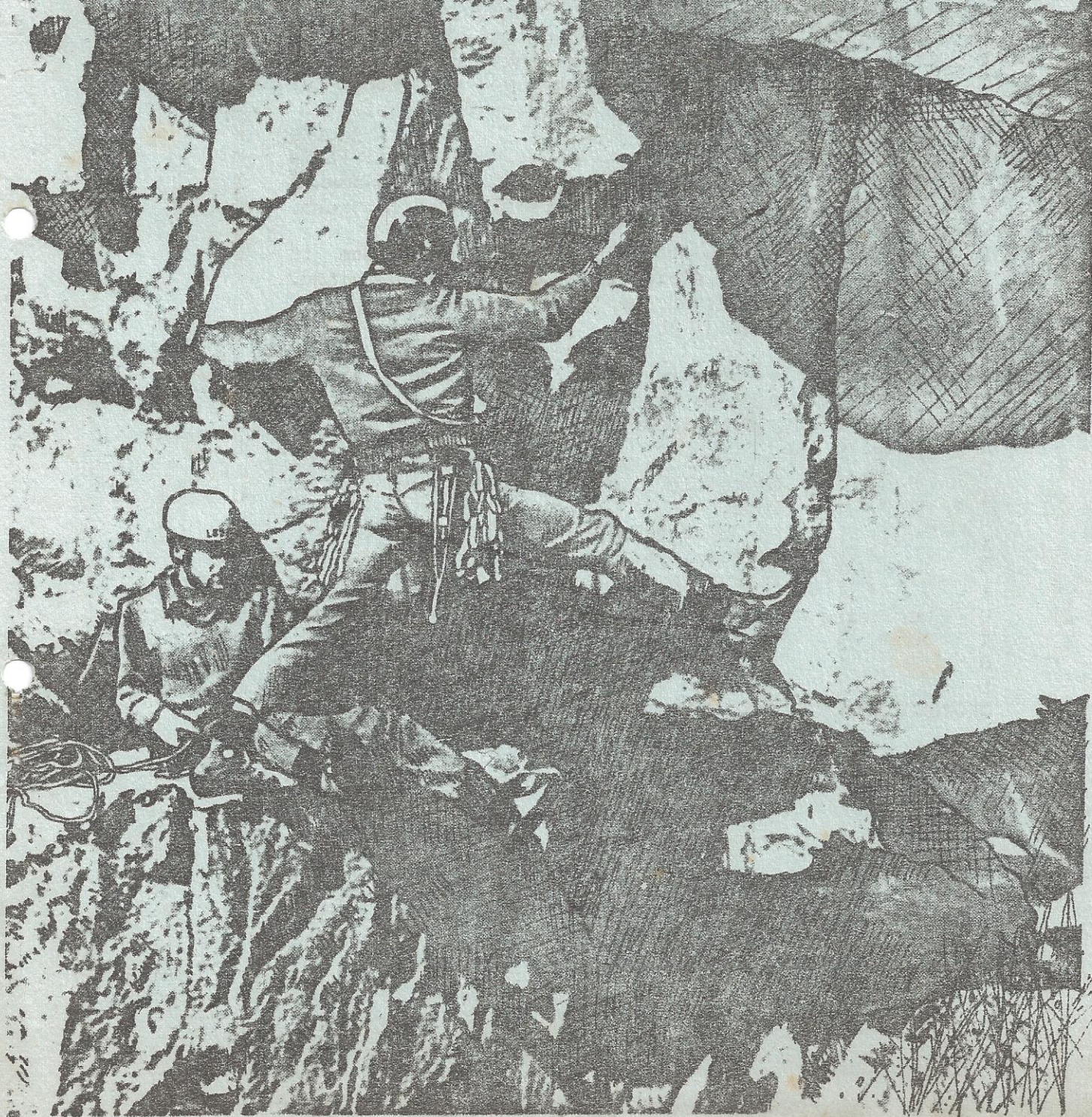


# THE MOUNTAINEER

number 6 october 1969 registered at the gpo  
melbourne for transmission by post as a periodical





Mainly for non club members:

O.K. you all know that Archimedes ran naked around the streets and yelled out "oXo, oXo" when he discovered that frunut floated in happy ade. But why the heck do Melbourne Uni's Mountaineers persist in OXOing at every animate or inanimate object? Learn the answer to this question when you read about our club's history in 25th anniversary magazine.

OXO - strange that we should name our journal that-has 28 quarto pages with 33 photos, which because of the offset production have extremely good contrast.

Articles by club members tell of life at Mawson in the Antarctic and alpine climbing in New Zealand. There is a history of the 'Prom' and of course a bit on conservation.

All that this and more costs you is amere 35 cents. Copies will soon be available downtown but you can get your copy now directly through the MUMC if you write to the

Oxometric Distribution Manager,  
MUMC,  
c/- Sports Union,  
University of Melbourne,  
Parkville, 3052.

enclosing 44 cents (since the journal weighs three ounces).





# The Mountaineer

MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

Price: 10c.

No. 6, October 1969.

Official Journal of the Melbourne University Mountaineering Club.

Registered at the GPO Melbourne for transmission by post as a periodical.

Correspondance: The Editor, c/- M.U.M.C., Sports Union,  
University of Melbourne, Parkville, 3052.

At the beginning of this year MUMC had two major publishing projects underway. The first of these, the publication of a journal, called OXO, to celebrate our twenty fifth anniversary has been completed under Harry Schaap's editorship. Club members are entitled to a free copy which can be obtained from Aikman's Road (get your name ticked off when you collect it). Those who can't get to Aikman's will receive a copy by post some-time - don't ask when.

When you receive your copy no doubt many people will admire it. Well let them have a quick look-see to whet their appetite and then suggest that they buy a copy - only 35c, superb value, beautiful pictures, waffle, waffle, etc.

The other project is our Guide Book to the Victorian Alps. This will need the help of many club members. Track notes to some areas (listed below) are still required and any one with information should contact Dave Hogg immediately. The other job with the guide book will be collating; this should take place sometime during the Christmas vac. Therefore, while pacing up and down during swat vac practice your round-table-picking-up-paper motion.

Your humble graduated editor wishes you the best for the exams.

## GUIDE BOOK - CAN YOU HELP?

Work is now in progress finallizing some sections of the Guide Book to the Victorian Alps. There are a few tracks or areas for which we have little or no information, or for which the information is incomplete or out-of-date. These are as follows:

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 1. Routes from Shannonvale to the Bogong High Plains.                 | 7. Upper Jamieson Hut - Bluff (walking track)                    |
| 2. The Eskdale Spur north of Trapper's Gap (Mts Emu, Yorke, Tawonga). | 8. Eight mile hut site - Ritchies' Hut - 16 mile ck.- Bluff Hut. |
| 3. The Sunday Spur to Mt. Sunday.                                     | 9. Bindaree Hut - Pike's Flat - Bluff Hut.                       |
| 4. Upper Jamieson Hut - Mt. McDonald.                                 |  |
| 5. The Nobs Spur.   |  |
| 6. Upp. Jam. Hut - Mt. Clear (jeep tk).                               |  |

list continued next page.

