

MOUNTAINEER



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FRONT COVER Pres. and Vice, plotting the clubs activities
in Tassie. (Frenchnan's Cap area)

Courtesy of Debbie Henry (but she doesn't know it!) Thanks Deb.

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MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB
OFFICE BEARERS 1985

PRESIDENT	Jamie Orr	Phone: 663 5370	H
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27/3/85.

OXO DATING SERVICE

(Committee Members)

JAMIE ORR : President

A mild mannered ex-editor of the "Mountaineer" (not "Daily Planet") disappeared into the mud of Tassie's 'Sodden Loddon' to emerge as 'El Presidente'. With oxo power gained from 4th year Commerce/Law and 4 years 'club' experience, he has now been seen descending tall Redmond Barry buildings in several bounds, powering down raging Yarra rapids and heaven knows what will happen on the Picnic at Hanging Rock. James would like to meet Wonder Woman.

(Mel T. and James Mc. sent in rivetting self descriptions which just had to be doctored by F and F)

MELANIE TAWS : Vice-President and Librarian

Mel is tallish(?), slimish, curly hairish and 3rd year Vetish! Fetishes include : eating, walking fast, James, sketching, James, birdwatching, James, organising other people (just you wait). Dislikes include canoeing, pink (except when James is wearing it), Mondays, wimps and books.

PETER FREEMAN : Secretary

Are you looking for a new super sec.? Look no further! Imagine Peter 6'2" (?), dark, muscular (well he's doing a Master's in work exercise), complete in shiny black wet-suit sitting on your knee taking notes. What more can we say - he's yours.

DEBRA CRUICKSHANK : Assistant Secretary

Debra orienteered herself from Adelaide to Melbourne last year (must have been the good weather she was seeking). She is an aspiring Vet. (yes another one), climber, kayakist, orienteerer and secretary.

ROB TAYLOR : Treasurer

Would you trust this man with your money? Second year as treasurer - haven't you paid off the kayak yet Rob?? A canoeist with a difference ; he doesn't smash boats, cars or fffaces, drink beer upside down nor attempt rapids upside down or backwards. Rob is a Law/Commerce student who would like to meet a female canoeist who also doesn't smash boats, cars,

JANE FROST and ANN FOSTER : Co-editoreses

F and F, alias Jane Frost (boot bearing blond with blue eyes) and Ann Foster (shorter bouncy brunette with hiccups) should at all costs not be confused. Interests include : pigs, real banana thickshakes, piglets, meeting people (of course) porcine diseases, freeze dried yoghurt, 3rd year Vet. Science,

4.
pig food, bike riding (down hills), skiing (fairly flat), bushwalking (flat), and kayaking (definitely flat) and abseiling off Redmond Barry buildings (vertically flat). Wish to meet a Swiss speaking pig farmer, preferably flat with a twin brother (also flat).

LYNNE POWELL: Stores Officer

A tall brunette botanist, Lynne holds the key to what only Mark Duree has had access to before. Our stores officeress is interested in eating mango mousse, walking, aeroplanes (taking off), 20 sleeping bags of mixed design, snow seal ... and choofas. Lynne is invaluable or else Mark may wriggle back into the store room, through the you know what....

JENNY BAILEY : Publications Officer

Now here's a real kayaker, as was demonstrated at the last I.V. Canoeing where she was seen to uphold her position in the 'boat race' above and beyond the call of duty. Jenny is a 3rd year Ag. Eng. - well I guess that just about explains her fully!!

CONVENORS :

NICK HALLIBONE : Bushwalking

(Nick wrote this so we thought we'd better put it in as is) Hi, I'm a 4th year medical student, still attempting to design feet that agree with hiking boots. I had the misfortune to join the club in 1981 and I've looked back ever since. Apart from bushwalking, I've 'attempted' rockclimbing and hope to increase my ski touring experience this winter. Unroped ascents include : Mt. Ossa, Mt. Koonika, the Viking, Mt. Geryon and the Acropolis. My favourite recipe is 'Speculation Special' : Fry 1 can corned beef, 2 chopped onions, 1 tin creamed corn. Add packet of peas after boiling. Combine and insert into unleavened bread. Then throw at nearest gum tree. (As you can see Nick is obsessed with eating and would like to meet a fantastic walking cock with strange shapped feet.)

JULIE CHAPLIN : Kayaking (or canoeing)

Julie's claims to fame include : a goddess amongst wimpish male paddlers, tight blue wet suit, cosmetic surgery on unsuspecting jelly babies, giving and receiving massages (with oils of the forbidden fruit), sweet things, and organising Greg. She majors in canoeing and fills in spare time with 3rd year Commerce. Would like to meet an Eddy Stopper with roof racks for her kayak.

