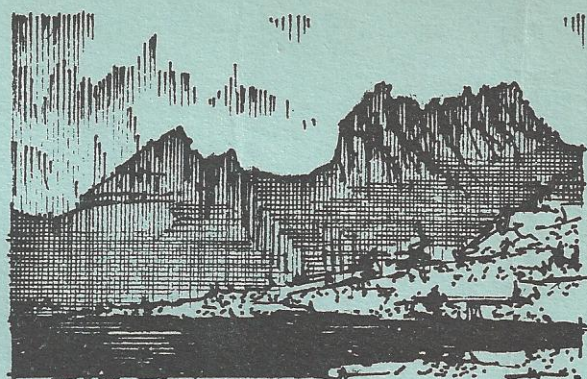


Mt. Smithies
Mt. Campbell
CRADLE MOUNTAIN
Little Horn
Mt. Emmett
Barn Bluff
Mt. Inglis
MOUNT OAKLEIGH
Mt. Pelion West
Mt. Achilles
Perrins Bluff
Mt. Thetis
Mt. Ossa
Mt. Doris
Mt. Pelion East
Falling Mt.
Massif Mt.
Mt. Hyperion
Mt. Eros
MOUNT GERYON
Acropolis
Walled Mt.
Mac's Mt.
Mt. Nereus
Dome Hill
The Parthenon
Mt. Gould
The Guardians
High Dome
Horizontal Hill
Mt. Ida
Mt. Manfred
Mt. Cuvier
Mt. Byron
Coal Hill
Mt. Olympus
Mt. Hugel
Mt. Rufus



THE MOUNTAINEER

Number 6



1963

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



EUROPE

CANADA

M.U.M.C. REGISTER of "WHO'S WHERE"

AT THE END OF 1963, EARLY 1964.

NEW GUINEA

Q'LAND WAY

NEW CALEDONIA

OLD MELBOURNE TOWN

N.Z.

MORaine
SOREE
CUNBURN
HEAS
MORE — MORaine.

TAG.

BUTTON GRASS
LEECHES
RAIN
SNAKES

(A FEW MORE, BOUND TO
HAVE BEEN LEFT OUT
SO FAR.)

DOWN
SOUTH

'THE MOUNTAINEER'

Journal of the Melbourne University Mountaineering Club.

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

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

No. 6, 1963

Price 6d

This is the last copy of 'The Mountaineer' for 1963, so we say "Merry Xmas", "Happy New Year", "Have a good trip" etc.

Between this Journal and the next there will be the usual exodus of oxo-fans who have suddenly found distant places to be preferable to Victoria. But this time there is a difference - there will be one great mass invasion of the Cradle Mt - Lake St. Clair Reserve by several score mountaineers. This is the first time the club has organised such a large trip to the Apple Isle.

As well as this there are several smaller trips to the Apple Isle. Once again the South-West is calling, and it is being answered by several M.U.M.C.ers - Max Corry, Bob Monkhouse and their parties. Dave Hogg, Tom Kneen and Roger Cutlin are taking private trips to the Central Reserve. The Walls of Jerusalem have also attracted some attention. Not to mention, of course, "Frenchman's Cap".

Besides these interstate travellers, some mountaineers are venturing to another country - namely New Zealand. The Long White Cloud is luring over a dozen of our kind to its icy peaks. Many of these are attending the N.Z.A.C. climbing course.

Then of course there is Uncle Fred, our newest Honorary Member leaving for the continent to taste the joys of climbing, walking, canoeing and the lack of closing hours.

Last, but not least, is Peter Morgan, who is leaving for the icy wastes of Antarctica, probably the most adventurous effort planned at the moment by any oxo man.

If each of these trips is half as enjoyable as expected, everyone should have a whopping good time.

* * * * The Ideal Oxo Man * * * *

Time - Sometime in Jan or Feb.

Scene - The abode of the Ideal Oxo Man.

The oxo man appears. He is incredibly scungy looking. He's tired; his clothes are dirty. Perhaps his face is dirty, but this is not known as most of it is covered by a beard of several weeks. He has on his back a mountain mule, with the inevitable little man on it.

T.I.O.M. - Ah! it's good to get back. Hm. What'll I do now? Unpack? No No No! Shower, shave, sham-poo and a real one? No No No!

He wanders over to a desk, puts his pack on the floor, sits down at the desk. He opens the drawer of the desk, takes out a paper and pencil and starts writing.

