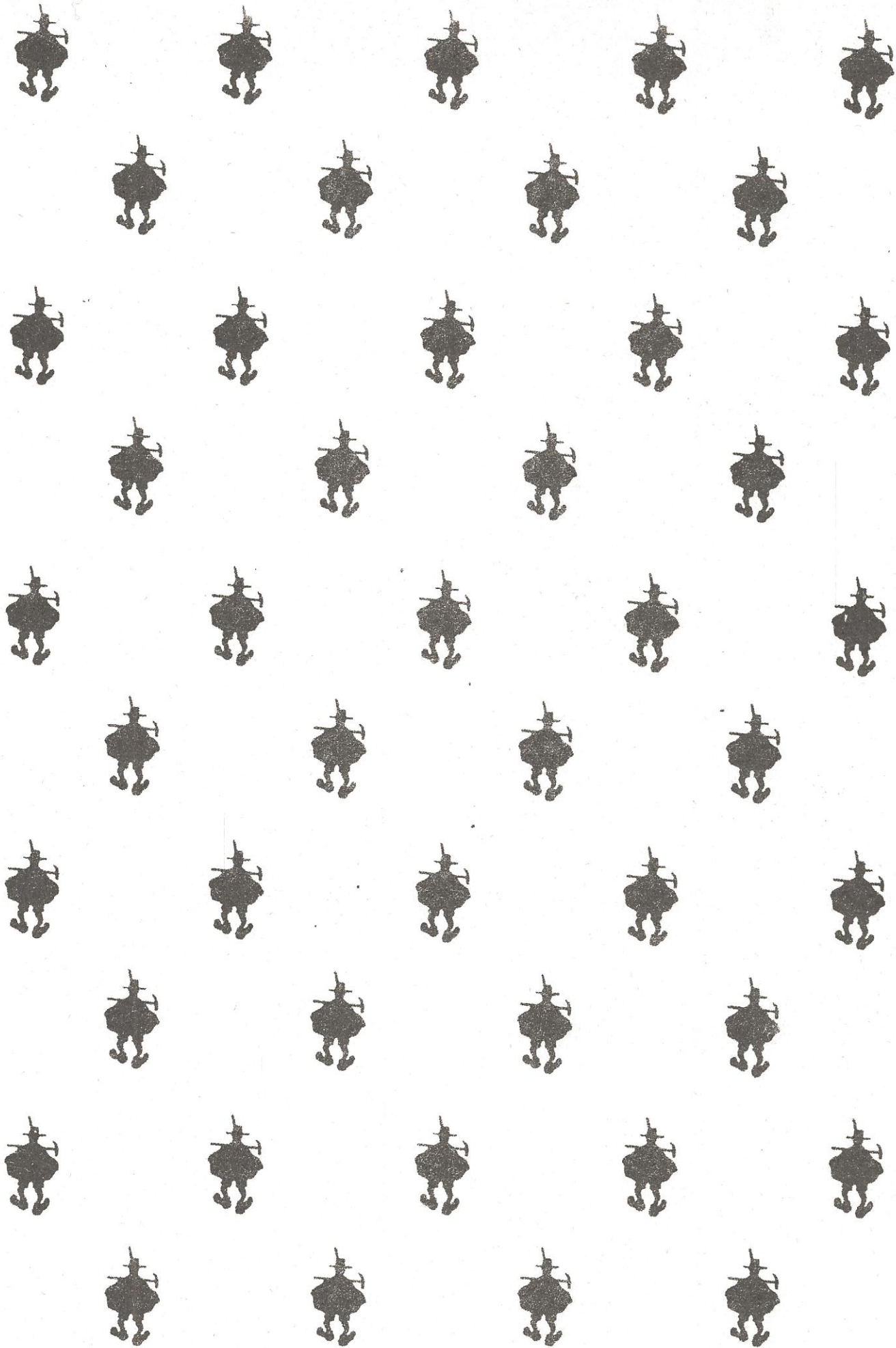


June 1983

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MOUNTAINEER

WOODWARD

THE MOUNTAINEER

- June 1983

Official Journal of the Melbourne University Mountaineering Club

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EDITORIAL

This editorial marks the beginning of the first issue which is being produced under the inspired leadership of your's truly. When I volunteered for this job I had all sorts of grandiose plans for what was going to be the best club mag. since the Bible. Some of my hopes are still intact but many have been shattered. Those plans that haven't come to fruition have usually been those which have involved the most work and though I would dearly love to work on them, silly committments like a full-time job have limited my time somewhat. This means that the bulk of the work in writing articles cannot be left up to me - it must done by you, the members of the Club. Without your contributions then there is really no magazine - and the quality of the magazine is entirely dependent on the quality and number of your contributions. If you strip away the glossy cover and pretty pictures then the quality of any magazine will in the final analysis be judged on the quality of the articles. Hence the more you write the more selective I can be and the result will be a better magazine, one you will be proud to read, and hopefully enjoy too. From there who knows what heights we can achieve!

So there it is. Just when you thought that I was about to write something interesting it turns out to be just another plea for more articles. But think of the endless opportunities this presents. The articles can be about anything! Trip reports are the easiest to write but there are also book reviews, letters to the editor, equipment reviews, recipes, songs, ads, anything. This is a multi-disciplinary club and the interests encompassed within its boundaries are so diverse that anything will do - it can only contribute to the interest of the magazine. (Now here comes the threat - If you don't write me enough articles then I will hold my breath until I turn blue and die. Then they'll have to find a new editor and watch out! It could be you! Don't say you haven't been warned.)

As a relative newcomer one of the most noticeable things about the Club is the divisions within it. The rock climbers don't talk to the canoeists, and neither of them talk to the bushwalkers. This, I think, is a great pity. All of us can benefit from the other activities going on in the Club. There's plenty of experience in the other groups just waiting to be tapped. The best way that I can think of to overcome these divisions is to get out and take part in these foreign activities. Who knows? You may even get to like them. Remember, we are united in this club by a common love of outdoor sports and it is through these activities that we can become a united club.

