

MOUNTAINEER

MAY-JUNEISH 85

MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

PRESENTS

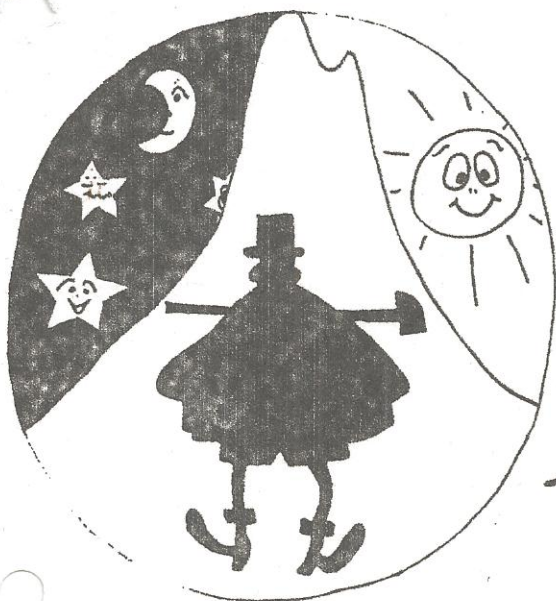
A NIGHT WITH THE

* * *
* STARS AND FULL MOON *
* *

39th Annual

TWENTY-FOUR
HOUR WALK

29-30th JUNE 1985



MOUNTAIN

MAY-JUNE 85

MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY
MOUNTAIN CLIMBING CLUB

A NIGHT WITH THE

PRESENTS

STARS AND FULL MOON

9th Annual

TWENTY-FOUR
HOUR WALK

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Front Cover: Self explanatory.

STOP PRESS!!!! Last day for entries for the 24hr. walk has been moved to the 25th of June .

STOP PRESS!!- What do you call a man who marries a man?
A Minister!!!!

A.F.

WANTED: Good contrast photo.s for our next issue.

T-Shirt designs (or else we'll win).

F. and F.

INSPIRATION FROM THE 'PRES'

Now that winter has finally come to the Great South Land, the Club's attention begins to turn to skiing, and the like. Due to constraints imposed by weather, walking and canoeing tend to slow down in second term and the thrills and spills of skiing tend to dominate activities. However, there will hopefully be a few walking, canoeing, caving and climbing trips during the term, but they are likely to be more localised than during the summer. WIMPS

Other events which you can look forward to include the 24-hours walk (29-30th June); the midnight ascent (usually the full moon in July); the pie and slide night, and much more. Thus, there is plenty to get involved in, so try and find the time and join in on activities. The club rooms remain open every lunch time so come in and see what's going on in the near future and have a chat with others to make plans.

See you around,

Jamie Orr

Bottom 's

(1)

R E A D I N G

(2)

man

board.

Try these

eg this reads

(Bottom's up.)

WHY GO ON A 24 HOUR WALK?

First of all, what is a 24 Hour Walk? It is a type of Rogaine in which teams of 2-5 people navigate cross-country in search of pre-set checkpoints over an area of many square kilometres. The teams have 24 hours (hence the name!) to find as many checkpoints as possible, each checkpoint being worth a variable amount of points depending on the difficulty of access and the navigational ability required to reach it. Just like an extended version of orienteering.

Nothing in life compares with finding a checkpoint at 3AM in the morning, in pouring rain, after a 2 hour search in which you were totally lost several times, your torch batteries having run out two checkpoints ago. A 24 Hour Walk not only provides you with a way of enjoying the 'great outdoors'; it improves your navigational ability (if there was any), is a great social activity in which you meet other club members and you may even spot the elusive 'greenie'.

During the 24 hours of the walk, a central Hash House or kitchen is operating to which team members may return to at any time to rest, eat and be merry. The entry fee includes as much food as you can eat, as well as the map which makes a fantastic wall hanging. So how about entering this years event? - A large proportion of entrants each year are from people who have never been rogaining before and I can assure you it will be an experience you won't forget for a lllg time.