After a few minutes he puts his pen down, opens the drawer and takes out an envelope. This he addresses, viz:-

The Editor of 'The Mountaineer',
M.U.M.C.,
C/- Union House,
University of Melbourne,
Parkville. N.2.

He stamps the envelope, puts the paper in it, seals the envelope. He goes down the street and posts the letter.

T.I.O.M. - Well, that's the trip report sent off, now I'll get around to less important things.

The next journal is the only one of the year which has a definite deadline. It must be out before Orientation Week. If we can fill it up with trip reports of exotic places, then we may lure many freshers, and what's more, freshettes into the club.

So follow the example of "The Ideal Oxo Man" and have those trip reports rolling in. We want as many as we can get our hands on so as to impress the freshers with our first journal in orientation week. If possible, have them in before the middle of February.

You all know, no doubt, that the first thing one does before going on club trips is to phone F.J.M. and make a booking. As mentioned previously F.J.M. is going to Europe. One obviously can't make a long distance call to the other side of the earth preparatory to going a few miles in Victoria, so therefore we need a volunteer to do this important job. Access to a phone during the day and also at night is the only requisite for this task. Any takers? Please, pretty please.

Fred has also been responsible for the illustrations with which our magazine confronts the world. He will be sorely missed by the club.

It has happened to fall on the ears of our editor that some complaints have been made about some contents of THE MOUNTAINEER. These have reached him by third, fourth or fifth hand. If you've any complaints tell him in person - orally or in writing. But if you don't tell him your adverse criticism, then SHUT UP. One can't do anything to rectify a situation if one doesn't know of anything wrong. But none of this sniping behind peoples' backs. It's dishonest and no intelligent person should be guilty of it.

SPORTS UNION INSURANCE

Sports Union Insurance coverage operates in both Australia and New Zealand provided trips are registered beforehand with the Sports Union via the Trips Secretary, Max Corry.

Club members planning trips over the vac are advised to take advantage of this, and to do so, the trip leader should forward the following information to the Trips Secretary as soon as possible.

- (i) A list of names of all members with the faculty and year of course during 1963 of each member.
- (ii) Dates of trip.
- (iii) Outline of route.

* * * * *

CLUB CONTACTS

A club contact will be available if required for any trips planned over the vac. Further details may be obtained by contacting the Trips Secretary, Max Corry (34 5620) before 20th Dec.

* * * * *

LEADERS PLEASE NOTE

Leaders and intending leaders are reminded that copies of the pamphlet "Duties of Trip Leaders", which contains much information and advice for leaders, are available at Aikman's Road or from the Secretary.

* * * * *

EQUIPMENT WANTED

It appears that the mass invasion of the Cradle Mt. Reserve (2nd-16th Feb) will exhaust the club's limited supply of equipment. Any offers to lend the club rucksacks, sleeping bags and tents which otherwise would be lying idle for this period would be very much appreciated. (Contact Tony Kerr (87 1259), Richard Schmidt (89 8803) or Bob Chappell (87 5916)).

Needless to say, no club equipment will be available for other trips during this period.

M.U.M.C. PROGRAMME - LONG VACATION

- Jan 10th - 12th Warburton - Mt. Donna Buang - Dom Dom Saddle via Federation Track.
Leader : Lorraine Symons. Standard : Medium. Warburton train leaves Flinders Street at 5.00 p.m. The party will be travelling in the front carriage. Buy second single ticket to Warburton (students may get the necessary concession form from the Registrar's Office). Return either by MacKenzie's bus or van depending on numbers. Bookings : Phone Bill Abud (45 3211). Fare : 9/6 (train) + 16/- (bus).
- Jan 24th - 27th AUSTRALIA DAY WEEKEND.
Gentle Annie Gap - Typo Range - Powers Lookout.
Leader : Bob Chappell. If warranted a van will be ordered, otherwise private transport. So please book early to make sure you don't miss out in a visit to this delightful area north of Mt. Cobbler. Bookings : Phone Bob Chappell (87 5916) evenings). Fare (for van only) : £2 to £3.
- Feb 2nd - 16th Cradle Mountain - Lake St. Clair, Tasmania.
The bookings for this trip have officially closed but vacancies may occur and anyone still interested who has not yet booked should contact either Tony Kerr (87 1259), Richard Schmidt (89 8803) or Bob Chappell (87 5916) as soon as possible.
- Feb 9th Seville - Gruyere South - Warramate Hills - Killara.
Leader to be appointed. Easy trip with good views. Meet under the clocks at 9.00 a.m. or catch Healesville train leaving Flinders Street at 9.15 a.m. Get Sunday excursion or student concession ticket return to Killara. Fare : 9/3. Bookings : sign name on list provided on M.U.M.C. noticeboard.
- Feb 14th - 16th Track Clearing Weekend - Mountain Creek (Mt. Bogong).
Leader : Dave Hogg (87 1630). The idea is to cut fresh tracks to eliminate the six creek crossings between Mountain Creek Road and the foot of the Staircase Spur. If time permits a day trip will be taken to the summit of Victoria's highest mountain. Bookings with the leader or Trips Secretary.
- Feb 21st - 23rd Marysville - Mt. Edgar - Mt. Kitchener - Mt. Strickland - Wilkes Creek - Mt. Gordon - Marysville.
Leader : Max Corry. Standard : Medium. Transport : Private. Bookings : Phone Max Corry (86 5321, ext 226 (day)).

