

# MOUNTAINEER NOVEMBER

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November 1983



## Editorial

Well this marks the end of the 1983 year of "Mountaineer" publication, although not the end of my editorship ( Stop that groaning in the back row ). This issue was to have been a bumper issue but our secret bumping weapon ( a club membership list ) was vetoed at the last moment by the committee and seeing as there were no more articles in the box you'll have to be satisfied with this paltry edition. It saves on mailing expenses anyway.

From where I sit, this year has been one of improvement for the "Mountaineer". The improvements have been on a number of fronts. First and foremost the contributions box has rarely been empty and it is this, rather than anything that I have done, that has been responsible for the praise that has been heaped on my shoulders ( Well, I remember one person who said the mag. was good anyway ). The increased number of contributions has meant that with a modicum of editorial skill the quality of articles that has got into the mag has been quite high. This enthusiasm for writing is good and with encouragement ( such as I am attempting now ) it will provide a solid base to build upon. Secondly we have seen the return of the cover photograph - a relatively simple and inexpensive thing that boosts the appearance of the mag no end.

In the future we hope to capitalise on the good start that we have made this year. Who knows? We might even be tempted to make the effort to restore the glossy covers of old. This will of course only be justifiable if the quality of the articles continues to improve. This in turn can only happen if people continue to write, write more often, and if more people write. Be adventurous! It can only help. Articles, letters, cover photos, drawings, equipment and book reviews, trip reports, humorous stories and news are all relevant and interesting and are only a fraction of the things that you could contribute. Maybe even some time to help your hard working editor print the bloody thing. With your help we can restore this magazine to its rightful position in the forefront of Australian outdoor literature. Already we have expanded our mailing list to include many other outdoor clubs and we have to show them that this club is a force to be reckoned with in the world of outdoor sports.

Finally I would like to thank all those who have helped during the year, especially those who have contributed material. Of special note is Jonathon Miller who has kept us informed of the developments on the Tasmanian scene all through the year - Thanks Jon. The other contributors through the year have been ( in no particular order ); Janet Ride, Mark Durre, Nick Hallebone, Paul Sharp, Daniel de Hong, Tom Kapitany, John Chambers, Jan Davis, Peter Forbes, Phillip Harrison, Ian McKenzie, Alan Martin, James McIntosh, Ann Foster, Andrew Rothfield, Jenny Saleeba, Bill Borrie, Michael Umseher, Chris McArthur, Julie Chaplin, Stuart Price, Steve Galland, Rod Costigan, Trevor Dess, Natalie Stavovy, Richard Lane, Melanie Taws, and Cerro Bogong.

Cover photo : Richard Lane. The Photographer on Mt. Feathertop.

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### Over The Holidays....

- \* The Clubrooms will be open on Wednesdays 1.00 to 2.00 p.m.
- \* Those considering walking in Tasmania should put their name and address in the book in the clubrooms if they want some company.
- \* The editor will be sitting behind his desk waiting for your contribution to arrive in the mail. ( The Editor the Mountaineer, Mountaineering Club, c/- Melbourne University Sports Union, PARKVILLE 3052. )



### Letters to the Editor

Dear Greg,

Readers of your esteemed journal may be unaware of plans to construct a railway from Harrietville to Mt. Hotham. The \$200 million railway is to run via Champion Spur, through a tunnel under the Razorback, and up the valley of the Diamantina River. It was proposed by Mt. Smythe Associates Pty. Ltd. ( Surprise, surprise! ), who have asked the State Government to conduct a feasibility study.

The company claims that the railway will eventually make Hotham Heights ski fields fifteen times as big as Mt. Buller! The railway is to be capable of carrying 12000 people per hour, and would take 18 months to complete, according to Mt. Smythe Associates.

Let's hope that this is just more of the many crack-pot tourist development schemes that have been proposed for the area. Various firms, Mt. Smythe Associates among them, have over the years put forward many proposals such as for roads from Mt. Hotham to Mt. Beauty and Falls Creek, a gondola lift up Mt. Feathertop, and ski resorts on Mt.s Bogong, Feathertop, Nelse, and Fainter. There are probably more that even I don't know about. This summer construction of a new ski resort on Dinner Plain ( near Mt. Hotham ) will begin.

