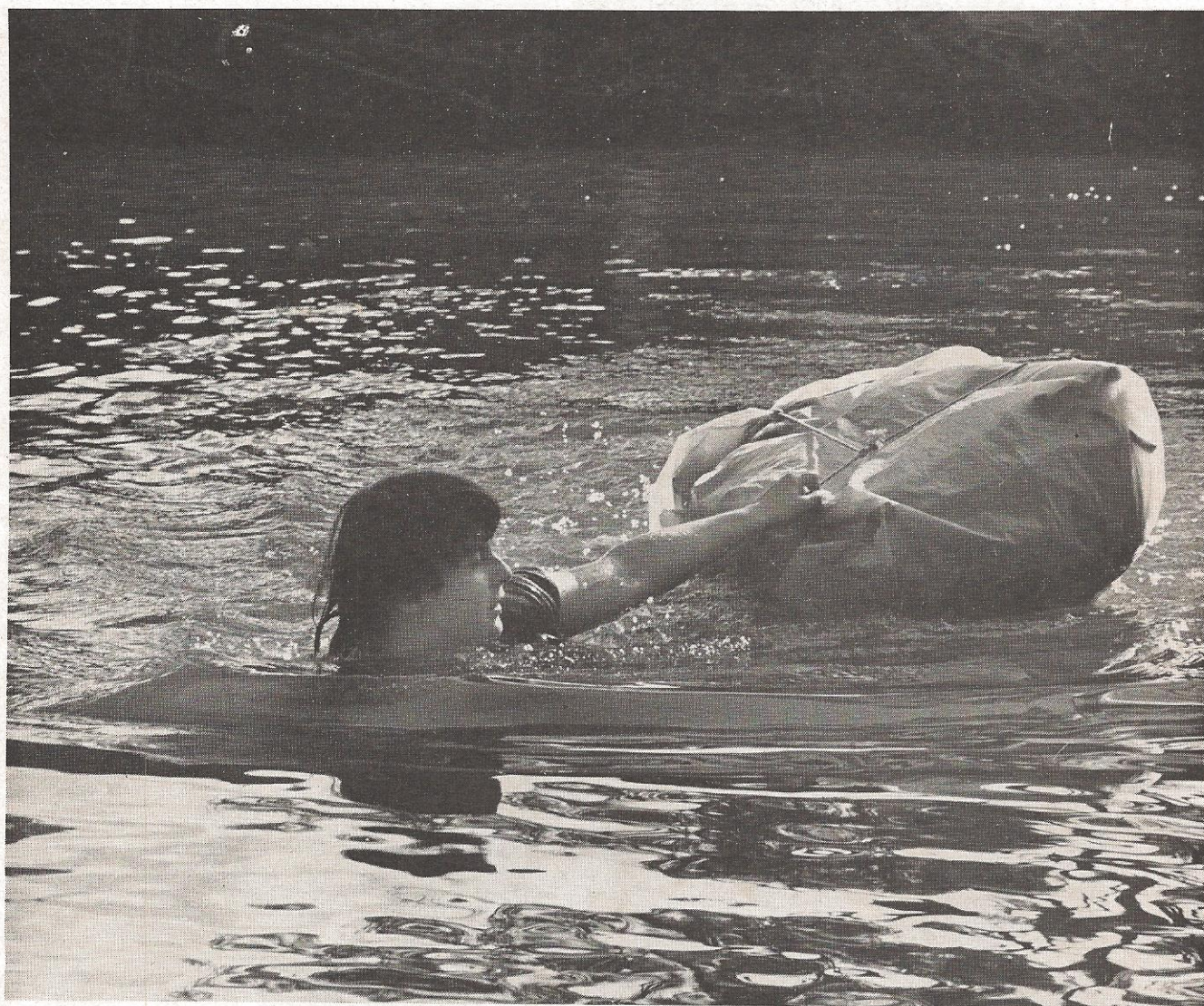


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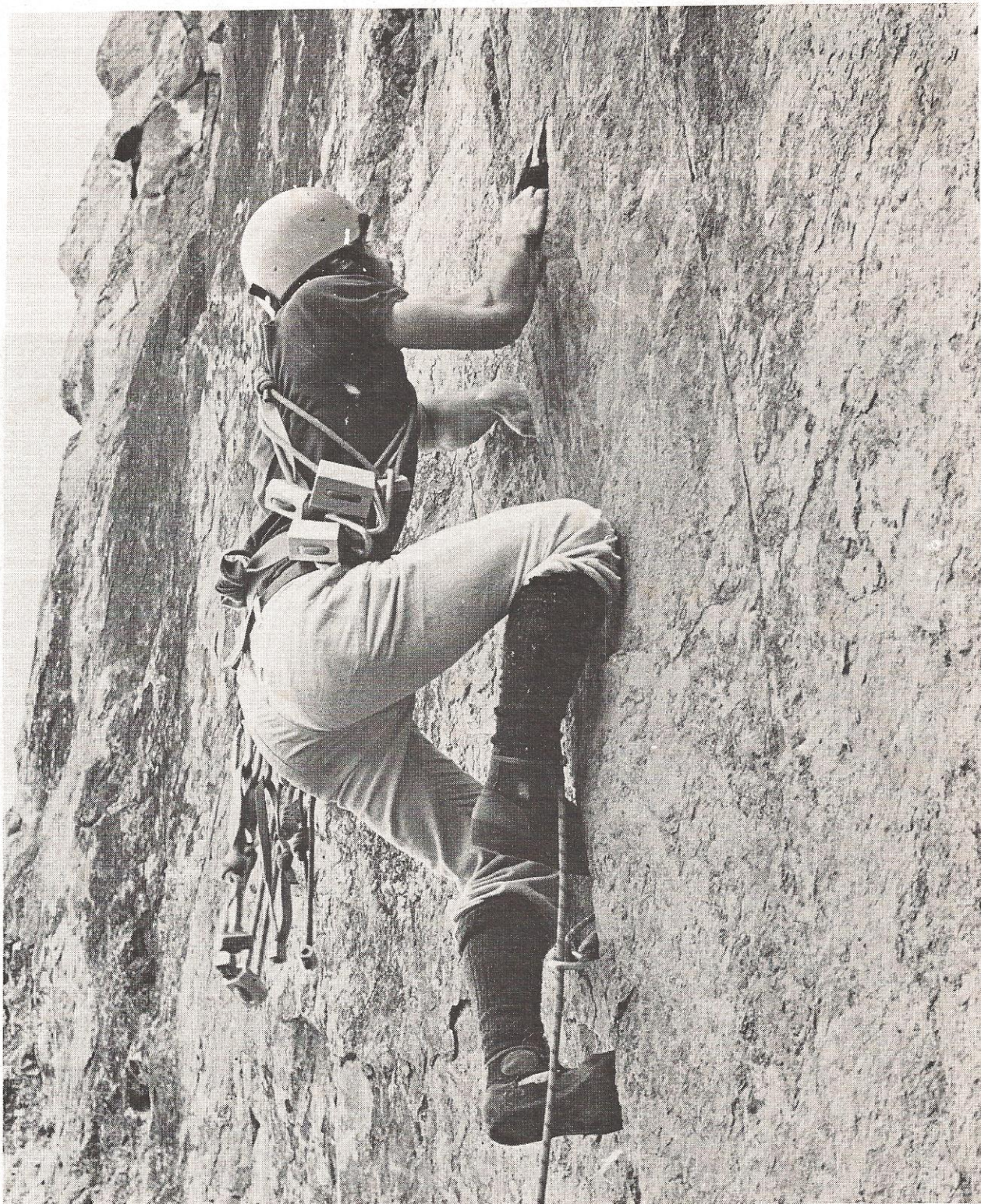
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The Journal of the MUMC.