JAMES MCINTOSH : Climbing

Tall, slim blondish 4th year Eng. who wears pink (better known as Cutie). Interests include : scrub bashing, Melanie, bush bashing, photographing Melanie (have you seen the one in the tent!!), Melanie bashing and scrub. P.S. he's also been seen rock climbing at Arapiles (with - yes you guessed it - Melanie.)

TONY WILLIAMS : Skiing

For 3 years Tony has been watched and followed by an adoring rock wallaby called Jeremy, hence Jeremy Rock Wallaby appears under Tony's name on many trip notes. Tony denies knowing this little animal but their acquaintance stretches back to a trip in Tassie with the bushwalking convenor. The amazing animal can tell you if people are in hypoglycaemic comas and is able to determine the extent of limb breaks. Tony, who claims to have never been snowed before but been ski touring all the same, is a Science (Geology) Stud and would like to meet a hopping female with an ear ring to match his own.

JANET RICE : Conservation

Janet can frequently be seen peddling madly down to the clubrooms on her tredly in the late hours of the afternoon. She has been involved with the club for quite some time (we won't say just how long) and has been involved with conservation for probably even longer. As one of our 'off-campus' members, Janet is currently working for the Conservation Council of Victoria and would love to meet any obliging males who are apt at liking stamps and typing letters of reply to up and coming conservationists from Primary Schools.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR(S) :

Ann and I are terribly lonely and would like someone (anyone) to write to us. Any gossip, jokes, recipes or any problems we can solve for you will do. Just drop them in our mailbox (the "Mountaineer" box in the clubrooms) and we'll answer them in the following issue.

F. and F. = co-editoressees



plees rite

'THE TRADITION CONTINUES'

M.U.M.C. 39th Annual 24hr. Walk
29-30th June 1985

The biggest event in the M.U.M.C. calendar is on once again, continuing the tradition that dates back to the first 24 hour walk in 1947. It has been held annually since that date, and this year 200 enteries are expected.

A 24hour walk (or rogaïne) involves cross country navigation on foot around a course of previously set checkpoints. Competitors must find as many checkpoints as they can in the 24 hours of the event - from 1pm Saturday to 1pm Sunday, using only a map, compass and the full moon (which is generously provided by the organisers).

This year's event will be held approx. 24 hrs. from Melbourne, at a secret location that will be detailed only a few days before the event to prevent competitors checking the course pre-event.

Entry forms will be in the next issue of the 'Mountaineer', and will also be provided at the clubrooms several weeks before the event. A beginner's talk will be organised for the week before the event to give basic navigation and an idea of what to expect in a 24 hour walk to people who have not competed in a rogaïne.

So keep the weekend of 29-30th June free, and remember that most competitors treat the event as much as a social event as a competitive race.

Organisers: Brendan Carmel

Paul Bosboom

P.S. Helpers are required for the event for catering, administration and course setting. If you can help, please see either of us at the clubrooms (most lunchtimes) or phone Brendan on 5892942.



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TEACH YOURSELF ROCKCLIMBING - BUSHWALKING THE MT. ANNE CIRCUIT IN TASMANIA'S SOUTH-WEST.

"Damn you Jim" I cursed to myself as he raced past sitting proudly in the passenger seat of a timber truck. The arrangement was that when one of us got a lift, he would persuade the driver to stop for the other of us who would be further down the road. This time it looked as if I would lose the hitch-hiking duel to the start of the Mt. Anne circuit on the Scotts Peak Dam Road. Fortunately, I wasn't out done and after a couple of good lifts, we arrived together at the start of the track with some standard par 4 S-W storms looming over us.

The first part of the hack involves a steep haul for 2hrs. or so to the high camp hut, located just below Mt Eliza- a good initiation for the bulk of the circuit. Just on dark, and with the rain really beginning to pelt down we reached the hut. Luckily, before the clouds had closed in, we were treated to magnificent views of Mt. Solitary, its mood ever changing as the storm closed in around it. Awesome views of Mt. Anne, a major objective, were also enjoyed.

We awoke the following morning to find the weather had not changed from the previous night, so there was ample time to glance through the log book. Apparently we were far from being the first to be caught in this predicament. By lunchtime the rain had eased to drizzle so we decided to climb up onto the Eliza Plateau with only day packs to see what we could see and then make a further decision as to whether we should continue.