Cover: The first move Scorpion(17), Arapiles;  
McKeand stepping, Talbett praying.

Process: electronic stencil of a Xerox copy of a photo taken using a half tone screen.



10. Woollybutt Saddle - Mt. Stirling - Clear Hills or foot of Stanley's Name Spur.
11. Beveridge Flats - Mt. Selwyn.
12. Buckland River - Mt. Murray.
13. The Blue Rag Range.
15. Moroka River - Mt. Wellington - Miller's Hut.
14. The Ti-tree Range.
16. Gibb's farm - Billy Goat Bluff.
17. Howittville - Wombat Spur - Wonnangatta Station.
18. The Butcher Country.
19. Guy's Hut - Dry River - Wonnongatta River.
20. Howitt Hut - Dry River.
21. Stronach's Camp - Mt. Whitelaw.
22. Approaches to the Baw Baw Plateau from the NE side.
23. The Wood's Point, Aberfeldy and Walhalla areas.
24. Bentley's Plain - Mt. Nunniong.
25. The Misery - Gibbo - Pinnibar Range.
26. The area around Mt. Phipps and Mt. Birregun.

Could anyone who can provide reasonably reliable, up-to-date information on the above, please contact Dave Hogg at "Aikman's Road" or on 318 1659 (home) as soon as possible.

#### General Notices:

#### TRAVEL TO NEW ZEALAND:

At present most mountaineers going to mighty New Zealand this summer are booked with NZAC groups flying Sydney-Christchurch.

But it will be cheaper, quicker, easier, in fact a hell of a lot more convenient to make a group booking on a Melbourne - Christchurch flight. No messing about getting to Sydney, and then getting back again at the end of the holiday. Cheapest travel to Sydney is \$17 return (2nd class rail), closely followed by bus travel at between \$17.50 to \$22.10 return (its debatable which mode of travel wins for discomfit). Incidental expenses plus the potential problem of overnight accommodation in Sydney add to the cost even if you hitch hike up.

Return fares are:	Normal	10 to 19	20 - 29	30 +
	fare	people	people	people
MELB-SYD 2nd class rail				
SYD -CHCH	175.80	160.00	144.10	128.20
MELB-CHCH	175.50	158.10	140.40	122.90

all in \$A.

At this late stage, flights MELB-CHCH near Xmas are full. However we may get a group booking in the region of 8th to 13th December.

If you are interested in flying Melb-Chch direct please contact Greg Martin Immediately (phone 630 7590 9a.m.-5 p.m., otherwise, Flat 2, 63 Brougham St, North Melbourne.)

Wanted: A metal dodad suitable for holding the map library's ever increasing number of 5"x3" index cards.



Guinea Pigs Wanted:

The store has a small quantity of glucose in powdered form which is marketed under the commercial name of Dextose. It is far cheaper than glucose tablets or glucodine powder but is it as good? The trips secretary has been eating it in small quantities apparently without ill effects, but would be pleased to hear from anyone else who is prepared to eat, or otherwise test, this recent acquisition. Tests so far carried out on horses and greyhounds have shown the powder to have some effect.

LHSO pp TS

Air drops in Tassie:

Aerial Services Tas Pty Ltd have sent a brochure on supply dropping. There rates are

- (1) General Southwest area: Authur ranges, Prince of Wales, Prion Bay, Mt Anne, South Coast Tracks etc. \$0.12 cents per lb.
- (2) Landing at Lake Pedder 8c/lb.  
Landing at Maleleuca Harbour 10c/lb.

General charter:

120 mph 3 pass \$20.00 hr-1 ; 200 mph 7 pass \$72.00 per hour.

Their blurb is on the notice board.

Mailing List Members:

A new category of club membership has been advanced - that of mailing list members - for peoples who are not entitled to belong to the club but wish to recieve the Mountaineer. These members will pay \$1.00 per year but will not have any voting rights.

Search and Rescue:

Despite the strong manpower provided by the MUMC at the recent S&R call outs to help checkreported plane sightings, it was noticeable that there was a lack of younger members. S & R provides a means by which you can put, by helping your fellow citizens, something back into the sport that you enjoy. One practice weekend per year is a small protective outlay for the good that your presence could someday give. Thus if you are competent, strong and self reliant S&R needs you. Application forms for membership to the FVWC's Search and Rescue section are available through the club. Any questions may be directed to John Bennett, Pat Dugan, Bill Bewsher or Ian Thomas.

S&R call out - report:

The FVWC S&R section was called out to assist in checking some of the reported sightings of the light plane that was subsequently found crashed on the North side of Mt. Slide. On Tuesday 16 sept. the search took place in the Jehosophat Valley area of Mt. Slide whilst the following weekend an area north of Gladysdale was checked. The S&R section was again led by Bill Bewsher.

At the weekend the Land Rover Owners Club of Victoria helped greatly with transportation - this being the first time we had the benefit of this flexibility in a search. The Land Rovers enormously increased our manouverability and efficiency and we look forward to a continuation of this assistance in the future. The searches provided some food for thought in many areas: Wireless (disciplined use of) could be advantagecus; searching with light packs worth considering; land rover assistance valuable; leaders courses helpful. If you have any other ideas please let John Bennett, Pat Dugan or Ian Thomas know.



Trips Programme:

- 18-19 October FVWC Track clearing - Mt. Buffalo  
Transport private - any one interested see Dave Hogg.
- 19 October Orienteering - Broadford Forest.  
(Sunday) Novice and senior course; entry fee 30c with compass,  
50c without. Event starts 10.30 a.m.  
Further details - notice board.
- 9 November Orienteering.- Beaconsfield.  
(Sunday)
- 15-16 Nov. Post exam climbing bludge - Arapiles
- 15-18 Nov. Pre post exam bludge  
(4 days) Miller's landing - 5 mile beach - Mt. Hunter - 5 Mile  
Beach - Sealer's Cove - Tidal River.  
Standard: Medium hard Leader: Martin Wardrop.  
Transport: private.
- 22-23 Nov. Post Exam Bludge.  
Venue: Bear's Gully (Waratah Bay - Cape Liptrap end)  
Standard: easy to extremely easy.  
Transport: Van leaving union car park 6.30 p.m.  
Cost: \$3.50 to 4.50  
Bring: meat for BBQ sat night, fishing rod, flippers, biro  
and paper to write articles for The Mountaineer.
- 29&30 Nov. Canoeing  
Two 1 day beginners trips will be held on Yarra near  
Wonga Park.  
Canoeing is fun - why not give it a splash.  
Bring: sandshoes, parka, lunch.  
Bookings close Wed 26th.  
For more info contact Roger Little 24 1742.
- 30 November MUMC organised orienteering competition.  
(Sunday) Any one wanting to help please contact Dave Hogg or Ron  
Frederick.

Bookings: There are only two ways to book:

- (a) Preferably enter your name, address etc. in the trips book at Aikman's Rd.
- (b) Phone Ron Frederick on 288 2136, preferably after Nov 7.

Private trips:

"Wanted - anyone interested in a trip in the Lake Tarli Karng area  
sometime after the exams. Also anyone interested in a trip during the Xmas  
New Year period - duration of both trips dependant on vac employment com-  
mitments. Contact Mike Gething, 174 Gatehouse Street, Parkville, 34 3448.

