

the
MOUNTAINEER



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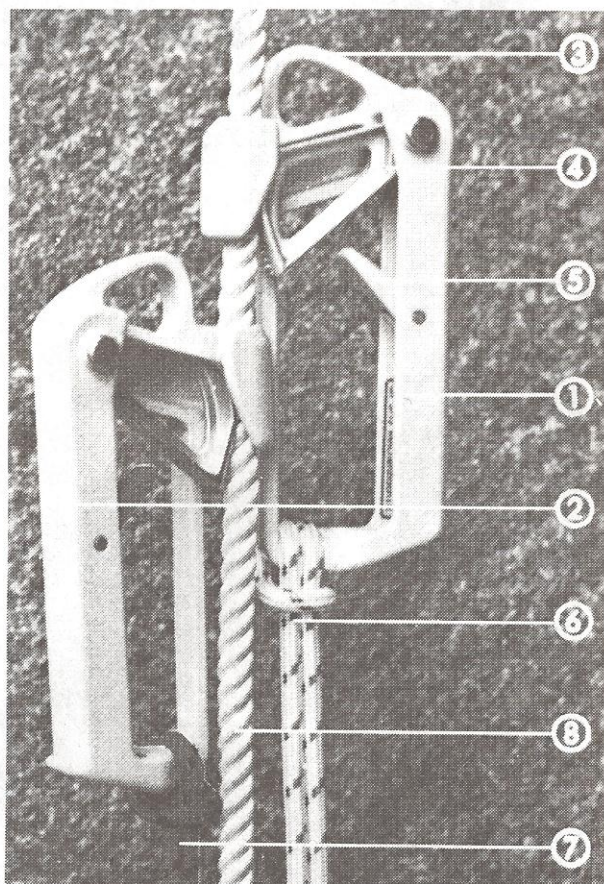
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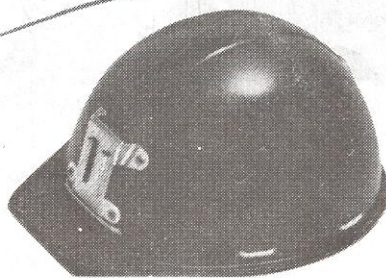
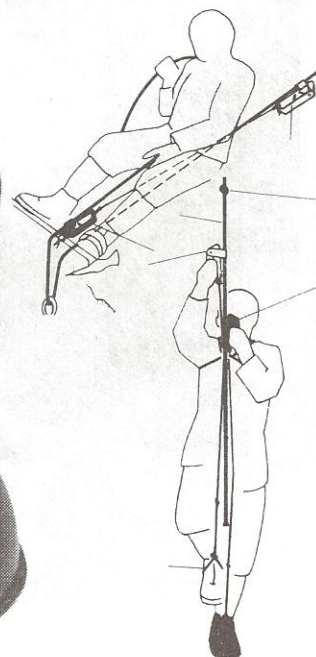
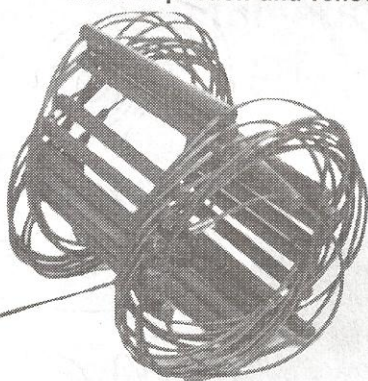


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Mark Spain and Andy Kelso are dead.

They died when they fell while descending from the summit of Mt. Silberhorn.

Mark and Andy arrived in New Zealand a week before Christmas. They spent three weeks at Mt. Cook and climbed the Footstool, the Minarets and Malte Brun, before heading down to Wanaka and Geoff Wayatt's advanced climbing course. While on the course they climbed Mt. Aspiring.

Their letters home conveyed the enjoyment and satisfaction that mountaineering brings. "We are both pretty fired up at the moment," wrote Andy before heading back to Mt. Cook. He and Mark had been climbing well, and were looking forward, as Mark wrote, "to knocking off the big one, Mt. Cook".

Mark and Andy had been in the club for four years. In 1974 Mark became a vice president, and last year was elected president. In this position he was most active, seeking all the while to improve the working of the club. Andy last year assumed the position of club delegate to the ACF.

We should not mourn them overmuch, for they died doing the things they loved. The long days plodding up glaciers, or through soft snow; standing on another peak; arriving back at the hut exhausted but successful.

"Lucky is the man who dies in the place that his heart always longed for"

* * * * *

"MOUNTAINEER"

JANUARY, 1976

The "Mountaineer" is the magazine of the MUMC,
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EDITORIAL

Summer has arrived, and soon most of us will be deep in mountain country, climbing or walking.

Given the recent threat to Australian democracy it may well seem that this is no time to become involved in something as asocial as mountaineering.

Yet, this brief comment is a plea for a bit of fanaticism in club members' approach to the hills this summer. Three months is too precious a length of time to spend in the city.

The editor wishes all a safe, hard, and satisfying summer in the hills.