As far as I know, the State Government has not agreed to carry out any feasibility study on the railway line.

The Mt. Hotham region is in the recently declared Bogong National Park. It is one of Victoria's most scenic regions and has already suffered severe damage from down-hill ski developments, hydro-damming, and logging. the Bright Shire Council is dominated by tourist interests and would gladly have the High Plains turned into one giant ski resort.

It is about time the intrusions into this region by the down-hill ski industry be stopped!

OXO !

J.A.M.

Dear Sir,

As I write, the Sex Discrimination Bill is being debated in parliament. This is indicative of the general place of women in society; it is one of many changes over recent decades to rectify the unjust inequalities in the lots of the two sexes.

Even in our own club we are rejoicing under the wise and benevolent authority of our first female president. At this stage then I consider it appropriate to ask whether the rules and institutions of MUMC reflect the new values abroad in the community, or are we bastions of outdated attitudes? I hope the scandals of the 'Smutty' couch are behind us. Perhaps a sub-committee should be set up to look into the role of women in MUMC.

More specifically, I think we should give thought to a particular institution: the Oxoman. It is steeped in tradition and a cherished symbol of club identification, sketched in countless log books. Despite its silhouette, it is unmistakably male. I don't know that I would suggest his emasculation to a unisex-oxo, or even an oxo-eunuch, rather, I suggest creating an oxo-woman.



It may be sufficient to recognise the concept of an oxo-woman in principle and allow the MUMC women to style their own by subtle and appropriate modifications of the oxoman prototype. To many this might reek too much of the misogynist account of the creation of women in Genesis ( i.e. the fifth rib ). Instead it may be better to have a contest to choose our new oxo-woman. I intend this to be an artistic contest, not the equivalent of a degrading beauty contest.

The prospect is exciting, not least of all for the oxoman, whose celibacy may be broken after forty years. ( Dick Thurgood, please forgive me )

Regards,

Jonathon Miller.

41 Kitchener St.,

Deeplene 3103

19 Aug 83

Dear Sir or Madam,

over the last couple of years i

have organised several track maintenance weekends on walking tracks. Reactions to

these by some people prompted the attached letter to a couple of clubs. i am sending

you a copy of the letter since the attitude i argued against seems to persist in

some areas. i ask that you publish it in your newsletter and consider your attitude

to it. recent events at, for example, the Bluff, show the importance of the question.

Yours sincerely,

Jon Green

Dear Sir or Madam,

I recently organised a track maintenance work party on behalf of the Federation of Victorian Walking Clubs, of which your club is a member. When I visited the Club to publicise this work party, I was told that your club's policy is that walking tracks should not be maintained and that your club does not support such activities. I believe that this policy is misguided and should be changed immediately because it acts against the interests of your club and all other bushwalkers.

" Mountaineer "

( 4 )

November 1983



I will not argue this on the utility of tracks - that they are to some extent essential to our recreation - nor on the self-evident fact that most tracks need maintenance. I will not even take the idealistic stance that we all get a lot out of walking and should put something back. The urgent argument is that we need to do something, and be seen to be doing something, in our own self-interest.

Bushwalkers are almost alone in that we have very little material possessions in the mountains. It is part of our code that we come and go and try to leave little trace. This is admirable but it also makes us almost invisible. There is no conspicuous industry supplying our wants. In this circumstance we need every sign of our physical presence that we can manage. The walking tracks help to provide this. They say that someone goes there, someone is interested, and if the tracks are well looked after they reflect creditably on the users.

There are many competing interests in the mountains. If we are to protect and advance our interests we must gain influence, and to do this we must have a visible presence. The best way to do this is to be seen on the ground doing something that is in our own interest and which helps a wider community. Government departments tend to help those who help themselves. They tend to be very unimpressed with people who sit back and say what is wrong and what should be done. But if a group puts its muscle where its mouth is then people respect that group, and ask its opinion, and listen to its views. I am certain that the four work parties held in the Bogong National Park in the last year have done the Federation and walkers in general a great deal of good.

