

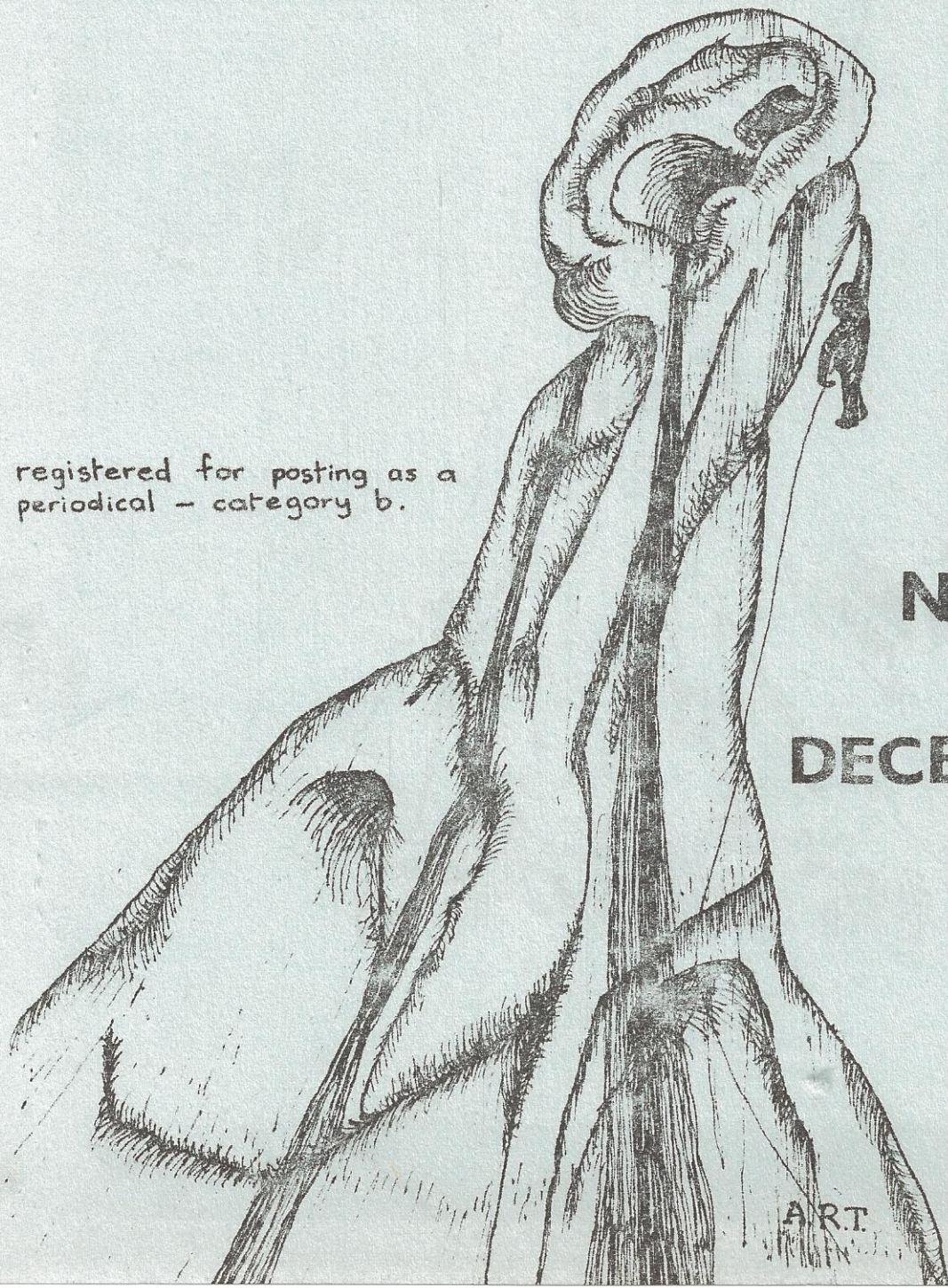
# the mountaineer

registered for posting as a  
periodical - category b.

NO. 6

DECEMBER

1971



ART





Price: 10 cents

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Rhonda Jones

[illegible]

TRIPS PROGRAMME

- December 18-19-20 Lake Tarli Karng.  
 ...river bash up the Wellington River,  
 swimming in the lake, excursions to Mt.  
 Wellington and the Sentinels overlooking  
 the lake, walk out over Mt. Margaret.  
 Transport: private.  
 Leader: Tony Kerr (3298040)
- December 21 Christmas Party at Martin's place.  
 ...see ad. on another page in this issue.
- December 29-  
 January 12 Cradle Mt.-Lake St. Clair Reserve;  
Lake Pedder.  
 Standard: medium  
 Fares: \$ 40.00 approx.  
 Contact Gary Whipp (3405643) or at  
 Aikman's Road.
- December 31-  
 January 2 New Year's Eve Party  
Location: Feathertop Hut.  
Leader: Harry Schaap  
 B.Y.O.G.
- January 15-16 Wilson's Promontory: Northern End.  
St. Kilda Jn., 5 mile beach, Johnny  
Sooey Cove.  
 Leader: Required.  
 Transport: private.
- January 15-16 Federation Track Clearing Weekend.  
Mt. St. Bernard- Mt. Murray area.  
 Contact Tom Kneen. (347 3818)
- January 22-23 Canoeing.  
 Two-day trip somewhere.

- January 29-31 Mallacoota Inlet. ( Australia Day Weekend).  
Lake Baracoota, Howe Hill, Cape Hill.  
 Leader: Martin P. Wardrop. (??)  
 Transport: private.
- February 12-13 Lake Mountain, Keppel's Falls, Mt, Margret.  
 Leader: Required.  
 Transport: private.
- February 5-6 Canoeing trip.
- February 19-20 Feathertop Hut Work Party.  
 Organizer: Ron Frederick (2882136)
- March 4-5 Leadership Instruction Weekend.  
 Upper Beaconsfield.  
 Organizer : Rod Tucker.
- March 18-19 Beginners' Bushwalk: Wilson's Prom.  
 Transport: van.  
 Standard: Easy, medium and hard trips.  
 Leaders: various.
- March 23. (Thursday) Annual General Meeting.

