

Mt. Genyon from Lake Elysia, Cradle Mountain National Park — Photo John Chapman.

20¢

MOUNTAINEER

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october

1980



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MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

1980 COMMITTEE POSITIONS

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* * * * *

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ANDREW Wilson 82-4665

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* * * * *

OCTOBER, 1980.

SECRETARY'S REPORT

As usual, club activity during third term is minimal (could this have something to do with approaching end of year exams?). Still, a number of successful canoeing and bushwalking trips have taken place.

A. Wilson

Overall, the number of trips undertaken this year is pleasing. Canoeing and climbing have enjoyed continued support and bushwalking seems to have recovered from the slump it experienced last year. The Costigan-Miller bushwalking program has proved quite successful for first and second terms. The arrival of the ski season inevitably brought with it the usual influx of "winter members" the trend being for private rather than club ski touring trips. Certainly not desirable. Orienteering and caving have both carried on in their own quiet dependable ways. As for the annual breakdown on the number and type of club activities this year, the large number of used trip lists in my file warrant postponement of this task at least until after the exams.

Efforts to keep up Thursday lunchtime slide shows has met with moderate success, however attendance could be better. The purpose of this activity is, of course, not just to provide an opportunity for club members to observe and show slides from previous trips but also to provide a definite time and meeting place for members to get together to discuss past, or plan, future activities.

There has been some criticism of M.U.M.C. lately about the lack of communication to club members, particularly the older club members. Most of this criticism is justifiable. All I can say here, without stepping on too many toes, is I hope this situation can be remedied by next year. Regular newsletters (they could be regular if all of you out there would help by writing trip reports, etc. - Ed.) and well thought out trip and social event programs are certainly the hallmarks of most successful, active bushwalking and mountaineering clubs.

LONG LIVE M. U. M. C. !

* * * * *

N E W S

This year's Annual Pie Night and Photographic Competition suffered from a rather poor attendance, but all those present had a pleasant evening of fine food, good friends, and photographic excellence.

There were many fine entries in the competition, but discerning eye of our expert judge, Les Southwall, gave awards in six categories :-

- (i) Action - "Aspiring National Park" by Peter Treby
- (ii) Character "Ross Stephens" by Richard Thwaites.
"Plotting in MUMC Hut" by Andrew Walker
- (iii) Detail "Mirror Ponds" by Peter Robins
- (iv) Forest "Eaw-Baw Plateau" by Jolyon Shelton
- (v) Landscape "Darling Range, Patriarchs, on Flinders Island" by Nick White
- (vi) Wildlife "Elephant Seals" by Mark Durre.

MOUNTAINEERS PUSH FOR TITLE

from European correspondent
KENNETH GORMES

Following recent moves by the Institute of Australian Engineers to give professional engineers the title "Ing"., Britain's Alpine Club has decided to follow suit. The club's president, Peter Everest, has announced that the Alpine Club will push to give recognised mountaineers the right to use the prefix 'Mount' (abbr'd. "Mt.") before their names. He admitted that his Japanese wife, Kay Too, had first suggested the idea and had encouraged him to lobby for the support of the Alpine Club.

Mr. Everest is a climber of world renown.

* * *

CLIMBING REPORT

After a winter of wet weekend weather most climbers within the club are eagerly awaiting the return of the sun. Climbers seem to be basically a slack bunch enjoying late starts, long meals and five-star camping facilities. These hedonistic qualities explain the preference of most to climb at Mount Arapiles where the rock, camping and weather can rarely be beaten. However, away from the crowds some club members have enjoyed the peace and beauty of climbing in the Grampians and in July there was one soggy debacle on the North Wall of Buffalo Gorge.

Beginners' courses have been held on weekends in March and July and for non-climbers wishing to climb either contact the convenors or wait until those times next year. If approached correctly rock-climbing is safe, enjoyable and satisfying. Furthermore it needn't require Brick-like strength, nerves of steel, or massive changes in dietary and social customs. So when the sun returns come along!

As pointed out earlier Arapiles has been the centre of most activity - the ideal conditions have led to some interesting and hard climbing. In the Northern Group Neil Barr led Taste of Honey (21) and Peter Darby flashed the roof Kachoon LHV (22). Richard Serpell and Craig Nottle shared leads on Eurydice (18) and in between eroding Trinity wall and the walls of the National Library in Canberra, Jim van Gelder led No Standing (24) and Dreadnought first pitch (25). Beginner Greg Garnhan has seconded Tannin (19) on the Red Wall and has led several other beginners up easier climbs. Newcomer Graham Sanders led Cassandra (18) and seconded Russell Paul on Jackal and The Stoat Steps Out (both 18). Jim van Gelder led the delicate XI (18) on the Fang buttress and before leaving for NZ last summer Nick Reeves and Robyn Storer climbed Bam Bam (20). Jo Richards, Jon Miller and Rick Thwaites have also spent some time clambering around the sandstone.