There is another point. The clubs, and their Federation, ought to contain the best and most active walkers. They should set the standards for the others. Most walkers are not club members and have never heard of the Federation. There is a desperate need for a body which can speak authoritatively for walkers. The only way the most expert part of the walking movement can gain this influence with its own people is to be seen to be acting in the general good, and one of the best ways to do this is to get out in the mountains and do things like track maintenance. If you, the experts, don't lead then you cannot be surprised if others, less experienced and less competent, do it for you.

Your club was once a significant body and had an influence well beyond its membership. The "no track maintenance" policy is inward-looking and will only serve to diminish your influence. You should seriously ask yourselves whether it is not really just an intellectual excuse for laziness. The game will go on whether or not you have taken your ball away. If you want to shape its course you must get in there and play.

There will be another track maintenance weekend in March 1983. I look forward to a change of your present policy by then, and a significant and welcome attendance by your members at the work party.

Yours sincerely,



(Tom Kneen)



## A SKI TRIP - OUT OF THE BLUES AND INTO THE WHITE.

Steve Galland

As usual, this trip began in utter chaos. Ian had disappeared, so we were forced to use Rod's car. He had no chains, no antifreeze in the radiator, no roof racks, and just before leaving discovered that his boots were too small. So it was a quick dash into Bushgear before they closed.

The snow however was excellent, and made up for these hassles. The Trout farm was strangely empty at 2 a.m. as we fumbled about with numb fingers putting up the tent. Parking next to the Wang Ski Club we skied down the Dargo Road with our packs. On the way Rod tried their down hill slopes, making a few craters, much to their disgust. The snow was nice, but a little slow. We camped on a sheltered section of the road at lunch time. Leaving our packs, we skied out to Mt. Freezeout. It felt good to be relieved of our heavy packs (my theory about heavy packs is that no matter how short the trip, the pack always fills to capacity). The snow was soft and deep on the small ridge to the summit. (This did not contravene Summit Avoidance Committee policy as the top was more a "knoll" rather than a summit. The S.A.C. originated on a trip from Feathertop to Falls, via Hotham, in which not a single summit was climbed). A reasonable view was had to the south towards the Dargo High Plains and Blue Rag Range. It was a quick slide back to camp down frozen tracks.

We had dinner at afternoon tea time. Darkness was upon us by 5. Dinner was a cheap affair, a combination of Rod's fish, my meat (much to Rod's disgust) and Kim's Vege's. It was "tasty". The cold forced us to retire early. We had lit a fire, but the snow it melted put it out.

The only consolation in sleeping three in a two man tent is that it is warm. Rod had a disgusting cough, persisting late into the night. He was determined to infect everybody else with it by the end of the trip (he didn't). Kim wouldn't let anybody sleep while she wanted to talk. A dig in the ribs saw to that. Breakfast in bed. We got up just in time to see a group of nordic skiers coming down the road.

The snow on the Razorback was icy. Although sunny it was very cold when exposed to the wind. The Razorback is a spectacular ridge, connecting Mt. Feathertop with Mt. Hotham. It has steep sides. One slip would put you down the icy slope and in the Diamantina River below.

We spent the afternoon ski-ing the slopes around a small saddle and lunched in the shelter of a small cornice in the sun. Panoramic views were had in all directions, except where the Hotham Road left an ugly brown scar on what was once a beautifully rugged ridge.

Bogong, to the north in all its glory, and Feathertop pierced the horizon with their white pointed summits. There should be enough snow for a snow cave this year for the Alpine Instruction Course I thought to myself. To the West, the range between Howitt and Cobbler formed a rugged skyline. A pleasant trip, and an early return home for a change.



### " Picnic at Roper's Hut "

One miserable, wet, stormy Friday night, three shady looking characters made a hasty rendez-vous at that cute little hovel - the M.U.M.C. Clubrooms. Three packs containing all sorts of unmentionable things were thrown into the boot of an insignificant little bomb. These were followed by boots, stocks, and four pairs of skis; which were gently placed on top of, and into, an expensive, theft proof, roof rack...

Destination: that playground of all true mountaineers; the Bogong High Plains!