Once on top, we were pleasantly surprised to discover that we could still see our hands in front of our faces (just) and so decided to return to the hut, pick up the rest of our gear and continue. After another couple of hours, completely buggered through having scrambled up the same steep rocky slope twice, but by some miracle we were standing on top of Mt. Eliza in brilliant sunshine. We now felt bold enough to explore more fully the plateau.

Fantastic views were had over the Eastern edge of the plateau, of Lake Judd incredibly set some 300 meters vertically below where we were standing. Time was getting on so we decided to postpone the climb to the summit of Mt. Anne until the following morning. We set up our tent at the Shelf Camp - a spectacular campsite as you could ever hope to find, with cliffs towering both above and below us and with Mt. Anne seemingly just a stone's throw away across an enormous ravine.

The next morning was cloudless and without a breath of wind - perfect condition for the trickiest part of the walk. The rockclimbing began with the final part of the ascent to Mt. Anne. A lot of nerve was needed from mere bushwalkers such as ourselves in order to negotiate some of the near vertical pinches encountered. Fortunately at this stage we weren't carrying packs. The chance for climbing with full packs would come however. From the summit we had magnificent views of Mt. Lot, Lot's Wife, The Western Arthurs and the drowned Lake Pedder. Fortunately we weren't able to make out what John Chapman called 'The slot' in his notes which would be encountered near the top of Mt. Lot, otherwise we would have turned back right then.

After some very exposed and spectacular knife-blade walking along the ridge to Mt. Lot (by this time with our full packs) the track abruptly ended - this was it! First some tricky down climbing to get into the Slot over loose scree material and then a 20m vertical climb up out of the other side to join the track which wound its way towards the summit. The track notes just weren't able to capture quite what was involved. By tacit agreement we decided that to climb and then pack haul was a bad joke and so we would do it with our packs on. I was later to regret that choice, as I stood in a coffee-table sized ledge, balancing very carefully as I gingerly removed my pack in order to perform the last move with Jim standing agape some 18m below me.

A short while later following some more heart-wrenching stuff, we were standing on the summit of Mt. Lot with more incredible panoramic views over the South-west. By this stage we had had enough of that choking feeling which comes with activities such as hang-gliding or parachuting, and so we decided to skip the climb up Lot's Wife and to make our way down via an easier (not easy) route along Lightning Ridge to our campsite by Judd's Charm, a lake just below the ridge. We pitched our tent on some very comfortable, spongy peat soil and collapsed - elated with our achievement that day.

The next morning, our springy campsite had become a six inch deep muddy puddle, and our brilliant clear sky of the previous day was now only a memory. Visibility was minimal and the rain was bucketing down. It was too miserable to contemplate moving, so we spent the day lying in our puddle (you couldn't really call it a water-bed), rationing out our dried apples and attempting to memorise by rote the track notes for the next day.

The next day was slightly better; still raining and visibility still only 50-100m but we simply had to get the hell out of there. The ensuing 4 hours of non-stop walking was possibly the most uncomfortable either of us had experienced. But we were down, unfortunately having missed so many of the side-trips which sounded so interesting in the notes. There's the breaks I suppose, but a return trip to this magnificent high level circuit would not be out of the question!!

DAVID WALKER

An account of my climb of Mt Aspiring (Sth Is. New Zealand) on Feb. 17th 1985

Mt Aspiring via the S.W. Ridge - Chris Ryan

As I prepared the billies of water in anticipation of an early start, I knew we were to be granted a good day for the climb. The slow motion fireworks above the westward mountains were like a kaleidoscope of changing colours. Who could ask for more? Not I

Everything was in order, apart from my leaking thermorest which resulted in me awakening after three or four hours of slumber. The snow was freezing.

It was still dark as I crawled from my foxhole in the snow, and filled my lungs with the cool outside air. On inspection of the frozen layer that had hardened during early morning, I discovered it lacked the "hard-ice" top we were hoping for. We had to 'rattle our dags' in order to avoid soft snow on the ascent.

Aspiring towered over the Bonar glacier. It was so close it appeared you could almost throw stones at it. At last we were ready, and we set off across the Bonar. Lightly loaded we soon established a military marching pace; crunch, crunch, crunch as crampons shattered the virgin track.

