

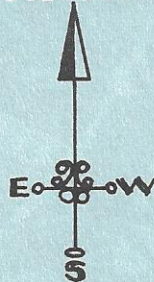


**THE MOUNTAINEER**

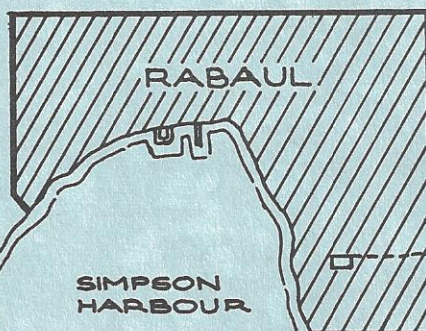
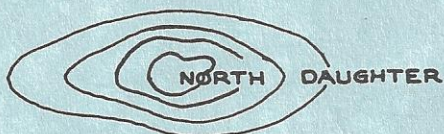


PACIFIC OCEAN

NORTH



SCALE: 1" = 1 MILE  
ROUTE TAKEN ---



SIMPSON HARBOUR

NORDUP VILLAGE

CAMP

RABALANKAIA

THE MOTHER

BAI VILLAGE

THE BEEHIVES

MATUPI CRATER

SOUTH DAUGHTER

VULCAN CRATER





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This is the last edition the present editor will publish and she would like to thank all those who have helped improve the standard of the magazine in the last 2 years. John McLean is going to take over from this point and I hope that all the support is given to him also.

It looks like the Feathertop Hut is well underway. Tony Kerr requests that all forms (issued with the last edition) be returned to him as soon as possible. It is necessary that everyone who can will help to make this project a success.

Trips are mainly centred on Feathertop and were in the last special Hut issue.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS PRESENT !

'EQUIPMENT FOR MOUNTAINEERING' - 1965 EDITION

Costs 4/6 - Worth much more.





a word from Fred (cont.)

There was no old school of 'do-it-the-hard-way' climbers in Chamonix and our South-West days were long past, so we felt no shame in taking the cable car up to the 12,400 ft. station on the Aiguille du Midi on our way over the Alps to the Italian side. From the Midi it was an easy walk across the snowfields of the Vallee Blanche to the crest of the Alps forming the French-Italian border and to the Torino Hut just below a Pass. That was on July 25th and our time was a little restricted, but the Aiguille du Geant was too tempting - a great finger of granite not far East along the ridge.

So we made an early start next morning ahead of a large number of parties and made a quick ascent of the Geant. The route was neither long nor difficult, a text-book climb on small holds on steep and exposed slabs on the North-West face. Behind us, at sunrise, the Brenva face of Mont Blanc was a blaze of colour and the ice faces on the Peuterey glistened - photogenic but not so inviting. On the way down, the heads and shoulders of ascending parties made excellent holds, but really - their language! Tch! Tch! The number of parties on these more popular routes is a hazard not to be taken lightly.

Back at Torino we had a good lunch and set off down the steep track to Courmayeur in Italy, one eye on the crumbling rock beneath our feet and one on the outline of the Peuterey over to our right. From the valley it rose sharply to the Aiguille Noire, an immense needle that was thankfully avoided on the route, dropped to the pinnacles on the Breche Nord then rose again steeply to disappear into clouds at about 14,000 ft. The detail of the ridge was lost in a blue haze behind a fan of light rays from a break in the clouds and it became an oil painting rather than the long climb it promised and proved to be.

The approach to the Gamba Hut on the 27th recalled Tasmanian days, a few miles walking up the valley on a rough track through forests and then up steep grassy slopes above the treeline, drenched by a heavy thunderstorm. The Gamba was just above 8,700 ft. and the starting point for the route. There we dried out, dined on spaghetti and crawled under the blankets early in the evening, ready for a 1 a.m. call by the Warden.

To awaken early and find that the weather was bad was not really a disappointment and it was so pleasant to turn over and go back to sleep - instead of getting up shivering and stumbling about in the dark preparing to leave. At 9 a.m. the weather was still unsettled but as there was the possibility of it clearing we left an hour later, intending to go up to the Craven Bivouac on the Breche Nord to be in a good position to continue the climb as soon as it did.



a word from Fred (cont.)