Thanks for help in the production of this issue must go to all those who contributed articles as well as those who shared some of the burden in typing, namely Mark Durre and Kim Adshead. Anyone who feels that they would like to help in any capacity are welcome to form part of the impromptu editorial sub-committee. Just drop a note into my folder in the clubroom or ring me at work.

The Editor

YOUR COMMITTEE

Below is a list of the Club's Committee Members and Convenors for the year of 1983. They were elected at the Annual General Meeting of the Club which was held in April. These selfless individuals have allowed themselves to be sucked into leading the Club, a job that no-one really wants. While they are there you might as well use them as much as you can. Who knows? They could even conceivably be of use to someone. To help you to know which one of these people you can use the most (and let's face it, despite their looks they do have quite a deal of outdoor experience between them) we have got them to write a little about themselves. The results are something that will hopefully both inform and enlighten you, if only in the way not to express yourself in English. And so without much further ado, I introduce you to the all-star 1983 Committee! (and a few other bod's who wanted their names in print)

Janet Rice - President

I joined the Club in 1979 as a first year science student, with some experience in bushwalking and a developing interest in canoeing. I was immediately roped into the Intervarsity canoeing team, where I excelled in enjoying myself, but not much else. Since then I have paddled a number of Victorian rivers, and played a couple of seasons of canoe polo. In recent years I have spent more time walking, with ten days (including three stuck in a tent) in the Western Arthur's in South Western Tasmania being one of my more memorable trips. I have also competed in a number of 24-hour walks and rogaines in the last two years, including the Intervarsity Rogaine last year.

My part in the Club bureaucracy has so far been centred on the production of "The Mountaineer", which I co-edited in 1981, and edited in 1982. So, a year in the presidency should make a nice change!

In addition I love apples, mushrooms, and garlic, and live in a house in Parkville and am beginning a M.Sc. in meteorology this year. Enough said.

Kim Adshead - Vice President

I first came to Uni in 1980 from school, and have been working as a word processor operator in the University Admin. building ever since. I have walked a fair bit of Victoria, though there are still thousands of walks I want to do. I've walked in Tasmania once, which was boiling hot when it was not freezing cold and raining. Other walks include a solo trek through 100 miles of the Scottish Highlands, ten days walking in the Lakes District (tea-rooms) in England, and climbing Ayre's Rock (O.K., so it's not the Himalayas). Have also pretended I could ski-tour and canoe on a few occasions.

