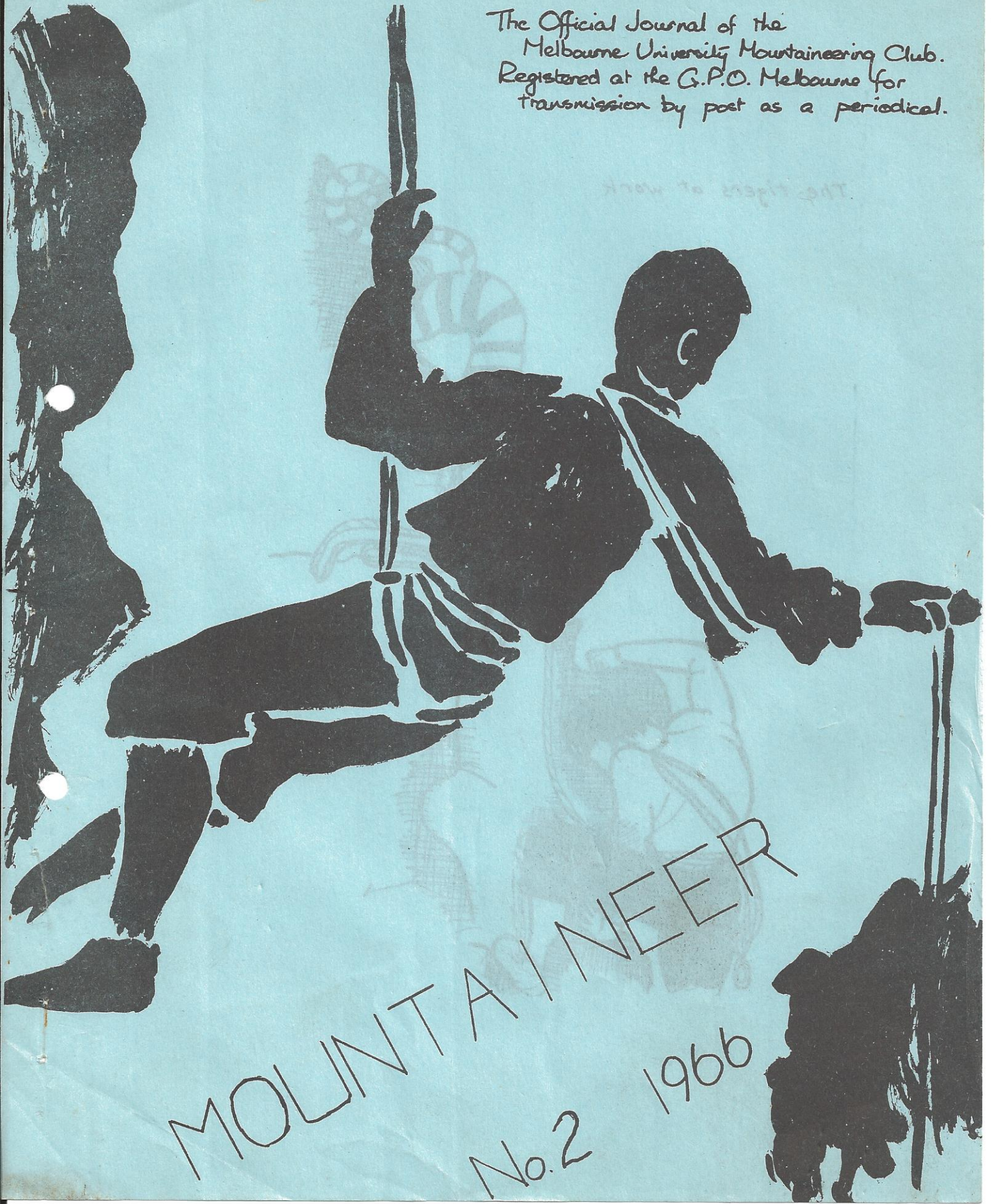


The Official Journal of the  
Melbourne University Mountaineering Club.  
Registered at the G.P.O. Melbourne for  
transmission by post as a periodical.





*The tigers at work*





# THE MOUNTAINEER

No. 2. 1966

Price 5c

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All correspondence addressed to Union House, University of Melbourne, Parkville, N.2.

After a week of active campaigning and jostling of nominations the A.G.M. was surprisingly quiet and passive. Most of the positions were contested so this year's committee should be well representative of the club.

Unfortunately, however, the committee shows an acute lack of new faces despite the influx of many new and enthusiastic members. This is probably due to the many "one function a year" members which represented a considerable proportion of the voters at the A.G.M. These members have no idea of the current membership, activities, and trends of the club.

For the last 12 months the Feathertop Hut project has done much to weld the club together. New and imaginative ideas will be needed if this homogeneity is to be preserved as the club swings from a single purpose to more diversified mountaineering activities. There must be more opportunity for members to get together informally to discuss achievements and plans. This... does not mean nights where 500 slides of the Reserve are shown with a graphic description.

It is to be hoped that the committee will show initiative and imagination when planning trips and club activities and not just a rehash of what was "good enough last year"

++++++

## The 1966 - 67 Committee

President:	Phil Waring
Vice Presidents:	Tony Kerr Nick White
Secretary:	Ian Thomas
Asst. Secretary:	Brendan Holland
Treasurer:	Andy Spate
Trips Secretary:	Dave Hogg
Stores Officer:	Roger Caffin
Editor of "The Mountaineer":	John McLean
General members:	Laurie Humpherys, Nina Rulevich



## The Accident

The construction of the hut has been marred by the fatal accident on the Mt. Hotham access road. Three club members: Cathy Escott, Margaret Unkles, and Don Lam, were killed, and two: Helena Gorskis and Bob Dewar, were injured. Whilst this came as a numbing shock to all of us it adds new purpose to the hut project. Our sympathy goes out to the families and friends of those involved.

.....

## Letter to the Editor

Dear Sir,

Rumours have been circulating that people who don't climb continuously can no longer attend the climbing course. The average mountaineer cannot climb sufficiently often to be able to use a club rope and they rely on such weekends for their climbing. This valuable club service should not be discontinued, and I deplore the attempt by an extreme clique to do so.

Yours in all round mountaineering

Bushwalker.

.....

## M.U.M.C. DELEGATES & OBSERVERS

The Club every year appoints delegates to the organization listed below, amongst others. This year the Committee is asking that any persons interested in holding one of the positions to contact the Secretary, Ian Thomas, in writing before May 14th. The Committee will then appoint personnel from the applicants.