Nick Reeves.

NEWS

1. Summer holidays have seen most committee members and many others climbing, canoeing, or walking, as they should be doing. The number travelling to New Zealand this year is perhaps the highest for years, while South-West Tasmania is reported to have been almost overrun with OXO people.
2. The club rooms have been open intermittently over the Christmas period. They should be open most days in February (1-2 pm) as well as Tuesday nights (7.30-8.00 pm).
3. News from New Zealand ...

Nick Reeves and George Kuczera have been climbing well, adding the East face of Mt. Cook and the West face of Mt. Aspiring to Nick's ascent of the Bowie Ridge of Mt. Cook last year.

ROCKCLIMBING REPORT

With the coming of summer and the finish of exams, climbing has undergone its usual pre-Christmas revival.

1. At Mt. Buffalo, Reg Marron continues to peg out the North Wall with (amongst others) a solo ascent of 'The Lord of the Flies'. Also Nick Reeves led nearly all of 'Straight Edge' M4, while John Chapman took part in an unplanned two day ascent of 'Emperer 18'. For both it was their first ascent of the North Wall.
2. Also at Mt. Buffalo 'Angels' has proved popular, as well as Maharajah 17 done by Reeves and Chapman and Beaurecrat 18 led in impossibly wet condition by Peter Treby.
3. Arapiles has continued its popularity with George Kuczera leading Natavita 14 with Mike March. Also at the Piles, Mark Spain and Peter Treby teamed up to do Yo Yo 15 and Missing Link 17. This is a fine effort by Mark, but was marred by an epic on Mickey Finn 13 later.
4. With the hot weather the Grampians is receiving more visits. At the Liomin Castle Treby led Exposition 17 (new route) and George Kuczera and Nick Reeves did Antidote 16, another new route.
5. Most climbers are off for the summer. Many are off to New Zealand, e.g., Mark Spain, Nick Reeves, George Kuczera, Mike Henderson, etc., and it is to be hoped that the conditions improve.

The format and idea of the beginner's course may be changed this year, and if you have any thoughts on the matter let me know. There will be a pub night before the AGM to discuss this issue.

Also, if you have any ideas on what you feel the club needs in the way of gear, then let me know IN WRITING, please, as I can't remember everybody's preferences.

Lots of other climbs have been done recently; however, I couldn't bother listing them all. At the end of the summer a fuller account will be given.

CANOEING REPORT .. Xmas-January, 1975-76

Due to lack of water and the calls of hiking, the Gold Coast, Indonesia, etc., the amount of canoeing has fallen recently. There was a second visit by the Adelaide canoeists who met a bit too much low water. Their week-long trip was begun with a quiet Yarra River trip, which included a few naked sunbathers near the end. At least 3 people nearly holed their boats while concentrating on the banks and boobs and not on the water. A very enjoyable Lower Goulburn trip was held over the 17th/18th but details are not available as I'm writing this report before the trip. This Canadians only trip was distinguished by much water throwing and very little paddling.

More canoeing will be on as more rain falls. Stay tuned for the beginners' weekend 20/21 March and the great Canoeing film extravaganza.

CONSERVATION REPORT

The Conservation Sub-Committee has now completed the submission to the Tasmanian government concerning the draft management plan for Southwest National Park. We have also submitted our ideas on wilderness areas in Victoria to the newly formed wilderness committee of the Victorian National Parks Association. This committee was established in November under the auspices of the V.N.P.A. and consists of delegates from certain organisations, such as the V.N.P.A., the Australian Walking Clubs, together with other interested individuals. One M.U.M.C. member, Michael Feller, is on this committee. The aim of the committee is to get the idea of wilderness accepted by politicians and the public and to have wilderness areas set aside by legislation. The aim is not to advertise or advocate intensive use of wilderness, however. Wilderness areas have been defined as those containing no works of man whatsoever - including walking tracks or jeep tracks. Naturally, there are very few such areas in Victoria. If you know of any such areas worth of preservation as wilderness, particularly in the L.C.C. alpine study area, please tell the conservation sub-committee, or Michael Feller (ph. 20 2232) about them.

Road closures - the Forests Commission has now closed off three roads to all vehicles. The most important closure is of the jeep track from the Wellington River, past Lake Tarli Karng to McFarlane Saddle. The next closure is of the jeep track to Macalister Springs from the main logging road (about 2 km). Both these roads have only been closed for 12 months - until 14th August, 1976. The third closure which is probably of less interest to M.U.M.C., is of a jeep track near the Bacchus Marsh - Gisborne road running between Pyrete Creek and another jeep track near the head of Djerriwarrh Creek. This track will only be closed until the 26th August, 1976. However, the Forests Commission will undoubtedly consider extending the closure periods so we would urge everyone to let the Commission know that you favour a continued closure.

Airdrops in Tasmania - A new rule now applies in that there can be no airdropping in Tasmanian State Reserves without the written authority of the Director of National Parks and Wildlife Service.