James McIntosh - Secretary

James joined the M.U.M.C. last year and is now studying second year Mechanical Engineering. He took up bushwalking in 1977 and ski-touring a year later, but has been fascinated by mountains and the bush for as long as he can remember. For the last six years he has walked and skied regularly with friends, with a school walking club, and of course with the Club. You will commonly find him in the Clubrooms, or occasionally behind the counter at Bush and Mountain Sports, a retailer of Mountaineering equipment. (That

sounds suspiciously like an ad. to me - ed.)

Bill Borrie - Assistant Secretary / Librarian

My interest in bush and mountain sports began six years ago when I was introduced to bushwalking, rock climbing and kayaking by Venturers. Since then I have travelled widely, walking on tracks around Victoria, climbing several times at Arapiles and in Central Victoria, and being active in orienteering, rogaining and ski-touring. I am currently two-thirds of the way towards the Bushwalking and Mountaineering Leadership Certificate, and recently I have taught caving, climbing, canoeing and bushwalking as an Outward Bound Instructor. I am presently studying third year forestry and have a wide interest in conservation matters.

Andrew Rothfield - Treasurer

Andrew joined the Club in 1974. As a mature age Medical student he still remains active as a bushwalker, rogainer, ski-tourer, and alpine climber. He has led the Alpine Instruction Course since 1979. He has been Chairman of the New Zealand Alpine Club's Southern Australian Section since 1980 and has visited New Zealand three times, Canada, and India twice. He reached the summit of Changabang at 22,500 ft.

Tom Kapitany - Stores Officer

Unlike some of the more prestigious committee members, I cannot claim any great bushwalking and mountaineering conquests. I have been bushwalking for most of my life, mainly through the eastern states, including Queensland, and Cradle Mountain in Tasmania. I am a keen naturalist and photographer. Apart from bushwalking, I am quite active in caving and ski-touring. I am currently studying third botany and geology.

Mark Durre - Bushwalking Convenor

Coming to Uni first in 1972 I did not join the Club until 1975. In 1979 I spent a year on Macquarie Island as a physicist, sometimes assisting with investigations into penguins. Having completed my M.Sc. in astronomy in 1981 I travelled in Europe in 1981-82, walking in Scotland and the Lakes District. My main Club interests are bushwalking and ski-touring, together with wildlife study.

Chris Ryan - Climbing Convenor

Home town : Kilmore, central Victoria.
Main interests : Bushwalking, camping, canoeing, climbing, fishing, and 'scouting'. Two years climbing experience includes the "Northern Regional Rock Climbing Course", held over three weekends in 1981-82.

Course : First year Ag.

Ambitions for 1983 : To pass while doing as little as possible and enjoying as many M.U.M.C. activities as possible.

Ian McKenzie - Canoeing Convenor

Although I started Uni in 1980 I didn't join the Club until 1982, not realising that mountaineers canoe. Since then I've done heaps of canoeing trips with the club. These include the Snowy, the Mitchell, the Mitta Mitta, as well as doing canoe polo and the Murray Marathon. This year

I'm trying to pass fourth year economics in between trips.

Please note : The editor did not have a previous life ; he was hatched specifically for the purpose of editing this mag. - you think they could have done a better job !

M.U.M.C. OFFICE BEARERS AND ALTERNATIVE CONTACTS

Committee Positions

President	Janet Rice	3473394
Vice President	Kim Adshead	5891084
Secretary	James McIntosh	8363104
Assistant Secretary	Bill Borrie	3474461
Treasurer	Andrew Rothfield	3478551
Editor	Greg Dutkowski	3417171
Publications Officer	Peter Smillie	3473394
Stores Officer	Tom Kapitany	

Convenors and Contacts

<u>Bushwalking</u>		
Convenor	Mark Durre	8618791
	Nick Hallebone	5098378
	James McIntosh	8363104

<u>Ski Touring</u>		
Co-convenors	Andrew Kinsella	294113
	Peter Robins	4195306

<u>Caving</u>		
Convenor	Ian Houshold	7894340
	Ian Rutherford	8902521

<u>Climbing</u>		
Convenor	Chris Ryan	

Orienteering
To be decided.

<u>Conservation</u>		
Convenor	John Chambers	

<u>Canoeing</u>		
Convenor	Ian McKenzie	4358268

STORES REPORT

Tom Kapitany

1983 has started off a very active year and the demand for equipment has been quite high . At the moment we have about 20 good sleeping bags (for various climates) , 10 sleeping mats , four choofers (stoves) , ten internal frame packs , about thirty internal frame packs , six rainjackets , and twelve japara tents . We are currently updating this equipment with snow tents , high alpine sleeping bags , metho stoves , and compasses . Also within the store room is stored the cross country ski equipment - about 25 sets of equipment .