Federation of Victorian Walking Clubs	Delegate
F.V.W.C. Search & Rescue Committee	Delegate & Observer
F.V.W.C. Mapping Sub-committee	Delegate
F.V.W.C. Track clearing Sub-committee	Delegate
Victorian National Parks Association	Delegate

In addition the following service positions are vacant:

Map Librarian

General Librarian

24 hour Walk Organizers

Further information about these positions can be obtained from the Secretary.

Here is your opportunity to help in the administration of the Club.  
B E I N I T.



## Winter Driving

### Tyres.

For soft, fresh snow, a winter tread pattern with chunky blocks and wide grooves to prevent clogging is the only way to keep going, but they are no answer to hard-packed patches or ice, when steel is the only thing that can cut through.

The best kind would be a winter tyre with Tungsten-carbide studs inserted into the blocks of the tread. However under most winter conditions the expense of studded tyres is hardly warranted.

An effective substitute is a set of snow chains. Practise fitting the chains in the warmth of your garage, and remember three things when they are worn: low speed (not more than 30 mph), retensing them after a few miles, and fit them to the driving wheels which are not necessarily at the back these days!

On the question of lowering tyre pressure when the going gets slippery, there are two schools of thought:

Michelin say that pressures can be dropped by as much as 40%, provided that 40mph is not exceeded, the advantage being an increase in the 'footprint' and therefore more tread blocks to transmit the power.

Dunlop, on the other hand, feel that this decrease in pressure of the tyre on the ground will not help at all, and the extra side-wall flexibility will give rise to instability.

### Wheels

These should be checked for balance. A tyre which is wiggling or bouncing due to dynamic or static out-of-balance cannot give proper adhesion.

### Battery

The output of a battery is reduced to 65% of its rated power at freezing point and 40% at  $-18^{\circ}\text{C}$ . Therefore a battery in poor condition, which is just adequate for summer starting, may fail when it is called to start a stiff cold engine on a frosty morning.

### Anti-freeze

Drain cooling system, purge it with a good flushing and inhibiting solution and refill it with the correct mixture of soft water and anti-freeze.

If anti-freeze is not used, the car radiator must be drained if the car is to be left out overnight.

### Vision

One of the main causes of bad visibility is the result of differentials of temperature causing condensation on the window glass of a car. Other reasons can be road mud and spray.

(continued p.4)



(continuing Winter Driving)

In spite of better demisting provisions built in, demisting fluids and cloths for inside are still required. These leave a trace of wetting agent on the glass which causes the microscopic globules of water to coalesce into an even see-through film.

Windscreen washers are almost as essential as screen wipers. The jets can be cleaned with a Primus stove pricker.

A good fog light is essential. The best are these with minimum of top scatter. They should be mounted as low as possible, for fog seldom reaches right down to the ground.

With cars left out overnight, it is best not to allow ice to form on the windscreen and rear window; newspapers placed over the windscreen and rear window will prevent this.

### Driving Techniques

#### 1. Negotiating deep water:-

If it is on a main highway, it probably has a solid base, and, if it is reasonably shallow, can be crossed in first gear at 5-10 mph.

If it is deep, remove your fan belt from the pulley so that the blades will not splash the water over your motor. But remember to replace it when you get to the other side. Stop water from entering exhaust, either with a hose or by temporarily blocking the exhaust. Also check to see that your distributor will be above water.

Do not rush into deep water, if your motor is hot. Give the block a chance to cool.

Once through the water, test the brakes and keep the brake pedal slightly depressed until you feel them gripping. This forces any water from the drums and overcomes loss of braking power; a common occurrence when you have been ploughing through water.

#### 2. Ice and Snow:-

'Forget your brakes, steer with your fingertips and let your footwork on the accelerator be as gentle as if you were treading on an eggshell.'

Ultimately one must stop, and, dab braking is best. The trick is to apply the brakes gently until one senses that the wheels are beginning to skid; the braking pressure is then eased to give the wheels a chance to roll and then applied again.

Incidentally, if you ever do have the misfortune to skid into a roadside drift, it is no good clearing the snow from around the wheels until the hard packed snow under the sump has been dug away.

(continued next page)



## Improvisations

If caught in snow without chains there are several alternatives. For a small area of snow the mats from the boot or interior can be removed and wedged firmly in front of the driving wheels. Rope may also be used. Four lengths of rope are cut for each driving wheel and a piece tied through each of the wheel perforations.

If you return to find your parked car snowbound, it is not the time to start wishing you carried a shovel. You'll find the base of the jack being shaped like a scoop will help you dig your way out of trouble.

There are more ways of getting off a patch of ice than skidding. You'll find a pint or so of water from a warmed up engine will start a rapid thaw. If you haven't anything else use a hub cap to carry it.

## General Hints

Parking on sheets of newspaper overnight can stop your tyres freezing to the ground.

Do not park for a long period with the hand brake engaged - it may freeze in that position.

If possible, park facing down hill with the selector in first gear.

Always take with you a tool kit, tow rope, jack, wheel brace, spare fan belt, spark plugs, radiator hose, fuel pump kit, axe, shovel and a lightweight block and tackle.

## The Driver:-

Before attempting a road under severe winter conditions a driver should have had previous summer experience on it. If this is impossible he should seek reliable local advice on the form, markings and likely surface conditions of the road and travel in daylight.

Usually alpine conditions are met near the end of a long journey. The driver should recognize his own limitations and not attempt to continue if overtired. It is advisable on a long trip to arrange for an experienced relief driver.

John Cole

+++++

Lecherour old member supping with a young freshette at the camp fire:

He: Would you like to have breakfast with me ?

She: Yes.

He: Will I give you a call or a nudge.

+++++



# =Search and Rescue=

The Search and Rescue section of M.U.M.C. is part of the Federation of Victorian Walking Clubs Search and Rescue Section. Its members are male volunteers who are prepared to put their experience, equipment, and themselves at the service of the public. "The normal purpose of the organization is the humanitarian one of assisting where a person may be lost, injured or distressed". The Section supplements, where necessary; in bush searches, the Police Search and Rescue squad.

There are two call-up priorities

- (a) Available immediately (3 hours)
- (b) Available within a reasonable time (one day)

Each year the section has a practice, and at these practices search techniques are taught and revised. It is therefore an important part of the responsibilities of a member of the section to attend the practice. This year it will be held on the weekend of the 14th and 15th May in the Yan Yean Map area. Details of the practice will be sent to all members of the section in the near future.

If you have any queries or would like to apply for membership contact the Club Delegate:-

Ian Thomas  
at 9 Berkeley Street, Hawthorn  
phone 81 2611

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## M.U.M.C. At Mt. Rosea 25th-27th March

The Rosea orientated trips of the last two months culminated in a magnificent weekend's climbing in which three ropes of M.U.M.C. climbers stormed the cliff with a consistency that Rosea has not known for some years.

