



# THE MOUNTAINEER

N°4 1964



Official Journal of the Melbourne  
University Mountaineering Club.  
Registered at G.P.O. Melb. for  
transmission by post as a periodical.







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No. 4 1964.

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By the time you receive this edition, it will be the August vacation. It was hoped to be the Anniversary issue of the Journal but events have worked against us and that great event has been postponed till later in the year. But we hope the Dinner is a success with older members coming back for old times.

For those interested in going to New Zealand at the end of this year, there is an article in this issue which should prove useful. To people who have not had the opportunity of climbing outside Australia, it may inspire them to make the effort and go. For it is very hard for one to appreciate, not merely as climbing in New Zealand is more exacting, but that it is a more rewarding adventure. The gigantic scale of the country, the fierceness of the weather - when it turns foul, the parklike valleys, the dozens of terrific huts, the companionship of the many New Zealanders you meet, the excitement of river crossings, the need for fitness, and above all a sound attitude Mountaineering, make the trip so worth while to all who make it.

The Open Day Display was successful. We received more reporting space in the Age than the rest of the University. What with newspaper reports and photos and T.V. performances, one club member seems to have had his fair share of publicity, after the descent of the west face of the North Building. The club wishes to thank all those who helped with the display to make it a success.



TRIPS AND MEETINGS PROGRAMME

- August 28 - 30 Walkerville - Hibernation Weekend. Leader: Barry Pullen. Phone: 34 6362. Fare: £1.6.0. to £2.0.0. Cancellation fee: 13/- Van leaves front of Union 6.30 p.m. A fixed camp on the coast overlooking Wilson's Prom. Activities (?) include eating, sleeping, singing etc., and for the more energetic, walks along the coast to see the remains of old lime kilns and jetties from the area's early days. Very peaceful conditions for studying, too!
- September 4 - 6 Lake Mountain - Keppel's Track - Big Hill - Sugarloaf (snow trip). Leader: Tony Kerr. Phone: 87 1259. Fare: £1.2.0. to £1.13.0. Cancellation fee: 11/-. Van leaves front of Union 6.30 p.m. Anyone interested in some private climbing on Sugarloaf or Jawbones is invited to use the club van for the weekend.
- September 18 - 20 Federation of Victorian Walking Clubs' Annual Track-cleaning weekend. Wilson's Promontory. Fare: Yet to be decided but not more than £2. Van leaves top of Batman Avenue 6.30 p.m. Further details will be posted on the notice board when available.
- September 25 - 27 Mt. Arapiles (climbing): Private transport. Further information from Dave Thomson: 51 4451.
- October 2 Snow trip slide night. Men's Lounge. 7.30 p.m. This will be the last meeting for the year. Members are invited to show their own slides of this year's club snow trips.
- October 4 Campaspe River - Mitchell's Fall - Piper's Creek. Leader: Dave Hogg. Phone: 87 1630. Private transport. The last day walk for the year. Features include waterfalls and rock formations in the Campaspe River Gorge.
- A BRIEF PERIOD OF INACTIVITY WHILE EVERYONE STUDIES FOR EXAMINATIONS, THEN ....
- November 20 - 22 Post-examination weekend. Red. Rock, Phillip Island. An opportunity to throw off all inhibitions - walking, climbing at Cape Woolamai, swimming, surfing, bludging etc. Leader: Sue Quilford. Van leaves front of Union. 6.30 p.m. Fare: £1. to £1.10.0. Cancellation fee; 10/-
- .... and thus into the long vacation. There will probably be no further full-scale club trips arranged for 1964. However, dozens of Mountaineers will be



organizing their own extended trips during the vacation in both Victoria and Tasmania. So if you want to go somewhere at Christmas, look around, ask, find out who is going where, and you may be able to join them. On the other hand, if you are leading a trip and want more people to make up the party, or if you are even prepared to lead a full-scale club trip during the vacation (in either Victoria or Tasmania) then contact the Trips Secretary, Dave Hogg, immediately so that an announcement can be made in the next "Mountaineer".

BOOKINGS FOR CLUB TRIPS MUST BE MADE AS FOLLOWS:

- (i) At "Aikman's Road" any lunchtime.
- (ii) At club meetings.
- (iii) By phoning Dave Hogg ( 87 1630)

Wednesday meetings:

Informal meetings are now being held between 1 p.m. and 2 p.m. on Wednesdays, usually in the Meeting Room, where a projector is available to anyone wishing to show or view slides.

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THIS IS THE CURRENT LIST OF CLIMBING LEADERS. IF ANY NON-ACTIVE LEADERS WISH TO BE INCLUDED, PLEASE CONTACT THE CONVENOR.

John Bennett	Bob Jones	} Overseas
Bill Bewsher	Fred Mitchell	
John Cayley	Peter Morgan	
Chris Davis		
Ian Guild		
Doug Hatt		
Don Hutton		
Russell Judge		
Peter Kneen		
Bill Melbourne		
Peter Smith		
Ross Smith		
Les Southwell		
Phil Willy		
John Steel		
David Thomson (CONVENOR)		

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FEDERATION OF VICTORIAN WALKING CLUBS TRACK-CLEARING WEEKEND.

WILSON'S PROMONTORY.

SEPTEMBER 18th - 20th.

As most people who have been to Wilson's Prom. will realize, a large number of the tracks down there are in poor condition and there are several other places where the introduction of new tracks would be very beneficial. At present, there are only two men engaged in track cleaning and maintenance, and, while much worthwhile work has been done, it is possible for improvement of the park to proceed only very slowly. In order to accelerate the work, the F.V.W.C., has agreed to a proposal from the National Parks Authority to hold a track-cleaning weekend in the park.

The track in question is the one from Fraser's Creek to the Lighthouse, a very popular track, but overgrown and very much in need of repair.

The date for the track-cleaning is the weekend, 18th-20th September. The van(s), which will be shared by all the walking clubs partaking, will leave the top of Batman Avenue on Friday night (18th) at 6.30 p.m. The fare has not yet been decided, but will be much lower than usual, due to reimbursement of the van costs (definitely less than £2). Private cars may be taken if desired. Track-cleaning equipment (axes, hatchets, machetes, slashers etc) is urgently required. Even if you are unable to come yourself, your machete will be very welcome! For all enquiries, bookings, offers of equipment etc., contact Dave Hogg (87.1630).

