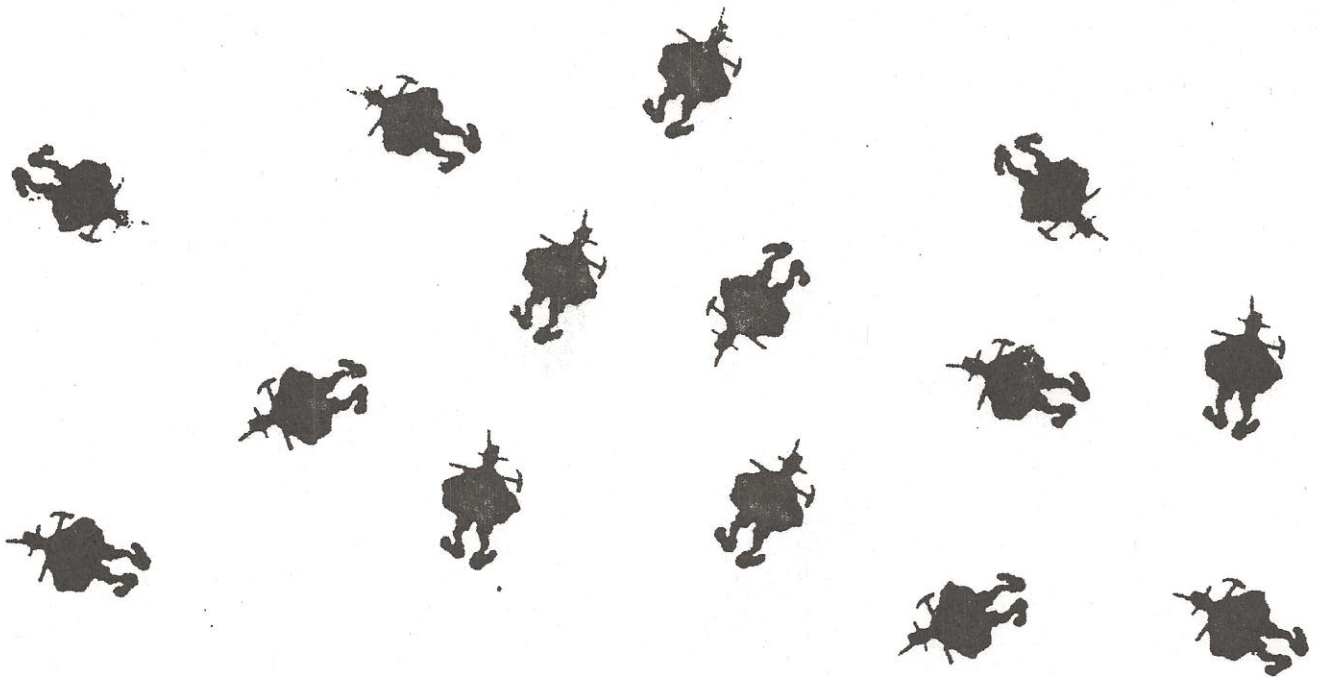


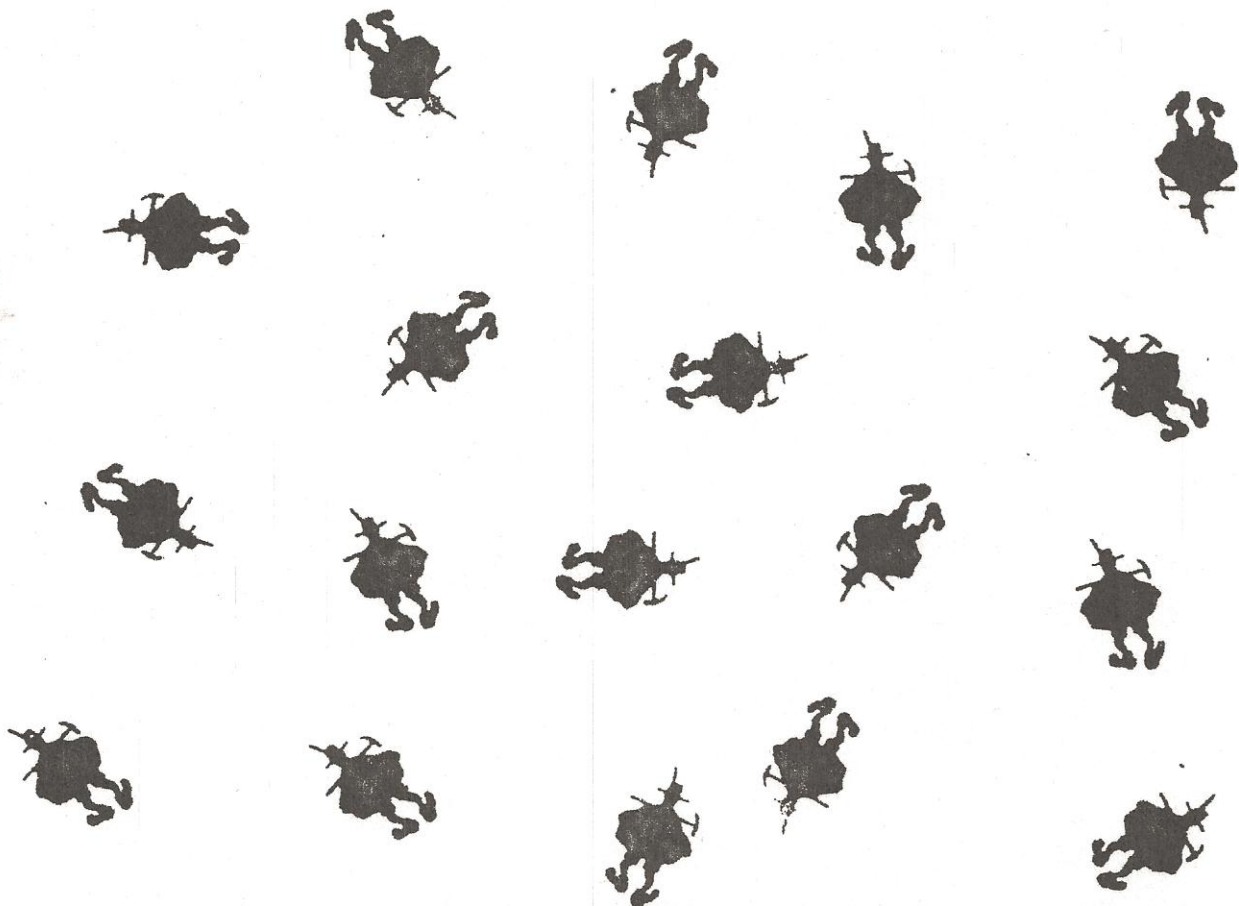
# MOUNTAINEER

# JULY



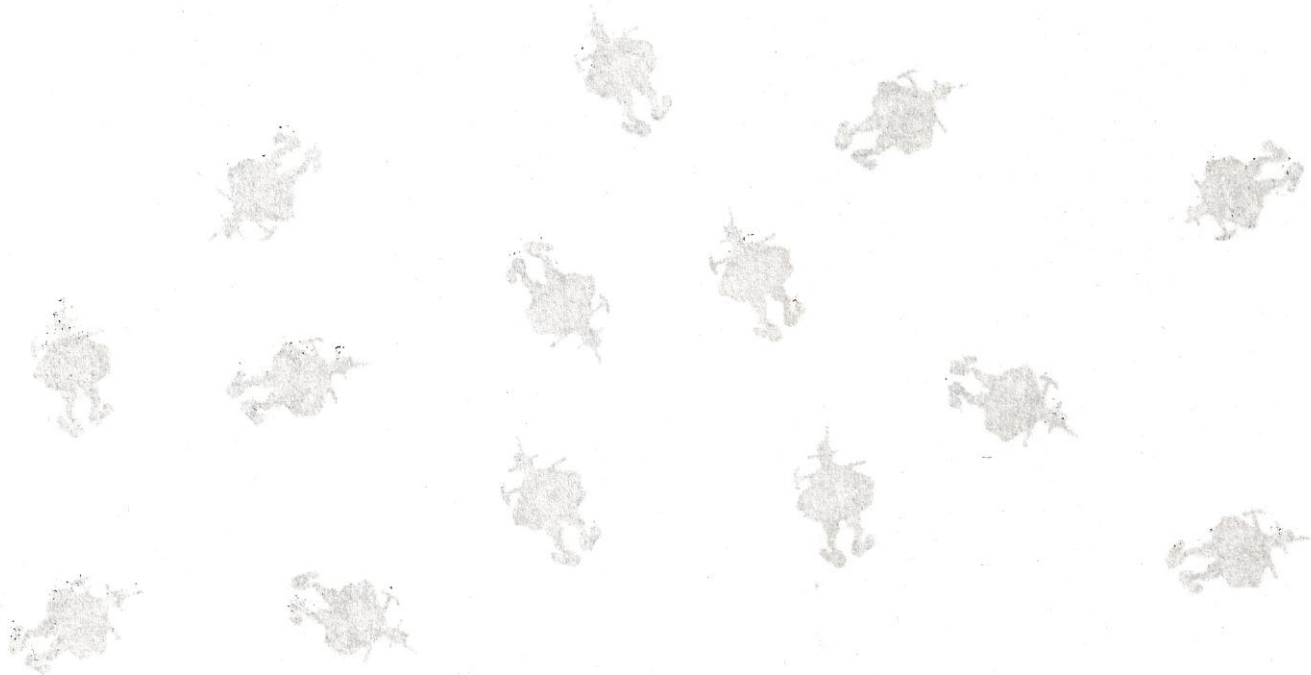
THE OXO MAN HAS GONE CRAZY, BECAUSE THERE WILL BE

NO DAMS IN SOUTH-WEST TASMANIA



Y.M.U.

MEMORANDUM



THE OXO MAN HAS GONE CRAZY, BECAUSE THERE WILL BE

NO DAMS IN SOUTH-WEST TARRANTIA



# EDITORIAL

This edition of your magazine focuses on two great conservation issues. The first is the Franklin River dam and the second is the use of the Victorian Alps. Both reflect on the fact that conservation is no longer about land use.

There is really no need to repeat the news that the High Court has decided by a narrow margin to halt the construction of the Gordon Dam under the Federal Government's Wildlife Conservation Act. It does however repeat the fact that this decision is a landmark one in many ways; some perhaps with implications far wider than just the dam issue. It cannot be over-stated that this decision is a landmark one in many ways; some perhaps with implications far wider than just the dam issue.

## THE MOUNTAINEER

July 1983

Official Journal of the Melbourne University Mountaineering Club

Wilderness and forest science graduates who now work for the TWS in Hobart. The concept of wilderness is one that is not widely understood by our readers. The concept of wilderness is one that is not widely understood by our readers. The concept of wilderness is one that is not widely understood by our readers.

## Contents

Editorial	2
The Reality and the Ecstasy	3
The State of the Alps	5
Bluff Hut goes Commercial	7
The Franklin Diary	8
Meanwhile at the MUMC Clubrooms	9
Some Blasts From the South	10
And Some Blasts of Our Own	11
Walking in the Southern Flinders Ranges	12
Mitchell River Canoe Trip	13
Books	15
Walking the Copland Track	16
Hazel Goes Skiing	18
Queens Birthday Ski Trip to Mt. St. Gwinear	19
The MUMC Twenty-Hour Walk	20

There has been a steady trickle of articles into 'The Mountaineer' since the last issue. I mainly my pen has reached some kind-hearted people. My thanks go to all of those who have contributed, and to those who haven't. I re-extend my invitation to them to write some thing. It's really nice. Thanks must also go to Fiona O'Connor who did most of the typing.

July 1983



## EDITORIAL

This edition of your magazine focuses on two great conservation issues. The first is the Franklin River dam and the second is the use of the Victorian Alps. Both reflect on the fact that conservation is to a large extent about land use.

There is really no need to repeat the news that the High Court has decided by a narrow margin to halt the construction of the Lower Gordon Dam under the Federal Government's foreign affairs powers with respect to the World Heritage Convention. It does however bear repeating. Although this decision is a land-mark one in many ways, some perhaps with implications far wider than just the Dams issue, it cannot be regarded as the end of the fight to preserve the wilderness in South-West Tasmania. As Jonathon Miller ( Ex MUMC president, science and forest science graduate who now works for the TWS in Hobart ) points out in his article the future of the area as a wilderness is by no means assured - there are many other possibly conflicting land uses mooted for the area. The concept of wilderness is one that is not widely understood by our decision makers so the fight to save the area may have just begun.