For the Saturday Mike Stone and Ian Guild put an end to the abortive attempts to finish Square Route with the Mild V.S. "R.I.P. Corner." Except for two jam nuts and two wooden wedges for direct aid it was climbed free. Roger Caffin and John McLean did the second ascent of the "Tourist Direct Buttress," repairing the peg line where necessary. The climb took 9 hours, the last pitch being climbed in the dark. Phil Secombe and Marg. James did the third ascent of "Saturday Special", a severe climb to the left of the tourist track romp.

Sunday saw Ian and Mike doing the third ascent of the

(cont.p.7)



(At Mt. Rosea cont.)

"Tourist Direct Buttress", all up in 4 hours. Roger and John connected the variation of the "Fly-paper Wall" 2nd pitch with the "Faye Crack" with a possible new pitch as a link. Late in the afternoon Marg. James provided the excitement when she fell while seconding "Mixed Climb" and swinging out under the overhangs. She was lowered to a ledge by Phil. Mike climbed up to the rescue and continued the climb with Phil.

All in all, a weekend that could well mark the turning point in M.U.M.C. climbing.

ccc\$ccc

PAPUA AND NEW GUINEA

Jan. 1966

Party: Graeme Underwood, Rob McQuilken, Mark Scott,  
Geoff Smith, Ross Smith.

Last Christmas five walkers decided to forsake the wilds of Tasmania, and the snows of New Zealand, and head for fresh pastures in New Guinea. Five weeks of travelling provided a variety of incidents, some of which I shall attempt to portray.

Travellers to New Guinea are a constant source of entertainment for the natives. This is all very good for the ego, but after a few days the novelty wears off. In the towns they have become accustomed to Australians dressed in shorts, but add a few weeks growth, a scruffy shirt, and a large pack and one would think that the Pied Piper had come to town. While walking for about twenty miles down the Chimbu Valley we had a constant escort of up to thirty natives, with a change of faces at each village. At nights a crowd would gather around the rest house door, and one or two of the bolder ones would seat themselves inside the hut to get a better view. Needless to say we had our embarrassing moments.

Initially we flew to Popondetta and then walked for nine days via the Kokoda Trail to Sogera. The map shows a jeep track from Popondetta to Kokoda, but this was not quite the case. At Ajeka village we were confronted by the Kumusi River which is up to 200 ft. wide and flowing very swiftly. The government pays a canoe-man to take people across, but after one feeble attempt he gave up. Some of the more enterprising villagers built a raft firmly lashed with jungle vines. We placed our packs on top and then waded across, till at about mid-point we were washed off our feet. This was the signal to start swimming, and slowly the raft was kicked towards the far bank. All this activity was accompanied by whoops and cat-calls from the natives who helped to swim the raft across.

(cont. p.8)



(Papua and New Guinea cont.)

At the far side the raft was man-handled upstream against the current, and the reverse procedure carried out.

Buying food at the villages was always an experience. Despite the lack of a common language a surprising variety of fruit and vegetables could be bought for a few shillings or some twists of tobacco. Those with tender stomachs had trouble adapting to the strange fruit, and I can well remember refusing a gift of two pineapples on their account.

The Kokodā Trail follows native tracks across the Owen Stanley range. It climbs the highest ridges, plunges down the deepest ravines, and ascends the longest spurs. Between Uberi and the crest of the range the track climbs more than 20,000 ft. although it has an altitude of 7,000 ft. at its highest point. For every one thousand feet of altitude gained the track drops six hundred feet to the foot of the next ascent.

Travel in New Guinea is mainly by aeroplane, ranging in size from the single engined charter planes to the Electras. We flew to Keglsugl (8,000') in a single engined, five seater Cessna. Unfortunately they don't seem to cater for the luggage as well. What do you do when your legs are folded to your chest, a pack is wedged them with another on top, your head touches the roof, one arm is fully immobilized while the other is just able to work the camera, and your left foot starts to itch?

From Keglsugl we ascended Mt. Wilhelm (approx. 15,000'). The track was clearly marked, and we made camp in some native huts at the lakes. Jagged peaks ring the higher lake, while a water-fall forever empties it into the lower lake. At 12,000' to 19,000' the shortage of oxygen produces laboured breathing and occasional headaches. The views from Wilhelm are superb with craggy cliffs jutting from the swirling mists. On a clear morning the coast near Madang is readily seen.

After Wilhelm we walked to Kundiawa where we split up and hitched to Lae. On a subsequent trip to St. Mary's Peak (12,000'), two of us achieved ultimate degradation by hiring two native women to carry our packs. They scorned the shoulder straps and balanced the 40 lb. mules on their heads without the aid of hands. Actually they only carried for 1½ hours, and the next day we had male carriers. In New Guinea the male is still the boss, and so the women do most of the work. They often become most on seeing us struggle into a village with pack on back, and one kind soul even offered his wife to carry a pack for us.

And so you gain a vague impression of a country, which certainly has visual appeal - a country with people who are often not greatly changed from their primitive life, provides many amusing and stimulating experiences.

Ross Smith

[illegible]



CULTURAL SECTION-A MAIDEN'S DISTRESS- or -WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO THE BIG BOLDBLACK-BEARDED BULGARIAN BEAST OF A BARON

## ACT 11

Scene: On top of Bluff Major. The B.B.B.B.B.B. of B. is there alone, securely tied on and ready to belay.

The B.B.B.B.B.B. of B.

Aside: ('Tis Act 11 and you will see my bold  
And daring, fould and fiendish, plot unfold,  
But let not I alone bear your abuse  
For all Climbing Leaders are unscrupules.

My plot is well planned, for just look here,  
From my day pack I take a bottle of madera,  
And see, I am tied on well, double belay and all  
To take the shock of Aunt Beatrice's fall.)

Climb up Fiona, do not delay,  
But just have confidence in my firm belay,  
And Aunt Beatrice, please don't vex,  
Once Fiona is here you can climb next.

Short minutes elapse.

Here we are Fiona, atop Bluff Major  
Far from disturbance from a blundering stranger  
So here my dear, try some madera,  
drink it down quickly and come a little nearer.

Fair Fiona:

Keep away from me you fiendish Beast  
You shan't compromise me, not in the least  
For this nylon rope which behind me I tow  
Forms a link with my Aunt Beatrice down below.

So belay her up quickly you hairy hound,  
Of your immoral suggestions, not another sound,  
And of your evil liquor, not even two sips,  
No devil's mixture will pass my lips.

