



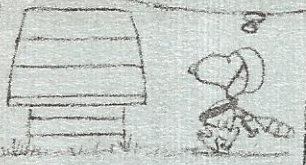
The Mountaineer

No. 5 . 1967

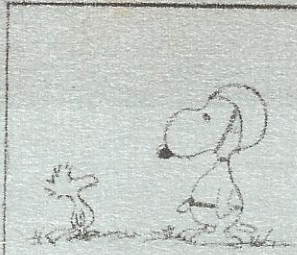
Registered at the G.P.O. Melbourne for transmission by post as a periodical

OXONUTS

HERE'S THE FEARLESS CLIMBING LEADER WALKING OUT TO THE ROCK FACE



WHERE'S MY SECOND? WHERE'S THAT BEGINNER I HAVE TO CLIMB WITH?



THEY DON'T CARE WHO JOINS THE CLUB THESE DAYS!



Oxonuts

OXONUTS

THE TROUBLE WITH YOUR CLIMBING IS THAT YOU ARE WISHY-WASHY



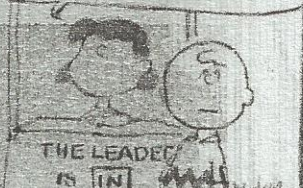
WHAT'S DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BEING CAREFUL AND BEING WISHY-WASHY?



YOU ARE WISHY-WASHY



I AM CAREFUL



OXONUTS

I WONDER... HAS BONATTI EVER FALLEN ON HARD V. DIFF.??



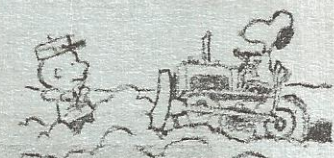
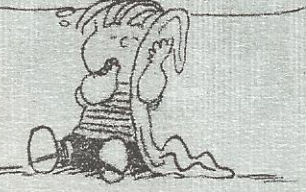
WHAT'S THAT BEGINNER DOING, CLIMBING WHILE HIS LEADER IS TOO???



WHEE!! I'M A LEADER!!!



MY ONLY SENSE OF SECURITY COMES FROM BLANKET, MY THUMB, AND MY BELIEF OF THE DIVINE GRADING OF LEADERS



IT HAS COME TO OUR NOTICE THAT CERTAIN ANARE PERSONEL HAVE BEEN SPOILING GOOD SNOW COUNTRY BY THE USE OF A STRANGE MECHANICAL DEVICE

OXONUTS

HERE'S THE FEARLESS CLIMBING LEADER, ASLEEP ON HIS TENT



SUDDENLY HE IS AWAKENED BY A BEGINNER WHO SAYS IT'S TIME TO GET UP AND START CLIMBING...



AT EIGHT OCLOCK IN THE MORNING??



COME BACK AT ELEVEN





The Mountaineer

MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

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

Correspondence: Beaurepaire Centre, University of Melbourne,
Parkville, 3052.

No. 5, October, 1967.

Price 5 ¢.

Our magazine is acquiring an international flavour. The cover drawing was made from a photograph by Fred Mitchell, which, he writes, was taken "on the South ridge of the Rottalhorn, on the traverse of that peak to the Jungfrau", during his trip with Bob Jones to the Oberland in Switzerland. The article "Two Old Lags in the Oberland" gives a vivid description of their adventures. The cover on the previous issue likewise illustrates this report. Fred has also written a description of a landrover trip across the Turkish mountains. Apparently mountaineering on wheels can be just as "hairy"!

The next and probably last issue of "The Mountaineer" this year will appear in November after the exams. Mountaineers are meanwhile reminded that while their eyes are at present glued to texts, and their weekends spent at desks, the Club is organizing the Bludge weekend after the exams, so that they may once more taste the delights of the wilds (?).

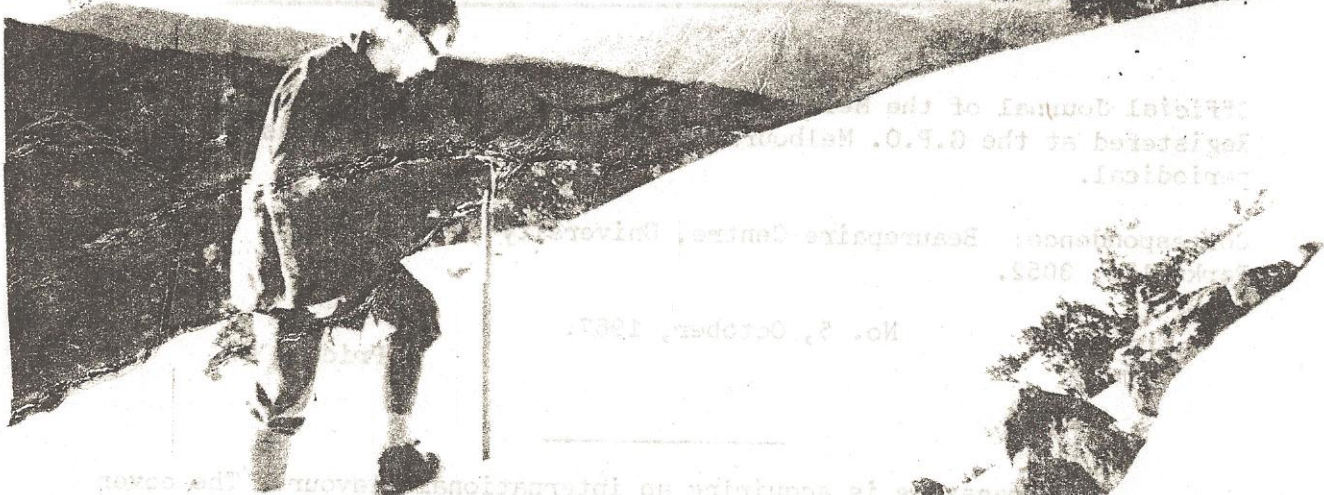
CAMPONS WANTED

The editor is interested in hearing from anyone who has a pair of adjustable crampons she could borrow over Christmas.

The photos on page 2 were taken on Mt. Feathertop by Bill Oostermeyer.