Quickly we reached the bottom of the curving S.W. ridge. Smilely negotiated a snow bridge that glowed blue in the morning light. I was to follow directly. However, on removing a snowstake I became off-balanced and somehow bumped my glasses causing them to fall. I lunged, but it was too late. They skidded down the slope faster than an Olympic tobogganist, and disappeared into a crevasse about 60m below us. Bounding down the hill I ignored my companions' cries of 'gone forever!'. Ten feet wide and 40 deep it looked bad, but they had come to rest in a bed of soft powder snow at the bottom.

I swung down on my hammer landing on a partially collapsed bridge unaware of its thinness. Tentatively I made my way towards my glasses, keeping close to the wall. At last I rescued them and was out like a rat up a drain pipe. A lucky escape I'm sure. Those glasses never left me again!

I greeted a surprised pair some minutes later and we moved off carefully for a few steps across verglass on rock, then back onto snow.

Focussing on our line and steadily climbing, we were unaware of the panoramic view unfolding around us. At about the ninth pitch I suddenly realised it was photo-time. Scroggin was consumed and appreciated by all. Then we continued, still in the shade of the summit.

The rock band below the summit ridge was iced up in the contour. Its steep face looked glassy as we eagerly approached. Up over a small bulge and the fun had begun, as Smilely swore at the splitting ice and lack of purchase. Joe pumped up this short but awkward wall and soon three of us were having a quick chocolate break before the last two pitches onto the summit ridge.

Moving in a rhythm of; front point - hammer - then axe, gradually I made my way up, trying not to send down too many 'dinner-plates' of ice onto my friends below. A couple of screws for pro, then a bit of a run-out and I was onto the summit ridge. Joe and Smilely followed together, glad of no more falling ice.

It had clouded over now and we were lucky to pick up the tracks of somebody from the N.W. ridge. We knew we were close, but how close? I wanted to run, but I didn't know where. Suddenly a cornice loomed in front. Seven hours after departing, we had made it at last!

Lunch was the order of the day. With no summit views we headed off down the N.W. ridge and back to camp.

Federation Peak

In February, after a couple of preparatory walks - the Overland Track and Frenchman's Gap - we headed on down into the heart of the South West to tackle Federation Peak. We were dropped off at the start of the Yo-Yo track late on the Saturday afternoon and proceeded for an hour or so along the track, before setting up camp.

The next day was fairly sultry, as was the walking. We soon discovered why the track is called the Yo-Yo - up and down, up and down for the rest of the day with little to break the monotony except the lovely fern gullies and the occasional view of the Heron River. By about 5.00 pm we arrived at the Cracroft River and crossed the new suspension bridge and set up camp at Cracroft Crossing, where there is a 3-sided shelter about 100m from the river.

The next morning was beautiful, warm and sunny as we set off towards the Eastern Arthur. However, this feeling was soon replaced as we headed off through the thick, black mud and the cutting brush. As we continued over the Arthur Plains, Federation appeared as the cloud gave way around its craggy peak. After lunch we headed up Luckmans Lead, which was very steep, but also muddy and slippery. At the top there were superb views of the Western and Eastern Arthurs and of Federation Peak itself.

Then the fun began as we tried to follow (and find) the track to Stuart Saddle. After about an hour of trying every possible route we had to scrub bash down a gully, below the dial and back up on the other side. The walk from Stuart Saddle to Goon Moor was superb - fantastic views in all directions and relatively straightforward once the track was found. Camp was set up just on the east side of Goon Moor which was well sheltered, flat, but also muddy. (what's new?).

The next day we again awoke to sunshine and continued along the Ridge Line which again afforded excellent views of the Western Arthur and the South Coast. This section was a little more difficult, as there was a great deal of rock and many tracks leading off in different directions, and also places which involved a small amount of climbing. We reached Thwaites Plateau for lunch and, after pitching tents, set off for the Peak. As we neared the Peak itself it became enormous and the sheer size of it was amazing, as well as the ruggedness of its surrounds.

I was a little apprehensive as we started up, as I didn't know how difficult the climbing would be, and it looked a mighty long way up. We had been told that there were cairns all the way up, so by following these and taking it slowly we managed up with little drama, taking about 45 minutes.

Reaching the summit was an exhilarating feeling; the views in all directions made the toil well worth while, as did the memory of looking at the Peak for the previous few days and thinking that we couldn't possibly get up there. Unfortunately, as we neared the top there was a change in the weather, as a thick, black wall of cloud and rain headed towards us from the west. So, after signing the log book and taking the mandatory photos, we scurried on back down, after only spending a few minutes at the top.

Whilst we were at the top a plane taking tourists on a scenic flight passed below us and acknowledged our presence, which was quite a buzz and gave a sense of proportion to the Peak and the rugged surrounds.