There is a great latent concern for conservation in Australia which only needs an appropriate issue about which to crystallise. As it perceived by many that the South-West is now safe if anything it will now be harder to gather support for a moratorium on development in the South-West, as that concern may to a large extent dissipate. We must be very wary of anything which may degrade the wilderness while the public's attention is focused elsewhere. Such has happened before but we must not let it happen this time, the South-West must continue to be on our minds!

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When the Victorian Labour Government was elected last year part of its conservation platform was the formation of a large continuous Alpine National Park. Hence they ordered the Land Conservation Council to re-investigate the Alpine Study Area and make new recommendations on its uses, many years before they would otherwise have done so. We are now at the stage where the Council has formed its Proposed Recommendations after hearing submissions from various groups interested in the Alps. There is now time, which is quickly running out and hence this rushed issue of 'The Mountaineer', for comments to be made on these Proposed Recommendations. Thereafter the Council will consider these comments and then make its Final Recommendations upon which the government may act.

At all stages of this process the government and the Council is subject to intense lobbying by various interest groups, among them powerful grazing and timber interests as well as many conservation-minded groups. Unfortunately the latter rarely wield the same political and economic power as other groups. In trying to decide on land uses for the Alps it may thus be easy to overlook these concerns which do not have immediate economic consequences or have powerful lobby groups to back them. Thus it is essential that you now make your views known to the Council by writing to them in this period set aside for comment. Although balanced, well argued articles may be more satisfying any expression of an opinion will help the Council to gauge the various desires of the public with respect to land use in the Alps. After all this will be no more or less than other groups are doing.

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There has been a steady trickle of articles into my box in the Club-rooms since the last issue. Obviously my plea has reached some kind hearted people. My thanks go to all of those who have contributed, and to those who haven't I re-extend my invitation to them to write something, it's really quite fun. Thanks must also go to Fiona O'Connor who did most of the typing.



Victory in the South-West at last! There is no joy sweeter than the sudden realisation that a deep long-term personal desire has finally been satisfied. Certainly those involved full-time in the Franklin campaign enjoyed the most overwhelming ecstasy from the July 1st High Court decision. But it was a victory to be savoured also by the blockaders, and those involved in the many T.W.S. film nights, stalls, rallies and letter-writing activities. Moreover it was an event celebrated throughout Australia, and perhaps by more people than the March 5th election result. It was proof that ordinary citizens could bring about major changes in government policy.

