backwards, and the Sherpas believe it is bad luck to see one.

Perhaps we should add that for some time a yeti was seen around Parkville and Carlton. It disappeared, but a similar beast was seen in the southern Mallee, where it was later captured by a white man.

Terrible as the bunyips are, they are nothing compared with the dreadful snow bunyips. Snow bunyips live almost entirely on snow bunnies (which are rather useless animals of restricted range and intellect). They are white all over, make no noise, and have such large feet that they leave no tracks even in the softest snow.

There is no way of knowing if they are around. Fortunately, they are claustrophobic and will not enter a tent or hut, but woe betide the person who slides out of his tent during the night!

In Switzerland there is said to be an animal called the Tatzelwurm, a sort of two-legged lizard with a poisonous bite. Despite many attempts, it has never been captured. This is thought to be because it hides inside an alphorn, ruining the tone. A photo was produced once, but the infidels claimed that it was a picture of a wooden model in the photographer's back yard.

There is a place beyond the furthest ranges called the Speewah, where everything is several times as large as life. In the scrub there lives the Oozlum bird, which has never been seen. It is very shy, and when approached, it takes its tail in its beak and quickly swallows itself, thus disappearing completely.

Hoop snakes, unlike ordinary snakes, do not wriggle. They move by forming themselves into a circle (by putting their tail in their mouth) and rolling along. In this way they can reach truly incredible velocities. Normally, they are only found up north, but every now and then one overshoots and ends up down here before it can stop. The resulting frustration makes them extremely dangerous.

Here in Victoria we have two unexplained animals: the Ozenkadnook Tiger and the Wonthaggi Monster which have both been seen occasionally over the years. Ozenkadnook is in the southern Wimmera. The 'tiger' seems, from its description, to be rather like the Tasmanian tiger, while the Wonthaggi Monster is like a large dog. Last year a vague photo of the 'tiger' was produced, and someone claimed to have shot and wounded the Monster, but the mysteries remain.

Many travellers have been puzzled by the strange yellow-lined holes occasionally found beside tracks in the snow. These are formed by Snow Worms. The animal itself is hardly ever seen. Apparently the leaders of a party disturb it, so that the tell-tale holes are usually seen only by stragglers.

Perhaps the most amazing creature of the Australian bush is the Sidehill Gouger. This strange animal is about the size of a small pig, with large jaws and teeth, and a thoroughly nasty disposition. It lives wherever the hills are exceptionally steep and this has led to a strange evolutionary adaptation. Its two legs on one side are shorter than those on the other side, so that it can only go around hills in one direction. I have not enough room to describe fully the habits of this beast. If attacked by a Sidehill Gouger, the idea is to run like hell to the nearest flat ground. If you make it, you should be able to escape, since the S.G. will be forced to run around in circles. It has recently come to light that there is a beast in England called the Haggis and another in America called the Hodag, both of which show a striking similarity to the Sidehill Gouger. This is undoubtedly a remarkable example of biological convergence.

I finished reading. "Well, there you have it. There's more to these things than meets the eye. By the way, where's Roger?"

"Oh, he and Brendan and John went down to the creek to get some water".

From far away there came a blood-curdling roar, a terrified scream, a loud splash, then silence; there has been silence, beautiful silence, ever since.

(Sir) Augustus Twitt, F.S.U.R.

SUBVERSION AT THE HEART OF M.U.M.C.!

The Editor found this collection of heretical sayings in the Club letter box -

TO BE SPRINKLED THROUGHOUT THE "MOUNTAINEER"

Absence from N.Z. makes the heart grow fonder

A mountain in N.Z. is worth two in Australia

Better late to book for N.Z. than never

Better a N.Z. peak than no Himalayan peak

Faint heart never won fine peak

Travel now while the sun shines

None but the brave deserve the experience of a N.Z. climbing holiday

None so deaf as those rock climbers and bushwalkers who will not hear

Two climbers headed for N.Z. are better than one - union is strength

A climber may look at Mt. Cook

Where there's a will to climb in N.Z., there's a way

Every cloud has a silver lining in N.Z.