The only consolation for us was that we knew many parties didn't even reach the summit due to the weather. About half-way down it clagged in on us with our visibility reduced to a few metres and our way down turned into a waterfall due to the rain. In one way I wanted to hurry down and get back on to firm ground, but then I realized how easy it would be to fall, and how far down it was. We were all very happy and relieved when we got back to the shelter of our tents.

The next day, as we set off back towards Goon Moor, it was very overcast and within a short time the weather closed in, showing all the fury and danger for which the South West is famous. The rain was bucketing down, it was very cold and the wind was ferocious, making the rain near horizontal, and visibility down to about 10 metres. The frightening part was that there was no shelter from it. We were on a ridge with no protection possible. Thus we were forced to keep going, trusting that the cairns and track were leading in the right direction. For the first time I was made aware of the real danger of exposure and I found this the scariest part of the whole walk as there was no respite. After about four hours of sheer misery and concentration in trying to maintain our senses we found ourselves at Goon Moor and rapidly set up camp on the lee side. We then all got into our dry woollens and sleeping bags and spent the rest of the day hearing the rain pelt down on the tent, and feeling the wind shake it around. The rain stopped every now and then, but visibility didn't get to more than 100m. We spent the next day in the tent waiting for it to clear, vowing we wouldn't move until the sky was once again blue.

The following afternoon the weather lifted and we quickly packed up camp and headed off towards Stuart Saddle which was done easily this time, as we were aware of where we went wrong the previous time. It was with much relief that we descended Luckmans Lead and got into the safety of the lower plains. The next day was stinking hot and stifling as we made our way from the Pass Creek to Cracroft Crossing and then along the Arthur Plains to Junction Creek hut. The views of the western Arthurs were superb but after an hour or so the monotony of the walk took over; on and on with just flat button grass plains. The only consolation was that it wasn't muddy. After a very long day we got to Junction Creek

The next day, as we set off back towards Scotts Peak, it was very overcast and within a short time the weather closed in, showing all about 7.00 pm and had a huge meal. The next morning the weather was again foul. The Western Arthurs were fully clouded over and we set off to Scotts Peak Dam in the rain, wind, etc.... We got to Scotts Peak Dam for lunch and sheltered on the lee side of one of the buildings (they were all locked - goodness knows why) whilst waiting for the bus to Hobart. The place looked and felt like the end of the earth. The Hydro really knows how to make a mess of a place especially when one considers what Lake Pedder and surrounds were once like.

We took eight days and found the walk very challenging, but also rewarding. Although there is a cairned track the whole way, it is at times very difficult to follow. There are also sections in which some parties will need to pass packs, as some rock-climbing is required. Parties are at all times quite exposed on the Eastern Arthurs, which makes the infamous S.W. weather even more dangerous. If you intend to go make sure you've got very good equipment, especially tents, and a few extra days food supply as virtually everyone is delayed for some time. Tent sites are also at a premium, thus two tents should be the maximum. The walk remains a great challenge and is well worth while to anyone who wants an experience which still relatively few people have had. However, don't underestimate what you've let yourself in for. As someone wrote in the log book "This makes anything in Victoria look like a Sunday School picnic".

Jamie Orr

SNOWY BLUDGE TRIP

ANN FOSTER

What better way to end the exams than a peaceful paddle down the Snowy ?

Wrong - the trip was anything but peaceful with paddlers such as:

- Ian (Macka) - takes anyone else a dozen cans to reach his normal state of exuberance.
- His off-sider Timmy - whose cosmetics included bathing in beer, Big M and pancake mix.
- Tim - squashy nose - Hatton
- Jenny - can throw Macka with one hand - Bailey
- Robyn - "it just wouldn't be worth it!" - Cruickshank
- Ian (Bam Bam) - primitive but nice - I'm all tied up right now - Egerton
- Julie, Roz (gear freak) and Ann - interesting combination of footballs, fingers and knives
- Carl - the epitome of self control - 3 cans/ night
- Marlie - fantastic tail stands in the washing machine complete with sound effects
- Peter the penetrator paddler and the man animal in the back Steve (dive rolls over the fire and worse....) Brown
- Chris - (another Melb.Uni. car bites the dust!) Brown

The Snowy must be one of the most beautiful rivers in Victoria, especially the Gorge where the cliffs tower above you on both sides. The river was

fairly low level in November, but still gave us a fair run for our money -

Timmy giving directions at each rapid: "paddle harder, keep to the right and lean downstream". That is until we got to the "washing machine";

Timmy's only comment was "hold your nose" and sure enough it managed to wash 19 out of 24 of us.