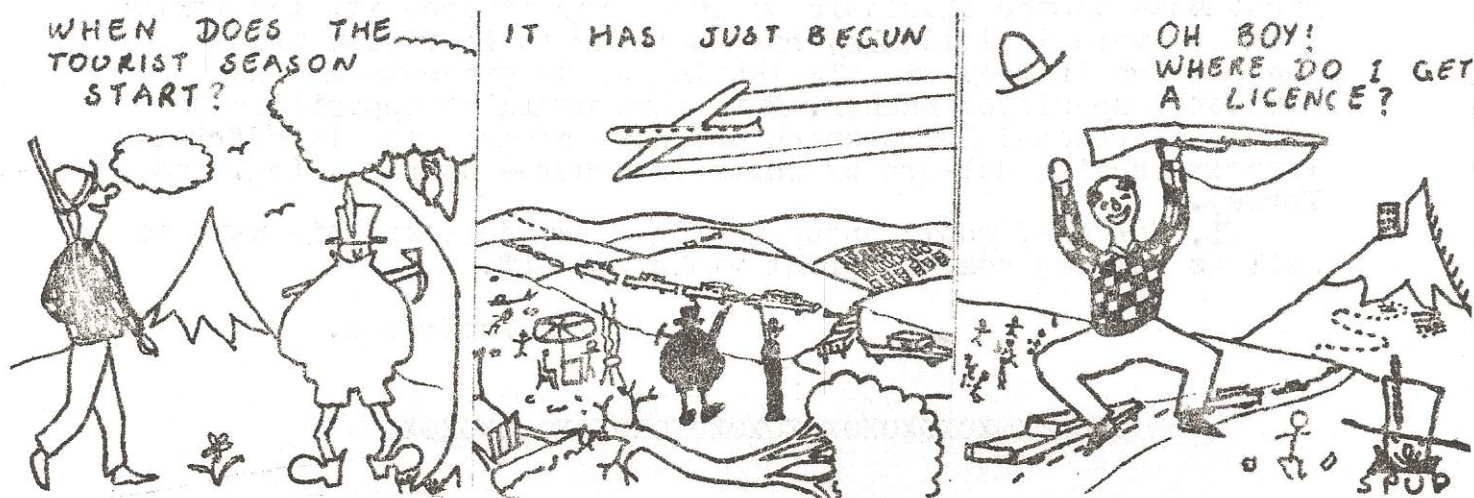
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Orienteering: Coming events.

19th December: (Sunday) Churchill National Park.

Contests will also be held on 16th Jan., 6th Feb., 27th Feb.

For further information, ring Ron Frederick (8745067...work  
 2882136...home).



Dear Sir,

Regards,  
Alex Tarr.

Dear Editor,

Tom Kneen.

MUMC Editor,

Acts of this type throw responsibility for pollution right back on the shoulders of those who produce it. Industries ( and private individuals) have nothing to fear from this legislation if they are eliminating waste products in the correctly specified manner. But there would be opposition to any such proposed legislation out here because the industrialists are saving dollars by incorrect wastes dumping. (eg. the Yarra).

Peter Cox.

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**BRING:**  
FOOD (GIRLS)  
GROG (BLOKS)  
RECORDS  
SLIDES

**PLACE:**  
3 Gwenda Ave,  
Blackburn

**TIME:**  
Tuesday  
December 21  
7.30 p.m.

**CHRISTMAS PARTY**

**ALL WELCOME**

KOSCIUSKO HUTS ASSOCIATION

Recently, The Kosciusko Huts Association was formed by a group of concerned walkers, fishermen, and cross-country skiers, with the blessing and encouragement of the National Parks and Wildlife Service. The need for this association has been growing particularly over the last few years as the numbers of people using the wilderness area grew.

The trouble with the increasing usage was that the huts could not stand the extra traffic. Both the weather and a steady stream of people started to take their toll on the old timber and iron buildings, and something had to be done to see that the huts did not simply collapse.

Membership is open to all and costs \$2.00 p.a. which should be sent to the Treasurer, John Pinkerton, P.O. Box 415, Canberra City, 2601. The association is going to organize, in conjunction with the NPWS, the maintenance and, if needed, building of huts in the back country of the park. You can help by joining the association, and we hope that people who use the huts will be prepared to pay a small fee and this is suggested as 50c. per person per night. (Individual membership counts as this). During the summer work parties will be organized and any help will be appreciated.

For further information contact Tom Kneen, 377 Canning St., Carlton. (3473818).

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THE PROBLEM OF SHRINKING WALKING AREAS IN VICTORIA

Sometime during most bushwalking trips in Victoria these days, one notices with a feeling often akin to horror that 'civilization' or 'development' has crept further into the bush, permanently destroying more of the old peace and beauty.

Members of the Melbourne Amateur Walking & Touring Club (established for over 70 years) are so disturbed about such intrusions that they recently presented to the Federation of Victorian Walking Clubs a 'Report on ways and means of preserving areas suitable for recreational walking'. At a special Council meeting on 12th October the report was adopted and it was resolved that the Federation energetically campaign for the interests of bushwalkers in Victoria according to the terms of the report.

The M.A.W.T.C. believes that walkers are fully entitled as citizens to be certain that areas suitable for their recreational purposes be preserved for all times, and at present, no such certainty exists.

The subject of the first phase of the Federation program is to be the Melbourne area, one of the four areas demarcated by the Land Conservation Council in its overall assessment of land use throughout the state. It embraces the whole area within about 70 miles from the city and has been divided into 8 segments bounded by the arterial roads radiating from Melb-

ourne, and these segments have been allocated to clubs in the Federation. The plan is to produce a comprehensive report compiled from the individual reports of the clubs on their 'own' areas, on existing land use, together with a submission for the consideration of the needs of bushwalkers.

Monash and MUMC have adopted the segment bounded in the south by the Princes Highway, in the north by the Woods Point Road and by a line joining Mt. Selma and the town of Moe to the west, thus taking in Olinda, Warburton, Powelltown, the Upper Yarra Dam and the Baw Baws.

The full report is required by the Federation by 31st March, 1972. We would be very interested to hear from anyone who would be willing to help with the necessary research. If you are interested, please contact the secretary, Pat Miller or Tom Kneen.

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SONG BOOK: Editors for the new edition are still required. Please apply to the Secretary if you can help.

