

the

MOUNTAINEER



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| Conservation: Mike Feller | | |

EDITORIAL

The recent Federal Cabinet decision to allow sand mining to proceed upon Fraser Island was yet another blow struck against our right to enjoy wilderness areas. It seems that we have entered a period where our right to climb, ski, and walk is being increasingly threatened. For example, in the Victorian High country, the natural state is being menaced by activities resulting from the pressure of various interest groups--grazing, logging, off-the-road vehicles. Perhaps this threat is best symbolised to club members by the chairlift proposed for Mount Feathertop.

Pedder! Newport! Fraser Island! Each became a single 'issue' and was fought over as such. Little attempt has been made by environmentalists to develop an overall perspective. The conservation movement must transcend an 'issues' based philosophy. It must recognise the inherent need in our present system of production for continued economic expansion and development. 'Natural Resources' in today's society exist only to be consumed.

The environmental crisis can only be solved in the political sphere. People must change but the most pressing need is not to stop people using coloured dyke paper or driving cars, but to take action against those people that produce such products for profit. Political struggle is necessary so that the present framework of society whereby the interests of capital prevail, is abolished. Unless ecological problems are placed within the wider sphere of progressive social change and action taken, then the future of the Victorian environment will be left in the hands of big business and their political lackeys.

Nick Reeves

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir

I am pleased to see 'Guide to the Alps' in print again and congratulate Hume on again carrying to a successful conclusion the very large task of putting out such a guide. I regret that I am unhappy with the change in the title because at this time there is much discussion as to the relevance of matters bushwalking to matters ski-touring, especially as regards mountain safety. To a bushwalker it may appear absurd or even impossible to regard bushwalking ideas, gear, practices and publications on mountain safety as being relevant to ski-touring. But apparently many of the skiers now venturing out from the resorts to go touring do think this way, and we should, therefore, lose no opportunity of trying to convince them that bushwalking and ski-touring have the same needs for proper warm and weather proof clothing for skills in navigation, map reading and survival for the resort skier does not use the same clothes or the same skis; guides or maps, and mountain areas.

It seems a pity then that the embryo ski-tourer who is not a bushwalker may let the title put him off. Acquiring this volume with its wealth of information useful to the safer touring of skier and walker alike.

To call the guide "Bushwalking and Ski-touring" would seem rather clumsy.

I thought the original title very satisfactory and people seemed to have no problem either remembering it or realising that it catered essentially to foot travel, whether on boot or ski. I can but hope for a return to the old title next time. We should be concerned for the welfare of the non-bushwalking ski-tourer because apart from the possibility of having to search for the lost ones, we should also be concerned at the extra pressure they put on mountain areas which can include pressure for more development of huts and so on - if we can, help them to the maximum with guides, maps, and education of gear, survival, and navigation, then we can hope and expect that they will be more receptive to our ideas of minimum development in the way of huts and snow poles in the interest of both mountain safety and wilderness values.

Wilson

NEWS

- (1) The cover photo is of Reg Marron on Meldon, Mt. Rose. There are only climbing photographs in this issue because no photographs of any other activity have been received. Photos should be black and white and of good contrast. Leave them in the editor's envelope.
- (2) A forum dinner will be held in the private dining room, Union Building on August 19, 1975. The speaker will be early club member and noted raconteur and wit, Niall Brennan and he will be speaking upon - "TALES OF THE VICTORIAN ALPS". Enquiries to the secretary.
- (3) After a stormy meeting on the 12th May a committee was formed "to foster and promote the safety and general interest of ski-tourers and that it should take such steps as are immediately practicable to form such an organisation". Peter Treby is the club representative and it has already met to formulate general policy and guidelines. This committee has been formed at a time when there is much debate occurring over safety measures for ski-touring. In particular, the role of huts and ski pole lines in the mountain safety is a much vexed issue. As most of the club tourers seem to be predominately interested in wilderness experiences when they ski, it is essential that the club takes a strong attitude towards such issues as huts, pole lines, and ski trails.
- (4) Since late last year there have been restrictions upon the import of walking and climbing boots from Europe. As specialist footwear for the various forms of climbing and walking activities that club members do, are not manufactured in Australia, a submission on this matter was prepared on behalf of the club by Rex Niven. He presented it to the Industries Assistance Commission Inquiry into footwear and it was favourably received.
- (5) Nick White has been accorded the rare honour of being made an honorary life member of the V.S.A. This is a fine reward for the service Nick has given over the past years. At present Nick is the president of the Australian Speleological Federation.

(6) Various club library books have been borrowed and not returned. In particular, the Melbourne Area, Land Conservation Council Report, and accompanying maps are missing. Could these and any other Club books that people may have in their possession be returned.

REPORTS

Climbing

(1) Ask any bushwalker and he will tell you that all climbers are mad. It is well known, however, that this year's new recruits are past being mad and already famous for their kanakazi climbing styles and tremendous falls, much to the horror of more experienced and 'staid' climbers.

Either being keen or silly, most beginners have fallen. 'Yo Yo' Rothfield being most notable for his attitude of preferring falling to climbing. He was heard recently expressing disappointment when reaching the top of a climb without mishap. The longest fall so far has been 35 feet by Neil Blundy upon Resignation at Mt. Arapiles.