10am Friday July 1st at T.W.S. Hobart. The media had filled the office with blinding lights, cameras and personnel. Amongst the 20 or so media representatives 10 office workers wandered around sheepishly grinning at each other and collecting vegemite jars for champagne. A cool-headed pessimism had pervaded the place over preceding weeks. Office workers had shared their feelings the previous night at a 'nervous' party. A few more workers rolled in.

The decision was expected to be known by 10.20 and the verdict phoned straight through by a jubilant/quietened Bob Brown. 10.30 came and no phone call. 10.35 the phone rang. Someone wanted to know when her 'Wild Rivers' book would arrive. 10.40 and no message. By 10.50 everyone had almost become fatalistic after that length of time on razor's edge. 10.55 I turned on the radio. Silence. "News flash. The High Court has ruled that the Gordon-below-Franklin power scheme will...NOT proceed".

Mayhem. Weeks of tension burst in an instant. Years of work were justified in a 10 second statement. The room spun as people hugged, hissed and cried to express the most overpowering happiness.

The press filmed coolly, some perhaps happy at the result. Champagne flowed. And flowed. And flowed and flowed and flowed. Resident eccentric artist, 'Harold the Kangaroo', reminiscent of Joyce Cary's "The Honeys Mouth", mouthed some ludicrous aphorisms which were kindly ignored by others.

Out to the balcony of T.W.S. for a photo for nationwide front-page newspaper coverage. The office swelled with revellers as the news spread. Celebrations transferred to Rob White's (ex MUMC) home, also the scene of the T.W.S. election party. The night was not complete until Bob Brown, Margaret Robertson, Judy Richter and lawyers, Lincoln Siliakus and Barbara Lane had returned from Brisbane. Stone-faced airport staff looked on as 50 jubilant ('stinking, filthy, long-haired, dole-bludging') 'greenies' welcomed their return.

Spirits floated. The world was blown to pieces which were not to settle for several days. What of the aftermath, the post-mortem, Harry Bietzel's final five prospects for the T.W.S.?

Fortunately, Robin Gray has seen that political expediency lies in placating Tasmanians and telling them they would still have a superb future. This conciliatory note was also to be found in editorials of the



## The Reality & The Ecstasy (cont'd.)

Northern papers, the 'Advocate' and the 'Examiner'. The 'Mercury' saw no merit in healing the rifts and continued a long succession of provocative and divisive editorials with an hysterical attack on the T.W.S. Most certainly T.W.S. still has an enormous amount of work in Tasmania. It must see itself now as an agent of social education and change. It must change from a crisis-to-crisis approach to operations on planned horizons of 5 to 6 years. We must get out and change public misinformation, opinions and values.

On the mainland (a synonym here for an oppressive, bullying communist state) T.W.S. will likely tackle a mixture of local issues on a state-level and national issues (perhaps Kakadu) as a united group. There seems little doubt that the Society will become either the 'Wilderness Society' or maybe the 'Australian Wilderness Society'. A popular proposal is the drawing-up of a national wilderness register whose preservation the society would be dedicated to.

It should be firmly realised after the euphoria that the South-West has hardly been 'saved' yet. The World Heritage area is less than half the size of the 'South-West Conservation Area' which is a better definition of South West Tasmania. Many superb areas are threatened by mining forestry and further hydro-electricity schemes.

Mining exploration rights cover much of the south-west, B.H.P. has recently sought such a licence over the exquisite Weld river. Forestry encroachments on the periphery would reduce existing wilderness by 27%. Views from Pine Forest Moor lookout and major peaks in the Cradle Mountain National Park are threatened by logging nearby in the Upper Forth River Valley. In North-East Tasmania the Douglas River represents an undisturbed catchment of great botanical and recreational value. It too is threatened by the Triebunn Pulp and Forest Holdings operation. Dams on the Huon, Henty-Anthony and King are planned.

Even the World Heritage Area may not be managed the way we desire. Incredibly, the road to the damsite may still be completed. A motel might be built at Warmer's Landing. The concept of wilderness is still not understood by most politicians, and the selling of this concept will be a major future task of the Society. Unfortunately the Society has previously inadequately put forward its total policy and has seen to be only fighting for the Franklin. Our vision of an inviolate South-West will make us seem 'never satisfied'.

There is an immense amount of work to do. It is a challenge worth accepting. But for now, for a short-time, everyone has the right to savour the sweet taste of victory, a sample of what the common citizen is capable.



## THE STATE OF OUR ALPS

Conservation Convenor's Report June/July 1983

The most pressing issue in Victoria at the present involves the Land Conservation Council's Proposed Recommendations for the Alpine Study Area. Unfortunately I was unable to supply details of these recommendations and my opinion of them in the last 'Mountaineer'. We have until 26 July to write to the Land Conservation Council to state our views on this report. After this date the Council will prepare its Final Recommendations upon which the government will act.

It is imperative that our views are made known to the Council by as many people as possible. Thus letters by independent citizens such as yourselves, who presumably use this area for recreation, are important. We need to counter the strong lobby against the creation of more National Parks by grazing and timber interests.

Copies of the Proposed Recommendations are available from the Government Printer in Collins Street, or they may be examined in the Mountaineering Club rooms.

I hope that as many members as possible received a Victorian National Park's Association leaflet with their last copy of 'The Mountaineer' which briefly stated some of the problems with the Proposed Recommendations. These are that:

- 1 The West Kiewa River valley is not included in any National Park. This is a narrow corridor of land surrounded by National Park, designated for recreation. Fears of a ski resort in the valley exist amongst many conservationists.
- 2 The Upper King and Upper Howqua Rivers are not in National Parks.
- 3 Mt. McDonald and the adjoining Dividing Range are also not included. ( The Alpine Walking Track goes along the range here. )
- 4 The Breakfast Creek area, north of Licola, is not included in any National Park.
- 5 The Carey River is not included.
- 6 The Nunnyong Plateau is not in any park.
- 7 Grazing on the high plains is still permitted. We would like to see the government take a stand against grazing. The best way that we can think of is to increase the cost of grazing on this land. It is now effectively used as cheap agistment for stock at approximately \$1.50 per head per year on the lowlands and \$3.00 on the high plains. If the government took a stand and increased the cost of these pastures to competitive levels then a lot of grazing would become uneconomic. Thus the delicate alpine ecosystem on the high plains would be better off.
- 8 Mt. Wills Historic Park, G.6., is not an adequate linkage, in our opinion, between the Bogong National Park and the Dartmouth region, which is also in a National Park. We want a large continuous National Park and do not regard this Historic Park linkage as adequate. We would like to



see this region and the Snowy Creek-The Knocker included in a National Park. Sites of historic value should be able to be enjoyed equally well in a National Park and the environment would be a lot better protected.

Park linkages at the moment are not definite. The timber lobby is pushing to stop any increase in National Parks; linkages are right out of the question for them. In the Proposed Recommendations National Parks have been increased in size but they have not definitely been linked. We would like to see a continuous National Park adjoining the Kosciuszko National Park in New South Wales. The link between the present Bogong National Park and the Cobberas-Tingaringy National Park is too narrow. In letters to the Council, this, along with the importance of the links between the Wonnangatta-Moroka and Bogong Parks, must be stressed. At present, two tenuous links have been proposed but neither may go ahead. If you do not write and express your interest there is less chance of a large continuous National Park in the future.

The proposed links are either along the Barry Range ( where the Alpine Walking Track goes ) or along the Upper Wonnangatta River. The Council would like to hear which link would be best. If you are unable to say which you prefer then merely state in your letter that you are in favour of a link.

We are aware that the once only logging proposed in many areas will consist largely of clear-felling. Thus a lot of the National Parks which we subsequently inherit will be wildernesses of destruction. It is imperative that this type of land use is minimised.