Correspondence - The Editor, "Mountaineer",  
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\* \* \* \* \*

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		254824 (H)
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Conservation	.. Mike Feller	.. 202232 (H)
Ski Touring	.. Andrew Rothfield	.. 208500 (H)
Orienteering	.. Tony Kerr	.. 8742726 (H)

COVER PHOTO - "In the Hattah Lakes" (photo) Rob Jung

\* \* \* \* \*

NEWS

- (1) After negotiating with the F.V.W.C., the Mount Hotham Committee of Management has conceded that its demands of area users, to notify the committee 14 days in advance of their bushwalking plans, were unreasonable. Therefore, it is now considering an alternative plan which sounds basically similar to that used at Kossy. This is, that there will be various "Walker Check Points" where intentions can be signed in. The Federation is at present negotiating with the S.E.C. concerning overnight camping near Bogong Village, which is at present banned.
- (2) Climbing at Werribee Gorge is banned until December 1st. This is so that the rather shy Peregrine falcons have a chance to breed in peace.
- (3) After many years of effort, rumour and arguments, the mythical V.C.C. guide to Mount Buffalo, edited by Peter Watling, has been published. It is good to see the guide in print. Despite some obvious printing errors, poor line drawings, and some omitted climbs, it continues the standard set by previous Victorian climbing guides. It costs \$5 and is available from the shops.
- (4) It is hoped that a journal, similar in format to that recently put out by the V.C.C., but with a wider mountaineering emphasis will be published by the club early next year. Edited by Nick Reeves, and yet to be made, the committee approved the idea, provided that the magazine would be "self supporting... and has high quality articles, photos and production. Articles, poems, and photos, are needed. The journal would supplement the "Mountaineer", not replace it.
- (5) After much discussion it was finally decided by the committee that the existing hut stove, which does not work well, will be removed, and not replaced. It was felt that this decision should be reviewed twelve months after removal. The recent survey had 32 people in favour of not replacing the present stove, and 26 people stating that there should be a new one.
- (6) The memorial plaque to Mark Spain and Andy Kelso has been made and is to be placed in the hut in the near future.

\* \* \* \* \*



CONSERVATION REPORT

Currently, there is somewhat of a lull in the conservation scene with few relevant government actions. However, behind the scenes the conservation subcommittee has been developing its ideas and policies towards an alpine national park. Firstly, the areas considered most valuable for walking and cross country skiing were delineated on a map which was placed on the noticeboard in the club rooms with a notice asking for comment. As usual apathy reigned supreme and, one month later, no comments were found. Therefore, we assume most club members have no objection to our ideas.

Following on from this, management policies for the park have begun to be developed. A list of these policies is on the notice board in the club rooms for all you apathetic souls to neglect. Perhaps of most importance to club members is the following list of areas we consider should be closed off to all vehicles :

1. All jeep tracks in Snowy Bluff - Moroka area.
2. All access to Tarli Karng.
3. All access to the Mt. Cobbler - Mt. Speculation area.
4. The Jamieson River road at 8 mile hut site in the Howqua valley.
5. The road beyond Bindaree hut and all access to the Bluff - Lovick - Nos. 1 and 2 Divide area.
6. All access to the Wonnangatta valley.
7. The Selwyn Ck. road at Beveridges.
8. All access to Mt. Fainter.
9. All jeep tracks on the Bogong High Plains.
10. All access to the West Kiewa valley.
11. All access to Cowombat Flat.
12. All access to the Reedy Creek gorge area.

Information submissions on the bushwalking and rockclimbing values of the Grampians have been prepared for the Land Conservation Council. The bushwalking information has been passed on to the Federation of Victorian Walking Clubs for incorporation in their submission.

A letter was sent to the Minister for Mines opposing an application by Western Mining Corp. for a prospecting licence which covers the proposed wilderness area in East Gippsland. The prospecting may include drilling and is a blatant attempt to exploit the area while still possible. The prospecting, if involving the use of vehicles, is completely incompatible with wilderness values. It is also a further example of an attempt to negate the role of the Land Conservation Council in determining land use in Victoria.