March 1st

F.V.W.C. Moomba Walk.

Join in this social outing and meet members of the other walking clubs. More details later.

March 5th

Annual General Meeting. Men's Lounge. 7.30 p.m.

* * * * *

Note:- times and fares of public transport are liable to change, so check up a week or so before departure.

* * * * *

EASTER 1964

Four trips (one easy, two medium and one hard) are proposed in the Mt. Howitt area. Leaders are required for the easy and medium trips. Contact the Trips Secretary for details.

Should anyone wish to lead a trip elsewhere over Easter please contact the Trips Secretary.

Leaders are also required for three day-walks in first term 1964. The routes have been worked out, so all we need is someone to lead them. Alternatively if you have a trip of your own which you wish to lead contact the Trips Secretary.

Now that exams are over, we recommend the October issue of the National Geographic Magazine which gives an excellent coverage of the recent American expedition to Mt. Everest. As the National Geographic Society was the chief sponsor of the expedition, it has been able to publish some of the excellent photographs taken by members of the expedition.

Additions to Map Library:

Victoria

- 293 Tabberabbera. Mines Dept. 2" = 1 mile.
- 294 Melville's Caves - Mt. Kooyocora. M.B.W.
- 296 Crinoline - Mt. Tamboritha. M.A.W.T.C. (2).
- 297 Seville - Warramate Hills - Killara. M.A.W.T.C. (2)

Tasmania

- 233 Mt. Anne. H.W.C.
- 295 Niva. 1" = 1 mile. Lands Department.

New Zealand

- 300 Westland and Mt. Cook National Park. 1:100,000.
- 301 Fiordland National Park. 1:300,000.
- 302 Arthur's Pass National Park. 1:50,000.
- 303 Otago. 1" = 4 miles.
- 304 Christchurch Topographical. 1:500,000.
- 305 Canterbury. 1" = 4 miles.
- 306 Amuri. 1" = 4 miles.

New Zealand Publication

Direct from Kiri land, we have received copies of the following:

- 1. Fiordland National Park. Booklet.
- 2. Mt. Cook National Park. Booklet.
- 3. Arthur's Pass National Park. Booklet.
- 4. The Southern Alps - John Pascoe.
- 5. How to survive in New Zealand.
- 6. Catalogue of maps published by the Lands and Survey Department.

* * * * *

Frenchman's Cap with differences

Maps: Lyell C. 2" = 1 mile. Frenchman's Cap National Park. 1" = 1 mile.

It seems, from hut books and conversations, that most M.U.M.C.'s go to Frenchman's for a pleasant short bludge, tacked on after a reserve trip; and go in and out the usual track. But there are more interesting routes, and from the north-east there is superb scenery, very little scrub, and possible (non-compulsory) thrills for them that wants them. The second difference is, of course, to go when there is four feet of snow down at Lake Tahune, and lots more on the Cap. Which turns an already superb mountain into . . . well find me a better adjective.

The Lyell Highway crosses the King River about 3 miles East of Gormanston, just before Queenstown. On the west bank, through a howling gale and rainstorm, (probably not permanent) a jeep track heads south. This is an old railway formation leading past the Lyell peaks and Mt. Huxley to the ghost smelting settlement of Crotty and farther south towards Macquarie Harbour. From Crotty a track leads half way up Mt. Jukes, 3,800 ft. - a good climb and view. Mt. Darwin is also accessible from here, but the lower slopes look scrubbier. Crotty is about 6 miles south of the Highway, and 3 miles further south is the H.E.C. hut on the Andrew River - locked, but very comfortable. Also a leanto shelter, probably not very waterproof. There are the remains of a hut at Crotty.