CONSERVATION REPORT .. (Continued)

Limestone Ck. (near the Cobberas) - A mining company, Jennings Mining Ltd., is about to carry out exploratory drilling in the Limestone Ck. area near the Painters Ck. limestone deposit. Not only is their drilling likely to disrupt some caves but we can expect discarded equipment, piles of rubbish, filthy huts and a brand new road to foul the environment and destroy the wilderness potential of the area. The new road will undoubtedly attract hordes of vehicles with accompanying people and rubbish. The mining exploration is not only bad because of its detrimental environmental effects, but also because it is within the L.C.C.'s alpine study area and, if it goes ahead, could pre-empt any findings of the L.C.C. Furthermore, the exploration is of dubious legality since the area in question was specifically excluded from mining by an Order-in-Council in 1880. We believe the exploration should not be allowed and would urge everyone interested to write as soon as possible to the Minister for Forests, Mr. F. J. Grunter, to lodge your protest. Further information can be obtained from Nick White 328 4154.

STUDYING SOLAR RADIATION
ON THE EARTH'S PINNACLE

- Ke Hsueh

Note: Printed without permission from "Weatherwise" June 1968
Received from "China Features" Shanghai, China, April 1968

"We are determined to plant the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought on Mount Jolmo Lungma!" This was the heroic pledge of members of the observation group in solar radiation of the Chinese 1966-67 scientific expedition to the Jolmo Lungma area. Mount Jolmo Lungma (Mt. Everest) is an ideal place for studying solar radiation because it is the world's highest peak and the atmosphere is exceptionally clear.

Chairman Mao Tse-tung has said: "Strategically we should despise all our enemies, but tactically we should take them all seriously." Following Chairman Mao's teaching, the revolutionary Chinese scientific workers began making preparations as early as May 1965. That year intensive political and technical studies were arranged for members of the expedition.

In the political course, the scientific workers studied and applied Chairman Mao's works in a living way. They worked very hard to establish the proletarian world outlook. They tried to develop fearlessness in the face of danger, to be unyielding despite difficulties, and build up a firm spirit and the indomitable qualities of fine revolutionaries.

The technical training included mountaineering skill, body building and adaptability to altitudes. In their acclimatisation marches quotations from Chairman Mao were put up at key points on the mountain, as a constant source of inspiration.

In March 1965, members of the expedition arrived at their Base Camp in a valley off the point of Rongbuk Glacier at the foot of Mount Jolmo Lungma, 5,120 metres above sea level.

STUDYING SOLAR RADIATION .. (Continued)

With meteorologists, the specialists in solar radiation set up Observation Posts I, II, III and IV at 5,000 m., 5,500 m., 5,900 m., and 6,500 m. respectively.

To go above 7,000 metres on the northern slope of Mount Jolmo Lungma, the scientists had to make their way through the perilous North Col.

Rising 7,029 metres above sea level, this is a steep undulating glassy ice and snow slope about 500 metres high. It rises by an average gradient of 55 degrees and ends in an almost vertical ice cliff at the top.

The steep dangerous slope is covered by immeasurable neve. Numerous traces of ice and snow avalanches indicate that this is one of the most dangerous areas in the Jolmo Lungma massif. It has been described by some foreign mountaineers as utterly "unclimbable."

Yet the Chinese people armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought tackled North Col with success. In 1960, young Chinese mountaineers succeeded, for the first time in history, in reaching the summit through North Col. Although the route they took that year covered four stretches of steep ice and snow slope and lay across four ice crevasses, it was free of ice and snow avalanches. Now the Chinese scientists were following the same route with some modification.

Each carrying a load of 20 kilogrammes, including their own kit and scientific instruments, they exerted themselves at each step as they climbed the ice and snow slope.

Danger threatened at every step. A slip might send them crashing down the ice wall to the bottom, hundreds of metres below. The least slackening of attention might result in a fall into a deep crevasse.

"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory" - the scientists repeated this quotation from Chairman Mao as they pressed forward.

Using the complicated technique of combined ice and rock climbing, they inched their way up. After just a few minutes of this effort, they were soaked with sweat.

When they clambered to within 10 metres of the top of North Col, they came to an ice cliff with an incline of 78 degrees. The climbers had to put up a light metal ladder to get to the top, which is a rather spacious flat.

It took them seven and a half hours in all, to climb the 500-metre-high North Col, and the last 50 metres took them two hours and a half.

At 7,029 metres above sea level, they set up Observation Post V, the world's highest observation post for solar radiation.

STUDYING SOLAR RADIATION .. (Continued)

Explorers from imperialist countries and certain bourgeois "authorities" had insisted that it was impossible for man to work for a few days at altitudes over 6,000 metres.

The Chinese scientists did not bow to this assertion. Braving tempestuous winds and bitter cold, they kept up their work of observation. "We have a red run in our hearts which gives us warmth and strength," they declared.

Following Chairman Mao's teaching "Give full play to our style of fighting - courage in battle, no fear of sacrifice, no fear of fatigue, and continuous fighting (that is, fighting successive battles in a short time without rest), the Chinese scientists worked for one full week at Observation Posts IV and V. A big to-do was made in the American press about a U.S. mountaineering team, which reached 5,700 metres above sea level from the southern slope in 1963, although their findings were very limited. The Chinese scientists collected invaluable data on solar radiation that far excel what the Americans got.