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#### MEMORANDUM TO THOSE CLIMBING MT. FEATHERTOP IN WET WEATHER

Leeches (Class Hirudinea, Phylum Annelida) are aquatic or terrestrial invertebrate forms, predatory or parasitic and typically blood-sucking in their habits. They vary in size from a few millimetres to several centimetres in length and have a sucker at the anterior and posterior extremities. Species in tropical rain-forests fasten themselves to the skin of poor unsuspecting persons passing along jungle (or Mt. Feathertop access) paths, frequently getting under clothing or into leather boots, where they suck blood and produce relatively painless(?) swelling of the afflicted areas. There may be a serious discharge from the wound for sometime, due to the secretion of hirudin into the puncture site. Hirudin is the oldest known anticoagulant; since Greek times, physicians have used leeches for 'bleeding' patients in attempts to cure them of many diseases.

Leeches found attached to the skin should not be pulled off without applying salt or touching them with a match flame, after which they can be removed easily. The recommended repellent is dimethyl phthalate, which can be applied to clothing and shoes.

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A PLACE IN THE MOUNTAINEER

Best wishes to Pat Miller and Carla van Driel ...by the time you read this they will be married! The date is 11th Dec. (No, they're not having their honeymoon in south-west Tassy).

Congratulations to Duncan Stevenson who turned 21 on Nov.7. He celebrated the big event by leading a party up to Feathertop Hut in pouring rain. Congratulations also to Gill Hume who will celebrate her 21st on January 8th.

Unmarried couples are in for a bad time. Tony P.P. Kerr, (Stirrer of the Year) will be editing the next Mountaineer!

Gill Hume's Jordan River trip actually WENT, after being postponed about 153 times. The highlight must have been when Gill, and George went surfing down the Thomson on (one) lilo.

The Gourmet of the Year award surely must go to Rod Tucker. On the Jordan River hike he cooked T-Bone steak in claret with champignons. Then just as everyone else was finishing their dehyd and instant pud. he produced fresh strawberries and cream. Bloop came a poor second with his fresh fruit salad.

Orienteering in Victoria is mushrooming. Congratulations to Ros Escott on winning the Australian Women's Championship, and also to Bob Cannon who was the most successful MUMC member in the Senior Men's event.

There must be a record number of club members going to Tasmania this summer. As well as two south-west trips (one of which is hoping to conquer Federation Peak) being organized by Pat Miller and Martin Wardrop; every Tom, Dick and Harry seems to be going through the Reserve and to Lake Pedder.

Commiserations to Jeff Rossely, who has been rather sick for quite a few weeks, which would explain his absence from Aikman's Road. We hope you're staring to recover, Jeff.

The secretary has revealed that his 21st birthday occurred in March, this year. Very belated congratulations, Martin.

DID YOU KNOW?... that there are Boy Scouts in 153 countries throughout the world.....(The mind boggles),

AUSTRALIAN ORIENTEERING CHAMPIONSHIPS

For those who missed the supersaturation of the new wonder product, 'orienteering' on the Media, an Australian- New Zealand challenge match was held on Nov. 28th to coincide with the Australian Championships. Despite the advertising ballyho, the area chosen ( a state forest west of Puckapunyal) provided very pleasant conditions for orienteering - the worst climb was 100 ft. to the master maps at the start and the scrub was rarely more than a foot high. Animal life was prolific.

The morning fog had cleared by the time the starting area was reached, and it was discovered that the advantages of daylight had been reduced by  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. The Australian team looked resplendent in their bright new green nylon orienteering suits, which were definitely more colourful than the N.Z. counterpart's older, more mellow green. Indeed, it was felt by most of the plebs that these nice bright green suits would provide a 'very easy to recognize at a vast distance' navigational aid ( or warning, as the more cynical might say). At 10.30 the starting gun was fired and the first battery of photos taken,  $1\frac{1}{2}$ -2-3-4 hours later the competitors returned ( to be clapped if wearing a green suit) to continue guzzling the gallons of Refresh orange drink that the sponsors had provided.

Max Corry had set an extremely well designed course, with no misplaced checkpoints. Only one competitor complained about a checkpoint slightly misplaced on the master map - it seems spurs are more prominent in N.Z. The comment: 'Aw, as long as it's in the circle' didn't impress him either.

- - - - -

RESULTS:

Aust. vs. NZ:- Australia beat New Zealand by 15 minutes. In the Australian team, Ake Persson was 1st, Sture Lantz 2nd, Tony Kerr 3rd and Ron Frederick 4th.

Individual Competition:

Senior Men:- 1. Dr. Carlson (A.C.T.)  
2. Ake Persson (N.S.W.)  
3. Tom Andrews (Vic.)  
4. Bob Cannon (Vic.)  
5. Gordon Pirie (NZ)  
6. Sture Lantz ( VIC.)  
7. Arnold Wheeler (Vic.)

Senior Women:-

1. Ros Escott (Vic)  
2. Cath Kerr (Vic).

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THE MOUNTAIN

The mountain was a great, dark, jagged mass, rising steeply from the plain. It was a strange, almost prehistoric, shape, with many sharp peaks and deep, dark gorges. The top of the mountain was a flat, open space, and it was here that the people of the mountain lived. They were a brave, hardy people, and they were used to the hardships of mountain life. They were a people who had lived on the mountain for many, many years, and they were a people who had learned to live with the mountain. They were a people who had learned to live with the mountain, and they were a people who had learned to live with the mountain.