The Aiguille Blanche had three summits connected by airy knife-edges of snow from which one could spit onto the glacier several thousand feet below. From the third summit we abseiled 300 ft. down the steep rock face and further 150 ft. down a wall of hard ice to avoid a long bout of step-cutting. The stretch in our doubled 300 ft. rope just allowed us to drop over the lip of the 'schrund' at the foot of the wall onto the easy slope leading out to the Col de Peutery.

It was then 4 p.m. and we still had 2,600 ft. of the Peutery to climb, it was going to be a long day! Height was rapidly gained on the following rock ridge but approaching the Grand Pilier d'Angle, the summit of a great buttress to the ridge, progress became slow, the ridge by then was a series of gendarmes separated by ice walls and aretes. There was several hundred feet of this until gaining the beginning of the clear snow ridge. But at 7 p.m. it was pointless to attempt the remaining 1,200 ft. of snow and ice on the ridge ahead, the next best thing was to find a ledge and bivouac for the night. About forty feet below the ridge we cleared ice and rock from a sloping ledge, built a low wall round it and roped ourselves to the steep face. It was neither comfortable nor roomy and we were cold and weary. With feet in rucksacks, all spare clothing on and covered by a plastic sheet we passed a sleepless night, watching the slow progress of the stars in their lazy arc overhead and the twinkling of lights in villages far below. The primus was lit almost hourly to melt another block of ice for a warm drink, until 1 a.m. when, after a long history of Vic., Tas., and N.Z. brewing, the burner collapsed. We persevered with it but to no avail, the 'choofer' was finished. That meant no more warm food or drink and worse still no more water. But sitting up there in the silence at 14,300 ft. the discomforts didn't really matter and it was an experience not to be regretted. Had the weather changed it would have been a different story. However, we did make a mental note to always carry a few cigars for the next bivouac (not to mention a Duvet or light sleeping bag and gas primus).

Next morning, the 30th, we began moving at daylight but it was 6.30 a.m. before we had thawed out boots, equipment and ourselves and were ready to leave. The ridge for the first part was a sharp arete, icy beneath the surface and the cornices and exposure ensured cautious movement. This eased out to a gentle snowface on which we could safely pause to take in the view extending over the entire Swiss Alps, every summit remarkably distinct and blue beneath a golden sky.

But our joy was shortlived - the ridge steepened, became harder until it was a sheet of bare ice, the exposure increased and the roasting sun, tiredness and thirst slowed us even more. It became necessary for one to belay the other from ice pitons because of the exposure, thus foot by foot we moved upward. Two thirds of the way up the face, the shaft of my axe split, after a few more steps it shattered completely to add to the general difficulties. At midday, after what had seemed to be endless hours of step-cutting, we broke through the cornice of Mont Blanc de Courmayeur 15,570 ft. and dropped onto the summit, thankful for ground that was safe and level by comparison.



MT. BUFFALO GORGE - THE NORTH WALL

One of the scenic spots at Buffalo, the North wall, just opposite the chalet, is perhaps the greatest rock climbing challenge in Victoria. General early attempts which included personalities such as Bob Jones and Fred Mitchell had in the frost, managed to climb about 100 ft. of the 600 ft. wall before retreating. On an extra long weekend embracing cupday, four climbers, Ted Batty and Reg Williams from the V.C.C., and Mike Stone and Ian Speedie from the M.U.M.C., began the 1965 attempts.

The wall is composed of enormous, absolutely holdless granite slabs, joined by sharp cracks, corners and aretes. About 200 ft. from the bottom, of the near vertical wall, is a large grass and tree covered ledge. This represents the first objective. Beyond this is a central series of cracks leading to a 150 ft. chimney, and then 150 ft. of exit cracks, this constituted the main route.

