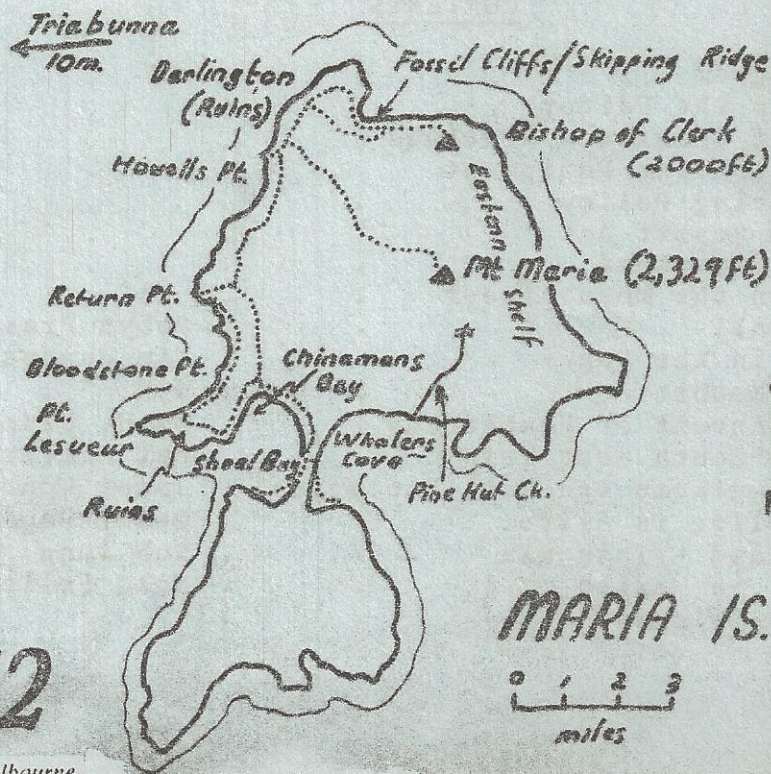
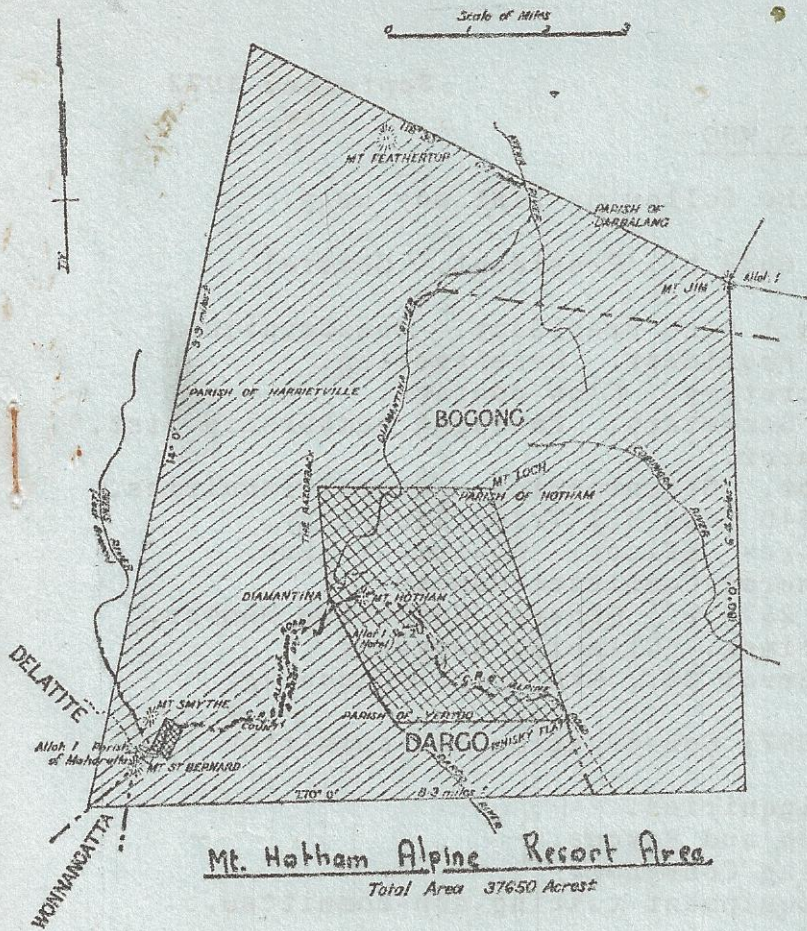


# the MOUNTAIN COUNTRY



no. 5  
sept '72

Registered at the G.P.O., Melbourne,  
for transmission by post as a periodical —Category "B"



WHO'S WHO

If you have any queries, then the following list may help.

Rod Tucker (347 2186 a.h., 340 6688 b.) President. General inquiries, and canoeing.  
 Martin Wardrop (347 2877 x7 a.h.) Vice President. Conservation.  
 Ros Escott (50 8609 a.h.) Vice President. Orienteering.  
 Harry Schaap (80 3581 a.h.) Secretary. Club contact.  
 Alison McCready JCH. Assistant Secretary. Caving & membership list.  
 Geoff Lay (69 3824 a.h.) Treasurer.  
 Tony Kerr (329 8040 a.h.) Editor. Orienteering, general inquiries.  
 Dave Crewther (347 1541 a.h., 340 5465 b.) Trips Secretary.  
 Tim Patrick (329 7738 a.h.) Stores Officer. Equipment hire.  
 Robyn Fraser (85 1261 a.h.) General Committee Member.  
 Robyn Flint (83 1602 a.h., 347 2573 b.) General Committee Member.  
 Tim Hancock Aikmans Rd., lunchtimes. Climbing Convenor.  
 Garry Whipp (340 5643 b.) 234 Errol St., Nth Melb. Canoeing Convenor.  
 Nick White (30 4154 a.h., 38 6997) Conservation Sub-committee Convenor.  
 Bob Cannon (340 6406) General inquiries.  
 Max Corry (338 2306 a.h.) Search and Rescue.  
 Rudi Frank (729 0421 a.h.) Caving Convenor.  
 Sue White (30 4152) Convenor, equipment testing sub-committee.

CONTENTS

Trips Program	2
Letters to the Editor	6
Summary of Committee Meetings	7
MUMC Ski Touring Equipment	8
MUMC Canoeing Policy	9
Mt Hotham Resort Act	10
Alison's Crossword	11
A Place in the Mountaineer	13
The OXO Ball	14
Robyn Fraser	14
Eyeballs in the Fog	15
Tim Hancock	15
A Caving Report	16
N.R.	16
Midnight Ascent of Feathertop	18
'N.N. Flame'	18
The Other South West Trip	20
Pat Miller	20
That Bushwalkers are Anti-Ecological	23
Janet Duncan	23
'Bruno Zeller is Alive....'	29
Geoff Fagan	29
Maria Island - Tasmania	25
Rob Jung	25
Christmas in Mexico	32
Mike Feller	32
Crossword Solutions	36





# The Mountaineer

MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

Official Journal of the Melbourne University Mountaineering Club

No.5, September 1972

Price: 10c

Correspondence: The Editor, C/- MUMC,  
Sports Union, University of Melbourne,  
Parkville, Vic., 3052

— oXo —

## Long Vacation

With third term in full swing, it will soon be long vacation. As exam pressure builds up, however, the vac seems to recede; weekends are consumed with swatting and 'mountaineering' becomes a series of brief visions - flashes of yourself on Feathertop, swimming at Refuge, or perhaps 'bushwalking' in Exit Cave. The Trips Program shows its annual third term decrease in trips intensity, and an apparent lack of long vac trips. It is hoped that with more time on hand, MUMC members will organise and lead their own trips rather than be an Indian on club trips. If you are planning a trip, and you would like some more 'takers', send an article to the Editor for the November issue.

## Search and Rescue

It was pleasing to see many MUMC members present on the recent Lake Mt and Toronga Falls searches. This is one way in which Mountaineers can perform a vital community service, balancing, in part, the privileges given by the community to University Students in general.

Tony Kerr

— oXo —

### TRIPS PROGRAM

Meetings, bushwalking and orienteering trips are planned well ahead whereas the more specialised activities, rock-climbing, caving, canoeing etc. which generally cater for smaller groups, are subject to variations with trips being organised (or sometimes cancelled) at short notice. Those interested in these activities should keep in regular contact with the appropriate club members (as listed on the front page).

#### Standards of Trips

Bushwalking trips are classified according to the following:

- EASY      considered easy for those who are moderately fit but not necessarily experienced.
- MEDIUM    fair for fit people. Some previous hiking experience is desirable. Hard for the unfit or inexperienced.
- HARD      difficult for fit experienced walkers. Impossible for others.

#### Transport

Transport to and from venues of club trips is by picnic van or private car. For van trips, it is essential to know numbers as early as possible. The van for day trips departs from Batman Ave. near Swanston Street between 9 and 9.30 a.m., and normally returns by 6.00 p.m. For longer trips, the van leaves the car park immediately north of the Union Building at 6.30 p.m. on the night before the first listed day of the trip (i.e. normally on Friday night). The van normally returns to the Union before 10.00 p.m. on the last day of the trip.

Any club member wanting to run his own trip using a club organised van may do so provided there is sufficient room on the van.

#### Bookings

There are three ways of booking for a trip, the first being the most preferable.

- (i) Place your name and other details in the 'Trips Book' at Aikmans Rd. (1 to 2 p.m. weekday lunchtimes, after 7.30 p.m. Tuesdays)
- (ii) Ringing the trip leader.
- (iii) Ringing the Trips Secretary, Dave Crewther (340 5465 b., 347 1541 a.h.).



TRIPS PROGRAM SEPT '72 - JAN '73

Sept 12 Slide  
Tues Compet.

✓  
Wor!

Annual Slide Competition

Venue: Graduate Lounge, 7.30 p.m.

Categories: Landscape, personality, novelty, nudes, blackmail, associated scandals.

Entries (labelled with category and name) close Friday Sept 8 in Aikmans Rd.

Sept 16-17 FVWC wknd  
Sat-Sun

Annual F.V.W.C. Weekend at the Crinoline

Leader: K.G. McInnes, Y.H.A., Ph. 3476282

Standard: All standards

Transport: Van or bus

Van Fare: Approx. \$6.00.

The Crinoline range is a rather narrow rocky divide between the Macalister and Wellington watersheds protruding from the south west corner of the Snowy Plains.

This annual Federation of Victorian Walking Clubs' weekend will have a base camp on Breakfast Creek. There will be daywalks, weekend walks and half-day walks of all standards. A barn dance-come-square dance is being organised for the Saturday night. Make this your third term social event.