M. Feller

\* \* \* \* \*



ROCKCLIMBING

.. Peter Megans

The end of term vacation was off to a good start with the bumbly convenor announcing, with heavy breathing, that he was coming out of retirement and heading to Arapiles, (where he might even do some climbing!) Hard climbers sallied forth on this, the "Women's Climbing Weekend", (where were they?) to test their skill.

Over the weekend such routes as Strawberry Traverse (21), Eurydice (17), Orpheus (18), Brickdust (17), Lob Off (15), Lamplighter (14), Claemenestra Buttress (11), Phoenix (11), and Kestrel (9) fell to fiery leads in the magnificent Arapiles sunshine. Phil Jones finally mastered St. Peter (16) and Foxcroft and Megans came good, only to quit whilst they were ahead - at least until the exams. Climbs such as Rack and Tuccata, saw powerful attempts, but weary climbers stumbled away muttering "next time!"

The next weekend, it was off to Hanging Rock for a day trip. John Chapman solidly led the direct start to the Bridge of Sighs (18) and two eager if somewhat gripped seconds followed. The ascent of Fetish Crack (17) by Nick Reeves, the up and coming "has been" defies description. After these two routes we were all content to rest on our laurels and head back home. After all, it was a bludge day trip and these two routes are enough for any climber with a hangover.

Then .... Winter turned towards Spring ....

and a wellknown climbing fanatic has been known to announce to many a pub night his priorities in life - mountains, food .... and women. Many an outrageous North Wall climb has eventuated due to a sublimated sex drive. Our hero has been known to really hammer his crackers in. Alas .... cold lonely winter bivouacs have had their effect. A recent trip left in a fanfare of publicity, avowing more deeds of North Wall derring-do. The trip, so to speak, became tent-bound on the plateau. The romance of a shivering figure depositing sleeping bags down steep icy walls to test the warmth of his wet wool socks in sub zero temperatures has given way to spring pastimes. A recent Buffalo trip had mixed success. Climbs included ski touring near the Tatra Inn, Watchtower Crack (16), Yo Yo (Direct finish) (19) and the Bard (12). Only some slight detour was involved. Climbing were Tony Marian, Dick Delasanto, and Reg Marron with friend.

\* \* \* \* \*

CAVING REPORT

.. Sue White

Recent caving events have been successful. The Rimstone Co-operative wine bottling was a pleasant success. Wine is still available from Nicholas White (3284154) for between \$1.20 and \$1.40 per bottle.

\* \* \* \* \*



"A WEEK IN THE WOLGAN"

... N. Blundy

The sun peeps over the horizon and we stir from our sleeping bags for a first view of the Wolgan Valley stretching away into the early morning haze. We are soon in the car and set off down into this wonderland of rock. Excitement mounts as we pass down the valley, virgin cliffs in all directions staggering the imagination.

Gradually the valley gets narrower, the walls get higher, we are nearing the Newne's Pub. The dominating face of Old Baldy comes into view, soaring high above the road.

"Phaaarque!! from J.C.

"We're going to climb on that?"

We had arrived in the Wolgan Valley.

Appetites whetted, we are soon at the base of the Coke Ovens cliffline. There we meet other climbers - Tempest, Young and Co. from Vic., and N.S.W. heavies Claw and Joe Friend. The cliff is attacked with enthusiasm, and with the big guns firing the next two days see many of the best climbs done. Keith starts off in fine style with Cactus, Sizzler and Mirrorman, all 19's, with Steve following grimly. The Foxcroft/Megans combination spend hours lacing Cactus before performing the first of many pikes (12 runners in 20'). John grovels up **Sizzler** and then starts to loosen his long limbs on Mirrorman with Watto. 'Charlie' Megans does Grunger (16) with 'Bumbly' Martin who gains a nickname by dropping some cfabs in a fit of thumbs, and Neil watches horrified as Rod Young solos King Toad (19).

By now everyone's finding their feet and we head for Old Baldy. The rest of the world is forgotten as enclosed by these vast cliffs climbing becomes an engrossing existence. Hard climbs and easy are found delightful. Hugh and Charlie do the superb No Complications (16), the crux of which is also led by Bumbly. The Weirding Wall (21) falls to Watto and also J.C. with a little help from his friends. Many have fun on Invention (18) with Watto, Keith and John leading, Steve, Charlie and Hugh seconding, John also taking bulk photos. Keith and John continue to climb well on Lysander (19) and then Keith puts in probably the best individual effort of the trip on The Slider (21). On a saner level Neil and Bumbly blow their minds on Diarrhoea Chimney (9), one of the most incredible easy climbs around.

5 The next morning is overcast and drizzling. Undaunted, some hardy souls snatch their early morning swim in the Wolgan River. Claw suggests a day at the newly developed Exploding Galaxy Walls further down the valley. A leisurely day follows, with little climbing and much spectating done between the occasional showers.

Then its off to Piddington before heading home. Many of us are tired after the week's climbing, so Piddington is spared a mass assault. However, a number of notable events occur - Bumbly Martin



"A WALK IN THE WOLGAN" .. (Cont'd)

continues to astound all by following Watto up Eternity (19), 'Charlie' Megans cements his reputation by piking off Psychopath (16) after Watto solos it. Neil leads his first crux for the trip on Joseph (14), and finally Megans in desperation attacks the Lithgow house red, but loses the battle to the amusement of all and the detriment of his (?) sleeping bag.

Then it's in the cars again, engine roars, hamburgers, flashing lights, towns, potholes, petrol stations flash through the brain; mingled, forgotten; till familiar places; we are in Melbourne again.

\* \* \* \* \*



SLOT :

.. Anus McRaves

The plane circled lazily in the brilliant sun. All around were large craggy mountains, soaring skywards. The pilot dipped the plane towards the saddle and prepared to land on the glacier. It was a performance he had repeated many times before, Rich, brash Americans, quiet unassuming Japanese, young eager Australians - he had seen them all on his plane. It was all the same to him. He enjoyed the flying, flirted disinterestedly with the women, desired some of the girls, and ignored the rest. Another Southern Alps scenic trip. He glanced at the dials and began to land.