(2) Mt. Staplyton in the Grampians has received quite a few visits. John Chapman freed the aid from Spillway, making it (17). On Tanpan Wall, Nick Reeves, Dave Mudie and Steve Due put up the second line up this impressive cliff. The 'Seventh Banana' (10, M6) features superb, sustained climbing continuously overhanging the ground. Dave Mudie and Steve Due freed 'Simplaton' at 18, and this great corner line received a second free ascent by John Chapman, Keith Egerton and Steve Pawley.

(3) Mt. Arapiles has been popular. Eileen O'Meagher led Piccolo (12) and Ross Stephens and Andrew Rothfield did Bard (12). Toccata was led by Steve Pawley in the rain and Peter Megens top roped Saint Peter (16). Also, at Arapiles, MUMC claimed the Willows Malted milkshake record when Nick Reeves downed eight of the bastards. Steve Glen drank seven, thus also breaking the previous record which stood at six.

(4) Warribee Gorge was the scene of one of the few day trips. Over twenty climbers were there and the Gorge took on the appearance of a picnic party. David Lia led CICERO (14) Steve Pawley led Androcles (16) and Keith Egerton climbed Centurion (17). This was also led by John Chapman who climbed Pot of Demitrius (17) and Veni Vidi Vici (17) as well.

There is a climbing trip every weekend so why not come along?

CanoeingIntervarsity Canoeing

Slalom canoeing is not only a challenge, but also an ideal way of improving your strokes. The first morning of the contest was spent practising on the rapids--taking chances and consequently getting wet. While we played, pulling in and out of the fast water and ferry gliding across the stopper at the bottom of the drop, the big boy Jol broke yet another paddle.

The first day of the slalom was cancelled because of high winds. Our tents were blown down! The downhill race was substituted. We bore the cold and finished in third place. It was a good four mile stretch of grade two rapids upon which we had enjoyed a nice bludge paddle the day before. The "Saint" John Templer starred with 3rd place men's K1.

The comrades (canoeing compliments) spent most evenings exploring Canberra--often getting lost in the maze of circles and freeways. The evenings were generally quite quiet apart from Tim's gentle teasing and Kate's chuckles, and Jenny K being often oblivious to it all with her head in a book.

The slalom had 26 tight gates with many upstream--exhausting! After a practise run and two runs per event, one soon knows the course well, and many of our team managed all gates. Twice Tim got sucked off into a stopper. He had to battle furiously before he got out. Everyone did well, especially Tim and Kate in the mixed C2 and Melbourne came second overall in the slalom section.

C3, and W0 events held by the 'Woollongong Wackers'--who never worry about gates, were most amusing. The conclusion was a barbeque and boat swapping, but all in an atmosphere of friendship.

The team--Harry Burr, Pete Cameron, Jenny Hart, Tim Hughes, Jenny K, Fiona Thlvain, Kate Reeves, Karen Roberts, Jol Sketton, John and Heide Templer.

Hut Report

A couple of work parties have been held recently. The first encountered rather miserable conditions with nine people. The second saw only two blokes enjoying the excellent weather. These two spent so much time on the summit that they decided to hold the first annual midnight descent of Mt Feathertop.

The main project of the two work parties has been to prepare the hut floor. The floor has been stripped of old varnish and three coats of Estapol applied to it.

A new lock has been put on the basement entrance. Muric members can borrow the key for any trip up to the hut. Contact Jol Sketton, Hedley Thompson or Andrew Walker. Do not make additional copies of keys and also lock up before leaving.

At present there is little rubbish at the hut. Some effort is needed to keep it that way.

Firewood is always scarce. However, the club does not want a repeat of the useless tree felling that has occurred recently over at Federation hut. Green wood does not burn so why bother chopping the trees? Briquettes can be easily carried up!

The hut stove functions satisfactorially. You could not boil a billy over it, however, it still draws well, does not smoke and keeps the place comfortably warm. It should continue like this for a couple of years yet and it treated properly will not need replacement for a while.