The. B.B.B.B.B.B. of a B.:

Oh Fair Fiona, you do me great wrong  
To find intention of evil in my song  
I am taking in the rope, so bear no malice,  
I am belaying up your Aunt Beatrice.



(A Maiden's Distress cont.)

Aside: (By now she'll be but ten feet up  
So the end of her fall won't be too abrupt  
I jerk the rope with a mighty force.  
And see the end comes free of course.)

Cries of pain and dismay from off-stage

Now at last Fiona, I have you alone,  
For you have just lost your chaperone.  
Just a little madera, you'll find it agreeable  
Then maybe you'll find me more personable.

Fair Fiona:

You cruel Beast, do not touch me  
Let me return to the ground I beg thee.  
Oh Rodger, brave Rodger, where art thou dearest.  
Oh Rodger, dear Rodger, the Beast I fearest.

(Curtain)

Watch for Act III in the next issue.

[illegible]

Traverse of the Arthurs or  
South West With Caffin

It is 7.30 and at last the POT is sailing. We wave customary good byes and immediately dive for the cafeteria. There is a horrid shock as we are confronted by a leering cash register. The more affluent ones eat. Then we go to the bar to toast the trip in cider left over from a Feb. 1st. celebration party. However, as bar attendant does not get a cut from the bottle, in money or kind, we are summarily ejected. We skoll on the after deck - "to Fedder and the damnation of bar attendants".

Morning sees us in Devonport, evening at Maydena. For the next two days we thump down the H.C. Gordan River road: it is the end of the week so all the cars are coming out. The second day we leave the road and go overland - "only 7 miles" to Pedder, but we are already in myrtle jungle and one mile takes 5 hours. We spent the night near the top of a minor peak (the wrong one) above Pedder. It is 8.00 before we stop, and very misty, so we do not push on, but flake instead - it's easier.

It is easy, also, in light to Pedder, so the rest of the next day is aquatic (in a rowing boat) and eating. There is also the Drambuie in the drop, which does not go far between 5 bods.

(continued p.11)



At Junction Creek the following day we meet Charles McCubbin with two friends, collecting specimens. We are too big to bottle.

From here we roar up the Moraine B onto the Western Arthurs. It looks easy, but it is a drought, so we sweat up it to the face at Peak 4. There is a nice short cut up a waterfall gully, which all true mountaineers relish. We thrash up and conquer peak. Lake Davey, where we are to camp, is very inviting - a few hundred feet below us. With air drops collected we hootle down, ending with a large splash as the hygienic types disappear into the glacial waters. The more altruistic members pitch the tents instead.

Our start the next morning is more chaotic; there is a thick heavy mist. After a small discussion on position, (leader outvoted 5:1) we scream on, first waiting till 11.00 for the mist to clear. 3.30 at Square Lake (short of our planned camp-site L. Arthur) so we stop and have tea. We are not to be left in peace, however, as the ever watchful leader observes while eating (yes eating) his soup, "There's someone on top of those cliffs, I can hear them". Sometime later a pair of bodies appear around the lake. "Thought we'd drop in on you without warning, but we got lost in the mist." They had no compass with them. We lend them one and they happily return to L. Arthur where they are camped.

The next day is spent in our tents in the middle of cloud. We are regaled with choice extracts from Rabelais. We ponder on tomorrow's weather.

It turns out to be fine so there is much panic, and we head for High Moor - a "long hard exposed route" - especially as we are not at L. Arthur. The route is interesting: we lower packs, chimney, go caving, meet horizontal scaparia on steep cliff faces, and abseil. Phil is a little upset when his pack makes like a shot bird. It does not bend much. We reach High Moor as the light goes out. It is too dark to look for the camp site so we pitch camp on top of the col. It is exposed and we hope that the tents will stay. They do.

The next day again is spent in the tent - although the wind abates a bit in the afternoon, so we cook pancakes outside and yarn with the Sydney Uni. bods also here - same crowd as at Square Lake. Another bottle of Drambuie is drunk around the fire, in mist and wind. We go early to bed - optimists.

Tomorrow is not the best, but we make a start - Hui thereupon wipes the sky, it is fine. We can see Beggary, The Maze, and the Bumps. A mob of Rovers have gone through, so navigation is not too hard. There are steps in the moss, blazes, red tapes, and even in places a cut track. This mind you, despite the fact that we are only the ninth party through. It takes away the fun, but it is still a gold route. Beggary Bumps are tougher than we had thought, and the rope is used again, before we reach Haven Lake. This is no haven. A powerful wind threatens to remove us. The tents do not leave without us - although one is moved from the top of the moraine wall to discourage the

(continued p.12)



(Traverse of the Arthurs contd.)

wind and its efforts.

To Promentary Lake is easy, we are almost there by midday. A large portion of the day is spent boulder rolling from 400' above the lake. This lake is surrounded by enormous cliffs and we named the place "The Valley of Kings" (boulder rolling is a king sport). A fair young maid has a bath in Promentary Lake - but this sends much wind and rain to vex her. "The most spartan experience of my life".

The next day the weather is mixed, but the country is now wide open. We have lunch at West Portal, sheltered from a 60 m.p.h. wind. A final scrub bash in mist onto the last moraine and it is then fine weather down to Pass Creek. We change liqueurs and have Liqueure Gulluino here.

We have a rest day - the weather is poor all morning and we are all a little weak in the knees. An immense amount of pancake is eaten, various swift jokes made, and much nothing is done.

The following morning sees us sweating up Luckman's Lead on to the Eastern Arthurs. Hui is abused however when he sends more mist and rain in the afternoon. No worry the track is now a highway, and the leader claims to actually know the way. It fines up at Goom Moor and we have a fine view of the range.

The leader, cunning fellow, succeeds in staying in bed until it promises to be fine - and late. Father's knee is bothering him, so he and Bros. Hort and Doc go via the Forest Shute and Scree Shute. The more bold mountaineers elect to do the famed "Souther Traverse" with packs. It is 4.30 and last time it took  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a day, some of us are left guessing. We do it in under two hours, reaching Becher vaise at the same time as the speedy Doctor.

Two monty days at Bechervaise: some go to Hanging Lake via Souther Traverse without packs, some bludge, all climb Fedder, some even climb it with ropes. The Hanging Lake S.L.C. flag is erected.