Christmas long vacation trips: Leaders, areas etc wanted. Don't vegetate  
at home because you've no one to go with - don't sit at home because you  
don't want to go to the area that the organised trip is going to. See Ron  
Frederick with suggestion of where you want to lead a trip to.

Any person interested in buying equipment from New Zealand contact LHSO  
(Mountain Mules approx \$25)



Note from the committee meeting held on September 11th 1969:

Policy book deferred to next meeting.

Back FVWC in negotiations to establish Victorian Conservation Council - a body concerned with the conservation problems peculiar to Victoria.

Usage of OXO for the journal consented to by Hodgson & Co, the Vic distributors of the beef cube "Oxo". The journal is now available.

The Equipt. Testing Sub-committee is to have wide ranging terms of reference. Any suggestions for particular studies should be put to the convenor, Pat Miller.

The club is considering the establishment of a caving sub-committee similar in general outline to the climbing sub-committee. The first step in this study is to determine the requirements for, and of, such a sub-committee. Suggestions should be forwarded to Paul Callander.

Geoff Fagan has investigated the costs of the vans vs. private trips. Findings will be published in the Mountaineer.

In the forthcoming ACF elections our vote will be for Austin, Downes, Pizzey and Butcher.

Clive Parker is investigating the use of ferro-cement in the construction of a climbing wall. Construction of such a wall does not appear likely in this triennium however.

Notes from the special committee meeting 1/10/69:

Harry Schaap presented a summary of policy resolutions from previous years pertaining to trips, finance and miscellaneous topics. Those dealing with stores and climbing will be dealt with at the next meeting. The findings were updated and revised; the details will be posted at Aikman's Rd. when redrafted.

The Warden of the Union has asked if we could share our room with the proposed Arab/Australian Association. Negotiations as to the extent of this co-operation are being undertaken.

The following were approved for S&R membership: Rob Cannon, Adrian Davey, Keith Thomas, Rosalie Lahore.

Next meeting will be at 1900 // 12/11/69 in the Activities Room Sports Union.

Ian Thomas (Hon. Sec.)

#### Outward Bound Courses:

The Outward Bound course in December still needs competent leaders. Anyone qualified and available is asked to contact Bill Bewsher.

#### Apology re Mt. Oxo:

The editor would like to apologise for the article asserting that Rumdoodle was not the highest mountain in the world - there is no doubt about that. An innocent mistake (it appears that the ending -~~NR~~ is important) was made when translating from the Russian and mistake was irresponsibly magnified by the overseas wire services. It appears that Mt Oxo is a 153 metre depression and our party climbed the wrong mountain. None the less the slides of expedition were extremely entertaining and were indeed shown twice. An excellent commentary and compilation of slides was given by Dave Hogg.



Fru Nut:

I was surprised to discover that Mike Feller thinks that his expedition is the first high altitude test of Fru Nut Cereal. Although Mr. Feller's research will undoubtedly provide new data, the first tests were in fact done several years ago.

I well remember those first tests. They were made, somewhat inadvertently, on the first expedition to R2, which, at 39,999 feet, is the world's second highest mountain and which has not yet been climbed despite many attempts. The expedition was donated 336.6 lb. of Fru Nut Cereal by the makers whose generosity was somewhat overshadowed by the refusal of all shipping agents to handle it. But at length the expedition got underway. I shall not describe the march to the base camp except to note that Fru Nut proved its value many times in stimulating early rising. The more active members were frequently awake and out of camp well before breakfast. On another occasion a difficult river crossing was eased when a porter carrying Fru-Nut Cereal fell into the torrent. The resulting expansion dammed the gorge long enough for the party to cross easily. This technique became quite highly developed.

At the base camp we started our high research programme which was extended to higher camps, as far as camp 27. We found many new and exciting uses for Fru-Nut Cereal such as weighting down tents, fixing leaking hot water bottles, resoling boots and sharpening axes. It was even found to have semiconducting properties and this allowed us to replace a faulty diode in our transmitter. Without Fru Nut it is doubtful if we could ever have established camp 18 on the glassy smooth ice of the 10,000' North West face and it was comforting to know we had a sure substitute should our crampons fail to penetrate.

There is much more to report but unfortunately the details are lost. One member decided after studying a strange manuscript found in the package that it was edible and after a long and careful study attempted this. All seemed to go well for a time but late that night he mumbled something like 'I am just going out for a while. I shall not be long' and disappeared taking our records with him. He never returned and I have always wondered what motivated this strange act.

Rumblegutz.Antartic Slides Shown:

The guest speaker at the September meeting of the Werribee Camera Club was Mr. I. Thomas who has recently returned from a trip, as physicist, to the Antarctic. He showed a most interesting collection of color slides showing scenery, wildlife and living conditions in that area.









Flinders Island and the Furneaux Group:

Unlike most other areas as close to Melbourne, the Bass Strait islands off the North-East tip of Tasmania are virtually untouched by tourism and have a great deal to offer the mountaineer. There are over a hundred islands in the Furneaux group, but only two are of significant size. These are Flinders and Cape Barren Islands. There are, however, several dozen smaller islands big enough to warrant exploration. Flinders Is. is about fifty miles long and twenty wide, with Cape Barren Is. about a quarter this size. Apart from a few isolated families on the outlying islands these two are the only settled islands. Of the total population of 1500, all but a hundred or so on Cape Barren Is. live on Flinders Island.

The islands are granite, but there is sufficient good flat land on Flinders Is. to allow a reasonable amount of agriculture. The only towns are Whitemark on the West coast, and Lady Barron on the shores of Franklin Sound to the south. Whitemark has the only hotel and airstrip and besides several shops, a Post Office, Shire Offices and a number of houses, has little to distinguish it. Lady Barron is smaller with only a couple of stores and a few houses, but it is important because it is the major port. The local crayfish industry is centered here and most heavy supplies are landed here from the coastal traders. Whitemark has a jetty, but only the small schooners call because a large rise and fall of tides leaves the boats sitting high and dry on the sand at low tide. Lady Barron does not suffer from the tides because the shore is rocky and the water just a few yards off shore is quite deep. You get used to just the tip of the masts of the fishing boats showing above the jetty at low tide though. A network of roads give access to most parts of the island and it's a practical proposition to walk wherever you want to go because of the short distances involved.

There are numerous granite peaks, beautiful bays, and much thick scrub to delight the mountaineer. In addition to Mt. Strzelecki in the South-West corner, which at 2550' is the highest in the islands, there are many other mountains of similar size - Mts. Killecrankie, Blyth, Boyes and Tanner in the north; the Three Patriarches, Mt. Levensthorpe, The Dutchman and the Gin Bottle scattered across the centre of the island; and a number of peaks close to Strzelecki in the south west. In addition, many of the other islands reach a remarkable height considering their size. Unfortunately, like the 'Prom' the scrub in many parts of the islands is extremely thick and frustrating. It is interesting to note that apart from Melaleuca, stringy bark and a few gums, the islands are now virtually devoid of big timber. The only suitable map coverage of the Group is the Flinders Island 1:250,000 a copy of which is in the club library. This map, though lacking in detail, at least shows all the islands, major peaks and roads.