Master town-planner Mark Moorhead has been super active at Arapiles, particularly in the Northern Group. With Rod Young, Kim Carrigan and a few dedicated Anchormen he has put about 40 new climbs, the bulk of which are of grade 20+ difficulty. Of particular note are the delicate and exposed Mainstream (22) with Kim and Jim, a number of difficult climbs on Ministry Wall near the Pharos with Peter Newman and two desperate roof problems on Tiger Wall - Out of the Blue (24) with Rod Young and Into the Black (25) with Senile McKenzie.

Elsewhere Peter Martin made the first winter ascent of the Buffalo classic "Where Angels Fear to Tread" last year. Glen Donohue and Russ Paul shared leads on Debutante (14) at Rosea in the Grampians. Craig Nottle and Jim van Gelder put up Daggers of Dawn (21) at the You Yangs and nearby, beginner Robert Dunning led Cain (13). Also at the You Yangs Hugh Foxcroft, Dave Gairns and Peter Megens put up the fine Nicholas (21).

* * *

Annual Midnight Ascent of Mt.
Feathertop, 1980

Twas early morning of August the second,
A mount called Feathertop to us had beckoned.
A midnight ascent it was to be,
But darkness and fog made it hard to see
Just after 12 we left for the top
Uphill in snow with rarely a stop.
At six and a bit we did finally arrive
Frozen through, and barely alive.

The aim was to climb but the snow came down
So we stayed in the hut, our faces did frown.
Plans were abandoned, bad weather all day
Eight inches of snow in which we could play
The rest of the day we did nothing but sleep
While the snow piled up into one big heap.
Saturday night once again in the hut
Abandon the summit, we thought, BUT

On Sunday morning the skys were clear
We'd go to the top not just stay here
Through Saturday's snow we trudged on up
When thirsty we'd just just melt a cup
Up slopes of ice to the summit proper
To close to the edge and we'd come a cropper
Perhaps for a while, highest in the state
But clouds closed in and views would wait.

The clouds didn't clear, no photos to take
For the cars and home we'd make a break
The track is so hard when walked in the dark
Going down in the day it's like a park
Great fund was had by all who went
Though some would say our heads were bent
A Rob, a Barry, three called Andrew
And next year perhaps, me and you?

Barry Hill

(PS. Apologies to those who tried but didn't
make it).

Orienteering

To the uninitiated the first question that pops to mind is "What is Orienteering"? Quite simply, Orienteering is Fun. Less simply, Orienteering is a Swedish sport which is mentally and physically challenging and which anyone can compete in at their own level.

The object of orienteering is to find your way around a pre-set course using a compass and an orienteering map. The map has every feature (boulder, depression, knoll, etc.). Larger than 1 metre high or deep marked plus contours (usually 5 m apart) and all tracks from main roads to foot-tracks marked. The areas usually mapped are state forrests or other crown lands.

The course lengths vary from about 1.5 to 2 Km. for beginners and children, to 10 to 15 Km. for the very fit and experienced orienteer. You can select any course (there are usually about 1/2 a dozen to choose from) depending on your experience and fitness.

To begin you don't need any expensive equipment. All you need is a pair of STRONG sandshoes (Most light weight expensive Joggers (e.g. Nike) with nylon uppers are NOT suitable since they just fall apart in the bush. A cheap pair of Denim runners usually survive better. Some old clothes and a whistle. You can hire compasses at the events (usually for about 20¢). A Whistle is necessary. As a safety precaution, if you hurt yourself and need assistance, (a very rare occurrence - I've never hurt myself in 6 years of Orienteering).

At all events the organisers supply novice instruction for any beginners, and the National Fitness Council runs a course in orienteering as part of its program.

A list of coming events is pinned on the orienteering notice board in the clubrooms, and some coming events are listed in this "Mountaineer".

If any one has any questions at all I am only too pleased to help. I am in the clubrooms some lunch times or you can ring me at home on 876.1128.

Peter Turner,
ORIENTEERING CONVENOR

Extract from T.L. Peacock's "Crotchet Castle" - 1831.

"Lady Clarinda : Who was she?

Rev. Dr. Folliott: That I know not.

Lady Clarinda: Have you seen her?

Rev. Dr. Folliott: I have.

Lady Clarinda: Is she pretty?