The fourth member of the party ( who moves in very mysterious ways ) was to be picked up from ( the floor of ) a pub in Benalla on the way. The mystery deepened when it was disclosed that, being such a cross-country ski fanatic, this fourth person had neglected all study and responsibility and spent the day skiing at Mt. Sterling. We found him lounging in the pub, dreaming ( but not telling us ) about the local girls he'd been ..... associating with all afternoon.

Before Benalla, we stopped for dinner at the famous Seven Greeks Tavern. Unfortunately ten busloads of dirty tourists had also stopped there, so the creation of one particular hamburger was extensively delayed. Our leader decided to be gallant and do something about it, but fortunately the hamburger emerged before tempers got too high. So Seven Greeks were spared Owen's wrath, and we were spared the embarrassment.

After Seven Greeks and the pick up in Benalla the party bravely continued on in the endless rain. All desperate requests for stops at Public Conveniences were ignored by the driver ( as part of endurance training ) until we had reached that famous S.E.C.-Greenie battleground at the Mountain View Picnic Ground. There we threw ourselves onto the picnic tables and onto the concrete floor, like true hoboes off the street.

All night it rained, and by the next morning it still hadn't bothered to let up. Nevertheless we bravely emerged from our sleeping bags, sculled our muesli, boiled the billy, and made tracks for Falls Creek.

From Falls Creek we set off with loaded packs on our backs out into the treacherous snowy slushy wilderness towards our final destination - Roper's Hut, and whatever fate had in store for us....

The scenery was fantastic, easily recaptured if you stare at a blank piece of white paper while sitting in a freezer with a strong fan.

After lunch at Edmonson's Hut we skied onto Roper's Hut, and found to our painfully extreme delight that there wasn't any wood left in the wood-box. So we had to try to find some. This was not difficult as it was everywhere - only under sixty feet of snow.

That evening was spent huddling in front of a cosy, if minute, fire, drinking hot, spicy mead, and reading about the recent ferocious exploits of the local vermin. One of the members of our party, fearing for his life, set up camp outside the hut, in the snow, leaving two of us to the rats and our leader....



After a restless night, filled with nightmares about giant rats on skis, I awoke at dawn. Cursing the Call Of Nature, I dragged myself out of my nice warm sleeping bag, and set out for the door. Suddenly I stopped dead in my tracks and an icy chill crept up my spine... There, on the table and floor, were drops of sticky, red, FLOOD.... My God ! The Rats !?! I managed to free myself from paralysis and shoot a glance towards the inhabitants of the other sleeping bags. To my relief they seemed to be both still alive. But where had the blood come from ??? Was it some giant killer rat, the ghost of a long lost greenie trying to warn us ? Or was it a were-rat ? ( As in were-wolf )

Suddenly I was convinced that it was the latter, for the evidence was startling. A boot had been nibbled and I recalled one particular party-member announcing his intention of spending his honeymoon in Cleve Cole Hut. I also recalled that person's very strange barbaric eating habits ( especially with chips, so why not with boots, innocent rats, and greenies ? ). Thank God it was soon light. The question remained, why had our lives been spared ?

Trying hard to conceal my agitation in case a pair beady little black eyes noticed, I secretly confided my fears to the other normal members of the party. They instantly agreed with me. Action started once we got onto our skis. We HAD to get back to Falls Creek before it got DARK ! So, spurred by the gale force winds, white-out conditions, and the fear of what might befall us if we stayed in another hut that night, we shot off through the snow, leaving one particular member of the party trailing behind, wondering what the hell was going on. Little did he know.....

N.Stavovy



## Guide to the South-West 1982/83

Jonathon Miller

I write this article with some trepidation, since part of the joy of one's first summer in Tasmania lies in discovering it all for oneself. However some prior knowledge may save some needless frustration.

### Getting There:

Flying Ansett is passe amongst the clique. East-West is unlikely to be flying Melbourne to Hobart this summer, so that only leaves TAA. Remember to get your TAA student card stamped by the Uni.: don't leave it to the last day.