Besides the magnificent land and seascapes, the beautiful bays and the small islands, the other thing that is remarkable about the Furneaux Group is its history. Despite the essential beauty and untouched state of the group, the surrounding waters are among the most dangerous in the world. About 120 ships have been wrecked on the sandshoals and reefs around the islands. Few homes are without an anchor or two and numerous old and rusted items of nautical history hanging about the house - rum kegs, lamps, blocks and tackles, harpoons - the list is virtually endless. Flinders and Bass were led to discover the group of islands after the disappearance in 1797 of the "Sydney Cove". Sealers lived on some of these islands from 1798 and they brought from the Australian mainland several Aboriginal women. The



descendants of these sealers and Aborigines are the present hybrid race on Cape Barren Island. An interesting, but totally unconnected, event in the turbulent history of the islands was the establishment of a community of Tasmanian aborigines in 1835 at Settlement Point on Flinders Is. by George Augustus Robinson. The last of the Tasmanian aborigines, these natives slowly died out. The first pastoral leases were taken out in 1848 and today even the outlying islands generally have some stock on them. One of the most unexpected sights around the islands is the wreck of the "Farsund". Decaying and battered, this ship stands with the bulk of its shape still intact in the sandshoals off Guncarriage Is. Many of the neighbouring islands bear the names of items found washed up on their shores after this and other wreckings - Tin Kettle Is., Piano Point, Great Dog Is. and several others.

An industry unique to the Furneaux Group, and sadly dying out, is mutton-birding. The early sealers found the young chick of the Shorttailed Shearwater good to eat, and for many years this bird has been exploited for its carcase, oil and featherdown. If you get a chance some time try some mutton bird. You'll probably find it revoltingly oily, but you acquire a taste for it after a while. These days it's only a few boats that set out early in April, through the Potboil and the Vansittart Shoals to Babel Island or one of the other birding islands .... just another of the peculiar activities of the Furneaux.

The outlying islands offer little in the way of mountaineering but many of them are well worth the visit. Islands like Craggy Is. rise sheer out of the water on most sides and abound with birdlife; Chappell Is. has hundreds of black tiger snakes; Preservation Is. is the site of the wreck of the 'Sydney Cove' and much of the early sealing. The visitor may find it difficult to get out to many of the islands and should be careful in approaching the local fishermen. Quite understandably, many of them are not above charging five dollars or so for a small detour in their route, but at the same time don't expect to be taken everywhere free. It's really only if you know some of the fisherman that you'll be able to see a lot of the islands, especially the remote ones.

The only access to the Furneaux is by air from Melbourne or Launceston. It may be that because of improved air service in the last year or two that tourists are coming in increasing numbers and this may change the picture somewhat. Food is slightly more expensive and many of the items popular with hikers are not easily obtainable. You'll be able to get most common food items fairly easily however. Even the inexperienced angler should take a fishing line because the waters are teeming with fish and it's not hard to supplement your diet with fish while near the coast. The best time of the year weatherwise is the summer, but water is always a problem - there are very few creeks. In May and September the weather can be mild but is often extremely cold and wet and because of the exposed position in Bass Strait the wind is always fierce - water from a rainwater tank several miles inland often tastes of salt from the windblown spray.

There is a great deal about the Furnaux Group that makes it a memorable place to visit, despite the lack of tall mountains and the relative inaccessibility. It's hard to forget the sun setting through the rigging of the fishing boats quietly at anchor in the shelter of beautiful Killecrankie Bay or the fun of digging topaz out of the creek below Mt. Killecrankie. Loading cattle onto the boat from Prime Seal Island is something that only happens once a year and its not surprising considering the antics involved in getting wild



bulls through raging surf and off the rocky shore and out to the waiting schooner. The Cape Barren Goose which inhabits the outer islands is but one of the rare birds unique to the area. But it is the mountains, the bays with their long sandy shores or rough granite, and the beauty of the smaller islands, that demand attention.

Adrian Davey

#### Australia's First? Orienteering Competition:

Saturday 23rd. Aug. saw an orienteering contest organised by the Richmond Harrier's Athletic Club. (The first one in Vic. if you believe the newspapers - possible not if you have been on a 24.) The venue was at Upper Beaconsfield and this proved to be an admirable choice from the bushwalker's point of view in that there were few roads for the fit cross country runners to use and the scrub in many places was thick enough to slow even the toughest to a walk.

Contestants had to visit a total of nine checkpoints (grid references given), but the descriptions of the exact location often provided little help to a navigator lacking in confidence, e.g. "the clearing with the good view" or "in the scrub"!

Although the bulk of the contestants were athletes, a small MUMC contingent proved that no matter how fit you are, unless you can read a map, you won't find checkpoints. A surprise last minute (literally) entrant, well known O.T. Annabelle Roth attracted the attention of the press men by finishing 7th out of a field of 40. (Those of you who read 'the paper' will have noted their  $1\frac{1}{2}$  page spread on the subject and as a service to all fair oxford women: beware of Truth reporters and/or people who give out free beer.) Ron Frederick won the event by 15.3 seconds (official time was 15 secs, but I'm sure that can't be right). Tom Kneen proved that he had not entirely degenerated in 'God's Own Country' by finishing fourth while Dave Hogg finished fifth.

Full credit must go to the organisers for not even misplacing one checkpoint and for the efficient way in which they ran the contest. Other contests will be incorporated into the trips programme.

Ron Frederick

Book Review: Light Weight Camping Equipment and How to Make It.  
Gerry Cunningham and Margaret Hansson.

I don't think I can adequately review this book and the main point of this note is to bring it to your attention. Gerry Cunningham is the designer of the American 'Gerry' gear which we see little of here but which is highly regarded in the U.S.

Basically this book discusses camping equipment - packs, sleeping bags, tents and clothing. It starts with an extensive discussion of materials and has many useful diagrams. The most useful thing about the book is its approach to equipment design - requirements and principles are stated and methods of achieving these are discussed, together with a lot of practical information on stitching procedures, patterns, lay out and general design.

I think any one interested in equipment design would find a lot of useful information and stimulating ideas in this book, especially if read in conjunction with other standard hand books. The club has a copy, or it is available for about US\$2.50 from Colorado Outdoor Sports Corp., Denver, Colorado.

Tom Kneen.



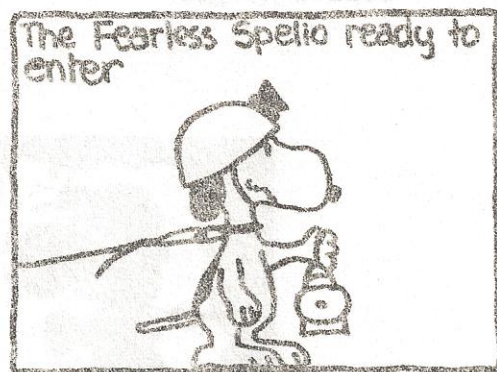
Caving 1969:

During 1969 MUMC cavers participated in over 20 Caving trips to such areas as Buchan, Glenelg, Naracoorte, the Western District, Nullarbor, Kangaroo Island, Gippsland zone and Warnambool. These trips, mostly with the Victorian Speleological Association, were quite successful and a reasonable standard of caving was attained.