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From the Andrew a recently re-cut walking track meanders easterly for 7-8 miles, with Mt. Fincham a pleasant short climb on the way past, to the unlocked H.E.C. "Franklin River Motel". Here are the optional thrills for the adventurous or unprepared. There are two cables 200 ft. long 60 ft. above the Franklin; but the honoured and honourable H.E.C. can afford padlocks - hence no flying fox cage for tramps, bushwalkers etc. There is a chair, of possibly dubious strength, but no rope to pull this, so it depends on the direction of the last party as to which side of the river it will be found. Not very comforting. In summer, the river could be swam if low, but it is bigger than upstream on the usual Frenchman's track, also in a bit of gorge. So, if swimming is out, take a metal U piece or similar, from which to suspend yourself in a rope sling. Note that the gate of an ordinary karabiner does not open sufficiently wide to take the cable (about $1\frac{1}{4}$ " diam).

If you use the chair, a climbing sling around yourself and the runner is not an unreasonable precaution. You need enough light cord to pull the chair back for other members of the party. Possible thrills can be a 40' rapid vertical descent - try to hit the water as J.M.H. did, since the rock looks hard. Or you can always try a strenuous commando act lying along the cable, as G.L.H. did after the first fiasco. However, although awkward for the unprepared the crossing need not be a major obstacle. Directly up from the cable way a cut track, well worth following, climbs southerly out of the river valley. Once out, a series of button grass leads and clear heathy hills runs south easterly towards the cap massif. There are at least two known reasonable routes. One, along a B.G. lead to a broad ridge running S.E. to the Cap, south of Lake Gwendolen but north of the two smaller lakes about a mile south.

Our route ran a little south of east, through very light scrub to a ridge up to Clytemnaestra, thence to the Cap. This route, both for views and climbing, in winter is superb, although ice-choked gullies require technique and ice axes (of which we had one only). Those without either should traverse more to the northern side of the Cap in winter. In the absence of blizzards and foul weather, also of daylight, camp was made among rocks 200 ft. below the summit - hence a glorious sunrise view. Going down to Tahune, it was worth while digging holes in the snow looking for cairns, as cliffs off the track wasted time. The north col was corniced, and we cursed soft deep snow all the way from there to Lake Vera. At the eastern end there is a new, if not very waterproof Hut. Tahune Hut is in very poor condition, but will soon be rebuilt. A new track has been cut in the Loddon area, eliminating the double crossing.

Judy Horgan. Geoff Hill.

Mt. Bogong. Date : 3-5 August, 1963. Leaders: A. Don Hutton
B. Don Thomas

With the usual vac trip passtimes (without vases!) the party arrived at the bottom of the staircase about midday on Saturday 3rd. Some 4 or 5 hours later most of us had reached the half-way hut (Bivouac). The snow was about 5' deep in places and by nightfall tents were up, choofers were going, and we were revelling in the fun of snow camping.

The original plan was for the party to split up into 2 groups, an easy and hard trip, the easier one going up to the Summit and back to Bivouac on Sunday, and then back down the staircase, and the harder trip going over the Summit and down the S.W. ridge. However, the weather on Sunday looked bad, so it was decided to leave the whole camp set up at Bivouac and just journey to the summit and back again on Sunday. By the time we had reached Summit Hut there was a real lilyjoud, obscuring one snow pole from the next. Unfortunately it was impossible for everyone to go to the Summit, and some 30 people huddled in Summit Hut, waiting for a break. The weather deteriorated further. The only solution was to join 2 ropes and for everyone to hold it - primarily to save being lost. It looked quite a sight - 30 people strung out along 250' of rope. We moved down slowly, and by the time the tree line was reached the weather had abated. The hut was reached without further hazards, and the van left for Melbourne on Monday. It was a shame that the weather was so bad as the following days were superb.

B. Party: Gwyn Davies, Juliet Hillman, Fred Mitchell, John McClean, Don Thomas.
Date : 3-8 August, 1963.

This party had brought enough provisions (and medicine) for another 3 or 4 days in Summit Hut.