The Saturday was spent in reconnaissance, climbing to the bottom of the gorge in the afternoon to determine a route to the ledge. The following day, rising early, the party began climbing at 9.30 on an apparently straight forward corner (diedre) to the ledge. This was reached by midday following some hard severe grade leading by Reg. On the ledge, following a snack, the seemingly simple flake, at the foot of the main line was found to require artificial aids, and took 2 hours of high grade climbing. By this time it was obvious the route would not 'go' on this day, so Mike and Ted set off to pioneer an escape route up the obvious ramp, to the left of the ledge, leading to the top of the wall, while Reg and myself moved up the main line as far as possible to reconnoitre the main route, and study the immediate problems. Retreating back to the ledge at 5 p.m., we followed Mike and Ted, using the fixed ropes they left behind for direct aid. This apparently simple ramp, began with an unprotected 100 ft. 'hard severe' chimney. This was a fine lead by Mike, and we were glad of the rope left. The party of 4 moved on at top speed in an attempt to escape before dark, but were stopped 60 ft. short by a completely smooth vertical wall just as darkness closed in at 7.30 p.m.

A fire was lit and a rest taken, during which it was decided to "bolt bash" the 30 ft. wall. This was commenced at 8.30 p.m., by torch light, each member placing a bolt and retreating to rest, whilst the following members took their turns. The last bolt (8th) was placed, at 2.00 a.m., and from the ledge so reached, we scrambled to the top. On leaving the North wall, we had an excellent view of the comet recently discovered by the Japanese astronomers, and so named the escape route, - "Comet Ramp".

On our return to camp, we removed the ice from our billies, and had some food before retiring at dawn. The main route, at present half climbed, will be attempted again in the near future. It promises to be mixed artificial and free climbing of high standard.

Ian Speedie

\* \* \* \* \*



Climbing with Confidence (cont.)

The results of the tests illustrate the significance of shape. It is desirable to have the line of action of the load as close as possible to the spine, thus reducing the stress in the keeper and minimizing the tendency of the hook to open should the keeper fail. The design of the keeper and latch mechanism is of paramount importance since this is the weakest part of the link. Some of the latches had undesirable sharp corners giving high stress concentration; in others, failure occurred by shearing of the hinge pin or keeper pin. Hardness values were found to vary considerably, suggesting that there was often inadequate control of heat treatment during manufacture.

A new standard of performance is put forward, using the assumption that the karabiner should not fail before the rope. It is recommended that a screw-sleeve karabiner should withstand a load of 4,500 lb. with the keeper closed and that the work done to primary failure should not be less than 25 ft./ lb.

Further information is given in National Engineering Laboratory Report No. 162 available from N.E.L., East Kilbride, Glasgow.

\* \* \* \* \*

NOTICES, GOSSIP ETC.

Antarctic exiles will soon be back. Those who wish to write to them, the mail closes for Mawson

Noon 22nd December, 1965

G.P.O. Melbourne,  
M.V. Nella Dan.

Mail should be addressed as follows :

Mr. ....  
A.N.A.R.E.,  
Mawson,  
C/o Superintendent of Mails,  
G.P.O. Melbourne, Vic.

and endorsed "per M.V. Nella Dan".

.....

We have heard that 4 eager souls at Mawson are trying to get fit after their winter bludge; on a 440 yard ice cinder track.

.....



Notices, Gossip Etc. (cont.)

There has been a rush of engagements in the last few months. Editor is still catching up with them. Some examples:

Richard Schmidt and Jeannette Boer

Lorraine Symons and Dave Allen

Allan Mousland and Lois Barton

Congratulations and best wishes.

Rob Taylor is now on his way home. He seemed to have a very good year in Europe. One letter we received, about his Alpine season in the Silvretta group of the Australian Alps and then the Sella group of the Italian Dolomites. He has done several climbs :

Gross Litzner	N.E. Ridge	(III)
Gross Litzner	N. Wall	(V - )
Sellce Tower	No. 1	(IV)
Sellce Tower	No. 2 North Wall	(IV)
Sellce Tower	No. 3 N.W. Arete	(III)
Sellce Tower	No. 3 W. Face	(V)
Sass Pordoi	S. Pillar	(IV)
Sasso Levante	S. Face 2000'	(V)

No doubt we will get some good stories when he gets back.