To liven things up a bit Ian decided to combine kayaking with rock climbing and free fall and performed a very co-ordinated seal dive from a cliff - anything for a photo. !

The weather was pretty kind to us -- it didn't interfere with the enormous camp fires anyway and I think everyone had a great time.

Thanks to Ian for leading the trip.

THE WEST FACE OF LHAMU GHANG

Thyangboche is a small village built on a spectacular ridge at an altitude of 3867m (12,664 ft.) in the Solo Khumbu region of Nepal. There are two landmarks in Thyangboche which stand out clearly in my mind. Firstly, the Bhuddist Monastery which is the focal point of the village, and secondly, Lhamu Ghang (5009m or 16,404 ft.), the mountain which towers above the village to the west. Before reaching Thyanboche, I had no intention of climbing Lhamu Ghang. But when my eyes first caught sight of that mountain, my mind quickly changed, I decided then that Lhamu Ghang was going to be my first Himalayan summit.

The next morning I woke up early and eagerly headed outside to look at the weather. It had been snowing steadily all night, but the sun was shining brightly now. The sky was clear above, although a bank of cloud was building up on the southern horizon. Two British trekkers, Pete and Arnie, were keen to do the climb with me. We got into our climbing gear, tightened our crampons, and were off.

There appeared two feasible routes up the mountain. The first involved following the South-West ridge to the West face, and then crossing the middle of the West face to the West ridge. The West face was mostly steep rock, and it was now covered in snow, making this route very difficult. The alternative route involved climbing the West ridge until it met the West face near the summit. The second route seemed more feasible considering the weather conditions. We headed North along the bottom of the West face for almost an hour. It was slow going because of the deep snow, and a path had to be broken by the leader.

We reached the West ridge and began climbing out of the valley. The vegetation was now sparse, and as we climbed higher, the ridge became void of all vegetation. The clouds from the Southern horizon were now looming ominously over us, and the wind began to strengthen. We rested on the ridge at about 14,000 ft. It was now snowing heavily and the wind was still strengthening. We waited a few more minutes. The storm was quickly becoming a blizzard, and there was no option but to get off the mountain. It was a relief to reach the valley again and feel the vegetation wrapping around us like a shield protecting us from the wind and snow. We reached our hut a little disappointed, knowing that the mountain had beaten us this time. But we would try again if the weather improved.

The next day looked good. The early morning air was cold and fresh and the snow had compacted overnight. The sky was a deep blue and today there were no clouds on the horizon anywhere. Pete and Arnie were not willing to try again after yesterdays experience, but fortunately there were other willing starters. Four of us left the hut at 8am: Greg, a Canadian; Mick, an Englishman; Hankeper, a Sherpa, and myself. It was decided to follow the same route as yesterday, and approach the summit via the West ridge. We began climbing the West ridge, and stoped for a rest at the same place as we were forced to retreat the day before. But once again there was trouble. Mick had begun to experience strong chest pains, and was unable to go on. Hankeper escorted Mick off the mountain, while Greg and I continued to climb.

We came to an enormous sweep of rock debris which mounted the West ridge then fell into the valleys on either side. Giant boulders were strewn across the mountain. It was a matter of finding a path between these masses of rock or climbing over them. The heavy snow of the previous day had made the rocks slippery, and hidden holes which now waited to snare us. We slowly moved across to the left of the rocks, the leader checking for holes with an ice-axe. A gentle sloping snowfield lay to the left of the rocks, and it was good to stamp into firm snow again. We climbed the snowfield to a ridge and were faced with two possible routes. To our left a great couloir descended about 5,000 ft. from the summit into the valley floor below. We could cross the couloir, then ascend to the summit via the North ridge. The second alternative was to climb a chimney onto the West ridge to the summit. The chimney looked somewhat formidable, and a technical rockclimb at 15,000 ft. was to be avoided if possible. We decided to try and cross the couloir to gain access to the North ridge.

The couloir was steep and about 200m wide at this point. I kept my left foot on a rock and placed my right foot and ice-axe onto the couloir. The snow squeaked under my weight, then began to crack into slabs. The recent snow had been quickly frozen over by an icy wind, forming ideal conditions for a wind-slab avalanche. I retreated quickly, not wishing to be swept into the valley below. There was no alternative but to climb the chimney. The face was a combination of rock and ice so I decided to leave on my crampons for the climb. My first attempt at the chimney was not successful. I was well positioned about eight feet up, but during the next move my crampons lost their grip on the rock and down I came into the snow below. The second attempt was better. With a combination of body jams and face climbing I managed to reach the top of the chimney and pull myself onto the west ridge. Greg followed and soon we were both on the ridge. A snowfield stretched before us, leading to another rock face in the distance.