MOROKA GORGE - the old way

The Forests Commission has recently extended its Moroka road so that it now circles the head of the Moroka valley and passes within a mile of the Moroka gorge beneath Mt. Kent. This act of the Commission should be declared criminal! Firstly, the road's only purpose is to continue the destruction of alpine ash forests in the Snowy Bluff - Mt. Kent region. The Commission apparently considers that all alpine ash forests should be used only for timber so that we now have very few mature alpine ash forests left in Victoria, and even these are being ruthlessly obliterated by the Commission. One day very soon we will wake up and find that there are no longer any mature alpine ash ecosystems left in Victoria! Secondly, the road has ruined the Moroka valley as a wilderness area. The noise of logging trucks, chain saws, and trail bikes penetrates right to the gorge, the ugly scars of the road and logged areas are visible from the nearby peaks and hills, the Moroka river itself will be fouled by sediment from extensive logging operations in Kent Creek which flows into the Moroka just upstream of the gorge, and it will not be long before a tourist track links the road to the gorge, letting in hordes of people to foul the bush and the river. The road should never have been built! It has forever destroyed the wilderness values of an area which even the Forests Commission once (as recently as 1971) considered should be left alone as wilderness. To illustrate the deviousness with which the Commission had the road constructed you should read "The Saga of Shanty Hollow" in the Victorian National Parks Association Journal No. 102 (September, 1975).

To avoid the easy approach from the Mt. Kent road and to get a glimpse of what bushwalking used to be all about, a small M.U.M.C. party visited the gorge in October, 1975, using the approach over Cromwell's Knob and Little Cromwell. We do acknowledge that the Moroka road has now made it possible to visit the gorge in a weekend. However, we

MOROKA GORGE - the old way .. (Continued)

object to the recent extensions which have made it possible to visit the gorge in a day. Some areas must remain inviolate. It would have been preferable had the Moroka road never been built, but now that it has, it is hard not to use it. Thus, with slightly uneasy consciences, we drove to an old logging camp consisting of the usual broken glass, dilapidated huts, and smashed-up cars, parked, and began the walk up Cromwell's Knob.

A jeep track left the camp following a broad spur through remnants of alpine ash. As Cromwell's Knob approached, the spur became narrower, and the jeep track more overgrown, causing us to lose it once or twice in some heathy snow-gum country. We followed it around the north west side of the Knob and then began descending to the north. We had planned to turn off this track onto another one heading east towards Little Cromwell. This other track is, as all recent parties have reported, now non-existent. About 100 metres below the summit of the Knob we realised we had missed the turn off, so began a traverse through steep bluffy country on the northeast slopes of the Knob. Eventually we reached gentler ground and soon found ourselves at a delightful grassy-forested saddle between the Knob and Little Cromwell. A gentle climb bashing through dense thickets of Hickory wattle, then in flower, and a variety of heath plants, soon had us on the rather sharp rocky summit of Little Cromwell, which commanded good views. We lunched early, beneath a large overhanging rock outcrop not far from the summit. We reasoned that it was better to walk rather than lunch in the rain, which appeared imminent. Our weather forecasts proved correct and most of the afternoon was spent in the rain.

Heading northeast from Little Cromwell we walked down a gentle ridge through easy bush, until we reached the second "bump" on it. From here we followed a compass course down a vague ridge to hit the Moroka river just below the gorge. A recent bushfire had played havoc with the vegetation and the first part of our route went through dense forests where the ground was covered with wildflowers, mainly white and pink heaths, thin leaf wattles, and a variety of flowering shrubs and bush peas. Unfortunately most of the shrubs were prickly, one member of the pea family in particular, so those of us in shorts ended up with severely scratched legs! After working our way through several bluffs, crashing through very dense thickets of hazel, correa, and silver wattle, and squelching through a small swamp, still fighting the trees, we found ourselves at the Moroka, only 200 m below the gorge. A bit more crashing through bush interspersed with some rock hopping had us looking anxiously up the gorge, admiring its 30 m high cliffs clad in mosses and occasional trees and shrubs. Just then a solitary duck flew by.