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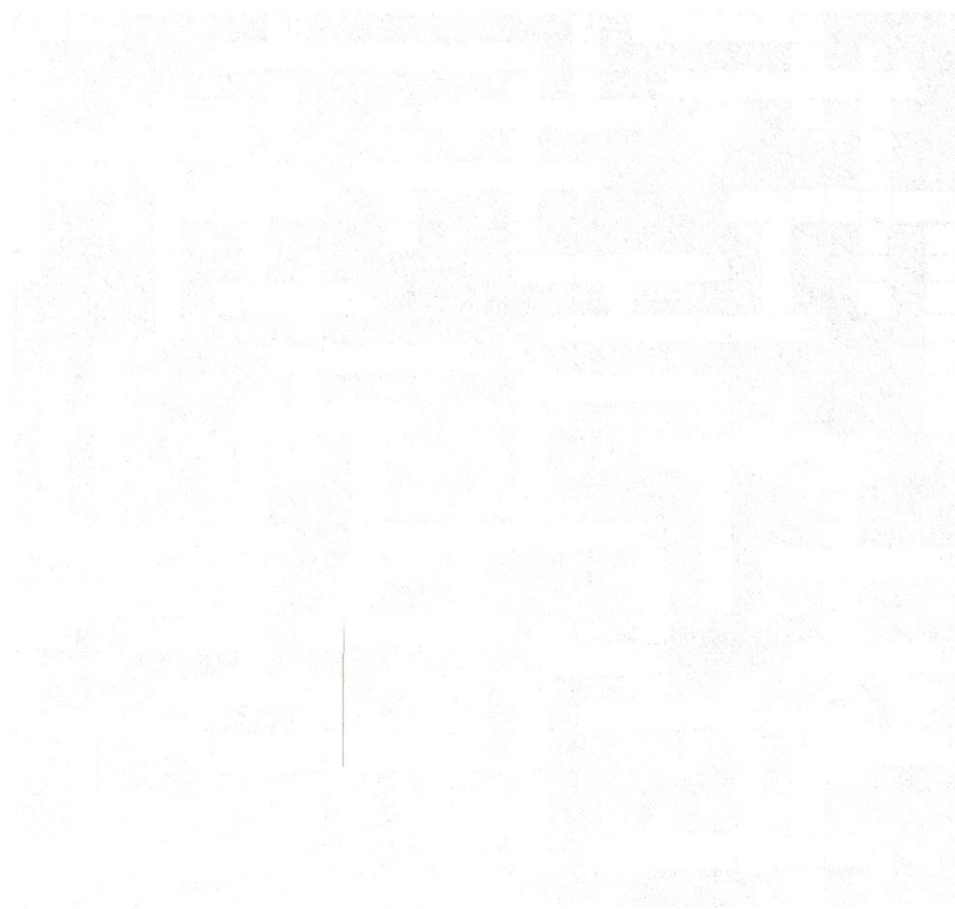
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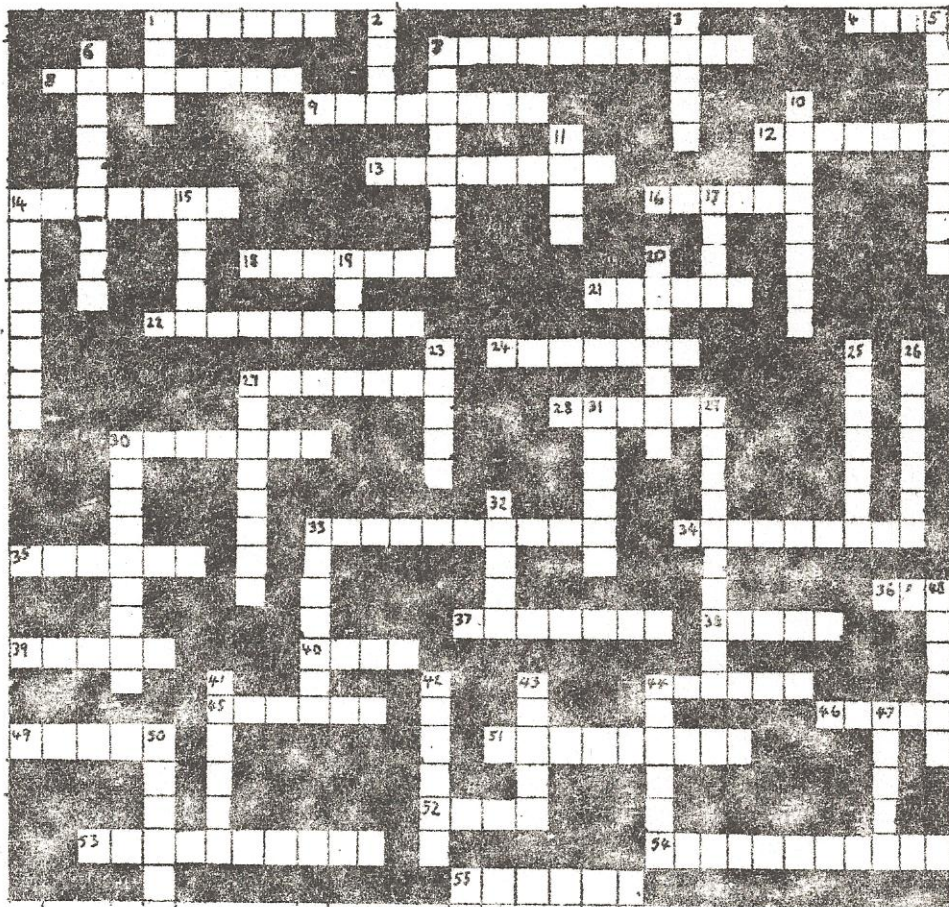
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CROSSWORD CLUES: The words in this crossword are all the names of mountains in Victoria. Where there is a) and b), this indicates that the word is divided into two parts.

ACROSS:

1. Sleeping Bag
4. Male deer
7. Guessing
8. a) Old Victorian gold-mining town - first 3 letters.  
b) tumours of the rectal veins.
9. Sentry
12. ....police
13. Misconception
14. a) definite article  
b) rounded protuberances - minus first letter.

DOWN:

1. In Pandora's box
2. Surname beginning with D.
3. Burke's friend
5. a) I with I were a little ..ugar bun  
b) .....Bilk  
c) Yes
6. a) without a sleeping bag on a snow trip you would .....  
b) An extrovert is ... going.

ACROSS :

16. Nordic sea-robber
18. Pornographic newspaper
21. Abounds in female mountaineers
22. This one is .....
24. Noah forgot it
27. Go to .....
28. Cross between a tropical fruit and an uninteresting person.
30. Shoemaker
33. a) ancient writing instrument.  
b) ...per icecream
34. ....(farm animal) Bluff.
35. a) Deodorant stops this.  
b) percussion instrument
36. Boy's name
37. a) Medieval hammer-like weapon  
b) ...Vanselow
38. Very close relations
39. Cross between a bundle of yarn and a plan of action.
40. ....graphical error
44. Never on .....
45. Shakespeare's King of Fairies.
46. Jacob's grandmother
49. Apparent
51. Hunchback
52. Boy's name
53. 'Rising like a citadel from the confluence of the Moroka & Wonnangatta'.
54. a) large birds  
b) pinnacles
55. Acute unhappiness.

DOWN :

7. British currency
10. Girl's name
11. Abode of a monster.
14. used to eat off.
15. a) attach together  
b) personal pronoun
17. English county
19. can't fly
20. State Library
23. Part of car wheels -  
-interchange two letters
25. Horned animal
26. Storm
27. May come with old age
29. Boots
30. Hooped skirt
31. Short
32. Girl's name
33. Pencil is ..... than ink.
41. a) farm animal  
b) al... cat
42. a) ....dust  
b) ..Royal Mail
43. prickly
44. a) ...re-toothed tiger  
b) Because you're m...  
please pull the twine
47. a) flower  
b) indefinite article
48. ....'s laws are infamous
50. not taken on hikes.