Internal club room renovations will begin in second term . The stores room will be converted into a projection room - library , and the equipment will combined with that from rock climbing and caving , and be stored in the present library , rock climbing , caving , and printing rooms .

Equipment will only be able to be hired for Club trips which have been approved by a Committee member . Current hire rates are :

	Weekend	Week
Tent	\$ 1	\$ 2
Sleeping Bags	\$ 2	\$ 4
Sleeping Mats	\$ 1	\$ 1
Packs	\$ 1	\$ 2
Stoves	\$ 1	\$ 2
Raincoats	\$ 1	\$ 2

CONSERVATION CONVENORS OPENING REPORT

John Chambers

For the past year or so one conservation issue has dominated the Australian conservation scene , indeed Australia as a whole . That issue is of cause the Tasmanian dams issue . Despite the great efforts of many people - some of them club members - the fate of this issue is now out of our hands . The fortunate aspect of the whole story is that the conservation cause has overshadowed even those of governments .

The unfortunate thing is that many other important issues have been temporarily pushed into the background in order to fight this battle . The rise in prominence of these other issues will hopefully make 1983 no less important than 1982 was .

As Conservation Convenor I hope to keep members in touch with what is going on in Australia and around the world in the Conservation arena . Conservation can include such diverse things as fighting nuclear weapons stockpiling as well as fighting the destruction of our rainforests . I would really appreciate anyone with anything useful to say contributing articles dealing with any of diverse conservation issues .

TRIPE FROM TROGS

Looking more like a Telecom work crew than cavers, we approached the sunken hole that made the entrance to the "Honeycomb" cave. Thinking a cave was cavernous, all beginners were shocked to find a wombat hole as an entrance.

We were assured by our intrepid, nimble footed leaders, Ian Household and Ian Rutherford, that we were in comparative safety - compared to playing Russian Roulette with a rifle. We threw ourselves at the mercy of Mother Earth. While plummeting out of control down the muddy vertical hole, the decision to abort was made, but alas, the path back was blocked by another body. When the bottom of the drop was reached, there was no darkness for the eyes to get used to, there was only space! A flash of the torch revealed no exits except for the one we had just come down, and that was now unassailable. From here we were lead down a hole that hadn't been considering as usable.

In the three hours we were in the cave, we passed through cracks and passages that seemed to have been made just big enough for squeezing through. Our earlier claustrophobic fears left us, as we pushed ourselves to do things we thought impossible before. Most of our time was spent on hands and knees, jammed between rock faces or upside down; occasionally we were on our feet. Through these experiences, Ian Household's theory of infinite compressibility was well and truly tested.

As we progressed, everyone learnt their own capability, no one pushed you further than you wanted to go. The only real limitation was being able to get out of what you put yourself into, a real problem due to the curse of gravity.

The way out of the cave, to our horror was the way we had come in. The big drops down were now even bigger climbs upwards, but our new found confidence and the strength of our leaders helped us through. Nights were spent in a dilapidated shack owned by the Vic. Speleological Association. There we cohabited with our Monash equivalents. Although lacking in some area - the roof - it provided a welcome haven. Other facilities available to us were the local river for washing, and the local. Entertainment was BYO.

During the second day, we split up into groups as before. Our group descended into "Razor" cave. Once again the thought of dropping into the unknown was almost enough to put us off. However the sound of the leaders' voices below us was very reassuring. In all caves the fear was always outweighed by the experience of being underground, completely cut off from light and sound. The limestone formations we saw, flows, stalagmites, stalactites and helictites, should be enough in themselves to interest most people in caving.

The keener among us stayed on to explore "Casablanca". Once again this cave was completely different to the others. To conquer it, you had to climb down a long drop with the help of ladders.

If you are interested in caving, give it a go. You don't have to be strong or fit, just willing.

Jan Davis
Peter Forbes
Philip Harrison

CANOEING - PROPOSED ACTIVITIES FOR TERM 2

As we move into winter, there is the opportunity to run trips of a higher standard, allowing the many beginners who participated in trips in term 1 to consolidate their experience.