This weekend is primarily one of work. But it is work of a very worthwhile nature as far as the Club is concerned. And it also provides an opportunity to meet members of other walking clubs and a great deal of enjoyment can be derived from the weekend.

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NEW ZEALAND?

It is time to go and in the first steps the soft creak and crunch of crampons tell us the frost has done its work. Far above in the two o'clock stillness is the starlit silhouette of Tasman flanked by the great cathedral of Cook and the fluted ridge of Lendenfeld. We are climbing on good snow and the and crevasses are distant. We deviate round them but they are distant from our feelings. An avalanche crashes down off to our right and the slope is perceptibly lighter - day is coming.

But the blue light of the pre-dawn brings a change. The snow is soft and squeaks and threatens to cascade into the Linda 1500 feet below. Then it is a chaotic mobile world. God! It's going! An ice axe flails before me and a crampon brushes my ear. And everything has stopped save a trickle of snow running into the bottomless we had seen but assumed safe.

From the hut a gash shows on the ridge but with the afternoon the weather breaks and it is gone. Another year will bring another attempt. Who knows?

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A WINTER TRAVERSE OF MT. FEATHERTOP

Date: Weekend of 4 - 5 July

Party: Braces, Weeny, Herman and Rumble.

I found Friday's newspaper in the lab. and turned to the weather page. As my eye followed the low pressure contours covering Victoria, my stalwart companions Braces and Herman Rothengutzen joined me. Together we discerned that the depression was expected to move into the West Tasman sea that afternoon, no doubt heading straight for New Zealand.

A telegram was quickly dispatched to the fourth member of our united band, Weeny in Benalla, saying that the trip was on.

The object of our trip was a climb of Feathertop from the Eastern face side. Those who have visited the mountain will recall that this is the steep or side overhung by the cornice.

To gain access to the east side we planned to leave from Harrietteville and cross the Razorback ridge, descending into the steep sided West Kiewa valley via the Diamantina Spur.



Rain and gusty winds lashed the car as we motored out of town. Further north the rain stopped and a few stars appeared suggesting that the weather was indeed clearing.

Weeny cheerily joined us at Benalla. We arrived at Harrietville in the small hours, pitched the tents in the usual place by the creek and were soon asleep.

At 10 a.m. next morning we shouldered the rucksacks and began the long march upwards, under overcast skies. This splendid early start can only be attributed to the excellent atmosphere of unity and oneness of spirit our team possessed, qualities which every mountaineering party strives to attain.

We stumbled into Feathertop Hut at midday. The snowline extended half an hours walk below the hut. This hut is sadly in need of some maintenance, particularly in regard to the galvanised iron chimney which has collapsed and allows snow into the hut. A club work party at the hut one summer weekend could make a valuable to a very usefully situated hut.

By the time we had consumed lunch and several hot brews, it was snowing outside.

At 2p.m. we left the hut, taking turns to break a trail through the soft snow then encountered.

Visibility was low as we found the ice encrusted memorial cairn (5830 feet). The summit of Feathertop, five hundred feet above us, was lost in mist as indeed it was to remain for the whole weekend.

We walked about a mile south along the Razorback on firm snow. We wondered if with the low visibility we may choose the wrong spur. However some hunting around and work with the compass reassured us that our final choice was correct, as it proved to be.

The Diamantina Spur drops rapidly for a start, then undulates without losing a great deal of height before taking a final steep plunge to the valley floor.

We slipped and slid down the steep final section as the light rapidly failed.

Camp was pitched in the rain, and with Herman suffering from stomach pains, we crawled into the tents to cook tea.

A dry shirt and jumper, a comfortable tent and a mug of hot soup more than compensated for our tiredness. We had come to the mountains from soft city jobs, and although unfit had crossed a range in poor weather. On the way down into the valley we had sighted and studied several ridges running up towards Feathertop from the east, the lower reaches of these being below the cloud ceiling.



After tea we lay in the tent whilst Braces read appropriate excerpts from the textbook, "The Ascent of Rum Doodle" (Rum Doodle, standing at 40,000 $\frac{1}{2}$  feet, is the worlds highest mountain).

Next morning a light covering of snow lay on the camp. Away by 8.45 a.m. we followed a jeep track down the West Kiewa to the junction of this river with Feathertop Creek.

Crossing Feathertop Creek we began climbing up the spur which runs out at the stream junction.

Light scrub and then snow gums persisted fairly high up the ridge. Finally these thinned to nothing and we were on hard snow on as steep sided but fairly broad ridge. With hard kicking Braces formed steps just sufficient to give the edge of the boot some . The thick mist left us with no real idea of our position in relation to Feathertop, as well as depriving us of the scenic aspect of the climb.

The Angle of the ridge steepened and then eased. We skirted an outcrop of rock and chopped a few steps over an icy patch as the angle again became steeper.

Sooner than expected a small cornice of soft snow appeared out of the mist, and wading through this we gained the summit ridge of Feathertop. Our spur had not quite run out on the main face as we had hoped.

As we stood wondering just where the top was, the mist thinned revealing a beautiful snow ridge to the south, dipping twice then souring skywards for several hundred feet to the summit. This view of Feathertop from the north is far more majestic than the usual one from the southern approach, and not withstanding recent New Zealand trips which we had all had, the sight left a great impression.

The ridge, more exposed on this side to the prevailing winds, proved to be of ice covered with several inches of loosely adhering snow. At this stage we rather regretted leaving the crampons at home. We roped up and hacked a stairway of steps all the way to the summit.

The cold wind barely allowed a stop on the summit. On the south side the snow was soft enough for steps to be kicked. At the memorial cairn we picked up our steps of the day before and headed full steam for Feathertop Hut, a hot brew and a late lunch.

We reached the car just as darkness fell, packed in the rucksacks and headed for home.

On the drive home plans for another trip to Feathertop began to form, next time to tackle the face proper.

Rumble

P.S. The jeep track we found in the West Kiewa valley probably follows



Dungey's track as marked on the S.C.V. map of the Bogong High Plains. If this is the case it probably leaves the Bright-Harrietville road several miles from Bright. Whether or not the track is suitable for a car is not known. If easy access could be obtained to the West Kiewa valley, climbs in this marvellous area could be done from a base camp there with a great saving of effort.