Theem thought: if we go go we can make the POT the sailing before ours. We go go go. Down Moss Ridge the route is obvious, but the hand and footholds are steadily dwindling. Dead scoparia bushes slowly come out. Down Craveroft Valley, on a marked trail, what's more our air drop at Cra. Junction is missing - some theiving hounds. But only a day or two left, so what the hell. More cunning route finding up Wills Micro Lead - "They're putting new tapes every where now" as the leader finds that there is more than one route through the scrub. Up hill is harder than down so we do not reach Nth. Lake - to much optimism. We spend only  $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour there the next day - to consume pineapple juice. Kamakazie Kid runs down the face of the mountain to the Kuon - we swing from tree to tree to keep up. A brief stop for lunch, spent mainly in the Huon, as

(continued p.13)



(Traverse of the Arthurs contd.)

we have to be out by 4.00 to catch the last forestry workers going home, or a 16 mile road bash. The transport is still there.

We are now split up - meeting again, as we hitch to Devonport. Anxious moments as we try to get on the earlier sailing - we are being put in the bar but the purser realises there is a SHL. "I can't put you in the bar can I, oh well you can use the powder room."

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### Buffalo Gorge, Nth. Wall - A Brief History.

The problem has long been recognised in climbing circles, and even in local folklore, where the story circulates of a young man climbing the wall unroped one moonlight night to win a lover's wager. Recent history reports parties visiting the Buffalo Gorge every few years, attempting the North Wall, and climbing on the south side (very broken) when deterred. As recorded attempts were unsuccessful, and no lover has come forward, the wall was assumed inviolate when the party was formed for the 1965-6 attempt.

The story of the recent assaults began in spring 1964, when Mike Stone and Bruce Hocking stood on the top of the gorge, studied the very impressive Nth. Wall, and decided to climb it. They noted the central chimney line as being the obvious route. The idea lay dormant for about a year, to spring 1965, when the present team of four united, Bruce unfortunately withdrawing through lack of time from his medical studies. In the team were Mike Stone and Ian Speedie of the M.U.M.C. and V.C.C., Reg Williams (V.C.C.) and Ted (Spider) Batty (V.C.C. & S.R.C.).

The first visit, on 4 days in November 1965, saw the first 200 feet to the ledge climbed in 4 pitches, the first pitch on the main wall climbed, and the route ahead surveyed. Escape was made up the previously unclimbed ramp on the left side of the wall leading up behind "Pulpit Rock". This was named "Comet Ramp", because of the large comet visible when the party reached the top at 3 a.m. after climbing and bolting all night.

The next attempt was made in December, when the party abseiled down comet ramp to start climbing from the ledge at 9.00 a.m. The first pitch on the main wall was re-climbed, and the two following pitches climbed in unpleasant, wet conditions, which caused the climb to be then abandoned as too dangerous because of the poor friction on the wet granite. The crux chimney of comet ramp was unclimbable for the same reason, and

(cont.p.14)



(continuing Buffalo Gorge)

after abseiling to the bottom of the gorge in the dark two thirds of the south side was climbed before a bivouac was made.

In the final, and successful, attempt, "Spider" driving from Sydney joined the other three at Buffalo on 11th. February. Rising at dawn on the 12th the party reached the foot of Comet Rump and the main wall at 9.15 a.m. The previously climbed three pitches were repeated and the crux chimney climbed to the vital chimney in quick time. The problem of route finding beyond this point occupied several hours, which necessitated a bivouac on small ledges. The final three pitches were climbed the next morning, the climb finishing exactly 24 hours from the time of starting.

The Future: The Nth. Wall offers more routes with a large amount of artificial climbing involved. The apparent exposure is unparalleled anywhere in Victoria, and ledges are very few. Hanging belays would be necessary.

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#### EMPEROR

750' V.S. and Al.

First ascent: Ted Batty, Ian Speedie, Reg Williams, and Mike Stone.

Buffalo again. Oh hell. It's not the climbing I dislike. I've done that before - but the drive up the Buffalo Rd. with Speedie at the wheel - absolutely undecipherable. Seventeen miles the signpost at Porpunkah says, so resigning myself with a prayer I tightened my seat belt, girded my loins (metaphorically), took two quells and spent the next half hour or so singing ancient Druid madrigals with my eyes closed. This, I may add, clashed rather badly with Reg Williams, who was singing something that sounded like a bad cross between Requiem Mass and the Seekers latest in a somewhat nasal tenor filtering through that well known beard in the back seat. He, I gathered, also was worried.

"You can open your eyes now", says Ian with extreme sarcasm, "we're at the top." I was in no mood to resist so I opened them, just in time to see a wall of dirty great trees whirl past my windows at a speed which I estimated on the spot to be roughly 67.2 m.p.h. With a low moan I closed my eyes again, and let them stay that way until I was absolutely sure the car had stopped at the camp ground. On the journey up I had noticed that I had found it hard to breathe, but put it down to sheer terror acting on my frail body. (contd. p.15)



(continuing Emperor)

Now I realised that I was wrong. Reg, it turned out, had been using my shirt collar as a panic handle, and it took us over five minutes to loosen his fingers from round my neck. We decided that rigormortis had set in, so mumbled a couple of burial services and threw him out on the snow plain. Some people may think this the action of a callous person, but we didn't want him to affect the rest of the food in the car.

On the snow plain was a small, dirty, badly pitched, yellow tent. "Looks like Spider's here from Sydney", said Ian, and I thought I detected a slight note of bitterness in his voice as he said it, but I could be wrong. I personally was extremely glad. Spider on the following day, was going to get my vote to lead the hard pitches, and I wanted him in good condition. "Spider, you rotten New South Welshman", screamed Ian. "Wake up and say Hello", and then turns to me muttering about the appalling manners of the damn foreigners who seem to be cluttering up the climbing areas now-a-days. Eventually a rather sleepy and peeved voice said what b...s we were, (this was definately unfair, I thought, as Spider had never met my parents, and besides, I have an older brother, and what does that make him?) and did we know what time it was? I obligingly informed him that it was about midnight, for which he didn't even thank me. I mentally agreed with Ian's comments on New South Welshmen and their lack of manners.

We decided to bed down without pitching tents, as the night was fine. I had been lying in my sleeping bag for some five minutes when I heard a noise. To be more exact, I heard a noise over the already existing noise; Speedie, you see, was already asleep, and snoring with the explosive force of a battery of twenty-five pounders. More queer noises wafted over from near the car, and looking over I saw something move. A puzzled frown floated over my face, as I realized that that was where we had flung Reg. An animal, I thought, has come to eat Reg. I was just wishing it luck and turning over to go back to sleep, when I saw Reg get up and walk unsteadily to the car. That did it. "Speedie," I said "Reg isn't dead." The snoring stopped like an air raid siren suddenly switched off. "Don't be bloody stupid, of course he's dead," said Ian "We said burial services." But there it was, Reg was still with us, so the same four were ready to tackle the North Wall of the Buffalo Gorge the following day.

