

The Official Journal of the Melbourne University Mountaineering Club.



# THE MOUNTAINEER

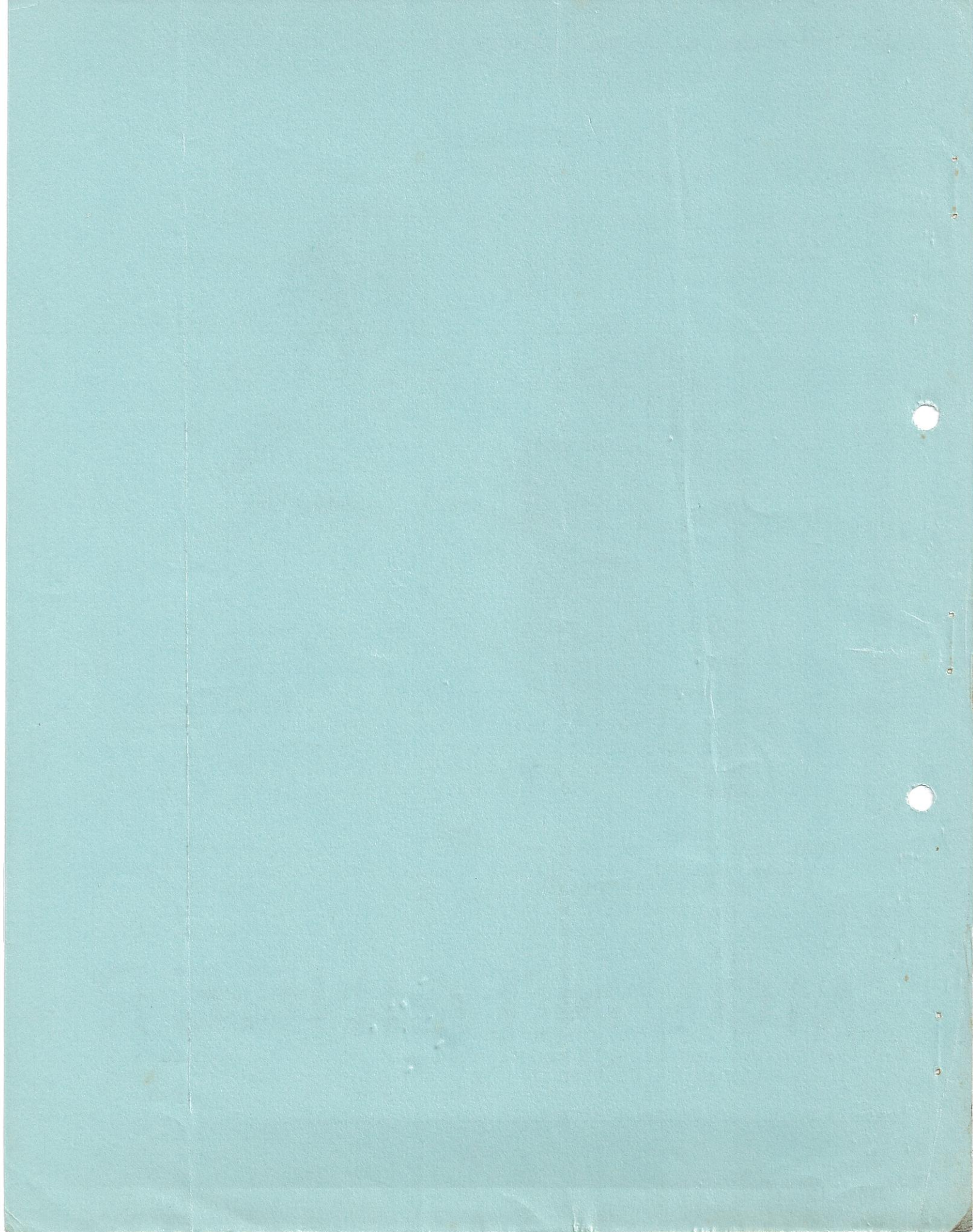
Number 6



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Registered at G.P.O. Melbourne for transmission by post as a periodical.







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Correspondence: Union, University of Melbourne, Parkville, N.2.

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August is almost gone and already university mountaineers are preparing for the end of the year with the usual mixed feelings. Club activities, most of them bigger than ever before, are becoming more difficult to keep track of ... (The ed. still has time, however, to dangle an occasional proposition or two ...) The 24 hour is now past and the 120 (plus) people who trundled into hash-houses which were amply provisioned with hot pasties and even tables and chairs, voted the whole arrangement an outstanding success. The thought arises than an even greater success could be made if the 24 was held in first term when people can really train in earnest, when the weather is more reliable, and when more people are available as organizers.

In other directions, valuable work has been done investigating new and better materials for packs, parkas etc. which has prompted the setting up of a committee to revise "Equipment for Mountaineering". The present edition of this booklet has had outstanding success with good sales in most states of Australia and with bulk orders coming from as far afield as U.S.A. (Oregon state, to be precise). Investigation is also being carried out with regard to suspected inferior climbing equipment on sale here in Melbourne. An official report will probably be published in this journal later on in the year.

Club members themselves have been active during recent weeks, even as this note is being written a party is climbing in snow conditions (we hope) in Pine Valley, Tasmania. At least two parties (one an official club trip) have visited Mt. Feathertop and found good snow/ice conditions. A number of private parties have had enjoyable walking trips in snow conditions.