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### SNOW TRAINING TRIP

July 24-26

Leader: Peter Kneen

It was a mixed assortment that left the van at the snowline. Skis and stocks carried on some shoulders, snow shoes of ingenious design strapped to packs, and the odd ice axe wielded in unprofessional style.

It seemed a long climb up onto Erica. Snow had to be broken most of the way and the track markers were nearly all buried. At last the icy summit, where the mist and wind gave the satisfying feeling of being on a much bigger mountain. We did not linger long, for the wind was bitter, but wandered down through a maze of unfamiliar snow-gums to the remains of Talbot Peak Hut for lunch.

Then out into the wilderness. The Baw Baw Plateau, horribly devoid of distinctive land marks was made even more difficult for navigation by limited visibility. We were right on course at Talbot Peak, and several miles later we saw a marker on a tree, then nothing. Late in the afternoon the compass course lead into a valley where our assessed position on the map said a ridge should be.

Re-orientation, and we set off in a new direction. Snow and sleet were falling steadily and the way was indefinite so a rope was used, if only for the psychological benefit of togetherness. At the first suitable valley we came off the ridge and down to a campsite, welcome after a long day. Just as we were descending, the mist cleared momentarily giving an inspiring view and hope for improved weather on Sunday. A couple of the party set off to climb a mountain and find out where we were whilst the remainder pitched tents and wrung out socks. "A good meal, a sound tent, and a warm sleeping bag, all else is luxury."

Sunday dawned true to our hopes. An icy slope provided an opportunity to practice glissading, and the skiers soon found a suitable slope. It was some time before we set off, once more on compass bearing. The sun was softening the snow which made walking tiring and at this snow shoes and skiers were an advantage.

Surprise! Surprise! The party coming across the other way were seen through the trees. Shouts, greetings, directed snow, and departure, but now



it was easy going. The other party had left a well trodden trail through the snow which meant no more navigational worries and more breaking snow.

Up to Phillack and lunch, then across to Mt. Baw Baw. The trip was nearly over. The skiers spent an hour or two on the ski runs, the rest made their way down the road to the van.

As a trip designed to give experience it was an excellent success. The contrasting weather on the two days showed various snow conditions and allowed members to experience both the problems and the pleasures of this form of mountaineering.

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#### MORNING AT SILVERBAND

It is several hours since dawn, yet the camp still sleeps. The sun is just beginning to break through the morning mist revealing a pale blue sky, indicative of a fine June day. The birds have been about for some time, and call to each other as they dart about the camp seeking edibles in the dew dampened grass. Some dare to approach a tent, but retreat hurriedly at a groan or snore from a sleeping camper. Slowly the dew is drying out of the scrub and grass.

Then there is stirring in a tent, and a scruffy head extrudes from one end followed by a dishvelled body. He shivers for a moment as his blood adjusts to the morning air, much cooler than the warmth of his sleeping bag, then stretches and yawns. He pulls on his boots, but leaves the laces untied which causes his walk to appear clumsy as he makes his way to the still glowing embers of last night's fire. A few dry twigs and steady blowing soon give it new life.

Having thrown on the remaining twigs he takes a water bag down to the creek. The filled bag is left on a grassy patch of the bank while he douses his face, breathing out heavily at the first contact with the mountain chilled water. The excess soon drains from his face and he brushes back wet hair with his hands. His step is not so heavy as he returns.

The fire is burning well so he adds two chunky logs and places a blackened billy on them. The birds are now quieter, and the sun is becoming warmer. The rest of the camp will soon wake, with people appearing everywhere from green and orange tents. The fire is warming his tea water, he sits and waits.

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NEW ZEALAND 1963-1964LAND OF THE LONG, BLACK, NEVER DISAPPEARING CLOUD

The prospect of climbing on a few of New Zealand's mighty mountains was the bait which lured a nondescript horde of Aussies to the climbing course conducted by the N.Z.A.C. each summer. This year the rendezvous was the Mt. Cook National Park.

On leaving the Mt. Cook Youth Hostel, (in which the ratio of foreigners to natives was twenty to one), our party gaily set off up the Tasman Glacier for De La Beche Hut swinging their shining new ice axes and with crampons temporarily converting their rucksacs to porcupines. The objective was only a "short walk" up the glacier. "Why, the hut is just at the foot of that ridge up there." But two hours later on, that ridge looked no closer. And so, late that afternoon, when our unfit bodies eventually collapsed onto the bunks at De La Beche Hut, the New Zealand mountains had already taught us our first lesson, namely their gigantic scale.

During the days that followed, our guide, the youthful Bruce Jenkinson, set about the exasperating task of trying to make us into mountaineers. Leading us to a nearby snow slope he had us cut steps up, down and across it, then climb up and leap off into space to verify all sorts of fancy belying theories. After being tugged off half a dozen times. Bruce led us back to the hut to ponder on the inadequacy of these theories when applied to Oxometrists. By now, of course, it was snowing. Each day the guide's deep bass voice uttered words of wisdom on mountaineering which his awed audience eagerly caught. One morning it wasn't snowing, so we shot out onto the glacier to learn step cutting on its walls of white ice. Next day, feeling more venturesome, we were trekking up the glacier by 4. a.m. on firm snow, and after a brief halt for morning tea at the new Tasman Hut (8000 ft.) we traversed "The mighty Hochstetter Dom" (9258 ft.)! On the descent, however, the snow had softened and several not-so-light-footed members suddenly found themselves disappearing towards the bowels of the earth via the notorious Tasman slots. Unfortunately, we were not to be given the chance to profit by the sale of used rucksacs etc., for each of our erring members was safely extricated from his predicament. Two days later, after being unceremoniously ushered out of the flash Hermitage Hotel, we were munching Christmas dinner at the opening of a new cafe at Mt. Cook.