Just how many trips are run largely depends on the willingness of people to lead trips. NB You don't necessarily have to be expert canoeist yourself to lead a trip.

Towards the end of second term a new canoe polo season begins. We should be able to field 2 new teams. Canoe polo represents an excellent opportunity for people to improve their skills. For specific details on upcoming trips, keep an eye on the trips book or give me a ring on 4358268.

Ian McKenzie.

SNIPPETS FROM THE SOUTH-WEST

Jonathon Miller

* Contrary to popular opinion the weather is not continuously clogged out across Tasmania from April to November. In April it is still mostly fine. By early May snow had however already twice dusted Mt. Wellington, which overlooks Hobart, and by now it has regular falls of snow.

* The annual pilgrimage to the highlands to see the deciduous beech change colour is over. Around Anzac day the 'fagus' (Nothofagus gunnii) changes from light green to a superb yellow, before going yellow and finally defoliating. The previously uniformly green forests become a blaze of colour.

* The word is that the Tasmanian skiing season is short and extremely variable in quality. Snow normally lasts from July to September, but is frequently wet due to the proximity of all the mountains to the sea.

* A co-ordinated state forestry campaign has begun with the establishment of the Forest Action Network (FAN). It is not yet known how mainlanders can become involved.

* While the ludicrous State's rights argument is being pushed in the media, all environmentalists are urged to keep writing letters to the papers this nonsense and highlighting its relative insignificance in relation to the south-western wilderness. A one day barrage in the Access Age would be good. The Federal A.L.P. has been convinced to stop the dam but apparently does not understand the concept of wilderness. Letters to M.H.R.'s should congratulate them on their stance but emphasise the importance of reclamation and the cessation of further roading. This is not the time for complacency.

* I am glad to hear of a T.W.S. branch being established on campus, joining 71 others around Australia. All are urged to join. The Convenor, Susan Fealy, can be contacted c/- the Union or on 3496349.

* The future of the T.W.S. is much debated at the moment both in Tasmania and nationally. The outcome of the High Court decision (for which the betting is 60-40 for the Fed's) will obviously have a great bearing. Planning for the T.W.S. juggernaut must however commence now.

EASTER VAN TRIP

So Mark rolls up for the van trip, expecting a nice 4 day walk, no worries no hassles.

So our fearless El Presidente - one A. Rothfield to all you non-cognescenti - says to Mark half an hour before the van leaves - "Oh, you're the van trip leader."

....."Eh?" (This is of course paraphrased.)

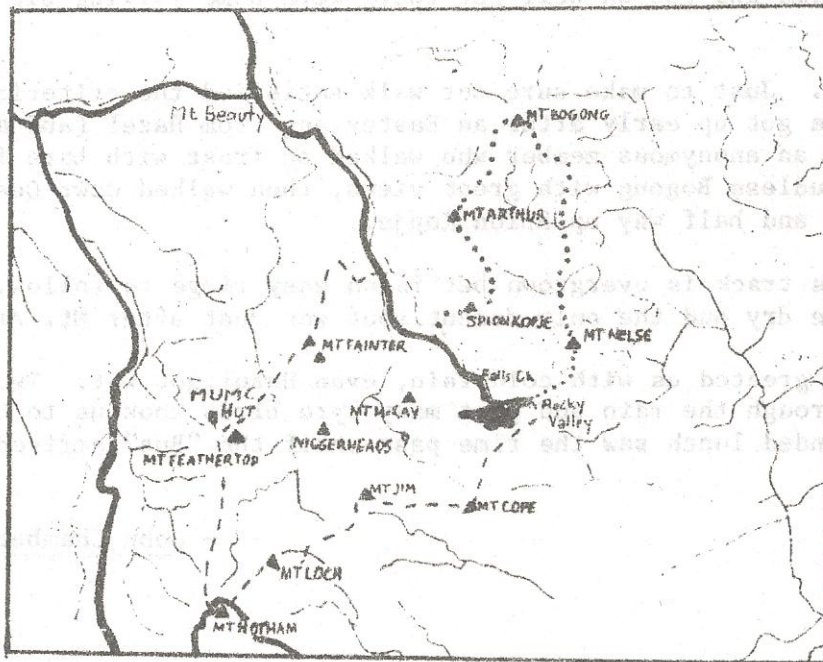
44 people crammed into the van, including some late arrivals ("Where are you, Steve?"). It's amazing how tight those three extra bods & packs make the seating.