Recently club officials distinctly heard a shout from the general direction of Verarlberg in Austria, which sounded disgustingly like Bob Jones telling us that Jack O'Halloran, "Juff" Shaw of the V.C.C., and himself had climbed Mont Blanc and been turned off the Aiguilles de Charbonnet, by bad weather. Another member climbing overseas, is Peter Hoare whose report on his Himalyan experiences can be read elsewhere in this journal.



Meanwhile rumours pass along the local grapevine about proposed Xmas trips. A number of members are off to New Zealand for climbing and walking (some are fortunate enough to be returning for the second and even third time). Several trips are in process of planning for the "reserve" area of Tasmania but there is an uncommon lack of enthusiasm for the south-west. Surely "Fedder" has not lost its attraction? Perhaps the ed. is as sleepy as he looks and has simply not spoken to the right people. In any case, members are advised to be absolutely certain of making and breaking a Search and Rescue contact for any trip they make both during the year and over the long vacation.

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ALPINE DAY

Invariably more than an hour passes between the time when the ring of the alarm clock first disturbs everyone in the hut and when the climbing party actually leaves, though there is little else to do other than dress and have a quick meal. And invariably the attempt to get away quietly is a constant disturbance to others still trying to sleep. An enamel plate clatters to the table, an ice axe is knocked and falls to the hollow-sounding wooden floor, boots scrape, the pumping of the primus is suddenly very loud, and every slight sound and whisper is magnified in the stillness of the surroundings. Finally the climbing party steps out into the still, crisp air, and the hut door is gently closed. The clatter of ice axes and the harsh scrapings of crampon points on loose rock fade away quickly. Those remaining in the hut settle back to undisturbed sleep.

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Our 12.45 a.m. start from Haast Hut on January 8th. was no exception. Soon, however, the hut and its welcome comforts and shelter were forgotten, and it seemed for the first few minutes after leaving that nothing else existed apart from the snow slope lit up in a vague circle by our torches. In the darkness, for there was no moon, we could barely pick out the black outlines of rock buttresses or the faint glimmer of snow beyond this circle. Even the mountains seemed non-existent, though we were climbing steeply at the time and roped together. This first thousand feet up the ridge — a common start to all climbs from Haast — wasn't part of a climb. Instead it seemed to be just as much a part of the routine tasks of getting away as dressing or eating. But at 1.30 a.m. we topped the ridge and crossed Glacier Dome, a snow dome overlooking the Grand Plateau. Axes were thrust into the



snow and coils of rope dropped while we stopped for ten minutes to enjoy the cool and silent darkness and recover our breath after the trudge up. About a mile ahead of us, invisible in the darkness, was Mt. Tasman, second highest peak in the Southern Alps of New Zealand and described in the guide book as the 'premier ice climb'. This was the start of the climb!

Soon we were searching out a route through the icefall at the foot of Tasman's East face — a great wall of snow and ice rising 4,000 feet from the Grand Plateau. The torch beam picked out high blocks of ice poised at every angle, odd frozen shapes, sharply outlined black cravasses, and the showers of small fragments of ice sent scattering by the crampon points. The surroundings were strange and unfamiliar; strangely fascinating in the darkness. Gradually, however, the sky lightened and the snow became a cold white, more familiar and more real. The daylight showed that either judgement or guesswork had got us through the icefall by a not-too-devious route and only a steep traverse separated us from the Silberhorn ridge. This ridge, a steep blade of ice on the southern edge of Tasman's East face, led up to the Silberhorn from which it is normally possible to traverse the badly corniced divide ridge to gain the summit of Tasman.

It was about 4.30 a.m. when our two ropes (Col Fearon and Keith Currie of Christchurch, and Graeme Wilmot and myself) stood on the Silberhorn ridge, with the main part of the climb still ahead of us. Parkas, balaclavas and mittens were hurriedly put on as a bitterly cold south-westerly swept accross the ridge and chilled us. Progress on up the ridge became terribly slow — because of its steepness and poor condition. Every step had to be belayed — 1,500 feet of climbing in 30 foot pitches. Gradually the crevasse patterns in the lower Linda Glacier far below on our left became smaller, though the summit pyramid ahead always seemed just as close, and never closer. Typically, the point where ice met sky appeared to be only an hour off but after 3 hours of kicking steps up the ridge it was still in the same position. The sun was now well above the series of dark rock ranges in the east and the snow faces had undergone the daily changes from cold white through pink and golden tones to a blinding white. The cold wind persisted and kept us on the move. Small slabs of frozen snow broken loose as steps were kicked slid off the ridge and disappeared below, while some fragments were picked up by the wind and whipped at us to sting face and hands. At 9 a.m. we were still 500 feet below the summit of the Silberhorn, and the route above us was now cut by an icewall accross the ridge. Two other parties had meanwhile joined us on the ridge.

At about that same time a great avalanche roared down from the ice cap of Mount Cook and into the upper Linda Glacier. Minutes previously we had been watching the progress



of a party, small black dots at that distance, moving accross the head of the Linda. When the avalanche cloud cleared away there was no sign of them at all, not where we had last seen them nor anywhere on the route above. When, three quarters of an hour later, there was still no sign of them we began to fear the worst and decided to get back down as quickly as possible. While all this had taken place two of the four ropes had made attempts to regain the ridge above the ice wall, but it was hopeless - the ice face to the left was too hard and exposed and the snow to the right too steep and soft. The wall itself was tried three times and each time the leader fell down to be held on the rope. Thus at 10.15 a.m. we were all on our way down - because the ridge had proved too difficult for us and because of something else, more urgent now - the missing party. But after three rope lengths climbing down the ridge, they were sighted leaving the shelter of a rock buttress about 30 yards from the deep avalanche furrows. It had been a lucky escape for them, much to our relief also.