Before describing the next stage of our trip a brief word about the huts will be helpful. All huts in the Mt. Cook National Park are now equipped with radio, by means of which contact is made with the Park Board headquarters each night at 7 p.m. Tasman Hut which was just completed that month is situated in the most dramatic position imaginable on a tooth of rock projecting 500 ft. up out of the Tasman neeve. It is reached from the uphill side via a narrow snow ridge. It is claimed that by siting a hut thus, it can never be dislodged by avalanches. When first seen however, it gives the distinct impression that it would be dislodged by the next breath of wind. The top of the rock tooth has been levelled by blasting to provide sufficient room



on which to place a hut - but no more - for on three sides it drops sheer to the glacier below. The hut is attached by steel cables to rock bolt anchors. Three feet from its entrance door (facing north west of all directions!) is the edge of this precarious platform. So much for the Tasman Hut. By comparison Murchison hut is an old hut conventionally sited on the mountainside several hundred feet above the glacier. Measuring about 13 ft by 10 ft. (plus a small porch) it is designed to accommodate 10 people.

Throughout Boxing day a nor-wester raged, only to blow itself out again that night. Taking advantage of this break in the weather eight of us flew up the Tasman in real tourist style in a squadron of Cessnas, taking with us vast quantities of food for an anticipated twelve days climbing. All that day we ferried food (including a crate of 200 eggs) through the icefall to Tasman Hut. Next morning our plans went smoothly into action: - Geoff, Judy, Russ, and Neil went off and climbed Mt. Walter (9507 ft.) and Mt. Green (9305 ft) while Phil, Shirley, Anne and myself crossed over Tasman Saddle with about 20 man-days of food to join up with Greg, Graham and Gerry at Murchison Hut above the Murchison Glacier. In order to dodge paying hut fees, our spartan, Gerry, decided to snow cave a couple of hundred yards away from the hut with a couple of N.Z.'rs. During the week followed, by diary reads more like an extract from an account of antarctic exploration than that of a summer climbing trip in the Alps.

December 29 Nor-Wester raged outside all day.

December 30 Weather fine but still looks ominous. Quick ascent of Mt. Phyllis (8100 ft.) and Mt. Cooper (7897 ft.). Arrival of twelve more N.Z.'rs, shaken after 500 ft. fall, but only crampon spike injuries. Now 16 bods in hut, 10 camped outside in lee of hut.

December 31 Nor-Wester shook the hut furiously all night. Tents ripped apart at about 6 a.m. Now 26 people in hut 13' x 10'. Enterprising N.Z.'r removed inner porch door and suspended it from rafters as bunk in order to fit inside. Every horizontal space covered by bodies at night. Snow cavers cannot locate entrance to cave. Tasman Hut radio silent - is that hut still there?

January 1 Storm still blowing. Our radio won't work. Our food practically all gone - no sugar or saccharine left. Cannot stay outside for more than five minutes when nature calls - oh for an attack of constipation!

January 2 Storm still blowing. Greg fixed radio aerial somewhat by using bottle as insulator. Snow wall wind break constructed to serve as lavatory - a marvellous idea! Another day playing "bloody fivehundred again". Tasman radio silent, but in case they were receiving, got HZ to ask them to conserve food in case it ever fines up. "Those b.....s must be living like kings with all that food..."



- January 3 Storm still blowing, but it eased off in afternoon. Discovered snowcave again after excavating 100' x 50 ft to a depth of six feet, all fresh snow. Crampon wounds on one N.Z.'r badly need hospital care. We will have to risk making a break out soon. Everyone in hut food, rations reduced.
- January 4 Incredible, but the Nor-Wester is still blowing as hard as ever. Very little food left. At long last we have established radio contact with Tasman Hut - thank goodness they're safe - told them to pull out at first opportunity, abandoning the surplus food.
- January 5 5 a.m. Hoped to make a break for it down the Murchison Glacier (south east) but only route down to glacier from hut is into the wind and you wouldn't last 10 minutes facing it. 8 a.m. The wind has eased and we are going to give it a go!

The first two hundred yards were grim, but then we had the wind on our backs and we were plodding off down the glacier. Three hours later, we were in sunshine, and were taking our last look back over our shoulders at the place where Murchison Hut was, still shrouded in dark clouds up there in the mountains.

On revisiting with our Tasman friends the next day, we learnt that they also had had some problems. Apparently, the hut door, which faced the bad weather, had become glazed with two inches of ice making it difficult to open and almost impossible to shut. When calls from nature could no longer be ignored they found it necessary to don full storm clothing, and crampons, and to carefully belay the traveller from inside the hut until he returned.

A couple of days after leaving Mt. Cook, we were staggering up the park-like Matukituki valley in pouring rain, bent double under our 70 lb. loads. One member of the party, whom I shall not name, had about 90 lb. for he believed in always having on hand an endless supply of those odds n ends "which might come in handy some time." Our plan was to climb Mt. Aspiring (9957'), "the Matterhorn of New Zealand", and then to leave the Matukituki Valley climbing up to Dart Hut via the "Culler's Route", then to walk down the Rees Valley to take Wakitipu. But the weather had other plans in store for us.

In less heavily laden circumstances the ten mile walk up the matukituki valley to Aspiring Hut would be pure joy, for you pass up an open grassy valley about half a mile wide from which beach clad mountainsides leap upwards to a world of snow and rock one mile above you. It is small wonder that the N.Z.A.C. provided for the comfortable accommodation of fifty people when it built Aspiring Hut.

For the next three days it rained. During that time we discovered what a formidable task we had ahead of us. We went to the head of the Matukituki valley to reconnoitre the Bevan Col route to Mt. Aspiring, but the Eiger would surely have looked more inviting, for all we saw was grey greasy slabs disappearing into the murk above. We returned, drenched and dispirited, to the log fire at



Aspiring Hut after almost losing Russ in an icy river crossing. On the next day, to boost our sorely depleted morale, we investigated the Culler's Route, only to find that it too was in a dangerous condition and could not be used for a while.

Then suddenly, one morning, it was fine. For the first time we could see the gleaming summit of Aspiring ten miles away and one and a half miles above us. Was this just another trap of Huie's to lure us into his grasp again? Our crystal ball was suffering from a bout of homesickness so it couldn't help us. Eventually however, we thought of a cunning scheme. We would be suckers, but would take with us an insurance in the form of one week's supply of food to guard against the notoriously possessive tendencies of Todd Hut in foul weather.

Profiting by our reconnaissance, our party of nine reached French Ridge Bivvy (7' x 8' x 7') in good time that day. Next morning we were away early in glorious weather, cramponing across the snowslopes of Mt. French to the "Breakaway", one of the niches through which the enormous ice cliffs of the Bonar Glacier tumble down from their plateau to the Matukituki. After a brief diversion to the summit of Mt. Joffre, we trudged the four miles down the Bonar Glacier to the Colin Todd Memorial Hut on the Shipowner Ridge of Mt. Aspiring. But that afternoon, we noticed the first signs of the inevitable - a light breeze had sprung up from the north west.