We are totally opposed to logging within existing National Parks and think that it is contrary to the Land Conservation Council's own definition of a National Park. Furthermore we are totally opposed to once-only logging in the Howitt Plains area of the existing Wonnangatta-Moroka National Park. If the Council allows such a violation of principles then it will set a dangerous precedent for other such activities.

It is important that you write a letter either saying simply that you want a large continuous National Park or mentioning some of the above points. You can also look at the Proposed Recommendations yourself and write what you think.

Remember, our future national Parks are at stake, so write to

The Secretary,  
Land Conservation Council,  
464 St. Kilda Rd.,  
MELBOURNE. 3004.

with copies to

The Minister of Planning and the Environment,  
Hon. Evan Walker, M.L.C.,  
242 Victoria Pde.,  
EAST MELBOURNE. 3002.

and  
The Premier of Victoria,  
Hon. John Cain, M.L.A.,  
1 Treasury Place,  
MELBOURNE. 3002.

( Remind the Premier that he had promised a continuous National Park )



## Conservation Convenes Report Cont'd.

### BLUFF HUT GOES COMMERCIAL.

Recently the State Government has granted a licence for a private company to operate an oversnow vehicle out of Bluff Hut this winter. Previously such vehicles were reserved for ski resorts and otherwise only for emergencies or essential management purposes.

This commercial operation is objectionable for several reasons:

- (i) Bluff Hut will be crowded with "tourists" more of the time-free accomodation for a commercial company.
- (ii) The noise of the oversnow vehicle-distressing to say the least in an alpine wilderness.
- (iii) Damage to the snow-those on last years Mt. St. Gwinear ski trip will appreciate how a region where these machines operate can become almost unskiable.
- (iv) Damage to the environment in areas only partially covered with snow.
- (v) The precedent this is going to set for other operators. The peaceful isolation of the snow covered alps may become a thing of the past.

I think that if people want to ski tour in a wilderness area they must be prepared to suffer some discomfort. Should they want the comforts provided on these motorized company tours they should stick to the accepted ski resorts.

Two previous government reports have ruled against these vehicles.

- notably (i) Land Conservation Council 1979
- (ii) Federal government Standing Committee.

You can show your support for winter wilderness areas such as the Bluff, by writing to: The Minister for Transport,

Hon. S. Crabb,  
Parliament House,  
Melbourne, 3000.

about the oversnow behicle, or to: The Minister for Forests,  
Hon. R. Mackenzie,  
Parliament House,  
Melbourne, 3000.

concerning the abuse of Bluff Hut.

The support you will show by writing a letter is vital to the preservation of winter wilderness areas such as the Bluff.



### THE FRANKLIN DIARY

It has been described as one of the last great adventures in Australia - the rafting of the Franklin River in the Tasmanian South-West. Few ( Up until the last summer, anyway ) had done it and it was every mountaineer's dream to conquer one of the last wild rivers in the world. Well in December of last year four friends with a variety of white water experience did just that. Here are the unexpurgated impressions of their trip, well the first part thereof anyway. Over the rest of the year we hope to be able to bring you all of their story. Your editor found it interesting reading, but then being one of the four, that is only to be expected, and he hopes that you too will find it so. So now we depart; the diarist is Trevor Dess.

#### Monday 6 December

The voyage got off to a slow start - Greg and Chris were late - got all our baggage checked in for \$14 - should have been \$45 between us. After that length of time the plane had to wait for us. Got to Hobart - caught bus to city centre - shopped around - went to Sandy Bay Caravan Park and set up tents. Talked to a Queenslander in a fibre-pile jacket - put the wind right Pete and myself - one thought dominated - JUMPER, UNPREPARED ? - most certainly! Went for a walk, Pete and I went to a laundromat to beg jumpers - no success - Back to the caravan park to Dream about jumpers. During the Day we saw more Rafterers than ever before.

#### Tuesday 7 December

Caught the 7 o'clock bus to Hobart City where we checked out our gear - I ran up to Paddy Pallin's - guess what? - right, not open. So up to the Phone Box - Called the Manager of the Jolly Swagman out-door shop - in-lurch - he opened up at 8.15 for us - Meanwhile the Bus Driver was Dark about us not labelling our gear - had to dig out one of the rafts from underneath heaps of packages. Guess what? - yes, all of us bought Swandri type jackets and rushed for the bus which left at 8.30.

Oh impending gloom - oh disaster for Scotland! - The rain set in. The hills were mist shrouded. We got to the ( Collingwood River ) bridge. The driver virtually chucked out gear off ( Two other rafterers as well ). River at 0.8m - and Rose overnight to 2.0m. An Angel Rain expedition arrived in the afternoon - seven of them. The rain stopped that night. Chris was dubbed Keeper of the Fire.

#### Wednesday 8 December

Sat out the drop in River under the Collingwood River Bridge. Miserable weather. The 4 Queensland whackers arrived. Buzzed by a HEC chopper. We read chapters of Pete's book - 'The Eternal Savage' by Edgar Rice Burroughs - what a laugh!

#### Thursday 9 December

River at 1.0m - Our journey began in sunshine - oh delight. Angel Rain (7) set off before us. Pete copped a Dunking - Very Dark - Later Greg and I got through a stopper but Pete and Chris - no way. Five of the Angel Rainers got dumped - We passed them here. Little bit later on I was dumped in a stopper - and again - 2 in one day - Cold but good fun. Camped just past where the Loddon flows ( into ) the Franklin - Nice little site with glow worms - Sunshine til very late. The Days are long.



Friday 10 December

River Dropped about 9 inches over night - Sunshine again - up reasonably early - set off down Bourke Street - we passed so many Rafters - whatever happened to WILDERNESS BABY. We passed our Two Friends, another group of 5, another group of three micro-rafters. We got to the Frenchman's Cap track at the Irenabyss. Multi-storey rafts - a real resort - at least 20 - we passed onwards and onwards. Just before we stopped I was stopped by a stopper. The Back began to Fill with water. it was stuck so I stood up and tried to free it. The Back went under and as it came up upside down there was a 9 inch diameter log lying across it - I was trapped between the raft and the Rock - I freed myself and tried to lift the log off, but it extended right back into the rapid so I started to jump on the back of the raft to free it - finally it set off upside down - I jumped in Pete's raft and he took me to my raft - I jumped in and turned my raft over - pulled in to the side emptied out - I told Pete to let go of my raft, he said to get my pillow first - so I did - when I turned around Pete was racing Greg to a rapid with my raft following - I followed along the Bank and Finally had to Jump in - On our way for another 10 minutes to a high perched camp-site. But very nice.

Saturday 11 December

Up late - passed by 11 Angel Rainers ( different to the bridge ones ) - the group of five oldies - a bloke on his own - only two micro-rafters with one extra micro-raft on board - a Tour - Two big Rafts - 4 in each and our Two Friends - set off after about two hours - passed all but the Angel Rainers - Then Rip - aghast, a Big Rip in my Raft - we stopped at 1.15 p.m. - started again at 4.00 p.m. Just before we were passed by another six different rafters. Chris and Greg got small tears - paddled for about an hour and then camped in a luxurious area. Today Pete was dubbed Keeper of the Patches.

To be continued.....

Mean while at the MUMC clubrooms.....

Why would certain MUMC members run gleefully into the club rooms and engage in dancing around the tables whilst singing raucously?

Why would we then studiously settle down to create a red spray-painted banner, and later hang it on the Union building?

What would induce one of us to shout the others two bottles of Minchinbury champagne? What would make us try to unfurl our banner in the middle of the Clyde's lounge?