Only a short distance up the gorge we faced a smooth vertical wall dropping into a deep pool on our side of the river. Rather than go back down to the start and climb about 100 m above this obstacle, we decided to cross the river - a rather formidable undertaking in view of the volume of water cascading down. Rex pioneered a shaky way across and just upstream of the obstacle, we boulder hopped and waded back to the other side again. A few hundred metres of easy rock hopping and bush bashing, through pouring rain and dark green fern and moss-clad forests of correa, wattles, and dense shrubbery brought us to our next

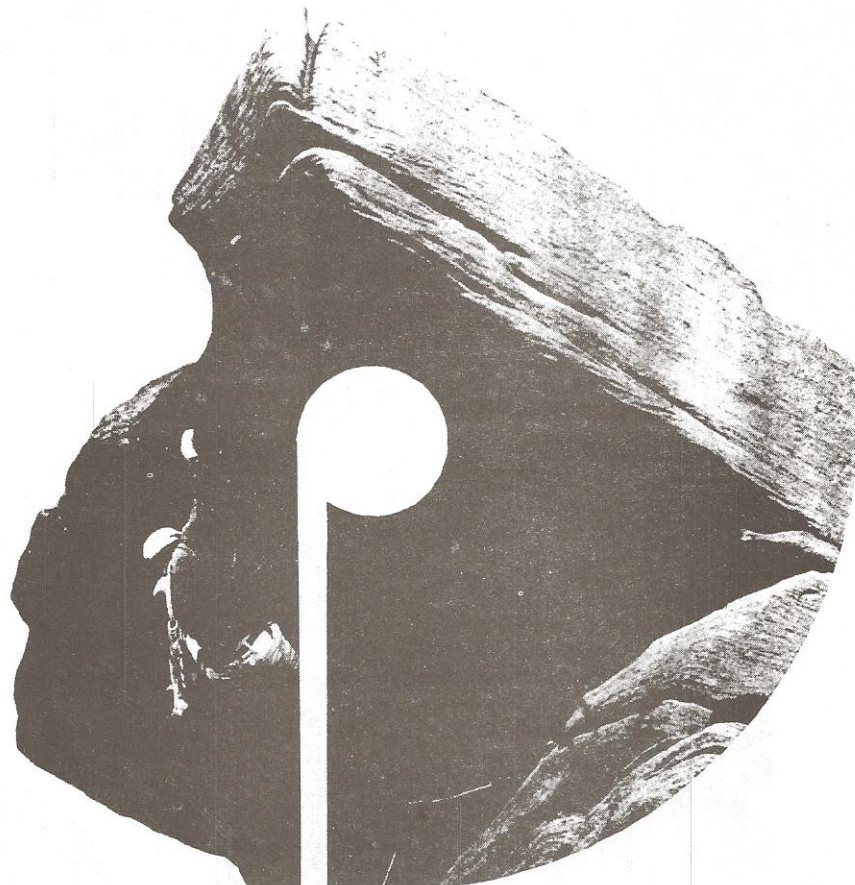
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CAMP AT PLAYGROUNDS WITH MT. COBBERA BEHIND — PHOTO BY JOHN CHAPMAN

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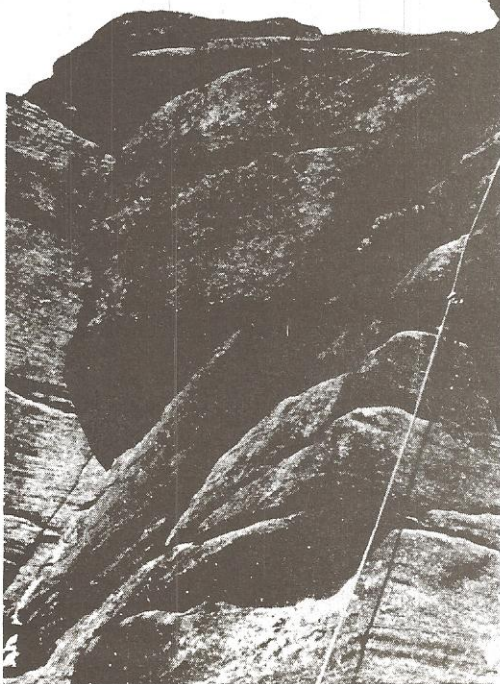
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THE SNOWY RIVER - A Wild Water Wilderness

Three rather nervous canoeists left Ironmungy (50 kilometres downstream of Jindabyne) and paddled off into the watery wilderness of the Snowy River, last November. Ahead of us lay 140 kilometres of unknown water before the river reached Willis on the Victoria-New South Wales border. The river is regularly canoed downstream from Willis and presents serious problems, but little was known about the upstream section. It had been paddled once before, but with tragic results. We had heard of canoeists coming out the bottom of rapids clutching fragments of their boats. That rapids of such fury existed we could well believe; in one 17 kilometre section the river dropped 160 metres! Frequent grade 6 rapids could be expected with such a gradient. Two major water falls were known to exist! Currowong Falls and another some 20 kilometres downstream. The trip was definitely a serious undertaking, five days' food plus large, comprehensive repair kits were taken. Eight days were taken to finish the trip and so there were three rather hungry paddlers to greet McKillops Bridge in three battle scarred boats.

Normally, the river is not canoeible above the Delegate River because of the Jindabyne dam but, fortunately, record rainfall in the Snowy catchment had overflowed the dam, giving us sufficient water, but the river was still at a low level judging by the size of the river banks.

The first few hours paddling were a little frustrating. The river was flowing smoothly and gently over sandbanks with hardly a rapid to be negotiated. The river had to drop sooner or later, but the longer it took for the rapids to start, the more furious they would be.