We're just settling down to the expected 6 hour trip - when !
Thud - thud - thud -- THUD - THUD!!!!!! the bus peeled a tire. It was just outside of Euroa and after waiting THREE hours for the correct wheel brace to be obtained, courtesy of the local garage owner - God, it was cold!! - we had dinner(?) at 1 o'clock in the morning! We reached Mountain View picnic ground at 6 o'clock and bivvied under the "No Camping" sign. Two hours of luxurious sleep later we were woken again by El Presidente (Grumble, grumble). Anyway, we were all dumped correctly and started our walks, as you'll read, if you can keep you're eyes open through all this boring rubbish.

The return journey was routine, except for the minor drama of the bus being 2 hours late because Andy's group (again El Presidente) diverted their course (only medium standard - so he said). The van was much more comfortable on the way home, 5 people having hitched out. Anyway, a good time seemed to be had by all, with 3 excellent days' weather (one piss-awfull, but we never remember that afterwards).

See you all next year!

Mark Durre



THE EASTER TRIPS

— Road
- - - Routes
~ River, creek

5 km



TRIP REPORT - EASTER VAN TRIP

Members: John Chambers
Bill Taylor
Bill King
Joan Oppy
Cathy Bird
Cathy
Ravi
Johanna
Carin Eisen
Stuart
Hazel the Rabbit

It was a tired group of ten plus one rabbit that left Rocky Valley Dam that cold overcast morning - little did we know that nothing would ever be the same again. For example Hazel's whiskers would never again be straight nor her fur pink.

We followed the track until Mt. Nelse which we climbed and followed the ridge line until the Ropers Hut turnoff. Since there was nobody at Ropers hut it appeared an ideal place to camp. (A slight miscalculation since there were soon in excess of 40 other hikers.)

A look at a contour map sums up our next day, down Duane Spur and up T-spur to Camp Valley. The 700m climb up the T-spur could well have been one of the steep hills mentioned in Bill King's brief summary of the trip "We all had a great time and got on well but there were some f...ing big hills in between".

Easter Sunday. Just to make sure our walk satisfied the criteria for a medium walk we got up early after an Easter egg from Hazel (and a "f... it is cold" from an anonymous member who walked on frost with bare feet). We climbed a cloudless Bogong with great views, then walked down Quartz ridge, up Grey Hills and half way up Spion Kopje.

The grey hills track is overgrown but is an easy ridge to follow. All campsites were dry and the only decent spot was just after Mt. Arthur.

The final day greeted us with cold rain, even Hazel got wet. Two and a half hours walk through the rain and past many lyre birds took us to Howman's Gap where an extended lunch saw the time pass until the "Bus" arrived.

- John Chambers

Bright eyed and bushy tailed from the two hours sleep - THE COURAGEOUS FOUR breakfasted at Cope Hut, before setting out on the scenic tour of the Bogong high plains. Despite the rumours that impenetrable bush lay between us and the end of the walk - all were eager to start??!

Within hours of setting out James tried to revive the legend of tickling trout (?), and although Dave assured us he saw two, we left the stream with the sun still rising and packs heavier only by full water bottles. That day we saw endless grassy plains, interrupted only by rather impressive? (according to the Engineers with us) newly built viaducts and "bull shit" lerking under every step. Mathew discovered why his tent seemed so lightweight; he found no fly in his pack. This proved even more amusing later (i.e. Sunday night).

Next day the "fearless four" neared Hotham and were savagely attacked from all directions by day walkers. Dave counted fifty cars at the start of the Razorback. We looked to our leader for support and encouragement, but all he could manage was jokes. Affected by the hoards of people, we produced hoards of food from our packs and had a HOG OUT in the sunshine.

We pressed on with lights on low beam to M.U.M.C. hut where our leader once again dodged his responsibility (MUTINY WAS NEAR). He flatly refused to man handle the other seven people out of the hut (M.U.M.C. trips have preference according to James). The MIGHTY FOUR slept, without much complaining, on the ground level!