Why would we walk victoriously down Swanston Street holding the aforementioned banner high? Why would we wave joyfully to passing motorists who were tooting their car horns in solidarity?

Why would we engage in much revelry in the City Square? What would the meaning be behind the singing and the dancing, with our banner now being just one of many waving and swaying in celebration? And why were so many other Australians with us there in spirit?

Because, in the words of Bob Brown, it was a great day for Australia. The Franklin was saved!!!!!!!!!!!!



The frustration of an exiled M.U.M.C. member was lessened on 24 hour walk evening. Sunday morning dawned on a crisp cover of snow over Hobart. Snow fell to sea level, lasted several hours in the suburbs, plastered Mt. Wellington and blocked most country roads. Tasmania may have a freezing climate, microcephalous politicians and farcially biased media, but when it snows in West Hobart I am buzzed!

The cold snap lasted six days with overnight temperature plummeting to  $0^{\circ}$  and bottoming at  $-2.1^{\circ}$  in Hobart. The coldest recorded temperature in Tasmania's history was registered inland with an icy  $-13^{\circ}\text{C}$ .

Despite the cold, good snow does not last long on the mountains. Rain soon falls with the next warmer system. Mt. Field soon was unskiable, while Hartz mountains have reasonable, if soft, snow.

The 'Wild Rivers' book by Peter Dombrowskis and Bob Brown is a must. Most plates have not previously been published. The reproduction quality is unprecedented amongst wilderness publications. Make sure you get your copy from the T.W.S. shop soon, as supplies are certain to run out with the recent High Court decision. Excellent for browsing through for some moments of sentimental reflection. THE souvenir of the Franklin victory.

Dedicated to the last, your south-west correspondent has been doing some gear testing. I went to Pelion Plains-Pine Forest Moor lookout area in the Reserve to take photographs of the views threatened by the Upper Forth logging. Futile effort. When there wasn't torrential rain, snow blanketed the Overland Track and decked the Percil Pines. Anyway, I took some newly purchased Peter storm gear:- a T-shirt and Long Johns. Excellent. They are superbly light and warm. They solve the problems of clothing when it is necessary to walk through South-West clag.

Goretex is probably still not practical for Tasmania because of the inevitability of dirt and grease lowering the waterproofing properties. The new Hallmark 'Roaring Forties' Z-Kate performed superbly. Available in gold with silver patches it will be a stunner on Bogong or Bourke Street.

Aspiring photographers interested in greater sharpness should consider the SLIK 500 tripod. At \$28 it is a must for forest close-ups in poor light. It is quite stable, stands about chest height and weighs a little over 500 grams. It is reasonably compact for the extended size.

A report will be forthcoming on 'Trak Tramp' ski touring boots if the writer finds adequate snow to test them. They come with



## Some Blasts from the South (cont'd)

Vibrani sole for walks into the snow fields. The rigid sole is designed to increase turning control (especially when coupled with heel-locators), without too much loss when diagonal striding.

Finally, I relay news that Paul Sharp set off from Maryvale, 100 kilometres south of Alice Springs, on an 18 day trial run at the Simpson desert crossing. Then he will return to Alice Springs before setting off finally on 18/19 July. He hopes to reach Birdsville on the 3rd of August. Paul hopes to bring 'clean ethics' to desert walking by eliminating all vehicular aids, carrying all on his back, walking at night under a growing moon. Alice Springs had had 26" (650mm) rain this year and the desert is green. Police and locals are apparently unmoved by Pauls' personal test of stamina. We wish Paul the very best...But watch out if he returns to set another 24 hour walk!

## And Some Blasts of Our Own ( i.e. News )

\* The Club rooms will be open every Tuesday night between 7.30 pm and 8.30 pm from July 19. Any further enquiries, or if anyone would like to offer to open the rooms once a month, ring Janet Rice on 3473394.

\* For those of you who didn't catch up with the news, Melbourne Uni. won the intervarsity rogaining competition held during May in Adelaide. Rod Phillips and David and Ian Church won the I.V. competition and were second overall in the South Australian State Championships. Andrew Rothfield and Nick Hallebone finished in the middle of the field in the men's I.V. event. Janet Rice and Peter Whettan were third in the I.V. mixed section, and Diana Rice and Kirsten Binns were unfortunately disqualified for arriving back more than thirty minutes late after having put in a solid showing up until then.

\* The Australian Conservation Foundation are holding a Bush Ball on Saturday 6 August. We're thinking of making a Club booking as it should be a great night, and a great opportunity for Club members to get together socially. If you're interested contact Kim Adshead 589-1084 as soon as possible. Cost \$6 student, \$8.50 others.

\* Dont forget to get your copy of 'Equipment for Bushwalking and Mountaineering' from the Club now. At six dollars this is a real bargain! Something to talk about at parties and all that. Speaking of which there is still a limited supply of Club T-shirts in a variety of technicolours available at a knockdown price. Just ask at the Club rooms.

\* The Pie and Slide Night is still a goer even though it has been postponed until early in third term. Anyone who wants to show off their slides should see Kim Adshead who's organising it. It should be a great occassion!



It was a misty May morning with occasional drizzle as the four of us prepared to leave the Wilpena campground. The cloud was however beginning to break up as we marched up the track into the Pound, trying very hard to impress the tourists.

The flat floor of Wilpena Pound is a native pine forest with occasional grassy clearings. It is encircled by a ring of craggy scrub-covered peaks, not unlike fortress walls. From within the Pound the ground rises relatively gently to these peaks, but falls away steeply outside over bands of orange cliffs. The creek bed was dry, except where a layer of impermeable rock protruded to force the water to the surface.

Camping within the Pound is restricted to the Coocinda Camp by the National Parks Service. A permit, costing \$4, is obtainable from the Ranger before setting out. We arrived at this camp site after a few hours walking and set up tents before heading off to climb Pompey's Pillar (1168m) on the western edge of the Pound. It took several hours to reach the summit, avoiding patches of thick scrub, hopping from rock to rock, and disturbing the occasional wallaby. The view from the top was fabulous, especially to the west across the endless dry plain to Lake Torrens, and to the north along the range. There were foraging feral goats on the precipitous slopes below us, and we exchanged calls with them, listening to the echoes we produced. It was a very pleasant walk back to camp in the evening light which accentuated the subtle colours of the Flinders.

The next day was spent exploring the Edeowie Gorge. This drains the area to the north of the saddle at the north west of the Pound. The weather was fine and sunny but not too hot. For walking, May is ideal; there are not many flies. There are two large waterfalls in the gorge, Glenora and Kanalla, both over 50m high. Both involve some exposed, but easy, rockclimbing to descend them (following a marked route). It is a very spectacular place with huge orange cliffs looming everywhere, often offering superb rockclimbing potential.

The third day was fine (again!). We broke camp and headed for St. Mary's Peak (1170m), the highest in the Flinders area. This is the best viewpoint, especially in the cool morning sunlight. We saw eagles soaring above the valley below, in competition with the light plane that had begun its daily task of providing joy rides for tourists. We descended the track to Wilpena for a few kilometres, then headed off down a beautiful grassy gully to reach the Wilcolo valley for lunch. Afterwards we hiked down along the valley track to the car which had been shuffled to the head of the Bunyerroo gorge. We drove north that evening to camp near the Aroona Spring.

The final day involved a daywalk to the Bathtub Gorge, which, as its name suggests, has many bathtub-shaped formations in the creek bed rocks. It also has some very steep walls that drop right to the creek from the mountain sides above! We drove that afternoon through the Brachina Gorge to the plains and the Leigh Creek road. There we were astonished by the endless flats of scrubby bushes and dirt. The ranges form a silent backdrop. It was frighteningly beautiful, awesome in its harshness, and magical in its tranquility.