This year we hope to have a pre-event talk for beginners in which the basics of a 24 Hour Walk will be detailed and clues for finding checkpoints given. It will probably be held on the thursday night before the event - 27th June. Keep an eye on the trips books for more details. So fill out the entry form in this Mountaineer or one at the clubrooms and start training...

BRENDAN CARMEL
CO-ORGANISER 39TH ANNUAL 24 HOUR WALK



Cartoon from "ROGAINING" by Neil and Rod Phillips



MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB
39TH ANNUAL 24 HOUR WALK

29-30 JUNE 1985: 1PM saturday - 1PM sunday

LOCATION Wombat State Forest approx. 100 km North West of Melbourne.

MAP Colour map, Scale 1:25000. Contour interval 10 metres.

TEAMS Teams of 2-5 are invited in Mens, Women or Mixed sections.
Walkers under 16 years must be accompanied by an adult.

TRANSPORT Vans will be leaving Melbourne University at 9AM on Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon. The price of return transport is below cost so that walkers can avoid driving home when short of sleep. For private transport, details will be provided in the final instructions.

ENTRY FEES
\$14 per person for STUDENTS
\$15 per person for ALL OTHERS
\$2 LATE FEE for entries received after June 21
\$6 per person for return transport.

ENQUIRIES Preferably by mail to the address below or to Brendan Carmel on 5892942.

NOTE You enter the event at your own risk and the organisers accept no liability for any loss or damage that may result from the event.

ENTRY FORM MUMC 39TH ANNUAL 24 HOUR WALK 29-30 JUNE 1985

TEAM MEMBERS (first named will be team contact):

1. Phone
2.
3.
4.
5.

SECTION: MEN WOMEN MIXED (Circle one)

Total entry fees of for persons.
Transport fees of for persons.

Total amount enclosed (Cheque payable to MUMC)

POST TO: The 24 Hour Walk Organiser,
MUMC,
Sports Union,
University of Melbourne,
Parkville 3052

INCLUDE a stamped, self addressed envelope for posting of final instructions in the week prior to the event.

TRIBULATION RIDGE

Hot and thirsty, we finally arrive at the Wilmot-Frankland Saddle. It has not rained for a few days so there is little surface water and we are regretting not carrying any.

Access has been horrendous. Plane to Hobart, bus to Frodsham Pass, hitch to Strathgordon, Melanie announcing that she hasn't brought her japara, hitching to Serpentine Dam and borrowing a goretex jacket from our lift, and a few days trudging along the Wilmot Range. Somewhere along the way Melanie found her japara in the bottom of her pack.

Still thirsty despite draining a few tiny puddles, we set off southward up Tribulation Ridge. The ridge is steep and covered with scoparia and various other forms of vegetation designed to slow the walker, so we are very glad to have a vague pad to follow. In places the route is a lot closer to vertical than horizontal but only in short sections. The exposure to the east is tremendous, as is the view of the Franklands.

For a few hours now storm clouds have been threatening so we keep an eye out to the south-west for rain. As the storm approaches the Propsting Range virtually disappears from sight.

I see a pool of water on a rock down to the right and call to Melanie who is some distance ahead. We eat scrogin and completely drain the rock pool before continuing. A hundred metres further on the ridge flattens out. Here we get a classic window view of Coronation Peak under an overhanging crag which looks just like a lion's head. A photo stop is called and we find more rock pools on top of the crag.

The walking is now much easier because the western slopes of the ridge have become quite gentle. Fast progress is made until we pass the summit of Tribulation Ridge and the route turns east. Here the view changes dramatically. Through the clouds we can see down the Davey River valley past a small lake to Payne Bay. Double Peak, the highest in the Franklands and one of the most spectacular comes into view, as does Cinder Hill, a large mountain at the west end of the White Monolith Range. These views don't last long as the storm now hits us.

