

# MOUNTAINEER

DO YOUR BIT  
TO HELP SAVE  
THE FRANKLIN  
AND ALL THE  
SOUTH-WEST

END OF YEAR  
DINNER  
WEDNESDAY  
SEPT 30  
FENWICK HOTEL

YOUR HELP  
NEEDED FOR  
PRODUCTION OF  
E For B & M.

T.W.S  
ALPINE NOW  
AVAILABLE  
AT CLUBROOMS

CALANDERS  
& CALENDERS

VOTE 1 FOR  
THE  
OXO MAN

# OCTOBER

# 1981

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THE MOUNTAINEER

OCTOBER, 1981

Official Journal of the  
Melbourne University Mountaineering  
Club

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All correspondence to:

The Editors  
'The Mountaineer'  
Melbourne University Mountaineering  
Club  
C/- Sports Union  
University of Melbourne  
Parkville, 3052

## COMING EVENTS

### Bushwalking

Bennies - Mt. Cobbler  
Tamboritha - Crinoline

October 10 & 11

October 17 & 18

### Ski-Touring

Razorback - Feathertop  
Bluff - Mt. Lovick area  
Dead Horse Gap - Kiandra

October 10 & 11

October 10 & 11

November 10 - 20

### Canoeing

Indi  
Snowy River (Annual Event)

October 19 - 21

November 15 - 20

(See trips books for further details and more trips)

\* \* \* \* \*

## IMPORTANT

There is to be a referendum on the power situation/ Franklin crisis in Tasmania, and the 'no dams' option will not be included.

Funds are urgently required by T.W.S. for the campaign. Being up against the H.E.C. they need every cent they can get. Donations should be sent to T.W.S. 419 Lonsdale St, Melbourne, 3000. Helpers are needed at the T.W.S. office and for manning money raising stalls. The Melbourne University Conservation Society are having a 'Tree Week' this week also, (28 Sept- 2 Oct) with all proceeds going towards the fund. Trees will be sold in the foyer of the Union Building all through the week.

\* \* \* \* \*

Are any rockclimbers interested in being involved in a short video show? The required expertise is simply to be able to climb competently; the aim is not to film the climbing of a significant route. Filming should be completed within a day.

Anyone interested should contact Jonathan Miller at the clubrooms, or telephone 347 8062 / 347 8962. Filming after exams is a possibility.

\* \* \* \* \*

STOP PRESS : The Victorian Alpine Calender is in at \$5.50 (normally \$5.95). The Tasmanian Wilderness Calender will soon be in at a reduced price.



## ODDS & ENDS/NEWS

- \* Back copies of the Mountaineer. The president would be interested to hear of anyone who is prepared to donate copies to the following collections: the club library, Rowden White Library, and the Periodicals section of the Baillieu. The copies wanted are February 1978, January 1979, and any copies from 1980.
- \* "Equipment for Bushwalking and Mountaineering" is the club's next monster. Help for various tasks is sought, and these will mostly arise at the start of 1982. While not trifling, these jobs will not require too much of any individual's time. Those helping will have the satisfaction of having assisted in the production of a high-quality publication which will be sold throughout Australia (and inquiries from overseas have already been received). Those interested should contact Sue White (telephone 328 4154), Jonathan Miller, or leave a message at the clubrooms.
- \* A colour photo is required for the cover of "Equipment for Bushwalking and Mountaineering". It may be either vertical or horizontal format, and either a slide or a colour negative. The picture should have some portrayal of equipment in use, but this need not be overriding. Contact those listed above.
- \* Mountaineering '82 is another club project which is also commencing. Articles, edition and hack-workers are sought. Contact Peter Smillie (328 4019) or Jonathan Miller.
- \* Tasmanian Wilderness Society is to change its name to "The Wilderness Society" in line with an anticipated diversification of activity.
- \* The club's all new, end-of-year dinner will be held at the Fenwick Hotel, in Rathdowne Street, North Carlton. The meals there have the reputation for being a cut above other counter meals.