### When in Hobart:

Buy fruit and vegetables at the two green-grocers in Salamanca Place, and buy grains, nuts, and dried fruits at the Unemployed Peoples Union at 270 Murray Street ( Open 10 - 5 ). The only supermarket in the city is the Double-D in Liverpool Street.

Greenies and social dissidents hang out at the Doghouse Hotel ( Corner of Barrack and Goulburn Streets ). It has live bands every night and there is no door charge.

Buy your walking gear at Paddy Pallin's ( Criterion Street ). Other places you should visit include the Wilderness Shop ( 155 Liverpool Street ) and the Temple ( i.e. The Wilderness Society Office - 130 Davey Street ). If you are doing nothing else on a Saturday morning you must go to the Salamanca market.

All the above places are excellent venues for finding prospective walking partners. The Tourist Bureau ( 80 Elizabeth Street ) is useless for information on the bush but is helpful if roads or cities are involved.

Counter meals are usually inexpensive. Particularly good is the Black Buffalo ( Corner of Federal and Letitia Streets, North Hobart ), it is near the Newtown Youth Hostel. As an alternative, try the Four Penny Chit-Chat ( 61 Liverpool Street ).

### Travelling Around Hobart:

You can probably walk to most places you desire. However, the MIT buses provide good services to most places. Timetables are available at Millers' Newsagency ( 132 Liverpool Street ). The best ( only ) street map available of Hobart is on the back of the Tourist Bureau's \$1.50 map of Tasmania, which you should buy anyway. Bring your student card for reduced fares.

### Accommodation:

Newtown Youth Hostel is probably as economical as any, if you can avoid the warden. Tony Williams will tell you that the hostel at Bellerive is nicer, if further. Alternatively you can be more spartan and risk the rudeness at the caravan park in Peel Street, Sandy Bay.

### Holidays/Shopping Hours:

Public Holidays have the happy knack of coinciding with your day of arrival. This can be particularly vexing when you have followed the rules by not carrying shellite on the plane, only to find that the only purveyors,



bushwalking shops, are closed. Hobart Cup Day is mid-January and Regatta Day is in late January / early February. Beware!

Hobart has a few shops open late on Friday night and Saturday mornings. However, banking transactions may be made until 6 p.m. at Fitzgerald's ( Cat and Fiddle Arcade ).

#### Getting out of Hobart:

You should want to hitch to and from your trip, unless you are travelling between Tullah and Derwent Bridge. If going through Queenstown do so in a bus and venture into the streets at your peril. It may take longer to get a lift this summer but unless travelling the west coast you are quite safe. It is worth catching an MTT bus to Granton to get out of the city. Redline Buslines are decidedly pro-dam but have a monopoly. Schedules are printed in "Travelways", free at the Tourist Bureau.

#### Which trips?:

Walks in Tasmania can be divided roughly into two categories. First there are the popular, well marked tracks, and secondly there are the less well frequented routes along poor or non-existent tracks; Ridges or button-grass plains are followed with the notorious Tasmanian scrub in between.

If it is your first summer I would strongly advise keeping to the first type. It embraces the famous routes such as the Overland Track, Frenchman's Cap, and the Western Arthurs. Federation Peak is still a superb mountain, but please don't write another trip report for the "Mountaineer" about it. You will find sufficient magic in the novelty of the South-West scenery without venturing off the trails. Indeed, you will have enough trouble with the weather and the newly found inadequacies of your gear. There is nothing like two days spent tent-bound in a storm to induce constipation and sap enthusiasm for further walking.

On later summers the lure of the more remote untrammelled areas should capture you. On these you will have freedom to find your own routes and not feel bound by the dictates of a guide-book. The Eldon Ranges, The Denison and Spires, and Franklands are such trips.

This years 'see-it-before-it-goes' trip will be the Tyndall Range, near Queenstown, to be sacrificed to the 45 MW Henty-Anthony hydro-scheme. If you can wait, I would defer rafting the Franklin for a few years.

#### PS:

I am moving to 1 Kooyong Glen, South Hobart, 7000. Tel. ( 002 ) 232184. I am not offering five-star accommodation with a taxi service, but I would welcome a call from anyone passing through.