Sept 17 ✓ Ornteer.  
Sun

2nd S.W.

Orienteering at Mt Macedon

Organisers: Ros Escott, Barry Parsons, John Yuill, etc.

Standard: All standards catered for

Transport: Private

Venue: Advertised at Aikmans Rd.

Sept 23-24 Snow wlk  
Sat-Sun

Bogong Jack Ghosting Trip

Leader: Ros Escott, Ph. 50 8609

Standard Med.

Transport: Private

Here is your chance to visit, help capture and exorcise the ghost of Bogong Jack to more comfortable lodgings at Feathertop. B.Y.O. Yeti traps!

Sept 26 Auction  
Tues

Auction of Yeti Traps and other Priceless Pieces of Oxoana

Venue: Graduate Lounge, 7.30 p.m.



- Oct 1      Ornteer.      Australian and Victorian Orienteering Championships  
Sun
- Organiser: Bob Cannon  
Standard: Only 'senior' courses provided.  
Transport: Private  
Other details will be advertised at Aikmans Rd.
- Oct 14-15    Pre-exam      Pre-exam Bludge  
Sat-Sun bludge
- Leader: Gill Hume  
Standard: Easy  
Transport: Private  
Somewhere south-west of Melbourne? Don't let study get you down.
- Oct 14-15    Track      F.V.W.C. Track Clearing : Two Venues  
Sat-Sun clearing      (a) Donna Buang (b) The Twins
- Leaders: (a) Dick Bell (W.C.V.)  
          (b) Tom Kneen, Ph. 347 3818  
Standard: Enjoyable  
Transport: Private  
Trip (a) Donna Buang. It is important to maintain an existing track to preserve right of way in an area recently taken over by MMBW.  
Trip (b) The Twins. This area forms part of the Alpine Walking Track. As we will benefit a lot from this track, we should do something towards clearing it.  
The respective leaders will provide more information on exact venue, equipment required etc.
- Oct 21-22    Work party      MUMC Feathertop Hut Work Party  
Sat-Sun
- Leaders: D. Crewther, R. Fraser, Ph. 347 1541, 85 1261.  
Standard: Medium  
Transport: Private  
Work to be done : a little track benching near First Creek, bridge building at First Creek, window painting, floor sealing, possibly hut painting experiments, track marking, wood chopping/sawing.  
This could be labelled a Pre-Pre-Exam-Bludge-Non-Bludge.
- Nov 18-19    Post-exam      Post-exam Bludge - Howqua River-Frys  
Sat-Sun bludge
- Transport: Van  
Venue: North court, 6.30 p.m.  
Tremendous daywalks (to Governors, Eagle's Peaks etc). Bring lilos (wetsuits for the non-hardy).



Nov 25-26 Caving  
Sat-Sun

Caving Trip for People who Ought to have  
been Caving

Leader: Alison McCready  
Standard: Easy  
Transport: Private  
Venue: Buchan.

Nov 25-26 Work party  
Sat-Sun

FVWC Hut Work Party at Mt Feathertop

Standard: Pleasant  
Transport: Private  
The aim of this work party and the one  
the following weekend, is to rebuild the  
FVWC Hut coldporth outside the hut. This  
will significantly increase the room  
inside the hut.

Dec 2-3 Work party  
Sat-Sun

FVWC Hut Work Party at Mt Feathertop

See above.

Dec-Jan 27-10  
Wed-Wed Bushwalk

Cobberas-Snowy Mountains Area

Leader; Rob Jung, Ph. 379 2545  
Standard: Medium  
Transport: ?  
Benambra-Cobberas-Pilot-Murray River  
Gorge-Ramshead-Kosciusko-Townsend-  
Twynham-Tate-Jagungal-Table Top Mtn.-  
Kiandra Diggings - Kiandra.

Dec-Jan 30-1  
Sat-Mon New Year

Feathertop New Year Celebrations

Leader: Harry Scharp.

Jan 20-21 Track  
Sat-Sun clearing

FVWC Track Clearing

Likely date for clearing of Alpine Track  
and Bon Accord Spur Track.

Dec ? Bushwalk

Bogong High Plains or Barry Mountains

Leader: Geoff Lay, Ph. 69 3824  
Dates and route flexible. Contact Geoff  
on 69 3824 if interested. Duration 4-8  
days.

Jan ? Bushwalk

Cradle Mountain Trip

Leader: Geoff Lay, Ph. 693824  
10-Day trip in the National Park. Phone  
Geoff if interested.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

Did you know that the general public (mainly the bushwalking fraternity) believe that the MUMC Mt Feathertop Hut is a haven for only club members? So many times during my mountaineering exploits (as recent as last weekend on Bogong) people have said to me : quote:

"I don't go to that igloo shaped hut because I am not a club member".

Yet, the remarkable statement will follow : quote:

".... anyhow the hut is full of university students and their conversation and interests would mainly involve physics, chemistry and philosophy!"

Oh, if only the outsider knew what MUMC members are really like?

If ever there is a need to bring people closer together and fight a common cause, it is now.

People from all walks of life have got to unite and fight. Save the earth! Oppressed peoples of the Modern World unite.

Let mountaineers, workers and students join in and fight pollution, the destruction of wilderness areas including our National Parks, destruction of our flora and fauna, destruction of the quality of life. O, the common word is destruction - Let it STOP!

Mountaineers, join the other oppressed members of our society and fight what you have now or forever lose.

In particular, we can fight to save the Bogong High Plains, Wonangatta Valley, Lake Pedder, the Brisbane Ranges, the Terrible Hollow, the Grampians, the Cathedral and Mt Feathertop.

Get off your arses intrepid mountaineers and fight with pen and sword.

Let there be strength where strength lies. Let there be power. May the conservation revolution be a successful one.

Yours revolutionary,

Howard Pascoe.

— oXo —

WANTED One 2nd hand two-man tent (preferably Marachel). It should have a sewn-in ground sheet, zip front and fly. If you can help, please ring Nick on 398 2176 a.h.



SUMMARY OF COMMITTEE MEETING HELD ON JULY 6thConservation

1. A letter was sent to the Minister of Lands and the Chairman of the S.E.C. on the matter of snow mobiles at Falls Creek.

2. The Forests Commission states that it will continue to push the road into the Wonnangatta area.

3. Additional Dunlop Weatherbooklets are available free of charge from the Secretary.

4. Reports: (a) Canoeing - a new canoeing policy will be formulated  
(b) 24 H walk - 172 people competed, and \$60.89 profit was made  
(c) Song book - all songs have been collected and the editors are looking into printing costs.

5. Membership Cards: The Committee agreed that MUMC members will be issued with a membership card as from the 1973 Club year. (Orientation week). Membership cards must be produced to hire equipment and buy food.

SUMMARY OF COMMITTEE MEETING HELD ON AUGUST 23rd

1. A letter was received from the Secretary of the S.E.C. stating that snow mobiles at Falls Creek will be limited to 20, and that further restrictions may be enforced.

2. The Committee decided that the club should obtain a slide projector and screen to the total value of \$140.00.

3. The Caving Convenor, Rudy Frank, gave a caving report. No sub-committee meetings have been held this year, but trips are now being planned. A proposal that people who are not full members of VSA be allowed to be on the MUMC Caving Sub-committee.

4. The Canoeing Sub-committee presented a new Canoeing Policy for the club. The policy was accepted and is listed elsewhere in the Mountaineer.

5. Arnold Wheeler has volunteered to be in charge of the collating and distribution of 'The Mountaineer'.

6. The Committee expressed dissatisfaction with the running of the Store - the matter was referred to next meeting due to absence of the Stores Officer.



7. The Committee will contact the Search and Rescue delegate, Max Corry to discuss Search and Rescue problems, and related matters of the last search at Lake Mountain.

8. Dave Caddy has been put in charge of ski touring, and all hire arrangements must be made with Dave.

The next Committee Meeting will be on Wednesday, 4th October, at 6.30 in the Sports Union Activities Room. All agenda items should be sent to the Secretary one week before the meeting. Everyone in the club is invited to tease the Committee at its next meeting.

Harry Schaap,  
Secretary.

— oXo —

#### MUMC SKI TOURING EQUIPMENT

Dave Caddy,  
Custodian.

The Store now has four pairs of Trysil Knut touring skis (lengths 195, 200, 210, 210 cm) fitted with Tempo bindings, boots to fit (sizes 5½, 7, 8½, 9½ approximately) and stocks. They are available to any club member for at least one weekend per season (or a maximum of four days at once, if you can arrange it) - beginners course excluded. They may be booked in advance upon payment of a \$2 booking fee, which is kept later as the hire charge (if this is not paid, the skis will be given to anyone else who will pay and wants them at the same time). A \$5 deposit is also charged when the skis are taken, to cover the loss of binding cables (apparently very easy to do!) and breakage of stocks or skis. Waxes will be available for 50c per stick and 75c per tube. If all the club skis are taken in one party, a waxing torch may also be borrowed, and the hiring officer may require than an experienced tourer accompany a party with little experience.

When the equipment is returned with the wax removed from the skis, and boots given a coat of leather dressing, the deposit will be refunded. If you cannot do this while you have them out, facilities will be available at Aikmans Rd. at lunchtimes. If you do not wish to clean skis and boots, \$2 will be deducted from the refund, and given to anyone who does! (These conditions are necessary to protect the next people to hire the skis and boots.)

If you wish to hire the skis, come down to Aikmans Rd. and see either me, Tim Patrick, Rod Tucker or Dave Crewther, or (if you can't make it at lunchtime) ring me on 53 9840 a.h. Skis can be taken out either Thursday or Friday, and returned Monday or Tuesday (but other arrangements will be made if you want them for weekdays, or more than just the weekend).

— oXo —



MUMC CANOEING POLICY

Report from the canoeing Sub-committee meeting on 30th May.

1. Canoe hire fees will remain at 50c/day/person.
2. Hire fees will be used for - repairs  
- incidental costs  
- providing supper  
after work parties.
3. The sub-committee will recognise certain members as leaders.

Leaders will be members who have had considerable canoeing experience and have contributed significantly to construction and/or maintenance of the club boats.

Leaders must still have approval of the sub-committee before taking a trip.

4. Canoe hire will only be available to leaders, subject to sub-committee approval, and with a deposit of \$10 paid on canadians and \$5 on kayaks. This deposit will be forfeited if substantial damage occurs during the hire period.

Hire boats must always be manned by club members.

5. MUMC's canoeing activities will be primarily concerned with touring. Competition canoeing may be engaged in, when this does not interfere with touring and for practice preceding Inter Varsity.