The ridge becomes narrow and rocky again providing interesting walking in the wet. Before long we reach a small chasm which blocks the route. In dry weather it would be no great obstacle, but it stops us for a while. Melanie sees a pad on the other side of the chasm low down on the south side of the ridge, but there seems to be no way to get down

to it. Eventually we descend the north side of the ridge and climb through the chasm. The gap is blocked by large boulders which are very slippery and provide rather thought provoking. The way is now easy to the end of the ridge apart from one small vertical descent which gives me a little trouble.

Regaining the ridge crest at its eastern end we find that we have passed the turnoff to Coronation campsite. We aren't far from the campsite, the only problem is that we are at the top of a cliff and it is at the bottom. Oh well, that happens in Tasmania! A detour to the west brings us down to the campsite just as the rain stops. Most of the tent sites are medium-horrible but its much better than the Mt Sprent campsite was so we can't really complain.

After the tent is pitched, I suggest that we climb Coronation peak in case the weather is too bad tomorrow. Melanie is rather tired but comes anyway. The route up this great mountain is extremely steep but reasonably easy and only takes half an hour. The view is disappointing because all the other peaks are in cloud but we can see a few lakes and are glad that we decided to climb the peak.

Returning to camp, I walk down the hill to collect some water and we organize ourselves for the night. There is not a breath of wind and the only sound is that of water dripping from the trees. I don't know of a more peaceful feeling than that one gets in the South-West after rain.

As darkness sets in, so does the rain. This is solid, steady rain which sounds as if it is here to stay and we realize that we will still be here tomorrow night and possibly the night after that. We settle down for the night wondering what the 20 km walk to Terminal Peak will be like. It's been a good day.

James McIntosh

The walking is now more difficult because the western slopes of the ridge have become more craggy. Fast progress is made until we pass the summit of Pinnacle Ridge and the route turns east. Here the view changes drastically. Through the clouds we can see down the Gorge River valley past a small lake to Payne Bay, Double Bay, the highest in the Prankland and one of the most spectacular comes into view, as does Cinder Hill, a large mountain at the west end of the White Horse Range. There is no doubt that it is a fine view.

The ridge becomes narrow and rocky again providing interesting walking in the wet. Before long we reach a small chasm which blocks the route. In dry weather it would be no great obstacle, but it stops us for a while. Melanie sees a pad on the other side of the chasm. I go down on the south side of the ridge, but there seems to be no way to get down

THE MIGHTY MITCHELL

If you're in a real state, you can't steer straight,
And the rapids are making you quiver,
Accept your fate! You have come on a date
To kayak the Mitchell River.

"Paddle, Paddle"! they yell from below
As a rapid looms up near,
So you paddle - your boat heads across the flow
And your body starts shaking with fear.

You lean upstream, not down, and over you tip,
You struggle to get to the surface
There's no way you can do an Eskimo flip -
Now you really start to get nervous.

You take a gulp and feel panic rise,
When you find that it's water you're breathing,
And people nearby race to the capsizes,
As you float in the water - freezing.

And now your nerves are completely shot,
And your body is all a-tremble
You're a shaking, shivering, quivering dot
You're no longer the one you resembled.

But I want to come back, and I ask myself why
I'll put up with the fright and the fear again
It's because of the friendship, the warm goodbyes,
And excitement - that's why I'll be here again.

Gill Richardson

C S E G

Breacher Canyon

HE

ART

THE JOY OF CAVING

There I was - crouched in the 3 feet high passageway - hot, dripping with sweat, my clothes covered with clay, tired, and the only light source the battery-powered headset and the squashed candle stubs in my pocket. Yes, I was enjoying myself.

It was the day trip to the Parwon Cave near Bacchus Marsh organised through the caving section of the MUMC. There were about 15 people who went on the one-hour journey on the Sunday morning, several never having experienced caving before - like myself. The cave was on a private property, and the farmer asked us to sign an Indemnity form before entering the cave so that he would not be responsible for the loss of yet another group of MUMC cavers.