## " Reflections and Refractions "

( Extracts and anecdotes from my '83 diary )

By Cerro Bogong

### APRIL

The massive influx of new members early in the year culminated in the release of 42 people on the Bogong High Plains at Easter. Such large numbers frequently cause a problem, nowhere more so than in this environmentally fragile area. Future mass dumpings of students of this magnitude will have to be carefully monitored up here, particularly as we are competing with cattle for grazing space. So the problem lies with the cows, but until we can Loch them out, the two parties cannot Cope. Something must be done Nelse we shall Hop a Damsite Rocky showdown. The area is but a Fainter reminder of its former self. But such a cause will provide a spur, a Long Spur it will be, but where there's a Wills, there's a way. An Alpine Way.

### JUNE

As the trips continued it looked like we were heading for a good fall, and a good fall was had. Early winter was heralded by big snowfalls. However the truth was that the Sun gave the snow no time to Age. Nevertheless, there were Times when the keen Observer could find snow hot off the Press.

### JULY

The Midnight Ascent, I was there,  
The problem was, what to wear,  
I know that some, did not care,  
With the way they did their hair,  
This was more than I could bear,  
So I shone my shoes, a nice pair,  
And headed into the night/air,  
The food we ate, was good fare,  
The wine we drank was not rare,  
I only went for a dare,  
Will I be back? Yeah, Yeah, Yeah!

### SEPTEMBER

Third Term has come and Trips will wane,  
And someone broke a window pane,  
The clubroom walls we begin to paint,  
We're good at trips, but at work we ain't,  
They said it'd be fun, even a ball,  
But we left Janet to do it all.

### OCTOBER

The Annual Pie and Slide Night,  
Not a flash occassion but one can see how it lens itself into developing into one of the focal points of the Club's social picture. So we were careful to give this event adequate exposure, hoping also not to overcompensate with the number of pies ordered. Logically, the sports Pavillion, north of the main oval was the venue as it gives adequate depth of field. News soon filter'd through that Jutta who can telephoto when she sees one, was to judge. So a good roll up eventuated and a good pie was had by all.



## Mittagundi - Explained

No doubt you've heard the name, now here's the story behind the name.

Mittagundi is a remote and beautiful 400 acre property nestling in the foothills of Mt. Bogong on the banks of the Mitta Mitta River.

A pioneer type farm, which uses only man power and horses, rather than powered machines, is being developed. A team of pack horses is also based there. It is a simple and old fashioned place, designed to be built, maintained and operated by the people who come to it.

Mittagundi was established in the belief that all young Victorians should have the opportunity to experience our mountain country with its challenges and rewards. Mittagundi offers a chance to any young person, from any background, to experience two memorable weeks in the mountains. There is a chance to work, laugh, sweat, and achieve with a small group of young people together in an environment far removed from the humdrum confusion of modern urban life. It is a valuable opportunity for any young person.

From Tawonga each group sets out on a three day trip over the mountains, following an old bridle trail to Mittagundi. The programme at Mittagundi is such that everyone spends some time helping to run the farm, collect wood, and work on the mud brick buildings or other bush constructions. All sorts of other challenging expeditions take place depending on the season. This may be rafting, ski touring, overnight trips, abseiling or mountain trips. Another three days is spent returning to Tawonga, climbing Mt. Bogong on the way.

Mittagundi has a permanent staff of five very experienced people who are picked for their bush experience and ability to motivate and get along with young people.

Essentially Mittagundi is a group experience and the greatest challenge of all is that of becoming a successful, concerned, and respected member of the group, in all respects.

Further information about Mittagundi and its supporters' club can be obtained by writing to :

Mr. Ian Stapleton,  
Mittagundi,  
P.O. OME0 3898.





TREVOR TIERNEY

# THE ALPS: TIME TO ACT

The Land Conservation Council has recommended that the state government create an Alpine Park almost double the size of existing parks in the Alpine region. If accepted by the state government, this will place additional important natural areas under the control of the National Parks Service.