It was too late then to return to the wall and make a more determined effort. We had to continue the descent, made even more difficult now by the softer snow conditions. At that same time two other climbers, Fritz and Kobi as they were known to us, stood on the summit of Tasman, just small black objects outlined against an intensely blue sky. They had just made the second ascent of Tasman's East face and now, at 11,475 feet, enjoyed the rewards of gaining the summit after a perfect climb.

At 4.p.m. we were back down on the Grand Plateau plodding accross the soft snow; thirsty, burnt, our backs turned to the blazing sun and to the mountain. Over a short space of time, now that the technical difficulties of the climb were over, weariness suddenly overtook us. Probably we never even looked back toward Silberhorn and Tasman as we crossed Glacier Dome. The highlights of the climb were forgotten for the time being too; it was perhaps hard to imagine that only 9 hours ago we had been kicking steps up a steep ridge to a high summit.

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But the ridge had been climbed, and was climbed again that evening in the usual post-mortem which follows a day of climbing. Our attempt via the Silberhorn ridge and the ascent of Tasman by Fritz and Kobi were brought back in detail to the present - easily done after a satisfying meal, several brews, and the friendly warmth of the small hut. Success and defeat were now one. Ice axes, crampons, boots, ropes, parkas, and other climbing gear littered the hut floor. The timber-lined walls reflected the warm glow of candlelight, and outside it was again still, cold and dark.

Fred Mitchell.



MOUNTAINEERING COURSES IN INDIA 1962.

There are two Mountaineering Institutes in India offering basic and advanced courses in mountaineering:

- (i) The Himalayan Mountaineering Institute (Birch Hill, Darjeeling, West Bengal).
- (ii) The Western Himalayas Mountaineering Institute (Manali, Kulu Valley, Punjab.).

The H.M.I. at Darjeeling was established shortly after the conquest of Everest by Hillary and Tensing, or rather should I say by Tensing with Hillary, as I am writing from India. It is supported by money from the Central Government and has been mainly responsible for the awakening of an interest of a few Indians in mountaineering. Four basic courses of 6 weeks duration are held each year, commencing 1st Sat. of March, 3rd. Sat. of April, 2nd Sat. of September, and 1st Sat. of November. The April basic course is for ladies. In addition advanced courses are held for those who do sufficiently well during the basic courses. The cost of the course is £1 (Aust.) per day, or £42 for the 42 days, both for the advanced and basic courses. This can be reduced by 30% if a good black market rate is obtained for sterling currency, a worthwhile but illicit practice. Tensing is the chief field instructor at the Institute. The Institute has a fine building and museum of collections from Himalayan Expeditions. The training ground is an 8 day trek from Darjeeling and the mountaineering training only 2 weeks on ice and snow. This training area is in Western Sikkim (a protectorate of India) in the Kanchenjunga group, not far from Tibet. As it is within the 'inner line' foreigners are excluded. The only foreigner admitted to date is a Burmese, although many, myself included, have tried. A letter from the Indian Defence Ministry (from Mr. H.C. Sarin, Joint Secretary, Ministry of Defence, New Delhi) is necessary before any foreigner can be admitted to the institute.

The Western Himalayas Mountaineering Institute was established at the end of 1961 by the Punjab Government. I attended the basic course held during July 1962. It is run along similar lines to the Darjeeling Institute, but its present policy is to accept foreigners. The training area is not beyond the 'inner line'. Three basic courses (April, June, July) have been held this year and an advanced course will be held in September-October. The June course was both an advanced and basic course for ladies. The basic courses are of 25 days duration and also cost £1. per day. The trainees only pay the cost of food. The timing of July course may be changed as it coincides with the monsoon. The advanced course is to



be of 40 days duration (cost (£40) for those who have done well on the basic courses. The training ground is a 3-day trek from Manali (6,000 ft.) and at a height of 16,000 ft. About the same number of days are spent in actual training at the base camp as at Darjeeling Institute.

Instructors: There are four Sherpa instructors, one of whom has been on 12 Himalayan expeditions. They have a reasonable command of English and are an excellent lot - cheerful, and always willing to impart their knowledge.

Admission: There have been 3 foreigners - from Germany, England, and myself admitted in the 32 trainees on the first 2 basic courses for men. We paid only a small portion of the total cost of training one person. The total cost per trainee is over £100 for the basic course - the position is:-

(i) Each trainee is heavily subsidised by the Punjab Government. With a foreigner it means a considerable loss of money only for the gain of a few outside ideas.

(ii) The cost of running the Institute is very high for the following reasons:

- (a) It is a government department.
- (b) The cost of Indian-made mountaineering equipment is very high and it is of inferior quality (and difficult to obtain).
- (c) Food which we normally use on walking trips, especially dairy products and fruits are very expensive (e.g. powdered milk 10/- per lb.). Much tinned food was used on the course.

Employees of the Punjab Government are admitted free of charge and the training treated as part of their normal work. On the July basic course only 5 of the 16 paid the fee of £1. per day. The majority were Government servants from civil service and police, some of whom were sent against their will.