The Mountaineer

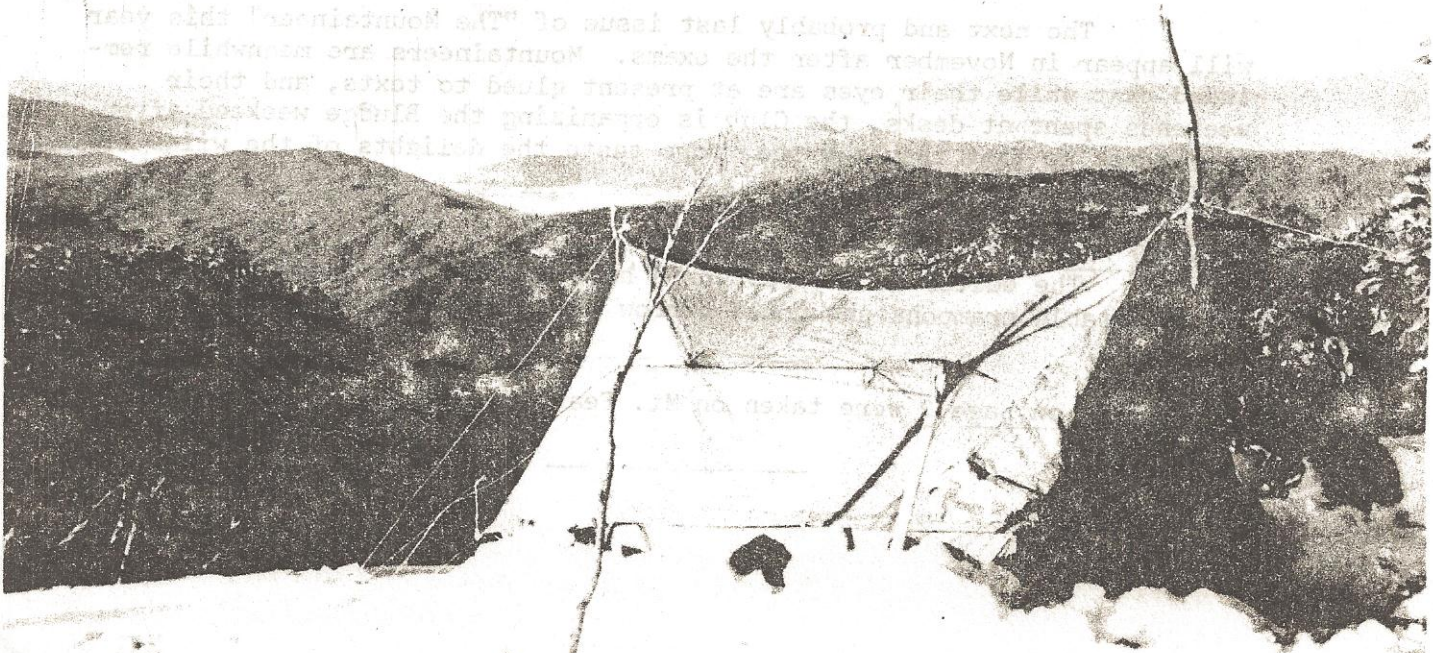
THE MOUNTAINEERING CLUB



No. 2, October, 1957

The cover of the Mountaineer is depicting an international journey. The cover drawing was done from a photograph by Fred Mitchell, which was taken "on the South of the Kottaborn, on the way to the peak to the 'Junk'". The trip with Bob Jones to the Oberland in Switzerland. The article "Old Lays in the Oberland" gives a vivid description of the Oberland. The cover of the previous issue like the information this year. Fred has also written a description of a landrover trip across the Turkish mountains. Apparently mountaineering on wheels can be just as "hilly".

The cover and perhaps last issue of "The Mountaineer" this year will appear in November after the census. Mountaineers are made to appear in the eyes and as present along to look, and their names are listed in the Club is organizing the Ring's week. The names of the members are listed in the Club is organizing the Ring's week.



TRIPS PROGRAMME

ROCK CLIMBING TRIPS

These will be small, private transport trips, the details of which will be on the noticeboards in the club rooms (Aikman's Road).

October 21-22: F.V.W.C. TRACK CLEARING WEEKEND

(1) Mt. Feathertop - Removing logs from the Bungalor Spur track and rebenching where necessary. Private transport.

(2) Donna Buang - Clearing the track from Milgrove to Donna Buang. Transport - Van. Fare - approx. \$2.00.

All information and bookings from Dave Hogg (87 1630).

November 25-26: POST EXAM BLUDGE - WILSON'S PROMONTORY (WALK, SWIM, LAZE, ETC.)

Special note - This trip will be combined with Monash and Latrobe walking clubs. You are urged to broaden your outlook by meeting new people from different clubs.

Transport - Van, leaving Union car part 6.30 p.m. Friday.

Leader - Bob Chappell.

Standard - Easy

Fare - \$3.00 - \$4.00. Cancellation Fee - \$1.00.

December 2-3: FEATHERTOP HUT WORK PARTY

Transport - Private.

Leader - Michael Feller.

This work party is to seal and insulate the hut. Come along, remembering that many hands make light work.

Note: There may be a follow-up work party to finish off the insulating, on December 9-10.

Between November 21 and December 10: CRADLE MT. - LAKE ST. CLAIR (TAS.)

Peter Griffiths would like to lead a group of 8 - 10 through the reserve, spending 7 - 8 days there. For further information contact Peter Griffiths at 21 Hall Street, Epping, or through Aikman's Road.

BOOKINGS: There are only TWO ways to book for a trip:

- (a) Enter your name, course, etc. in the booking list at the club rooms (Aikman's Road) any lunchtime;
- or (b) Telephone Michael Feller on 20 2232 any evening.

DO NOT enter your name on the list on the notice board near the Union - this DOES NOT constitute a booking.

DO NOT turn up in the evening just before a van is due to leave - book BEFORE you turn up.

Remember - POYNTON'S NIGHTS - 1st and 3rd Thursday of each month.

FEDERATION OF VICTORIAN WALKING CLUBSMT. FEATHERTOP HUT PROJECT

The Federation Council has now officially decided to proceed with the building of a refuge hut on the Bungalow Spur, Mt. Feathertop. The exact site of the hut has not yet been decided but it will be placed somewhere between the present Bungalow Hut (or what remains of it) and the signpost at the edge of the treeline. The hut will be built this summer by volunteer labour. The dates set for work parties are:-

21st - 22nd October. Clearing logs from Bungalow Spur Track (see trips programme for details).

2nd - 3rd December. Digging foundations, preparation of aggregate, transport of materials.

26th December - 1st January. Erection of hut.

If sufficient people are interested, a work party will also be held on 9th - 10th December for transport of materials and work on foundations. Further work parties will be arranged as required.

DONATION: The Federation is at present raising money to pay for the hut. Anyone interested in supporting the project financially should send his donation to the Chairman of the Hut Committee, David Hogg, 292 Mitcham Rd., Mitcham; if possible by October 31st.

FOR SALE.Bedding and Boots!

1. "Downcraft" superdown sleeping bag. Used only three weeks. Inner bag. Reasonable. Contact Barrier Webster, Darries lab., Organic Chemistry Department, on phone 30 2294 evenings.
2. Two featherdown Kiandra bags. Dry cleaned. \$10 or offer (each). Contact Caffin, university extension 694.
3. 1 pair of R.L.'s very slightly used. Size 7, \$7.50. Andrew Spate.

New maps of the High Plains Area: The Forests commission have released a new edition of their Feathertop sheet. Three colours, roads, stream flow and other features.

A new set of four Lands Department maps is now available, covering the Mt. Hotham, Mt. Feathertop and Bogong High Plains areas at 4" to 1 mile, with contours.

SKI TOURING ON THE BOGONG HIGH PLAINS

Party: Dave Hogg, Rob Taylor

12th-18th August.

Setting out from Falls Creek after lunch on Saturday, we headed into the prevailing blizzard to follow the road to Wilkinson Lodge on the Bogong High Plains to the east of Mt. Cope. We could hardly have picked a worse day to start the trip. The wind was so strong crossing Rocky Valley Dam and Longford's Gap, that it was a challenge to even stand up on skis, and once down, standing up again with a heavy pack on under these conditions was no easy task. Eventually the road became unrecognizable under the snow drifts and we picked up the snow pole line which led to Wallace's Hut, and arrived at "Wilkie" (as the Lodge is known) just before dusk.

The bad weather continued for Sunday and the day was spend hut-bound. On Monday, there was a vast improvement in the weather, and we headed off to climb Mt. Cope, our first peak of the trip. Rob had a new pair of langlauf skis, being used on their first long trip and I was on downhill skis with Tyrolia "Rocket" heel bindings and touring attachments, and skins for the uphill sections. It soon became evident that the langlauf skis were by far the more suitable for this type of skiing.

After lunch on top of Cope, we made a divergence to the Rocky Knobs near Rocky Valley Dam, then headed back to the lodge.