As we entered the paddock where the cave entrance was situated, Sue White the caving convenor, asked us if we knew where the entrance was. We were surprised that it was at a small depression in the paddock where there were a few locks. There was not a kiosk in sight and no souvenir T-shirts were available. It was decided to have lunch before we entered the cave and much amusement was noticed as helmets and headsets were fitted. A climb down of a few metres and we were in the cave. What was possibly the hardest part of the cave was then encountered - an "easy" squeeze between the clay and rock walls of the cave for a couple of metres. Whose idea was it to go caving!!

One of the surprises I received was that inside caves it is HOT. I wore jeans and a shirt only, and although it was a cool day, inside the cave I was soon perspiring heavily. The cave consisted of several joining passageways and areas where you could easily stand (the roof of the largest cavern was about 20 feet high). There were places in which the cave extended several metres towards both sides of me and also many metres forward. A total of about 1.3/4 hours was spent exploring the cave. Distant rumbling sounds meant only one thing - Kendall - the caver from Tassie was going through the cave somewhere up ahead, exceeding the speed limit.

As we waited and chatted inside the cave before we were to exit through that "easy" squeeze, one "caver" was overheard saying to another - "So what about it? Will you go caving again?" To which the second "caver" replied "I'll tell you when I get out!" Pity it was too dark to determine who these two were.

Overall it was an experience not to be missed. I certainly will go caving again. It is possibly the cheapest activity in the club - total petrol money was only \$1 per person from Parkville. All equipment is supplied free by MUMC (lights and helmets in this trip) and other requirements are only old clothes, lunch, and a prayer book, plus emergency lighting. So look for the next trip in the Trips book or contact the caving convenor, and I'll see you there!

Thanks to Sue White for arranging the trip.

Brenden Carmel

REPORT ON EASTER CAMP (Jamie's Group)

After an uneventful night at Sheep Yard Flat, our (multinationality) group of ten set off early on Friday morning - back-packs bulging and new boots squeaking - with the optimistic intention of reaching the 'notorious' Eagles Peak by nightfall. The shroud-like mist held promise of a beautiful autumn day as we made our way (some of us furtively disguising our puffing and wheezing!) along the steep and shady mountain tracks characteristic of the Howqua-Jamieson area. Stopping only to share our lunch with some quite massive and very persistent leeches, we trekked on defiantly towards an ominous 1,000 (well, would you believe 500 or so) feet climb designed it seemed to really sort out 'the men from the boys' (alternatively, 'the men from the women', the 'Aussies from the Kiwis', or the 'boozers (sorry Chris!) from the dinki-di, true-blue teetotalling 'gun' mountain climbers'). This conquered, threatening shies provided a convenient excuse to set up camp somewhat prematurely before reaching our planned destination, thus giving us time to appreciate our awesome vantage point before dark.

Early morning witnessed an onslaught of steady drizzle - resulting in a difficult dilemma for our sturdy leader and President; should we immediately give in and change course, thus steering clear of the Peak altogether (given that visibility would be severely limited) or should we, on the other hand, bravely defy all odds and determine to scale that incredible height we had so long dreamed about - for our own satisfaction and as an example for all those who would perhaps one day follow in our footsteps!!!! ???? Needless to say, we chose the former alternative and without further ado started a premature descent down the other side of the Mount.