The girl was a pretty, young student, on holiday from Melbourne. Pert nose, taut lips, and gently curving breasts. The type who carried a large nylon pack and used her long golden hair to hitch lifts from hostel to hostel. There was no problem getting rides. Nor meeting people. What was the name of that nice, tall, dark Engineering student from Melbourne she had met at Wanaka? A climber, who might well be here, at Mount Cook. George Kuzzles or something.

She gazed up at the towering precipices and inwardly shuddered. And there was the orange hut where climbers slept. How small it had looked from above. She was dizzy and a bit sick from the flight. She barely heard what the pilot was saying as he let her pass. Out on the snow it was all bright, and she wished for some sunglasses. Minutes passed and the other passengers prepared to enter the plane.

The American matron gave a piercing scream, and the pilot whirled around, shouting, warning. Between the plane and the girl, what had been only a small crack had widened to a large chasm. The icy crevasse surged towards the girl, grinning horribly. Below the bulging sides were glinting wickedly in the sun, row upon row of sharp icy teeth. With a strangled cry the girl dropped down as the snow below her opened up. The pilot would only listen helplessly to the chomping. The mangled body plunged into the depths. With a loud snap, the icy jaws shut. The snow heaved, and there sounded a satisfied belch. A pair of bloody sneakers were spat up, and the small six inch gap smiled contentedly. The SLOT had struck! .....

Next week: Retired, handsome, English Army officer, Dredge Moron, otherwise known as "Colonel Slothunter" is called in by a scared collection of Hotel owners, park rangers, travel operators and alpine guides. Read about the spine chilling duel between man and SLOT.

\* \* \* \* \*



"MAKE HASTE"

.. Nick Reeves

There was much mock solemnity when Andy Rothfield and I began our ski back from Howitt Hut. A badly intoned, but dramatic, rendering of martial tunes plus oratory covered our sadness as the great Blunder party split up. The others were moving on to Tamboritha saddle. We were heading back towards the car at Eight Mile Gap. As we left the hut, the others returned to their sleep. It was but an hour past dawn, and the sun had just crested the horizon. Its rays were penetrating the copse of trees to light up the tin roof. This early sun dominated, distant stands of trees lost their blackness, and the patches of snow on the plains gleams. Above, and to the west, huge billowing clouds swayed, and gathered, promising an unpleasant ski later. Muttering to each other about wet cold socks we set off.

To Macalister Springs was fine touring. We sped over the firm fast snow. Miles of undulating terrain aided development of a fast rhythm. We flashed past icy but green snow gums, speeding through small snowy clearings. There were good views of the higher mountains to the North-West. Outlined by the snow, one can easily discern which bump is Feathertop. Flat skiing ended with the climb up the hill above the springs. We could not follow the jeep track, and so we cut up through the bush, finding open spaces between the trees. With packs, and it being icy, it was a fast, frightening, and rather fumbling run down to the hut clearing.

We paused briefly at Vallejo's chapel to collect some gear and eat some chocolate. Cloud was thickening over Howitt and we felt a need to hurry. We left the hut, gloomy as it is, to its winter mourning and skied towards the divide. Some wind hit us as we slogged up Mount Howitt, and strands of mist, below, crept in towards Mac Springs. For once, our waxes balled up, rather than slipped, and we crept upwards. It was no time to stop at the summit, and we turned away, fast downhill.

It is hard, scrappy skiing from Mount Howitt to No. 1 Divide. There are few good runs, the ground is steep and exposed. The difficulties seem continuous. We developed no exhilarating rhythm or speed, rather a cautious but determined movement forward. There is much sidestepping to be done. It is almost the ski mountaineer's traverse, far removed from the tourer's Howitt Plains. Satisfaction came, not from good movement but from traversing the hard terrain. Steep - the covering trees generally break the exposure but not the atmosphere of height. Dominating the traverse is the bulk of Mount Magdala.

We followed our tracks of three days ago around the fiery couloir below Hell's Window. With huge towering cliffs, and the big slide of snow it is an epic place. Swirling mist added some atmosphere. We moved around the thin band of snow above and below rocky crags. Half fearful, half exultant! At places a fall would hurt. It is not an enjoyable half hour but a place to have skied. Past Magdala the skiing eases. Careful slide slipping with short slaloms through trees. It is an anti climax up to the jeep track on No. 1 Divide.



"MAKE HASTE" .. (Cont'd)

Mid afternoon saw us at Lovick's Hut after a nice small detour to the top of No. 1 Divide. We lunched, but the sleeping bags in the corner bunks, of people obviously settled in, spurred us on. On the door a poster advertised the delights of a bush safari. It promised clean air to breathe, but we did not kindle a fire, knowing all too well how the atmosphere of Lovick's Hut can simulate smoggy Melbourne, given smoke rejected by the chimney. So, we left for the last climb of the day. We were slow, and it took some time to reach the top. Mount Lovick is a magnificent viewpoint. Huge rays of sun streamed down over Mt. Buller. The square jaw of the Cobbler jutted. The snowy ridge of the Crosscut drew our eyes irresistably towards the bluffs of Howitt - it seemed the climax to the day. Tired, we relaxed, breathing deeply, regarding the view.

It was no anti climax breaking my ski. Too tired to react I slid slowly into the snow gum. I should have fallen over earlier but it was too late. Annoyed and bemoaning the indignity I put on the spare tip. Andy began discussing the merits of fibre glass ski, whilst I packed away the old wooden tip as a trophy. Spare tips mean very noisy skiing, but the shortened right ski went well for stemming on the jeep track. Towards evening we came into the clearing of Bluff Hut. A fire was burning, a brew, tea, and we slept well.

The area between Buller and Tamboritha Saddle would seem to offer some of the best wilderness skiing in Australia. There is a choice between large snowy tops, steep icy ridges, long tree covered snowy jeep tracks, and beautiful, white plains. There is none of the hydro development that impedes upon the skiing further north, nor the crowds. It has a spectacular combination of snow, cliffs and trees that is not often obtainable. There are some long ridge traverses that could be done, and certainly will be, given good snow next year.