N.Z. knocks once at every man's door

A TALE OF TWO BEAUTIES

by Rong Wun Roggy.

(From our overseas correspondent currently touring the mountains and pitfalls of Oxometrica).

Let me tell you a tale of two females fair,
Both five feet six, blue eyes and blonde hair.

One is so pretty - a treat just to see -
The other is wed to a mad B.Sc.

The last-mentioned lad - the villain henceforth -
Shall be known as Roger the Caffin, of course.

This terrible story opens one day,
The girls at Aikman's are chatting away.

At this stage of the story I really must say
That the ladies were clad in a similar way.

The appearance 'fore mentioned and green-coloured garb,
Would fool anybody who hadn't looked hard.

In stalks the villain to the small crowded house,
And while talking to Andrew, grabs for his spouse.

The spectators reel in unspoken terror,
But Roggy continues, not knowing his error.

Roger's oblivious - so in usual fashion,
He squeezes poor Nola, showing much passion.

She reels and blanches and tries to escape
From his grip, but cannot - Oh God, what a fate!

Then round turns Roger and wakes up at last,
"My God, I've got the wrong one!" he gasps.

This "grabbing the wrong one" is a true Caffin trait,
He won't learn from experience, I'm telling you straight!

The error was repeated the very next day,
When the climbers went out to practice delay.

The breeze was gentle - 'twas nice in the sun -
But once again Caffin grabbed the wrong one!

Himself he belayed, instead of the weight,
(Had it been a climber, think of his fate).

The weights struck the ground with considerable force,
Shook the earth and sky - and Caffin, of course.

Then comes the next week - but what have we here?
Susan and Nola in similar gear!

In skirts of tartan and jackets of blue,
I think its a dastardly plot - don't you?

Our Lord High Stores Officer, mean and despotic,
Is now very confused and going neurotic.

Poor Roggy approaches - then on bended knee,
"Please which girl is mine?" he begs desperately.

None of the Caffins turned up at the dinner
And as a result, both are much thinner.

The reason is complex, but quite entertaining -
Poor Roggy did fear that from spirits entraining,
His blood would befuddle him - and yet again
He'd make that mistake and grab the wrong dame!

Well fair Nola feared the very same thing
And would have avoided the annual ding.

But she discovered the Caffins weren't going
And so went along with no fear showing.

Now all these events - conveyed here in rhyme,
Have taken place in a very short time.

Perhaps there will be many to follow,
No doubt much to poor Roger's sorrow.

But the moral is clear, so girls on club trips,
Wear distinctive clothing and you'll not come to grips
With Roger, or any poor, married man,
Only the others - stop us if you can!

..... to be downgraded

P.S. next week is "Be kind to Caffin" Week!

Is There Any Hope for Lake Pedder?

For some years one of the most striking scenic features of South-West Tasmania has been awaiting sentence. Recently, the Tasmanian Government announced plans that would, among other things, result in the complete submergence of Lake Pedder and its unique beach under part of a very large water storage system. In addition, they plan to give control of much of the South-West to the Hydro-Electric Commission.

Since the scheme was first mooted some years ago, many people both in Tasmania and elsewhere have expressed concern at the possible loss of Lake Pedder, and with the larger problem of the extent and form of development to be permitted in the South-West. It appears that the Tasmanian Government has taken little, if any, notice of this concern.

This matter is important for a number of reasons:

It is important because Lake Pedder is a unique feature in its own right.

It is important because the South-West is a unique and striking region. South-West Tasmania is one of the few "wilderness" areas left in Australia, and its land-form, flora and fauna are not found elsewhere.

It is important because Lake Pedder is a declared National Park, so that the concept of the preservation of such reserves is at stake.

It is important because Tasmania's main resource is cheap hydro-electric power, and this must be developed for the State to survive economically.