Rev. Dr. Folliott: More... Beautiful. A subject for the pen of Nannus, or the pencil of Zeuxis. Features of all loveliness, radiant with all virtue and intelligence. A face for Antigone. A form at once plump and symmetrical, that, if it be decorous to divine by externals, would have been a model for the Venue of Cuidos. Never was anything so goodly to look on, the present company excepted, and poor dear Mrs. Folliott of course. She reads moral philosophy, which, indeed she might as well let alone; she reads Italian poetry; she sings Italian music; but, with all this, she has the greatest of female virtues, for she superintends the household, and looks after her husband's dinner. I believe she was a mountaineer".

SOME COMMENTS ON SOUTH-WEST TASMANIA

Lieut. Ch. Jeffreys (1820) "In some parts are found a few tolerably lofty mountains."

Surveyor-General Oxley (1820) "The sterile mountains are incapable of yielding even the smallest return to man."

James Reid Scott (1871) "For my part I must confess that the beauty of the scenery, both in the grandeur of the mountain ranges and the brightness and harmony of color, far exceeded my expectations."

Cecil Allpart (1912) "Peak after peak, as far as the eye can reach, bursts upon the view, and for those who love wild, romantic, mountain scenery, it is difficult to imagine anything more majestic and picturesque."

* * *

MT. BLANC SOLO (or "Coq au Vin! This is no
place to practice self-arrests.")

By Tom Millar

The first attempt had been a forgone conclusion. After setting off with the mandatory snide comments about "Sparkling Rhinegold" Messner and Peter "Hadder to leap tall buildings", we had ploughed our way to a standstill on le Grand Plateau (it must be named after the New Zealand ones). I was with two Californians, one aged 60, and together we had worn ourselves out in the knee deep, sometimes waist deep snows of Mt. Blanc.

During the season, climbing Mt. Blanc (4807 m) is hardly a wilderness experience with hundreds of individuals climbing it daily. The refuge facilities are more akin to luxury hotels and there are many mechanised contrivances for the artificial gain of height. While ascending its slopes before dawn, the line of head-torches can be unbroken. The death toll in the Mt. Blanc Massif is also horrifying, with as many as 60 people dying annually, and over 200 serious injuries.

However, if you try the mountain in late September in bad snow conditions, you can have the mountain to yourself. And on the second attempt, I really was by myself.

The telepherique ride to the Aiguille de plan was similar, with wide-eyed tourists oggling the nut-case Alpinist. The first snow bridge was terrifying but the rest of the traverse to the Refuge Grand Mulet simply sweat provcking.

There were three French in residence who were planning a traverse of the mountain. Their company was confidence boosting, but they departed before I awoke.

I awoke at 2 and left at 3 following the much improved tracks which we had pioneered on the first attempt.

Craaack "this snow bridge isn't much improved."

I was powering up and all was going well until I took one step above the high point of last time, then suddenly, altitude sickness hit me like a sledge hammer. "Must be phsycological".

The head torches of the three French flickered somewhere above me. Soon after an avalanche rumbled past, somewhere in the dark. It sounded much too close.

My feet were starting to get very cold. At about this stage, any self-respecting solo nut-case starts to question the validity and ethics of the exercise. Two hours out and dawn still seems a long way off. The circlce of illumination from the head torch

..-/ Pg. 2.

is your universe and by now the batteries are getting low I, wishing to conform to the norm, was getting bloody lonely so I broke into a rousing chorus of Waltzing Matilda in one-part harmony. Nothing like a bit of new nationalism to restore morale, but I was too out of breath to manage more than one verse.

I overtook the French at the Col de Gouter then kept on to the Refuge Vallot which is more akin to a rubbish tip than a mountain hut. As I stepped in I realized that my feet were very, very cold and that my toes no longer had any feeling. A Spaniard emerged from behind a pile of garbage. His companion was sick. I took my boots off and discovered that my toes "pinged" when I tapped them. After half an hour's vigorous foot bashing I felt the exquisite pain of blood flowing again in my toes. It was still dark so I wrapped myself up and had an hour's kip. On waking, the sun was up, so after some food I said, "Adios Amigos" to the Spaniards.

This was now definitely the highest I'd ever been and the affect of the altitude on me was remarkable. I was reduced to bursts of ten steps with breaks in-between. Thinking was difficult (it always was) and my brain positively ached.

Then suddenly I realized that the view was superb. The summit circle is fantastic and exhilaration flooded through me like an elixir. Simultaneously - "Cog au vin! This is no place to practice self-arrests". The drop into Italy is of Himalayan proportions and the French side is just as deadly. This is no place to trip or cramp on straps and large doses of concentration are required on this razor-sharp ridge. It was a cold, clear, crisp morning and the contrast between exhaustion and exhilaration was profound.