On Tuesday, carrying rucksacks, we headed for Tawonga Huts in perfect weather. After lunch at the huts, we climbed the Niggerheads to be rewarded by an excellent view and our first decent downhill run for the trip. Next morning, it was out along the road to Fainter which we climbed by heading diagonally up its slopes from the road to the summit. Although direct, this was by no means the easiest route, for as we climbed higher, the slope became steeper and the snow much icier - better suited to crampons than to skis. From the summit the view was magnificent and on Feathertop, the Club hut was very prominent in the sunlight. Not wishing to risk the icy slopes beneath the summit on the descent, we headed towards the eastern end of the summit ridge where the snow was perfect for an excellent downhill run. After lunch back at Tawonga Huts, we returned to Wilkie. Thursday saw us on the summit of Mt. Nelse - a slow trip out due to a pair of broken "Rocket" heel bindings, a long climb up, lunch on top, and a magnificent run down, the best for the trip. On Friday morning, we left Wilkie and headed back to Falls Creek, arriving in nice time for lunch.

A trip such as this has everything to recommend it. The skis made travelling in snow far more enjoyable than walking, and enable

one to travel much longer distances. Some of the downhill runs are as exhilarating as can be found at the ski resorts, and combined with the excellent views from the peaks make the climb up well worthwhile. And there is a tremendous sense of isolation - being able to look for miles across the plains at the ski tracks in the snow, knowing that they are all your own.

Dave Hogg.

"The sun still rises in the east, and for nearly two centuries now mountaineers have been setting out to meet him each summer's day, after consulting the stars and the cold ...

Grey limestone or muddy granite, ice of the gully or the serac, blown snow or snowy cornice, smell of rock, scent of flowers, delicate saxifrage or sub-Himalayan forest, starlight or storms, sun-scorched terrace, unreal frontiers, friendship between two beings for better or for worse - to those do we belong."

- Gaston Rebuffat.

Last farewell to Stirling?

There is a rumour going around that Reg Ansett has secured some form of rights to Mt. Stirling.

Peter Kneen writes from Canada:

"Lately I have been working pretty hard at the art of seeing as much of the country as cheaply as I can, so the last five weeks have been spent hitch-hiking initially out to the Rockies to do some walking and climbing.

Out of Banff I got to meet some people in the Alpine Club of Canada and stayed there a few days looking for someone to go climbing with who had ropes, etc. Unfortunately what I held against these inactive Canadians held true here for no one was to be found, so I then headed off to Vancouver having done a couple of delightful day walks.

After a week or so on the coast I came back and checked again at Banff. One of the girls working at the lodge had her day off so we were up at 4 a.m. and up Mt. Temple at noon. It is a 11,638' high pile of rubble and scree with one or two outcrops of cliffs remaining above the mess. Consequently the 'climb' took four hours and the descent one hour with skiing on the scree an added attraction."

THE MOOR.

28th December 1965. Emerging from Waterfall Valley en route to Narcissas/Cynthia Bay.

The sullen drifting rain
Hangs like a cobweb curtain from the clouds
The path which rises imperceptibly
Folds greyly into nothingness ahead
Warm rain obliterates our tracks behind.

From the protection of the wooded cirque
A faint breeze stirs and flutters in my face,
The all-pervading dullness lightening.
The clearing misty haze of rain extends
Away to the horizon, where the moor
Has etched its profile faintly on the sky.

A sudden brilliant flash between dark shrouds
Explodes the dimness of the tapestry,
The wetly gleaming gold of button grass
Glints dazzlingly against the smoky haze
Compelling clouds to scatter, till blue skies
Reflect the open emptiness below.

A sweeping glance behind reveals Barm Bluff,
Enshrouded in its chrysalid cocoon,
Its flanking buttresses and bony ribs
Emerging through the silken twists of mist,
Until the last veil rising from the cliffs
Reveals in full the sheer-walled sentinel.

We stand a moment in our leaking boots
To gaze on this unsullied lonely place -
Then turn, reluctant, to the plodding path
That takes us down to Windermere, and men.

Marg James.

CLIMBS WITH A HISTORY:

by H.P.

No.2 - Greg's Direct - North Jawbones

The late 1950's heralded in the new era for Victorian climbing, a change comparable with that which occurred in Britain in the post-war years. A new style of climber, the rock purist, emerged. They did not regard climbing as merely an aspect of mountaineering, but as a challenging sport in itself. These young climbers relished the difficult and technical rock problems on which they could exercise their skill and ingenuity. Understandably, the well worn routes at Sugarloaf soon palled once Black Streak had been conquered. The obvious next step was to move along the Cathedral Range to the longer and smoother face of North Jawbones.

Today's 'mobile' climbers frequently complain of the walk into the 'Bones' from the turntable on the opposite ridge. The steep, scrubby, and boulder strewn slopes below the cliff have deterred many, Sugarloaf being an easier alternative. During the early days at Jawbones, few climbers possessed cars. It was common for a party to hitch-hike or catch the Eildon bus along the Maroonda Highway to Keppel's Lane on a Friday night. From there they would hump their packs along the miles of timber tracks, then through the scrub to a bivouac on the Jawbone's saddle. The bivouac enabled them to start climbing early Saturday morning.

Route One and Route Two, put up in 1959, were among the first routes on the Northern Buttress. Unfortunately, they both finished beside Gardyloo Gully over 100' from the top. Further advancement was blocked in all directions by smooth unbroken slabs. It was not until 1961 that the breakthrough was made by two English climbers, Bernie Lyons and George Glover. At the level of termination of the climbs there is a slight buckle in the bedding plane forming the slabs. Relying on delicate friction supplied by this weakness they were able to cross the slabs, by the route known as the Traverse of the Gods, to broken rock and hence climb to the top.

The first impetus to the rise in standards was provided by the arrival of a number of British rock purists such as Geoff Shaw and George Glover. It was not long, however, before their place was taken by local tigers, each new arrival pushing the standards a little higher. The

first to bear the torch in this respect was Greg Lovejoy, a quiet and delicately built young climber. In contrast to most of the other tigers, he will always be remembered for his unassuming and composed manner, both on and off the rock.

With the successful crossing of the Traverse of the Gods considerable interest focussed on the Northern Buttress. Greg became fascinated by the smooth slabs constituting the top third. Midway along the traverse begins a hairline crack which continues up the center of the slabs and over the bulge immediately below the broken rock at the top. The line indicated by this crack became an intriguing problem.

In 1962 Greg successfully ascended this line. Starting from the belay at the left hand end of the traverse he followed it out to the start of the crack and the protecting piton. The delicate slab was then climbed on to just below the bulge, where a very shaky 'psychological' blade piton was placed. Two big steps on very fine holds were required to surmount the bulge, whereupon, having only 120' of rope, he was forced to belay off a bush on a tiny ledge. The remaining 30' to the top was relatively easy. A crux pitch of 120' had been led with only two shaky pitons for protection, and with this in mind the climb had been graded V.S., Victoria's first.

Greg's Direct came into the news again on a Nat. Fit. Climbing course. In the days before Arapiles the third weekend of the course often meant a return to the Cathedrals. It was common for a tram line to be set up across the Traverse of the Gods, enabling beginners to experience difficult climbing in comparative safety. On such an occasion, John Faye and Peter Jackson, decided to take a couple of promising beginners up the Direct. John was belayed on the same bush as used by Greg, when his beginner fell, dragging him right off the ledge, emphasising the unreliability of the belay.