N.B. Clues 31 down and 48 down are slightly out of order in the crossword.

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LATE NOTICE:

There is one vacancy on a south-west Tasmania trip. Feb.10 - March 1, Lake Pedder - Mt. Anne Circuit - Western Arthurs traverse.

Ring Martin Wardrop, 8780469.

A RATHER WET CONSPIRACYby Roving Duck.

The Royal Mountaineering Submarine Service has been established behind closed doors of a dry dock in North Melbourne. Rear Admiral Lord Gareth Whippe with two intrepid crewmen had just completed numerous emergency dives into the mighty Delatite River during trials of the revolutionary three-man Canadian canoe; at present, he holds the world deep dive record of 5 ft. 6 $\frac{1}{4}$  inches. He ultimately intends to harass any surface shipping paddling in the Yarra, Goulburn, Big, Thomson and Delatite rivers.

To counter this fearsome threat to the security of Victoria's internal waterways, Commodores Benett and Tukker will call for American intervention under the M & A.U.M.C. treaty established after many years of lobbying by Rear Admiral Lord Whippe.

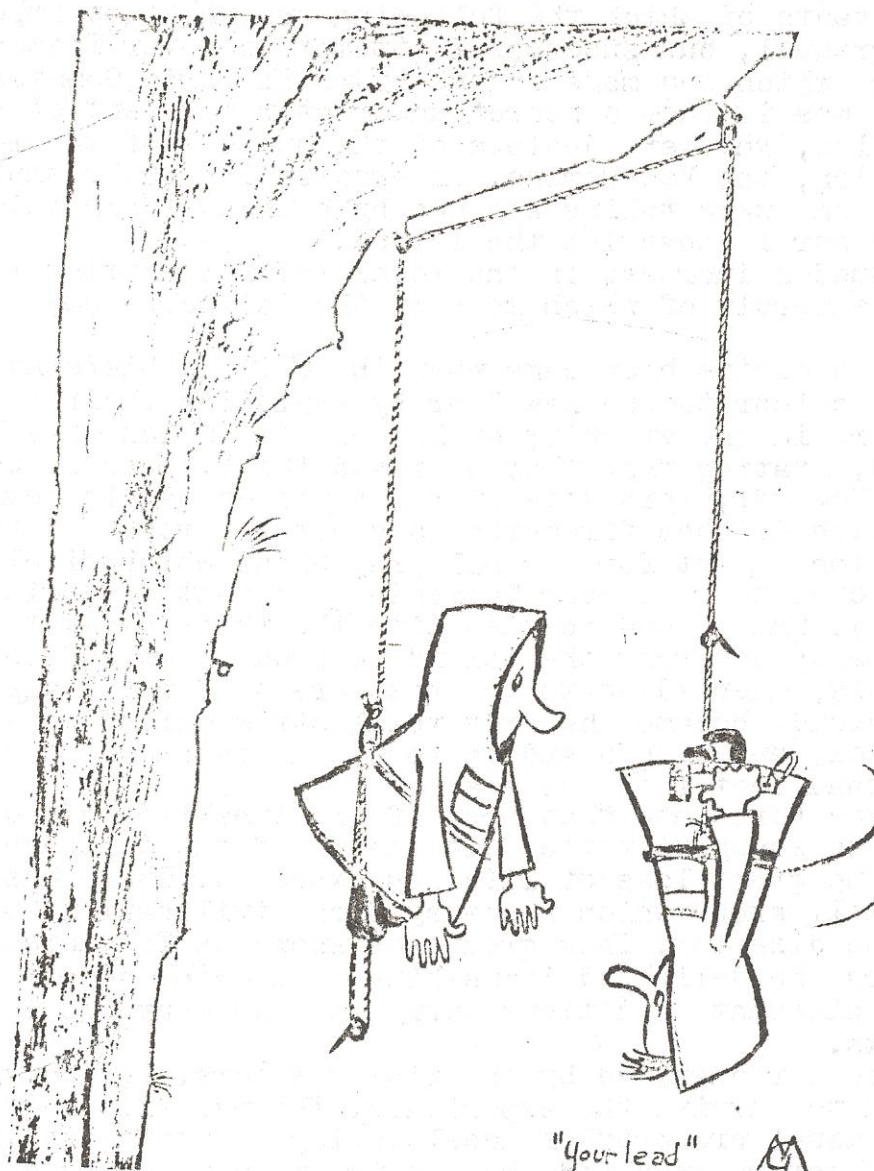
In anticipation, Rear Admiral Lord Whippe has threatened to deploy a new secret weapon at the sites of important almost-navigable rapids. A spokesman for A.S.10, Mister F. Oaks, thinks it no secret - he has reliable information that John Taylor's instant pud recipe has been stolen from the classified files at Ache-man's Road; the reporter assigned to this story tried to confirm this - however the accountancy department at Ache-man's road vehemently denied the presence of any files anywhere. Seeking an official explanation, Secretary Warope was sought; however, the 'Mountaineer' came to learn that he was stock-taking the club's claret reserves in Commodore Tukker's cabin and as result, could not be disturbed from his slumber. Satisfied that all was well at Ache-man's Road, the reporter, Roving Duck, tracked Rear Admiral Lord Whippe to Professor Glay's food laboratory complex where the ravenous professor was seen dancing joyously around his latest gourmet creation, the secret instant pud torpedo. The next moment, a suspicious character wearing a Mule and carrying an ice-axe, ordered Roving Duck at ice-axe point to raise his wings.

But the six-foot duck was not to be outdone, with a mighty swish of his wings, it took flight in true MUMC fashion. Fearing a painful death in the gourmet professor's oven, Roving Duck resigned from his job as chief reporter for the Mountaineer.

However, next weekend, the teleprinter was hot with news that Rear Admiral Lord Whippe, eager to display his unassailable position, had attacked and destroyed a canoeing party peacefully paddling in the Thomson. The sole survivor of the disaster, still trembling with fear, described the attack with terrifying reality : "We saw downstream an identified canoe which mysteriously 'sank' as we approached a deeper part of the river. A few seconds later, one of the helmsmen pointed to a rapidly approaching rubbery mass. It was too late. Without warning the rubbery torpedoes struck the canoes and dragged them to the bottom. It was a very clean operation".