By next morning it was blowing in occasional gusts, but we were away at 4 a.m. in a race with the weather. An hour and a half later, we were dismayed by the discovery that we had tackled the wrong side of a giant gendarme on the north west ridge and had to descend a precious 1500 ft. to rectify matters. Meanwhile, the bad weather clouds had already obscured the first peaks out to the west. Then we were trying to recover our lost time cramponing back up again, acutely aware of the disparity between the calls of the spirit and the response of the flesh.

Suddenly we were on the summit, jubilant, and New Zealand lay beneath us. Stretching away to the horizon in all directions was a sea of countless peaks all heavily mantled with snow from the recent storms. Right beneath our noses, the jagged Coxcomb Ridge dropped away sharply in a succession of upthrust knife blades, and we marvelled at the skill of the only four people by whom it has been conquered. But we must be off, or Huie will catch us. A couple of hours later, after reaching the hut in a "white-out", we were sipping hot tea feeling that we had just awakened from a glorious dream.

Next morning we were fortunate in that the nor'wester which had been buffetting the hut all night was not yet very cold despite its ferocity. But the really cold conditions which usually accompany the next phase of a nor'wester were due to set in very soon. If we did not escape from Todd Hut immediately, we would be stuck there for days. Besides, the log fire down at Aspiring Hut was beckoning. We all agreed it was worth risking. The wind direction was the deciding factor - it would be blowing on our backs while we crossed the Bonar to the Breakaway. We were now grateful to the New Zealanders whose advice we had applied on the way up by carefully noting the compass bearing from the Breakaway unable to turn back into the wind if we missed it.



The gamble came off o.k.

After a rapid descent to the Matukitaki we were confronted with an equally formidable barrier - the river had risen above two feet! Its powerful grey-blue waters were now sweeping past at a truly fantastic speed. We were wet through and had no camping gear. Racking our brains, we recalled the words of our learned guide. In no time we had cut down a stoud tree about twenty feet long. Then clinging desperately onto it, we advanced into the keeping the log parallel to the current. Thanks solely to the large size of our party, this technique proved effective and an hour later, we squelched into Aspiring Hut.

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The passing of another week (of almost unbroken rain of course!) found three of us playing cards at Homer Hut near Milford Sound waiting for it to fine up. In the preceding six weeks we had had a mere five fine days. But at Milford, rain is accepted philosophically since its average daily rainfall is one inch! Being optimists at heart, we were hoping to snatch a couple of quick climbs in this area, the Darran Mountains, before catching the plane back home again.

The Darrans, one rapidly discovers, are very different from the majority of New Zealand's mountains. They rise abruptly from the valley floor in fierce-looking cliffs covered with snow grass and moss. Consequently, on most climbs, the most difficult part is getting off the floor of the valley. (To our everlasting shame, I must confess that we even descended about as low as a mountaineer can go by using the fixed cable provided for the assistance of ailing mountaineers on one climb.) As one gains height however, one is relieved to find that foreshortening had exaggerated the steepness of these snowgrass slopes. The snowgrass predominates for about the first 3000 ft during which distance (or height, rather) one is easily lulled into a false feeling of security simply because one has something to hang on to all the time. But it is treacherous, for once a slip has started there is practically no resistance to a body sliding over it as we discovered on a descent into a small basin.

Apparently, Huie had decided to make amends for his prolonged misbehaviour, because, after we had been waiting in Homer Hut for only two days, the weather fined up miraculously. Of course this sudden change in tactics took me completely by surprise, for I had stayed up till 4 a.m. playing cards with some New Zealanders and once in the sack nothing could shift me. But Russ and Geoff, fortified by a good night's sleep, raced off and conquered Mt. Macherson. Resolving not to get caught in this way again, I mended my ways, and so, in the following three days, Geoff, Russ and myself claimed Mt. Crosscut, (7500 ft.), Students' Peak (6400 ft.), and a traverse of Mt. Barrier (6900 ft.). With this final spurt we ended our holiday in New Zealand on a successful note.



Some future year, when plodding wearily back down some glacier in the midday sun, we shall pause and reflect that its not like it used to be "back in '63".

Dave Allen.

### Useful Information:

1. Party Dave Allen, Phil Waring, Geoff Hill, Russ Judge, Greg Martin, Graham Hirst, Neil Sadler, Gerry Jacobson, Anne Hartnett, Judy Sadler, Gerry Jacobson, Anne Hartnett, Judy Horgan, Shirley Madigan.
2. Costs Return air fare £78 with 10% discount. Hut fees usually about 4/6 per day for N.Z.A.C. members, 12/6 per day for non members. Hut fees, food, equipment, film etc. cost about £80 for six weeks.
3. Maps Mt. Cook and Alpine Regions (from Bevan Napper)  
Mt. Aspiring (from N.Z.A.C.)  
Darran, Earl and Wick Mountains (from Ralph Miller, Invercargill).
4. Huts used and their capacities.  
Mt. Cook area: De La Beche (8); Malte Brun (35);  
Tasman (8); Murchison (10);  
Matukituki area: Aspiring (50); French Bivvy (6)  
Colin Todd (8); Homer Huts (36).
5. Food Specialised mountaineering foods were obtained from Mountain Equipment Ltd. (Bevan Napper) in Christchurch. Bevan purchases for you all normal groceries direct from a grocer called Rex Cheney, then parcels and sends the food to a suitable pick-up point a couple of days before you are to arrive there. This arrangement is strongly recommended as it is very difficult to obtain many foods in even large towns near the mountains. Note that Bevan likes to receive his orders a month before delivery.



SNOW CAMPING

"The choofer has gone out!"  
 "Won't take a minute and we'll have it going again."  
 "Hey! don't burn the b----- tent down."  
 "Give me a towel to throw over it."

---//---

"Where's the soup?"  
 "It was over in that corner."  
 "There's only wet socks!"  
 "It must be under them."  
 "Oops! I've got a cramp."  
 "Careful - watch that soup water!"  
 "What'd you say?"  
 "It's too late now."  
 "B-----! sewn in groundsheets, once its in you can't get it out."