An amusing sequence of events took place three years ago when Pete Jackson and Bob Bull combined 'Spraggit', 'Speiglemans Route' and 'Greg's Direct' in sequence to give a superb full length climb. Bob led Greg's Direct with Pete belayed on the right hand side of the traverse. Climbing on a long rope he hoped to reach the top in one pitch. The rope must have been short of 150' for with a few feet still to go they ran out of rope. Not wishing to upset Bob, Pete said nothing but untied and started moving

out from the belay holding the rope at arms length. Meanwhile, on the sharp end, and not wishing to upset Pete, Bob had unclipped the rope from his karabiner and attached it to his ankle to gain the extra few feet needed.

Greg's Direct received a mention in an Argus editorial two years ago. The editor had just recently climbed the route and was commenting on the rise in standards in the preceding two years. The essence of the editorial was that, although the route had originally been graded V.S., it would barely warrent a Hard Severe under present grading.

This may be true, but the editor had neglected to mention that the original two shaky pitons had been replaced by three secure bolts. Gecko, at Arapiles, which is very similar in nature to the Direct, was put up by the new school of climbers and rates a M.V.S. because of the lack of protection on the crux pitch. The crux pitch is 120' long and is protected by two pitons and a jam nut. We can expect the next generation of climbers to plaster Gecko with bolts, which they will neglect to mention, and downgrade it, in a most superior manner, to Mild Severe.

CLIMBING RULE NO. 4:

Attention of climbers is drawn to Rule No. 4 - That: Club climbing equipment may only be used when under the control of a climbing leader or competent, or at the discretion of the Climbing Sub-Committee. Permission to use club equipment will only be given in exceptional circumstances to persons of other than leader or competent status.

To clarify - if rope is used by a team of "suitably experienced persons" (not of "competent" or "leader" rating), the person issuing the rope must be in such a position as to give at least verbal assistance to the team. This can only be varied at the discretion of the Climbing Sub-Committee, not by the trip leader.

ENTRY TO THE GORDON ROAD:

Persons planning trips to South West Tasmania starting at Maydena are advised that it is necessary to obtain a permit to enter the Gordon Road, and this must be surrendered to the Gatekeeper on entry. Permits are obtainable from the H.E.C. Head Office, Davey St., Hobart, by application either in person or in writing. Permits are valid for the month of issue only, and a separate permit is required for each trip.

Page Missing

above where the narrow road was flanked by high snow banks draped with icicles and overhung by 'cornices' formed partly by wind and also the undercutting of the snow by snowploughs. The Landrover made hard work of the climb, which was not surprising for our outfit consisting of a long wheel base Landrover with twelve people and a well-laden roof rack and towing a nineteen foot long trailer fitted out with bunks, primuses, sinks, food cupboards and water tanks, came to almost four and a half tons!

From the Pass a wide panorama of white mountains and deep valleys unfolded and somewhere across that lot was our route. The first hundred miles were not so difficult, along high valleys, over low passes, until the country gradually became an extensive hilly plateau of roughly 6,000 ft. The trees had been left behind after crossing the first coastal range and the landscape was very bleak, a windswept frozen wilderness with isolated small villages of mud huts almost buried beneath the snow and no reason being apparent for their existence. At sunset we crossed an 8,000 ft. Pass near Mt. Kopdagi and descended a rapidly icing road towards Erzurum. Even with chains on there were a few slides and some anxious moments, probably made worse by the darkness and extreme loneliness of the landscape, but cold was the greatest discomfort. While it had been clear and sunny during the day, the temperature plunged well below freezing in the evening. In the Landrover, smothered in blankets, we huddled or cuddled together, depending on who was sitting next to who. (There were four women in the party). With all the windows closed, for the slightest draught was an icy spear, condensation formed on the inside metal surfaces and froze immediately so that very soon we resembled the inside of a refrigerator freezer compartment. The windscreen iced up to and had to be constantly scraped to keep clear a small hole for vision. We later found that the night temperatures were -15°C , but in that respect we were fortunate (?) for only two weeks previously it had been close to -30°C !

Next day was also bitterly cold and snowing and we were slow to get moving for overnight in the trailer primuses and paraffin heaters had been hopeless against the cold. We were still above 5,000 ft. on the plateau and travelled as fast as the icy roads and snow drifts allowed - but perhaps a little too fast for at midday, on a series of icy bends, we went into an almighty slide. The snowdrift on our left was suddenly ahead, there was a thump as the tow bar coupling snapped and the trailer ploughed off the road, and an even greater thump as the Landrover tipped over. Luckily, most of the impact was

absorbed by the snow and no-one was seriously hurt though one chap had to go to hospital later to have a shoulder x-rayed and strapped up. Our position seemed hopeless and discouraging at first, in the middle of that frozen nowhere, the only life in sight being a couple of horse-drawn sleighs. But the biting cold forced us into action, an Army truck came along to our assistance; with a cable and all available manpower the Landrover was righted. They left us with some encouraging words. One said "Keep those bloody chains on until summer", while another added "You won't get through the mountains!" It was another 24 hours before we were mobile, after a lot of digging and repairs and a freezing night with the trailer tilted over sharply but supported on a snow bank. Even then our troubles were not over for the trailer body had torn itself free of the chassis and 'jumped' sideways 12 inches. In this condition we had to drive 70 miles to Agri, the only sizeable village in the region. It was a tedious journey taking over seven hours, for another Pass of 8,000 ft. had to be crossed. It was just being opened that day by snowploughs one of which grazed us as it careered down the road, almost pushing us over the edge. With chains biting the ice we inched up to the crest and eventually reached Agri in the evening, with heavy snow falling.

Repairs in Agri took a full day, and it being a Siberian wild west town the methods were primitive, but effective. Burly Turks swung on long poles used lever fashion to lift the trailer body back squarely onto the chassis and somewhere bolts were found to fix it down. Welds to torn chassis members had to wait a week until we got to Teheran. Meanwhile, the rest of the party repaired shattered nerves with the help of several good meals in local restaurants where we found a little bar where Vodka was 5/- per half-litre bottle!

Next day we reached the Persian border after descending from the plateau, skirting the base of 16,946 ft. Mt. Ararat and leaving the snow country behind. The first sunny day on the rough but snow-free Persian roads was a delight after the previous week, while the next thousand miles were hellish - but that's another story

Fred Mitchell.

SCRUBBY CREEK CAVE - MURRINDAL

A party of 11 people tackled this cave on the 22nd July. Four MUMC members were in the party. The rest were Victorial Speleological Society members.

The cave was first explored by Sub-Aqua 5-6 years ago. It is two-thirds of a mile long and has a number of interesting passages in it. To start with there is a rock fall entrance passage which baffled most of the party when trying to find the way out. There is then a waterfall into a pool which had a pure white lining. From there we proceeded to the sump which is 200 ft. long, with only space to keep our eyes and nose above water. A rope was put through this section to aid and act as a safeguard for going through the sump. This sump was pushed with only a little bit of coughing and spluttering, it being far easier to go very gently while going hand over hand backwards along the rope. We lost telephone contact with the entrance just after the sump. This line was put in as a safety measure as an accident could well occur or the water level could rise sufficiently to block the sump.

From here travelling was straightforward along the stream passage until Andrew found a small fish which took some time to catch and was very tricky as walking in the water caused mud to be stirred up. Then another rock fall chamber where it was necessary to leave the stream passage.