The following morn, somewhat early, Reg let himself go with a loudish, getting up type yell, which was noticeable mainly for its enormous failure to rouse the other three. However, with the help of several well placed kicks, and a billy of cold water the party was cheerfully gathered in the shed eating their various nauseous breakfasts. After packing

(cont. p.16)



(continuation of Emperor)

all the gear into four packs we found that there was room for only 6 pints of water, 3 bars of chocolate, 2lbs. of scroggin, and one tin of peaches, and thus we predecided that we were not going to be hungry.

At approximately seven o'clock Spider patiently showed me how to do a N.S.W. type twisted knot abseil, and after about 23 attempts I eventually managed to make it run. At about 9 o'clock we were all gathered at the foot of the climb, ready and eager to start climbing.

We punched and kicked Ian until he volunteered to lead the first pitch, and then we untied his hands, as we didn't want him to be under any handicaps for the climb. When he had finished the first pitch, which I grudgingly admit is quite difficult, we threw him up the ropes so that he could belay us up. Being the largest person there I asserted my right to climb last, and consequently, by the time Spider and I had hauled the packs up and arrived on the belay ledge, Reg was well on the way on the artificial. To speed him on his way, and amuse ourselves, we flung rocks at him, and took bets as to which swear words he would use when he was hit. He climbed the pitch surprisingly quickly, but when he reached the bolt belay at the foot of the Spider Walk, he did not want to belay us up. We were surprised, nay hurt would be a better description of our feelings, as we pointed out that we had his food and water down on the ledge with us, and that he wouldn't get it until we got up there.

I went up the ladder of etriers, and then brought Spider up to tackle the narrow chimney. After sorting out a tangle of ropes Spider led off up the Spider Walk and very quickly reached the bolt in the foot of the chimney, which marked the previous highest point reached last December, where we belayed.

With a nasty sinking feeling I suddenly realised that it was my turn to lead; my turn to explore the unknown; my turn to risk my life on the sharp end of the rope; my turn to vomit. But try as I could, I couldn't make the others see how much more fitted they were for leading than I. I pointed out that I had twenty-seven maladies and diseases ranging from diarraha (nearly true) to house-maids knee (totally untrue), but it apparently fell on deaf ears. Ted cut the argument short by suddenly taking in rope, and without much climbing I was next to him on the belay point.

I decided that I must make the best of it, so started (in a filthy mood) up the chimney. After a short distance I banged in Reg's lovely, shiny, new, photographic Charlot Mosea Universal, up to the hilt and prepared to belay. Spider subtly changed my mind by crushing my left foot with his piton hammer, and

(cont. p.17)



(still more of Emperor)

requesting that I kept climbing. So up I went. Unfortunately there was nowhere to stop, until a chock-stone at about 100', so I stopped there and defied the world at large to move me off it. Reg then came up and tried unsuccessfully to force a direct route out of the top of the chimney, cunningly tiring himself out in the process. As there was only room for one on the chock-stone, and Reg had the best position for a punch up, I decided to load on, and after getting into the worst possible tangle with my two ropes, piton hammer, drill, and three strikers all clipping through my piton carrier, I managed, Tarzan like, to reach a ledge. I decided it was impossible to bivouac on that ledge and kept moving until I reached a better one that had some grass on it. The others gradually came up to join me, Ian in the dark, and we selected our bivv spots. Reg and I got the big ledge, being first there, and decided that there was only room for two. Ian and Ted bivouaced elsewhere.

After quite a good night we kept going and at exactly 9.30 the Ranger attempted to book us for illegal camping. We discouraged him from attempting to collect the fines by promises of three King's Cross Whiskers which we had back at camp.

After a thoughtful breakfast Ted left for N.S.W. and home, and we faced the drive back down the Buffalo Road, so resigning myself with a prayer I tightened my seat belt, girded my loins (again metaphorically) took two Quells.....

#### MIKE STONE

For this article Mike Stone has been awarded the Roger Caffin Memorial (in anticipation) Prize in Journalism.

STOP PRESS. Roger, surprisingly, returned from the South West, so the award cannot be made.

-444444444444444-

Did you hear about the V.S. climber who found sex a good climbing substitute?



### THE NORTH JAWBONES

On the eastern side of the Cathedral Range are three cliffs suited to rock climbing, the Sugarloaf, and the North and South Jawbones. Of these the North Jawbones offers the longest and most sustained climbs.

To get to the cliff follow the Maroonda Highway till about six miles past Buxton; turn right just beyond the sign pointing to The Cathedral, and turn right again about a mile later just before a creek. Follow the track for about three miles, taking the right turn at all obvious forks, until at Cook's Mill, an excellent camping area. Half a mile further along the track is the Cook's Mill turntable, the closest one can get to the cliff by car. The total distance from Melbourne is 75 miles.

From the turntable the cliff looks steep and impressive, but its angle is actually easier than that of Sugarloaf. However, the weathering of the cliff has been unusually even, giving sustained fine slab climbs of some 450 feet.

Unfortunately the cliff offers few technical difficulties when compared with the Grampians and Arapiles, but only a few years ago it was considered the ultimate in Victorian climbing. The easy angle makes it an excellent training ground for new climbers and the less strenuous balance climbing can be a welcome change from Rosea corners and Arapiles walls. Also its proximity to Melbourne allows for day visits.

The cliff is split by two gullies, the right hand and larger of these being known as Gardyloo Gully. These gullies, and some of the face, were first climbed back in the Bewsharian days, but no record was kept. The first recorded climb was done by Geoff Shaw and Les Stevenson of the V.C.C. in March 1959 when they put up a route named "Steve's Delight" on the southern face. Shortly afterwards followed Northern Ramble, Route One and Route Two, all on the Northern Face. The latter two were incomplete in that they ended at a point two thirds up Gardyloo Gully with further progress barred by very smooth rock.

The breakthrough at Jawbones came in 1961 with the Traverse of the Gods, first climbed by Bernie Lyons and George Glover and originally rated Mild V.S., which provided an excellent finish to Route One and Route Two. At the level these two climbs terminate the bedding plane, which forms the cliff surface, has been tucked inwards providing a horizontal groove which slowly tapers out as one gets further from Gardyloo Gully. One inches out to the protecting piton using small finger holds, and then in order to get over the crux you must commit yourself

(cont.p.19)



(Jawbones cont.)

entirely to friction of your boots. Later a direct route was led from the center of the traverse by Greg Lovejoy which was originally rated V.S., but with present ratings is only considered a Hard Severe.