TRIPS PROGRAMME

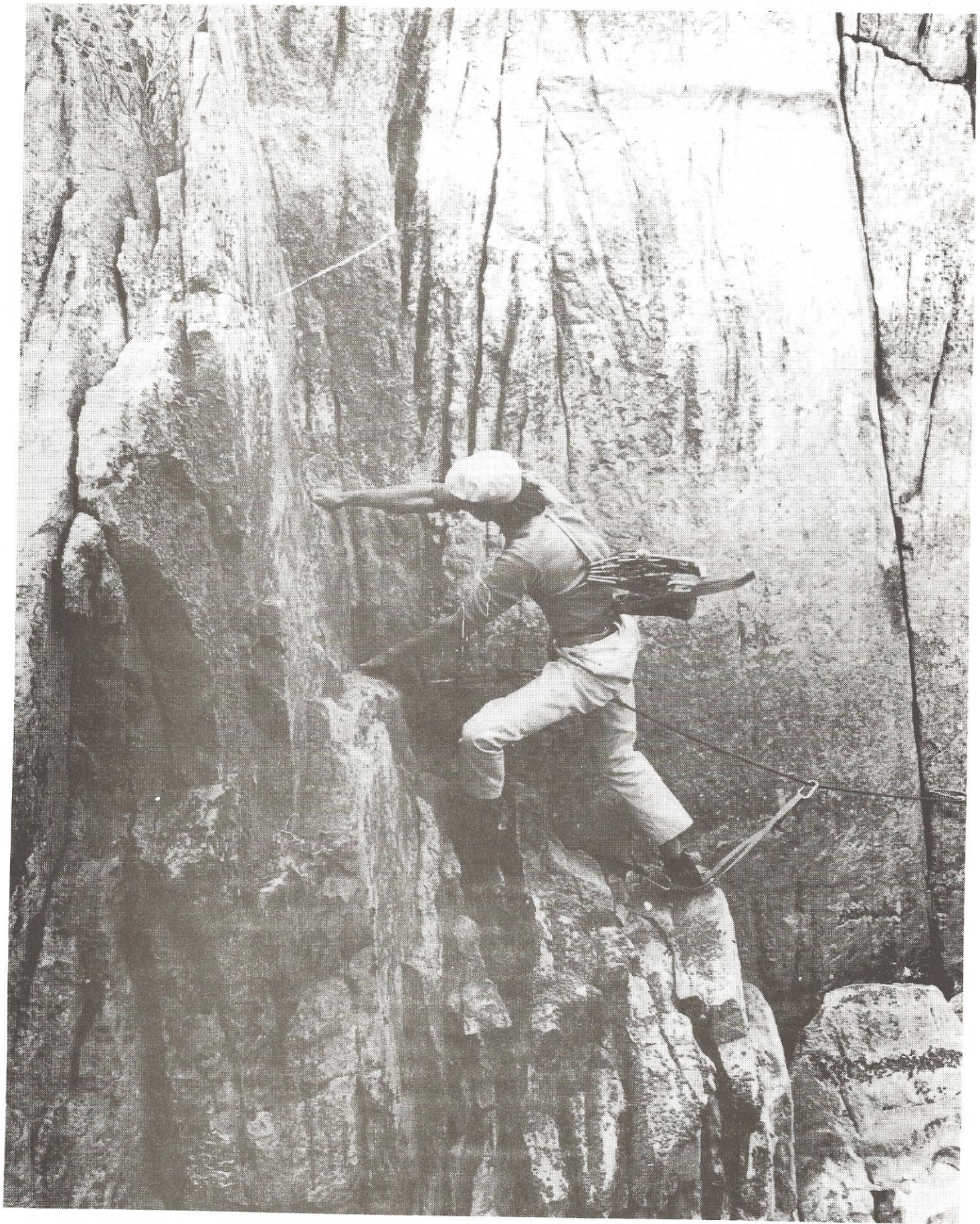
BUSHWALKING

DATE - 19 - 20 July
AREA - Timbertop - Buller - (Beginners Snow Walk)
STANDARD - Beginners
LEADER - Sue White (328 4154)
TRANSPORT - Private

DATE - 26 - 27 July
AREA - Feathertop (annual Midnight Ascent)
STANDARD - Cold & lay
LEADER - Jol Shelton
TRANSPORT - Private

DATE - 2 - 3 August
AREA - Marysville - Keppells Falls
LEADERS - G Lay (69 3824)
STANDARD - Medium
TRANSPORT - Private

DATE - 9 - 10 August
AREA - Warbarton - Big Pats Creek
LEADER - Julie West, Cathie Secombe
STANDARD - Easy
TRANSPORT - Private



Henry Barber on Tast of Honey. Grade 23. Photo: J. Chapman

TRIPS PROGRAMME16-18 AUG

DATE - 16 - 18 August

AREA - Feathertop

EVENT ALPINE INSTRUCTION COURSE

STANDARD - Beginners

LEADERS - Mike Feller, George Kuczera, Nick Reeves

TRANSPORT - Private

DATE - 27 - 31 August

AREA - Licola - TARLIKARNG Mt Wellington - Sentinal

STANDARD - Medium (long day--snow gear required)

LEADER - Jol Shelton (254 324)

TRANSPORT - Others

DATE - 13 - 14 September

AREA - Wilson's Prom

LEADER - G Lay (69 3824)

STANDARD - Easy

TRANSPORT - Private

DATE - 28th September

AREA - Strath Creek Gorge (day walk)

LEADER - George Kuczera

STANDARD - Medium Medium (Excellent Scenery)

TRANSPORT - Van (cost \$3.00)

DATE - 4 - 5 October

AREA - Big River - Mt Terrible

LEADER - Rob Smith (878 7657)

STANDARD - Medium

TRANSPORT - Private

DATE - 12th October

AREA - Lerderderg Gorge

LEADER - Gretel Lamont (38 1742)

STANDARD - Pleasant

TRANSPORT - Private

TRIPS PROGRAMME

DATE - 22 - 23 November

AREA - Barkly River - Macalister River - Post Exam Bludge

LEADER - Jol Sketton

STANDARD - Bludge--1.5 mile walk to Macalister River

TRANSPORT - Van (cost \$6.00)

Geoff Lay is interested in walking in the Crampians some time during October or November. Anyone interested should contact him to arrange dates.

FOR SOCIAL & ARMCHAIR MOUNTAINEERS

DATE - 19th August

EVENT - Forum Dinner

PLACE - Private Dining Room--Union

SPEAKER - Nial Brennan--historian, author, and more importantly, foundation secretary of MUMC will speak about "TALES OF THE VICTORIAN ALPS".