We then reached the well named "Trog Wallow". Six hundred feet of mud up to the calves and sometimes knees with a foot of water on top. This mud was the sticky kind which tries to grab your boot every time you try to move it. Trying to swim along it was even harder. The only thing to do is to keep going slowly without stopping. At the end of this is another rockfall where we had to go some feet up and then descend through a narrow keyhole to the stream again. From here it is straightforward to the end of the surveyed section - Christmas Hall - which is quite large, being about 100' wide, 100-150' high and 400' long. At the end of this there are some further very tight squeezes with only very small breathing spaces which only five of the party went into. The lack of wet suits was beginning to tell on the rest of the party who were mostly wet right through. After a short while exploring this end section although not completely we turned back to get out as quickly as possible before we had trouble with cramp or exposure.

We arrived at the surface wet through completely some 11 hours after starting. A strange feeling to come out of a cave after midnight. All in all Scrubby Creek Cave is one of the best in the Buchan Area.

TWO OLD LAGS IN THE OBERLAND

"The traveller is cautioned against sleeping in chalets unless it is absolutely necessary. Whatever poetry there may be theoretically in a "fragrant bed or hay", cold night-air piercing abundant apertures, ringing of cow bells, grunting of pigs, and undiscarded garments, these hardly conduce to refreshing slumber. As a rule, therefore, the night previous to a mountain expedition should be spent at an Inn . . ."

So wrote Karl Baedekar in the twenty-sixth edition of his 1863 Handbook for Travellers in Switzerland.

Accordingly our last evening in Zermatt was spent at the Hotel Bahnhof and the cheese fondue we cooked up was of such a size and alcoholic content that the 'refreshing slumber' was guaranteed. Either that or a king-sized indigestion but with stomachs well-conditioned from years of hard rations in the bush it was more likely to be the former. A good quantity of wine was used that evening, and not all of it in the cooking!

Early next morning when we should have felt fit and ready for a flying start, we didn't. In the Alps where most regions are relatively easy of access, even the effort required to catch a train is sometimes too much. We did eventually get away from Zermatt though and two trains took us to Fiesch in the Rhone Valley. As the next cable car was not due to leave for one and a half hours we settled ourselves at a sunny table outside an old timber chalet and ordered up ham sandwiches and beer. Not like the old days, not for us the heavy packs, sweating it out on a steep mountainside! Someone once called Bob and I "two old lags" - perhaps there was an element of truth in the expression. Certainly we felt not shame after our hearty lunch in joining a group of camera-festooned tourists to be whisked in a swaying cable car a few thousand feet up, well clear of the treeline.

Above the forests of the valleys and away from Zermatt with its smoky beer cellars and riotous evenings with crowds of climbers who were 'waiting for the weather'; up on the clear grassy slopes with a panorama including the Matterhorn and Weisshorn prominent on the skyline, the old enthusiasm returned, and the prospect of almost two weeks in the Bernese Oberland was immediately a happy one.

From the cable car station an excellent track sidled along grassy slopes to a low pass, beyond which was the broad expanse of the Great Aletsch Glacier, Europe's longest, larger than the Tasman, with the Jungfrau at its head. Possibly that was one of the most beautiful and typical pieces of alpine scenery one could wish for. Bright green grass grew thickly between reddish boulders and slabs, deserted and

ruined stone chalets of the herdsmen nestled in sheltered hollows above turquoise glacial lakes, beyond these was the rippled surface of the glacier and above this a serrated ridge of sharp peaks, silhouetted deep blue against the late afternoon sun.

That was the point at which our trip really began, the previous few days had been a 'spell' after the eight-day high-level traverse from Chamonix to Zermatt, intended to get us fit for the serious business of some high climbs in the Oberland.

By this rather leisurely route we were able to reach Konkordia Hut that same evening after three or four hours walking up the glacier, very slushy when nearing the hut. At 8,750 feet and at the junction of three great glaciers Konkordia was ideally situated for any number of routes in the rough triangle bounded by the Aletschhorn - Jungfrau - Finsteraarhorn. Many hours had been spent in making a translation of part of a German guide book of the area as nothing had so far been published in English. What we hadn't counted on however was the unusually large amount of snow still around. It was mid-July and while glaciers were nicely snow-covered and crevasses well-bridged, the popular rock routes also appeared to be heavily plastered. The Hasler Rib on the Aletschhorn tempted us but the Hut guardian said it was impossible under the prevailing conditions so we decided instead to try the Finsteraarhorn next day.

Leaving Konkordia soon after 2 a.m. we descended the nine timber ladders anchored to the rock face of the hut platform. There was no moon and we seemed to be climbing down into a vast black pit. Boots clumping on the rungs echoed hollowly in the frosty air and emphasized the apparent emptiness below us. It took us two and a half hours to reach the foot of the Finsteraarhorn's south west ridge. It was hard work all the way, there had been only a slight frost and the snow was knee deep beneath a thin crust. At about 10,000 feet our climb of 4,000 feet began, the ridge running directly up the broad western face of the mountain and dividing its great snowfields. It was generally easy and clear of snow but sharp and slabby, and painfully cold until the sun came up. Five hundred feet from the summit we were temporarily halted by an ice face. It involved some precarious step-cutting followed by acrobatics to regain the rocks above, where numbed hands could be warmed. The remainder of the climb was most enjoyable - a series of converging minor ridges, ribs and gullies, very exposed but warm rough rock. Around 11.30 a.m. we stepped onto the windy summit and were chilled in minutes. The view was extensive and spectacular but it was too cold to stay and enjoy. Even the profile of the Giger only a few miles to the north was not enough to hold us there and we looked for shelter on the descent of the north-west ridge, a small ledge protected by an overhang gave some relief from the biting wind but not enough so we went on down to the Finsteraarhorn Hut, an easy descent - sliding and running down long slopes, jumping crevasses and 'skating' over icy patches.

Down at glacier level again it was suddenly very hot, not the slightest hint of the cold winds above, and rather than trek across the Fiescher Glacier and cross the Grunhornlucke (a 10,150 ft. pass) we stayed at the Hut, sleeping, sunbaking and drinking mugs of tea until 6 p.m. A few other parties had crossed the Pass in the day so by keeping to their tracks and leaving late a lot of hard work in soft snow was avoided. Nevertheless we were more than tired on arrival at Konkordia at dusk.

The Oberland treated us very unkindly for the remaining time, with frequent snowfalls, storms and cloudy weather. In a brief clearing we moved 'camp' up to the more luxurious surroundings of the Jungfrau Hotel, where for eight francs a night we had the use of a heated dormitory plus breakfast in the main restaurant, bar, T.V., ice-rink, souvenir shops and lounge, and there idled in comparative comfort, watching the icicles grow longer by the day. The roof was festooned with them, collected occasionally to provide ice cubes for cocktails! Because of the shocking weather there were only a few guests at the Hotel, climbing was at a standstill and the local guide was look-extremely bored. Situated at 11,333 feet we too began to lose patience, for the Eiger and Jungfrau were so close and time was running out. Day trippers arrived on every train to peer out into the murk, buy a few postcards and then return to the valley. The ease by which they could invade 'our' territory annoyed us but we did appreciate making use of the train to have sent up to us a box of food and wine. Added to this we scrounged surplus food from other parties who left, disgusted with the weather, and from two English girls working in the Hotel. Otherwise the time was spent roaming the draughty tunnels connecting the Hotel, Station and exits to the glacier. Usually the sky was clear at midnight, cloudy at 3 a.m. and then snow fell practically all day long.

But at last there came a clear morning and we left early for the Jungfrau. A traverse of the Rottalhorn on the way gave us some excellent climbing on an exposed ridge but by the time we had reached the Rottal Saddle between it and the Jungfrau, dark clouds were billowing up and again the wind was freezing. On top at the Jungfrau at 11 a.m. visibility was zero, and for the hundredth time we cursed the elements for apart from the views being lost in the damp mist, conditions were far from ideal. Rocks had been iced on the Rottalhorn and the south east ridge of the Jungfrau had been icy, and treacherously overlaid with loose snow.