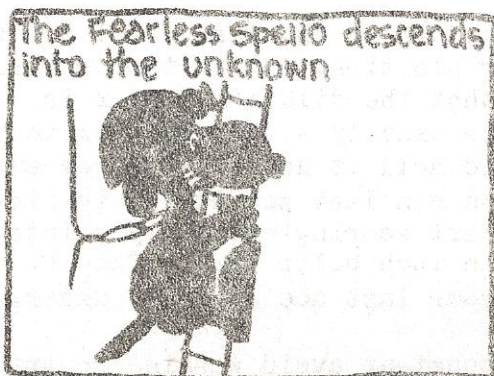
Unfortunately, not much actual speleology ( the scientific study of caves) was done - only 3 caves surveyed - the sporting aspect of caving tending to take precedence.

It is distinctly preferable to have trips with the VSA because in this way more equipment is available (the 75 feet of MUMC ladder is insufficient for several of the main Buchan Caves ) and better qualified leaders are present to instruct beginners in correct techniques. Also the VSA hut at Buchan can be used making cooking and the occasional wet night more comfortable. However, after several Buchan trips, the crudity of sleeping in a tent is almost too much to bear.

The Caving Course trips - May 17,18; 25,25 were well attended, and seemed to be enjoyed by most, if not all, those present. Nevertheless, only 1 or 2 continued to partake of the joys of trogging on later trips, but this was probably due to inadequate notice being given - a situation to be remedied next year. The necessity of using private transport on trips means more organisation, and those wishing to participate are responsible for working out transport arrangements with trips leaders, preferably some days in advance of the trip.

Areas:

- 1) Buchan - our number 1 caving area. Over 12 trips there this year, including descents into potholes up to 230 feet deep, and the usual collection of nice muddy squeezes and crawls. Several new caves were found at East Buchan and in the Pothole area - excavation in a closed sinkhole yielded a cave 160' deep.
- 2) Glenelg - 2 trips, some new areas being investigated. Regrettably, the wilderness and the natural beauty of this area are beginning to suffer from land development - large areas have been bulldozed and new tracks cut, with resulting diminuation of wild life.
- 3) Naracoorte - trip in conjunction with C.E.G.(S.A.) - large generally dry caves in soft fossiliferous limestone.
- 4) Warnambool - soft tertiary limestone, caves in this area are generally close to the sea and not well know.
- 5) Western District - one long trip in the 2nd term vac by John Taylor, John





Rutzou and Peter Higgins (Nargun 2:2) - almost every lava cave investigated - one new cave found at Byaduk and several good possibilities elsewhere.

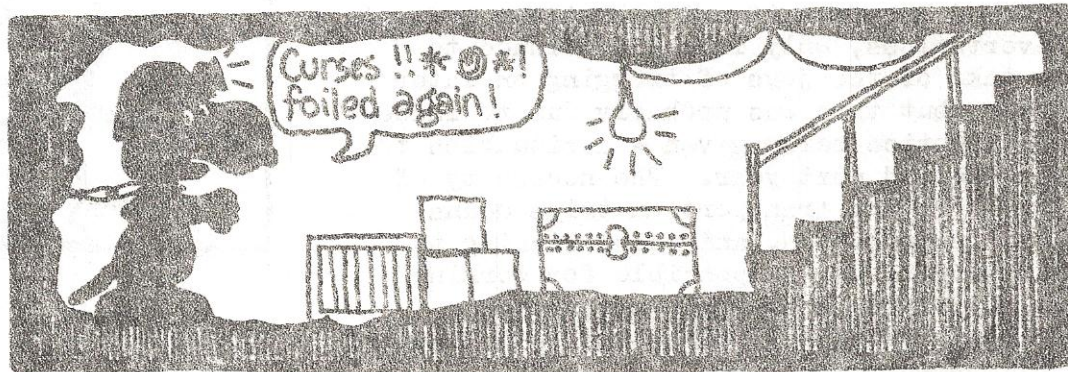
6) Kangaroo Island - ASF post conference trip.

7) Nullarbor - ASF post conference trip. Caves of huge cross section (50'-100' x 30'-50' high). Longest cave is Mullamullang with six mile of passage.

8) Gippsland zone - Angel cave and other sea caves explored on the MUMC Cape Schank walk, and the usual 'never-again' trip to Labertouche.

Interest in Caving is increasing rapidly with many groups such as Monash Uni, Senior and Rover Scouts and others trying it, in many cases without adequate safety procedures. Unfortunately, this could lead to alienation of land owners and serious accidents, thus placing caving in bad perspective with the bureaucracy. Proper co-ordination and co-operation now and in the future will enable caving to be equally enjoyed by all fellow trogs.

John Taylor



#### Bushwalks:

From 'Chunder', Bulletin No 40, Aug. 1969, (Adelaide Uni. Mountain Club), M. Round reports:

There are several ways of assessing how good a bushwalk was, but most suffer from being too subjective, e.g. the amount of fun you had. I have developed a method that is completely objective, although to be accurate, proper controls must be made.

When you arrive home from a walk's surjoin in the bush, fill the bath with water until it is 5" deep at the plug position. Water temperature is irrelevant but depth must be accurate so that the dilution factor is constant. Wash and soak for twenty minutes exactly - the water is too cold after this. Then take a ten cent piece and hold it under the water surface and lower it slowly to the point where you can last see it. This distance from the surface is then measured. You start scoring at twenty points, and subtract two points for every quarter of an inch below the surface of the water that you can see the coin. So, if your last see is at 1" under, the trip was a "12-pointer".

One word of advice: to keep control constant avoid washing on trips.

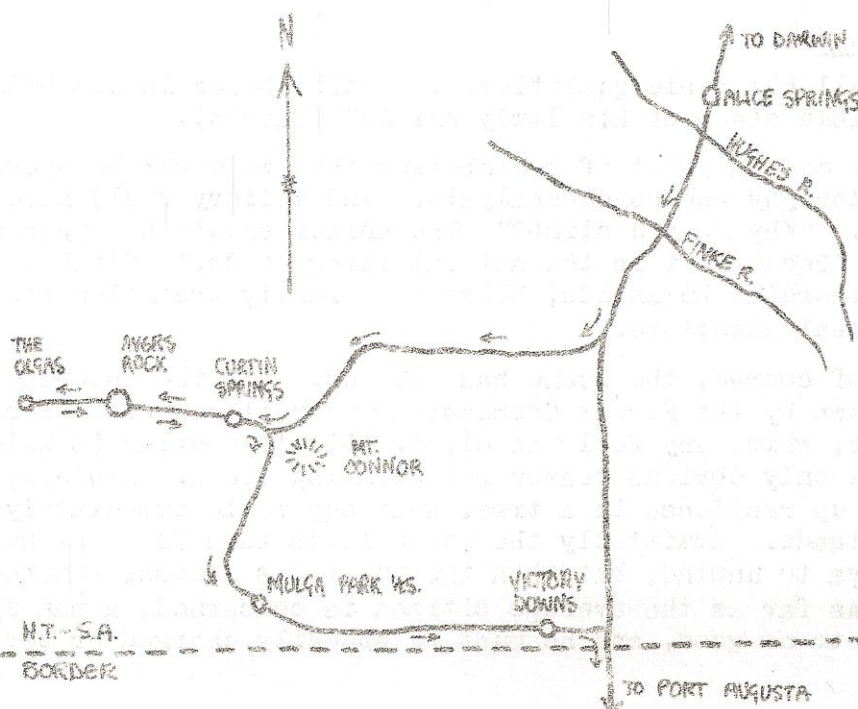


The Ayer's Rock and Olgas Area:

Approximately 220 miles south west of Alice Springs three great monoliths - Mt. Connor, Ayers Rock and the Olgas rise out of the featureless plain. From Curtin Springs homestead the skyline is dominated by the huge bulk of Mt. Connor which appears as a flat-topped hill with vertical rock sides dropping down to steeply sloping shoulders. From a distance it is difficult to estimate the height or any other details of those rock faces but they would certainly warrant close investigation for some future climbing trip. Due to the remoteness of the mountain, it would probably mean that one would be climbing virtually virgin rock. It does, however, seem improbable that one would be able to claim the summit as a 'first' for its outstanding position, just off the track to Ayers Rock, would certainly have caused some attempts to reach the top. It does seem fairly likely though that the conquerer would have been a white man and not a native. The natives of the area shunned the mountain as the dwelling place of the feared "ice demon" who created the cold weather.

Forty nine miles west of Curtin Springs, we paid our fees to the Ranger and entered the Ayers Rock camping area, to pitch camp among the stunted mulga in the shadow of the huge rock. Next morning saw our intrepid party's assault on the summit. Unfortunately, many intrepid tourists from the nearby 'bus camp also had the same idea and our assault on the summit was accomplished in a picnic atmosphere. It must, however, be admitted that the climb does provide something of a challenge - to a seventy year old cripple.

Next day saw our sturdy Land Rover trekking west once again, this time to the Olgas. These huge mounds of marine conglomerite are over fifty miles from the Rock yet were clearly visible from the summit of the said rock. Rather than join the hordes of tourists already alighting





from their air conditioned super-coaches at the barbecue area on the east side of the rocks, we drove around to the west side where the relatively little known Olga Gorge leads into the Valley of the Winds. The gorge itself is narrow, only two or three feet wide in places and runs between two huge 'hills' of the Olgas which rise sheer for several hundreds of feet. At one point our progress was blocked by a large pool of water which necessitated a chimney-traverse between the rock walls, at other points we negotiated ten foot high blocks of fallen stone which blocked the gorge. All the time we were climbing up and when we finally reached the highest point of the gorge we were rewarded with fine views of the Valley of the Winds which the gorge so jealously protects.

An hour's scramble brought us into the valley - after recent rains it was a lush green bowl, covered by wildflowers and surmounted on all sides by the huge domes of the Olgas. Within this bowl we found green grass, short ghost gums and occasional pools of water, all making for an ideal campsite, though it is doubtful whether those pools would exist in normally dry weather. (Camping is also prohibited as the Olgas are outside the Ayers Rock camping area.) We were in no hurry and so we took our time walking through this delightful hidden valley. Eventually a steep climb between a couple of the domes led us to a second, equally impressive valley which in turn led us to the barbecue area where the tourist coaches set down their passengers.

From here we were able to obtain a lift with a young couple in their Austin 1800 to the west side of the Olgas as they were going to have a look at the gorge. We drove our trusty Land Rover back to the Rock camping area where we spent a pleasant day trying (only partly successfully) to wash the red dust from our clothes. The following day we set off home via Victory Downs, Coober Pedy, Woomera, Port Augusta, Adelaide and so to Melbourne.

#### "The Squire"

#### Apes or Ballerinas?

"Man with all his noble qualities..... still bears in his bodily frame the indelible stamp of his lowly origin" (Darwin).

If everyone made a point of remembering that we might be spared a lot of mountain philosophy and psychoanalysis. And Mallory would have been better informed. "Why do you climb?" The answer should be apparent to the veriest moron. "Because it is the natural thing to do." Climbers are the only genuine primordial humanoids, heirs to a family tradition inherited from hairy arboreal ancestors.

Recently, of course, the scene has altered. All the interesting trees have been cut down by the Forest Commission and replaced with elementary stereotyped firs, which any fool can climb. Bird's-nesting is illegal. That removes the only obvious reason for climbing trees. Nowadays, if you decided to take up residence in a tree, somebody would immediately call out the fire brigade. Admittedly the Queen lives in a Treetops Hotel when she goes to Kenya to unwind, but then the Queen, as someone remarked, is a special case. As far as the average citizen is concerned, a man up a tree is assuredly up to no good, and he must be speedily charged or certified.



So what other outlet is there? Mountains are the obvious choice. We can discount University types who climb College buildings, because you need a pretty elastic imagination to be satisfied with a substitute twice removed. As regards potholers, they are mere troglodytes ... pale, anaemic offspring of the Cave Age.

This then is the reason...pure and simple... why we climb mountains. But what I am leading up to is this business of 'style', by which every mountaineer seems to set great store. Nothing annoys me quite so much as to hear someone described as a 'stylish' climber (largely because my own climbing technique has never been noticeably so graced).

Everyone knows what is meant by a 'stylish' climber. He features in all the best climbing obituaries, viz: "I never saw X... make a false or hurried move. He would stand motionless, sometimes for half-an-hour or more, on the tiniest of rugosities, lightly caressing the rock with sensitive finger-tips as he deliberated his next move. Movement, when it came, was a fluid ripple of conscious style executed with the lithe grace of a ballet dancer." History usually fails to record how he met his end.

The French, as might be expected, are the supreme stylists. If you don't know what I mean, have a look at the illustrations in Rebuffat's book, *On Snow and Rock*. Every picture shows the author examining himself in some graceful and quite unbelievable posture ... like something out of Swan Lake. Even the captions carry a note of smug satisfaction: "Climbing means the pleasure of communicating with the mountain as a craftsman communicates with the wood or the stone or the iron upon which he is working" (portrait of Rebuffat, standing on air, studiously regarding his left forearm, hands caressing smooth granite). "On monte comme une échelle" (inset photograph of Rebuffat self-consciously climbing a ladder).

It all looks so effortless. In fact, by the time you've finished the book and found a smooth 70° slab to practise on, you're feeling light as thistledown and lithe as Nureyev.

Now to the test. Open the book of instructions and begin. The finger tips brush the rock like sensitive antennae; the arms are not above shoulder level; the knees are retracted to avoid possible contact with the rock; the stomach is tucked in, the head held high; the features are composed, relaxed and earnest...you are ready to 'communicate'.

Stage One: with infinite delicacy the right foot is elevated eighteen inches and the boot tip placed deliberately on a tiny wrinkle.

Stage Two: the left boot is aligned with the right boot by stepping up smoothly and deliberately. Any effort is imperceptible.....

Strange! You're lying flat on the ground with a squashed nose. Another attempt; another failure. Time passes, along with your faith in Rebuffat.