DATE - 30th July

EVENT - Annual OXO dinner dance

PLACE - Wattle Park Chalet

COST - \$6.50 each BYOG

STANDARD - HARD will continue after midnight

LEADERS - Robyn Fraser, Marie Franeken, Eileen O'Meagher

CAVING

DATE - 12 - 13 July

AREA - Buchan

STANDARD - Medium

LEADER - Sue White (328 4145)

Contact Sue White for details of other trips which occur frequently.

TRIPS PROGRAMMECANOEING

For the next couple of months, there will be an extremely active canoeing programme with a trip on almost every weekend. Venues are generally decided in the preceding week according to river levels. We will also be entering in a couple of slalom events following our IV success. Watch the trips books for the latest information, or ring:

| | |
|--------------|----------|
| Tim Hughes | 347 7453 |
| John Templer | 38 6201 |
| Jol Sketton | 25 4324 |

CLIMBING

DATE - 20th July Day trip - venue to be decided

DATE - 2 - 3 August - weekend at Arapules

DATE - 20 - 30 August - Cradle Mountain - anyone interested
contact John Chapman

Climbing trips will be on every weekend to various places. Beginners welcome. Contact John Chapman.

LONG VACATION TRIPS

(1) Could people contemplating trips to either Tasmania or New Zealand next summer please let the trips secretary know of their plans so the inquiries can be directed their way.

(2) Any persons willing to lead weekend walks in Victoria during the long vacation please contact the trips secretary so that such trips can be incorporated in the trips programme and published in 'The Mountaineer' before the trip is about to leave.

CLUB CONTACT - GILL HUME 347 2371

TRIPS SECRETARY - JOL SHELTON home number 254 324

uni 341 6612

AT WEEKENDS THE TRIPS SECRETARY IS USUALLY AWAY.

TWO SNOWY GORGE TRIPSThe Little River Gorge

The little River Gorge is situated in the heart of Victoria's most rugged and spectacular mountain scenery. The Little river has formed a gorge of enormous dimensions in cutting its way through 2000 feet of salmon pink Rhyodacite in only two miles. From the Wulgulmerang to Deddick Road, one can obtain glimpses of the gorge with the river threading its way around the boulders far below, but to really appreciate the gorge's rugged grandeur one must follow the river from Wulgulmerang plateau to the Snowy River.

The only information regarding this trip had been gleaned from Nick Reeves who had been through the Gorge some years ago, and he recalled that an abseil or two and a couple of swims were required, not to mention some dense scrub. With our appetites suitably whetted, an MUMC "heavies" trip left on the Anzac day weekend to head off into the gorge.

By noon on Friday the car shuffle had been completed and we set off along the river, past tourists admiring some roadside waterfalls. The first few hours were spent in a series of controlled tests designed to discover the best method of attacking the valley. Scrub bashing up sides to avoid cliffs was satisfactory as we had to get into the gorge, not out. The river banks were blackberry infested and not suitable to progress. The apparent solution was boulder hopping along the river.

Gill was the first to realize the futility of this method when she declared--"No, I'm not going to jump--don't you dare take a picture of me, George!" She waded through. We remained dry, but not for long--boulders were not always where one thought they were or wanted them.

A short break was had when the vertical rock faces of the gorge loomed ahead. They made an impressive sight, plunging down below the apparent river level. A wade through waist-deep water brought us to the top of a series of waterfalls. There was no way up or down, and no anchor for an ascent. The solution was a delicate airy traverse to a tree from which an ascent was arranged. From the bottom of this a short rough scrub bash returned us to river level. It was getting dark and camp was made on an old river course overhung by huge boulders. The afternoon's walking amounted to $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

Morning saw more rock scrambling, boulder hopping and wading. An ascent beside a 100 foot waterfall and then the excitement began. The valley walls closed right in. Vertical to overhanging cliffs rose straight from the water upon both sides. A swim was in order. Packs were lightened, bodies stripped, and then, the big plunge. Thank Christ a sunny day!

We dutifully dried out over lunch only to have to wet ourselves twice more when sheer walls closed off the gorge to pedestrian traffic.

By mid-afternoon the valley opened up a little, and the sun reappeared, so too did the blackberries. Wading along the bank was the solution. This resulted in slow progress and so a scrub bash on the valley walls was tried, but to no avail, and so back to the river. Another control test was carried out with the discovery that it is quicker to wade through waist-deep water than knee-high blackberries. By four o'clock we were all thoroughly fed up and called it a day.

Sunday morning continued for the first hour in the same vein as before--wade, bash, hop, splash. Thankfully the river entered its flood plain and the scrub opened out, enabling the fastest progress of the trip. We reached the Snowy River before noon and spent lunchtime drying out on a granite rock bar which had been scoured smooth by the countless Snowy floods.

Tony Sherwood dutifully buried his drowned scroggin and pondered the reaction of tomorrow's archaeologists digging on that site--

"This scroggin is 1000 years old!"

"Happy birthday to you!"

The last two miles along a jeep track to the car was completed in forty minutes. Whilst waiting for the second car to return a car load of Deddickians came past and asked where we had been.

"Down the Little River Gorge."