With trepidation, the Mountaineer asks whether there will ever be a canoeing party that will not find the unfathomable depths of our rivers.

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THE SUBMERGENCE OF TASMANIA

( extracted from a paper presented by Darles Charwin to the Royal Sub-Aquatic Society on January 26th, 2465.)

Perhaps the most remarkable phenomenon of modern times is the submergence of Tasmania, a small, insignificant island, situated a few hundred miles from the mighty state of Victoria, and the evolutionary changes which took place as a result of this.

The change was brought about by a series of natural and man-made events of which the following are the most important:-

1. A gradual, but successful attempt to cover Tasmania with water which was made by the Hydro Electric Commission. This body, was in fact a secret underwater movement of the Klu Klux Klan, who were jealous of the success of the local rival faction, the Van Demons, in eradicating the Tasmanian Aborigine, and were taking revenge by building dams which were slowly but surely covering the island.

2. A sudden increase in the local rainfall during the early 1960's as a result of which most of the island became a huge bog.

3. The decisive blow came when the Chinese hierarchy decided to celebrate the New Year by exploding their first nuclear bomb in the vicinity of Moscow (for which they later apologized, stating that they believed the area to be uninhabited). However, this attempt was a fizzer (as is commonly the case with Chinese fireworks) and nothing resulted from the explosion except for a small grey cloud which circled the earth and came to rest over Tasmania ( as most grey clouds seem to do). This cloud reacted with the thick blanket of rain clouds already covering the island to produce an enormous deluge. This, when added to the vast areas of water already on the island, became the proverbial straw which broke the camel's back, and with a sudden roar, the island sank some four thousand feet into the sea.

It was fortunate that most of the inhabitants had been evacuated to sunny Victoria, with news of the approaching cloud, so no great loss of life was expected. There was, however, a small group which was away from civilization at the time of the disaster. This group was known as Tasmaniacs, i.e. bushwalkers who delighted in walking around the countryside in most unpleasant conditions carrying most enormous loads on their backs.

These wer engulfed by the rising waters, but unexpectedly managed to survive the experience. The mysterious grey cloud had the unusual property of accelerating evolutionary processes and as the waters engulfed them, extraordinary changes took place in their bodies . An under-water respiratory system developed in their lungs, and their feet, already accustomed to constant immersion in water, became webbed. Instead of wading as they had been accustomed, they began to swim as the rising waters slowly filled Frog Lakes and Pine Inlet. It was

all over within a few hours. The sunken island finally reached a position of equilibrium and the inhabitants began to recover from their shock and reorganize themselves in their new surroundings, which were basically not very different from those through which they had previously been travelling.

Aware of the fact that they were doomed to stay where they were for the rest of their days, they began to move around in search of places to dwell. The quicker ones made their homes in the small underwater cabins, but in view of the inevitable overcrowding in these places, the majority were forced to seek out other dwellings. Some colonized the deeper places such as the Forth Channel or beneath the cliffs of Cape Cathedral. Others preferred shallower spots such as the DuCane Reef, and others, still maintaining partial use of their lungs inhabited the remaining patches of dry land, such as Ossa Island and the Four Rocks of Geryon.

The species of *Homo aquaticans insapiens* (as they are now known) consists of two main types:-

1. The Oxometroid type.
2. The Miscellanoid type.

The former type is generally the more hardy, known to make a practice of carrying heavy loads and to explore generally the more inaccessible and deeper regions of the ocean floor.

Most of them are content to stay in the one spot, but the more adventurous, less rational ones make trips up the St. Clair Gulf, through the Narcissus Straits and across the Pine Forest Sea to Cradle Island, often diverging to other islands en route.

And so they have remained to the present day, breeding successfully with each successive generation becoming better adapted to the aquatic environment.

(Reprinted from The Mountaineer, No.2,1965  
which was reprinted from the Waterfall  
Valley Hut Log book, with permission of  
the author).

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ADVENTURES IN PERU - 1971

Tired and bedraggled after a hot and dusty 36 hour bus journey, we ( Sue and Rob Taylor, Peter Kneen, Jack Coeppky - a Canadian - and myself) arrived early one frosty morning in Cuzco, the old Incan capital situated at 11,000ft. in the Sierra of south-eastern Peru. We located a suitable hotel, negotiated an acceptable price for our rooms and made straight for the showers in the hope of finding some "agua caliente".

Our plan was to climb in a virgin range of mountains close to the Terijuay group of the Cordillera Urubamba lying approximately 90 km. northwest of Cuzco. Unfortunately we had left behind in Canada all our information and maps of the area, and in Lima, due to an impossible bureaucracy and limited time, we had been unable to obtain any information at all about the area. (We later learnt that army-survey maps of the area cost \$7 Australian anyway). Our only map was a U.S. air force navigational chart of southern Peru and Bolivia which showed only the river systems of our area with the comment "relief data incomplete". We had brought with us from Canada a small amount of freeze-dried food, but all other food and supplies we intended to buy in Cuzco - to save money and to avoid customs problems.

We thus spent the next two days acquiring food from the local stores and "super mercados", trying in vain to get hold of maps of our area - hampered by the presence of only 2 Spanish speaking members in the party - and sight-seeing; taking in the awe-inspiring ruins and Incan stonework, the overwhelming opulence of the churches and the great beauty of the local girls. To our great surprise we discovered a supply of Alliance freeze-dried meat in one of the supermarkets - selling at only 28c. per packet. We promptly bought out there entire supply and smuggled the leftovers back into Canada where a similar packet, made in the U.S., costs \$2!

Having recovered from several minor ailments and seen something of Cuzco, we left early one morning in a colourful but dilapidated old bus for the village of Amparaes which our reading had indicated to be the starting point for the walk in. Dawn saw us jolting down a valley through fields of maize, cows, sheep and llamas, dotted with straw-roofed brown adobe huts, and surrounded by eucalypts. Several hours later, we entered another valley and passed through the famous market town of Pisac beside the sombre Rio Urubamba, one of the many headwaters of the famous, incomparable Rio Amazonas. The Indians of the Pisac region dress distinctively in dark red ponchos with frilly gold, blue and black stripes. Their villages are similar to those throughout the Sierra consisting of a cluster of 1 or 2 storey adobe buildings, some white-washed, with tiled or galvanized iron rooves, narrow dusty, dirty, cobbled streets full of playing children dressed in rags, also dogs, chickens, pigs, turkeys, a mule or two tethered to verandahs and various other animals. There was always a church and often a small schoolhouse, where the boys all wear khaki uniforms like small soldiers, and the girls wear dark blue ones.