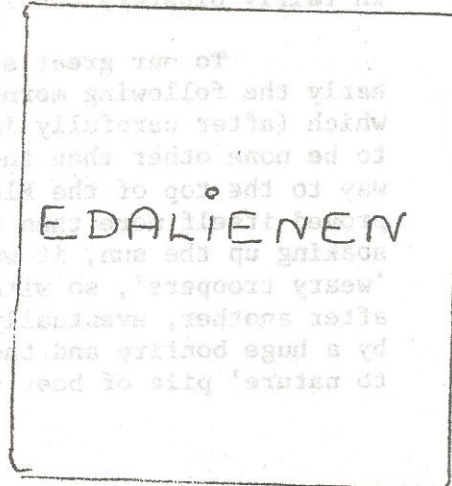
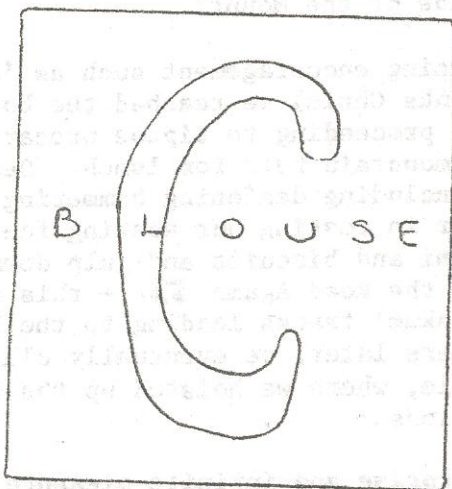
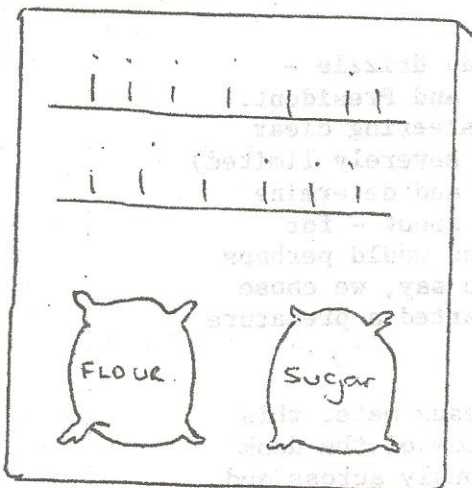
Amidst much rousing encouragement such as 'Jesus mate, this is as bad as Tassie' (thanks Chris) we reached the bottom of the dank and slippery climb before proceeding to tiptoe precariously across and down-river to one of the mountain huts for lunch. Despite the cheerfully (?) vigorous 'bush' sounds (including deafening hammering and sawing), we could not be persuaded to linger in resting our soaking feet (for longer than it took to whip out the salami and biscuits and gulp down the inevitable 'cuppa tea') before it was On the Road Again - this time quite literally as there were no 'fair-dinkum' tracks leading to the Bluff. Two bandaged knees and countless blisters later, we eventually claimed a 'posie' at a somewhat suspect water-hole, where we hoisted up the tents, once again in fairly blustery conditions.

To our great surprise and infinite pleasure, we were awoken early the following morning by a strange scuffling sound outside the tents, which (after carefully investigating its egg-shaped 'droppings') we deemed to be none other than the Easter Bunny himself! Thus cheered, we made our way to the top of the Bluff which, with its rolling mists and fabulous views, proved itself more than worthy of our pains. After some time expended lazily soaking up the sun, it was time to think about catching up with the other 'weary troopers', so with this in mind we made our way down one shady spur after another, eventually arriving at eight-mile-gap where we were welcomed (?) by a huge bonfire and the inevitable 'let's get away from it all, and get back to nature' pile of beer cans. Undeterred, we set up camp and began preparing

for the token (we're 'real' men) swim (or 'swum' as the New Zealanders insisted) in the icy rapids - guaranteed to worry any brass monkey! With the arrival of the other groups it was time to sit around and enjoy the warmth of the fire, exchanging stories and comparing bruises.

The final morning saw a leisurely walk back to Sheep Yard Flat via a multitude of busy streams, one of which Chris 'decided' to take a swim in, boots, back-pack and all (much to the sadistic delight of the rest of the group). Of course, with the dream of having a long, hot shower and a change of clothes becoming ever closer to reality, even his spirits could not be dampened (in contrast to the rest of him!) and it was with eager footsteps that we made our way back towards the bus waiting to bring us back to the 'world' we say we love to escape from - at least four days in 365!