DON'T MISS OUT!!!

on 'EQUIPMENT FOR MOUNTAINEERING'

1965 Edition now available and selling fast at 4/6.

Supplies are not unlimited so HURRY!

\* \* \* \* \*



The Mother (cont.)

From the peak of the Mother to Bai Village we dropped 2,200 feet vertically within a somewhat lesser distance horizontally which brought us out to the sea. Without hesitation we walked fully clothed into the sea and cooled off. After being treated to numerous coconut drinks and mandarines by the local natives we set off on our return trip via Nordup Village. Once on the road again a truck lift brought us home within 24 hours of beginning the trip.

Recommendations : Take plenty of water, film and energy and it is the best short trip you will ever do.

Phil and Val Willy

\* \* \* \* \*

IN THE VALE OF RASSELAS

Date : 26th December - 4th January, 1964 - 5.

Party : Sue Bail, Sandra Barnes, Dave Hogg, Graeme Jameson, Rob Taylor.

Maps : Lands Dept. Provisional "Wedge" and "Nive" 1" = 1 ml.  
H.W.C. Sketch Map "Rasselas Valley" 1" = 1 ml.

Whenever bushwalking in Tasmania is mentioned, most walkers think automatically of the Cradle Mt. - Lake St. Clair Reserve, probably the most popular walking spot in Australia. The more experienced ones think also of South West Tasmania, one of the country's most rugged areas, with Maydena as a popular starting point for trips in this region. Very few, however, give a thought, or even know very much about the area which fills in the 40-odd miles between Maydena and the South end of Lake St. Clair. This area, containing the Rasselas Valley, the Denison and King William Ranges and Lake King William, is seldom visited by bushwalkers, especially those from the mainland. Perhaps this is because of the lack of tracks in the area, or the fact that there is very little published information on these parts. Setting out on Boxing Day, we decided to find out more about the area and concluded that the views and the walking compared quite favourably with the more popular parts of Tasmania.

Starting from Maydena, we followed the road, then the old Adams field track to the Florentine River which was reached for lunch on the second day. On crossing the Florentine, a sign-posted and well-defined track led north, first through the forest, then across button grass, towards the Gordon River. To the west stood the Thumbs, presumably named because of the rocky crags on top which resembled a protruding thumb. Camp that night was made on the Huntley Creek, about 2 miles before the Gordon.



In the Vale of Rasselas (cont.)

It had been our plan to go out via the King William Range but as we were now two days behind schedule, we decided to keep going along the button grass between the King William and Mt. Hobhouse to Lake King William, where we reached civilization at the Butler's Gorge dam.

It seems apparent to me that this area does not receive from bush-walkers, the attention it deserves. Admittedly it lacks the facilities of the Reserve and is certainly not the area for an inexperienced party. The general terrain and weather conditions are not as severe as the South West, but the lack of tracks makes navigational ability a necessity and the creeks are very prone to overnight flooding, as we witnessed. The peaks are not quite as high as those in the Reserve, nor as rugged as those in the Arthur Ranges, but are none the less quite spectacular, especially in the Denison Range with its beautiful mountain lakes. Gordonvale itself adds a rather unique touch to trips in the area. Between 10 and 14 days would be ideal for a trip through the area, and I can certainly recommend it to anyone who has seen the more popular areas in Tasmania and is looking for new tramping grounds.

- D.H.

\* \* \* \* \*

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	Apples		Orange
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	Spaghetti Bolognaise	Nylon cord - 2 sizes	
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	Thick Veg		
	Chicken Noodle		
	Pea and Ham		

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For those going on trips over the vac. and needing gear - contact R. Caffin 857 8512 to see if any is available or you won't get any! Also please buy food early.



The Tasmanian Tramp (cont.)

camped the night. We went to bed pretty apprehensive as the weather showed signs of breaking up. Sure enough next morning we woke up to find a carpet of snow on the ground and more falling steadily. We pushed through this storm to Du Cane Gap and dropped off the range to hit the track about half a mile above Windy Ridge Hut. After a late lunch we pushed on to Narcissus Hut where we had our supply dump.