Unfortunately, the Land Conservation Council has also recommended that:

- 13% of the new park — most of its mature forest — will be logged before coming under National Park management, destroying the nature conservation significance of these areas.
- Cattle grazing will continue throughout the park additions. And the proposed Alpine National Park still does not encompass all the natural areas included in the Victorian National Parks Association's park proposal.

Because the proposed park will meet strong opposition from the timber industry, it is essential that conservationists voice their support for the proposed park additions. We must also make it clear that no areas of proposed or existing National Park should be logged, grazed or mined.

## The major additions

- Davies Plains, a heavily timbered area which fronts Kosciuszko National Park and

was threatened by logging.

- West Kiewa Valley, presently surrounded on all sides by Bogong National Park.
- Barry Ranges — Catherine River,



## 'ELP SAVE AN ALP!

linking Bogong and Wonnangatta-Moroka National Parks.

- The Avon Wilderness, one of the two wilderness areas within the state.

## What you can do

Please write now to the state government ministers listed below, making the



following main points:

- Conservationists congratulate the state government on commissioning the Land Conservation Council study which has produced the proposal for a single Alpine National Park.

- Conservationists continue to seek a full Alpine National Park protecting all areas of conservation significance in the Alpine region.

- We urge the state government to implement quickly the LCC recommendations, with the following modification.

- No logging, grazing or mining should occur in present or proposed National Parks, in line with the Victorian ALP's policy on National Parks.

- No areas should be logged prior to coming under National Park management.

### Write or telegram now to:

- Hon John Cain, MP,  
Premier,  
1 Treasury Place,  
Melbourne, 3002
- Hon Rod Mackenzie, MLC,  
Minister for Conservation, Forests & Lands,

240 Victoria Parade,  
East Melbourne, 3002

- Hon Evan Walker, MLC,  
Minister for Planning and Environment,  
500 Collins Street,  
Melbourne, 3000

Finally, why not make a donation to the Conservation Council of Victoria to help us in our work on the Victorian Alps?

☐ I enclose \$ \_\_\_\_\_ donation to assist the Conservation Council of Victoria in its work on the Victorian Alps.

☐ I wish to become a supporter of the Conservation Council of Victoria and enclose \$10 (\$5 concession).

Name \_\_\_\_\_

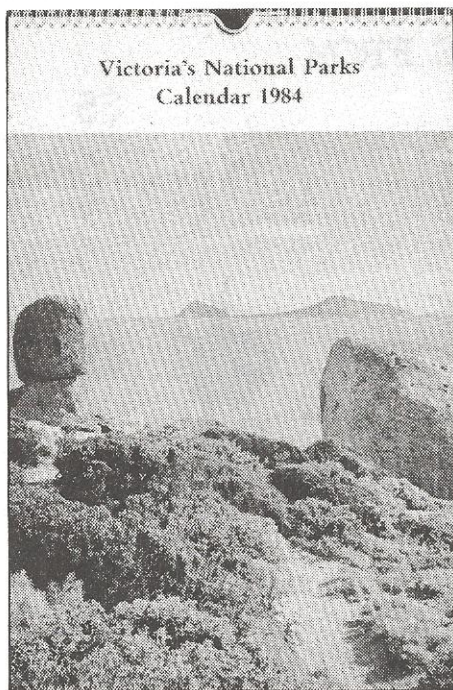
Address \_\_\_\_\_

Please return to the Conservation Council of Victoria, 285 Little Lonsdale Street, Melbourne, 3000.



# 1984 CALENDARS

## \$6.95

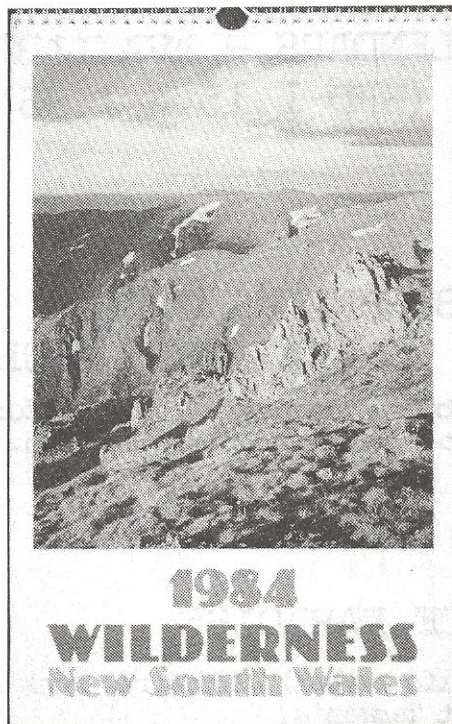


### **Victoria's National Parks**

*Photos by various photographers*

Foreword by Sandra Bardwell

13 full colour photographs from Victoria's National Parks, including several photos of our unique wild-life. A stiff paper envelope is included.