Next morning we returned to Konkordia to collect some gear, set out a storm in the afternoon, and the following morning retraced steps to the Jungfrau. That day was typical of the unpredictable nature of the weather, we left Konkordia at 6 a.m. in perfect sunshine, arrived at the Joch three hours later in a snowstorm, left at 11 a.m. again in brilliant sunshine for the Mönch, and within an hour it was snowing again. The Mönch summit ridge proved 'interesting' too

because of a white-out. Though just feet below its sharp crest it was impossible to tell whether we were seeing snow at our feet or another snow ridge far in the distance. On the summit we huddled in a hole for shelter for an hour hoping for a clearing but no such luck, so, once again, it was back to the Joch.

Next day, to the amazement of the Hotel staff and the guide, who by then were convinced we were completely mad, we made a 3.30 a.m. start for the South ridge of the Eiger. That also was an abortive attempt for we got only as far as the Eigerjoch. Ahead of us the ridge was an impossible arete of snow sculptured into strange sharp forms by the fierce winds, their high tottering shapes defying gravity. Some fine photography at sunrise was all that we achieved there, and at 7 a.m. somewhat disheartened, we turned back. The only cheering event on the way back to the Joch was the arrival of the daily storm which meant that climbing was out of the question anyway.

To climb in the Oberland one must therefore have a great deal of time and patience. For us time had run out and next day we left the snows and went down to Grindelwald. That gave us a slight measure of success for instead of paying the prohibitive train fare we left at 5 a.m. and made a rapid torchlight descent of the four and a half miles long steep tunnel through the Eiger. Two unexpected supply trains caused us to hurriedly find hiding places in side galleries. At Eigerwaud Station we photographed part of the North Face in between avalanches that seemed to fall constantly, and finally at Station Eigergletscher we cautiously emerged from the tunnel and, being un-noticed, immediately took on the appearance of tourists out for a walk (for the tunnels are strictly out of bounds).

Coffee at the station, a leisurely walk down the track through the pine forests and we were in Grindelwald just at the right time to enjoy a beery lunch. The Eiger, Mönch and Jungfrau high above were lost again in the greyness, the Oberland had lived up to its reputation - a great pity as it is an area offering great opportunities for long traverse routes and many climbs of all grades, relatively easy of access, and altogether a most attractive area - EXCEPT FOR THE BLOODY WEATHER!!

Fred Mitchell and Bob Jones
Swiss Alps - 1966 season.

Some people, it seems, are trying to turn mountaineering into a spectator sport, complete with potentially gory falls, etc. What's more, they were paid for it. Exhibitionists! Perhaps they were recruiting for the Fallen Angels' Club.

MOUNTAINEERING ON SKIS

An activity which has recently been increasing in popularity among the mountaineering and bushwalking fraternity of Victoria is ski touring. This has been practised here in various forms for some time, mainly by skiers, but during the last year or so, largely through interest stimulated by the formation of a Winter Mountaineering Group, which includes skitouring as one of its major activities, has found many followers among bushwalkers.

This is not at all surprising. Many bushwalkers go on snow trips during the winter and are forever seeking methods to make walking in snow easier. In some conditions, with the right type of equipment, skitouring does just this.

Skiing can be divided into two types, Nordic skiing and Alpine skiing. Nordic skiing originated in northern Scandinavia at least 4,000 years ago, where it has since become an integral part of life, enabling people to move more effectively on snow - downhill, uphill or on the flat. In this country, it is commonly described as 'langlaufing' although strictly this term applies to cross-country racing on skis. The form of skiing which is at present being developed by Victoria bushwalkers is more correctly known as Nordic touring, although its principles are the same as those of langlaufing.

Alpine skiing, which developed in Central Europe, America and Australia during the 19th century, has always been primarily a recreational form of skiing. It is more commonly known as downhill skiing, emphasizing the fact that the technique and equipment are intended primarily for skiing downhill. Either considerable energy or a large amount of money (to pay for ski tows) must be expended to get to the top of the hill again. Hence downhill skiers are restricted to relatively small areas.

Equipment

The equipment for Nordic skiing is much lighter and cheaper than that required for downhill skiing. A light touring ski is narrower, and slightly longer than a downhill ski, and uses a fairly light, flexible boot, cut just above the ankle, and attached to the ski at the toe only. No safety release is required on Nordic skis because of the great flexibility in attaching the skis to the feet. The total weight of skis, boots and bindings would be about 8 lb a pair. Langlauf (racing) skis are similar but lighter still (as light as 5½ lb), while heavier touring skis and mountain skis, designed for more mountainous regions and icier

snow conditions where a light turning ski is not sufficiently robust, employ a boot resembling a walking boot, which attaches also at the heel with a cable so that the heel is still free to lift. These heavier Nordic skis with attachments may weigh as much as 14 lb.

In contrast, downhill skis are heavier still and require boots with a perfectly rigid sole which attaches firmly to the ski at both heel and toe. The total weight is about 20 lb.

The stocks used for Nordic skiing are fundamentally the same as for downhill skiing, although they are generally slightly longer with a curved tip and should ideally be made of bamboo to provide a small amount of forward whip.

It is recommended that knee-bréetches and long socks be worn in preference to the conventional tightly-fitting stretch pants used in downhill skiing, as the latter tend to hinder leg movement.

A complete set of Nordic touring equipment (skis, boots, bindings and stocks) can be obtained for just over \$50, while equipment of comparable quality for downhill skiing might cost \$100.

Technique

Does one have to master downhill skiing before attempting Nordic touring? Previous downhill skiing experience would undoubtedly be useful in developing a sense of balance on skis, especially on the downhill stretches, but is certainly not essential and to some extent may be confusing as many downhill techniques are difficult to apply to Nordic skiing.

The basic movement of Nordic touring is developed from walking, and involves a kick-off from one foot and a gliding step with the other. Additional propulsion may be gained from the stocks. Many of those who have recently mastered the techniques in Victoria mountains began with little or no skiing experience.

Climbing on Nordic skis is achieved by application of waxes to the wooden sole of the ski, which must first be prepared by application of a suitable base-tar. These waxes are also used for the flat and downhill, as they allow the ski to either grip or glide depending on whether or not it is moving. They do not adhere satisfactorily to the synthetic kofix sole of a downhill ski.

Skiing downhill is the only general case where downhill skis are superior to Nordic skis, but this is only to be expected as downhill skis were developed for this purpose, and not for overall versatility. Because of the flexible attachment of the boot to the Nordic ski, it is much more difficult to control the skis in turns, particularly when the slope becomes steeper. However, the art of turning can be developed with experience, and experts can accomplish even parallel turns on Nordic skis.

The Use of Downhill Skis in Ski Touring

Downhill skis can be modified for use in ski touring. With a cable release on the heel, simply removing the cable from the rearmost brackets on the side of the ski enables the heel of the boot to be lifted from the ski, making walking on the skis far easier. Special two-bindings can be obtained which control more effectively the movement of the cable in such a case. In some cases, these can be adapted for use with a normal walking boot.

Heel bindings which are fixed to the ski close to the heel of the boot generally cannot be modified for touring. An exception is the Tyrolia "Rocket" heel release which is gaining great popularity among downhill skiers because of its ease of adjustment and fitting on downhill skis. This binding, instead of being screwed directly to the ski, can be attached to a flexible base-plate which can either be locked to the ski for downhill skiing, or allowed to rise free for touring. This touring attachment works quite well for short distances but is not sufficiently robust for long hard trips, as a bend tends to develop at the point of attachment of the heel binding to the base-plate, which can result in damage to both the touring attachment and the heel binding. Even with these touring devices, walking on downhill skis is made more difficult by the absolute rigidity of the sole of the ski boot.