Maggie O'Shea



DOING THE RIGHT THING AT EASTER.

Anyone who's anyone (& Robert Taylor) headed for the Murrumbidgee River near Canberra for Easter 1985. Like last year, the canoeing promised to be awesome however this year boats, lives and sanity were to be threatened by more than just the river. With Ian - you goddamned hero - McKenzie at the helm of this prolonged skirmish with the Home Highway motorbikes, babies and the youth of Canberra (!!!), we set forth - ready to do battle.

In what was believed to be a record start for the canoeists of M.U.M.C. it was only 8.00pm (or so) on the Thursday when the troops hit the road. The monumental task of matching each person of the 26 member party (including the contrary Jenny Bailey) with boat and associated items was performed with aplomb by our learned leader. However this exercise in universal suffrage (or canoeing for the masses) was tarnished by the efforts made to match everyone with a gas stove, paky, bicycle and banana lounge. These more recent additions to the 'equipment for canoeing' lists will probably take some getting used to.

And so it was that at 7.30am Good Friday we hit the Cotter Reserve camping area. We had just enough time to erect our tents, blow up our lilon (decadence was the word for this strip) and think about crashing out when the enthusiastic Wild Tim told us to get ready for a paddle. Bleary eyed, we submitted meekly rather than incur the wrath of this monster and so flopped back into the cars for the trip from Pine Island to Kambah Pool. (after the experience of last year, nobody needed and warning not to paddle any further than Kambah Pool),

This section of the 'bridge' involved quite a few long and challenging portages the highlight being a grade 4 portage around Red Rock Gorge. Unfortunately there were also a number of sections where the river flowed too deeply, consequently these had to be paddled.

The gorge itself is a real spectacle, where the river crashes steeply downwards for 300m or so through an awesome labyrinth of boulders. Completely unpaddlable but nonetheless quite a sight. Back in the boats, and an outlet for childish exuberance was found when a mass of old tennis balls were discovered floating in the river. The demise of a much cherished paddle quickly broke up the party. Andrew Moffet treated us to a flawless demonstration of the cross bow drawstroke, and Steve Brown and Macca gave everyone lessons in the art of wal launching, with two compulsory "launches" for everyone. A real treat for the day was the capsize of the Slug when Major Tim reluctantly, nay recklessly, paddled back into a giant stopper. Jane Frost's plaintive cries from the front echoed around the valley "Help Tim I'm sinking"

On Saturday morning after a well earned nights sleep, we were offered the choice of some technical and confusing grade 4 portaging down the Cotter River or some tedious paddling with the promise of a couple of really exhilarating grade 5 portages. Unfortunately we chose badly as the portages on the section from Casuarina Sands to Urriarah Crossing did not eventuate. The day's paddle could best be summed up by Andrew Moffet's comment "In a group like this, there had to be someone who could break into a car".

The events of Saturday night probably deserve a report to themselves, indeed volumes could be written on the sociological impact on the local inhabitants made by our gregarious mob. The evening's events may be best left to the reader's imagination, however the opportunity to publish some memorable McKennie quotes should not be passed up.

"You're mine" firstly to a drunk pot bellied local holding a pool cue in his hand who poked his head around the corner to see what was going on in 'our' section of the pub and secondly to a young Canberra initiate named Dave (not to be confused with Devo). Mates failed to score on both occasions. "I've never had a heterosexual before" and with a certain amount of class "You're ... ed" half way through a pug scuffling contest.

Needless to say it was quite late before we got onto the water the next day, when the portaging was to be from Angle Crossing to Thorwa. It turned out that the length and technical difficulty of some of the portages would make up for the tedium of the previous day. (with complete lack of boat carrying to speak of), indeed layback techniques would be required on one of the portages that day. The paddling began very promising indeed, it seemed only a matter of time before we would face the full wilderness fury of boat dragging over shallow sandy bars. The ultimate, unfortunately this was not to be, but our high expectations would come thick and fast as the river plunged remorselessly onwards down, not over or between killer boulders, but under them; unpaddlable at this level.