Upon reaching the large town of Calca, we bought some delicious flat bread loaves from the market, then continued our journey up into the mountains leaving behind the Urubamba valley and climbing slowly past a spectacular, heavily glaciated range of the Cordillera Urubamba, up to an icy pass which registered 4730 m. on our altimeter. We then chugged down the road in an incredible series of hairpin bends into the Lares valley, arriving at Amparaes one hour later.

After unloading all our gear from the roof of the bus, the others kept dozens of inquisitive kids at bay while I went to the local police station seeking information. The local 'jefe' swore black and blue that no 'alpinistas' had ever started walking from Amparaes, as did his sub-ordinate. I then discovered a French Canadian mining engineer who appeared to be revered by all. He confirmed what the jefe had said and told us that the place we were after was probably Terijuay, much further down the valley. Since one of our mountain ranges was called Terijuay we caught the following bus on down the valley, about 20 minutes later.

The grasslands of the Sierra soon gave way to stunted bushes which rapidly gave way to lush, green jungle. The temperature and humidity continued to climb as we descended into a jungle-covered canyon, past village after village, until our bus finally developed a flat tyre. We piled out and found shade beside some buildings surrounded by banana-less banana trees, watching the incredible proceedings. The bus was jacked up and the wheel removed. The driver picked up a mattock from his tool kit and ferociously attacked the wheel to separate the tyre from the hub. His son, who like all small Latin American boys, was called 'chico', was naturally blamed for this mishap and forced to do several different jobs at once. One of these was to fill the petrol tank from a 44 gallon drum perched on top of the bus. Luxuries such as petrol stations do not exist in this part of Peru. Finally, the tube was extracted and a patch applied. Whilst pumping the tyre up again, I was given a turn, and almost collapsed from exhaustion onto several pigs that had gathered to witness the strange event. When the wheel was on again, two nuts were found to be missing and poor chico was blamed again.

Further down the valley the jungle stopped abruptly as bare grassy slopes testified to the ignorance of and destruction wrought by the local Indians in their methods of agriculture. The jungle is destroyed by burning. Since the soil here, like most of the soils throughout the vast Amazon basin, is so poor and infertile and the removal of plant cover exposes the soil to desiccation and subsequent hardening, after only a few years of growing crops such as maize, the soil will yield no more, and the farmer moves on to burn down another patch of jungle.

Late in the afternoon we arrived at Terijuay which consisted of nothing but four adobe huts and a wobbly suspension bridge across the river. Surprisingly, we found three policemen stationed there, each of whom informed us that the alpinistas had gone off in every direction of the compass for

periods of up to two years. Taking this information with several grains of salt, we made camp on a sandbank beside the river and debated what to do. We had descended to 1000m. close to that part of Peru's jungle known as the Madre de Dios, and in that hot and humid place, surrounded by jungle-clad hills, we could not imagine the presence of snowy peaks. We decided to catch our bus back to the icy peaks we had seen on the trip to Amparaes, then lay down to sleep under an atmosphere pregnant with all the noises and scents of the jungle.

The bus was due to return at 4 a.m. so we knew it would be at least 5 before it arrived. Sure enough, at 5 we boarded the overcrowded vehicle and set off, accompanied by the familiar cursing of chico. It took most of the day to travel back to Amparaes, over the pass, then down to a small village named Totorá which we had selected as our starting point. Before turning in, we lined up three very cheap (50c. per day) mules to carry some of our gear, and watched the construction of a mud brick wall with interest. The sun-dried mud bricks were placed in position, then a cement, made of dirt, straw and water, mixing by the kneading action of the people's feet, was applied by hand. Simple, cheap, and effective.

Next morning we loaded up the mules and set off up a well-worn track - the old Incan road which travelled all the way down to the Madre de Dios - passing several mule trains carrying produce from the jungle up to the markets of the Sierra. We slowly plodded up past old ruins and terraced slopes, a legacy of Incan times, which are still used today for growing the only crop of the area - potatoes. We were accompanied for the first few km. by our muleteer's mother, who was going to visit friends in the next village.

The track started to zig-zag up towards a pass. Near the top, Rob and I dropped our packs and went on to select a site for our camp. We selected what soon turned out to be a delightful spot - a hollow beside a small, deep blue lake a little way above the bottom of a valley, along which a small stream flowed, fed by a spring nearby. On the far side of the valley soared a 700 m. rock wall to a peak which we decided to climb the following day.

The next day dawned clear, so we set out just after the sun hit our tents. Anyone who has lived in the Sierra would see that to the Indians, the sun is a much more logical object of worship than is some mythical person they had never heard of prior to the coming of the barbarous Spaniards. When the sun comes out, life becomes warm and pleasant, things grow, things move; when it disappears it becomes cold, life appears to cease.

We made for a break in the ridge leading down the far side of the valley, then followed the ridge up until vertical slabs barred our way, necessitating a descent down the far side into a rubbly gully. At the top of the gully was a monstrous gap in the ridge, looking as if someone had struck it with a huge axe. The upper side again consisted of smooth, near-vertical slabs. After two false leads we finally found a route out onto the face via a short, class 4 (Canadian) pitch

out of the gully. Thereafter, a series of class 3 ledges and gullies lead us back to the ridge where an easy traverse of three minor summits took us to the main summit. The MUMC flag was unfurled and photographed on yet another previously untrodden summit. Our altimeter showed 5080 m. (corrected). We observed the clouds boiling up and no less than six, huge condors gliding above us, moving not a feather. These magnificent, fearful birds, aptly described as 'the spirit of the Andes', are relatively common in southern Peru, despite widespread slaughter. It started to snow and we hastily retreated to camp. This weather pattern of clear nights and mornings with afternoon snow heralds the end of the dry season, and in southern Peru, begins in late July, several weeks before the start of the wet season.

The following day we climbed a spur behind our camp to snow col at the head of our valley. Our objective was a peak just to one side of the col. After messing around with cameras on the glacier on the far side of the col, we split into two parties, Jack and I to try a snow route on the far side of the peak which I had spotted from our peak of the day before, and the other three to try a rock route up the face from the col.