"How did you do that?"

We had to laugh.

Heavies upon the trip were--Mark Spain, Gill Hume, George Kuczera, Jol Shelton, Tony Sherwood, R. Bartnik and Yong An Chot.

Snowy River Gorge

The area east of Wulgulmerang has some of the best gorges in the state--on Wulgulmerang Creek, Boundary Creek Little River and the Snowy. The best of the gorges on the Snowy River is about three miles upstream from the Broadbents River. For the walker the most convenient access to this gorge is to drive from Butchers Creek east along the Tulach Ard Road to the paddocks around the burnt out Tulach Ard homestead. Since many of the spurs heading down to the Snowy are thickly and prickly and/or end at cliffs, it is worthwhile choosing your spur carefully: the spur running south-east from Tulach Ard is quite suitable.

Our first night was spent beside the road a few miles from Buchan. The experiment of sleeping under the stars failed as we got our first taste of the drizzle that was to keep up for most of the weekend. After a dampish breakfast at the Buchan Caves camping ground, we continued on through the mist to Tulach Ard. For those interested, emus can run at 25 mph. We set off through the kangaroos and wallabies that abounded in the open paddocks and soon dropped steeply down the spur, passing on the way an example of Victoria's largest snail. From the spur there were view north up the river and of the cliffs to the south and across the river-holes in the cloud permitting. We rock-hopped along the side of the river for $\frac{1}{4}$ mile to the start of the gorge and had lunch. Despite its name, the Snowy is a very warm river and a swim was most welcome.

It was not very long after lunch that the first obstacle rose straight from the water. We weren't particularly interested in climbing 20 feet cliffs with packs so we opted to wade around the butress. Quiet easy - the water was only about chest deep. We continued on our merry, slow way through the gorge alternating between wading and rock scrambling until we reached the end of the gorge and the last sheer cliff rose straight from very deep water.

Paul was the tallest and to him fell the honour and responsibility of overcoming this final impasse. Alas I must report that he failed to live up to our hopes and expectations. The plan was simple: Paul would carry each of our packs, in turn, across the river by holding them above his head and above the water. He refused, pointing out that his head would be several inches below water level. Anyhow we ended up floating our packs across the river - a most interesting and enjoyable experience. There was a range of techniques: dragging the pack behind, side stroke, vigourously pushing it forward and chasing after it or hunting it across soccer style.

After another half mile of wandering down the bank, we set up camp on the sand in still more rain. The next day was much finer, and a butterfly net emerged from Tony's voluminous pack. He also wanted to look at the rainforest in the area so we explored the next small tributary with its tall spreading lilly pillies, its brilliant yellow-green pittosporums and a slender waterfall. Our botanist was most enthusiastic. The rest of us were starting to realise that there were something in things botanical and were studying most carefully (burpp!--excuse me) the juicy sweet blackberries along the creek. While the Snowy Valley was still narrow and steep, the river had slowed down and widened to form a deep, dark green lake. We walked quickly along the sandy bank until we reached the junction of the Broadbents River where the valley widens considerably. We stopped for lunch.

We spent the afternoon walking up the Broadbents River without packs. The water was crystal clear and rarely more than knee deep. In ways the Broadbent River was more spectacular than the Snowy: shady lilly pillie glades, towering cliffs, and a couple of delicate waterfalls. And more ripe blackberries. We recrossed the Snowy and this time managed to stay a bit drier. Camp was pitched about 30 feet above the river on a flat area under spreading casuarinas, and overlooking the broad, dark green Snowy. Most beautiful, we were thinking. And just as were remarking about the joy of not seeing anyone else in this wilderness, three bright

kayaks came skimming across the water. They seemed a little surprised that anyone would be able to walk through the gorge--we were a little surprised to see them since we thought the river level would be too low for canoeing.

Next morning we climbed steeply up through the casuarinas to an old jeep track. More up and up and then onto the Tulach Ard Road and back to the car.

Rob Cannon
Liz Brown
Paul Hobson
Tony Bishop

P.S. For going home, the diversion Stratford - Maffra - Heyfield - Tyers - Yallourn - Moe seems fairly quick, easier driving and has no rotten caravans.

"Naturalist's Diary" by Norman Wakefield is well worth reading for ideas on hikes in East Gippsland.

WACKER REEVES ON THE THOMPSON - OR - GOODBYE ROSS

(Another canoeing epic starring all your favourite heros and the occasional Olympian)

The trip was off to a good start with ten people and a portable cassette in a cortina at Cowarr Weir on Friday night celebrating Ross Seedsmana job (looking for nasty Uranium with a nast multi-national in the Northern Territory) and then Timmy Hughes in his kayak on top of his car (and he doesn't drink either). Next morning it was off to Bruntions Bridge and the start of the trip to the cry of "are there any petrol stations on the way?" (Rapid Rob Circa 8.30 am).

The river was low so one could enjoy the quiet valley with its steep sides, rock slides and the occasional water lizard basking in the sun. This was punctuated with the crunch of fibreglass as that thing you thought was a pressure-wave turned out to be a Hidden rock. After lunch we approached the gorge where the river funnels in from being 50 or 60 feet wide to being only 10 or so ... all in one grad 4 rapid. There was the usual hard swallow of the seasoned paddlers and some excess of heavy breathing and slight seating by our beginners Kate (see title) and Fiona. Apart from a large increase in andrenalin levels all was well, including Rob and, Karen and J Terrel in the C2 who took a novel detour across the rocks instead of around them. Fortunately with the low level the gorge was not the 2 km long chute of turbulent water it is at higher levels and we soon reached the overnight camp.