The blizzard blew all night on Sunday, and we thought that our little hut was going to disappear. It was almost impossible to open the door. We tried lighting a fire in the stove, but were nearly driven insane by the smoke blowing back down the chimney. Juliet was subsequently heard to say frequently - don't you light that ' . . . ' fire again.

After barring up the door and draping tents around the walls and roof to keep as dry and warm as possible we snuggled down for a few of the 100 ozs of spirits which we had between us.

On Monday the weather looked good, and by midday the sun was shining brightly. The next 3 days were perfect. The snow was ideal for glisading and climbing and we practised ice techniques on really hard snow conditions. On Monday we got to West Peak and on Tuesday to Cleave Cole Hut. The view was fantastic - Kosciusko, Buller, Buffalo, Feathertop looking at their best. The hut was completely encrusted in thick ice which probably helped keep it warm - although our boots were frozen solid each night.

Page Missing

my winter woollies are soon added to the load on my back as upwards we go. It must be lunchtime now - a thought - maybe the heat I'm generating is melting the snow ahead and I will forever be chasing a retreating snowline. Now this certainly is a serious possibility, so lunch it is; no sign of the main party.

Hours later I hear voices ahead and arrive, still last, at what is to be our camp for the night. There is a small hut on one edge of a clearing half buried in the snow and all around there are tents and people putting up tents looking all most efficient. I thankfully drop my pack and have a quiet look into the hut - it's dry and looks perfectly O.K. but there's not a soul in it. Pity, maybe we're not allowed to use it, or is there something wonderful about sleeping in the snow? So I pull out my tent and have a look around for the best of the crook spots always left for the late comers.

Fortunately there were plenty of trees and the snow compacted nicely with a bit of stamping so I pitched the tent in normal fashion and organised for tea. Ah - to relax in the sack at last, everything conveniently handy, the weather fine, the stillness outside only added to by the muffled mutter of bods and chooffers and the occasional rattle of a billy.

Sleep - how soft and comfortable - fortunately I take the precaution of putting my feet against the tent pole so that instead of going on a far journey on my plastic sheet during the night I get free toboggan rides up and down the tent as my legs alternately relax and straighten.

Wakee - wakee - rise and shine! The leader gives us a poke and the news that the weather is not too good.

After a while the thoughts of breakfast and the hollowness overcome the resistance to stirring from the warmth and the camp comes to life. There is a light breeze and the sun shines from below a dark level line of cloud. Soon everyone is fed and ready and we are off without packs for the summit.

By the time we are all at the summit hut, there is a real gale blowing, with mist and wind blown snow hiding the slopes below.

The developing storm tears at us with frustrated bewilderment as we leave the friendly shelter hut. A careful count to nine and we move right away and up from the first snow pole. Soon the angle eases and by compass we push on pursuing a dipping and swaying non-existent horizon. It starts to snow in earnest - a huddled conference - to go on or not? Just 5 minutes more says Don. Rushing horizontal whiteness tricks and hampers the straining eyes, heads angled away from the wind. The cairn yells Max, spotting something black ahead, are we glad! - deep snow seems to cover all but the top. But no, a poke of an axe and the impossumable happens, the 'cairn' scuttles off down wind, stopping only to scrape the snow from his bleary eyes. Must keep on - it's colder now, 50 yards, 100 yards, then another grey shape looms ahead. This is it says Barry who has been here before.

We huddle in the lee of the cairn's comfortable bulk stamping our feet and banging our hands. The keen dig for cameras and knocking a few icicles down, decorate the cairn. But it is time to go, if we don't want to freeze. If we follow our upward tracks then we can't go wrong - but where are they - a careful search, eyes shielded close to the snow but there's not a trace - peculiar. So it's compass again; spread out searching we head N.E. That's strange, is the wind coming from the right direction - our tracks must be to the right, we angle this way - no! - to the left? - no! Another cold huddled conference. You can't navigate a compass course without a reference point says Dave. So we decide to get back to the cairn while it's still reasonably close. Soon much colder now, we're back at our island in the swirling white. The compass seems to be behaving unusually - must check it on both sides of the cairn. This time we set off in a long single file, Ross leading with one compass and the others down the line checking that he doesn't veer left or right. On we go roughly level, over a few bumps, then more steeply downwards. A yell and there's a snow pole dead ahead, it must be on the line from Cleve Cole to Staircase Spur. The hut will be down to the left and we joyfully run the last yards to join the rest of the party sheltering from the driving storm.