6. MUMC will continue to engage in Inter Varsity canoeing. MUMC will enter this sport with competent representatives and with the intention of providing good competition, but, the social exchange with similar groups at other Universities is considered to be as valuable as the sport.

7. Future teams for Inter Varsity will include only competitors who are active club members.

8. The canoeing sub-committee will be open to all enthusiastic canoeists, but must consist of at least four members.

Garry Whipp  
Tony Kerr  
John Bennett  
Ellen Davies  
Mike McNicol  
Red Tucker.



AN ACT TO PROVIDE FOR THE BETTER ADMINISTRATION OF THE  
MT HOTHAM ALPINE AREA

Dated on the 9th May, 1972, this act defines the Mt Hotham Alpine Resort area, the composition of the controlling committee and also defines the powers of the committee. The accompanying map (see the cover) shows the defined resort area (hatched and cross-hatched). Only land within the cross-hatched area may be leased for development (Section 20(1)). This covers a relatively large area surrounding Mt Hotham and Mt Loch, and a smaller area around Mt St. Bernard. It is pleasing to note that development outside these areas cannot occur without a change to the Act being first procured. This provides another protective wall around Feathertop.

Section 12(2) of the Act states:

"In carrying out its functions the Committee shall at all times be concerned to preserve the environment and shall have special regard to -

- (a) the preservation of the natural beauty of the area;
- (b) the conservation of natural flora and fauna;
- (c) the prevention or control of pollution; and
- (d) the prevention and mitigation of soil erosion

and subject thereto shall be concerned to develop the resort area as a tourist area and as a centre for summer and winter recreation."

Section 31 of the Act requires the Forests Commission to "carry out within the resort area proper and sufficient work for fire control and prevention" and allows the Forests Commission to 'manage' the forests within the resort.

Trail bikes (motor vehicles) are not allowed within the reserve unless they are on the Alpine Road, or in a parking area provided by the committee. Penalty \$50 - Section 16 of the Act. Any infringements should be reported to the committee of management.

The Act generally appears to have many more good points than bad from a bushwalker's point of view. The worst is possibly the concessions granted to the Forests Commission which could lead to devastations around Feathertop similar to that in the West Kiewa and beneath the Bluff.

— oXo —

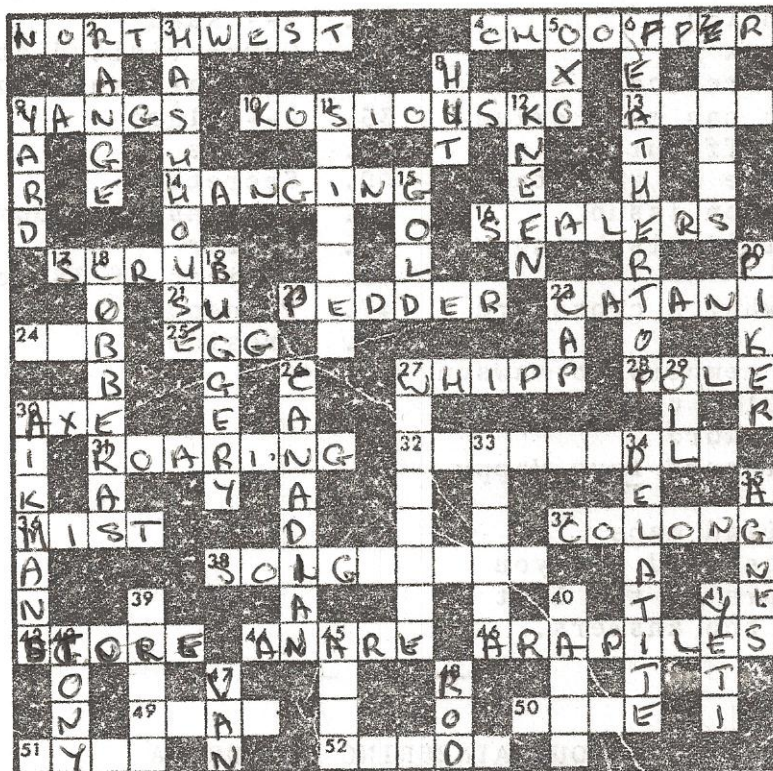
Mountains are the beginning and end of all natural scenery.

(John Ruskin)



## A REPEAT OF ALISON'S CROSSWORD

As noticed by one (or two) avid readers of the Mountaineer, the previous edition provided only two-thirds of the clues. The solution to the crossword is on the final page of this edition.

Across

1. --- Spur (on 6 down)
4. Shellite Stove
9. The You --- are a 2 down off Corio Bay
10. Australia's highest peak
13. Chimney = caving term
14. --- Rock is a popular climbing area
16. --- Cove is a good campsite on the Prom
17. --- bashing can be very tiring
21. Sports Union
22. Famous Tasmanian lake
23. Lake on Mt Buffalo
24. Some trips end in the ---!

Down

2. Great Dividing ---
3. Welcome sight on the 24!
5. MUMC Call-sign
6. MUMC has a 8 down here
7. Hades; also peak in Antarctica
8. Better than a tent (?)
9. Stock --- Creek
11. Nick White is one!
12. Tom --- is a member of KHA
15. --- is found at Kalgoorlie
18. Twin peaks in NE Victoria
19. Go to --- (mountain)
20. Martin --- Wardrop
23. Frenchman's --- = peak in SW Tasmania



- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 25. --- powder is sold in 42<br>across  | 26. Two-man canoe                                  |
| 27. Trips Secretary 71/72   | 27. --- Gorge will be found this<br>year - perhaps |
| 28. Scott reached the South ---   | 29. --- lamps are not recom-<br>mended in tents    |
| 30. An ice --- is needed for<br>snow climbing                                     | 30. --- Road                                       |
| 31. --- Meg Creek   | 33. Gorge visited at Easter                        |
| 32. Peak in Antarctica  | 34. Popular canoeing river                         |
| 36. --- and fog can make orien-<br>teering difficult                              | 35. --- Place                                      |
| 37. --- caves are an important<br>conservation issue                              | 39. Cavers   |
| 38. A third edition is being<br>prepared  | 40. Secretary                                      |
| 41. --- Gods! what a crossword  | 41. Abominable Snowman                             |
| 42. 35 down   | 43. Editor   |
| 44. Sends MUMC members to Mawson  | 45. Subject of 38 across                           |
| 46. Also a popular climbing area  | 47. Transport                                      |
| 49. Four letter word  | 48. President                                      |
| 50. --- mountaineers <u>love</u> Happy<br>Ade                                     |  |
| 51. Needed to read maps   |  |
| 52. If this crossword --- you<br>crazy, turn to the last<br>page for the answers. |  |

— oXo —

MOUNTAINEERING MELODRAMA

Villain: Up that mountain!

Villain: Into that tent!

Heroine: No, no! I'll scream for  
help.

Heroine: No!

Villain: I don't need any help.

Villain: Into that tent!

Heroine: No, no! I'll tell the  
president.Villain: Aha! I am the president.Villain: Tie onto that rope. I like  
to take experienced girls  
home.

Heroine: But I'm not ....

Villain: You're not home yet.



A PLACE IN THE MOUNTAINEEROverheard in Feathertop Hut during the Alpine Instruction Course

Prominent Club Female "I'm staying down to keep Rod warm!"

2 Hours Later "I'm going upstairs to find a spot otherwise I'll have to sleep down stairs with the rats and the president."

"Not necessarily in that order" replied the president.

Inter Varsity Orienteering

at the University of New England. Our male team consisted of Graeme Oakes (manager), Neil Phillips and Rex Niven, and they came second (behind University of N.S.W.). Our female team, Alison McCready, Fiona Shaw and Laurie Patrick also came second. Congratulations to our competitors.

Nomination for Editors of 'Equipment for Bushwalking and Mountaineering'

The committee calls for nominations for editors of 'E for B & M'. Applicants are requested to list previous experience, ideas for the new edition, and other relevant qualifications. Applications must be in writing to the Secretary. Nominations will close on 31st October, 1972.

Quote from a Committee Meeting

Are we really going to print 1,000,000 Mountaineering Club Membership Cards?

— oXo —

'A wary populace now asks, quite rightly, if any new device really caters to the general welfare, or only to the most loutish and insensitive element at the expense of everyone else. And to confirm people's worst suspicions we just gave them the snowmobile.'

I went to the woods.... to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived.

(Thoreau)



THE OXO BALL

(Or who brung all these  
respectable people?)

In general, flagwaving Oxoites had quite a ball at the Wattle Park Chalet on July 28th. We were very pleased to have with us, members of Monash's "bushwacking" Club. They arrived in white boiler, or was it stirrer suits? and were armed with plenty of copies of their new song book. Suggestions were also heard with regard to extra climbing practice on Chalet walls.

"Optional Dress" turned out to be fairly conservative in most instances - although Glay "dug up" his bushwalking head gear (?) for the occasion. Also, Miss Escott took "top" fashion honours. Her ensemble was set off by a large yellow plastic sunflower "appendaged" to her grandmother's best hat.

Ray Taylors band proved to be very enjoyable - mingling Waltzes, Virginia Reels, Caucasian Circles with "other usuals". In fact, the night passed so quickly that the Ball continued for an extra hour.

A new award was issued by the President this year. Mr Lay was presented with a 10c packet of Jelly Babies for the Mountaineer with the "Largest Harem". The Harem in turn was given the awesome responsibility of choosing and presenting the "Skungiest Beard" award - always a popular contest with the virile eligibles. This years' was no exception, and John Terrell proud to be the "hairy" victor. With a sigh of relief, Tom Kneen handed the "Frozen Gnome" to dangerous Dave C. — beware all females... the frostbite is particularly deadly this year! Sandra and Dave Hogg being down from Canberra, were presented with a congratulatory award on the birth of their daughter. It was also beaut to see Rhonda back in the Victorian "Oakes" country. Two awards were noticeably missing this year. "Cuddly Couples" seem to be scarce. Hopefully the "all-embracing" winter cold will amend this situation. Also the "Piker of the Year" was not awarded - presumably because no one has adequately rivalled Mr Wardrop's long standing reputation. He was of course, absent.

Here's hoping that next year's gathering is just as enjoyable.

affectionately -

Robyn Fraser  
Your Organiser.

— oXo —

It is better to travel hopefully than to arrive.

(R.L. Stevenson)



EYEBALLS IN THE FOG

Climbing report by  
Tim Hancock.

About eight oxomen and one owoman were seen at Arapiles on the Queen's Birthday Weekend. Notable were Mr and Mrs Peter McKeand with daughter Kate. Climbing was at a subdued standard over the whole weekend, with nothing over about grade 12 being ascended. Highlight was the annual VCC barbeque on the Saturday night. Many bodies were seen reclining on ledges the next morning while others played cricket (Australia v. The Rest of the World).