Climbing on downhill skis can be extremely tiring due to the greater weight of the skis and the lack of grip on the snow, even on gentle slopes. The grips of the skis can be increased enormously by the fitting of climbing skins to their soles. Under these conditions, they are superior even to well-waxed Nordic skis for climbing, but the skins make movement on the flat or downhill much more difficult, and then it is generally desirable to remove them. Because of the time spent in fitting and removing skins, they are only worthwhile when long uphill stretches are encountered.

The benefits of Nordic skiing can be summarized as follows:-

- 1) It is the fastest means of moving in undulating snow country.

2) The equipment involved is lighter, cheaper and more comfortable to use in ski touring than downhill ski equipment.

3) It opens up areas which are normally not readily accessible to the downhill skier.

Dave Hogg.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE GOURMAND!

Freeze dry beans:

New Zealand processed and imported beans are now available at 4 Square Stores in Tasmania. These are processed by Instant Foods (NZ) Ltd. for Edmonds and appear in 2 types - sliced green beans and sliced butter beans under the trade name of Sweet 7.

One packet weighs 3/4 oz and gives 4 servings, similar to the servings of Surprise Peas. They are palatable and a pleasant change from the old dehy!

The cost is 26c per packet which compares favourably with Surprise Peas 22c - 25c per packet.

It has also been noticed that Marva is now only making Marva Beef Curry and no longer making the Savoury Beef.

Kraft Dried Onion:

This is available in most self service grocers, a 1½ oz packet for 19c - 20c. It is easily as good as the Dewcrisp onion (which is perhaps one of the better Dewcrisp vegetables) and certainly has the advantage of being easily obtainable.

Guest's Army Ration biscuits, which although not as good as the Swallows Antarctic Ration seem to appear on the general market as Guest's Dog Biscuits. They are more easily obtainable as Dog biscuits than the Antarctic Ration (although the Store often has these).

And who was the heretic who mumbled reflectively, "Yes, snow makes good igloos; I'm not sure that the same can be said for aluminium".

Did you hear about the burglar who broke into a North Melbourne flat recently? He was chased out by an irate Spate wielding an ice axe.

Additional Information

re Twitt, A: "Bunyips, Yetis and Other Beasties" in The Mountaineer, 4, pp 19-22, 1967, concerning the wild creatures of various lands.

There were two notable exceptions to the Australian section of the fauna.

1. That denizen of the dark, dark, dismal depths, the Trogyet: Almost unknown in Victoria before 1965, it has been sighted many times since then, mostly at Buchan. Its picture has been displayed at Aikman's Road for some time, but it was not known until recently that there is a female of the species. The female has been observed several times; its range located between Orbost and Werribee. There may also be some connection between the Trogyet and Gloob, the cave-dwelling goblin.

2. The Bogong boghopper: This animal was first sighted on Mt. Bogong and is described in the Cleve Cole log book. A somewhat similar beast must have migrated to Mt. Feathertop because it has more recently been recorded in the MUMC Judge-Hatt Hut, where it was named Bogongus boghoppensis. However this animal differs from the Mt. Bogong specimen in being covered by large numbers of circular dark spots. These may be due to the animal being dirty - there being no alpine peat bog in which to wallow on Mt. Feathertop, or, in attempting to hide under the ice during the recent invasions, it was severely bruised by large numbers of ice axe blows, crampons and kicked steps.

If, however the spots are hormonal, then it must be a mutant, possibly ranking as a variety, depending on whether it breeds true. In this case the name would be Boghoppus bogongensis for the original, variety feathertoppus.

It is an offence to be knowingly in possession of specimens of this species, which, if found, should be sent to the Department of Fisheries and Wildlife after having posed with it for the benefit of Press photographers.

Darles Charwin. F.S.U.R., F.A.A.U.R.

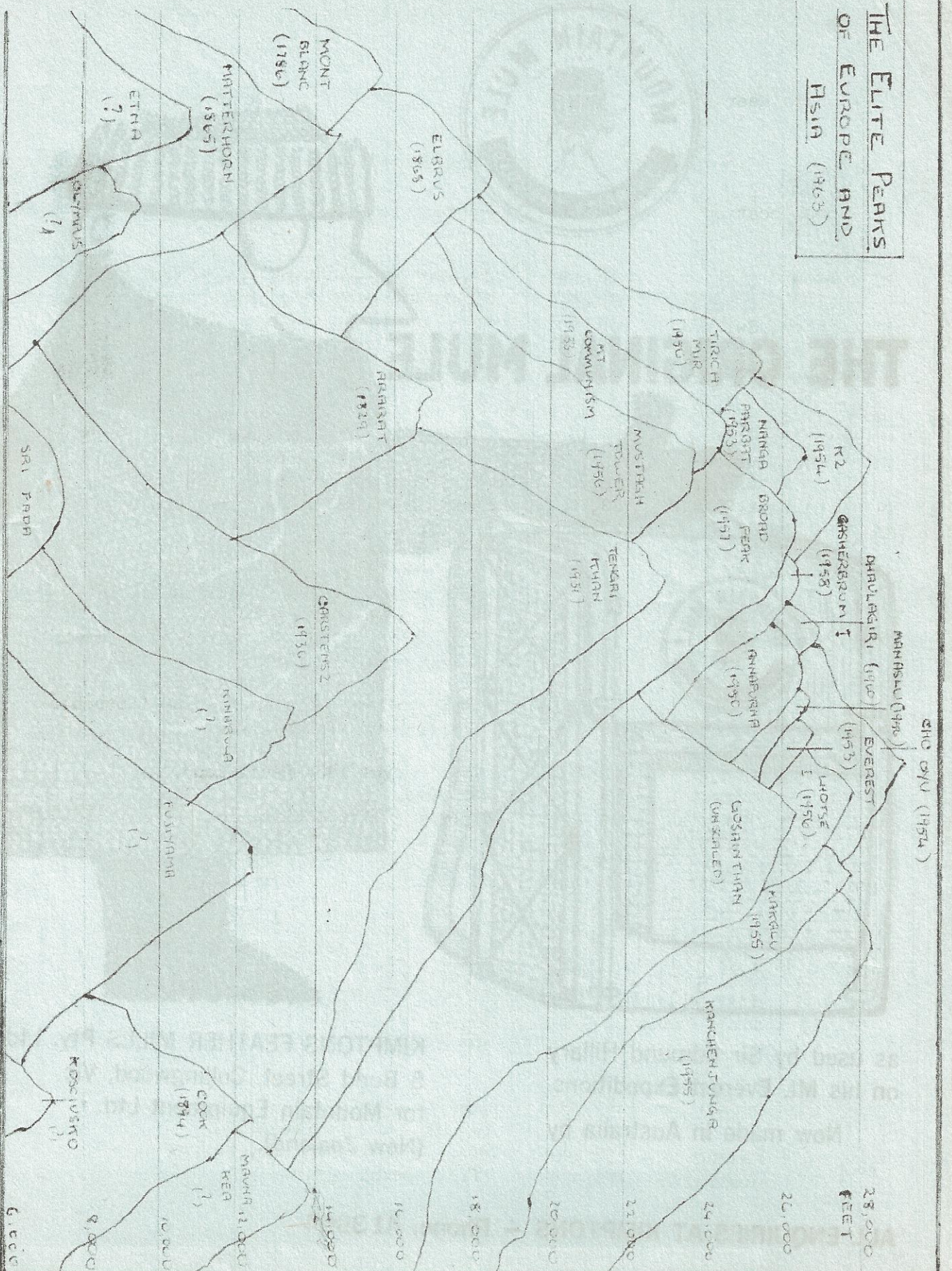
Additional information

re "Good News for the Gourmand". The beans described earlier are at present only available in Tasmania. But Surprise beans are now selling in Victoria for 25 cents. They are similar in quality to Surprise peas.