The rising wind means now or never
Go down or stay for worsening weather.
We search ahead for poles of black
For on these slopes there is no track.

It's easily seen how one might perish
And loose the hold on life we cherish.
But rope and axe and gloves and compass
Defeat the creeping cold that stalks us.

Much wind and rain and snow that night
Tests the tents and leaves the camp all white.
The sun breaks through but we must go
Reluctantly saying, cheerio, cold snow.

Sparrowlegs.

* * * * * Murder on the Fortress * * * * *

Weekend of the 20-22 Sept. Doc; Speigel; Gaston; W. Abud and R. Dunse.

On Friday, 20th Sept, about 6.30 p.m. four people ensconced themselves in Doc's V.W. (At the time I counted eight, but four of them seemed to fade away on the trip up there.) We were bound for the Fortress.

There have been several trips with intentions to climb it (in one of which no one even saw it). Up to now it seems it hadn't been climbed, so Gaston, Speigel and Doc were out to claim a first ascent with Rob Dunse and me to act as photographers and bathe in reflected glory.

Next morning at the camp site we were joined by Rob who had come up from Portland where he is teaching.

Gaston and I wandered up a slope opposite the camp to gain our first view of the intended conquest. We had mixed feelings when we saw it, so any decision about where to climb it was postponed till later.

We set off to our mountain, and the first part of the attempted murder began. Anyone who trudges through untracked bush with a pack on a day when the temperature reaches at least 90 (so it seemed) must be rockers. Well at any rate, picking the hardest possible route and being attacked by the prickly flora, we struggled up to the Fortress. Rob Dunse had been here before, so we picked a better spot for a campsite than we would have it he weren't with us.

The smart two, who knew the importance of conserving energy, flaked here while Rob, Dock and Gaston had a look at the next day's prospective climb. After rolling a few rocks we had tea and retired to bed.

Next morning we went up to the face. Gaston, Doc and Speigel climbed while Rob and I took a couple of photographs. Rob and I then went to the top by a less direct, less exposed route to meet the victorious conquerors (what other sort of conquerors are there?)

After the climb we packed up and returned to the camp site in about one quarter the time it took to go in the reverse direction. This was the final part of the murder; I have since been resurrected.

Not being a climber I can't very well judge the climb but it was about 300 ft. of vertical rock of fairly easy standard. We believe this is the first climb on the fortress although it is not the first time someone has stood on the top.

The whole rock mass here has excellent opportunities for climbing. There is much of a very easy standard, while the more experienced will find plenty to keep them busy, too.

Bill Abud

How to Have a Holiday on the Howqua

Did you know that the club is becoming degenerate? Yes, the aims of our mountaineers are becoming lower and lower.

What is your idea of a good weekend? A fifty mile scrub bash? Two dozen climbs up the face of Sugarloaf? Ten new extra severe climbs upon some lofty precipitous peak? If someone answers yes to these suggestions, then the future of the club lies with them.

Herewith is related the story of one and one quarter dozen decrepit degenerate feeble idle indolent lazy loafing prostrate senile individuals, each of whom, we are ashamed to admit, qualifies for the title of 'oxo man'.

On the night of Friday, 22nd November, these people embarked for a weekend of roughing it (!?!) During the early hours of the 23rd they arrived in dribs and drabs at a certain camp site on the banks of the Howqua. Some of them were too lazy even to erect tents here, but just dosed down in the open. Daylight brought with it the last two of the party, and also the rain; this persuaded the lazy ones to put their tents up.

Well it rained and rained for a couple of hours, so there started a muttering which vaguely sounded like "we won't get the cars out if this keeps up". Yes indeed, no walking for these people, they had their cars in the camp site. Finally, with a great effort, tents were taken down, goods packed in the cars, and the party DROVE off to a new camp site, where they all put tents up.

What happened then? Did they go for a walk for a few miles? No fear. They dragged up a few logs and made a fire. This in itself was an unusual exertion, because most did their cooking on choofers. In fact they were so unused to fire lighting that they had to use petrol to get it started.

Well tea was cooked and eaten, so these people sat around the fire listening to the radio. Shortly all retired to bed, as it had been a hard day getting the cars up those steep hills.

Sunday dawned bright and clear, no doubt, but no one was awake to notice it. By 10.00 a.m., however, a fair proportion of the camp was active.

The day was an energetic one, as all wandered a few yards to the river. There they spent the day in the tiring job of consuming nine gallons of that amber fluid produced by Carlton and United.