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"CAPE YORK TRIP"

Only a week and a half before we began our journey Geoff and I decided on a 20 day walk of the last 200 miles to the very top of Australia. Information on Cape York is not common in Melbourne; bushwalkers have only a vague idea of heat, wet, tall grass, isolation and insects. No one seems to consider it a place for bushwalking, especially in February, the end of the wet. As a result, and also because of the terrible standard of maps available, we left seriously wondering for the first time in our lives if we would ever see home again! But with this went an unusual feeling of trepidation and excitement.

At Cairns the whole walk was replanned because our train had been stopped by floods, and we had subsequently missed the plane to Iron Range, our initial starting point. After almost two weeks of changing plans we managed to get a lift by prawn trawler to a place half way between Iron Range and Bamaga, at an aluminium shed called 'Captain Billy Landing!'. In the process of getting a lift we talked with fishermen from practically every boat in Cairns harbour! A movie camera would have been fantastic to record their reactions to our plans. The norm was to look in disbelief for a moment, then slowly shake their heads and say "well, I wouldn't do it!" We gathered that our original plan to cross the Pascoe and Olive rivers and then bush bash was a little far fetched in the time we wanted to do it in. A better plan was to walk along the beaches, and then find the track running East/West to the North/South road to Bamaga. Apart from this, it became necessary to only walk half the distance because of the time spent getting a lift - we would only just make it back to Uni. The local opinion of Cape York was that it was really wild country, and that crocodiles, previously shot out, would be increasing now, due to protection. People were concerned that we did not have a gun. At Cairns we also changed a lot of equipment. We now had a tent of groundsheet type material, that would not be as heavy as a japara one, and army airbeds to give us height above soggy ground.

Finally embarking on our now 100 mile walk was really good - all the waiting and planning was over. The boat trip really showed us how isolated it is there. It seems strange to we Victorians to think of so vast an earea of sand dunes and rocky headlands completely devoid of people and resorts. Cape Melville was a headland which was really striking. Its rolling hills were entirely covered by large boulders, and they even juttred out of the sea. It was exciting getting close to Captain Billy, but at the same time a bit depressing to see points in the distance that we would have to walk around. We were dropped off in the late afternoon and had time for a quick look around before evening. Both of us were incredibly jumpy, we started at any quick movement or unusual noise. The night brought with it anxiety and loneliness - it is funny how much you miss people when they are not around. The noise of city life felt positively attractive.



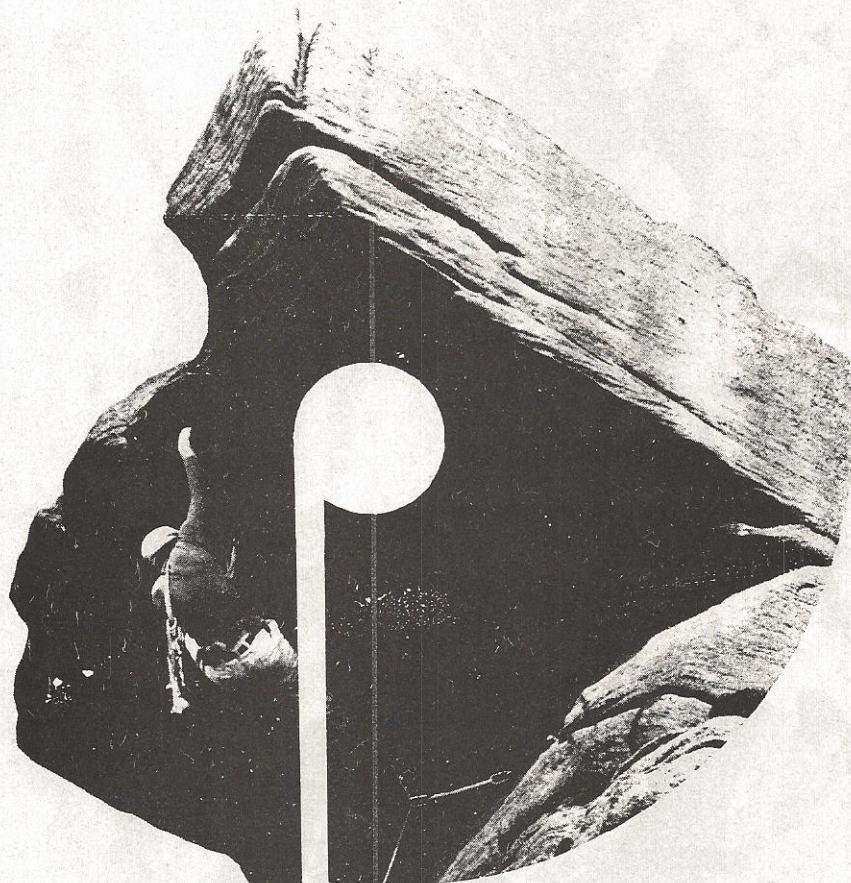


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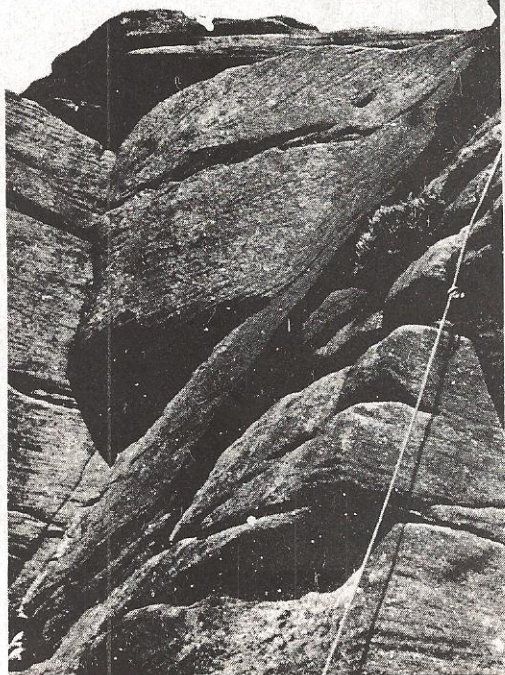
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"CAPE YORK TRIP" .. (Cont'd)