Suddenly and inexplicably you succeed. Why?

Simple really. You lost your temper and became uninhibited. Ancient primitive reflexes took over. The old jungle juice started throbbing through your veins. If you had two hands to spare, you would beat your chest with pride. Intellectually you may have retreated a couple of millions of years... physically you're thriving.



Heave, clutch, thrutch, grunt! Up you go, defying gravity with your own impetus. So what, if it looks ungraceful? Joe Brown doesn't look much like a ballet dancer. Primeval? . . . possibly.

Now you can appreciate why the chimpanzees are the happiest-looking animals in the zoo... hurling themselves about and swinging joyfully from bar to bar. Who ever heard of a maladjusted chimpanzee?

Stripped down to fundamentals, this is what mountaineering is all about. A regressive metamorphosis, if you like. Nobody should have to learn how to climb. In fact most people spend a lifetime unlearning. The most competent climbers I ever saw were some city kids on a bomb-site. They were swarming all over the place like monkeys. They were masters of every technique known to man or Rebuffat ... chimneying, straddling, hand traversing, and many other manoeuvres quite outside the scope of the average climbing manual.

It all proves that no-one needs to be taught to climb; one merely needs reminding of something one knew even before going to school.

Reverting to nature is generally satisfying...physically and psychologically. It may not be ethical, it may not be moral, but it is usually agreeable. Normally you draw the line, if only for social reasons. In the mountains you can afford to be completely uninhibited. Here, man can act in the manner born, using whatever physical talents nature has bestowed on him. He needs no instruction manuals, no rules and no regulations.

Where does style come into this? Every climber has his own natural 'style', to use the word in its proper context. He inherits it. Climbing instruction, to be of any value, must foster natural style. Try to curb it and you land up in trouble. Try to impose your own style on a 'learner' and you double his difficulties.

The sort of climber I like to watch is the man who ~~knows~~ where he is going and wastes no time getting there. A latent power and driving force carries him up pitches where no amount of dynamic posturing would do any good.

An efficient mountaineer, by this reckoning, need fulfil only three criteria. He must not fall off. He must not lose the route. He must not waste time. Time may be endless on an English outcrop; in the Alps it can mean the difference between life and death.

These are accomplishments to be learnt neither from books nor from other climbers. Although we are all differently proportioned, we all have some natural ability derived from our primitive ancestors, and that's what we need to develop.

Which takes us back to the apes. Climbers are conceited characters when you pause to think about it. They liken themselves in print to Gods, Goddesses and Gladiators; tigers, eagles, and beagles; craftsmen, gardeners and ballet dancers; and even in one case at least, to computers! One seldom reads of climbers who resemble apes, chimps or orang-outangs. Comparisons are only odious when too near the bone.

You don't teach children to walk ... they teach themselves. Why, then, teach the descendants of the apes to climb? They can also be left to teach themselves. But don't expect them to resemble ballet dancers.



So, next time you see a jaded climber at the foot of a cliff, dangle a bunch of bananas from the top. You may be surprised at the energetic response. Why? Because it's there, of course....

Tom Patey, in 'Mountain', Number 3, 1969.

Mountain is published by Youth Hostels Association (England and Wales) - the club library is receiving copies of it and it seems good value for the money.

#### Oxomen overseas:

July's ANARE newsletter on life at Mawson reports: "Peter Griffiths spends much time perfecting his skiing technique, using the auroral slope." However, August's blizzardy weather brought most outdoor activities to a standstill, and "even Peter Griffiths' skiing was curtailed".

A lichen window box set up in the Rec. room is flourishing in spite of regular waterings with liquid other than aqua pura. Botanist, Rowan Webb, keeps an inquisitive eye on the progress but is not optimistic as to the outcome.

The Department of Chemistry, University of British Columbia, Vancouver 8, B.C., Canada has acquired a research mountaineer. Mike Feller has reached Vancouver with its harbour, nearby mountains and distant snow capped peaks.

The Andean expedition was highly successful as it achieved all its objectives and climbed a total of 19 peaks, the highest of which didn't reach the 20,010' as marked on the map but was only 19,800'. The expedition ended with a bang as 6 of the 9 members picked up hepatitis. Only three of these were even moderately sick with Mike being the worst case partly because he became sick at camp II at 18,500' on Lasunayoc the highest peak climbed. (Mike also had acute bronchitis at the time.) Because of this the Rockies will be free of oxomen for a few months.



#### Insects:

"as a representative of the insect world/i have often wondered/on what man bases his claims/ to superiority/ everything he knows he has had/ to learn whereas we insects are born/ knowing every thing we need to know....men after thousands of years' practice/ are not as well organised socially/ as the average ant hill or beehive/ they cannot build dwellings/ as beautiful as a spider's web/ and i never saw a city/ full of men manage to be as happy/ as a congregation of mosquitoes/ who have discovered a fat man/ on a camping trip."

From "archy's life of mehitabel" by Don Marquis.

#### Text for the day:

Simon Peter went up, and drew the net to land full of great fishes, an hundred and fifty and three: John. 21.11.



The Australian Andean Expedition 1969, Equipment Notes:

1) Kimpton's Aquascade Tent: This tent was of a standard walled design with a nylon floor and fly. It was purchased at a reduced price from Kimpton's Feather Mills Pty. Ltd., 5 Budd St., Collingwood. It was found to be excellent in any conditions when the fly was erected over the tent but in the absence of the fly it could be used only in dry weather. The aquascade material was found to be completely useless in either light rain or light snow. Water readily soaked through causing much discomfort to those inside. It must be stressed that this soaking through was not caused by anyone or anything touching part of the tent, it just happened. We suspect that we were given unproofed material. Another weakness in the tent (which is noticeable in other Kimptons' products) was the stitching. The floor easily became separated from the walls as the stitching came undone. At night, to prevent frosting up on the inside of the tent, it was necessary to keep the fly open. We also experienced frosting up in other tents - of ventile and japara. Thus the breathing properties of aquascade are open to question.

2) Paddy Pallin's "Bogong" sleeping bags:

These were the standard Bogong model sleeping bag made wider to accommodate our half bags and down jackets. They were kindly donated by Paddy Pallin, 109a Bathurst Street, Sydney. At no time throughout the entire expedition did any member have to use his half bag even when the temperature dropped below 0°F. I, personally, never had to use my down jacket as well as my sleeping bag.

All told this bag was considered to be the best one made in Australia and comparable to the more expensive Fairy Down "Everest". Its only bad point seemed to be the poor stitching around the drawcord for the hood. Nearly every sleeping bag came adrift in the same two spots where the draw cord was pulled against the nylon. Overall, this model sleeping bag was considered to be a good buy.

3) Woollen shirts: At last an Australian woollen shirt has been discovered, similar to those made in New Zealand. These shirts are called "Snowline Norwellan" and are available at Patterson, Reid and Bruce in Flinders Lane Melbourne, from whom they were kindly donated to the expedition. They are available in a check pattern in several colours and appear to be quite durable, no signs of wear being noticed during the expedition. They have buttons down the front, which is preferable to a half length zip in warm conditions which are often found on glaciers or snowfields.