July 7-8 saw us again at the Piles. This time there was some higher standard climbing done, the most notable being Mantle, 270', 15, by Jol Shelton and Nick Reeves. Peter Kissane and Steve Roylance made a competent ascent of D Major, 180', 9.

The first weekend of the August vac was very wet as everyone knows, so consequently climbing spirits were at a low ebb. After an abortive attempt on Trojan, 290', M3,13, the Climbing Convenor retired from climbing leaving Jol Shelton and Nick Reeves to complete Jezebel, 480', 13 in fine form despite frequent showers. On the Sunday we headed south for the Grampians, the Victoria Range in particular, and fog. We couldn't find the Fortress, but several other worthwhile cliffs were discovered (we're not saying where they are), while aboriginal paintings and wild flowers were admired. Tuesday saw us on the way home via Mt Abrupt which was glimpsed occasionally through the cloud - a most unconventional climbing trip.

Future trips will be left to spontaneous organisation after the exams.

— oXo —

The value of wilderness is too often measured in terms of the number of miles walked or the number of peaks bagged. Too little attention is given to the long-term significance of wilderness on our lives. Many have suggested that the opportunities of adventure and physical and spiritual challenge provided by man's contact with nature may well define his humanity. Without this contact, man may indeed find himself out of his element.

(Sierra Club Bulletin, 1971)



A CAVING RETORT

By your friendly cave  
spook, N.R.

"You're not going into those caves again, are you?" So much for the family's reaction.

However, once again cars are heading towards Buchan loaded with ropes, carbide, steaks, lilos, torches, popcorn, jaffle irons, ladders, Trog suits (some dead, most alive, a few indeterminate - awaiting pathologists verdict), chocolate, muddy boots, song books, helmets, candles, people and other incidental luxuries and riff-raff.

Yes, once again we touch 85 only to get there second last and trip over various bleary-eyed green lumps on the floor of V.S.A. "hut" (read dilapidated farm house) in an outer suburb of throbbing, vital Buchan. Yes, once again we arise about 3 hours after dawn to the sound of choofing choofers, chomping cavers and cud-chewing cows. Around eleven it is remembered that it is a caving weekend. Panic ensues. Alison restores order with a few words and a good aim and inside an hour we have filled our water-bottles with rocks (a great bushwalker's trick), chosen our trogging ensemble and are away.

Of course, the usual Saturday morning ceremonies must be observed:

1. Stop at General Store
2. Stop at petrol station
3. Bang on Mrs McWatsername's door to ask if we can borrow her cave but she's not answering because she's in the shower
4. Stop at the bakery and buy last loaf of bread (they weren't expecting anyone that weekend)
5. Take the wrong road.

We arrive at the entrance to Cave 1 = Mabel. Applying a match to the waterbottles.... (Acts 9:3)! Thus illuminated by the fairy light of Lothlorien, we enter the cave.

Sort of brown and dusty. We crawl, then walk, then climb and wriggle, and crawl up and - great arboreal possums, we are in the middle of a cliff above the Buchan River! Back inside again. Led unerringly by the pair of feet in front, we find the Main Chamber. Even browner. We climb up onto a ledge and roll into the Rock Fall chamber. Still sort of brown. Mutinous rumblings are clearly discernible. But wait! This cavern is full of interest. Upon your left we have muddy water; on the right, bat droppings; above we have bats.



Our leaders immediately return to their destroy-your-local-cave project with their digging and siphoning of Mrs McWatsers name's sump, while an obviously intrepid fellow wriggles off into the darkness, duels with a bat (dirty looks at three paces) and finds the unfamous Mabel grotto, where he proceeds to knock all of the pretty pretties off the roof with his head. The company is a little more grunted after encountering some pretty pretties and retires for lunch to the warmth (?) of the Buchan river bank.

Next up we enter the Annual Buchan Cross Country to find some other obscure cave. Three people out of a dozen arrive, and while a native hacks his way in, the rest of the party is retrieved, found foraging for Edelweiss. Into the cave we storm, avoiding that outside. Twenty yards later we come to a halt. No more cave. Ah well, lead mines are quite -er- educational. Out we rush into the rain and return to our teas of fishcakes, jaffles, sausages, steaks, peaches etc while Roy and Alison drive 70 miles to Lakes Entrance to obtain that ambrosia of mountaineers, cider (Happy Ade, we find, is unobtainable east of Traralgon). About 11 they return and the eating and drinking begins in earnest. Other entertainments include readings of J. Jerome, singing, bananas in your ears (? - Ed.), heads with chocolate lips, and thinking of something else in a jaffle.

Day two dawns bright and clear.

As if we would have had the slightest idea of what happened. The sun and moon could have done an Irish Jig accompanied by crooning cows with harp for all we knew. However, today the ceremonies are cut short and before noon we are at the top of Honeycomb. Down 30ft. Slide down through muddy slush. Descend short cliff. Traverse Bottomless Pit (first estimate of depth made by first to fall in - it is 19ft deep). Enter chamber. Pretty pretties everywhere! Stalactites, Stalagmites, Melictites, flowstones and fossils all queue up for your inspection. Next we negotiate the three holes into the Long Column Chamber. While nonchantly crossing the second hole, Marg sees a pinpoint of light far down in the void - it's Fiona and Alison footing about again. One's nerves just aren't improved by these things.

The Long Column Chamber has a long column. It also has more pretty pretties including a "pool" of razor sharp crystals. "Fifteencentspleaseonlytwoatoncepleasedonottoughthelimestone." There are helictite and fossil walls etc, the whole bit. But we must hurry! Alice in Wonderland is on at the Union Night. Back out of the cave by assorted routes, eat lunch/afternoon tea/dinner (meal times are extremely variable). Change. Back to Hut. Clean up. Pile into cars. Away.

Bruthen, Sand Mill, Bairnsdale, Fish'n'chips - Traralgon-Morwell (Note: the traffic light was green - is this a record?) -



Snowwalker's Van - Warragul - Dandenong - N traffic lights - Union -  
trample, trample, "Few seats left on right hand side" - Trample.  
Just in time for Mad Hatter's Tea Party. Who is Walt Disney?  
College coffee till midnight. I'd go again.

— oXo —

MIDNIGHT SPECIAL - FIRST ANNUAL MIDNIGHT MOONLIGHT ASCENT OF  
FEATHERTOP. JULY 21-JULY 22, 1972.

Trip report by  
'N.N. Flame'

"Come to sunny, snowcovered Feathertop" the salesman said,  
"for a restful weekend away from all the anxieties of subberbia.  
We won't let the petrol shortage hem you in!"

I was interested, so tuned in for more details.....  
"... you can travel up in the cool of a moonlight winter night -  
no point in waiting until day! This gives you the unique oppor-  
tunity of waking up in your sleeping quarters with the light of day  
gently filtering down upon you..." (such supreme logic)"...and at  
your leisure you can venture out into the crisp white wonderland  
which surrounds you."

Ah, I thought, just what I need, a thoroughly relaxing weekend  
- up there by midnight, then sleep, long awaited sleep... Yes, I  
was sold (fool, fool, fool).

Midnight found us at the blazed tree that we couldn't find,  
crossing the old bridge we couldn't see - marking the beginning of  
our fun adventure. Peace and tranquility are in sight; only a few  
hours more. Suddenly the moon disappears and the storm clouds  
flourish. "On regardless," commands our imperilous leader. So  
we continue nonchalantly along the well-defined track for yet  
another uneventful ten minutes.

Blank faces; confusion reigns! "where the hell are we?" Maps  
are pulled out, closely examined, decried as useless and put away.  
But we regain our senses, find the track again and continue. Half  
an hour later, we are still on the right track, so we settle down  
to congratulate ourselves by having a break.

Then, agonising cries, "Leeches!" The men panic - can't  
cope with the situation (as one might expect). "Salt, Matches,"  
calls getting more anxious, some verging on profanity. But before  
the situation gets critical, our friendly parasites kindly oblige  
by falling off anyway! We continue on, and up, up, up.



The next hour to the 'Steep Descent' sign is comparatively uneventful, although the initially enthusiastic pace is slowing noticeably, but spirits are still high (i.e. considering what they will be two hours hence). Not far now! Ten minutes later - SNOW - we are closer than we think (such folly). At this stage complete darkness surrounds us and two torches decide to pack up and leave so as to add a little more challenge to the epic.

"Last leg," says our gallant leader, as we slip, slide, slither and fall in the soft snow. One, two, and three hours later he's still saying this (getting slightly monotonous). However, by 5.30 a.m. his cry is greeted with mumblings from the less gullible of the party - mutiny is a possibility!

By 6.30 the situation hasn't improved, and a new track tramper is called for. So, Sir Edmund takes the lead for the first time, a truly energising and educational experience (Gill thanks you for the new addition to her vocabulary, Chris), in which he leads us to the hut which he cannot see because he forgot his glasses!

7.30 a.m. finds us snug and thawing in our sleeping bags, ready for a good days sleep. But the light which falls through the skylight, hitting us with a thud seems to have other ideas; we somehow manage to fall into muddled slumber.... Thus, part 1 of our fun-filled true life adventure draws to a close!

The Anonymous N.N. Flame.

P.S. Applications, in duplicate, are now being accepted by the Trips Secretary, for the Second Annual Midnight, Moonlight Ascent of Feathertop to be held on July 20-July 21, 1973. All successful applicants will be notified in due course. (Selection being at the discretion of the panel of veterans, FAMMAF).

— oXo —

Man always kills the thing he loves, and so we the pioneers have killed our wilderness. Some say we had to. Be that as it may, I am glad I shall never be young without wild country to be young in. Of what avail are forty freedoms without a blank spot on the map?

Aldo Leopold.

....the mountains speak in wholly different accents to those who have paid in the service of toil for the right of entry to their inner shrines.

Sir Arnold Lunn.



THE OTHER SOUTH WEST TRIP

Summer 1971/72 in S.W.  
Tasmania, by Pat Miller.

We set forth from Melbourne to 'do' the South West. Our aims were hardly modest. Fedder, Pedder, Western Arthurs, Pt. Davey and P.B. in 4 weeks.

The group assembled at Scotts Peak - four men and two women who between them could boast 5 Percies but of these only one was to feature significantly.

The first two days were spent in crossing the Arthur plains to the foot of Luckman's Lead. The creeks were full and we skipped across them on 6" logs. "I suppose those big logs four feet under the water are the dry weather crossings" followed by much laughter at the esteemed leaders ignorance - of course they weren't.