In spite of the shortage of rapids the river was fascinating. It flowed through open grassy plains with snowgums lightly scattered across hills which sloped gently into the river. There was an occasional granite outcrop in the river but the water had long since levelled out any drops. All that remained were rocky labyrinths with the river flowing quietly through. Over the ages the rocks had been sculpted by the water into weird, eerie shapes bleached white by the sun. At times it seemed that we were paddling through a lunar landscape.

We paddled on, getting a little bored by the lack of rapids. Rob started singing to himself and after a while said:

"I've sung every song I know"

"I wish the river would start singing to us", I replied.

It did, with a vengeance. The river entered another granite outcrop, narrowed down, increased in speed and began to roar. With the river disappearing out of sight we pulled into the bank to see what lay ahead. A difficult, angled slot with a still pool at the bottom; not particularly dangerous, but it claimed Tim's first capsizes. A little further on was our first portage. The river was completely blocked by boulders, but a short drag over the obstruction enabled us to continue.

THE SNOWY RIVER .. Continued)

After lunch we really got a taste of what the Snowy had to offer. We rounded a corner under huge granite cliffs to see the river disappear amongst a pile of massive boulders. Far below, the river emerged from its underground journey. With a fall of forty feet in about forty yards we began to understand why the Snowy was Australia's fastest flowing river. Around the next corner the river repeated the act. The Snowy was putting on a truly grand performance. The rapids were uncanoeable but the scenery was superb. Native pines and eucalypts clung to cracks in the cliffs towering over us. But, sadly, with the river robbed of most of its water by the Snowy Mountains Authority, this wilderness had lost its crowning glory. What a sight the river would be with its rapids and waterfalls filled with water, foaming and boiling its way to the ocean!

Interspersed between the major rockfalls and compulsory portaging were dozens of smaller rapids. Smaller by comparison, that is, but still large and difficult by normal standards; grade 3 to grade 4 requiring a full range of paddling skills. We followed the river on its way around boulders, through stoppers, over drops and across rocks, with occasional spills and plenty of thrills. However, progress was rather slow, five or six portages a day were taking a lot of time and considerable energy.

On the third day we discovered what slow progress really was, only five kilometres covered during ten hours on the river. We started the day early, negotiated a kilometre or so at grade 3-4 rapids, dragged over a rock bar, rounded a bend and then the inevitable occurred. The river dropped into a granite chasm, then vanished amongst enormous rocks, not to reappear for about 200 yards after dropping some 120 feet. The portage was long and difficult with the river bed filled with boulders up to thirty feet in diameter. A tortuous route was followed over moss covered rocks, around trees, across sandbanks, down polished granite slabs and finally to the water. Several journeys were required to carry all our boats and gear, and it was well past midday before all was completed.

We ate in the shade of rock. It was a strange feeling to sit in a cavern worn smooth by the river, knowing that if it were not for the Jindabyne dam, where we were sitting would be filled with water. Water swirling and gouging, scraping and boring away the rock, enlarging old holes and creating new ones.

We paddled off, to be confronted again with the uncanoeable; a fifteen foot waterfall, straight onto rock. We portaged, only to meet yet another waterfall; ten feet this time, and coasting over rocks. The river finally relented, and we covered a few kilometres containing three grade 4 rapids before making camp beside another series of waterfalls about one and a half kilometres above the MacLoughlin River.

The river plunged about fifty feet into a 500 metre long chasm. The drops were technically canoeable but definitely grade 6: not ones for us. We lowered our boats and gear by rope, climbed down, reloaded and paddled on. The rapids continued but the gradient had eased; there were fewer portages and quicker progress. The MacLoughlin River joined in and then the Delegate. The river was much larger, the rapids longer, harder and certainly more dangerous, as I discovered to my and my boat's discomfort.

THE SNOWY RIVER .. (Continued)

The rapid looked hard but possible, a couple of large, successive pressure waves straightforward enough with no obstructing rocks - or so it seemed. In I paddled, and then bang! Whether I hit a rock or just water I will never know. Before I realised what hit me I was over and sucked out of my boat. I thumped into a rock, the boat thrown to one side and my paddle sent flying into the air. At the bottom I was still in one piece but with a cork leg and shattered confidence, not to mention the half dozen cracks in my boat.

The river really had totally changed character by this stage. No longer was it the narrow gorge of the earlier sections, but a very broad valley hemmed in by steep granite cliffs. Sloping rock ledges met the water with frequent sandbanks rising steeply from the river. Enormous boulders, the size of houses, were strewn over the valley floor and in the water. Those near the water had had their upstream sides blasted smooth by pounding floodwaters, with the downstream sides delicately fluted by the swirling water. A measure of the enormity of this river in flood was the driftwood and other debris deposited in a thick, continuous line fifty feet above the water on either side of the valley. Yet even with the Snowy as low as it was, it was still at work. One could hear pebbles rolling around and around in underwater potholes slowly and continually demolishing the rock.