Everyone was relieved that their boats was not added to the 2 and 3 foot sections of three other boats that were littered along the gorge, or that they were not walking out like the four paddlers whose three kayaks we saw 30 foot up from the river at one spost. We soon witnessed in amazement the emergence of the greater Kate REEVES resplendent in a size 87½ (at least) jumper and large white (well polka dot dirt) track suit bottoms ripped to the knees and sporting a large

brown (?) stain over the bum ! ! ! ! She soon launched into that famous remark (on seeing John Templer's T-shirt with "Munich Olympics" on it) "Oh were you in the Olympics?" The snicker and resounding "Of course" from the multitude still had her convinced the next day (it runs in the family you know!)

After a capsise less than 10 feet from camp by our female heroine and the Triple Stager (a grade 4 rapid with three 3-6 feet drops) where only four of the eight paddlers did half the last stage backwards we came to the last rapids of the trip. Here there was a heroic save by Ross when Kate got stuck under her boat for a loooooong time He saved the bag which came out of her boat while Kate got herself out.

Here we end our tale with those tired, satisfied and very conservation minded canoeists struggling the last three mile to camp along the flat Cowarr Weir.

J Templer

SOLO:REG MARRON

My fingers numb with cold, fumble with the ropes as I rig another of many abseils. It is 3:00am and I am shivering in the damp cold of a chimney. Each abseil rings the water from the rope and spills it into my crotch. My pack, loaded to the limit, threatens to turn me upside down as I descend deeper into the Gorge.

By the light of my headtorch I pick my way across the huge halfway terrace known as Furber ledge and continue for two more rope stretching rappels which finish at the beginning of an immense corner which marks the start of the climb. I arrive soaking and with second thoughts.

I have come alone to do a climb known as Ozymandias Direct. 1000ft. long, it occupies the longest section of the North wall of Buffalo Gorge. The climb is reached by descending down a long pillar known as Comet Ramp, itself a climb. The main feature of the route is that it tackles a multiple roof section two thirds up the face, making climbing above this extremely committing.

The overhangs above and the particular problems they would present are far from my mind as I gaze at the rock of the first pitch in front of me. Arranging my pre-planned belay system, I set out, free climbing over wet and greasy rock leading to the main corner. Upon reaching it the banging begins as I drive home the first of many pitons. I have brought about 65 pitons and 15 chocks which I hope to use. As the climb involves predominantly pitons it places great importance on my hammer so I have packed a spare in my pack. The pins go in one after another and I begin to gain height, it is growing light as I rapell down the first pitch to begin cleaning (removing the pitons). The top is still shrouded in mist, but elsewhere the sky is clearing and my worries of bad weather are put aside as I get down to work.

Back on the hanging stance, I carry out what would become the hardest job on the climb, that of sack hauling. I have planned to spend three days on the climb and with food, water, hammock, duvet, half-bag, raincoat and spare gear it is hard work. At work on the second pitch, voices waft up from below. It is another party coming to attempt the same climb. There are three of them, but my lead cancels any immediate problems of passing. The third pitch, described as the 'crux', lives up to it's reputation as the aids become noticeably thinner. A slip in concentration, a blind lead up the wrong crack system delays me an hour while I regain the line, and it is not until late afternoon that I finally pull onto the sloping grassy ledge and the site of my first bivouac..450 ft. up. Suspending my hammock from two pitons (one rather doubtful), I settle down to a well earned rest, only to be violently awoken when the 'doubtful piton parts company with the rock sending my duvet and halfbag to the bottom. Drugged by sleep, I re-erect my bed and sleep.....a little colder.

Morning is heralded by shouts from the South side of the Gorge where Tourists have gathered to watch the climbing 'madmen' perform. Not one to disappoint the crowds, I open the act with a 'crap' before breakfast! Looking over the ledge whilst in the middle of answering nature's call, I notice my halfbag entangled in a tree a few feet below and after a short abseil recover it but it seems my jacket has

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Solo cont'd... ..

been lost to the Gorge. There is no time to ponder on whether or not to go down and have a look, so I rack up for another day of pounding rock. Today things go more smoothly as a steady rythum develops. Select a piton; drive it home; clip in etrier; step up; clip in; clip in rope and so on and on, and on and gradually the rope feeds out.

Two pitches later I have reached the first roof section. A long bolt ladder up a smooth arete leads to the first roof which is tackled through the fault line running across it. Stepping out onto the first roof pin brings on a great feeling of excitement and fear as you hang suspended from such a small piece of steel spinning around 600ft. above the deck. It takes me quite awhile to rationalise the exposure as I continue across the roof and up the corner above on good aids to a string of bolts spread across the wall below a huge block (the second roof), this is to be my bivouac site tonight.