We were accompanied by mist and cold drizzle across the plains but as we ascended the Eastern Arthurs, the cloud rose and cleared away making the first of six days of clear sunny skies. We worked our way along the range to Goon Moor. Federation Peak enticing us at the other end. Would the weather hold. Goon Moor held our first air drop. A small hole in each tin quickly guided us to the bacon which was letting off a characteristic odour. We carefully opened the tin, captured the bacon as it lept out, clubbed it to death and burried it before we were overcome by the smell. We cleaned up the air drop, dined in the superb evening and as the stars came through crawled into sleeping bags, hoping that tomorrow we would 'bag' Fedder. The sun rose to a perfect day. We set off fairly early and edged around the four peaks to Thwaites Plateau for lunch. Every view was better than the last and Federation loomed up above us. We lunched and crossed the pleasant alpine grass of the plateau peeping over the edge to view the awe-inspiring north face of the Peak. Carla and the Traves being tired the party split. Pat, D.D. and Max headed out around the exposed southern traverse to the start of the direct ascent of the peak. Pat lead off, soon losing the way and frightening Max to the point where he piked and retreated with another group. D.D. and Pat tried again, found the route and arrived at the summit. "Wow," 2,000ft below nestled Lake Greeves and the Northern Lakes. The Western Arthurs stretched away towards the distant Franklin, Pt. Davey and P.B. The whole S.W. was at our feet. All too soon we descended, retraced our route around the southern traverse and headed for Hanging Lake.

Jim England flew over dropping supplies for later parties. At Hanging Lake we camped in superb solitude. The still lake reflecting Greeves Bluff and the Alpine moss squelching under our feet. We could ask no more of a day.



The next day was again fine. D.D. and Max ascended the peak and at lunchtime we sadly turned our backs on Federation and Hanging Lake and set out for Goon Moor once more. It became clear that the two half days rest had not been enough for Carla to recover, having been very tired when we got to Hanging Lake. We made slow progress and reached Goon Moor, camped then scrambled around the Needles, through Seeart Saddle around the boiler plates and down Luckman's Lead to Pass Creek.

The next day was declared a rest day. Clothes and bodies were washed. We fished, relaxed and soaked up the sun. Carla was exhausted from the trip to Federation and Pat reluctantly cancelled the Western Arthurs trip. It seemed a shame as the weather was still perfect. However, next day we were very glad as exhaustion finally caught up with Carla. After several hours of rest we managed to get to Nine Mile Creek where we camped. During the next day and a half we slowly returned to Scotts Peak, arriving finally with Carla near to the point of collapse. Have you ever seen anyone sit down and be asleep before their bottom hits the ground? - she could.

We loaded Carla, Pat and the Traves into the car and Max and Dave set off heavily laden for Pedder. After arranging to see a doctor we settled into a hotel at Hamilton. The thought of a soft bed and lovely roast dinner appealed after two weeks of dehy. We went to dinner, four faces fell, nearly to the floor, no juicy lumps of meat, only mince, of all things mince. We ate it nevertheless and the soft bed was nice.

Next morning having been assured by the quack that Carla was OK Pat set off for Pedder. Carla slept for 3 days while touring Tasi's national parks with the Traves. Pat waded into Pedder along the tourist track bearing gifts of steak, pale ale and fresh bread. On arrival he found OXO written all over the beach, followed the arrows to find D.D. and Max running a sweep on whether the attraction of his wife would outweigh his desire to walk - Carla said "stupid question" with a note of remorse when we returned. However, threatened with withholding of vital supplies they withdrew their comments and short work was made of the ale and fresh food.

By now you have all forgotten about Percy, well we had four between us now. Carla and the Traves had finished with the communal one. It was beginning to look a little tattered.

Pat arose on his first morning at Pedder, heated some water and stripped off to wash only to find that the planes flew past at about 20 feet on their landing approach. So much for privacy - the tourists came to see nature anyway.

We spent a day of alternating rain and sun at Pedder and left this walkers rest home for Port Davey. Three and a half



days later we arrived at the narrows on Bathurst Harbour. In between we had travelled along the Port Davey track during which time Bang Bang Maxwell had proved himself to be the 153rd fastest gun in the South West. There was some interest in crossing the Spring River on a log 30ft long and 15ft above the water. There was little else remarkable about the walk except of course the fabulous feeling of isolation of the S.W. We passed over the narrows by boat and moved on to the Kings. Bathurst Harbour was an idillic place. Once again we were blessed with sunshine while there. Unfortunately a bushfire had burned out much of Mt Rugby.

The hospitality of the Kings is unsurpassed. They provided a beautiful hut for walkers and filled our stomachs with fresh bread and jam before we set off for Cox Bight. Indeed the Kings have been friends of walkers for many years. I hope no walker ever abuses the privileges they offer.

At Cox Bight we were fortunate to meet Jack Thwaites, a hard man of the early days. We listened to he and Denny King (who followed us to Cox Bight) yarning about the old days. We take our hats off to both of them. There was never a suggestion that we had it too easy (which compared with their trips we did) which is a comment we frequently hear from Victorian oldies. To Jack we were walkers, there for reasons he well knew. I think we all left Cox Bight feeling privileged to have met him in his own country.

From Cox Bight the south coast drifted by in a series of sunny days. Pat was ill for a day at Luise River. We crossed the iron-bounds. New River Lagoon was superb, dominated by Precipitous Bluff. We had no time to try to climb it. Our stay at New River Lagoon although short was noted for the amazing tinned ham which had walked out of an airdrop tin, never to be found, by Max's rowing ability and Pat's ability not to find the track.

We moved on to South Cape Bay, Cockle Creek - the only place in the world where they graze cows on grassless sandbars at low tide - and back to civilization. We had left the S.W. after 3½ memorable weeks. We had visited only two objectives but non of us could be disappointed. The South West had cast its spell.

Max and Pat headed back for Hobart several hours behind Dave. The local constabulary obliged us with a lift and deposited us outside the police H.Q. As we stepped from the car, Hobart was rocked with a high pitched scream 'Max'. There over the road was Carla, waiting for a bus. So with a fond embrace, the newlyweds (not Max --- yet) were reunited. Mumbling something about "that's police service for you" our friendly policeman drove off. We checked out with S & R who had no record of our trip and the holiday was over - almost.

As a consolation prize for Carla, we all turned tourist, chartered Jim England's plane and spent three hours flying over



the South West which had given us four weeks of unequalled pleasure. For Carla, it was an opportunity for what will probably be her last chance to see Pedder. While waiting for the plane we amused ourselves by disfiguring Piker Wardrop's air drops.

By now we had all read 'Percy' which we are told differs considerably from the film.

Pat Miller.

Those featured

Mary & Allan Traves

Depraved Dave Crewther

Pat & Carla Miller who celebrated their dehy anniversary (1 month)

and

Bang Bang Maxwell Corry, the 153rd fastest banger in all the South West and winner of the silver hammer award.

— oXo —

#### THAT BUSHWALKERS ARE ANTI-ECOLOGICAL

A sequel to Dave Hogg's  
"Are Bushwalkers Really  
Conservationists?" by  
Janet Duncan.

It has been pointed out that bushwalkers are not really conservationists because they are damaging the actual areas in which they walk. (Are Bushwalkers really Conservationists? - Mountaineer July '72.)

It is my contention that even if they were to choose less vulnerable areas to walk in, most bushwalkers would still be anti-ecological when they came to their next item of trip planning - that of food.

It is such an unusual sight to see a party of walkers, such as the ones we met a few weeks ago, sitting down to cook (on disposable gas-cylinder stoves) a meal that came entirely packaged in tins, aluminium foil and plastic? Soup, freeze-dry, tins of pudding, tins of beer, instant pudding, steak in its very own polystyrene foam tray from the local supermarket, handy individual packets of biscuits and of course tubes of jam.

Many walkers are content to see people eating out of tins and other containers as long as they are carried out of their



precious piece of bush. They carefully collect pieces of tinfoil and stamp on their tins to carry them home to the family rubbish bin. However, this kind of action avoids the real issue and sees the problem in terms of a bourgeois distaste for "litter".

If anyone is going to protest about the logging companies' inroads into our bush areas - how can they continue to buy useless paper packaging? Tin mining is polluting streams in some areas of Victoria, but have those people who protest so loudly about this stopped using tins? Hydroelectricity is used for smelting aluminium in Tasmania, but bushwalkers still buy food in throw-away aluminium wrappers.

These few examples, although parochial in nature are intended to show that the issue of conservation cannot be seen in isolation from the fact that we live in a consumer society. The industries that create and meet the demands of this society will have no respect for the issues of conservation. In this situation it is not hard to work out on whose side government authorities are likely to be, and for conservationists to place their faith in changing the opinions of these authorities is futile.

One industry that depends totally on this consumer society is the packaging industry. Unfortunately bushwalkers are particularly susceptible to the lures of convenience packaging. Every handy 1 oz. tube of plastic jam, every can of beer, every tin and every aerosol insecticide that is bought is supporting an industry that is creating demands for its own consumer goods and throw-away packaging. If any kind of conservation is to be achieved in the utilization of the world's resources then the packaging industry is among those that must be stopped.

The answer is not, I am afraid, to bring tins and foil all the way home to the friendly neighbourhood re-cycling centre, feel a warm glow of community spirit inside and hurry off to the supermarket for next weekend's supplies. That would be nice and simple. The packaging industry would have you believe that re-cycling is in fact technology's answer to all problems. Re-cycling is in fact technology's answer to technology's problems and will not alter the situation more than marginally. It possibly creates more polluting wastes than it prevents and does nothing to decrease production.

While bushwalkers are dependent on manufactured, processed food they will continue to be dependent on the food/packaging industries. Until they begin to learn how food is prepared and how simple foods can be used, they will not be able to break this dependence on ready-to-eat, convenience food. This of course applies to a much wider section of the community, who have been conditioned into thinking of food as it appears on T.V. or in their supermarkets, but it is going to be harder to find acceptance for ecological eating among those who have no conscious interest at all in conservation.



The time to do something about this is not in the distant future, when people have forgotten what real food looks like, but now. It is not hard to imagine a situation where many walkers would be completely lost for ideas if they could not restrict their choice of food to be between one of six different flavours of freeze-dry or instant pudding, three or four brands of biscuit and what size packet of processed cheese to buy.

Perhaps it is time to find out how to make one's own chocolate, or biscuits, or bread; to tell someone catering for the next 24 hour walk that one drum of milk would save 32 plastic-coated  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint cartons from being bought; to start making jam - or finding time to pack it in re-useable containers; to find out that honey is twice as sweet (by weight) as processed, refined sugar, and can be bought in bulk; to ask someone about those lovely little plastic bags in the club store - and if they are re-useable why aren't they being re-used? to find out about co-operating in bulk buying of food, or fuel; to discover what whole food is, and why; and probably to find out that you're fighting uphill all the way against "convenience" and its friends.