Syllabus: The course was divided as follows:-

4 days at Manali - arrival, issue of equipment and supposedly getting fit.  
4 days from Manali to the Base Camp at 15,000 ft. and 15 miles distance.  
8 days at the Base Camp - rock climbing on slabs, climbing on soft snow, river crossing, rapelling on ice and rock, cramponing, step-cutting, cravasse rescue.

Also included one rest day and a day for the ascent of a small knoll of about 17,000 ft. The snowline was about 16,000 ft.

1 day to Camp 2.

1 day rapelling on rock.

1 day descent to Manali.

5 days at Manali concluding with the 'passing out' parade.



The total number of hours of instruction and training amounted to 40 hours. Even with the large Government subsidy, in terms of cost per hour of instruction it is an expensive Institute - £25 for 40 hours. Although it was the beginning of the monsoon season it was primarily the lack of enthusiasm of the trainees and not the weather the reason for this low figure.

Base Camp: The training ground at about 16,000 ft. is in a magnificent location below Deo Tibba (19,000 ft.) and surrounded by 5 glaciers. There are many suitable rock slabs left by glaciers on moraines and a variety of snow and ice surfaces. The first part of the walk from Manali is through the paddy fields of the Kulu Valley, then the ascent through forests of Deodar and Spruce beside a tumbling tributary of the Beas. Beech replaces the Deodar above 11,000 ft. and the tree limit is about 13,000 ft. above which are the alpine meadows. The meadows were a blaze of colour - Buttercups, Anemone, and *Potentilla* species. Many of our garden flowers - Snapdragon, Iris, Rhododendron, Cattleaster, and others have their home about this altitude. There is also wild rhubarb and strawberries - small but tasty. The vegetation is sparse at 15,000 ft. the Base Camp being surrounded by glacial moraines. Wood was carried up from the treeline. Shellite is not available in India.

Food Food was heavily spiced with a lot of rice and dahl. However small concessions by the cooks, e.g. potato chips instead of curried potato, made it much more palatable. Tinned fruit with many meals, tinned butter and occasional tinned meat made it much more bearable.

One of the trainees was a doctor. Most of the conversation was in Hindi, but almost all the trainees could speak English fluently.

Comments: I do not think the basic course is worthwhile for anyone with walking and rock climbing experience. I think N.Z. or European schools would offer more and be much more enjoyable. The only advantages this Institute enjoys are those of altitude and Himalayan prestige. For women the Institute may be O.K. as I think the trainees would be more enthusiastic - of the 6 on the first basic course 4 paid their own way, and the trainees are graded during the course.

For men the basic course was not enjoyable because of the lack of work and no encouragement was given by the Director to the few who showed enthusiasm. The trainees were divided into 4 ropes of 4 before the course commenced - for the duration of the training.

Because of the method of selection of the trainees, youth, fitness and enthusiasm were lacking. The average age of the group was about 30 years. Most had done no strenuous physical exercise during their life, and came with the intention of doing as little as possible during the course. It was only by carrying a heavy pack that I had any physical exertion. The Indian trainees carried packs of 15-20 lb., their equipment was carried by 'coolies'.



While the present method of selection continues, the majority - the government servants - will always be an unfit, rather old, and unenthusiastic group. It is very misleading to a foreigner for it to be called a mountaineering Institute, for it is in fact an Institute for introducing government servants (who may be posted to border areas) to the mysteries of mountaineering. Until trainees all pay their own way, or provision is made for foreigners with previous experience to join the advanced course directly, I think the money would be better spent elsewhere.

My advice to anyone interested in mountaineering in the Himalayas is to get your grounding elsewhere and come with a group, or expedition; bringing all the necessary equipment, and as much food as possible. There is a ready sale for used foreign equipment in India.

It is difficult for one brought up in the Western world to appreciate the psychological barriers an Indian has to overcome in taking to mountaineering.

I managed to keep cordial relationships with the Director by only offering suggestions in my saner moments, and left a M.U.M.C. badge in his company. He offered to be of assistance to any visiting climbers. His address is: Harman Singh, Director, Western Himalayas Mountaineering Institute, Manali, Punjab, INDIA.

For anyone desiring further information I will do my best and can be contacted at:

(till August 1963) C/- A.N.Z. Bank Ltd., 15 Great Cumberland Place,  
London, W.1. ENGLAND.

(Home Address - after August, 1963)  
Little River, Victoria.

Peter Hoare

8.8.62.

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From the "Herald" - 31.7.62.

**EVEREST MAN DIES ON PEAK.** British writer Wilfred Noyce, one of the members of the 1953 expedition which conquered Everest has been killed in the Pamir Mountains in Soviet Central Asia. Noyce, 43, and Edinburgh graduate Robin Smith, 23, both were killed when they lost their footing descending 19,735 ft. Mt. Garmo, near the Soviet-Chinese border.

Noyce and Smith were members of an 18-man Anglo-Soviet expedition



in the Pamirs, the "secret Mountains". The expedition had conquered the peak and was returning to base when the accident happened.

Soviet officials said the bodies of the two men would be brought down from the mountains tomorrow and flown about 150 miles to Dushanbe.

News of the deaths, last Tuesday, was cabled by the Soviet leader of the expedition.

The leader of the British climbers in the expedition, Sir John Hunt, of Everest fame, is returning to Britain by plane with three other climbers.

A Soviet news agency said six Britons were remaining and intended to go ahead with the planned ascent of Mt. Communism (24,590 ft.) highest peak in the Soviet Union.