The date? Almost forgot - Wednesday 30 September. Arrive after 6.00 p.m.
- \* The Ama Dablam slide lecture on 3 August attracted some 50-70 people. They were entertained to superb shots of this spectacular mountain. Proceeds went to the 1981 Australian China Mountaineering expedition, presently underway.
- \* Michael Rheinberger has booked Nanda Devi in the Himalayas. This 25,645 ft. peak rates with Annapurna III as one of the most ambitious expeditions by Australians so far. Club member Tom Miller may be in on this attempt.

Meanwhile others are trying to book the big one, Everest, for 1988.
- \* The club will be getting in forty of Peter Dombrovskis' Tasmanian Wilderness Calendars within the next few weeks. M.U.M.C. member Bruce Rigby had great success last year with his Victorian Alpine Calendar and we will be selling this also. Both calendars make excellent gifts and are a must for any self-respecting bushwalker, ski-tourer etc. They will probably be sold at reduced rates and proceeds will be going to T.W.S. and C.C.V.



- \* Club members are reminded that our club journal is available at the clubrooms. It is arguably the best annual outdoor magazine in Australia. The club is in need of funds and all sales help. Buy one for a friend or a great aunt. Prices are Mountaineering '81 - \$2.95, Mountaineering '80 - \$2.50, Mountaineering '79 - \$1.00 and Mountaineering '78 - \$1.00.

- \* Conservation issues are again to the fore. The N.F.A.C. is fighting an uphill battle to stop woodchipping plans in East Gippsland. Meanwhile the Franklin river in Australia's premier wilderness region, South West Tasmania, is once again under threat of destruction. The importance of stopping these schemes cannot be overemphasized.

Outdoor recreationists must rank as one of the most apathetic interest groups in society, but M.U.M.C. must rank as the most apathetic of outdoor clubs. It is simply not sufficient to leave it to someone else. Keep your heads in your books while at university and you will graduate to find there are no free-running rivers and no unroaded wildernesses. Write letters to papers and politicians, donate until it hurts and get involved. The T.W.S. Victorian branch is particularly active in fund raising but the burden is left to a handful of conscientious and over-worked individuals.

For further information contact:

- Woodchipping i) Native Forests Action Council (N.F.A.C.),  
118 Errol Street, North Melbourne, or enquire  
at the Environment Centre, 2nd Floor,  
419 Lonsdale Street, Melbourne.
- Franklin i) Tasmanian Wilderness Society Victoria Branch,  
2nd Floor, 419 Lonsdale Street, Melbourne,  
Phone: 602 4877
- ii) Tasmanian Wilderness Society,  
129 Bathurst Street, Hobart, Tasmania 7000.  
Student Membership \$7.00
- iii) Contact the Conservation Covenor, Tim Entwistle,  
Phone: 489 8414 or ask at the clubrooms.  
(Read also Tim's ATTENTION!!! article in  
this issue).



## ATTENTION!!!

Two areas in Australia are hotting up for do or die action. It's hard to be excited when forests are dying everyday and in everyplace, but your help is needed to extend the life of two important natural systems:

### 1. East Gippsland

The Environment Effects Statement (EES) has been released and a trial woodchip scheme announced for the area. The latter came first of course! At this stage the Forestry Commission is ploughing ahead with its scheme to woodchip this important area of natural forest. The "trial woodchipping" was reported in the Snowy River Mail as a "harvest of logging residues". They later noted that "...it is expected that the operation will be a worthwhile introduction to the full-scale undertakings which will follow."

The EES has been labelled "totally inadequate" by the Conservation Council of Victoria. It lacks any real ecological data and ignores the long term effects of the woodchipping industry. The EES concluded that woodchipping would have minimal impact on the East Gippsland environment, but gives no rational basis for this conclusion. The future of EES's is doubtful. The Forestry Commission must study the area properly and not produce these "publicity posters" with no sound evidence if the Environmental Effects Statement is to be of any use in the future.

To help preserve the East Gippsland forests could you please sign the Sassafras Declaration (one is available in the M.U.M.C. clubrooms), or collect some petitions and get your friends to scratch out their names too. I know that petitions seem to be as omnipresent as used toilet paper but they are proving to be effective in showing public opposition.