Next morning was fine and hot when we finally started at about 9.30. We had good and bad surprises. The good ones were that you would really have to try hard to starve along this coast. The sea and even small tide pools are teeming with fish, especially sharks. At one river mouth we saw about ten 3-5 foot long sharks in a foot of water. There is also a coconut palm every 60 or so metres - good if you can climb them! Worries we had about the reliability of water ceased when we saw the small waterfalls on cliffs at most of the rocky headlands. Our bad surprises came at about 10 a.m. when we came across a creek which was not on either of our maps. We started to wade across but turned back when the water was waist deep, and still deepening. Removing ourselves to a respectable distance (because of the possibility of crocs) we waited almost until low tide. Geoff checked its progress at about 12 noon and came bounding back with news that it was only 8 inches deep now! Continuing with merry hearts, we came across Captain Billy Creek and were surprised that it was little bigger than the previous one. Walking until nearly nightfall, we camped at Hunter Point. We were both pretty tired - sand isn't usually as firm as you want it to be. We noticed a cycle in one's daily outlook - optimistic and hopeful mornings gave way to pessimistic afternoons, then a more patient acceptance of the situation at night. This happened until we found the track to the main road. Lighthouses and ship lights were pleasant to see.

Sleeping soundly, and too long, we moved at 11 a.m. But it wasn't entirely unplanned because we were close to a big creek to be crossed at low tide. When we came to it we still had to wait a couple of hours. One's morning ambitions get a little frustrated, but at least it is a nice long lunch break. This creek was knee height at low tide, and about 16 metres across. Today's goal, 'False Oxford Ness' looked an eternity away and certainly felt like it. The beach leading up to it was extremely straight and, therefore, gave the impression of incredibly slow progress! Something that surprised us about the beaches was the amount of washed up debris. There were lots of rotting thongs, bottles, glass covered balls covered in knotted netting (floats), coconuts, and continuous pumice along high water marks. Often rain forest tended to be on the south side of points, with mostly coastal she-oaks and acacias right by the beach everywhere else. There were very few eucalypts. We finally reached 'False Oxford Ness' at sunset and camped in the next small bay in the dark.

At 4 am we actually arose as planned to start walking early and cross a large creek at the early morning low tide. It took us one and a half hours to eat and pack up before we left hurriedly. (We never really saw that camp site!) After stumbling along the dark rocky beach at first, we finally arrived at the creek at about 8 a.m. It was a pleasant surprise to find it easy to cross. At high tide there would have been an enormous lagoon. From there we strolled to 'Oxford Ness', because the largest creek we had to cross (judging by the map) was coming after, as well as extensive mangroves with sand flats in front at low tide. After an enormous meal and a snooze we



"CAPE YORK TRIP" .. (Cont'd)

set off at about 12.30. At first we had to cut behind the mangroves, with their heavy roots looping out of grey fibrous mud. After an hour or so, after coming out onto the sand flats we encountered a truly enormous estuary. After a timid peer at its approximately 40 metre expanse we waited for an hour for a lower tide. When we began to wade across, the bottom disappeared from view behind the very dark brown tannin stained water. We nearly turned back at this point, but continued cautiously until the other bank was reached. Looking back we were surprised to see a small shark cruising around where we had just crossed. 'Logan Jack', the worst one, was still to come, and overshadowed our victory.

After half an hour, a similar creek was reached but it was a little smaller. After another 45 minutes, we felt fairly sure it must have been Logan Jack. In 15 minutes we came across the real Logan Jack, significantly bigger than the others, its waters were just short of waist deep and about 60 metres wide. Reaching its opposite bank at last was not so much a celebration but pure relief! Now only the state of the track could turn us back. The remaining hours were spent getting close to Left Hill, which was where our search for the track would begin tomorrow. It was a long but exciting day as we had now covered almost half the distance to Bamaga, but we still had serious doubts about our prospects. The track was marked on our 15 year old army map as an "old track position", but a fisherman had also mentioned a track like it.

In the morning we set off on a compass leaving for Left Hill. It is about two miles inland. After about half an hour of toil in the steep rain forest country we climbed a tree and stupidly chose a hill from the surrounding ones as "Left Hill". It was stupid because the hills were very similar and we saw some large sand dunes ahead. These were marked on the map and the track passed close to them. After a short while we came to a small lake and deduced we were just north of Left Hill. After more bush bashing through either thick main forest or thicker tea-tree, without having arrived at any prominent hill we finally set off for the sand dunes. The country here is so misleading that one wonders if the compass is alright, it is also difficult to follow the bearing properly. Anyway, of all things, we come across a disused track. After lunch we followed it happily towards the dunes, but then it curved around and went almost north. After several miles the track had deteriorated to a band of young 10 foot high acacias, so we backtracked and did a final bush bash to the sand dunes. Acacias had a habit of being home to numbers of rather large and biting tree ants. By now it was evening and we were in the most miserable mood yet! It poured all night and we discovered that the new equipment dripped water along the seams.

The rain eased in the morning and after going an entire circle to begin with, we reached another row of dunes. An enormous lake was visible which was certainly to be the one on the map. Walking on another bearing we finally arrived at the North end at about midday.



"CAPE YORK TRIP" ... (Cont'd)

Skirting around it, and then heading North we came across a veritable four lane highway! Only short grass grew between two definite wheel tracks. After a few miles of travelling in an excellent direction (West sounds best, East is a beast!) we came to an even better track. Damaga felt really close now. We even found a soft drink can - such civilization! Rain at lunchtime and most of the afternoon, cleared in the evening. The walking was now quite boring, because there were no views or steep hills .....