The altitude was beginning to affect us now. The air was very cold and dry. We were forced to rest more frequently now, and each time we stopped, we coughed continually. For some reason our coughs abated each time we began to climb again. My left crampon became loose at this stage, so I removed my gloves to tighten it. My fingers instantly froze to the metal of the crampons, making a simple operation quite difficult. We reached the next rock face located at 16,000ft. on the West ridge. This time there was no chimney, just a relatively smooth rock wall. I thought we were beaten.

I stood on the head of the ice-axe while Greg lifted me high enough to fit my fingers into a hold. There were more holds higher on the face so once over the first smooth section, it was possible to climb. I belayed myself, then lowered my axe to Greg, and pulled him up over the smooth rock. From the top of this face the summit looked to be another 500ft. away. The sunlight hit us for the first time as we began the final ascent. The warmth was great, but we were looking directly into the sun now while we climbed. The remainder of the climb was all rock. It was steep and jagged, but good holds could be found. Each time I reached the top of one rock face, there was another to be climbed, and I really began to wonder if we'd ever reach the summit.

But finally I was on the last ridge . I could see the summit before me. The final ridge was narrow, about two meters wide, and led to a pinnacle - the summit. At last I stood on the pinnacle and was soon joined by Greg. Feelings of happiness and achievement welled up inside me as I looked at the magnificent view. We were both excited - we'd done it! Ama Dablang towered above us to the North-east , and Lhotse filled the end of the valley. To the South-east Kang Taiga majestically pierced the skyline. From the summit pinnacle, two great couloirs swept down the South-west and North-west faces to the valley floor 5,000ft below. The East face was rock and dropped away sharply from the summit.

We remained on top for about 15min, and then became shrouded in a veil of mist. The weather looked like it may deteriorate rapidly, so we descended quickly. I remembered how quickly the blizzard had hit yesterday and did not want to get caught in the same conditions near the summit. Fortunately we dropped out of the cloud at about 14,00ft. and had a clear view of the valley below. Weariness had set in and the last hour was a struggle to keep lifting my feet clearly to avoid tripping over my crampons. We arrived back at the hut before sunset, tired but very contented. Lhamu Ghang was our mountain.

ANDREW BORRELL

Q. Where are the Andies?

A. On the end of your armies!!!

(that's one of Foster's of course)



A mountain
being climbed
by an "eer"

ROCK CLIMBING - THE ARAPILES APPROACH

Mt. Arapiles, a rocky enormous crag in Western Victoria, is the Mecca of Australian climbing and is widely respected as a world class mountain for big climbs. An indication of its variety in terms of length, number and difficulty of climbs can be seen in the "Mt. Arapiles Handbook" (compiled by Kim Carrigan), with further developments shown in "Rock '85" edited by Wild Publications.

As a newcomer to climbing, the rock itself is not the only salient feature - the climbers themselves each with their own unique attitudes to the sport, leave indelible imprints in the minds of onlookers. (Before the author continues, he must admit to the fact that his rock climbing experience spanned about one hour on a Saturday morning. The explanation for this is only known to a select few. Perhaps the challenge was not there!?) Anyway, this allowed me more time to observe other climbers and hear any gossip - of which there was plenty!

Rock climbing has passed into the new wave era. How this began is uncertain, but Mike Law, the Sydney climber (who once retrieved some soap from the bonnet of a car travelling at 100 km/hr by getting out of the driver's window, crossing the bonnet and returning to his seat next to the driver!), and Kim Carrigan, are sure to have been involved.

At Mt. Arapiles, there are two types of climbers; the new wave climbers and the rest. I say this is not to belittle the rest, but simply to indicate a division exists, mainly just based on their appearance. Appearance doesn't stop them mixing, in fact the one big group camping there is a mixture of new wave and non-new wave individuals, with everyone drawn together by incredibly long stays in the small camping area called the Pines. Put simply, if you camp in the one spot for weeks on end, you can't but mix with others in the same position.