---//---

"Tea or coffee?"  
 "Tea thanks."  
 "Where is it?"  
 "I gave it to you."  
 "Then its in my pack."  
 "Where's your pack?"  
 "Outside."  
 "Well would ypu mind elevating your fat --- and getting it?"  
 "Let's settle for coffee!"

---//---

"I can't do up the flap!"  
 "The guys must be too tight."  
 "Well get out and loosen them!"  
 "Be blowed, you put them in."  
 "If you hadn't spent half an hour playing mountaineering in NZ and helped with the tent it mightn't have happened. Anyway it will be you who'll be cold, I've at least got a walled bag."  
 "Go to hell!"

---//---

"I'll have to go soon. Hell it's cold out of the sleeping bag. It must be even colder outside. My boots must be nearly frozen. Five agonising minuted to untie the flap, another five to tie it up again. Come on, if you don't think about it you won't notice it. That wind will be icy but. I wonder if I can hold out till morning?"

---//---

We trust that those who attempted to climb aBallarat bank on the Queen's Birthday weekend have not been arrested yet for breaking and entering.



ACCIDENT AT ARAPILES

Under the headlines of "Rescue on a Mountain" the Wimmera Mail Times, July 13, devoted half its front page to a climbing accident at Mt. Arapiles. It described how Andrew Smith, a young and up-and-coming member of the U.C.C., broke his leg in a fall over half-way up the cliff.

Andrew was attempting to lead the direct finish to a climb called the Eighth when his foothold gave way and he fell to the broad ledge below hitting his second Glen Deverend, bouncing off into a bush and breaking his leg. Stephen Craddock, the third member of their party went off to get help with his father, who had been watching, whilst Ian Guild and myself, who were lower on the same climb at the time, tried to keep Andrew comfortable.

Dr. Sutherland of Natimuk returned with Bob Craddock to the ledge and put Andrew's legs in a splint. We elected to raise Andrew to the top since after traversing some distance, a foot haul would lead to a spot accessible by scrambling. The traverse was probably the most harrowing part of a long afternoon as we had no stretcher, no morphine and the ledge narrowed to a mere two feet with a 350' drop beside it. The ground was not suitable for ropes.

It was a long afternoon. Andrew fell about 1.30 p.m. and the stretcher party reached the ambulance at 6.15 p.m. Throughout this time Andrew experienced a lot of pain but he showed himself a brave and enduring patient.

Two things that impressed me most about the rescue were 1. We were fortunate to have a party of a dozen or so people climbing there at the time. It takes a surprising number of people and ropes to move a disabled person over rough ground let alone up or down a cliff.

2. This club has no suitable rescue equipment at all. Collapsible stretchers are available off the shelf in England and since this accident might well have occurred within our club we must have one as soon as possible, and make it available to the climbing fraternity in Victoria.

The final feature was the manner in which the people of and Horsham rallied round us. Mr. Ian Ludholz, Dr. Sutherland and the ambulance driver perhaps contributed most but there were many anxious faces at the top of the cliff and we thank them all.

F.H.



CLIMBERS:

IN EVENT OF ACCIDENTS - where to go for help

Sugarloaf - as in V.C.C. hut.

Hanging Rock - Caretaker.

Arapilles - in summer: nearest 'phone is at fire watch tower above Watchtower face.

at other times: nearest 'phone is at Langudholz's farm,  
follow dirt road past the picnic ground.  
Take the first turn left then first turn right,  
and farm is in a grove of gum trees.

Contacts: - Dr. Sutherland,  
Cnr., Main and Schuman Sts.,  
Natimuk.  
'Phone, Natimuk 76.

Ambulance: 'phone Horsham 938

Police: 'phone Natimuk 9

-oOo-

CLUB MAP LIBRARY

The club has a library of over 300 maps, covering areas of interest in Victoria, Tasmania, New Zealand and parts of N.S.W.

The library is kept at Aikman's Road, and there are indexes available.

Additions to Map Library

<u>Victoria:</u>	298	Mt. Feathertop M.B.W. 1" = 1 mile.
	307	Bruthen A, B, C, D Lands Dept.
	308	Murrungowar F.C.V.
<u>Tasmania:</u>	295	Nive 1" = 1 mile Lands Dept.
<u>N.S.W.:</u>	309	Barrington Tops District.
	310	Snowy Mtns. Area Geological.
<u>Sth. Australia:</u>	311	Flinders Ranges (Wilpena Pound).
<u>New Zealand:</u>	300	Westland and Mt. Cook National Park
	301	Fiordland National Park
	302	Arthur's Pass National Park
	303	Otago 1" = 4 miles



304	Christchurch Topographical
305	Canterbury Regional
306	Amuat 1" = 4 miles

### Victorian Climbing Club Circulars

These circulars, which contain details of most new ascents by V.C.C. members, are kept in the map library.

-oOo-

### ROCK CLIMBING.

There are many private climbing trips throughout the year, often arranged only a few days beforehand. It would be appreciated, if a small notice giving general details, could be placed in the bottom right hand corner of the club notice board. This would enable other enthusiasts to participate.

-oOo-

### STOP PRESS!!

None engagements!

So congratulations to John Steel, Robin Hawthorne and Marie Murphy, and Phil Willy and Val Clarke.

-oOo-



FIRST AID FOR LONGER TRIPS - 2 weeks or more

For longer trips in remote areas, eg. SW Tas., the extra items of medical equipment needed to supplement the basic MUMC Kit are ; (as set out in Equip. for Mtneering.)

Carbantrum Tablets - for diarrhoea &c.  
 Dexedrine (stimulant) & Oral Pethedine (painkiller)  
 Oral Penicillin - to combat serious infection,  
 Sulphadimine and  
 Urolucosil tablets - form of sulpha tablet.

These can only be obtained with a doctor's prescription. The Club does not stock these items because of their perishability (they are safe for a short period only), and because of Health Regulation regarding them. However these items should be taken on trip of this nature. It is suggested that anyone planning a trip such as this should begin by discussing it with a doctor, find out what medical equipment is necessary, obtain the necessary prescriptions, and obtain instructions regarding the drugs (such instructions should be strictly followed). Any big trip should be discussed with a doctor.