Eventually, the summit at 10 a.m. It was much too cold to stay long. I didn't shake my hand and I didn't take my summit photo, but I had a traditional summit piss and added to the conglomeration of yellow snow which is the top of Europe.

Back down slowly and carefully. My head stopped aching but my legs didn't. With a mime I explained to the Spaniard I was happy but stuffed - i.e. I smiled then fell over. Further down I saw the snow bridge which cracked and the hungry looking crevasse beneath. Running across my heart was pumping twice as fast.

Leaping another crevasse I came into view of the refuge. There were people everywhere about it and lines of other black dots climbing up to it. I was aghast. I had forgotten that it was now the weekend.

-----0000000000-----

Tom Miller

PACK UP YOUR SWAG ... BUT REUSE IT!

I would like to show that many of you are very apathetic and have little thought for the bush but maybe it is all lies. There are many forests being walked through at the moment which will be wrapped around your lunch tomorrow. Yes, around the vegemite encrusted bread you have placed one of the trees you have admired. If that tree finds its way into the bin, it has been lost forever.

If I were you I would be ashamed - aghast of the slaughter. of these unobtrusive plants. You could save these bags and reuse them, or re-cycle them (through one of your local wood chopping neighbours - the A.P.M). Those milk bottles you used to break when you were a young skinhead - they are nearly extinct. DON'T drink the homogenized M - bottle it instead. Packaging is around everything.

Yes all over the world people are saving their wrappers - using both sides of the toilet paper (well actually foolscap but lavatory humour is funnier) and are drinking pure milk out of smooth shiny bottles. Aluminium cans are being crushed back into existence.

Just think a little of our small world resources. This was written in ten minutes so there is more, and more, and more to add. You probably missed consoc's film and speaker on April 16th but keep your eyes open for real action in the future. Help unwrap Melbourne Uni.

Tim Entwistle
Secretary of CONSOC

FORECASTS for TASMANIA-GOERS

For the period December to March, South-western Tasmania is expected to experience one of the longest dry spells on record. Temperatures are expected to soar to the high thirties (degrees F), while rainfalls will drop to a maximum of about 10 inches per day, accompanied by mild sea breezes of not more than 80 knots. Occasional falls of snow are anticipated on the Arthurs, but 3 feet per day should not hamper the progress of parties equipped with snow-ploughs. There will be fewer avalanches this year. The condition of button grass plains will vary from soggy to saturated, and leeches are again in plentiful supply. Rivers are low, and bridges over the Huon and Craycroft are not more than 10 feet below the surface. Track conditions are favorable in the Federation area (tunnels have been cut through two of the eight miles of horizontal, and fixed ropes have been put in where the route traverses the tops of saccaria beds.

Conditions in the Reserve and Cap areas will not be so favorable. Lake St. Clair has risen and submerged the Ducane Range, so

parties are advised to take snorkels and a dry change of clothing. Because of thick mists, parties on Mt. Ossa are not expected to be able to obtain the usual clear views of the mist. Negotiation of the Loddon Plains will require careful navigation as the mud is expected to be five feet deeper than normal. Heavy falls of snow are forecast, and points from which shafts may be sunk to the huts will be sign-posted. Otherwise, conditions will be generally fine and wild, with some early morning torrential showers.

Anon

-The Magnificent Western Arthurs - An attempted Traverse Launched, Undertaken, and Completed Entirely at Junction Creek

On the morning of Saturday, 2nd February, I left Hobart for the "New Boots-and-All Lake Pedder". Equipped with ten days food, two New South Welsh companions and much optimism with regard to the weather, I was hoping to complete a traverse of the Western Arthur Range followed by a dash to Federation Peak if time and supplies allowed. Dave, the party's motivating personality, regarded himself as a gun walker and this indeed was his reputation. It was he who had persuaded us to set ourselves such a long route. I had met him just two days before. The third man, Col, was a humbler but very experienced walker who shortly before had accompanied Ross Stephens and me across the Southern Range.

The evening before, I had bumped into a party of four other M.V. Mountaineers not quite by accident and they too were bound for the Arthurs. This group and mine met out of the rain in a shelter just before Scotts Peak Dam. We spent the night in an abandoned shed a little further up the road. All night it poured and drizzled alternately.

On Sunday morning, there seemed little reason to leave our dry-ish shed: the cloud hung low on the W. Arthurs and the rain persisted. After lunch, my group made a laboured decision to move on to Junction Creek in the less severe weather which the mid-afternoon promised; and the Mumcs left shortly behind us.