In order to have a little exercise, a small dog was sent downstream on a li-lo. A few energetic humans with aquatic aspirations did likewise.

Well finally things were packed up and people started going home after a "hard weekend".

And how did I happen to have a full account of these lay-about's doings? Well I um er hmm. Nice day today isn't it?

Anon

(It is most likely that most people who participated in this excursion were more active than pictured. It's just that Anon wishes to justify his being a lazy bum by painting all the others in the same colours.

Anon II)

Strength of Climbing Ropes

The calculation of tension in climbing ropes when a leader falls is made difficult by the large number of variables involved. This article describes an attempt to determine this tension for the simplified case of a rigidly attached rope. This situation should never arise while climbing on faces except if the rope wedged or a direct belay was used. Thought on this matter was stimulated by a number of discussions among club members on whether or not the tension in the rope depends on distance fallen.

To calculate tension a knowledge of the way in which nylon rope stretches is needed - i.e. a relation between tension and strain. Several samples of No. 2 rope were stretched on a hydraulic testing machine and this relation plotted. To make the test more realistic the rope was secured to the machine with Tarbuck knots and it was at one of these that the rope broke at 80% of its nominal maximum. Insufficient rope was available to test other knots, but the Tarbuck is reputed to be the strongest. The data was fitted by a parabola of the form:

$$T = k \left(\frac{x}{a} \right)^2$$

Where T = tension (lbal)
 a = unstretched length (feet)
 x = extension (feet)

Also data for No. 3 rope was obtained from James Miller and Co. and was found to be in excellent agreement with my results when compared on the basis of proportion of breaking tension versus proportional extension (strain).

Armed with this relation we are in a position to calculate the tension in the rope when a dynamic load is applied. A person of mass m climbs a distance a above a fixed anchorage and then falls. Provided he is a streamlined character his speed will be $\sqrt{2ga}$ when the rope becomes taut. The rope then stretches and the tension increases to a maximum when the unfortunate climber comes to a jarring halt. The amount of stretch is given by the largest root of:

$$\frac{kx^3}{3ma^2} - gx - 12ga = 0$$

Where $g = 32 \text{ ft sec}^{-2}$
 $k \approx 6 T^1$

T^1 is the nominal breaking tension of the rope. The following results apply to a 12 stone man.

	Length of rope (feet)	Extension required (feet)	% Extension	Tension (lb)
<u>No. 2</u>	50	23.8	47.6)
	30	14.3	47.7)
	20	9.5	47.5)
	5	2.39	47.8)
Rope breaks				
<u>No. 4</u>	50	18.1	36.2)
	30	10.8	36.1)
	20	7.2	36.1)
	5	1.8	36.0)
3360 lb.				

These results are in no way surprising. The dangers of rigid belays or snagged ropes are well known: it has just been put on a numerical basis. It should be noted that while the tension for No. 4 seems well below breaking, the knots will reduce the breaking tension by about 20% below the nominal and in fact this rope is in danger of breaking. The case of a climber falling from the same level as the belay (e.g. into a crevasse) may be treated by replacing the term zga in the last equation by ga .

It is not intended to suggest that ropes in current use are not sufficiently strong, but merely to point out the reliance placed on correct technique to prevent these excessive loads coming on the rope.

I would like to hear from any more sophisticated mathematician detecting flaws in the argument or anybody wanting the details of calculation or the graphs. I have not conducted practical trials, but perhaps anyone who has been unduly depressed by exam results may care to volunteer.

John Retchford

Missing H-frame pack and sleeping bag.

An H-frame pack and a sleeping bag have been reported missing from club stores and have apparently been removed without the Stores Officer's authority.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of either of these items should contact the Stores Officer, Richard Schmidt (89 8803) as soon as possible.

Club Stores.

Don't forget that equipment may be hired for private and club trips throughout the vac. All types of hiking foods available. The store rooms will be open from 7 p.m. - 9 p.m. each Wednesday night until Christmas.

Other times can be arranged with Tony Kerr (87 1259) or Richard Schmidt (89 8803).

- - - - -
+ + + Another Mountaineer? + + +

You've heard of Frank Hicks, alias Mardi?

You've heard of Jan Hicks?

Well if you read 'The Age' on November 9th, you would have heard of another one -

Martin Emile Jeremy Hicks.

We hope that there is here an excellent mountaineer of the future. If he follows in his parents' tradition we'll be seeing him with a pack on his back before too many years have passed.