Jack and I traversed the rock slabs of the face to reach a ridge down the far side of which a steep snow gully lead to a glacier. Roping up, we cramponed down the gully on fixed belays under ideal conditions, using ice-screws to belay off. A short climb up the glacier, threading our way through a few crevasses took us into a steep icy gully leading to the rocky summit ridge. With crampons barely penetrating and ice screw belays, we made the ridge. A further rope length had us on the narrow summit block, where a cairn was evidence of Malcolm Slessor's Scottish Expedition of 1964, this being their Punta Erica of 5300m. Our altimeter showed 5240 m. We heard the other party about 20 m. below us but left before they arrived, due to the snow and worsening visibility. Their route involved an easy system of ledges and gullies with some class 5 slabs near the top, requiring the use of several pitons.

A rest day was spent sleeping, eating, and photographing the herd of llamas which were grazing near our camp. Another mixed snow and rock climb left us with no more reasonable climbs from our camp. I wanted to put in a high camp at the foot of a glacier on the north side of Chainapuerto, a magnificent ice pyramid, and miniature Alpamayo, the dominating peak of the area. However, the others wanted to move to another valley. Jack left to visit a girl friend in Buenos Aires, and I yielded, so we loaded up our packs and staggered back to Totora with loads of 40-50 kg.

After a one hour wait, we piled into the back of a truck for the short trip to Calca. Truck travel is undoubtedly the cheapest and most common method of travel in Peru, and surprisingly not as dusty as bus travel. From Calca we wanted to catch another truck or a bus to a village some distance away. However, the day before happened to be the 150th anniversary of Peru's independence and the festivities were to last for a whole month. All of Calca and the surrounding country-

side had turned out for a big dance and booze-up in the central plaza. Naturally all the bus and truck drivers were also there, so transport had come to a stop. After a conference we decided to head back to Cuzco. Peter and I located a truck driver in the plaza, but we were soon dancing away in climbing boots and scruffy clothes, doing our bit to celebrate Peru's Independence. We later had dinner at our truck driver's home then left for Cuzco. Halfway there, the truck stopped in the middle of the road. Our driver got out and made love to his wife who was travelling with him and 15 minutes later we were on our way again.

Michael Feller

A black and white line drawing of a man in a hat and coat pulling a large, reclining animal (possibly a bear or dog) by a rope. The man is on the left, leaning forward with a cane, and the animal is on the right, lying down. The signature 'NANCY CRAWLEY' is in the bottom right corner.

COPY DEADLINE FOR THE NEXT MOUNTAINEER:-FRIDAY FEBRUARY 11, 1972

You know Loch Wilson -

(goes orienteering with his faithful hand)

He runs

BUSHGEAR	BUSHGEAR	BUSHGEAR
BUSHGEAR	BUSHGEAR	BUSHGEAR
BUSHGEAR	BUSHGEAR	BUSHGEAR
BUSHGEAR	BUSHGEAR	BUSHGEAR

66 HARDWARE STREET

BUSHGEAR	BUSHGEAR	BUSHGEAR
BUSHGEAR	BUSHGEAR	BUSHGEAR
BUSHGEAR	BUSHGEAR	BUSHGEAR
BUSHGEAR	BUSHGEAR	BUSHGEAR

See Loch for

Rucksacks, daypacks, tents, tent poles,  
tent pegs, groundsheets, air mattresses,  
sleeping bags, torches, water bottles, rubber  
tubes, underwear, shirts, trousers, socks, b  
boots, parkas, hats, stoves, frying pans, b  
billies, mess kits, compasses, maps, first-aid  
kits, climbing rope, slings, karabiners, pitons,  
ice axes, goggles, mittens, overpants, skito  
touring equipment, waxes, tars, yeti traps  
and all other necessary items of mountaineering  
apparel.

BUSHGEAR 66 HARDWARE STREET MELBOURNE BUSHGEAR

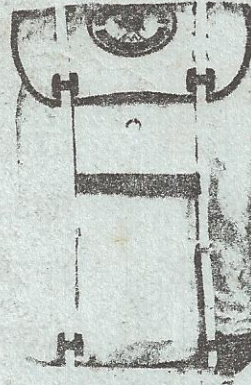
# FEATHERLITE

## KIMPTON'S 'MOUNTAIN MULE' PACK

Weight-Saving Starts  
with the PACK!

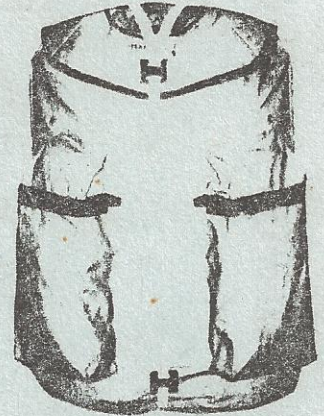


Terylene strapping is used for greater strength, less weight and its non-stretch properties.



Featherlite II has double bag-strapping, one outside pocket, and a waterproof nylon plastic outer double bottom. Map pocket under the flap. Weight approx. 3lb. 4ozs.

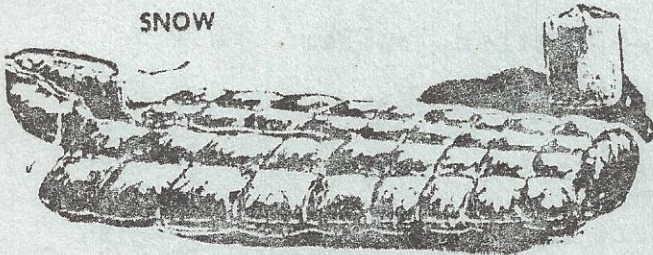
Price:



Featherlite I has single bag-strapping and two outside pockets and waterproof nylon plastic outer double bottom. Weight approx. 2lb 14ozs. Price

## KIMPTON'S "EIDERLITE" SLEEPING BAGS

SNOW



**Snow:** Tailored hood - 36" neck chest zipp. Circular insert for feet. Cut 6' x 30" plus hood filled with Super down, Feather down.

**Combination quilt -- Sleeping bag:** Designed for all the year use as either an eiderdown quilt, or sleeping bag. Simply fold in half and zipp the bottom and side and presto! your quilt becomes a

ARCTIC



sleeping bag. A double sleeping bag can be made by zipping two of these quilts together. Super down or Feather down filled.

**Arctic:** FOR SUB-ZERO TEMPERATURES. Cellular walls form length-wise flutes top, bottom and at the side joins,

thus a complete cell of super down gives the sleeper warmth all round. When tied the end allows no heat loss, however in hot weather the down can be compressed to the bottom of the bag and the end left open for ventilation. This makes the Arctic a dual purpose bag. Cut 6'6" x 30" plus hood filled with super down.

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