It is important because there seems to have been no public discussion of possible alternatives that might allow adequate water storage together with the preservation of Lake Pedder.

And it's important because, once flooded, Lake Pedder can never be restored.

The Tasmanian government does not have a startlingly good record for the preservation of the landscape (What Australian government does?), but there is still time to reprieve Pedder. Letters to the Premier will get, at the worst, a polite reply. At the best they may result in a more enlightened attitude among those who make decisions at the government level.

SAVE LAKE PEDDER NATIONAL PARK COMMITTEE:

This Australia-wide committee has been recently formed to save Lake Pedder from submergence, by publicizing the issue and stirring up public opinion. In its pamphlets it emphasizes the importance of establishing that declared national parks cannot be so easily violated. If they are successful, it will create a solid precedent for the other states in Australia. If not, then Cradle Mountain National Park, and other areas, may end up under water.

"Operation Action" which the committee is directing includes talking about the issue; telling people formally and informally about what the loss of Lake Pedder would mean; writing letters to magazines, newspapers and people of influence; and distributing the promotion literature.

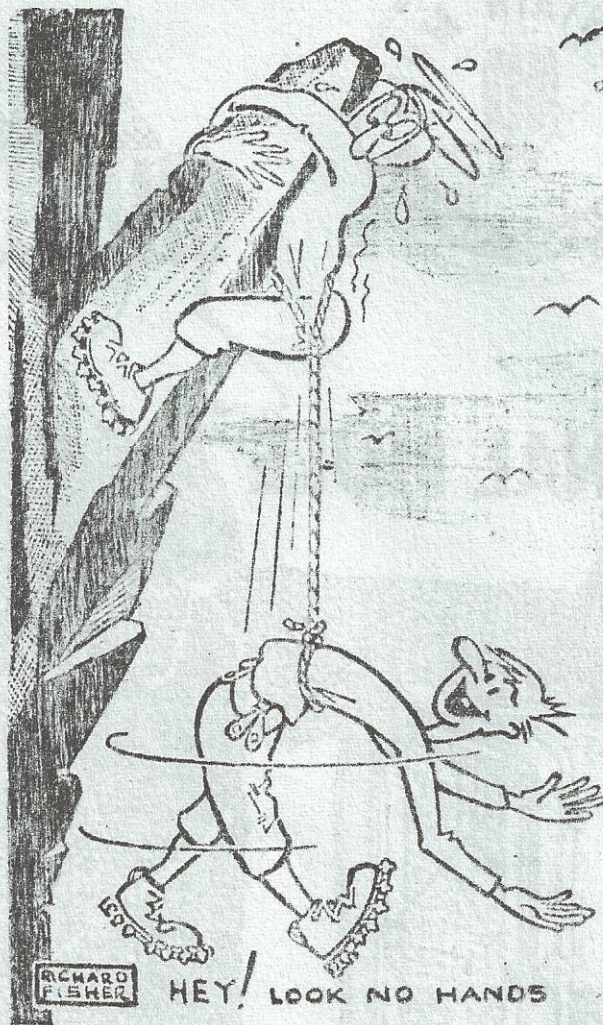
The committee appeals to anyone interested to join, by sending a donation. The secretary is Mr. Peter C. Sims, P.O. Box 440, Devonport, Tasmania 7310.

IN MELBOURNE:

A Save Lake Pedder Appeal night was held at the Herbarium on Wednesday, August 9th. Slides and films were shown and after discussion a motion was passed and transmitted to the Tasmanian government. About 400 people attended - an encouraging show of interest.

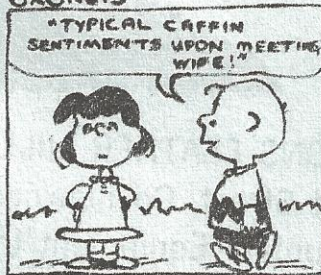
Oxo Observer - Report on resourcefulness of members of M.U.M.C.

One well know wenching member is reputed to have used a compass to navigate Royal Park three nights running during the recent fogs!