— oXo —

#### MARIA ISLAND - TASMANIA

Report of a trip (Jan 1972) by Robert Jung.  
Other party members - Liz Barrow and  
John Terrell. (Refer to map on cover)

It was a warm Friday 14th January afternoon when three mountaineers gathered at number 96 Harrington Street, the departure point for Tasmanian Coachlines. Somewhat after the scheduled 6.10 p.m. departure time the bus moved off; its luggage section loaded with packs, cases and the other containers of a people journeying to a relaxing holiday. The meandering pace of the bus as it laboured its way along the Tasman Highway should have sent its passengers slumbering off. That it did not was perhaps due to the excitement at the prospect of visiting an extremely interesting island in beautiful sunny weather.

Two of our party John Terrell and myself, had just spent the previous fortnight in much less kind conditions. We had had a wet first half in travelling through the "Reserve". We had then journeyed down to Pedder where after a warm walk in, the sky had clouded over and proceeded to produce drizzle off and on during the rest of our stay. Characteristically the next trace of blue sky only appeared on the long mud-slog out to the Strathgordon Road. For us the East coast promised as a bush-walking paradise - dry ground and warm sunny days.

Our companion Liz Barrow was also looking forward to this trip for she had spent much of her holiday shaking off the flu.



After camping behind the shire hall at Triabunna we were down by the jetty at 8 a.m. However, it was not until well after 10 that we were aboard Mr Lodum's boat "Scandia". This was to be his second trip to the island that morning.

The bright sunshine was continuing on the Saturday and our "voyage" across the choppy Mercury Passage was rewarded with some fine views of the mountainous Northern half of Maria Island silhouetted against the pale blue sky and the morning sun.

We found the campsite at Darlington to be a very pleasant spot with only one other tent anywhere near us. The disadvantages of the site were not long in making their presence felt though, for no sooner had we settled down to lunch, than two very tame emus strolled over, to try out their favourite sport - pecking plastic bags and cardboard.

Because of this situation mealtime at Darlington generally consisted of keeping one eye on what was cooking and the other as a lookout for encroaching emus. These animals were so tame that they would not move away unless chased by a yelling waving human being.

Saturday afternoon was spent climbing the Bishop & Clerk which was reached following the aptly named "Skipping Ridge". From the Ridge there were some fine views of the Fossil Cliffs and away to the north the mountainous outline of Schouten Island and Mt Freycinet were visible. We spent some time scrambling amongst the rocks on the Bishop & Clerk where the views were even better.

Eventually we sauntered back along the cliffs toward Darlington, but instead of heading straight back, a diversion to the bottom of the Fossil Cliffs was taken. The route down was easy - following the dilapidated remains of the 1880's railway which leads to the bottom of the cliffs and the old limestone quarry. The diversion was well worth while for down below large numbers of fossilized shellfish were visible as well as a few plant fossils.

Sunday morning, John and I set off to climb Mt Maria while Liz decided to spend a more leisurely day browsing around the extremely interesting Darlington area. The first hour's walk following a jeep track was easy going but this petered out and the remainder of the route involved travelling up the obvious spur to the top. Much of the spur was covered in only light bracken and presented few problems with only occasional thicker scrub. Within visible distance of the top we struck a nasty belt of shoulder high sword grass and scrub which we attacked by burling ourselves through. The route then cleared temporarily and we were able to move rather quickly across a boulder field. However, Maria wasn't beaten yet! Her worst weapons were yet to come! The last half mile was tortuously slow as we crawled and bashed our way through strands of small trees which grew very densely.



Some four hours after setting out we were on the summit (3 points, according to the Tas. Tramp scoring system!) and over lunch we took in the view which was quite different to that of the Saturday, though Schouten Island could still be seen. Perched out far below at our feet was the yellow sand of the Isthmus connecting both portions of the Island - our next day's walk. The return trip proved a little shorter and we had time to look at the spectacular wavy patterned sandstones at Howells Point.

A jeep track made the walk to Chinamens Bay on the Monday an easy two hours (~7 mile). It was another warm day and the big shady cyprus, where we chose to have lunch, and the cool breeze were welcomed. An afternoon of wandering the isthmus area brought out again the contrast between the East and West sides of the island; the former with its rugged cliffs and surf beaches and the latter with its gently sloping hills and calm sheltered beaches.

Arriving back at Chinamens Bay we pitched out tent and proceeded to cook dinner. There were no emus to shoo and there was a fresh breeze to fan the fire. This idyllic situation was rudely shattered when the ranger's assistant (a Tasmanian Uni. Vacation Student, as usual) came thundering along on his motor bike to suggest to us to shift camp about a hundred yards to the legal site. This was done after completing dinner and making suggestions regarding the installation of suitable signposts in future!

Our night's campsite was adjacent to two chaps from Monash who had been in a similar predicament! They were travelling relatively lightly, but were supplementing their food supply with the easy fishing around Shoal Bay.

After a trying humid night we were away late on a cloudy Tuesday morning. The ruins at Point Lesveur were visited. These, in contrast to those at Darlington were quite the worse for wear.

We pressed on to the beach and Bloodstone (named after the bauxite outcrop there). Walking along the beach towards Darlington we were surprised to find a porpoise washed up on the beach and the remains of several larger whales. From Return Point a jeep track was taken and we retraced our steps to Darlington in afternoon sunshine.

Wednesday was our day of departure and to make sure we did not miss our passage I roused my companions early again and we moved into a waiting position on the jetty. The wait was not a pleasant one for the warm spell had broken, the day being punctuated by showers and cold winds. Liz and John sensibly found other things to do on shore while I waited around on the wharf.



At about 10 a.m. the familiar shape of the "Scandia" loomed through the mist and it wasn't long before Mr Lodum was tied up and his passengers had disembarked - tourists visiting Darlington for the day.

By 2 p.m. he was ready to leave and as we sailed away Maria Island soon disappeared in thick misty rain. Huey had been good to us this time!

#### Further Notes on the Island:

Any group wishing to visit Maria Island may be interested in these additional notes.

Maria Island has been established recently as a Fauna Sanctuary and so there are a few restrictions as to what one can do there. One of these is a restriction on the lighting of fires, which are only permitted at two places, Darlington and Chinamens Bay. This would make a walk around (say) the "Eastern Shelf" difficult unless, (say) non cookable food was carried or special permission from the ranger was obtained.

We have heard that the ranger can be difficult to get on with which would be unfortunate, since he has the power to remove one from the island. From personal experience we had no trouble at all in this regard, but then we wrote to him before arriving, got on friendly terms with him when we arrived and told him what we were doing.

Good walks we did not do through lack of time were:

1. Darlington-Eastern Shelf-Whalers Cove-Chinamens Bay (possibly (one very long, or two days).
2. Visit falls on Pine Hut Creek from Chinamens Bay.
3. Walk around the coast of South Maria Island.

Useful maps of the area are:

National Mapping 1:100,000 (contoured) 1971 (12 )

ISCFA Sketch Map 2" = 1 mile (1392)

An extremely valuable guide is the 34 page article on the Island which appeared in Tasmanian Tramp No.19 (1970).

— oXo —

Something hidden. Go and find it.

Go and look behind the Ranges -

Something lost behind the Ranges

Lost and waiting for you. Go!

(Kipling)



BRUNO ZELLER IS ALIVE AND RECOVERING IN SWITZERLAND

A report from our roving reporter, Geoff Fagan.

It has been rumoured around Melbourne that in April of this year, two intrepid MUMC members performed the formidable "Haute Route", a ski-mountaineering route of over 100 miles between Chamonix in France and Zermatt in Switzerland, via the biggest and best of the European Alps. Furthermore, vague whispers were heard around town about drunkenness, frostbite and the highest broken leg by an Australian on skis, followed by a dramatic helicopter rescue. It was in order to separate the truth from the legend that the Editor sent me on this special assignment, and the bill for the first 3 months expenses is included with this manuscript.

I finally tracked down the more loquacious of the two survivors (see the technical details at the end) in a pub in St.Gallen, a quiet city in N.E. Switzerland. In fact, I had to track him through several pubs; his old mobile drinking habits, acquired during pub crawls with the old MUMC "Alpine Boozing Club" have still got a strong hold on Boozy, so with all this lubrication, the story started to flow, albeit disjointedly.

The trip began in the border town of Martigny where Boozy was to meet The Sod, leave the car for the short shuttle-trip later in mid route, and leave on the train at 9.30 a.m. to the Chamonix area and the start of the ski-ing. The Sod arrived at 9.29 a.m., changed into his mountain clothes and ski-gear, repacked his sack and rushed for the waiting train, only to miss it by 10 seconds. Resourceful as ever, Boozy used the two and a half hours till the next train in pointing out to the newly arrived Sod the subtleties of the various types of Swiss wine, so it is not surprising that noon saw them riding away towards the start with Boozy hiding in the pack as they crossed the border into France; he had left both his Swiss and Australian passports in the car!

After this late start and being climbers, not walkers, at heart (i.e. strong in the head and weak in the ankle instead of the contrary) they decided to take the soaring great cable-car up to 12,500ft and so ski down to the first alpine hut on schedule for the first overnight stay. The cost of the telepherique was about \$A4 each, so it is assumed that people like Tom Kneen, Tony Kerr, Rod Tucker and Dave Crewther would have rather walked, confirming the theory about walkers' heads & ankles.

By this time Boozy and I had put away several more litres of this good Swiss beer and, finding ourselves reluctant (or unable) to leave this last pub, he wanderingly continued: "We had a glorious one hour descent down the glacier past some bloody intrepid crevasses covered over with knee-deep powder snow; then



followed the 2½ hour walk up and around to the Argentière Hut, quite poor by European standards, but featuring room heating, all bedding and utensils provided and a hut warden who makes everyone comfortable and cooks their food for them. Four a.m. next morning was cloudless and superb, so, after a quick breakfast in which The Sod did not even miss his habitual porridge but in which I drank my usual 6 or 7 cups of tea and some rum against the cold, we set off walking with skins on our downhill skis, passing some slower Germans in the course of the steep uphill 2 hours. The fog then closed in and further more a blizzard sprang on us after another half an hour's pounding along.

"We didn't want to turn back, so with map and compass bearings we plodded on, making knee-deep tracks with no visibility and snow screaming down horizontally, quite a job! Most of that time we were only about 8,000ft high, but after that 11 hours of exhausting effort, I still ended up with mildly frostbitten fingers and ears. We hit the hut bang-on, another success for climbers using these unusual navigational techniques, but not without The Sod being caught in a small avalanche and stopping just on the brink of a big crevasse after an unplanned 150ft descent. My beard was so frozen that I could not even drink my most essential cups of bloody tea."