The remaining items suggested in 'Equip. For Mtneering', which also should be taken on long trips, are available from the Club. These are the suture outfit (incl. instructions), the Spencer Wells forceps, and the Gypsona bandages. Arrangements to take these can be made by any member contemplating a long trip.

Further information regarding medical needs for these trips can be obtained from Peter Kneen or Peter Burden.

-----

Following a talk with a doctor it is clear that:-  
 everyone should carry a personal medical kit  
 the MUMC kit need not be found necessary to be opened  
 except at meal breaks or when the party is forced to stop.  
 The MUMC kit should be carried at the rear of the party  
**NO-ONE SHOULD ATTEMPT A TRIP IF THEY ARE FEELING UNWELL:-**  
 on a trip secondary infection can occur very easily.



# C O N T I N E N T A L W A N D E R I N G S

## February 4

Sightseeing in the Dolomites in the Marmolada region before going on to the Olympics at Innsbruck. A long walk up to the Pordoijoch and Sella Pass gave fine views of cliffs and pinnacles characteristic of the Dolomites, now very formidable with their winter plastering of snow and ice.

## February 21

No such things for us as all mod. cons. with ski-accommodation in Austria! At Lech in the Arlberg Province, we had taken a comfortable room in one corner of an old log building set back into the snow slopes below a pine forest on the outskirts of the village. We could have paid more than 14/- per night for bed and breakfast of course - but then would not have had six cows as winter tenants of the adjoining room, and a great mound of cowshed sweepings barely three feet from our door. But skiing conditions were good and the weather clear. On the first morning in Lech, a cloudless blue sky, the 9.30 a.m. temperature was minus 14°C.

## February 25

Cable car and chair lift took our small party to the crest of the ridge less than a mile from the summit of the Schmittenhöhe. We traversed the ridge on skis, made several runs on steep slopes of good powder then climbed to the top for glorious views of the Grossglockner peaks to the South and the great frozen lake of Zell am See thousands of feet below. But no hope of enjoying these from a silent and lonely mountain top - for this lies beneath the crowded wining and dining terraces of a great hotel. The 1,000 metre descent gave first an excellent run down an open ridge then plunged down a steep, winding trail cut through the pine forests.

## March 17

Heavy snowfalls had transformed Innsbruck into a christmas-card village and given fresh hope to thousands of skiers disappointed by the lack of snow on the higher slopes. But no more skiing for me this season; it was time to head westward for Chamonix - on foot. What better way to see some of Europe's finest alpine scenery? But at 7 a.m. that morning an icy wind swept large snow flakes through the quiet streets of Innsbruck and the first of 'Europe's finest alpine scenery', was lost in dark grey clouds. Ignoring the cake shops, restaurants, etc. I started out along a long white road, disappearing up the Engadine Valley .....



March 26

..... The half-way mark to Chamonix had been reached and I was at the head of the Rhein Valley. Heavy snow and rain had fallen most days so far and the 26th was no exception. I left the small village of Sedrun at 9 a.m. and began the climb up to the Oberalp Pass. Within  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles of the pass the road was buried by deep drifts of soft snow, a little higher up a V.W. had been abandoned, and at about 6,500' a collection of orange-painted buildings (a roadwork camp) resembled a lonely Antarctic outpost - large drifts had piled up against the deserted buildings and a freezing wind swirled snow around them and howled through masts and cables. Beyond the camp only a line of snowpoles marked the direction of the road until the pass was reached. Here were signs of life however, as a small train brings skiers to the pass throughout the winter months and a restaurant and a few small lodges are able to remain open. Across the pass I kept mainly to the railway, unable to pick up the widely-spaced poles in the mist, until reaching the lower slopes. It was mid-afternoon before I got down to Andermatt and thawed out, feeling very weary after hours of plodding through soft snow .....

April 4

..... Not even warm clothes and a Twenty-Below bag were good enough to withstand the overnight freeze while camped on the Col des Montets at the head of the Chamonix Valley. I gladly made an early start and enjoyed a leisurely finish to the trip down valley, fascinated by glimpses through grey clouds of a skyline of granite spires and well-known peaks of the French Alps - north face of the Dru, Aig. du Midi, Aig. du Midi, Aig. Verte, Mont Blanc, etc. It was Saturday morning and now that the 430 mile walk was over I had every intention of a lazy weekend in the restaurants and bars of Chamonix. This was short-lived however - a letter waiting at Chamonix and deteriorating weather resulted in a sudden change of plans. In the afternoon I hitch-hiked 100 miles to Grenoble to visit Queenslander Ron Cox, with every intention of a lazy weekend in the restaurants and bars of Grenoble.

April 5

No hope of a lazy day in Grenoble though! Ron's alarm went off at 5.45 a.m., we had coffee and Vin Rouge in a cafe and caught a bus to a road near the village of La Mort, 16 miles South. Somewhere above us in the thick mist was the 8,700' summit of Le Taillefer. We climbed steadily up through the pine forest, the snow becoming deeper and softer, and in a total white-out above the treeline lost a lot of time in trying to keep to a broad ridge. Thus at 2 p.m. we were still 1200' below the summit. Occasional breaks in the cloud later in the afternoon showed the ridges and faces of snow and rock above and on all sides, ideal in winter for this 'Sunday-climbing'. Our effort ended with a fast run down the slopes just in time to catch the 5 p.m. bus in Grenoble. There we changed out of soaked clothes and sat down to a huge meal of bread, cheese and wine.



April 12

A day with members of the French Alpine Club on the rocks in Fontainebleau Forest. Scattered through the latter are outcrops of low boulders (similar to Hanging Rock) providing an ideal training ground for the Paris section of the Club. To make it more interesting however, 'circuits' have been laid out - marked by discreetly painted arrows on the rocks. Climbers follow these, up one side of a boulder, down the other, on to the next, and so on around the circuit, taking in almost every variety of movement from the simplest steps to the most strenuous overhangs. After over an hour on a 'red' circuit, my energetic French hosts had reduced me to a sweating, aching and knee-shaking wreck. On one of the higher slabs where ropes were necessary I had to have an interpreter perched nearby to translate and relay messages to and from the person belaying. The overhangs and smooth slabs studded with pitons and expansion bolts, pairs of P.A.'s rapidly disappearing up the slabs, crowds of climbers aged from 10 to 50, and a great array of etriers, coloured ropes and ironmongery was proof of the popularity of climbing. The trip back to Paris was a hair-raising dash through a 25-mile long, 3-lane wide jam of traffic, every car intent on getting there first.