The shelter situated on the Arthur Plains a little west of the Junction Creek crossing is a three-sided galvanised iron affair with a floor made of dirt and scraps of litter. It covers an area of about 3m x 5m, the open side facing and adjoining a bog of equivalent area to its east. It is revolting but to its credit, it is absolutely waterproof. I was reluctant to pitch a tent only to get it wet before the morning's ascent of Moraine A. Dave and Col

../ Pg. 2.

The Magnificent Western Arthurs (Page 2)

were not, so they pitched one and spent the night there while I sweated it out sleeping in rib-jabbing parallel with the four Mumcs and two wet Tasmanian women who later described us in their semi-literate log-book entry as "5 maneland twits".

On Monday morning, there seemed little reason to leave our dry-ish shelter: the cloud hung low on the W. Arthurs and the rain persisted. The Tasmanians, bound for the Huon River, eventually left and made it as far as the Junction Creek crossing. Another party camping there which became known for some reason as "The Montgomery Party", left for the range in mid-afternoon. But not before a party of four arrived back from the range having left the shelter the day before. They had eight days food left but were going to walk out; they laughed and sobbed over their hair-raising story of one night on the range; they stared in directions every-changing and unpredictable; it seemed their spirits were shattered. The Mumcs came to a decision and pitched tents fifty metres away in the trees.

The weather remained the same on Tuesday --- and Wednesday. It rained intermittently, the mist sometimes shrouded the range right down to the valley; usually the lower one and a half thousand feet were visible; occasionally in the middle of the day the odd peak would appear for a few minutes at a time. Always the cloud moved at frightening speed.

It had become a feature of our period of residence that between squalls the Mumcs, usually led by Peter Mallen and occasionally followed by members of our trio, would troop out from their camp or from the shelter to a spot in the button grass just fifteen or so metres east of the shelter. There, after a minute's silent gazing to the South-east, Peter would utter the ritual chant, "Er...we....whaddaya think?" whereupon the other three Mumcs would gaze at the ground; Jon Miller would issue that low nasal monotone (duration - 2 secs) for which he is famous; and the gathering would disperse. This matter was extremely annoying when it began to occur between every band of Black Mariah and soon joined Sydney-Melbourne rivalry as a subject of Dave's patronising humour.

Late on Wednesday afternoon the Monty Party returned having lasted two nights before Mt Hesperus and having been pushed back only by the breakage of a tent wand. They seemed unscathed psychologically, disappointed but quite relaxed and began preparing to continue around the South coast route. What pluck!

At about 10.00 am on Thursday the Mumcs inexplicably broke camp and left for Moraine A. This had been the decision-day for both parties - but what a decision! Clearly they had cracked;

.../ Pg. 3.

this monotony was of a fibre and quality that only the toughest men can bear. There was little question of our own party going on. I had gleaned that the food which had been bought was really only for seven or eight days but that this had apparently been considered adequate for ten if stretched. Furthermore, we had long since finished our chocolate. There was nothing for it but to make a day-trip to Mt. Hayes to salvage something from the trip. ("Oh, no! P.B. was enough for me. You're not getting me out of this shelter," Col had said - but you, Dear Reader, are to be spared that story). Dave agreed to come on the condition that the rain stopped. It did not, of course, and it was only because I threatened to go alone, making the others look like pikers, that they came.

After two kilometres or so along the plains, the Moraine A track diverges from a marked junction on the Port Davey Track. The Muddiness continues up the steep spur right to the top but the jagged skyline above is constant encouragement. The Mumcs were found huddled behind a huge rock about 800 ft. below the ridge. Not surprising - the range had been completely obscured in mist and rain as we had walked along the plains.

At the moment we reached the broad, open ridge the clouds cleared, granting us an uninterrupted view to the west. We wandered onto Mt. Hesperus as more gaps appeared around us and we had a view in nearly every direction at some time. Dave and I took countless photographs of the four glacial lakes in the crags below; of Capella Crags and the range extending behind; of the vast views over the Crossing Plains, Arthur Plains and as far as Port Davey. And every view came and went and returned again a different scene altogether. The white wisps and grey pillows of cloud lifted and fell, the wind cruelly dragging their bellies over jagged crags.

We were joined shortly by the Mumcs but had too little body warmth left to wait much longer on the summit. When we left the peak and the Mumcs for the last time, Jon kindly treated us to a square of chocolate each - gratefully received.