A total of eight Britons have been killed in climbing accidents in the past few months. "

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A great name in New Zealand mountaineering is Freda du Faur, an Australian who was the first woman to scale Mt. Cook, about 1909. Told it was immoral to climb unchaperoned with men, she retorted that if her reputation was too fragile a thing to bear such a test she would be "well rid of a useless article".

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#### CENTRAL DUTCH NEW GUINEA: Two expeditions.

The Nassau Range is barely 550 miles north of Australian shores and only four degrees of latitude south of the equator. Situated in Central Dutch New Guinea the range rises to an altitude of 16,500 feet, with permanent ice caps of considerable extent. Two expeditions have been made recently to this relatively unknown area, with the highest peak - the Carstensz Pyramide - as their main objective.

The first expedition, financed by grants from the Mount Everest Foundation and the New Zealand Alpine Club and by publishing contracts, was led by Colin Putt of Sydney. Other members of the party were Crawford and Temple of Christchurch, Cooper and Barfoot of Auckland, and Dow of New Guinea. They planned to fly from Hollandia to a mission airstrip at Ilaga, at 7,100 ft. and some 60 miles east of the Carstensz group, and to have supplies air-dropped to a high plateau along the proposed approach route to the mountains. On arrival in Hollandia on June 6th, 1961, it was found that flying to Ilaga would not be possible because of all aircraft being fully occupied running flights to a Christian and Missionary Alliance mission's conference. The only alternative was to fly to Tiom, an Australian Baptist mission in the Baliem Valley, 160 miles east of the objective of the expedition. A team of native porters with the party carried supplies on the difficult 100 mile trek along the Baliem Valley to Ilaga.



Moss forest, native thieves, swamps and heavy rains were encountered on the 8-day march. From Ilaga a further three days march through moss forest took the party to the head of the Ilaga Valley, then another day to base camp on a swampy and hilly plateau, 100 miles long and about 20 miles broad, at 11,000 ft. Though hampered by heavy rains and cloudy weather two reconnaissances from base camp located the Carstensz group and fixed an access route to them, but left no time for an attempt to climb the peaks; Airdrop plans failed and the party was forced to retreat, dumping equipment and surplus clothing to lighten loads, and arriving back at Ilaga on July 2nd. Apart from the ascent of two 14,000 ft. peaks during reconnaissance it was a disappointing outcome to the intense planning and effort put into the expedition. Some geological mapping of the area was undertaken and a collection made of botanical specimens.

A second expedition, led by Heinrich Harrer earlier this year, succeeded in making 31 first ascents, including the Carstensz Pyramide. Harrer was accompanied by Temple of Christchurch and Kippax of Sydney. On the second stage of the expedition they set out to locate a secret native quarry. Three days from their objective Harrer fell 60 feet down a waterfall and broke three ribs. He was carried by a native stretcher party to Mulia, and flew on to Hollandia.

Footnote: Harrer, returning home from Sydney in July, left his plane at Bangkok for an interview arranged by Life Magazine. On the next stage of the flight the Alitalia DC-8 crashed near Bombay!

F.J.M.

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From the "Sun" - August 7th, 1962.

"THE EIGER CLAIMS 22nd. The body of Adolf Derungs, 33, a Swiss guide who was attempting the 13,010 ft. north face of the Eiger in Switzerland single-handed, was found yesterday. It appeared to have fallen about 1,300 ft.

Derungs was the 22nd victim of the Eiger. He previously climbed it with another man in 1959."

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#### HEARD ISLAND EXPEDITION.

Owing to difficulties of finance the attempt to organize a scientific-cum-mountaineering expedition to Heard Island has now been abandoned.



FOOD

Members are advised that a great deal of tinned food which was not used during the 24 Hour Walk is available for sale at ordinary retail prices at Aikman's Road. The food is in perfectly good condition and includes tinned meat and vegetables mostly.

VICTORIAN NATIONAL PARKS ASSOCIATION:

The club is now an official corporate member of this association and receives all the published pamphlets and booklets etc. Members interested in knowing more of the association's activities and purpose should contact our club delegates (Mr. and Mrs. Ron Horgan) via the club letter box.

THE NORTH JAWBONES.

On the eastern side of the Cathedral Range are three cliffs all suited to rock climbing; the Sugarloaf, and the North and South Jawbones. Of the three, the North Jawbones is the only one, however, which offers lengthy climbs of a sustained standard.

From the turntable above Cook's Mill the cliff is always an impressive sight whether brown and warm in sunshine, or grey, cold and forbidding in enshrouding mist. The North Jawbone consists of three large slabs separated from one another by two gullies, the right hand or northernmost being the larger and given the resounding name of Gardyloo Gully. These slabs look deceptively steep at the turntable but actually are less steep than the Sugarloaf. The sandstone provides only balance climbing on small but good holds of the type found on Practice Slab and the Cave Slab of the Sugarloaf.

It is not my intention to make this into a form of climbing guide, but I should first point out that there is an excellent guide-book of the Jawbones prepared by Geoff Shaw and still available through our club.

The first recorded climb on this cliff was done by Geoff Shaw and Les Stevenson in March 1959 when they put up a route named "Steve's Delight" on the southern-most buttress. This was a climb just to the south of the left hand gully and dodged in and out of the prickly scrub contained in it. Shortly after followed the Northern Ramble and Route one and Route Two, all three on the northern buttress, but the latter two were incomplete in that they both ended two thirds of the way to the top in Gardyloo Gully with further progress barred by steep smooth rock.