After a day of general feasting and recuperation the party split up. John escorted Jo back to Cynthia Bay as she had to return early to Melbourne for the start of the new term. Peter decamped on the Ranger's launch leaving Turtle with a huge quantity of food, and the rest of the party made their way to Pine Valley. Here an enjoyable few days were spent mainly taking day trips. We went through the Labyrinth and climbed Walled Mt. from which a marvellous view can be had of all the surrounding peaks. Turtle proudly recorded his epic climb of the Acropolis in the hut log book. John, Sue and Bill decided to push on to Windy Ridge Hut immediately after returning from the Labyrinth, and I remained behind with Turtle. The next day I rose early and reached Du Cane Hut just as John, Sue and Bill were leaving for Pelion. Turtle with huge packs of food on both front and back staggered up the track reading "Quiet Flows The Don" which he had extorted from John. I decided to spend the night at Du Cane and unfortunately suffered a stomach upset which kept me in bed the whole of the next day. How I sympathised with the agonies of Roger Caffin the year before! The next day by dint of forced march I met John at Pelion Gap on his way back to see what was wrong with me. Together we reached Windermere Hut late that night to rejoin Bill and Sue. While I was sick John, Sue and Bill climbed Pelion East. The next day we reached Walahein after almost three weeks on the track. On the way John managed to climb Cradle Mt. At Waldheim two nights and a day were spent in eating, drinking and sleeping and Sue, Bill and myself got a lift out much of the way to Launceston with a Dr. of Zoology from Hobart University. John after an unsuccessful attempt to get a lift with an artist, finally managed to reach Devonport only to find the P.O.T. was out of the question. He hotfooted it back to Launceston where we were reunited, and we flew back to Melbourne on 21st February. Turtle returned some days later having accomplished the reading of "Quiet Flows The Don" and with a considerably reduced food supply. All in all the trip was very enjoyable and the constant sunshine and striking scenery have made us all keen to return.

Laurie Humphries

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THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS PRESENT!

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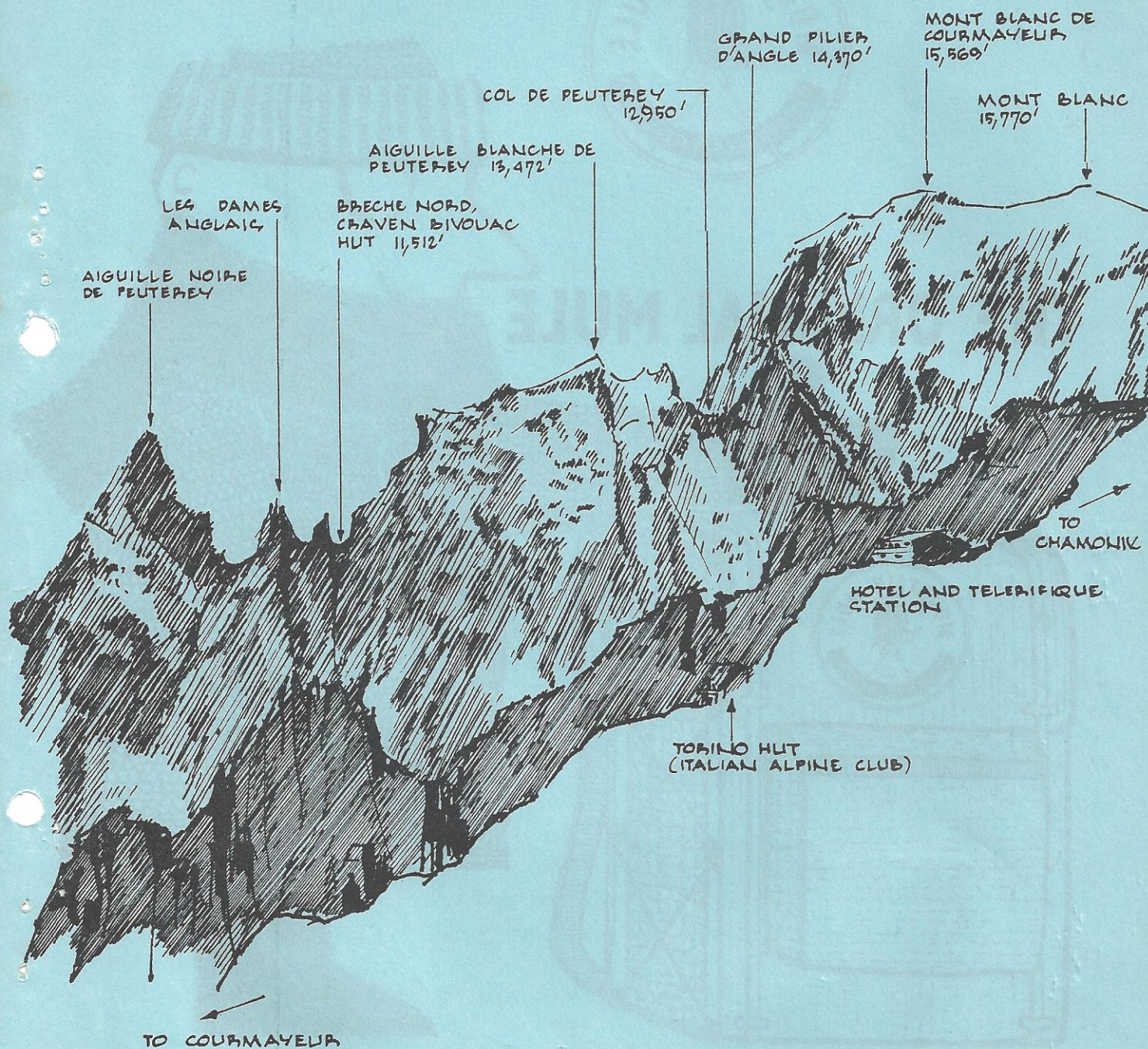
Paper by Dr. Thomas Puxley (cont.)