Back on the plains the air seemed soft and warm by comparison. But our thoughts stayed with the Mumcs as the clouds raced ceaselessly over that rocky skyline. More daunting yet was the hail that fell next morning, so heavily at times that visibility was no more than fifteen metres. By mid-afternoon we motivated ourselves to start the outward trudge. Deep resonating thunder sounded behind us, and over our shoulders we caught our last glimpse of the Arthurs. A black wall of cloud had crossed the ridge and callously, deftly .. swallowed the lot.

We thought of four brave and resolute walkers: of our own ignoble retreat - and all the way to Scotts Peak Dam, we laughed.

In the morning (Saturday) a gap in the clouds revealed snow down to about 3,500 ft. on Mt. Anne. We laughed all the way back to Hobart.

The next day and the next...and the next...were cloudless. All the way back to Melbourne, I wept (well, nearly).

Account of a week in S.W. Tasmania
endured by Dave Noble (SUBC), Colin Gibson (NSW "Freelance") and Rodney Costigan (MUMC) in close association with Peter Mallen, Jonathan Miller, Ian Hurley and Andrew Heath (all MUMC).

WHEN PARTAKING OF THE OUTDOORS :

LOOK AFTER YOURSELF

Even on a short trip your own skill is the key to enjoyment and safety.

- * Plan your trip carefully before you go.
- * Don't start on a long trip unless you are fit.
- * Get a weather forecast.
- * Have the right clothing and equipment and know how to use them.
- * Always carry spare food, map, compass, whistle and fire lighting materials.
- * Tell someone where you are going.
(Don't forget to tell them when you return).
- * Keep the party together.
- * Leave early and reach your goal before nightfall.
- * Don't travel alone.
- * If you cannot reach your goal in bad conditions, stop early, seek shelter or turn back. There is no shame in doing so - it means you have used judgement, and learning to do this is what bushcraft is all about.

LOOK AFTER THE MOUNTAINS ...

- * Don't litter. If you can carry it in, you can carry it out, so bring back your rubbish.
- * Be careful with fires.
- * Leave campsites, tracks and huts spotless.
- * Don't cut corners on formed tracks. It causes erosion which is costly to repair.
- * Don't damage vegetation.
- * Obey Forestry, National Parks or other regulations. They are there to help you or to protect the scenery.

* * *

OCTOBER 1980

BIG RIVER TRIP

Sunday 10 August

After a late start we arrived at Enoch's point at 12.00. The track leading down to the river was in poor condition and one car muffler was ripped off. There were 18 people on the trip and it was decided to split into two groups. There were also several beginners. The river was very high and flowing very fast leaving few spots to stop, which frequently meant wide dispersion when we were forced to stop to empty a boat. There were many rapids, some very long but most of the rocks were covered by water leaving only large pressure waves. Progress was slow and in the late afternoon, on some stretches of the river, the reflection of the sun on the water made paddling difficult. Near the end of the trip there was one difficult rapid with large rocks and a large drop, and this claimed over half of the kayakers, including some of the more experienced. The river was very cold, and along the river people walked out with their boats. However for most people it was a very enjoyable trip; one I had wanted to do for several years. Many thanks to the organizer, Jim Bland, and all the others who helped, and went on the trip.

Darryl Chambers

Hut Etiquette
(thanks to FVWC)

These notes have been prepared to assist visitors using refuge huts and refuge shelters on walking tracks. Responsible bushwalkers and skiers observe them as a matter of course.

USE OF HUTS

Use of huts is a privilege, not a right. Most huts are designed as emergency refuges and you should not rely on them for regular accommodation. All bushwalkers should be equipped to camp out at all times and in all conditions. Use of huts is generally on a first-in basis, and should be shared. Welcome others, with a hot brew if you can, and let them near the fire so they too can warm up. Walkers should be prepared to vacate the hut at anytime in emergencies. Some ski huts and cattleman's huts may be locked. Check with us or the responsible authority if you are not sure.

HUT DAMAGE

Please report to us any damage to a hut, or the absence of a log book. We will ensure that the hut controlling authority is informed of the damage. Leave the hut securely closed, and replace any equipment. In snow country, in Autumn and Winter particularly, please ensure that the shovels are in place on the outside of the hut.

LOG BOOKS

Instructions for the use of the hut will generally be found in the front of the log book. Use the log book responsibly, as a record of the party's visit. Before leaving, log the date, with information on the country traversed, names of members, and the party's intentions. If the log book is full, please tell us or the FVWC and we will replace it. All full log books are fenerally given to the State Library.

GUARD AGAINST ALL RISK OF FIRE

Observe all fire regulations. All fires should be of a minimum size and confined to existing fire places, or in a shallow trench which should be filled in when you leave. No fire should be left unattended, and all inflammable material must be cleared for at least three metres in every direction. Don't light your fire against a stump or log, or on peat. On a day of Total Fire Ban, no fire may be lit in the open air, or allowed to remain alight. Make sure that all fires are out cold before leaving camp. Use water or earth or both. Check tent and hut locations and wind before setting up an outside cooking fire.