April 14

The beginning of a strenuous week of armchair-climbing with an old friend in London - Bob Jones.

April 26

Scotland - and the long-awaited lazy weekend, at a small fishing village on the coast East from Inverness.

"Four and twenty ....."

Uncle Fred.

-oOo-

Congratulations are extended to John Cayley and Glenys Wilson on their recent engagement.

We also extend our congratulations to Ted Powell on his engagement.

-oOo-



RECIPEBILLABONG FLY LICEIngredients :-

- 1/3 cup of rice per person
- 1 packet of salted peanuts
- 1 diced green apple //
- 1 rasher of bacon per person
- 1 1/2 - 2oz of mixed dehy per person
- 1 teaspoonful of shredded ginger or garlic //
- butter & salt (or "CU" sauce)

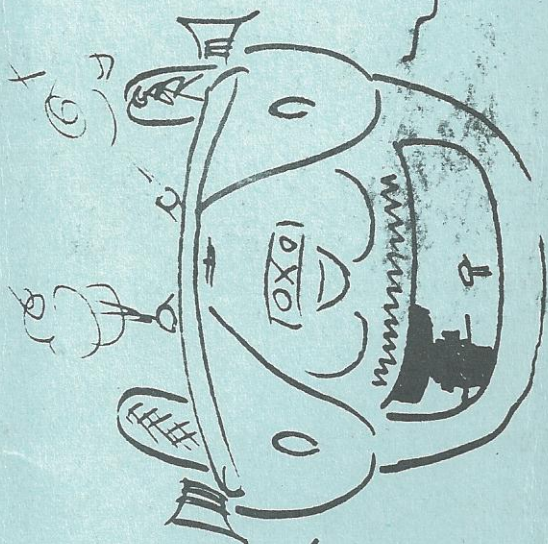
Preparation :-

- (i) soak dehy well
- (ii) cook rice
- (iii) squeeze out excess water from dehy in hankkerchief
- (iv) rinse off starchy water from rice
- (v) drain off excess water from rice
- (vi) brown chopped bacon in butter
- (vii) add all other ingredients slowly stir whilst frying
- (viii) add salt or "CU" sauce to taste

// Extras which will give that real TONG (exotic) flavour

If it's not wallie lice swear in CHINESE!

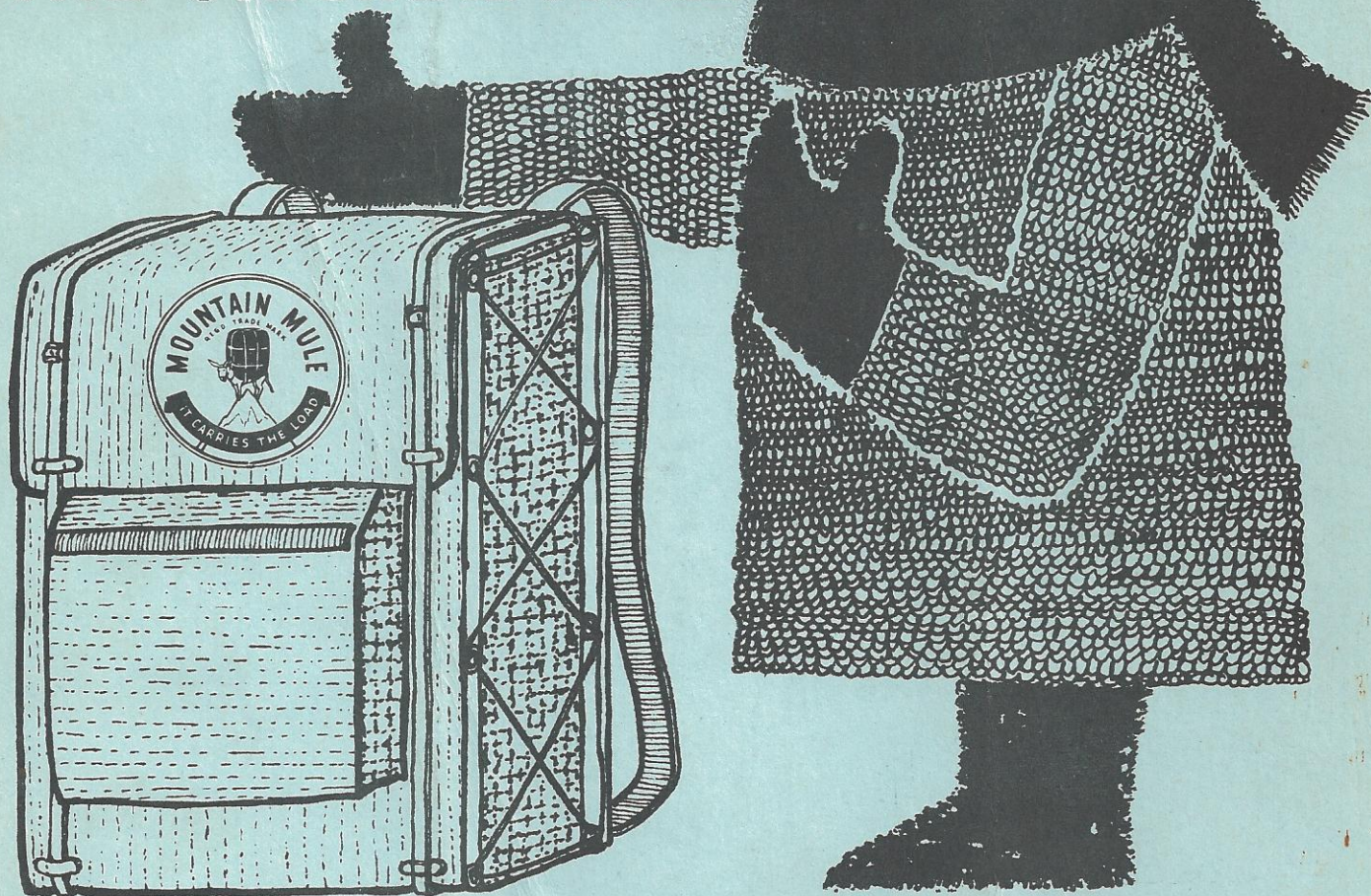








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