1960 was a quiet year at the Jawbones but last year the V.C.C. had a strong band of determined and enthusiastic climbers. The Jerry Pot



was the first new climb on this cliff for that year and was put up by Bob Hewitt and Rob Dunse. It is a delicate climb up the southern end of the southern buttress with magnificent views of the Sugarloaf always at hand whether one is a struggling leader or merely a basking, belaying second, swinging from a piton. Two other entirely new climbs were also done, Direct and Central Buttress.

But the real step forward came with the first climb of the Traverse of the Gods, rated a mild v.s. and providing an interesting and ambitious finish to both Routes 1 and 2. At the level these two climbs terminate, the bedding plane which forms the cliff surface, has been buckled inwards providing a horizontal groove which slowly peters out as one gets further from Gardyloo Gully. One inches out to the protecting piton with small finger holds and then in order to get over the crux you must commit yourself entirely to the friction of your boots. George Glover and Bernie Lyons were first accross, but since then this has been one of the most popular limbs.

Now a real v.s. has been led by Greg Lovejoy from the middle of the Traverse and there is scope for artificial climbing on overhangs at the bottom.

There are drawbacks to the Jawbones - a steep approach, prickles and lack of water in summer. But those who make it are rewarded by climbs which, whilst not comparable with the best at The Temple, and Mt. Rosea, are still extremely worthwhile.

DOUG HATT.

#### SEARCH AND RESCUE BOOK.

Copies of the official N.Z. publication on methods of mountain search and rescue are available at 13/6 per copy from John Cole, who may be contacted via the club letter-box.

This book is very valuable and much can be learned, even though some of the information does not apply specifically to Australian conditions. Case histories of some of the more eventful and significant searches make interesting bed-time reading.



## CLUB STORES - FOOD.

Members are advised that club policy on food stores has been altered and stocks of dried food - apricots, apple and a new brand of highly recommended powdered potato will be on sale at club stores. Prices are not definite as yet but will certainly be no dearer than ordinary retail prices and possibly somewhat cheaper.

From the "Herald", 17.7.62.

"VALERIE, 4 TRIES MATTERHORN. Four year old Valerie Potter will set off this week on an expedition to climb the 14,780 ft. Matterhorn in the French Alps. She will be roped to a team of experienced mountaineers, led by her father, Mr. Stanley Potter, 31, of Middleton, Lancashire.

At 8,5000 ft. she will wait with her mother, Freda, while others attempt the summit.

"We never take risks", Mr. Potter said yesterday. "She only climbs when she wants to and she's always roped to the team. When she is tired she travels on my back. I plan to take Valerie to the top of the Jungfrau (13,668 ft.) after I've climbed the Matterhorn, if conditions are right".

Sugarloaf - Lake Mountain. 10th - 12th August.

18 people started on this walk, which began on Friday evening, with the van dropping us in Keppels' Lane. Camp was made on the Sugarloaf saddle, early Saturday morning.

Leaving the saddle about Saturday midday, after some of the party had done an early morning ascent of the Sugarloaf, snigging tracks were followed up Big Hill. A sort of tussle with the steep hillside brought us on to the broad ridge leading to the summit. Here we lunched amid the snow drifts.

Picking up Keppels' track, an old cattle track which follows the ridge, we crossed the summit of Big Hill, and plodded on thro ugh about a foot of snow. After a couple of miles we emerged on to the Blue Range road, which Keppels' Track allegedly crosses. Confused by a multiplicity of logging tracks, and overtaken by darkness, we decided to follow the road. This we did, with from 6" to 12" of snow all the way, heading towards Lake Mountain on a beautiful moonlight night.



Dropping two of the party (veteran bushwalkers!) where they could be comfortable in some roadside huts, we plodded on through the night. After several hours of trudging through the snow, we reached the location of Keppels' Hut.

No hut could be found, but as one or two of the party were beginning to tire, this looked to be the spot for a bivouac. After foot-warming, eating, and other activities, we cut scrub to warm the snow. Then the 16 of us piled on to a communal bed under the stars - and later - the clouds.

Sunday morning dawned late for everyone except an enterprising photographer. During breakfast one of the girls complained of being sick, and in consequence it was decided to abandon the walk over Lake Mountain and go by a shorter road route.

Some equipment was left at the bivouac site; two men went ahead to obtain vehicular assistance; the bulk of the party followed more slowly; and the sick girl (Joan Williams) was assisted down by a rearguard of three, travelling light.

After walking about 6 miles towards the Lake Mountain road, Joan was put to bed in 4 sleeping bags, and a tent put up over her. One of the rearguard went on ahead, and reaching some huts on the Lake Mountain road, made a stretcher from a camp bed, and returned with 2 more bearers.

Meanwhile the advance party had reached the Lake Mountain road, and found a police car which radioed to Marysville for assistance. A forestry land rover came up the mountain and had to cut through several trees across the road with a chain saw, before reaching the sick girl. They arrived just as we were preparing to take her out on the stretcher. Joan was taken to Healesville Hospital, where it was discovered that fortunately, she had nothing more serious than a touch of the 'flu.

It is rather unfortunate that the whole incident was grossly exaggerated in the popular press.

The return to Melbourne was accomplished by divers means. 14 of the party and their packs were transported down the mountain inside and outside a very gallant Land Rover. Two of the party went back to Keppels' Hut to salvage gear and eventually reached Melbourne on the Tuesday. Two others walked up and down the road (7 miles) for exercise before climbing on to the above-mentioned Land Rover.