OCTOBER, 1980

.../ Pg. 2.

COOK WITH CARE

If a primus is to be used inside the hut, give due regard to the danger of fire and asphyxiation. Use a primus bench where this exists, for better protection. Never use a sleeping bench or any place where a flare up could set fire to bedding or gear. Know your equipment, and always change gas cylinders or fill primus stoves in the open air away from naked flames and only after the stove has cooled down. Be careful and avoid the accidents that have occurred through carelessness.

REPLENISH THE WOOD SUPPLY

Always ensure that there is an adequate supply of dry firewood (including kindling) within the hut, for emergency use, in bad conditions. If firewood is used, it should be replaced. There is no need to destroy green trees for firewood. Healthy Eucalypts generally carry dead wood. If firewood is scarce, then use your stove. Collect firewood from as far from the hut as possible.

PROTECT WILD LIFE, WILD PLANTS AND TREES

There is no need to destroy vegetation when collecting firewood, or when pitching camp. Names and initials scratched or painted on rocks, trees and huts are marks of shame, not fame. Don't destroy what you came to enjoy.

SAFEGUARD WATER SUPPLIES

Don't pollute water or wash dishes directly in any creek - others may drink from it downstream. Do not waste tank water, top it up if you can. Water is precious.

LEAVE NO FOOD

Burn all food scraps, or bury them deeply so that birds and animals won't dig them up again. Food should not be left behind as it encourages rats and possums, and is unlikely to be of much use to anyone. If a locked hut is used in an emergency, or hut emergency rations or equipment is taken, this fact should be reported to us or the owners so that replenishments may be made.

LEAVE NO LITTER

Clean up your campsite. Leave the hut and campsite as tidy and clean as you would like to have found it - clean up other people's litter if necessary. Clean out the fireplace occasionally. Observe the mottoes: If you can carry it in you can carry it out. Make your visit a private affair - don't leave litter to say you've been there.

.../ Pg. 3.

USE TOILETS

Where toilets are available use them. They have been built at high use sites to help speed up the natural decay by bacteria of our wastes. Don't kill off these helpful bugs with antiseptics or oils. Where no toilets are available, bury your wastes deeply, and thoroughly, at least thirty metres from the nearest stream and downstream of water collection areas. Don't burn your toilet wastes. Keep your wastes well off the tracks. In winter in the snow, remember to keep well off the summer tracks.

RESPECT THE COMFORT AND RIGHTS OF OTHERS

Avoid being a pig or a hog in the hut - don't make a mess, don't hog the fire or working areas. Don't dry your socks over someone else's soup. Avoid making undue noise, particularly at night or early in the morning. Behave as you would expect visitors to behave in your home.

DO YOUR BIT

Looking after the hut is your duty and payment for using it. The hut is your insurance in emergencies, not for your convenience. Leave it as you would like to have found it.

THE VICTORIAN ALPINE CALENDAR -

A PLEA AND A PLUG

In case you hadn't noticed, our Alpine "backyard" is in disarray. All the time we've been escaping to Tassie, New Zealand, South America, Nepal, etc. the forces which regard our own Victorian Alps as nothing more than unrefined money have been slowly eating away the wild high country. Older members of the club will remember a time when the view looking east from Mt Feathertop was sheer magnificence. Extensive logging in the West Kiewa Valley now makes viewing the same scene a somewhat heartbreaking experience.

By some definitions, the Victorian Alps no longer contain areas of natural wilderness, but that is not to say the Alps are no longer of importance for the purposes of conservation and recreation. Most of us have experienced fabulous "highs" at some time in the Victorian Alps and the small areas of (almost) wilderness which still do exist have become all the more precious since they are all we have left. I suspect that their value, and therefore the need to protect them, will increase even more as the hectic eighties send people searching for solace which cannot be found in smoky cities.

The Land Conservation Council of Victoria has produced a set of Recommendations for the future use of public land in this State. The recommendations - which have been accepted by the State Government - include the setting aside of three National Parks which include much of the high country considered sacred by bushwalkers, ski-tourers and conservations. Unfortunately, however, the L.C.C. proposes that the Parks be separated by large wedges of land designated either for hard wood production or as uncommitted land (which, believe it or not, is available for logging purposes), so that the goal of a single large reserve continuous with the Kosciusko National Park has been pushed further into the distance.

Cont'd next page..