## Walking in the Southern Flinders Ranges (cont'd.)

We drove back to Adelaide via Wilpena that night, with rain showers falling occasionally. It poured all next day on the way to Melbourne.

Greg Weston  
Michael Axtens  
Tim Lowe  
Andrew Rothfield (writer)

### Mitchell River Canoe Trip.

The Mitchell river canoe trip in April was full of surprises. The arrangements dictated a meeting at the clubhouse at "7pm sharp" on the Friday night to travel to the river and begin a two day paddle the next morning. Naturally, none of this happened.

To the uninitiated it seemed a little strange to finally meet in Camberwell at 9.15pm instead of the arranged rendezvous, but the more experienced members of the group seemed to think the alternative obvious. That was only the beginning.

The real surprises started on the road with about an hour to go until we reached the campsite. The car, with a mind of its own, decided to take a fur-lined detour straight over a large kangaroo. Problems.

Upon investigation, engineering excellence and brute force discovered that the bonnet catch had truly "caught" and that the radiator was none too happy. Camp was made and after a refreshing one hour's sleep the second car came into action to arrange the hospitalization of its thrill seeking friend. (This car, a Subaru, was saved from the 'roos only because they recognised one of their own kind--a Super roo!)

We finally arrived at the river at midday on Saturday and spent some time in crumpled heaps reorganizing the time ahead. After recovering our spirits it was decided that a little rock climbing was in order and we set off across the mighty Mitchell river to scale a nearby cliff.

The climb was steep and one party member, who assured us of his expert climbing skills, refused only to scale the sheerest cliff faces because he so thoughtfully knew we wouldn't be able to follow. The view from the top provided an incredible scene of hills, valleys and the raging river rapids below.

The evening was spent around a blazing camp fire with tales of canoe trips in far off lands being passed onto the eager newcomers and to the neighbouring La Trobe and Whitehorse Club groups. They found our latest encounter with Australian fauna particularly amusing.

On Sunday we prepared for a day's paddling as jeering comments were thrown at us by our camp neighbours. Comments such as, "Watch out for the 'roos", predominated, but we didn't think the warning was necessary for river travel.



## Mitchell River Canoe Trip (cont'd)

We started the river journey by tackling the slalom rapid. All displayed perfect control, except for a few idiots who tried to prove how good their reverse paddling was whilst drinking beer.

The river to the Amphitheatre rapid provided a range of fairly easy rapids which were made to look more difficult only by the antics of the more experienced party members. Unfortunately, due to the low river level, a fibreglass coating was left on many rocks which didn't seem to know where they were wanted. Two fools in a C2 managed to put two feet of atmosphere between the boat and the river in another confrontation with a rock.

More surprises were to come at the Amphitheatre rapid. These included a magnificent boat destroying attempt involving a rock, a paddler and a lot of water, and a number of near misses by other paddlers. All of this proved entertaining for the audience safe on the bank.

Mother Nature provided the next surprise—a hail storm that just kept getting heavier. The dramatic atmosphere created by the storm in the river valley was well worth experiencing.

The trip ended with a fifteen minute struggle carrying boats up a mud slide and a freezing two hours spent waiting in the rain during the car shuffle. The La Trobe group camping at the finish sent us their sympathy from inside dry sleeping bags and tents. (Thanks fellas.)

Looking back, perhaps the most surprising thing about this trip was that everyone enjoyed themselves and managed to get back alive. Speaking as a newcomer to the sport, the trip was certainly an experience, one well worth having. Amongst other things I discovered how versatile masking tape can be.

Jenny Saleeba.

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## BOOKS.

ARAPILES by Kim Carrigan (1983, Victorian Climbing Club). \$15.00 retail.

Mt. Arapiles is a classic, as Carrigan says 'certainly one of the best in the world'. This book will find its way into every serious climbers bookshelf, rucksack or pocket. However despite covering nearly 1300 routes, this handbook is not without its faults. Clearly not a book for beginners it doesn't cater well for the intermediate climbers who will never really make it much over a grade 20. It seems that the majority of the climbs are either of a very high standard, boring or badly described. It is pleasing to note that classic beginners routes such as Siren (162m, Grade 7), Tiptoe Ridge (144m, Grade 3), Diapason (205ft, Grade 4+) and Arachnus (105m, Grade 8) are still there and given a three out of three-star rating for quality. A monumental task of compilation, this handbook is well produced, pocket sized and nicely illustrated with maps and photographs. It makes you want to go out and climb, climb, climb...however beginners beware—it is no replacement for an experienced friend.

DISCOVERING THE PROM ON FOOT by the National Parks Service, Victoria and the Victorian National Parks Association (1982). \$3.95 retail.

This book is a good introduction to one of the most favoured bushwalking areas in the state. Wilson's Promontory has so much variety and beauty in its vegetation and scenery that it offers something for everybody. This guidebook is well written by the staff of the National Parks Service and shows how the natural environment can be attractively and interestingly presented, encourages the public to become involved in the National Park as well as introducing them to a little of the ecology of the area. This book has accurate track and nature notes for a wide range of walks from very short to overnight and extended walks. It is the short day walks and self guided nature walks that take up the bulk of the book. Nevertheless the popular overnight walks (Sealers Cove, Refuge Cove, Waterloo Bay etc.) are well presented. It is a shame that the often neglected northern section of the park is only given one page of track notes. This reflects the lack of facilities provided in this part of the park. If you have never visited or want to know a little more about this park then this book offers a good starting point.

THIS IS CANOEING by Jane and Roy Vallance (1982, Victorian Canoe Centre). \$14.95 retail.

This is an excellent book that will be useful to canoers of all standards. It is comprehensive, covering not only basic and advanced paddling techniques for kayaks and canadian canoes, but also specialised canoeing techniques, such as slalom, surfing and polo. The book opens with a good introduction to canoe design and on how to select the right canoe and equipment for your needs. It also covers construction and repair, though it would perhaps have been better to have left this for later on in the book. The techniques of paddling are very well presented with accompanying photographs and diagrams. Rapids and River Reading is a difficult topic to cover in a book but the theory is well covered. As is acknowledged in the conclusion of the book, the only way to learn how to canoe correctly is in a practical situation with a good teacher. Nevertheless



## Books (cont'd)

this book is good, interesting and informative reading and provides a stimulus to learning. The sections on safety, rescue and hypothermia are an essential part of any conoeists knowledge. The text is interesting and clear and interspersed throughout with good photo-graphs and diagrams.

The above three books were made available to the club at a very generous discount from Mountain Designs, Melbourne.

Bill Borrie.

## WALKING THE COPLAND TRACK.

Michael Umseher

The prospect of getting a lift north along the west coast settled the matter:- I was going to walk the Copland Track. For those unfamiliar with the Copland track, it starts near the west coast of the South Island of New Zealand. After climbing up a valley to a pass of the same name on the Main Divide it then descends into the Hooker Valley, ending at the Hermitage (Mt. Cook Village).

As usual it was raining. The ute roared out of sight and left me standing on the bridge over the Karangarua River. Thirty-two kilometres east and 2000 metres above me lay the Copland Pass; it was going to be a slow uphill grind.

After filling in my intentions, I waded across Rough Creek and tramped over the river flats towards the bush. For a brief spell the track wound through a rainforest type of vegetation with ferns and massive rimu and totara, before dropping down to the banks at the Copland River. There large midstream boulders were worn into unusual shapes.