We finally reached Damaga. It's an aboriginal reserve about 15 miles from the very northernmost piece of mainland. Its size astounded us - the few buildings marked on the map had grown to a town of 1500 people. We did not mind having to leave the next morning without visiting the very tip, Damaga had become our goal. We only just got back to Melbourne in time after flying over the most northern point in a low flying 'island' plane to Thursday Island airport. It was a pity we did not see more of Damaga. We got thoroughly stared at when we arrived as we were strangers arriving at a time when no one travels overland.

Back in Melbourne it was strange because it was so familiar and freezing cold. We'd been away a full month and spent just a week walking. It certainly was worth it for the experience, not so much for the scenery.

Janice Weate. Geoff Lawford.

\* \* \* \* \*



BOOK REVIEW

Reg Marron, Nick Reeves

V.C.C. Rockclimbing Guides  
Mt. Buffalo, by Peter Watling.  
Cost : \$5.00

Climbers can forget their impatience and stop waiting. The Buffalo guide has at last been published. It is about time! No other guide book yet produced in Victoria has seen such a length of time for writing and producing. Five years of delays, procrastinations, excuses, and fights, squabbles, even the sacking and consequent re-election of the editor. When the idea was proposed there was much competition for the editorship of this guide, to what many regard as the State's foremost climbing area. It is a great pity, then, that such competition, the five years of work and the effort put into it have not produced a guide book of real quality.

The layout of the guide is good. Route descriptions are generally very clear and concise, and detailed in a logical manner, cliff to cliff, north to south. The wasteful repetition of 1st ascent names has been eliminated, these details have been placed in a separate index towards the end pages. A good idea, but there should also be an alphabetical index reference to the first ascent of climbs as a particular ascent with details is hard to find when routes are listed chronologically.

Access notes are in general comprehensive with clear details given, this being much needed in such a steep area with so many cliffs. The one major exception to this is access notes to the North Wall. Access to here is a more serious proposition than the short notes would suggest. You are actually absailing down into the gorge, committing yourself to more of a climb, with each absail. Once at Fuhrer ledge with the last absail rope pulled down the alternative is either a hard climb up or further absails, and the horrific scramble up the South side gullies. The guide refers to "absailing and scrambling" down but the mislocation of an absail may well leave you at the end of the rope either half way down a blank slab or in an overhanging, wet, chimney. This could be serious when up to six long absails have to be negotiated. No reference is made to even an estimation of the times taken to the start of climbs. The way down the South Side is referred to as a "track" but it is not really so, being a steep scramble in many places and already the scene of one broken ankle. In fact, the North Wall is generally given the "flick pass" treatment in the guide. This is disappointing as the wall with its large granite vertical drops is the major attraction of the plateau. Perhaps the editor should have at least absailed down to the Fuhrer ledge, or completed a wall climb, and then he might have found the words to do justice to its significance.



BOOK REVIEW .. (Cont'd)

The photos, once again, are only ordinary. VCC guides in the past have suffered from poor quality photo production. This stems from two reasons. First, the insistence on using matt paper despite the example of what can be achieved of the Wolgan guide. Second, what we could call the "10 x 8, single weight, Black and white print" syndrome, where editors insist on all photos being of these dimensions. The printer, then, only has to rephoto or reduce them, thus adding extra exposure and loss of print quality. It was also disappointing to see, in some cases, two photos of the same climb, and no action photo of Angels. Production aside, the content of the photos was generally very good.

There are some errors in the guide which are inexcusable. The line drawing photos are atrocious, especially the North Wall centre spread. Great black blobs mark the climbs, they were perhaps done on the way to the printers in a tram. A whole cliff, Nug Nug, is not mentioned at all, and eight climbs, recorded in Argus before some of the included climbs were even done, are left out, for no apparent reason.

This is not a shithouse guide. It would be hard to produce one to such a magnificent area on Mount Buffalo, providing route descriptions and access notes are competently done, and will serve their purpose. This is just another guide book to an area that surely deserved better. What was expected, and awaited, was a guidebook with inspiration, and class. Criticism of the guide will stem from this disappointment.

..... Nevertheless, it is out and it is needed. It will be a useful addition for any climber contemplating a visit to Buffalo plateau.

\* \* \* \* \*



TRIPS PROGRAMBUSHWALKING

- Date - September 25-26  
Event - Mt. Howitt Area Bushwalk  
Standard -  
Transport - Private Car  
Leader - Nick Dow
- Date - September 25-26  
Event - Strathbogie Ranges Bushwalk  
Standard - Medium - Easy  
Transport - Private Car  
Leader - Theo Dreker
- Date - October 2-3  
Event - Feathertop Work Party - to remove old stove from hut, amongst other jobs  
Transport - Private  
Leader - Andy Walker
- Date - October 9-10  
Event - Snowy Bluff Bushwalk  
Features the rugged mountains between Moroka Gorge and the Wangatta River  
Standard - Medium  
Leader - Rob Jacobs  
Transport - Private
- Date - Not yet finalised  
Event - Serra Range Bushwalk - in the Grampians  
Standard - Medium  
Leader - John Stone  
Transport - Private Car
- Date - November 27 - December 5  
Event - East Gippsland Beaches Walk - Wingan Inlet to Cape Howe. Superb deserted beaches, heathland, inlets and rainforests  
Standard - Medium in difficulty but long  
Transport - Private  
Leader - Rob Jung (379-8948). Please contact before booking.
- Date - Tentatively December 3-4  
Event - Bludge Weekend - Details later.



TRIPS PROGRAM .. (Cont'd)BUSHWALKING .. (Cont'd)SUMMER TRIPS

1. Little River Gorge
2. Gibbo - Pinnibar area in December. Leader - Ian Moore
3. Cradle Mountain Leader - Roger Muller
4. South-West Tasmania - Rob Smith and Rob Jung are both considering trips there.

The dates of these trips haven't been decided yet. If you would like to either lead or take part in an extended trip over the summer, please contact the Trips Secretary. As well as Victoria and Tasmania, summer walks in the past have been to the Snowy Mountains, and Northern Queensland including Cape York.