Perhaps the most serious aspect of the recommendations is that they seriously devalue the high standards of conservation we have come to expect from National Parks. The L.C.C. proposes that SIXTY small packets of prime alpine ash - which remain within the proposed park boundaries be available for logging before 1988. Since the sum of all these small areas represents a minute proportion (less than 1%) of the total area to be made available for forestry, it seems that an attempt is being made to squeeze every last dollar out of the "Parks" before handing them over to the "greenies". The short term cost would be aesthetic depreciation due to the further intrusion of roads and vehicles, and the blight of clear felled patches throughout the hills. Ecologically, the impact, also likely to be significant, because mature stands of alpine ash, which are few and far between these days, provide habitats for plants and animals which are not found in younger forests. I won't go into the details here, but minerals exploration (and mining?), and grazing are also to be permitted within park boundaries.

Furthermore, if commercial exploitation is permitted within the proposed Alpine Parks as proposed, the future for National Parks in general will be pretty grim.

So what can we do? It is clear that the now widespread recognition of South-West Tasmania as a precious wilderness area has contributed to the saving of the Franklin River and the establishment of major National Parks in that State. The Tasmanian Wilderness Calendar has doubtless been important in spreading the word so Tina Brokland and myself decided it was time to publicize the natural beauty of Victorian Alps in a similar fashion. The Victorian Alpine Calendar for 1981 is now available at the club rooms for \$4.50, or we will mail copies to you if you fill out the attached order form and send it to us. The Calendar, which sells for \$4.95 in the shops, features reproductions of 12 colour photographs taken in the Alps over the last 8 or so years. They were printed by the same printer used for the Tas. Wilderness Calendar. The calendar pages have space for writing against each date.

next page please...

The purchasing of Tassie Wilderness Calendars has become traditional for most bush buffs, but Victoria's hills are probably in even more need of love at this point in time. We ask you to check out the Victorian Alpine Calendar, and in particular to show or give copies to your friends who may not yet appreciate what we stand to lose.

When the time comes, we hope to be able to flood the authorities and politicians with letters in support of real Alpine National Parks. Any profits will be used either to help produce a 1982 Calendar or for some other aspects of the Alps campaign.

MUMC has done a great job in stirring up support for South West Tassie. Let's see what we can do now for our own Alps.

Bruce Rigby

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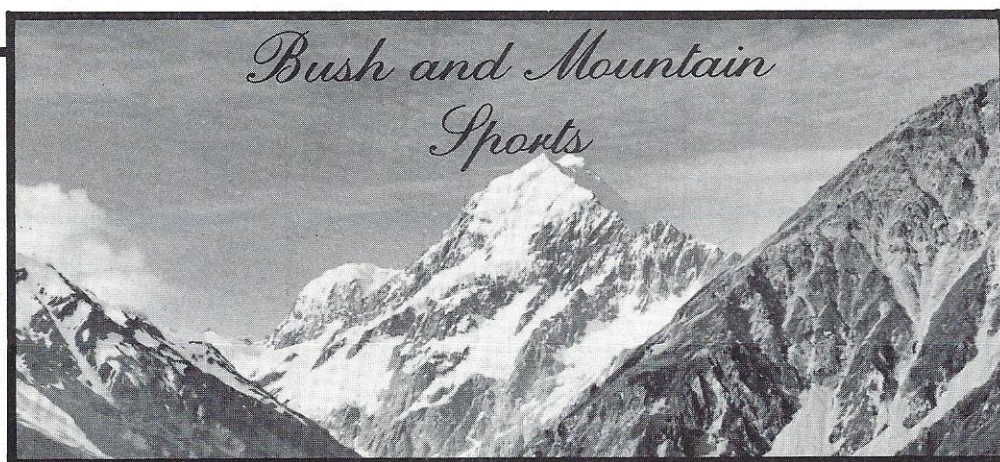
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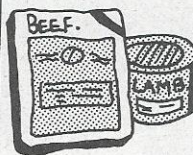
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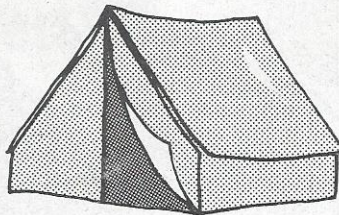
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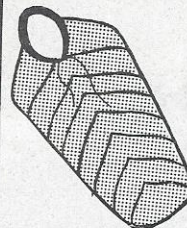
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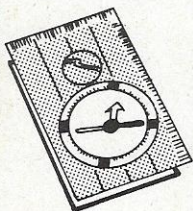
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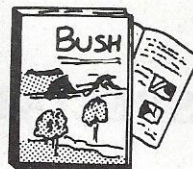
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