The central face was also climbed in '61 with two routes, Direct and Central Buttress, going through the two faults in the overhang one third of the way up the face.

So you have the North Jawbones, not a particularly difficult cliff, but well worth the occasional weekend or Sunday.

. . . . .

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pullovers, balaclavas, snow mattresses.

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 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .

"I feel no pain, dear mother, now  
 But, oh, I am so dry!  
 Oh, take me to a brewery  
 And leave me there to die!"



TRIPS AND MEETINGS PROGRAMME

- May 6th.-8th. Weekend walk. High Lead - Ada River - Starlings Gap - Big Pat's Creek. Standard: Medium. Leader: Phil Secombe. Van leaves front of Union 6.30, Friday 6th. Fare \$2.40 to \$3.60. Cancellation fee \$1.20. Easy walking along disused timber tramways with side trips to deserted sawmills.
- May 5th. Informal climber's meeting. Poynton's Pub. See later note.
- May 6th. 8th. Sequel to Climbing Course. A weekend for training could be climbing leaders and competents. Venue to be decided. Private transport.
- May 11th. F.V.W.C. Annual General Meeting. 161 Flinders Lane. 8.00p.m. It is intended to have a guest speaker from the V.C.C. All club members welcome.
- May 13th. Talk on 'Caves and Caving' by Andy Spate. history Theatre, Old Arts, 7.30p.m. Recommended for all potential cavers, especially those planning to go to Buchan.
- May 14th.-15th. F.V.W.C. Search and Rescue Practice. Yean Yean area. Private transport. Ian Thomas for further details.
- May 15th. Day Walk with Caving. Labertouche Caves. Standard: easy. Van leaves top of Batman Ave. 9.00a.m. Fare: \$1.60 to \$2.40. Cancellation fee \$0.80. Wear your oldest clothes (a boiler suit is ideal) and bring a change, also a torch or carbide lamp etc.
- May 19th. Informal climber's meeting at Poynton's Pub. See later note
- May 20th.-23rd. End of term walk (three days) in the Mt. Cobbler area. Two trips are planned:- (1) King River - Mt. Speculation - Mt. Cobbler - King River. Standard: hard. (2) Mt. Stirling - Clear Hill - Mt. Cobbler. Standard: medium. Van leaves Union Car Park, 6.30p.m. Friday 20th. Fare \$4.50 to \$6.80. Cancellation fee \$2.00.
- May 27th.-29th. Caving at Buchan. Leader: Andy Spate. Private transport. Proper caving equipment required, see ch. 10 Equipment for Mountaineering. All interested Buchaneers without previous caving experience should attend the talk on May 13th.
- June 3rd. '24 hour Walk 'Pep Talk'. Hints and instructions for the '24'. 7.30pm. History theatre, Old Arts.



June 4th.-5th. 24 Hour Walk. Van leaves Union Car Park 12 noon. Entry fee (includes food, map, transport) approx. \$5. Teams of two or more competitors attempt to cover the greatest distance along a set course in 24 hours. Mixed teams get a 6 mile start over all male teams, all-female teams get 12 miles (sometimes a little further). The opportunity for YOU to prove that you are the fittest fastest, best navigating mountaineer in the club. Or an unforgettable weekend with plenty of fun and frolic in the light of a full moon, and a break from Mt Feathertop.

Most weekends: until further notice:- Work parties at Mt. Feathertop. Bookings for these close on the Wednesday preceding the weekend, when there is an informal meeting at Aikman's Road at 7.30 pm. to arrange food and transport.

Climbing Trips: Small climbing trips by private transport take place most weekends. Interested persons should see members of the Climbing Sub-Committee for details.

#### Trips Bookings

At Aikmans Road any lunch-time or phone  
Dave Hoag 87-1630

#### Cancellation Fees

Must be paid by anyone withdrawing from van trips without reasonable excuse less than a week prior to its commencement.

#### CLIMBER'S MEETINGS AT POYNTON'S

On the first and third Thursday of each month the climbers have the use of an upstairs room in Peter Poyntons Hotel, corner of Grattan and Cardigan Streets. The room is used for an informal meeting from 7.30 pm. onwards. Just ask at the bar for Peter Poynton and he will cordially direct you to the room.

Come along if you are interested in:-  
climbing  
meeting climbers  
drinking with climbers  
drinking.

A particular welcome to those who were on the Climbing Course and wish to continue climbing. An excellent way to keep in the know.

Remember the 5th. and 19th. of May.