Wildlife was plentiful by the river. Lizards and goannas sunbaked at the water's edge, undisturbed by our passing. Wild goats bounded effortlessly across crags, from boulder to boulder, always watching us but keeping their distance. Kangaroos and wallabies drank at the river, alert for signs of danger. As we passed they would bound off into the bush, or occasionally stand motionless, hoping not to be noticed by we intruders. Emus also drank from the river. When disturbed, they raced off in single file, crashing through the undergrowth until they reached the safety of the hills.

Five days out from Ironmungy we reached Currowong Falls, a magnificent series of drops in the river as it emerges from its pink granite valley. Falling some seventy feet in the span of fifty yards, the water spilled from pool to pool with a deafening roar. The river was dangerous yet thrilling and exciting. This was an isolated spot; many miles from any road or track, accessible only on foot or by boat. A wilderness in the truest sense.

The next day we reached the largest single waterfall on the river with a straight drop of some thirty feet, the river thunders over resistant, dark grey, layered rocks. Below the fall the river races along, spilling over rapid after rapid carving its way into weaknesses in the rock strata. This gave superb canoeing, although it was somewhat offset by a stiff wind blowing sand into our faces. Above us, the ground rose sharply to steep, red sandstone cliffs 200 metres above the water. For twelve kilometres the scenery continued with the river winding its way downstream but with rapids becoming less frequent.

THE SNOWY RIVER .. (Continued)

Near Mulligans Mountain, the river entered volcanic rocks again and almost stopped. For a whole day we slogged our way along the river, weaving our way from bank to bank, avoiding the shallows, hoping to avoid dragging our boats over sandbanks. It was very tiring with no assistance from the current. As always, the sun bore down on us, burning our skins to even deeper shades of red and brown. We had to remind ourselves that canoeing was really fun.

At the Jacobs River the rapids returned but so, too, unfortunately, did the road and civilisation. We startled a few swimmers having a skinny dip in their secret pools between rapids. Dozens of campers were spread along the river, secure in the knowledge that their cars were only a short stroll away. At Willis, where the road left the river, a lone fisherman was trying to catch some trout. With the water warm and shallow I doubted his sense but applauded his optimism.

Another day of paddling brought us to McKillops Bridge, a welcome sight after eight days on the water. Even more welcome were the icecreams at the Wulgulmerang milk bar. Two days later another twelve MUMC Comrades joined us for the last leg of the journey to Buchan.

Jolyon Shelton.

Snowy River Comrades: From Ironmungy

Tim Hughes
"Rapid" Rob Marshall
Jol Shelton

From McKillops Bridge

"Shirty" Seedsman
"Whacker" Reeves
"Poodles" Milvain
"Flash" McKenzie
Beth Haigh
Frances Coogan
"Big Chief" Templer
Heidi Templer
"Comrade" Cameron
"Grubby" Roberts
Jenny Hart
Sue Parkinson

BOOK REVIEW

"THE WORLD OF OLEGAS TRUCHANAS" -

Max Angus, Olegas Truchanas
Publication Committee

This book is the story of an idealist, someone who believed in the South West wilderness to the point of doing something about it. He fought for it, explored it, lived in it for months on end, taught himself to photograph to his own high standards, eventually died in it.

His series of slides was acclaimed as the best single argument to retain Lake Pedder in its natural form. Although he lost that struggle he was instrumental in the preservation of the last stand of mature Huon pine in existence - no mean feat considering the demand for such wood - compare this with our non-results in stopping logging of a common tree on Mt. Despair, for example!

The Lower Gordon was then threatened - he knew he needed pictures to convince people of its worth. Although he had explored this area before, all his pictures were lost in the fires of 1967. Again he set off with his camera and collapsible kayak, never to return.

He leaves behind in this book 44 excellent colour photographs of details large and small in the South West. Although the definition of edges in the printing process was occasionally a bit skewiff, the subject matter alone is worthwhile. This is more than a trendy coffee table book; it is a reminder that it can be done, and that the rewards are worth the struggle.

There is a copy in the Library, and they are \$22.50 at Bushgear.



MOUNTAINEERING CLUB ACTIVITIES

This sheet is designed to give up to date information about coming club activities. Fuller details can be found by checking the Trips Book at the club rooms, contacting the trip leader or the following people:-

Bushwalking	- Jol Shelton	25 4324
Rockclimbing	- John Chapman	41 3883
Canoeing	- John Templer	38 6201
Caving	- Sue White	328 4154
Orienteering	- Ron Frederick	870 4033
	or Ian Moore	82 6029
	or Tony Kerr	874 2726
Conservation	- Michael Feller	20 2232

Feb. 7-8 ROCKCLIMBING - Mt. Buffalo. Leader - Neil Blundy 288 8418

Feb. BUSHWALKING - S.W. Tasmania. Leader - Ross Stephens
870 3898

Feb. 28) BUSHWALKING - Tom Groggin - Mt. Gibbo - Mt. Cobberas
Mar. 7) (Eastern Vic.). Leader - Andrew Rothfield
20 8500

Late Feb. BUSHWALKING - Little River gorge. Leader - Rob Jacobs
(3 days) 489 7685

* * *

Kimpton SLEEPING BAGS

arctic bag

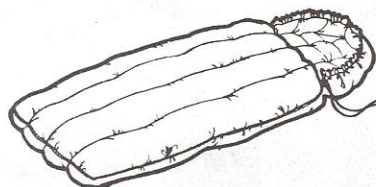
For sub zero temperatures and high altitudes. Cellular walls form lengthwise flutes, this stabilises the filling, ensuring even insulation and maximum resistance to cold throughout. There are no cold spots on the stitching, not even on the side seams because of these walls. The quilted flap hood is fitted 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 end left open for ventilation, this makes the Arctic a dual purpose bag.