1. They have developed a very thick coating of hair as an adaption to the freezing cold conditions which occur every winter. The Central Tasmanian Ice Cap usually extends from March to December.
2. Their teeth and digestive system have undergone amazing changes in response to their change in diet. After much experimentation they finally settled on a staple diet of button grass, scoparia, and leeches. This rather harsh diet is enlivened at Festival times with Fagus tips and frogs caught in the shallower parts of the Du Cane Reef. In response to this spiny diet they have developed very horny coatings to their mouths and several stomachs.
3. Dr. Charwin in his original paper on the species indicated that there were two varieties:
  - a. Oxometroid
  - b. Miscellaneoid

Unfortunately I must report that the second variety now seems to be almost extinct. This I believe is due to the processes of natural selection and survival of the fittest. As I have already mentioned the surface waters are frozen for most of the year and, since scoparia and button grass only grow in the Shallow regions (such as Dulane Reef and the shoals off Ossa Island) where sunlight is available supplies must be collected during the brief summer to last them over the rest of the year. The oxometroid variety descending as it does from a type of bushwalker (Tasmaniacs, oxo variety) used to carrying enormous loads has been able to collect much greater quantities during the summer and thus ensure their survival. It is also known that in the various battles for new territories necessitated by the population explosion the miscellaneoid variety was no match for the oxometroid variety with their ice axes handed down from generation to generation.

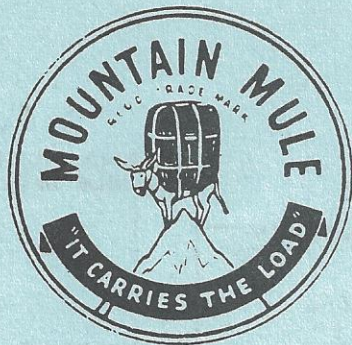
Although not a sociologist I feel compelled to make some comment about the social set up of the oxometroid. As a socialist I must admit that I was considerably disappointed to find that a social hierarchy exists in their society. Nearly all positions of power in the government (they have a rudimentary political system) and in the professions are held by members of a society known as CORRY'S MOB. In fact, the basic laws of their society are known as Corry's Rules. I might add that failure to abide by these rules can bring severe punishment in this somewhat harsh society. For example, failure to shout heartily three oxos FOR CORRY at all State occasions can bring the death penalty (usually being fed to the man eating leeches).