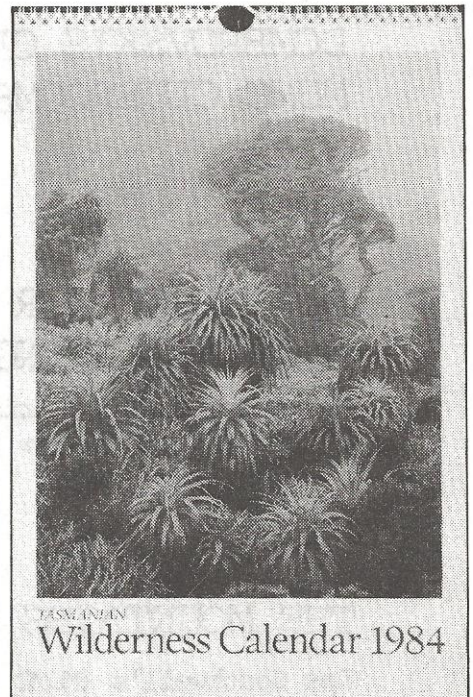


### **Wilderness New South Wales**

*Photos by Henry Gold*

Foreword by Peter Prineas (former NSW National Parks Association Director)

Henry Gold is becoming well known for his wilderness photographs, and this calendar features 13 of his best in full colour. A paper envelope is included.



### **Tasmanian Wilderness Calendar**

*Photos by Peter Dombrovskis*

Text by Dr Bob Brown

Once again Peter Dombrovskis has produced a magnificent calendar, featuring 13 full colour photographs printed on quality paper. A card envelope is included.



### **Wilderness Queensland**

### **Wilderness Queensland**

*Photos by Robert Rankin*

Foreword by Liz Bourne (QLD Conservation Council Co-ordinator)

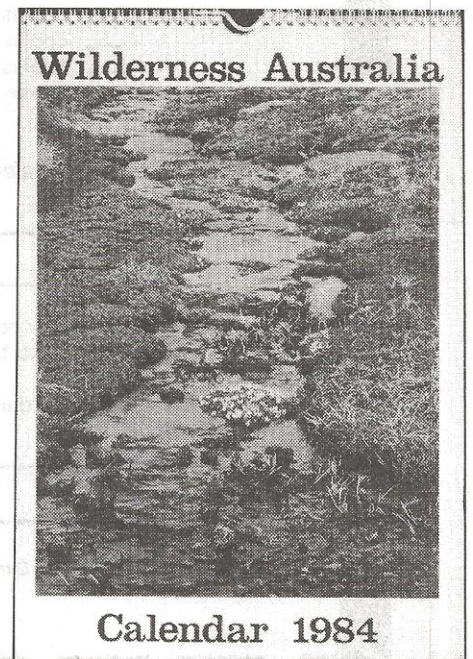
Robert Rankin's 13 photographs present the diversity of natural Queensland. A paper envelope is included.

### **Wilderness Australia**

*Photos by various photographers*

Foreword by Dr Geoff Mosley

13 full colour photographs, featuring all states, especially suitable for sending to friends and relatives overseas. A paper envelope is included.



### **Wilderness Australia**

**Calendar 1984**

# Environment Centre Bookshop

285-87 Lt. Lonsdale Street, Melbourne  
Tel 663 1561.



DOMBROVSKIS CALENDARS - AVAILABLE FROM  
MUMC CLUBROOMS (WED 1.15 - 1.45)

\$5

EQUIPMENT FOR BUSHWALKING AND  
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