It was inevitable that the unquelled passions of the group would have to be satisfied, in some way a scapegoat would have to be found and Julie was to be it. First the hot jaffle treatment and then the stoning. Still the riotous mob were not satisfied and next they turned on each other and energies were channelled in an attempt to build a seven layer human pyramid. All attempts failed - we only made it to the fifth layer (photographic evidence documents our achievements!)

An after dark finish, Andrew's attempt to write himself into the annals of "Notable car shufflers" (posthumously) completed the day's activity. It was back to the Italian Pizzeria in the site next to ours for recovery. Some compfire comments that evening: "So you want crabs do you?" Julie, "It's the flavour that counts" Ralph at the end of a sepiciphic 1/2 hr joke (not funny), "Who was the dughtat who put the aluminium can in the fire" Mark Durce, "At this rate I'll go anorexic" Jane on her umpteenth effort to cook a meal bites the coals.

Monday and a political coup was staged. With Andrew "give me a vertical rock" Wilson in command, approximately half of the group. Frustrated and disenchanted made a bold raid on common dignity in an effort to be recognized as human beings... and then ran away. This group decided to go for a day walk (or portaging without kayaks) to Booroomba Rocks - a venue popular with many of the Canberra rockclimbing fraternity. Driving to the start of the trip, pouring rain dampened our upsurging enthusiasm, however this was quickly restored with a 'Combie cram' whilst we savoured the delights of Devo's boot-natured cheese. Following the climb to the top, a real highlight for some was the return man helper skelter down the track to beat the next downpour. A highlight for the rest was watching them recover.

Meanwhile the loyalists had gone off to repeat some portages of the previous day. It was decided that some paddling had to be done, and so one rapid which had been portaged the previous day was run by this smaller group. Peter Knight's effort on this rapid (to the embarrassment of Rob swimmer Taylor and Greg I'm stuck Chaplin was particularly commendable as he came through completely unscathed. In fine canoeing style, a mega lunch was enjoyed before returning to the campsite.

Perhaps the feature of the whole trip was the Grand Tour of Canberra via the waters of Lake Burley Griffin that night. Starting at the James Cook Water Spout, we paddled firstly over to the High Court "to see my little mate" (Robert Taylor). Next it was on to the eastern most of the two bridges which cross the lake, where two of the more responsible members of the group decided that the whole group shouldn't jump from the top (about 10-12 m) and then gave us a demonstration as to why not. One of them in a confidential aside at the top "I don't think this is a very good idea", it looked good from the water though! We heard that two young men were preaching a sermon from the scaffolding around a new recreation structure (soon to be completed). Greg Chaplin "I think it's a pavillion" or Greg. After listening to their words of unname wisdom we paddled back to the water spout, enjoying magnificent views of the War Memorial on the way.

Back at our starting point, we found two members of the local constabulary waiting to tell us that our time was up. A brief whiff of the blue light and a short blast of the siren left us in no doubt that it was indeed up. Some questioning ensued: P "Who's the leader of this group?" "Peter Freeman" replied. I choked, I couldn't say it. Ian McKenzie (from the back of the group) "Finally Robyn piped up "www're sort of all in this together" (beautiful, just beautiful). P "Don't you know you're not supposed to be out here?" (no idea) He then proceeded to inform us of the boating regulations which stipulate that navigation lights should be fitted (we'll get on to that straight away). We meekly paddled over to get the cars to get off the lake following this harangue which fortunately only amounted to a stern "Don't do it again". Here we found four members of the party who had surreptitiously slipped over to the side earlier on, in fits of laughter having watched the whole proceedings from the bank. "You looked great, silhouetted by the lights as you paddled over to them."

The following day we could only marvel at our good fortune as we set out on the long, long drive back home.