Thereafter the track climbed again, high above the river. Several cascading creeks had to be crossed on wire foot bridges. Suddenly the bush opened up to reveal Welcome Flat Hut. I decided to give the tempting thermal pools a miss and head on to Douglas Rock Hut. Two hours later after surmounting one river flat, one landslip, several creeks and lots of bush, I reached the hut, exhausted.

My slumber was interrupted by the return of two walkers who had failed to find the pass due to poor visibility and generally appalling weather. They were completely drenched and had decided to give up the crossing after two attempts.

The air was crisp as I left the hut at 5:30am. It was fantastic, gazing up at the cloudless blue sky. Within half an hours walk the bush had diminished and was replaced by stunted alpine flora. Ahead rose the Main Range and to my left the Sierra Range-both were covered in a fresh blanket of snow.

The keas (native parrots about the size of a galah) screeched as they swooped down to land on the snow as I crossed some avalanche debris. The track began to climb more steeply through a series of zig-zags marked with rock cairns. The snow-grass gave way to scree slopes and they, in turn, to snow basins higher up.



## Walking the Copland Track (cont'd.)

At the foot of the first basin I stopped to change into my snow gear and saw with horror wisps of misty cloud creeping up the valley. Only now was I aware of the slight wind which was blowing the blobs of clag towards me. Further west, over the Tasman Sea, loomed those tell-tale mauve-blue clouds which signal the demise of good weather.

Hastily I donned my bad weather gear and started off up to the next snow basin. The crunching rhythm of my crampons was broken each time I cast a furtive glance over my shoulder to see the overbearing clag getting closer and closer.

There was still the occasional cairn to mark the route and I tried to memorize the landscape features ahead of me before the clag engulfed me and obliterated visibility.

By the time I reached the last cairn in the uppermost basin, visibility was restricted to catching an odd glimpse through one of the not so thick blobs that raced by, propelled by a now howling wind.

Many thoughts raced through my mind as I stood by the cairn trying to gather from my glimpses which way to go. Once I thought I saw a dark shape vaguely like a man, then it was gone. Did I really see someone, or was it just a figment of my imagination? I moved across to where the figure would have been and was elated to find fresh foot-prints!

From what I could gather three people had crossed the pass from the other side and were now heading for the safety of the hut.

I felt relieved, I now had a trail of foot-prints to follow--over a lip, up a snow gully and abruptly a deep silence shrouded me. The wind raced above me, spilling the cloud over the divide into the Hooker Valley.

So much for the view of Mt. Cook! I was lucky enough to catch sight of the Copland Emergency Shelter; a galvanised water tank on its side fastened with wire cables, at the base of the snow slope below.

An easy trudge down through the snow and I was soon drinking hot tea and eating a sandwich inside the Shelter.

The wind changed direction and increased in force to make descending the rocky ridge down to the floor of the valley a slow and precarious affair.

Three hours later I closed the Hooker Hut door on the wind and fell into bed happy to have made it across safely. Also I was content with the knowledge that Mt. Cook Village was an easy walk away in the morning.



## TRIP REPORT.

"Hazel goes skiing" )  
or

"A Queen's Birthday Holiday Ski Trip."

Starring: Hazel the Rabbit (Pink, with whiskers-not very talkative)  
James McIntosh (trail breaker)  
John Chambers (rabbit tamer)  
Michael Umseher (candle supplier)

Hazel's keen sense of smell soon detected two other MUMC members asleep in the darkness at Mountain View picnic ground when Chris, John and Hazel arrived at 7.30pm on Friday night. Next morning the "NO CAMPING" sign was scarcely visible amongst the ten or more cars packed with overnight campers. From here we proceeded up the mountain, put on chains at Turnback Creek, and paid \$14 for two nights parking at Falls Creek.

As soon as the car had stopped, Hazel leapt excitedly out and disappeared into two feet of fresh powder snow! We skied to Cope Saddle, via Mt. McKay where we lunched, trying to recall last season's skiing technique, and then slid down cornices near the summit.

We camped near Cope Saddle and woke up on Sunday morning to "brass-monkey" temperatures, a driving wind, and poor visibility. Hazel foolishly volunteered as a slabom pole marker during the morning's skiing, and became entangled in many telemark "accidents" in the process. Deteriorating weather forced the 4½ of us into the riveting activity of playing with matches, candles, shellite, metho and huts—a volatile combination! After several hours of playing with hot wax, we decided to name this activity chocolate waxettes—because it made the entertainment come thick and fast. Before boredom really sunk in, Julius Sumner Miller came to the rescue with his "oscillating-candle-lit-at-both-ends" experiment. By the end of the evening we had somehow managed to consume ten candles, a litre of shellite, one rabbit's whisker, and no huts.

The Queen's Birthday holiday dawned majestically, regally, (and well) with fine, sunny conditions. After a terrific days skiing, we slid back down to Falls, again via Mt. McKay, over terribly icy snow that truly tested our telemark technique. It should be noted that the Windy Corner tourist shelter has excellent facilities for cross-country skiers, including heated floors and hot showers (but no rabbit-care facilities). After push starting the car (with some help from Hazel's powerful back legs), we left Falls Creek about 6.00pm after a memorable long weekend!

Chris McArthur  
John Chambers



## QUEENS BIRTHDAY HOLIDAY SKI TRIP to MT. ST. GWINEAR.

A rapidly organized trip this one, with two new members of the club trying to drag up dim memories of childhood skiing--well one of us any way. Our intrepid leader fitted us out and we was off.

Having no idea of the coverage on the mountain it was all pot luck whether we went walking or sliding across that cold wet stuff. Our base camp--really base--was four miles out of Erica, with friends and three very mad dogs. We jourined to and fro each day in our gallant leaders car--which he joyfully informed us had made two trips down mountains and had two brake failures. Our confidence leapt--off a cliff.

Arriving at the carpark (Sunday) with no idea where we were headed, we donned our skis and set off. It was rather hard to get lost as there were many other bodies about. So many, in fact, that they had scraped the thin cover off all the rocks and trees and things. It made my many trips from the vertical to the vaguely horizontal rather painful. However, the many gouges and holes in the snow suggested others were suffering from the same disease. Well we went up and down and round about, showing our skills and getting wet-  
verily.

Yours truly had forgotten just about everything needed--like trousers; waterproof 1 pair, gaiters 1 pair etc. Our leader, however had a spare everything so all was heaps and bulk o.k.

Sunday night was cold and very windy with some rain about. The camp was becoming baser. Overnight, snow had become very icy and what little control I had dissappeared totally. Progress consisted of falling over travelling ten yards and falling over yet again. Lunch on the Alpine Walking Track was foggy, wet and cold. Certain persons had extreme difficulty coping with the fast slopey bits on the way back. Our leader has the distinction of remaining upright the most. Probably because he broke his own ground (or snow). We met plenty of people (fools), who had spent the night on the mountain, skiing about the place.

On the way back from Mt. St. Philack, one of the party, due to lack of balance and snow plough turns, went rather fast down hill. The result is expensive medical bills that will be fobbed off on someone else.

All in all, given the limitations and touching all bases and other such meaningless platitudes it was a rather nice trip. The physiotherapy is a bit painful but I should be able to play the piano again if my knee heals and the goat leaves the bicycle alone for a bit.

The silly turns and climbs on the walking track are painful (literally). Why they don't cut all the snow gum down and install lifts is beyond me? I mean really; the effort you have to put in to get up those hills. Especially when you fall over going up hill. Still I might just do it again if our glorious fuehrer gets his brakes fixed or I can find softer snow.