The other line of action is to write a letter to Hon. W.V. Haughton, Minister for Conservation; Hon. T. Austin, Minister of Forests; or the Premier. Again I know letter writing is a pain in the bum but try to scrawl out a few rude words and get the letterboxes of our distinguished politicians cluttered. The addresses to write to will be available also at the M.U.M.C. clubrooms.

### 2. South-West Tasmania

Again a forest is to be killed if we don't get off our chairs. One of the prime aims of the Tasmanian Wilderness Society at the moment is to get a Federal inquiry into the South-West. This would allow the area to receive national scrutiny and drag the decision away from the petty Upper and Lower Houses of Tasmania.

At present the Upper House supports a general flooding of everything while the Lower House wants to flood what they consider to be the less important parts of the Franklin. To keep the whole area untainted a Federal inquiry must be asked for.

Write to the Federal A.L.P. and ask them to support the Democrats in asking for a Federal inquiry. Write to the Tasmanian Premier Lowe and the Tasmanian A.L.P., and ask them to stand firm on their decision to save the Franklin. Mention that you are lobbying for a Federal inquiry due to the national significance of the area, and also for the necessary sharing of financial responsibility for this national asset.

Again the addresses to write to are available at the M.U.M.C. clubrooms.

During 14-21 October register a "vote" for the Southwest by phoning 347 1091, 602 4877 or 419 8377; leaving your name and address and a promise of \$1.00 to the T.W.S. A living forest is naturally best, so show Australia that you feel this area is important to you, your friends, and your children.

- Tim Entwistle

\* \* \* \* \*

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NOW AVAILABLE!!!!

LIMITED EDITION

A rare opportunity to purchase at a never to be repeated price, THE OXO MAN. The famous M.U.M.C. logo appears on a delicate Mitchell River Blue(?) felt background, and has a multitude of uses, only limited by your imagination. Use it to patch your jeans, decorate a T-shirt, form part of a patchwork quilt, or simply advertise your M.U.M.C. allegiance by attaching one to your pack. They measure 12cm X 12cm and are available from the clubrooms at the special price of 50c.

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Any club members passing through Sydney are advised that Rob Jung, an ex club member is now living at

Flat 21,  
10 Maxim Street,  
WEST RYDE.

Phone: (02) 808 1692 H  
800 211 W,

and would welcome any visitors.



A MEDICAL PATROL IN MILNE BAY PROVINCE, PAPUA NEW GUINEA

- James C. Hurley

For those who can afford the time, Papua New Guinea offers a challenging experience with rich scenery and the opportunity to observe a culture so vastly different from our own. In June 1980, during a break in the fifth year of my medical course, I was able to visit St. Barnabas Hospital, a mission hospital in an isolated region of Milne bay province. During my three weeks there I joined one of the foot patrols which go out from the hospital to visit the remote villages in the area.

The patrol members were Sister Elsie and Nurse Blanche and Medicals (male nurses) Geoffrey, Paul and Lazarus. The patrol work is an important part of their three years training at the hospital. The seventh member of the patrol was Doctor Weston Seta, a graduate from Papua New Guinea University who was visiting some of the regional hospitals as part of his second year residency training. I was the only non PNG member of the patrol.

Our patrol began in Raba Raba, a village a short distance up the coast from the mission station. Even along the coast the country is too mountainous for the construction of a road so our journey to Raba Raba is by boat. The boat sets out at four in the morning when the sea is most calm and as a concession to travelling at this ridiculously early hour we are able to see the sun rise up over the five thousand feet high Fergusson Island which lies a short distance off the coast.

From the coastal village of Raba Raba our objective will be to reach Ikara, a village three days walk inland. For the first stretch, a government tractor takes us in 'river boat' fashion along a dry river bed through the low grassland. Soon however, the tractor can go no further and we have to set out on foot. We begin to climb and the vegetation changes so that when we reach the ridge top we see in the next valley the thick wet jungle more typical of Papua New Guinea. Further along the ridge we look down into the valley and far below we see a village surrounded by its vegetable gardens.

The walk itself is very demanding and I wonder whether my jungle boots will last the seven days. Most of the walk follows alongside the creek but in places it rises up and becomes steep and very slippery. Even now in the dry season the creek is fast flowing and difficult to wade across. In places there are fallen logs which serve as bridges but in the wet season these are washed away and the creek cannot be negotiated leaving the villages isolated from the coast. However the locals walk the trail bare foot and even with heavy loads of coffee beans on their shoulders they never slip.