Many thanks must be extended to Ian McKenzie - our "Bear" Admiral in the literal sense of the word - who was always there when we needed him most; but especially to all who attended for making Easter '85 such an enormous success.

DAVE WALKER.

President's Birthday Trip

A fun time was had by all on a recent trip to the M.U.M.C. Hut at Mt Feathertop and environs.

After a long drive to Harrietville (including a flat tyre), we camped at the trout farm, before heading up to Mt Hotham the following morning. Our first day was across the Razorback which made for pleasant walking due to high visibility, and large patches of snow sufficient for tobogganning. Feathertop itself looked very impressive with the top in mist and the eastern face a maze of rock and snow. After a trip to the summit we headed off to the hut and spent a very pleasant night in our house in the hills, with a special meal and entertainment to celebrate my birthday.

The following morning back along the Razorback to Dimantina Spur where we passed a pleasant morning strolling down to the Mount Kiewa river. Although parts of the track were very steep, it was relatively easy to follow as the track had been cleared towards the base and new markers were placed in clear positions every 20 or 30 metres. We had lunch by the river and then walked on to Dibbins Hut which, although becoming run down (and very full), afforded good camping. Fortunately the rain cleared by about 8.00 p.m. and we enjoyed a large fire, with all the trimmings.

The next morning we awoke to a heavy frost and a mist shrouded valley which looked great. The walk along the Alpine track up to Mount Lock was fairly straightforward and afforded magnificent views of the High Plains and the whole Alps. After lunch at Mt Lock we walked back to the car over the summit of Hotham.

The walk and surrounds were great and I can strongly recommend a trip if you've got a few spare days (you'll probably have to wait until summer now).

Jamie Orr

O
BA
MA
PHD

THIS
THING

Both of us.

WALKING JOHN MERRILL'S WAY

I found this book in the local library and found some parts of it quite interesting. The author, John Merrill, is a well known English walker who likes to do long walks ie. thousands of kilometres on tracks, he is "the worlds leading professional walker". It wasn't the accounts of his long walks that interested me, rather his ideas and recommendations, especially his 16 rules of walking. Merrill's Laws are :

- Always walk alone
- Always wear shorts
- Wear in your boots
- Turn a blind eye to blisters
- Carry no water
- Do not drink during the day
- Do not stop and rest
- Limit your conversations with people you meet
- Use your evenings to recover
- Do not take a rest day
- Stick to your schedule
- Disregard bad weather
- Do not stop due to illness
- Do not accept lifts
- Develope the three D's: drive, dedication, determination
- Have faith

Well I must admit that I do wear in my walking boots before I take them walking! Merrill warns that walking more than about 300 km per week with a heavy (50 lb) pack can cause foot injuries.

To a wilderness lover like me, the idea of walking thousands of kilometres on tracks is somewhat repugnant, and a 500 km road bash as described in the text is just not on!

James McIntosh

WALKING JOHN MERRILL'S WAY

I found this book in the local library and found some parts of it quite interesting. The author, John Merrill, is a well-known English writer who likes to do long walks in thousands of kilometres on tracks, he is "the worlds leading professional walker". It wasn't the accounts of his long walks that interested me, rather his ideas and techniques, particularly his "rules of walking".

THE MOUNTAINEER

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Melbourne
University
Vic 3052

If undeliverable return to;
Melbourne University Mountaineering Club
c/ Sports Union University of Melbourne
Parkville Vic. 3052

Light your conversations with people you meet
Use your evenings to recover
Do not take a rest day
Stick to your schedule
Disregard bad weather
Do not stop due to illness
Do not sleep late
Develop the three G's: drive, dedication, determination
Have faith

Please notify the assistant secretary of any change
of address

Before I take these walks, Merrill warns that walking more than about 300 km per week with a heavy (50 lb) pack can cause foot injuries.
To a wilderness lover like me, the idea of walking thousands of kilometres on tracks is somewhat repugnant, and a 500 km road march as described in the text is just not on!

James McIntosh