Here my informant had to limp out the back on his crutches for a short time, so I ordered a couple more "grosse's", because he still drinks like a true ABC member. On his return the story started to lose coherence. I gather that they had some good days of beautiful ski-ing, especially several 4,000ft descents in trackless powder. Boozy chuckled as he recalled how much he laughed once when the big, heavy Sod disappeared in a cloud of dry powder, with only his cute Norwegian ski hat visible. He also assured me that our two MUMC heroes inscribed OXO men in the 7 high alpine huts they stayed in, but then he started groaning about the dubious joys of climbing a 7-mile long glacier with skins in heavy fog.

After another "shout", I asked Boozy what he thought was the most impressive thing about the Haute Route. "Well", he said, "undoubtedly it was the shithouse (Editor, keep out!) at the Vignette Hut. It was built over a 2,000ft drop and through the hole one had a most magnificent view down the rockface. It was so good, I went twice, though parts of me nearly froze; in Australia it would be a real tourist attraction....! Of course, the route itself was breathtaking; the highest pass we crossed was 12,000ft and the highest peak about 16,000ft. And, I'll never forget falling through into a crevasse that luckily turned out to be small enough for me to rescue myself and my lost sun glasses and hat, with The Sod standing there all the time finding it just too funny to be true."

But the highlight is yet to come. After our two heroes had completed 100 odd miles during 8 days of sweaty climbing and powder ski-ing, they ascended the Signal Kuppe, a peak near Zermatt and featuring the highest hut in Europe, 4556M. Having taken the



obvious photos of the Matterhorn, Weisshorn, Monte Rosa, etc, all in perfect weather, they had descended only about 200M when Boozy, the only qualified ski-instructor of MUMC, fell gently while almost standing still and suffered a spiral fracture of the lower left leg. He now claims he only did it to get a free helicopter ride down to Zermatt from his generous Insurance Company.

For those at home who are not acquainted with the Alpine Huts over here, I asked Boozy to describe his favourite one. He immediately started talking about what he called his Home Hut, the Monte Rosa hut near Zermatt. I suspect that some scandal I heard there earlier about an extroverted Australian and one of the kitchen-maids may be relevant to our hobbling hero. He described that when the weary climber enters the multi-storey hut up there beside its glacier, he must go and see the warden to register. He is shown his bunk and bedding and hands his food over to be cooked. Then he may relax in the pleasant lounge-room, waiting with the other climbers there for dinner to be served. This is one of the biggest huts, holding about 150 people compared to the more normal size of 40 to 60 people, so Warden Sepp has 3 kitchen-maids to help him. Boozy told me that since he knows Sepp and one of the girls so well, he can visit the kitchen whenever he likes to get the best of the things to be offered, but like everyone else, he has to pay the fee of about \$A2 per night.

At this stage, I wanted to ask him about some ski-ing details, but just then a beautiful mini-skirted blonde walked past on that summer's evening. After some unsteady fumbling with his crutches, Boozy stood up, followed her out and unfortunately, has not been seen since. But he threatens to return soon to Australia when his leg heals, so you can look forward to seeing his slides. The Sod, the other survivor, is now back in the Alps for some summer climbing and no-one's sure what he intends to do later.

#### Some Technical Details:

About 100 miles of ski-ing and walking in 7 or 8 days.  
 Longest descent : 10 km.  
 Steepest sustained gradient : 600M in 1 km distance.  
 Highest plateau : 3661M.  
 Highest pass : : 3568M.  
 Highest hut : 3157M.  
 Highest peak : 4556M.  
 Possible Australian Records : Highest ski-ing broken leg,  
 4350M.

First bad weather Haute  
 Route Crossing.

Survivor/Heroes	Bruno (Boozy) Zeller
	Tony (The Sod) Crapper
Reporter	Geoff Fagan

—oXo—



CHRISTMAS IN MEXICO

A report by our Canadian  
correspondent, Michael Feller.

Sandwiched between dozens of other passengers we tore beneath the streets of Mexico city, or México as it is called locally. A Melbournian could do well to ponder over these modern, fast, efficient, always-crowded subway trains, with their delightful stations, tastefully designed and coloured, each one different, and adorned with sculptures and paintings. We just spent several days taking in the sights, sounds, and smells of México at Christmas time. Dozens of Father Christmases patrolling the streets or standing beside mock wooden sleighs covered with apprehensive children having their photos taken, tinsel, street vendors by the thousand selling everything (including Christmas trees from Canada), bands on many corners surrounded by listening, singing, or dancing crowds, millions of cars with drivers using only accelerator and horn, as in the Latin custom, pancake stalls, fairy floss stalls, ice cream stalls, hot dog stalls - the air heavy with the delicious odours from a thousand different foods being cooked in the streets, helium filled balloons in huge colourful clusters floating above their sellers, millions of families with wide-eyed children doing the rounds of the major plazas, and lights - Oh the lights! Night was transformed to day. Major buildings had entire walls adorned with huge pictures in lights. One 30-storey building was lit up from top to bottom to resemble a Christmas tree and the central plaza, the Zócalo, was surrounded on three sides by a kilometer of flashing coloured lights, 3 stories high, and on the fourth by the brilliantly illuminated cathedral, the largest and oldest church in Latin America. Gaiety, excitement, colour, music - all were there.

Passing beneath all this we got off in the outer suburbs, found a bus depot where it was supposed to be, then a bus that was actually going where we wanted to go and leaving at the time stated in the timetable - an extremely improbable series of events in Latin America - which further indicated to us that México lay more than just geographically between North and South America.

At past the last traces of Texcoco lake which once the area on which México is now built and into the  
co, ig fields of corn, wheat, cattle, and even some sheep, dry grass and the ubiquitous eucalypts made a very Australian setting, if one ignored the adobe houses and donkeys laden with all sorts of produce. 40 km and one hour later we got off the bus at the village of Amecameca, above which soared the snowy cone of the famous Popocatepetl and the long bumpy ridge of the adjacent Iztaccíhuatl, invisible from México due only to air pollution, both natural and man-made.



According to legend, Ixtaccíhuatl was a successful and beautiful girl and her lover, Popocatepetl, a famous and brilliant warrior. While Popocatepetl was far away during a war, a jealous rival spread the false news of his death to win the heart of the lady. Ixtaccíhuatl, upon hearing this tragic news, fell into a swoon as if she had died (Ixtaccíhuatl = the lady who has fallen asleep). Popocatepetl returned from the war, carried his sleeping lady very high up the mountain, and covered her with a white sheet. Ixtaccíhuatl still sleeps today and her sculptured figure can be made out under the white mantle of snow. Beside her, seated in expectation of her awakening, is Popocatepetl, who continues to smoke to deceive time (Popocatepetl = the man who smokes).

In Amecameca we quickly located a taxi-truck or camioneta which could take us to a hut, Tlamácas, at the end of the road high on the slopes of Popo. However, the driver wanted 100 pesos (\$7 Aust) per person which, although we didn't know the proper price, sounded exorbitant. He refused to lower the price so we decided to wait and try our luck with the next camioneta. (We later found the correct price to be 10-20 pesos). While wandering around the local market we came across a U.S. climber who not only had a car but was also driving up to Tlamácas. Thus, we had our ride.

The dusty road left the dry plains and ascended moist, densely forested slopes. The cypress and fir forests gradually gave way to grassy pine forests which became more open with altitude. Shortly after entering the parque nacional de Popocatepetl-Iztaccíhuatl we reached the low point on the broad ridge between the two volcanoes, the Paso de Cortes, so named because it was through this pass that Cortes travelled on his conquest of México. A simple stone and bronze monument, unfortunately covered with initials, stands as a memorial. Several km further our car limped into Tlamácas, its engine badly needing more oxygen.

Tlamácas, at 3900M, was a huge hut with two main rooms, each with a fire place and several dining tables. One room was filled with North Americans and the other with Mexicans. We set up camp between the two groups. The central pillar in the "Mexican" room carried an image of the Virgin of Guadalupe, the patron saint of Mexican mountaineers (and many other things), surrounded by burning candles and transistor-carrying Mexicans.

It seems that all Mexican climbers carry tiny A-frame packs with brand new Grivel crampons tied to brand new Stubai ice axes. A thick woollen blanket passes as a sleeping bag and a thick woollen jumper as a parka. The wealthier climbers sported nylon parkas. Feeling rather ashamed of our relative affluence, we decided to prepare a rather humble meal out of the food we had bought in México. Also, we were not hungry - the first effects of altitude.



Next morning we set off in sunshine along a well-worn trail up snowgrass slopes to a rocky ridge vaguely resembling the Haast ridge in N.Z. Stopping frequently and chopping a step here and there in frozen snow, we eventually reached a gloomy little A-frame hut at 4,800M. It lay on a rib leading off the main ridge and was surrounded on 3 sides by long vertical drops. At dusk we first saw the lights of many small villages sprawling away on the plains below.

A day of rest for acclimatization then an early start the following day saw us slowly ascend an icy rock gully to the high hut, Teopixcalco, at 4,900M, back on the ridge again where it ran out into the lower slopes of a glacier. A short rest inside as we donned crampons, roped up, and listened with some apprehension to the rapidly increasing roar of the wind. Outside we were forced to lean into the wind and our rope was swept into a horizontal arc between us. We retreated to the hut to put on over-trousers, overmittens, and down parkas then emerged and slowly began to fight our way upward. Near 5,000M the strong sulphurous odours from Popo's huge crater assailed our nostrils adding to our difficulties. Near 5,100M we sheltered momentarily in the lee of a small serac then continued only to be blown off our feet. Millions of ice particles crashed against our legs, stinging through several layers of clothing. Near 5,200M, still 250M from the summit, we decided to retreat.

Somewhat battered we returned to the upper hut where a large party of U.S. climbers were contemplating the situation, then back to our miserable hut, no longer in the sunshine and fully exposed to the wind. We were shortly joined by two climbers from New York who added some warmth and cheerfulness to our gloomy abode. The wind roared and the hut shook all night. Towards dawn the wind eased off but was replaced by cloud and snow so a hut day was declared. The following day being Christmas day, we attempted some carols, but the foul weather soon silenced us.