At night we sleep in one of the village huts set aside for visitors. The grass huts are built above the ground and food scraps fall through the gaps in the floor to the pigs which roam the village. Although the hut has an indoor fire to keep it warm at night, this has its disadvantage as the thatched roof has no chimney. Dinner for us consists of rice, tinned meat and fish and sweet potato; breakfast the next morning is identical and unfortunately there is no fresh fruit in this area of Papua New Guinea to break the monotony of the diet.



After breakfast we go through a routine that we repeat in the nine or ten villages that we pass along the way. The people are summoned and having overcome an initial shyness the mothers bring along their babies and infants to be weighed by the nurses. The infant is slung in a sheet and it is weighed in the scales that have been set up in the hut. If being weighed does not upset the child then the sight of a stethoscope or a hand feeling its abdomen never seems to fail to do so. During this the mothers enjoy the opportunity for social conversation with other mothers from the village. Having recorded the weight and the examination findings in the infant's welfare book the nurses then inject the child with the necessary vaccines against tetanus, polio, tuberculosis and diphtheria. It may also receive penicillin for an infected sore. Having examined the fifteen to twenty infants of the village we then call for any adults in the village wanting treatment. Occasionally someone comes forward but most will conceal their illness rather than risk being sent down to the health centre on the coast to receive a course of treatment which would take them away from the village for at least a week.

The village people spend all of their day working in the gardens looking after their sweet potato crop and banana trees. Only in one village that we passed through was this subsistence life style interrupted. Here there had been a death of a village man and there will be a week of official mourning with wailing and the beating of drums until late into the night.

Despite the hardships and difficulties of living in such primitive circumstances there is a wonderful charm in the people we have met. One old man we saw was sitting in his village watching life go by whilst waiting to die. He was content that his wife and children were well, the crops were intact, the pigs were fat and the village in which he had lived his life was secure. He was pleased to have us come so far to visit him even though we had no treatment to offer.

\* \* \* \* \*

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#### Canoe Stranded - in Sydney

Are you driving to Sydney soon?  
If so, will you have roof racks on?  
If so, will you have space for 1 kayak on the return trip?  
If so, would you like to earn some money?  
If so, contact Graham Blackwell on 328 4019

+ + + + +



## BUILDING CLIMBING - JANET CLARKE HALL

The city seemingly lacks any means of satisfying the basic drive of climbers - to scale rock material with a technically challenging vertical route to the top. After all - the average modern city wall is architecturally plain, smooth concrete or brick; so the "climbing eye" soon ceases to search for holds.

But MUMC climbers are fortunate to have Parkville for their city abode, because old bluestone or sandstone buildings, with intricate architecture abound, particularly around College Crescent.

One of the earliest Parkville building climbs was the scaling of the Ormond Clock Tower in the early 50's. Although this midnight attempt was abandoned short of the summit, they managed to leave the traditional jerry pot hanging from the spire.

Also several University buildings on campus have been scaled: the spire of the original Wilson Hall, a girdle traverse of the Old Arts building, and the south west corner of the new Arts Building. The South and North walls of the new Wilson Hall are obvious climbs up protruding bricks, about an arms length apart. Usual venues for climbing, abseiling and prussicking displays during O-week are the Chemistry and Union Buildings, and recently the West wall of the Barry Building. The Ringwood Clock Tower was conquered in 1966.

The Trinity College wall has long been a favourite rock climbing training venue for University climbers preparing for weekends at Arapiles, etc. or just keeping trim.

Recently I was returning to my residence at Janet Clarke Hall, having just been to the Trinity wall. This sandstone wall really requires chalk, which I don't have, so when I left I was still yet to be satisfied.

Still with the climbing bug, I glanced up the front of Janet Clarke Hall scanning for holds. Why do we have to climb at Trinity anyway. Janet Clarke hall is only red brick, but there are external drainpipes wearing across the walls, concrete arch skirtings, and straight horizontal mantle shelves at odd intervals up the two floors of the building.