Congratulations to Jan and Frank.

Young M.E.J.H. is already training his parents; he's talked them into leaving their place in Lee Street and set up house in Flat 2, 175 Nicholson Street.

- - - - -
"Fell to Death"

'Katmandu (Nepal) - Two Italian climbers fell to their deaths last Thursday on 23,750 foot Lang Tang Lirung peak in the Himalayas, according to reports which reached the Nepal Government yesterday. They were Dr. Cesar Volante, 27 and Giorgio Rossi, 28, members of a 10-man Italian team tackling the unclimbed peak.'

- - - - -
The other day the following comments were brought to my notice. They apply to the mountaineer, but could also be extended to include the whole of life itself.

"..... it's not these big ascents, these new climbs on new peaks that give us lasting pleasure; it's our little days, each one with its own little drop of happiness, here and there one with maybe a more startling flash of fear and anxiety which fill in the mass of detailed background of the great canvas which is our mountaineering life. Like a Chinese work of art, each little detail of this canvas evokes a warm satisfaction which rosens, not only the other details, but contemplation of all life around us."

- - - - -

'THE MOUNTAINEER'

No. 6, 1963

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Addendum to Song Book:-

The Broken-Hearted Penguin

(Tune - Polly Perkins)

I'm a broken-hearted penguin who's shedding a tear,
For want of the love of a brave Mountaineer.
But he never seems to notice me, though I often wave hello,
When he sets out from Wilkes for a trip in the snow.

CHORUS

Oh, he's as -
Devastating as an avalanche and as troublesome as a kea,
But why should a penguin love a big Mountaineer?

I'd listen ev'ry morning to hear his great yell,
At the sound of his "OXO", my poor heart would swell.
With a voice like a fog-horn, he'd be useful, I know,
For guiding poor penguins that get lost in the snow.

Oh, what is there about him that interests me so?
Perhaps it's his resemblance to some-one I know,
He reminds me of my grandpa, who, so I am told,
Shook hands with Amundsen on his trip to the Pole.

Just lately I have noticed his thoughts seem to roam,
He's been looking impatient, he wants to go home.
From the look in his eyes, I can only but guess
That he wants to get back to his Mountaineeress.

In about another month the next boat will be here,
And perhaps it will bring me a new Mountaineer.
Then my worries will be over, this one I'll forget,
For the next one may even be handsomer yet.

If you have any gems of verse and music, send them to Richard Schmidt via
the club box for inclusion in the new song book.

1941

THE INTERVIEW

1941

According to Guy...

The interview...

It is a question of...

1941

On the one hand...

The interview...

On the other hand...

That is why...

It is a question...

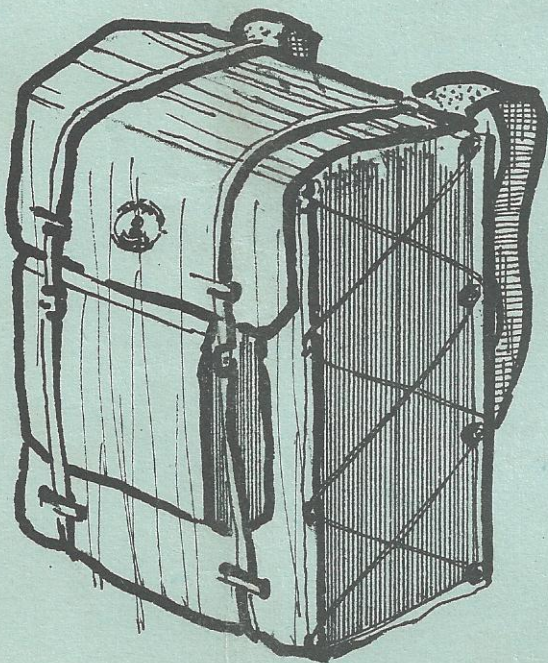
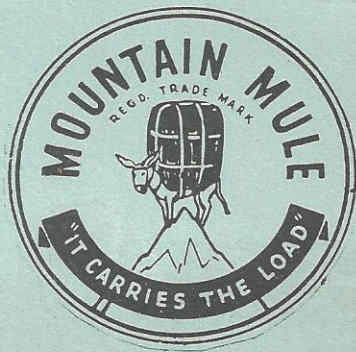
If you have any...



" I'M CLIMBING IT BECAUSE IT'S
THERE, THASH WHY! "

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