4) Canvas overboots: These were designed and put together by expedition members although there are some commercially available in New Zealand. For those who don't like wet boots it was found that even after walking for hours through deep soft snow, boots covered by overboots were invariably dry. Such overboots are becoming increasingly popular with New Zealanders - and certainly make climbing more enjoyable, especially in the mornings.

For a comprehensive report on food and equipment used by the expedition see the official report of the Australian Andean Expedition 1969, soon to be published.

Mike Feller



The Conquest of the Dreaded Western Wall:

From our roving reporter in the depths of Oxoland.

Alone among the towering walls and deep chasms a party of intrepid climbers gazed upward in awe at the incredible defences of the sheer red wall. Not a single crack, no ledges, and hardly a crevice, this, the last great problem, was about to be attempted. Who were these mere mortals who dared to stand in preparation at the foot of this mighty wall and aspire to conquer its unforgiving face? Talbett was there, standing determined; so were Hancock, Thomson and Davey.

Would it go? The equipment was assembled but who could plan where this terrible cliff would require them to go? Talbett tried, peeled, and vowed that it was artificial, so the party looked round for some aid. One foothold was there, and a handhold, but scarcely a crack or groove. However a jamnut was found and so the first aid was in - but the climb had hardly begun.

Hancock, who was leading, was dangling precariously from the first aid and a fingernail hold, and tried desperately to reach an insipient crack to place a piton, but to no avail. Meanwhile Parker, just arrived, declared the route impossible and started his own to the left. With an eager look on his face he placed an aid and climbed upward at a terrible pace. Now Davey, who had relieved Hancock, managed to place a precarious piton and started to climb in earnest. Both climbers had every problem to contend with, but ever upwards they went. Suddenly, as Davey drew level it appeared that the race was on, and the two parties rushed to get to the top. Footholds were tried and rejected, and finger jams were not of much use. Piton hammers going incessantly, the two climbers slowly inched upwards over each problem until they were just beneath the upper rim of the face.

By now a large crowd had gathered from far and near at the

foot of the climb, and written on each eager face was the question of who was to be first to the top. Tension mounted as only a few feet remained above the climber on each route, and the top. Davey, though lacking the experience and cunning of his red bearded adversary was slightly ahead, but struggling just below the lip. Quick as a flash, Parker chipped a hole, and placing a cracker as an aid, lunged upward and pulled onto the top, just a few inches ahead. As the two men stood up on the ledge, the crowd marvelled at such a feat, but soon more climbers stepped forward and prepared to make another ascent. McKeand, who had arrived too late to lead the first assault, quickly showed his solutions to the problems on the right hand route and soon after Talbett who had remained neutral and shouted assistance or otherwise to both parties, followed him up.

So at last the brick wall in the lane behind Aikman's Road has fallen to a determined lunchtime assault. All 15.3 feet of it.





Variations on a theme:

In the middle of a third term weekend, while the neighbours rev their motor mowers, I sit in my room trying to study.... realising that the next climbing trip is more than two months away.... an addict suffering with-drawal symptoms.

Dreams of past weekends complete with scrawled lecture notes and the mind slips easily into the head of a climber.... alone on the crux of "Debutante", enclosed by the walls of the corner, and the approaching roof, the second only a rope hanging down - a long way down, before disappearing, into a textbook-diagram as the mind returns ... to a climber enclosed by walls of wood and brick.

Which is more lonely? To be enfolded by the problem of a jagged crack in a blank wall; with your foot jam slipping out, your fingertips moving endlessly back down the holdless rock, the small bubble of your world about to expand violently? Or to sit surrounded by books and paper, far from the cliffs and the climbers?

Realities of life dissolve into the half real images of plans for future climbs. Thoughts of how it would feel to reach round the roof for the finger hold, to swing out on it, and to face the desperately smooth wall above. And thoughts of reaching the belay ledge, tying on, and waiting for the second to demand a tight rope. Sunset would bring the descent gully and the camp fire ... instead of the reading lamp, the studies and the worries of today.

And so the symptoms continue, as they surely must continue, when life cannot be faced, but the escape route is cut off.

Les Pike

P. STUKROJE: M. OLFENFEELING: M. BLENDGE: OROFSTYON TA ON BORE JOO.  
Sonder: E. OLAFOLA: G. PLAVMO: H. OROFSTY: I. AON: J. LEUP: K. BINDER:  
SOJNPTONS: V. ELLTEN SUBET: B. LORPNOX: C. HONORGE: D. PLONER: F. STGE WIII

Dave Hogg and  
Pat Miller with  
Oxo flag on  
summit on Mount  
Stillwell.

Oxo flags can  
be borrowed  
from the trips  
secretary.







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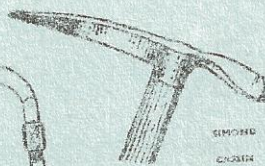
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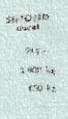
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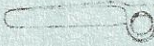
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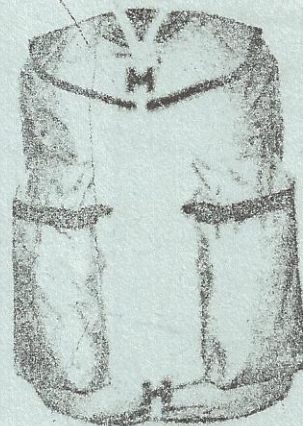
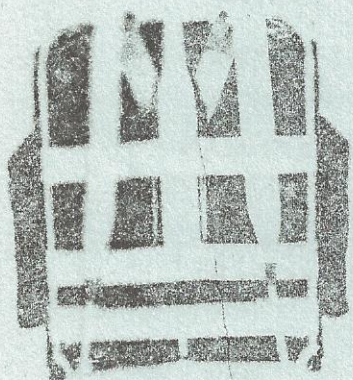
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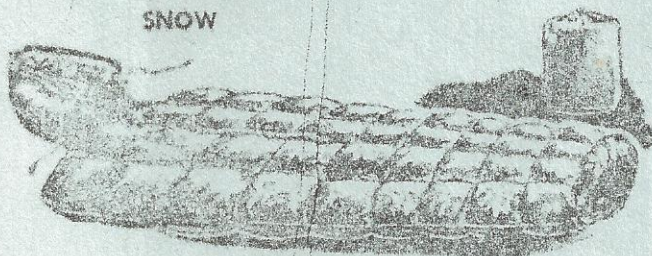
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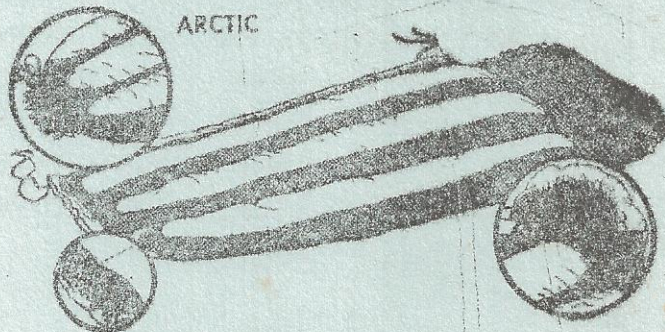
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