That night we could not sleep but lay listening to the wind. Tremendously strong gusts of wind crashed against the hut causing it to shudder and emit splintering noises. The walls expanded and contracted fully 20 cm and bits and pieces of food and equipment were thrown on the floor. Everything became covered with black volcanic dust. A particularly violent gust forced the door open sending it crashing against the wall. We reassured ourselves with the thought that the hut must have withstood many such storms. Under these conditions we drifted off to sleep only to be awakened by the door crashing against the wall again. This continued for the rest of the night until dawn put an end to the darkness. At this stage my companion announced that he was going back to México and left shortly thereafter. Around midday the remaining three of us left also, rapidly descending through the clouds and rime-covered rocks and grass to the haven of Tlamácas.



Being Christmas day and a holiday half of México had decided to visit Popo. Tlamácas and its car park resembled the M.C.G. on grand final day with people and animals milling around everywhere. The "American" room now housed 30 climbers, families, friends, tourists, dogs, kids, and even an Indian family complete with their portable taco and hot coffee stall. Tacos are crisp pancake-type things fried in oil and completely tasteless like most Mexican dishes. The smoke from their charcoal burner merged with the smoke from the fireplaces severely reducing visibility inside until the hut custodian decided to clear the chimneys.

Next day a 3 a.m. start had us out in the clouds and snow once again. This time we didn't even make it to the lower hut but returned and sat around waiting for some truck to take us across to Iztaccíhuatl. Suspecting that this truck was a typical Latin American myth, I managed to persuade the Search and Rescue truck driver to give us a ride across.

An ascent up glorious valleys of snowgrass and pine forest, covered with blue lupins and prickly white flowers, rocky ridges, moraine walls, and scree slopes lead us to a delightful hut high on a ridge close to our summit. Another fine day with perfect crampon conditions and we glided up a glacier front pointing the final 50M onto the summit ridge where we passed a party of exhausted Californian tourists and their hired Mexican guide who had come up the easy route. The huge summit dome became lost in the clouds but we located the highest point by the huge pile of tins and other rubbish which Mexicans are fond of leaving behind. The Californians soon staggered up and collapsed all over the place - one fell face downward in the snow. Iztaccíhuatl is undoubtedly an easy peak, but its altitude of 5,290M will catch out the unfit or unacclimatized.

From the hut a long walk back to the Paso de Cortes, a hitch down to Amecameca with some electricians servicing the power line running through the pass, and I was on my way back to México.

— oXo —

Climb mountains and get their good tidings.

Nature's peace will glow into you as sunshine flows  
into erees.

The winds will blow their own freshness into you and  
storms their energy....

(John Muir)



## SOLUTIONS TO ALISON'S CROSSWORD

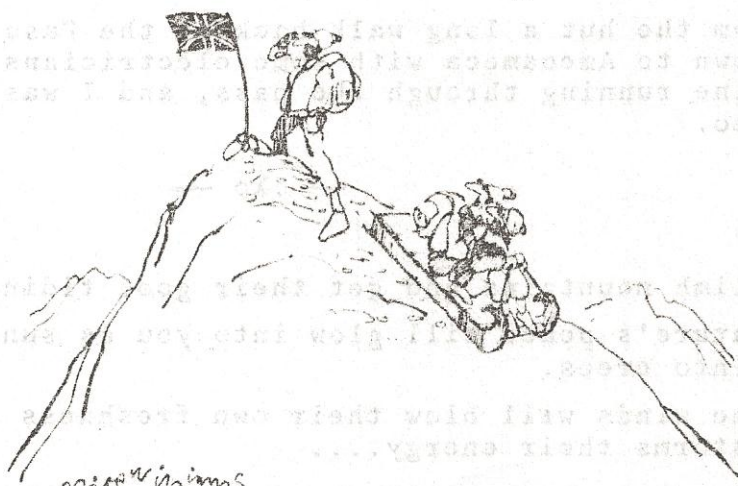
## Across

- |               |            |               |              |
|---------------|------------|---------------|--------------|
| 1. Northwest  | 21. SU     | 30. Axe       | 42. Store    |
| 4. Chooffer   | 22. Pedder | 31. Rearing   | 44. ANARE    |
| 9. Yangs      | 23. Catani | 32. Rumdoodle | 46. Arapiles |
| 10. Kosciusko | 24. Pub    | 36. Mist      | 49. Glay     |
| 13. Aven      | 25. Egg    | 37. Colong    | 50. True     |
| 14. Hanging   | 27. Whipp  | 38. Guidebook | 51. Eyes     |
| 16. Sealers   | 28. Pole   | 41. Ye        | 52. Sends    |
| 17. Scrub     |            |               |              |

## Down

- |               |              |              |           |
|---------------|--------------|--------------|-----------|
| 2. Range      | 11. Stirrer  | 26. Canadian | 39. Trogs |
| 3. Hashhouse  | 12. Kneen    | 27. Werribee | 40. Harry |
| 5. OXO        | 15. Gold     | 29. Oil      | 41. Yeti  |
| 6. Feathertop | 18. Cobberas | 30. Aikmans  | 43. Tony  |
| 7. Erebus     | 19. Buggery  | 33. Moroka   | 45. Alps  |
| 8. Hut        | 20. Piker    | 34. Delatite | 47. Van   |
| 9. Yard       | 23. Cap      | 35. Agnes    | 48. Rod   |

— oXo —



"Hurry up, Parkinson."



What's new? English 'Point Five' sleeping bags - these are all nylon covered bags with several different grades of down filling and several different styles. We don't have a great number - this being by way of a trial shipment to see what we and you think of them. Prices vary from \$38.70 for the 'Lightweight' model - 2 $\frac{1}{4}$  pounds - up to over \$60.00 for the warmer bags, such as the 'Expedition' at \$66.00 - made of 2 unwall'd bags put together. We also have a selection of their down clothing - duvets, trousers, waistcoats, boots, as well as the 'Elephants foot' half-length bag for use with duvet. These products have an excellent reputation among English climbers.

We continue to experiment with nylon tents - have lately been making single-pole pyramid types e.g a 7'x4'x5' high at the pole, which in this case is at the side of the tent in the middle of the wide door - which occupies the long side. This gives easy access and good headroom, but the tent alone weighs only 21b 6 oz. We tried this tent at Baw Baw in snow and found it adequate for 2 with gear inside. The next one we tried, again in snow, outside Tawonga Huts, measured 7'6"x6'x5' at the pole, which was placed 4' from the back wall to give ample sleeping space at the rear, plus 2' between the pole and the door (which ~~was~~ is 3' high) which we used for gear and cooking. We found this 3 lb tent most spacious and did not suffer much from condensation, although venting was limited to a triangular vent above the door and we had snow piled up on the walls - both tents have walls varying from 14" to 22" in height ~~was~~. I did break the pole on the bigger tent while putting it up in a gale in the dark - we are working on a more robust ~~was~~ pole, as this is the 3rd reported failure of this particular type. Once the tent was up it showed no inclination to blow away, although the nylon was flapping noisily. We do not expect to satisfy everyone with our tents or packs, but are interested in producing them to satisfy a small specialist market.

We have a few Cassin bluegates at \$2,50, but Simond alloys are stronger and will now open under load - price only \$1.90

To return to tents, the bigger tent is designed to allow an inner tent of say silicone-proofed (but not coated) nylon to be tied in. We did not have one in the tent we tested, but have already sold one so equipped. This had a coated nylon floor sewn to the inner and has been used at Wyperfeld with satisfactory results. The inner measured 7'x4' and occupied the space behind the pole. This gives the bug-free and holding-down advantages of a sewn in floor but still leaves unfloored space at the doorway for cooking, wet gear and taking off wet boots. In this case the tent + inner + pole + pegs weighed under 6 pounds and provided far more living space than the tapered double tent we tested at Lake Pedder in May. We have recently got in a shipment of Dolomite boots in various styles. These are proving popular.

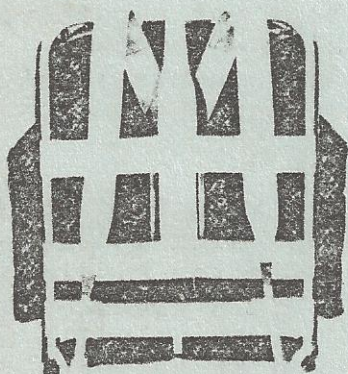
Cheers

Loch



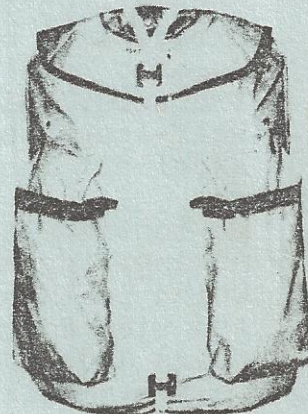
**KIMPTON'S**  
PRESENT  
THE FULLY IMPORTED

# FEATHERLITE 'MOUNTAIN MULE' PACK



FEATHERLITE No. 1 has single bag strapping and two outside pockets. Post Free. . . . .  
Double waterproof bottom. Weight 2lb 14oz.

FEATHERLITE No. 2 has double bag strapping, larger capacity bag, camera pocket and map pocket on top flap. Double waterproof bottom. Weight 3¼ lbs. Post Free. . . . .



KIMPTON'S are Australian Agents & Distributors for the famous range of Tents & Sleeping Bags by 'BLACKS of GREENOCK'.



KIMPTON'S also stock the lightweight N.Z. WINTEST Tents in Nylon or Japara.

## KIMPTON'S "EIDERLITE" SLEEPING BAGS ARE MADE IN 3 POPULAR MODELS

SNOW



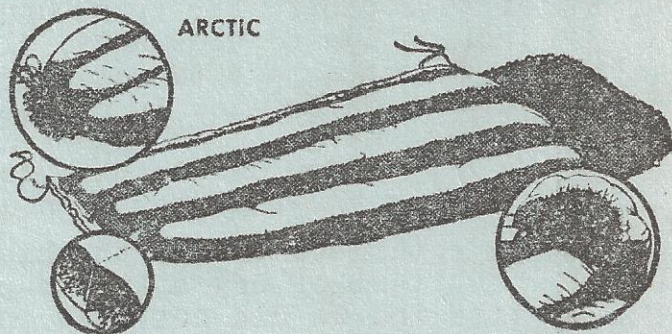
Snow: Tailored hood — 36" nickel chest zipp. Circular insert for feet. Cut 6' x 30" plus hood filled with Super down, Feather down.

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

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,

ARCTIC



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.

Obtainable all good sport stores and scout shops — if not contact —  
KIMPTON'S FEATHER MILLS, 11 Budd Street, Collingwood, Victoria, 3066  
PHONE: Melbourne 41-5073, Sydney 389-1239, Adelaide 57-8624, Brisbane 2-2354.

All sleeping bags are obtainable in Aquascade, the new waterproof terylene material that breaths. \$3 extra