A vision of "630" during the night came to reality the next day as it was both the time we finished walking and the miles we covered. It was also the day the WEAKENING FOUR had their first casualty. Mathew after having his sore knee strapped seven different ways by a crowd of know it all walkers, was amazed when in a moving fashion a guy stepped forward from nowhere and said; "EXCUSE ME, I'M A DOCTOR". Off Feathertop we found impenetrable scrub through which we bashed all day. I, for one, was delighted when the prickly scrub turned to blackberries, as at least then we could eat as we went. (Ferdinand Von Mueller God Bless You - Ed.)

Sociable James and Mathew visited the Towonga huts that night, only to find all the occupants in bed by the time they got there - GOOD ONE BOYS.

Morning revealed James and Dave laughing at us from their dry tent, while Matt and I crawled out of our nylon river and had a wet breakfast. The WET FOUR raced for Bogong Village - where we found warmth and a late lunch. I think all of us pondered a "little" on the fate of the other parties; while the hot scones of the devonshire teas slipped smoothly down. The CONTENTED FOUR all agreed the wait for the van made the devonshire teas possible, and for that we'd like to thank WHITES SERVICES.

WHERE WE WENT:

<u>Friday</u>	- Cope Hut - Mt. Cope - Mt. Jim - Dibbin's Hut
<u>Saturday</u>	- Mt. Loch - Mt. Hotham (via A.W.T.) - M.U.M.C. Hut on Feathertop
<u>Sunday</u>	- Mt. Feathertop - North-East Ridge - West Kiwa R. - Mt. Fainter St. (via the spur between W. Kiwa & summit) - Little Plain
<u>Monday</u>	- The Springs Saddle - Bogong Village, all via the jeep track.

PARTY: James McIntosh (leader)
 Alan Martin
 Mathew Churchward
 David Arnold

MOROKA GORGE

After an early night our party was rudely awakened on Saturday morning by a party of cattlemen. It seemed that one is not supposed to camp by the stock yard at Tamboritha Saddle. We were told to go away, which we soon did, driving past OXO Lookout (stopping for photos, of course), and were soon walking north from The Horseyards.

After much scrub bashing we arrived at the Moroka River and walked to the head of the Moroka Gorge. Here we found a small campsite at the top of a cliff, beside a waterfall. Imagine a campfire three metres from a cliff-top. Mark, our leader, deserves praise for his choice of such a spectacular site.

Sunday was spent scrambling through the gorge, past more waterfalls. The gorge is not as impressive as those on the Snowy River, but worth a visit because of its falls and forests. Where the river entered a small chasm the going got tough (so the tough got going ?). There were a few exciting moments, and short falls, while traversing the greasy cliffs.

It was with some concern that we observed large puddles on return to our campsite (it rained every day, heavily on Sunday) but the tents were dry. So after bailing water out of some of the puddles and lighting a fire (much to Mark's amazement) we had a comfortable night.

Overnight the Moroka doubled in size, so our waterfall was an impressive sight. After more scrub bashing we found a track which ran from The Horseyards to the Gorge, and followed it back to the car.

The highlight of the trip occurred while eating lunch. Previously Mark thought Bruce (our driver) had said that the car was waterproof and so had put his wallet in the bottom of the boot. It was during lunch that Mark found his wallet: under ten centimetres of water. He proceeded to abuse Bruce (verbally and by strangulation only). Alan and I looked on with amusement as Mark removed his money from the wallet and peeled the notes apart and spread them out to dry.

Overall it was a pleasant, if wet, walk at a fairly leisurly pace. Thanks to Mark for an enjoyable weekend, and to Bruce for driving.

Party : Mark Durre, Allan Martin, James McIntosh, and Bruce Cutts.

Route : Saturday - Scrub bash from the Horseyards to Lummican Gully, and onto to Moroka Gorge.

Sunday - Walk through the Gorge and back to the campsite.

Monday - Walk upstream along the Moroka past Lummican Gully, scrub bash South and pick up a foot track to the Horseyards.

Note - Moroka Gorge is not a particularly good venue for a large walking party because the best campsites only have room for one or two tents.