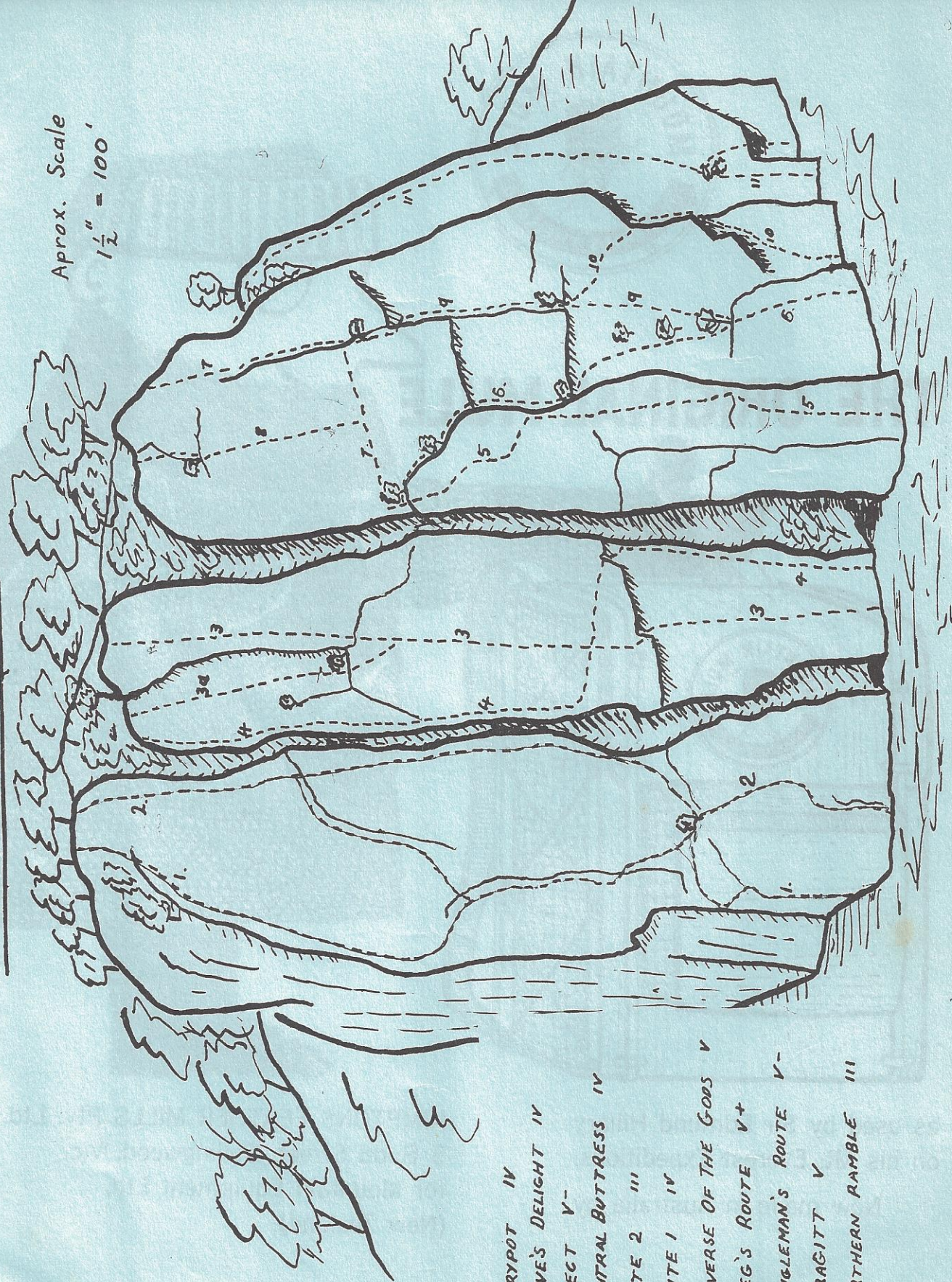






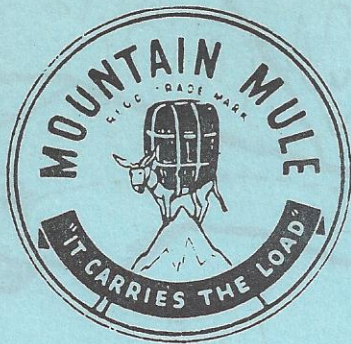
# NORTH JAWBONES

Aprox. Scale  
1 1/2" = 100'

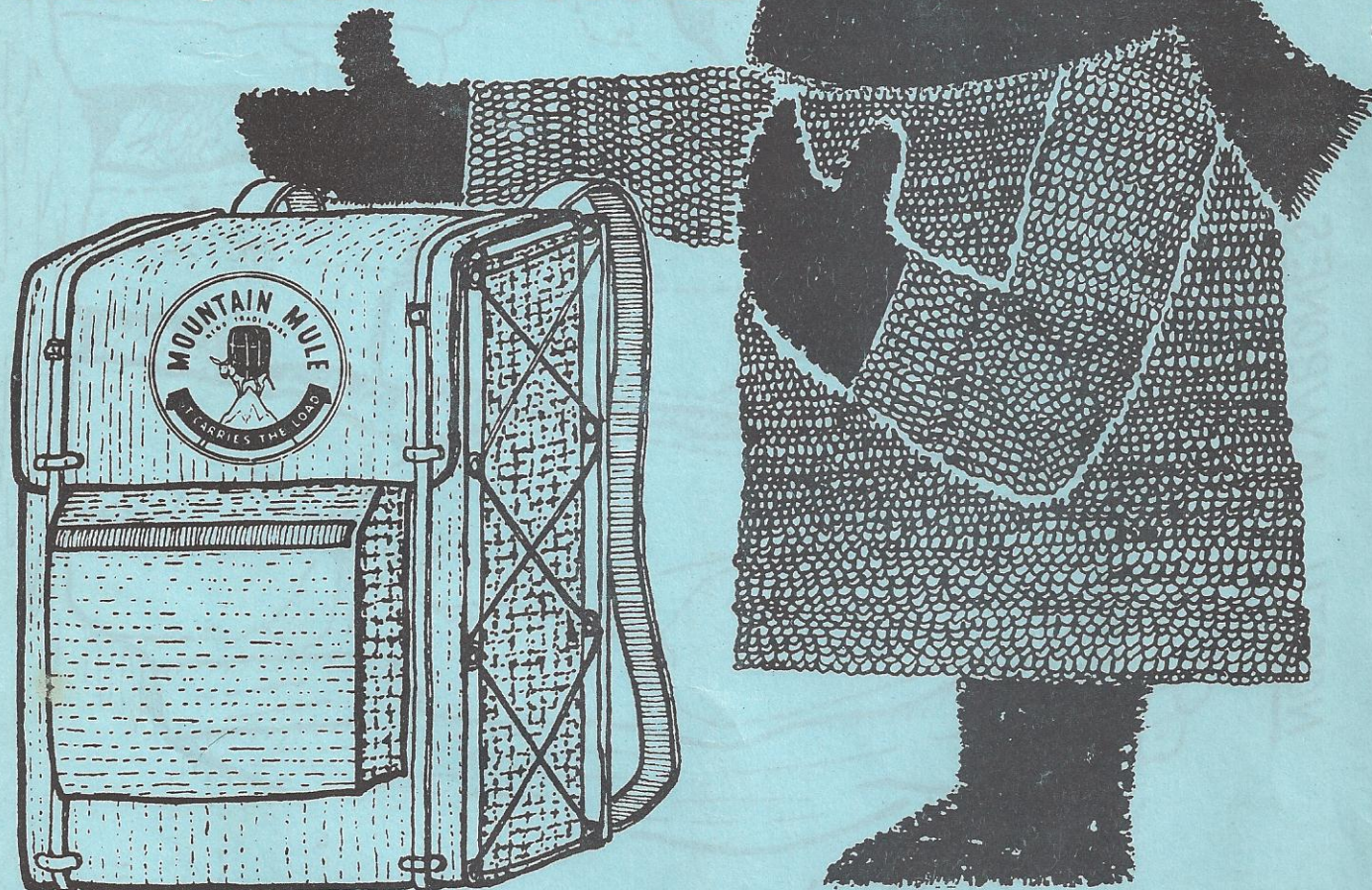


1. JERRY POT IV
2. STEVE'S DELIGHT IV
3. DIVECT V-
4. CENTRAL BUTTRESS IV
5. ROUTE 2 III
6. ROUTE 1 IV
7. TRAVERSE OF THE GODS V
8. GREG'S ROUTE V+
9. SPEIGLEMAN'S ROUTE V-
10. SPRAGITT V
11. NORTHERN RAMBLE III





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