As one of the girls put it: "It was a hellish trip, but most interesting."

I would like to express my thanks to the police and forestry people who helped us, and also to everyone in the party (many of them on their first walking trip) who all cooperated splendidly under rather trying conditions.

GERRY JACOBSON.



Feathertop.

Mt. Feathertop, 6306', is Victoria's second highest mountain and in winter with its steep sloped and wind-heaped cornice offers scope for practicing elementary snowcraft. With this in view, and high hopes for good weather, a party of 33 started up the track from Harrietville. It is a 5,000' climb from the township to the hut and people contemplating serious ventures in New Zealand would want to be able to climb this in 2 - 2½ hrs. With full packs and two terms of study as training it took the last of us 5½ hrs. to get there.

Feathertop hus was surrounded by 2 feet of snow and so the party set to work flattening out tent sites and securing guys to stakes buried in snow. Next morning the peak was hidden in mist and in a lazy start the main party headed for the top late in the morning. The snow short of the main summit ridge was too soft for glissading so we pressed on with only occasional glimpses of surrounding peaks.

The final slopes were well consolidated, such that pick belays had to be used. In all, 29 people reached the summit. After returning towards the hut some members continued on along the Razorback for some distance practising belays and step-cutting where possible.

After another night in the snow was followed by a leisurely return to Harrietville and in high spirits, with the aid of a genial host and a warm fire, a pleasant hour was spent toasting to mountains and celebrating their conquest.

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I think this trip showed that there is a demand in the club for trips of a higher standard than we have become accustomed to in the last year or so. Many of the younger members of the party showed that they have the ability to deal with the challenges of a tough trip. Next year I hope it will be possible to run a full scale trip over Bogong at about this time of the year. In the meantime, we might think in terms of a trip to Little River Gorge north of Buchan through some of the most rugged country Victoria has to offer. The river plunges down about 1,000' in 3-4 miles, cutting an enormous gorge and the object of the trip would be to make our way down to the centre of the gorge and then work upstream to the top. At a point where a tributary stream, the Wulgulmerang, (or something akin to that) enters the gorge it plunges down sheer cliffs some 6-700 ft. high. Two years ago the V.C.C. looked at these cliffs and expressed the thought that they might be climbed by 2 or 3 relatively reasonable routes. One such route is up an obvious corner in the amphitheatre of cliffs to a ramp which leads to about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the way to the top and then dies out. Previous parties have found difficulty with camp-sites, being forced to build them up out of surrounding rocks at times. I think we might take advantage of the summer months to travel light. This would be an advantage from the point of view of climbing in the gorge as ropes would almost certainly be required at some stages as we go up the gorge.



At the moment these ideas are only tentative. We may go just for a weekend or for a longer period - 3 or 4 days. This might be preferable so that we can knock off the cliff and get up the gorge as well.

DATE: Post exam - early December.

TRANSPORT: Definitely private cars.

A Quote: "The loftier summits are characterised by a stern rugged grandeur while the lower portions of some of the creeks and rivers wind through precipitous ravines and canyons forming successions of picturesque waterfalls and deep pools. One of the grandest views of mountain scenery to be found in Victoria is to be seen from Turn-buck Mountain (where we will park the cars) overlooking the great valley of the Snowy River".

For disbelievers see Geology and Physical Geography by Murray, p. 52  
Baillieu Library.

I will put a list on the board early in third term and also try to collect a series of slides for showing. If enough are interested, we'll go.

DOUG HATT.

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#### NEW ZEALAND.

Preliminary information regarding the New Zealand Alpine Club's climbing course for Australians, has been forwarded by the Australian representative of that club. The course will probably be held at the Crowe Hut (near Arthur's Pass) in either the week preceding or the week following Christmas. Doug Hatt has a pamphlet outlining details of arrangements, equipment needed and required state of fitness, and will be very pleased to discuss the matter with people interested in the climbing course.

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Extract from the "Herald" 31.7.62 from Alan Trengrove in London.

**WOMEN TAKE TO THE HILLS:** It's beginning to look as if women are more frightened of mice than they are of mountains. Last week two Swiss women were clinging, like flies on a wall, to the treacherous north face of the Eiger, which has already claimed 21 victims.

Now they're down safely the odds are that Yvette Pillard - Attinger, 26, and Loulou Boulaz, 50 will be climbing again before long. For women mountaineers don't scare easily.

In Britain and Europe mountaineering is equally as popular with women as it is with men. The British Ladies' Alpine Club and the all-women Pinnacle Club have flourishing memberships, despite frequent reports of



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disaster. A week ago two Swiss women fell to their deaths on the Keschadel Mountain near Davos - and the tragedy barely rated a paragraph in British newspapers.

There is in every woman mountaineer something of the endurance and dedication of Scott of the Antarctic. As one expert teacher told me today: "Women make excellent mountaineers, provided they have the basic fitness".

There are few European countries without strong women mountaineering teams. Japanese and Chinese women also have climbed high mountains recently. Australian and American women mountaineers are rarely heard of, though there are a few Australian girls in the British clubs.

The expedition that's intrigued me most was the mass assault on Mount Rose in the Italian Alps which was undertaken in memory of Mrs. Kogan and Miss van der Stratten.

One hundred and twenty-nine women and one man took part.