THE ELITE PEAKS OF EUROPE AND ASIA

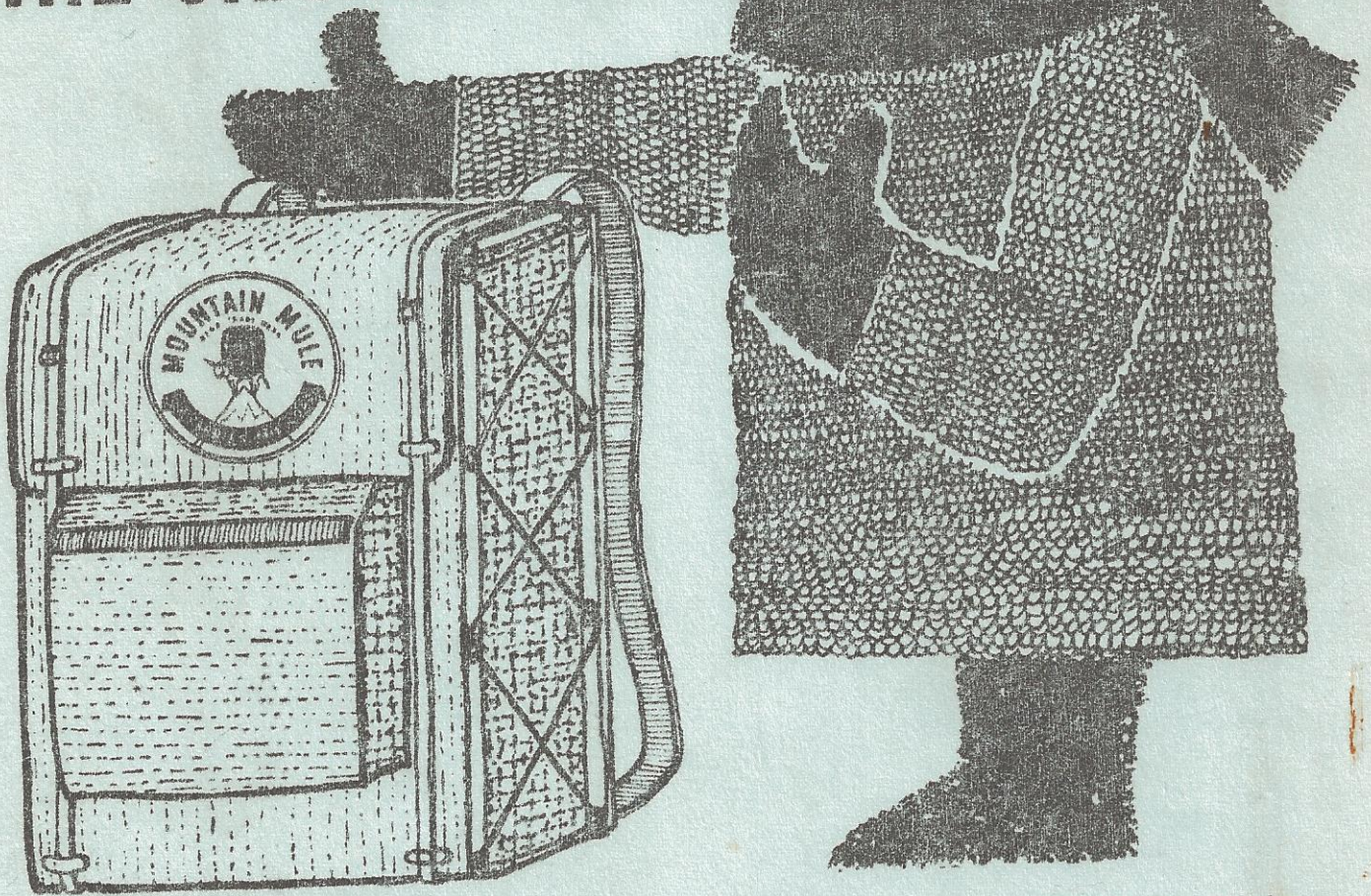
Peak and Location	Altitude	Facts and Figures
EUROPE		
Elbrus, U.S.S.R.	18,468	Highest on continent, 1st ascent 1868.
Mont Blanc, France	15,781	Highest in Alps, 1st ascent 1786.
Matterhorn, Switz.	14,780	First scaled by Whymper in 1865.
Etna, Italy	10,868	Highest active volcano in Europe.
Olympus, Greece	9,550	Abode of gods of Greek mythology.
ASIA		
Everest, Nepal	29,141	Highest in the world, 1st ascent 1953.
K2 (Godwin Austen)		
Kashmir	28,250	Second highest in world. 1st - 1954.
Kanchenjunga, Sikkim	28,168	First ascent 1955 (British).
Lhotse, Nepal	27,890	First ascent 1956 (Swiss).
Makalu, Nepal	27,790	First ascent 1955 (French).
Cho Oyu, Nepal	26,890	First ascent 1954 (Austrian). All woman attempt 1959 ended in death of 4.
Dhaulagiri, Nepal	26,810	First ascent 1960 (Swiss).
Nanga Parbat, Jammu-Kashmir	26,660	First ascent 1953. In previous attempts 29 were killed. (German-Austrian).
Manaslu, Nepal	26,657	First ascent 1956 (Japanese).
Annapurna, Nepal	26,502	First "8000er" conquered. 1950 (French).
Gasherbrum, Jammu-Kashmir	26,470	First ascent 1958 (U.S.).
Broad Peak, J-K	26,414	First ascent 1957 (Austrian).
Gosainthan, Tibet	26,291	Unscaled.
Tirich Mir, Pakistan	25,426	Highest in Hindu Kush. 1st ascent (1950).
Mt. Communism, USSR	24,590	Formerly Stalin Peak. 1st ascent (1933).
Mustagh Tower, J-K	22,940	First ascent 1956 (British).
Tengri Khan, USSR-China	22,940	First ascent 1931 (Japanese).
Ararat, Turkey	16,946	Extinct volcano. 1st ascent 1829.
Carstensz, Indonesia	16,503	Highest island-mountain peak. 1936.
Kinabalu, Borneo	13,455	First ascent unrecorded.
Fujiyama, Japan	12,389	Sacred mountain. Dormant volcano.
Sri Pada (Adam's Peak) Ceylon	7,360	Sacred mountain - Buddhists, Moslems and Hindus.
AUSTRALIA AND OCEANIA		
Mauna Kea, Hawaii	13,796	Active volcano, highest unbroken base to peak rise in the world.
Cook, New Zealand	12,349	First ascent 1894 (New Zealand).
Kosciusko, Australia	7,328	First ascent unrecorded.

THE ELITE PEARS
OF EUROPE AND





THE ORIGINAL MULE



as used by Sir Edmund Hillary
on his Mt. Everest Expeditions.

Now made in Australia by

KIMPTONS FEATHER MILLS Pty. Ltd.
5 Budd Street, Collingwood, Vic.
for Mountain Equipment Ltd.
(New Zealand).

ALL ENQUIRIES AT KIMPTONS — Phone: 41 3964