I am very tired now and it is dark, but my pack is below and I must keep moving. Decending around the roof, I can see far below the lights of the second party. They are on the sloping ledge and are preparing for sleep, almost asleep myself, I fail to notice that I have not clipped the haul rope to the sack and as I release it, it swings out into space and out of reach leaving me holding the bag. As punishment for my blunder I must now carry it with me as I de-per. I finish exhausted and collapse into my green cocoon of a hammock which swings gently over the void below.

I awake to the sound of hammering beneath me, the second party are on the move, peering over the edge of my lofty perch I am confronted with an uninterrupted view, 800ft. to the bottom. Somehow, the exposure does not fully register after two days of it already, still, it is very impressive.

I pack quickly for the last time for today I must reach the top if I am to keep to my schedule. Also, I am almost out of water with three difficult pitches ahead of me. I move off around the second roof and up to a deep overhang which only accepts endways bongs on the very lip of the crack. It takes ages to get above this section which is followed by another, equally difficult section. I am really beginning to feel the pace now. Severe cramps force me to stop every few minutes, the slings of gear cut deeply into my shoulders and it seems that I will never finish the pitch, but then the two bolts appear and I can have a short rest.

The thought of returning to clean the pitch makes me feel sick, but there is no way of avoiding it so down I go again. The next pitch brings me to a large ledge and the first solid ground for two days. I rest before the last pitch which is steep and off width, each aid bringing me closer to the top. I can hear voices and hurry to complete the last moves, pulling over the last holds I am greeted by a large group of Tourists and Climbers...

Handshakes, drinks all around, smiles, photos and congratulations.

Much later as I lie in my tent, I have time to look back and reflect. The climb was over, but not the experience, for my whole body chemistry kept on reacting hours after I had stopped climbing.

SUMMARY: OZYMANDIAS DIRECT FINISH 1000FT. (M4) FIRST SOLO ASCENT. DONE OVER 3DAYS INVOLVING 2 BIVOUACS COMPLETED 30/4/75

BOOK REVIEW

'THE ALPS AT THE CROSSROADS' by Dick Johnson
Victorian National Parks Association, Melbourne, 1974

This well illustrated survey of the history of the Victorian Alps is an interesting addition to the conservation type of publication now available. It is an overall survey of developments in the alps since the coming of the white man to Victoria and as such, is a worthwhile book for anyone's library.

The book is clear and photos excellent but the book has faults. These lie in the verbose nature of the text and the attempt it makes to be all things to all men. On the one hand the miners, loggers and farmers have all been part of the history of the alps, but the book fails to relate these activities to its policy on wilderness management made in Chapter I. Despite this, it is an important and informative statement upon the Victorian Alps.

Sue White

STOP PRESS: ~~*****~~

Results of the 24 Hour Walk are:

| PLACING | NAMES | REACHED NO. | SCORE |
|---------|--|-------------|-------|
| I | Tarr, Dent, Tatchell | 39 | 36 |
| 2 | Philips, Smackman | 34 | 34 |
| 3 | Cannon, Schaap | 33 | 33 |
| 4 I | Lawford, Weate | 32 | 32 |
| 5 | Whitford, Abell, Kerr | 31 | 31 |
| 6 2 | Jacobs, Band, (Smith, Brown) | 30# | 30 # |
| 7 3 | Anker, Anker, Findlay | 30 | 30 |
| 8 4 | Moore, Murray | 30 | 30 |
| 9 I | Escott, Whitford, (Gotts) | 30 | 30 |
| 10 5 | Oakes, Jahnke | 30 | 30 |
| 11 6 | Harris, Young | 30 | 30 |
| 12 7 | Wilson, Blundy, O'Reagher, Stone, (Lynette, Cowell) | 30 | 30 |
| 13 | Archer, Darburn, Bartnik | 28 | 28 |
| 14 | Busik, George, (Fritz, Ashby) | 28 | 28 |
| 15 6 | Yuill, Taylor, (Caddy, Buckland) | 24 | 24 |
| 16 9 | White, James, Corry | 23 | 23 |
| 17 10 | Symons, Piercy, Keens, Stewart | 23 | 23 |
| 18 I | Trotter, Kennedy, Ginn | 23 | 23 |
| 19 | Davis, Grezise | 23 | |
| 20 | Feller, Kerr | 22# | 22# |
| 21 12 | Spain, Kelso, Henderson, Seccombe, (Storer) | 25 | 22 |
| 22 13 | Patrick, Walker, (Andrews) | 22 | 22 |
| 23 14 | Kiddle, Lilley, Livingstone, (Gillingham, Byers) | 22 | 22 |
| 24 | Lyon, Mundell | 22 | 22 |

2h Hour Walk Results (continued)

| PLACING | | NAMES | REACHED NO. | SCORE |
|---------|----|--|-------------|-------|
| 25 | | Cruikshank, Macgregor | 22 | 22 |
| 26 | | Wilson, Cochrane | 20 | 20 |
| 27 | 2 | Donnelly, Grice, Phillips, Tomlins | 20 | 20 |
| 28 | | Hume, Tsilemanis, (Godwell) | 22 | 19 |
| 29 | 15 | Krystyn, Osborne | 22 | 19 |
| 30 | | Cockerill, Breher | 20 | 17 |
| 31 | | White, Roberts, Jones | 18 | 15 |
| 32 | | Harrison, Clutterbuck | 15 | 15 |
| 33 | 3 | Armstrong, Tomlins | 10 | 10 |
| 34 | 16 | Foll, Shaw | 10 | 10 |
| 35 | | Templeton, Coventry, Thorpe, Ainsworth | 10 | 10 |
| 36 | | Smith, Liodas | 11 | 1 |

(Names in brackets dropped out en route)

Note- The map in the area of checkpoint 31 was found to be inaccurate in that some features were distorted in size although in roughly correct relative positions. The actual creek junction is about 250 yds. South of the position shown (relative to the road).