Their camping style is far different to that employed by most bushwalkers, perhaps influenced by such incredibly long stays in the Pines. Their tents are in various states of "decay" and range from a large "bivvi" bag to family tents, with often only the one occupant. If tent pegs cannot be obtained to hold the tents up, the guys are often fastened by logs and rocks. The ground around the tents is trodden bare and dry, with only the thick pine canopy overhead repelling any rain that would soon turn the area into a mud heap. The main campfire shows how established they are - large pine logs, oil drums, upturned milk crates and even the front seat of a car serve as seats and food is stored in clothes baskets, ancient eskies and milk crates. Billies look as though they've gone ten rounds with a Wonnangatta cow. The vegetarian would feel at home here - whether or not a lack of meat is due to health consciousness or lack of refrigeration, I'm not sure.

The campfire, no longer fueled by local pines' wood (well and truly drained years before), provides a suitable venue not only for eating, but also allows climbers to catch up on gossip - like who's climbing with whom! Particularly central in the conversation area was the activities of a person already mentioned in this article - it pertained to the large number of photos of this person and his close friend, found in "Rock". The climbers were referring to "Rock" as "_____ and _____ on holidays".

As a number of the climbers at Mt. Arapiles are semi-permanent, they rely on the dole as their only source of income. However, the weekend I was there, I heard of a government clampdown on climbers trying to receive the dole. They are arguing along the lines of deliberate geographical isolation by the climbers that would reduce their chances of finding work.

Most of these climbers are very experienced (not surprising for the amount of time spent there) and climb to grades in the mid twenties. In fact, only their lack of equipment seems to stop them reaching grades above twenty-five. (The "hardest" climb is graded twenty-nine, recently done by Kim Carrigan.) It is interesting to note the increasing popularity of bouldering - climbing large boulders just outside the "Pines" - perhaps because it doesn't require any gear at all. Often climbers borrow "racks" of climbing gear from friends to do any technical climbing.

No discussion of Mt. Arapiles should leave out Natimuk or affectionately known as "Nati". Natimuk, a thriving metropolis of 200 people, not only holds mail for the intenerant climbers, their daily milkshakes - God knows why! - and the Natimuk pub, where the locals are only too keen to issue the challenge of a round of kelly pool (a pot per head being the wager).

NICK HALLEBONE.

P.S. Since the writing of this article several climbs have been established with grades higher than 30.

N.H.



OXO NOTES

SEARCH AND RESCUE: The 1985 S. and R. practice will be held on the 19-20th of Oct. probably in the Thompson River area. Further information supplied in following "Mountaineer"s.

CONSERVATION: Janet Rice will be giving a talk on "Grazing on the Alps." Thursday May 2nd 1.15pm. Notice of venue will be posted in the clubrooms.

COMPETITION: Design a logo for an M.U.M.C. t-shirt. Winner receives ??????? (see next issue). Place any designs in the "Mountaineer" box in the clubrooms.

FIRST AID: Anyone completing a recognised first aid course will be reimbursed for the fee by the club. To enrol in a course, contact the head offices of Red Cross or St. John's.

CONGRATULATIONS: to Charlotte and Owen Morgan on their recent marriage, All the best for a very happy future from the Oxo Man!

ADVERTISEMENTS:

TO SELL: Old club sleeping bags and packs - sale by donation to the club. See a committee member if interested.

(Please do not hesitate if you have something that you would like included in Oxo Notes; it can be anything of interest to other club members. Just pop the note into the "Mountaineer" box in the clubrooms.

F and F - co-editors.)

Have you heard about the Irish waterpolo team?

They drowned 12 horses before half - time.!!!

PUBNIGHTCLUBNIGHT: Tuesday 30th April
Carlton Club Hotel.
chr.Gratten and Lygon Streets
Meet at clubrooms 7pm. or drop
in anytime at the pub.

~~(Ackno- Agnowl Acknowledge~~ Thanks to Ann's mum for Ann's typing and Brendan's white-out for Janes typing and Jamie's nurturing of the magazine last year, Mark for his help with the computer and Janet for her help with the stencils.

T.T.F.N. F.and F.)

SEARCH AND RESCUE: The 1955 S. and N. expeditions will be held on the 19-20th of Oct. mostly in the Thompson River area. Further information supplied as follows "Mountaineer".

CONSERVATION: Janet Rice will be giving a talk on "Horseback on the Alps" Thursday Oct 19th. Notice of venue will be posted in the clubroom.

COMPETITION: Doonan's legs for the M.U.C. 2nd night. Winner receives \$1000 (one night prize). Please pay attention in the "Mountaineer" box in the clubroom.

FIRST AID: Anyone completing a 3-hour course will be rewarded for the 1st club. To enrol in a course, contact the local office of Red Cross or

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