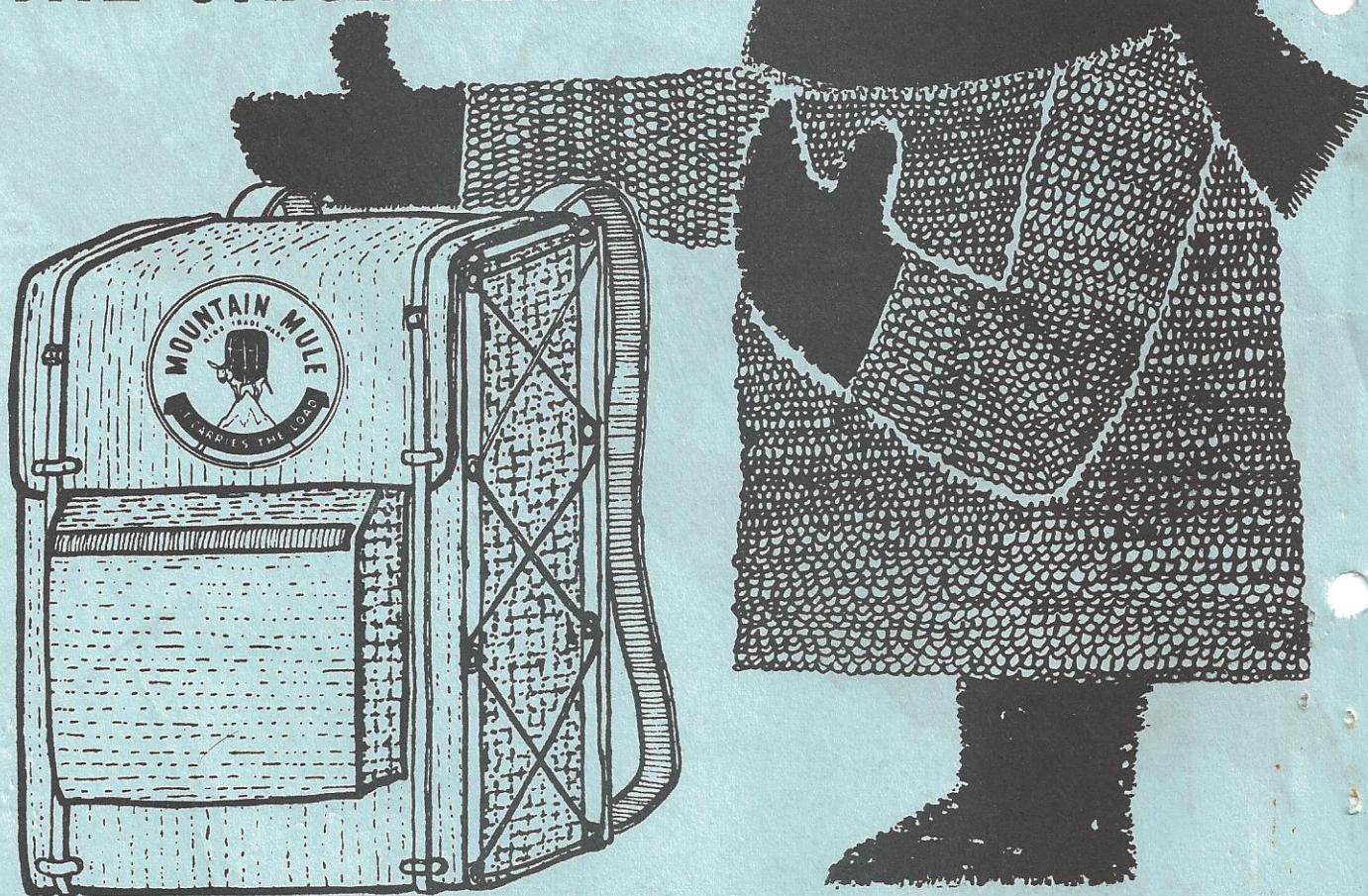


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