However, since (a) this didn't change the placings any, (b) If the map is at fault it is impossible to define it as correctly placed or otherwise, (c) it was roughly correct (to 2h hour standards^I ?) (d) Everyone who went on found it anyway, I have left it as is,

Checkpoint 2h was probably a slightly similar case, but was correct within a reasonable margin.

I applaud the Hashhouse staff as they stayed awake longer than anyone else and kept the hot pies coming till the final gong- hope to see them again next year^I. Thanks also go to the caterers Sue White and Clare Horton, Loch Wilson for providing cheap maps, tape etc., and to course checkers Ruurd Snockstra and Arnold Wheeler.

MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

CLUB CONTACT SYSTEM

PLEASE READ THE FOLLOWING CAREFULLY AND LEAVE THIS INFORMATION WITH THOSE AT HOME OR WITH ANYONE ELSE WHO IS LIKELY TO WORRY.

Occasionally on a Club trip, an unforeseen delay occurs resulting in the party arriving back in Melbourne much later than anticipated. There is also the very slight possibility that the party might not arrive back at all. To cope with these situations, the Club has a CONTACT SYSTEM which operates as follows:

Before a trip, the Trips Secretary or the Leader gives the contact the details of the trip (i.e. intended route, mode of transport, when expected back, any anticipated difficulties etc) together with a list of names, addresses & phone numbers of those going on the trip. As soon as the party returns to Melbourne, or in the case of a trip being overdue, as soon as the party reaches civilization, the leader notifies the contact. If the party is long overdue, the contact makes arrangements for a search to be initiated.

This procedure applies primarily to van trips. For trips involving a large no. of private cars, arrangements are made among the party to ensure every car arrives safely at a main road, and should any mishap (like mechanical breakdown) occur thereby delaying the return to Melbourne it is the responsibility of those in the car to notify the contact who can then notify the parents of all concerned.

All enquiries by parents and others concerning the safe return of a trip should be made directly to the club contact who is the person most likely to have any information. Under no circumstances should the police be contacted as they generally know nothing about the trip and such action could result in damaging publicity.

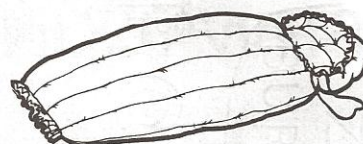
For 1975, the Club Contact is:

Gill Hume
PHONE NO: 347-2371

Kimpton SLEEPING BAGS

arctic bag

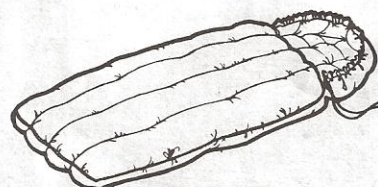
- For sub zero temperatures and high altitudes. Cellular walls form lengthwise flutes, this stabilises the filling, ensuring even insulation and maximum resistance to cold throughout. There are no cold spots on the stitching, not even on the side seams because of these walls. The quilted flap hood is fitted with a draw tape and permits almost complete envelopment of the sleeper except for a small breathing aperture. When tied, the end allows no heat loss, however, in hot weather, the down can be compressed to the bottom and the bag left open for ventilation, this makes the Arctic a dual purpose bag.



Filled with 2½lb. superdown.

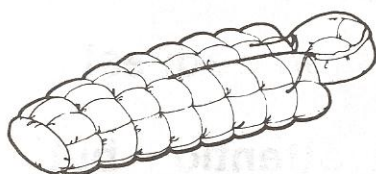
Body of bag cut 6'6" long x 32".
Total weight of bag 5¼ lb.

walled, hooded combination bag



Walled construction, the same as our Arctic bag. This hooded bag unzips to open into a blanket. Or, you can zip two bags together to make a double bag. Superdown filled

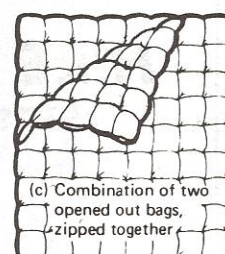
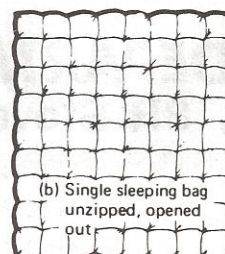
snow bag



For skiers, bush walkers and sportsmen who want warmth without weight: Fitted with an inside closing zip and adjustable hood. An added feature is the heavily padded, circular foot panel, for protection in cold conditions. Supplied with our special waterproof container bag.

combination sleeping bag

opened out to make a 6' 6" x 5' warm, light eiderdown, equalling the warmth of two pairs of blankets. For caravanning or camping purposes, it is simply zipped together, forming a single sleeping bag, or two bags opened out, can be zipped together, forming a perfect roomy double bag, capable of accommodating two adults or three children. Needs no bedmaking.



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