The MUMC 24 Hour Walk - Glenarova, June 25-26, 1983

The Organiser's Account      Janet Rice

Looking back on it, I suppose that there were some rewarding moments that I derived from organising this year's twenty-four walk. There were feelings of satisfaction and competence in successfully planning and providing a weekend's enjoyment for 129 people. There was a bizarre feeling of achievement in having met virtually all the population of a small farming community and having been a part of their lives. There were enjoyable times I had in the Pyalong district, ( approximately 85km north-west of Melbourne ) surveying the granite covered hills, talking to farmers and bouncing along country dirt roads, feeling like a character from out of 'All Creatures Great and Small'. However the most memorable, piquant moment is undoubtedly yet to come. That will be when I finish writing this report, and my involvement with the event is completely over!

The 37th MUMC 24-Hour Walk went basically without mishap. The course, showing vintage Rod Costigan style, mainly traversed undulating farmland, with highlights including a stretch into higher, forested country, some spectacular erosion gullies, a picturesque gorge on Kurkarac Creek and majestic granite outcrops. No team completed the whole course, which was over 110km long. Only 11 teams out of the 53 competing attempted all three legs, and thirteen teams completed only one.

The weather was exceptionally good. In the week preceding the event I'd been unhappily confident of fine conditions accompanied by bumper amounts of Great Dividing Range fog, but a sudden cold outbreak on Friday night put paid to that. Not that this was cheering at all - a sheep weather alert and forecasts of rather cold local hail and thunder brought visions of tents blowing down leaving wet, cold and weary walkers to huddle pitifully in driving rain as we struggled to right them. As it turned out, after a brief attempt at blizzard conditions, ( Well one team reported snow ) the weather calmed down leaving the sun to shine most of Saturday and Sunday. With not a skerrick of fog on Saturday night to obscure the full moon ( and partial eclipse thereof ) I was amazed. In fact, the occasional sudden realisation of the state of the heavens would have to count as one of my 'rewarding moments'. Not that the temperature of the admin. tent was particularly comfortable; two images of everyone crowding around the fire, regardless of smoke, and Peter Whetton breaking the ice in a hand-washing bucket early on Sunday morning serve to illustrate how cold it was.

Congratulations to the winning team of Darren and Jenny Fawkes and Andrew Walker, and all who competed, including Rebecca Ford and Michael Walters who finished a close second, David and Bernard Smith, who won the Men's section and were third overall, and Diana Rice and Kim Adshead, the winners of the Women's section. Complete results are listed after this report. In conclusion, sincere thanks to all who helped - in particular the Hash House staff who did a wonderful job in trying conditions. May everyone's enthusiasm be just as great for next year's event!

Those who made it possible :

Janet Rice  
Rod Costigan  
Peter Whetton  
Mark Durre  
Alison Smillie  
Steve Galland  
John Adshead

Helen White  
Lyn Parell  
Julie Dewhurst  
Cathy Friday  
Kim Adshead  
Mark Jenkins  
Andrew Kelly

Sue White  
Mark Burrows  
Andrew Rothfield  
Grey Weston  
Michael Umseher  
Bill Borrie



37th MUMC 24 HOUR WALK 25-26th JUNE 1983.

OVERALL PLACING	SECTION PLACING 1.2.3.	TEAM NO.	TEAM MEMBERS	SCORE
1	1	X46	Daren Fawkes Jenny Fawkes Andrew Walker	152
2	2	X5	Michael Walters Rebecca Ford	145
3	1	M38	Jim Grellis Phillip Rumpff	138
4	2	M3	David Smith Bernard Smith	137
5	3	M29	Peter Smillie James McIntosh	129
6	3	X43	Steven Law Wandy Drama Paul Quirk	(12.26pm) 128
7	4	M9	Tony Scalzo Ron Wescott	(12.42pm) 128
8	5	M42	Stewart Johnson Gary McLaren Alan Martin	120
9	6	M6	Michael Donato John McKelvie	119
10	7	M48	Matthew Campbell Anthony Brown	117
11	8	M14	Owen Morgan Rodger Tarran	111

1: Mens; 2: Mixed; 3: Womens.



OVERALL PLACING	SECTION PLACING 1.2.3.	TEAM NO.	TEAM MEMBERS	SCORE
12	9	M11	Steve Galland Mitch Galland	110
13	10	M10	Graeme Smith Damien Thomas Steve Kayluck	104
14	4	X22	Doug Parry Kerry Martin	97
15	5	X26	Geoff Shaw Jill Shaw Brier Johnson	93
16	11	M18	Rob Jacobs Ivan Tchernegovski	92
17	13	M1	Neil Perret Dale Simpson	89
18	13	M13	Kevin Piercy Bruce Wehner Mick Freeman Richard Dickman	86
19	6	X15	Peter Ashby Cynthia Ashby	79
20	14	M4	Andrew Heath Graeme Webster Ian Hurley	72
21	7	X50	Natalie Stavovy Peter Freeman Sam Driver	71 (4.55am)



OVERALL PLACING	SECTION PLACING 1,2,3.	TEAM NO.	TEAM MEMBERS	SCORE
22	15	M28	Alan Hadlow Ralph Hadlow	71 (5.13am)
23	8	X21	Russell Creek Joy Creek Geoff Moore Robyn Moore	67
24	16	M40	Bruce Greaves Michael Kats	65
25	17	M30	Robert Anderson Simon Gall Steven Dekretser	64
26	18	M34	Geoff Byron Gary Grealy	63 (3.31am)
27	19	M27	Peter Shute Juha Ruuska	63 (12.50pm)
28	20	M49	Ken James Mark Binks	62
29	21	M51	Andrew Walker Mark Rowe	59
30	22	M23	Chris Solnordal David Newman	54
31	9	X16	Martin Hall Christine Arnold	53 (7.25pm)
32	23	M19	Simon McMahon Philip Riska Mark Paris	53 (8.32pm)



OVERALL PLACING	SECTION PLACING 1.2.3.	TEAM NO.	TEAM MEMBERS	SCORE
33	10	X52	Rod Gray Sandra Burns	53 (9.03pm)
34	11	X12	Jan Davis Warwick Williams Peter Forbes Melanie Taws	53 (6.02am)
35	24	M47	Paul Walters Michelle Van Vee Nendaal	47
36	25	M17	Dale Peel Anthony Beyer Stephen Erickson Danny Davis	45
37	12	X20	Michael Battaglia John Dickinson Frances Cincotta Marion Cincotta	44
38	1	W41	Diana Rice Kim Adshead	42
39	13	X44	Jane O'Sullivan Marc Nicolas Gururaj Kadkol Mark Durré	41
40	26	M36	Stephen Parker Mark McAuliff	39 (1.02am)
41	14	X2	Glenn Matthews Christine Ferguson	39 (11.42am)
42	27	M39	Damien Dambrosi Paul Bates Damien Slizys	33



OVERALL PLACING	SECTION PLACING 1.2.3.	TEAM NO.	TEAM MEMBERS	SCORE
43	2	W24	Michelle Lawford Patricia Willis	32
44	15	X25	Margarite Dessens Ireavor Rogers Fie Dessens	30
45	28	M53	David Risatrom Kim Anderson	29
46	16	X32	V. Fitzgerald G. Beissbarth	28
47	17	X37	Marian Stavely Rodney Dickson	24 (8.33pm)
48	29	M8	Bo Johnson Mark Johnson	24 (9.38pm)
49	18	X7	Jamie Orr Jenny Buckland	24 (10.30pm)
50	30	M54	Vincent Elliot Gerard Hartley	17 (8.16pm)
51	3	W33	Francine Berry Jaquie Speldewinde	17 (6.13am)
52	19	X31	Neil Roberts Ann O'Gorman	15
53	20	X35	Grazyna Mackiewicz T. Miller	12



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