Later, on impulse after a midnight stroll, (a typical time of the day for building climbers of the past) clambered up to a balcony on the high first floor and gave Sue, the new college president a big surprise. But I hadn't suspected that she'd be reading a thriller...<sup>III</sup> Thus became apparent just one of the dangers (finge benifits of building climbing).

The next day I walked around the building looking for potential routes for a daytime building climb, and arranged to top rope them with Jonathan Morton. (Building walls normally offer little protection). I got a rope, belts, slings and Krabs from the Clubrooms the next day.



Our climbing was limited on weekdays by an important conference (being attended by our College Principal) in a room whose windows we had to climb up (mustn't shock the administrators) and that we needed to belay out of 2nd floor rooms occupied by students still at lectures.

We climbed 3 routes named "Erica", "Penny" and "The Librarian" (By naming climbs after room occupants as an appeal to their vanity it encourages their co-operation when you ask to use their bed/desk (stereo, pot plant stand) as belay points.).

All 3 climbs proved easy and, obviously, short. Technically, vertical laybacks up wide vertical steel drainpipes are strenuous, and so is hand traversing along horizontal pipes or concrete mantle shelves. Pipes side by side, or in corners, are ideal for foot jamming. When balancing on narrow window sills, window glass doesn't bend, and people don't appreciate bits of ceiling plaster falling onto their assignments when they are hearing footsteps on the roof!

In future I hope that careful building climbing to several floors will keep alert the wall-scanning eyes of eager young climbers who find themselves within the confines of this (too often smooth walled) man-made concrete jungle.

Paul Sharp  
MUMC



Crashing through the undergrowth and being viciously attacked by blackberries everywhere, I felt like an escapee. I knew I had to bash my way through the bush along the river bank to where my kayak had been hopefully helped ashore further downstream, but my movements had no plan or strategy for a while. It had been suggested that I go and retrieve my boat, a concept that hadn't quite reached my waterlogged mind at that stage, so I had gone.

Swimming the Ampitheatre had been quite an experience. We'd stopped above the rapid and in true ritualistic style had tramped up and down the less vegetated bank; assessing the strength of huge stoppers and planning the passage through the foaming waters. In typical style beforehand I'd been petrified, for I'm always utterly pessimistic about my paddling ability. However, although I was scared I had to give it a go. I could be considered a determined individual, or a stubborn fool, depending on your point of view, I suppose. It's not that hard, said Roger, as I was heading for my boat with my knees a little weak.

Above the rapid, in calm though not still water, I was paddling around, testing strength and strokes; steeling myself for the experience and simultaneously procrastinating. Finally, with a deep breath I turned the boat around and I was committed.

Over to the left had been the plan, and here I was heading to the right. Here goes, I thought, being virtually incapable of changing my path for may paddling wasn't that strong. I was heading straight into wild water and a stopper we'd all planned to avoid. Apparently, so they told me afterwards, I stopped paddling altogether and sat paddle out of the water - a fatal pose. I don't remember, however. The strength of the stopper hit me - whoomph, and I was over. No half-hearted effort this one, being completely different from the slow sensation you feel when a support stroke is just not strong or quick enough. I almost came straight up again, and then tried to roll, but no, my mind and arms weren't quite co-ordinating, so it was a matter of getting out of the boat quickly. Once out, the water just forged me downstream leaving me with no hope of holding onto my boat and paddle. I was utterly powerless and at the water's whim. Like a piece of driftwood I was pulled under water and spun around in a stopper then picked up again and swept onwards.

It was quite a while before the water had calmed enough to give me the opportunity to grab a rock, which I was dragged away from; to grasp another desperately and finally another before I could exercise my staying power against the water, and pit the strength of my muscles against its torrents. From here I was towed to the bank to begin the trip down river on foot.

I reached the rest of our party after crashing and falling and slipping; being scratched and being tripped by insidious insurgent undergrowth. The boat was O.K. my paddle had been picked up and I had a gentle ride on the back of another boat to collect my kayak on the opposite bank.

Being hurried on by Andrew who assured we would stop for lunch fairly soon, I re-arranged boat, body and soul and set myself working again. The thought of stopping at this stage was bliss!