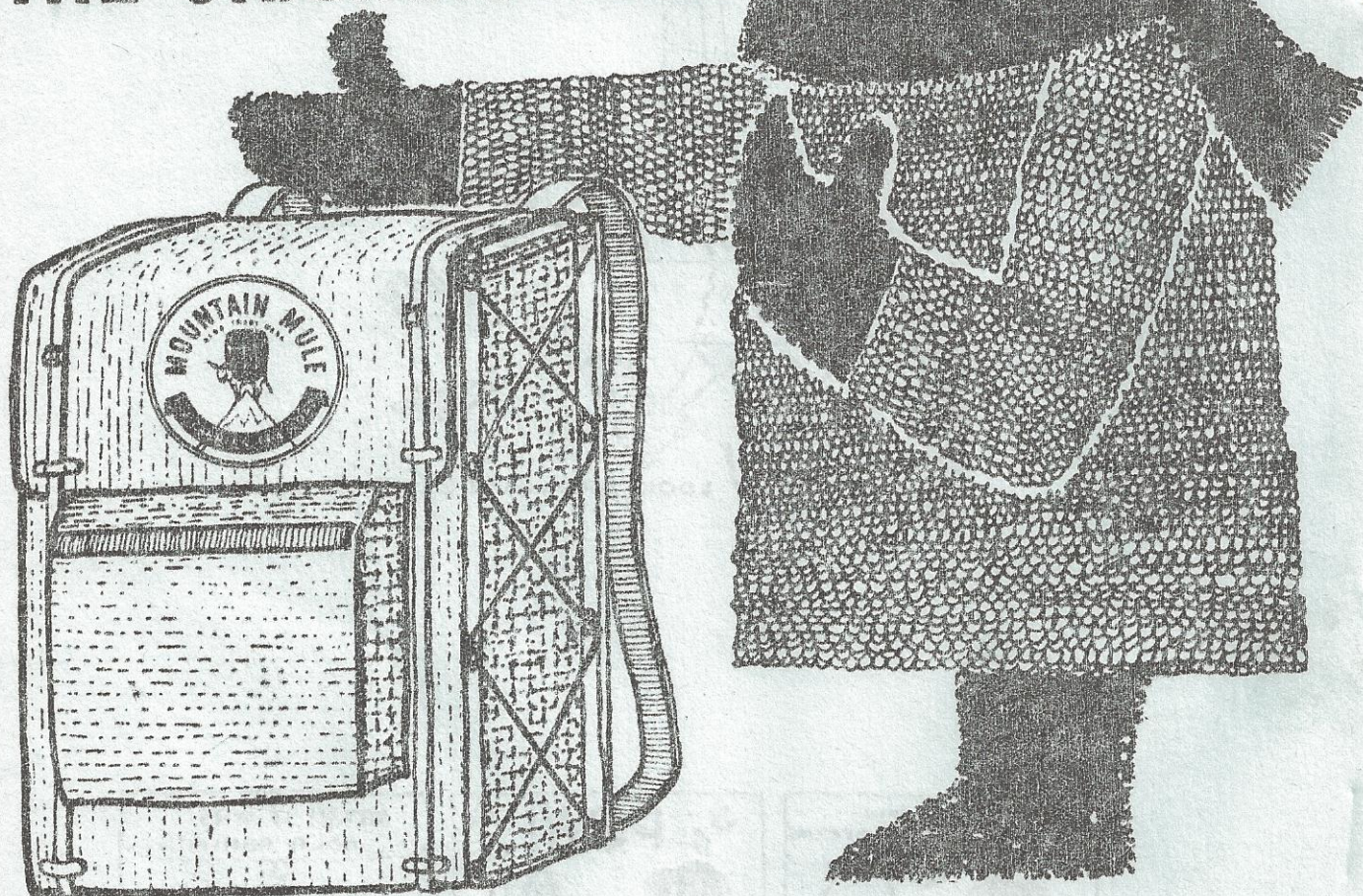
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