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### THIRD TERM PROGRAMME

SATURDAY 15th SEPTEMBER:

There will be a club "turn", "ding", "get-together", or whatever... at Southwells' place near Montrose with the specific idea of enabling new members to meet older ones whose past trip experience can serve as an encouragement for further worthwhile exploits during the approaching long vac. "Informality" is the pass-word, so bring your violin, concertina, mouth-organ, pipe-organ or anything !..... Also something to eat and drink (bar-b-que style) and also some eating irons.

For those with their own transport, a map will be placed on the club notice-board. For those without transport, lifts will be arranged from Mooroolbark station to Montrose from 3-9 p.m. and from Montrose to Mooroolbark to coincide with trains arriving at Flinders St. before last trains and trams. Bring your tent and sleeping bag and stay overnight if you wish.

This party has as its prime concern the interests of the M.U.M.C. - so if you are thinking about an expedition at Christmas but cannot get candidates, or have doubts about organisation - bring your plans and buttonhole someone who knows - they will be pleased to help.

As this will be the one and only party of this nature for 1962 come along and enjoy yourself.



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SUNDAY 23rd SEPTEMBER:

There will be a day climbing trip to Hanging Rock led by Fred Mitchell. Transport will be by van departing Batman Avenue at 9 a.m. sharp. Booking will be via Fred Mitchell (day) MY 1111 ext. 44: (evening) JB 5270. Approximate cost will be 15/-. Any alteration to these arrangements will appear on the club noticeboard.

SUNDAY 30th SEPTEMBER:

For the first time the club will display as a day-walk leader, an interesting specie "medico-rationalis - ALPini", alias Bill Abud. Our practitioner to be will lead a walk in either the Bacchus Marsh or Healesville areas. Take a break from your studies and draw Bill into a discussion, its hard work, but worth it.

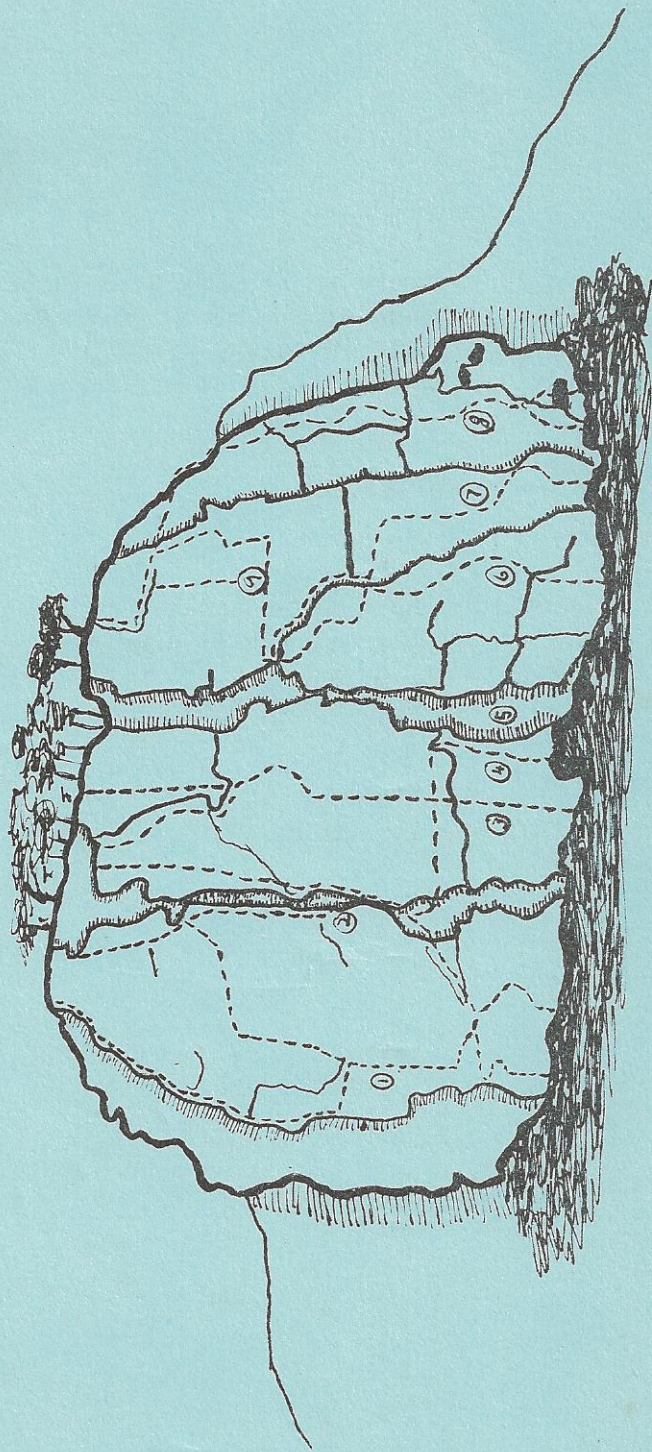
Van arrangements per Fred Mitchell, approximate cost £1.; van will depart Batman avenue 9 a.m. sharp. Changes in arrangements will be announced via club notice-board.

FRIDAY 5th OCTOBER:

Evening in the Mens' Lounge. The last club activity for the year, where slides of recent vacation trips (Tassy in winter etc.) will probably be shown.

Commencing 8 p.m.





## The North Jawbones

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|-------------------|--------------------|------------------------|
| ① Jerry Pot       | ④ Central Buttress | ⑦ Route 1              |
| ② Steve's Delight | ⑤ Gordyloo Gully   | ⑧ Northern Ramble      |
| ③ Dived           | ⑥ Route 2          | ⑨ Traverse of the Gods |