Some details of the New Zealand climbing courses are available at the club for those interested. Course and flight bookings should be made soon.

Skiing trips will continue for as long as the snow lasts. Contact Andy Rothfield for more information.

\* \* \* \* \*

CLIMBING

There are climbing trips every weekend but these are usually organized at short notice. Contact Peter Megans (874-7841) for the most reliable information on trips.

Several club members go to New Zealand during the summer. Details of instruction courses in Alpine Climbing are available at the club.

\* \* \* \* \*



TRIP PROGRAM .. (Cont'd)CANOE TRIPS

- October 15-17 Upper Mitta R. Grade 4-5  
Leader - Jol Shelton  
(Work 674845)
- November 15-17 Building two club boats.  
We would especially like to teach newer  
club members some of the skills.  
See Karen Roberts (347 3452)
- November 30 - December 5  
Snowy R. Bludge trip.  
Willis to Dargans.  
Warm, enjoyable rapids, suitable for  
paddlers of any standard.  
Leader - Ross Seedsman.  
(Book boats early)
- February 2-16 Tasmanian Canoe Trip  
Franklin R. - Up to Grade 4-5, and  
possibly Pieman R. - continuous  
Grade 3-4.  
Leader - Jol Shelton (Work 67 4845)

\* \* \* \* \*



# Kimpton SLEEPING BAGS

## arctic bag

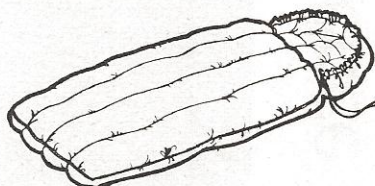
For sub zero temperatures and high altitudes. Cellular walls form lengthwise flutes, this stabilises the filling, ensuring even insulation and maximum resistance to cold throughout. There are no cold spots on the stitching, not even on the side seams because of these walls. The quilted flap hood is fitted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

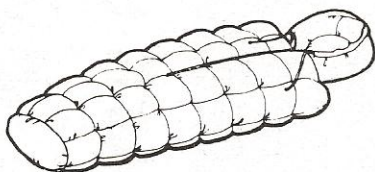
Body of bag cut 6'6" long x 32".  
Total weight of bag 5¼ lb.

## 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

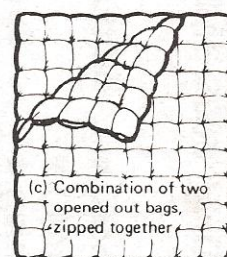
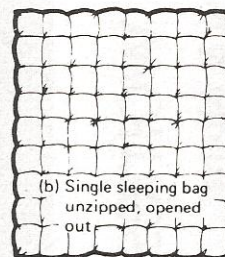
## snow bag



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.



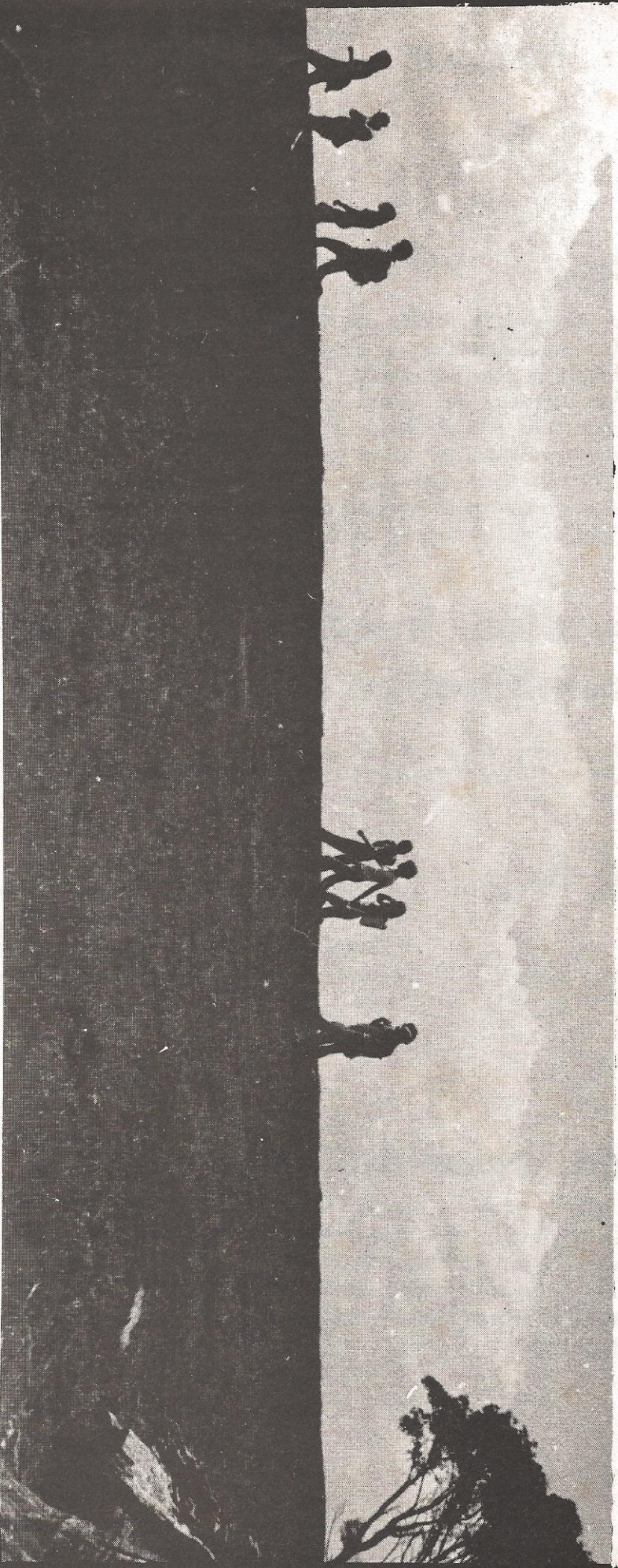
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