Filled with 2½lb. superdown.

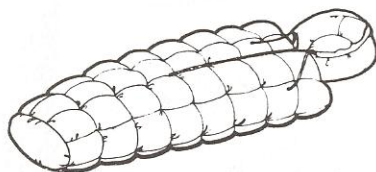
Body of bag cut 6'6" long x 32".
Total weight of bag 5¼ lb.

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



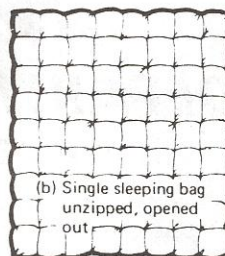
For skiers, bush walkers and sportsmen who want warmth without weight: Fitted with an inside closing zip and adjustable hood. An added feature is the heavily padded, circular foot panel, for protection in cold conditions. Supplied with our special waterproof container bag.

combination sleeping bag

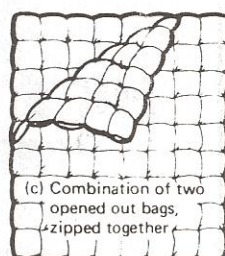
opened out to make a 6' 6" x 5' warm, light eiderdown, equalling the warmth of two pairs of blankets. For caravanning or camping purposes, it is simply zipped together, forming a single sleeping bag, or two bags opened out, can be zipped together, forming a perfect roomy double bag, capable of accommodating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



(a) Single sleeping bag zipped up



(b) Single sleeping bag unzipped, opened out

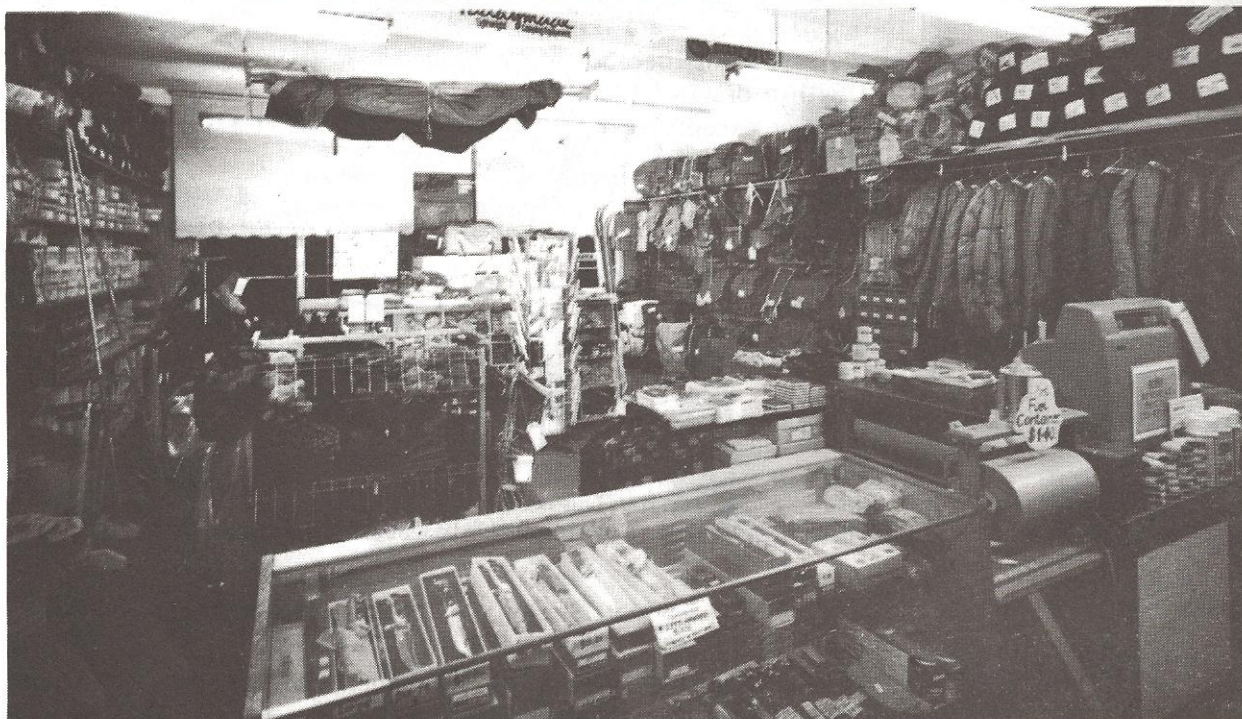


(c) Combination of two opened out bags, zipped together

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