James McIntosh

FORTHCOMING TRIP LIST

<u>DATE</u>	<u>TRIP</u>	<u>STANDARD</u>	<u>LEADER</u>	
June 11-13	Queens B'day Skitour-Bogong	Med	James McIntosh	8363104
	High Plains			
	Snow Walk - Bogong	Med	Owen Morgan	3384323
June 19	Cape Patterson	Easy-Day	None yet-anyone interested?	
June 25-26	24 Hour Walk	Easy to	Janet Rice	3473394
		Super Gun		
July 2-3	Wilson's Prom	Easy	Kim Adshead	5891084
		Beginners		
July 16-17	'Wildtrek' Winter Classic	Gun	Andy Rothfield	3478551
	Quadathlon			
July 23-24	Midnight Ascent -	Med -	Kim Adshead	5891084
	Feathertop MUMC Hut	Social	Janet Rice	3473394
2nd term	Croajingalong Nat Park	Med	None yet-anyone interested?	
holidays	about 5 days			
Aug 20-21	Alpine Instruction Course	Med	Andy Rothfield	3478551
Aug 22-28	Ski Tour-Bogong High Plains	Easy-Med	Mark Durre	8618791
Aug 22-	Ski Tour- Kiandra-Thredbo	Exper.	Andy Rothfield	3478551
Sept 4	or Tamboritha-Howitt			
Oct-Nov	Birdwatch-Bicycle-Bushwalk	Bludge	Mark Durre	8618791

We really would like more people to suggest and lead trips - further skitouring trips will be organised, especially beginners trips. The caving and rockclimbing and canoeing trips seem to be organised on a short term basis, i.e. at less than a week's notice so come into the clubrooms to check, about Wednesday. Contact each group convenor for further details, and remember, if you put your name down on the trip list it is your responsibility to contact the trip leader by at least Thursday night, otherwise it is assumed that you are not going.

ONE STATE'S SOCIAL SCHISM

The dam debate has uncovered a chasm within the Tasmanian community that is unlikely to heal for many years yet. Rather than a one-off issue, the dam debate should be viewed in the context of highlighting pre-existing divisions within Tasmanian society. Antagonism between groups has grown out of an existent pregnant unease. At the risk of being simplistic, it would be instructive to profile fictitious individuals from both sides.

* * * * *

Brian is a typical product of Hecmanian (sic!) society. He is 53, works at the Electrolytic Zinc smelter, and is a union rep. Ironically he voted Liberal in March, and is blown if he can distinguish the policies of the two major state parties (frankly, so am I). But, then, he lives in a state where the unholy alliance of capital, labour and the HEC has hung over the head of a reactionary Labor government. Since primary school he has been fed a healthy propaganda diet detailing the abundant blessings bestowed by the HEC. He spends his leisure time at the pub discussing the footy, mainland bastards and his passionate hatred of long-haired, bearded, unemployed and unwashed blockaders. (From anxious experience I can tell you it is not wise to enter a bar 5 p.m. Friday straight out of the bush from an eight day walk). His life's ambition to attend a V.F.L. Grand Final, and his desire to see Melbourne's industrial wonders reflect a strong underlying Tasmanian inferiority complex. His ideal car is a Commodore tastefully adorned with 'Dam it - We need it' and 'Bulldoze a Greenie' stickers: just like the bosses'.

Brian's wife is only remarkable for her deference to her husband's wisdom, and her ability to shield herself from the debauched social changes wrought by the women's movement.

Son, Wayne, is doing nicely thankyou. He's got a job with the 'ydro cutting transects near the Gordon. Clever boy, he's putting away some money for when he meets the Noelene of his choice, so they can settle in a sterile suburban backwater. He blows the rest of his loot on grog, grog, and petrol for the XVI. Each weekend he does blockies in Queenstown and roams the barren moonscape imagining himself as Mel Gibson in Mad Max 3. Yep, Brian's proud of Wayne, he is.

* * * * *

But what of Tasmania's 'new society'? This writer's better acquaintance with, and greater sympathy for, this element allows a more sophisticated portrayal. It comprises a fluid spectrum of environmentally-aware professionals, unemployed, arty-crafties, students (beware, Tasmanian University is even more conservative than Melbourne), full-time environmental activists of mainland origin, and recreationists (although I should mention Hobart and Launceston Walking Clubs are amazingly conservative, and have dubious environmental policies). The crucial diagnostic features which identify 'new society' members from Hecmanians is some appreciation of environmental, spiritual or social values. The Hecmanians cannot see past the materialist advantages of industrial society.

One State's Social Schism (cont'd.)

An archetypal 'new society' Tasmanian was therefore harder to find, so I will present a colourful extreme popularised by Hecmanians. Astrid is her name. Astrid is unemployed but has no trouble filling her leisure time penning feminist songs for guitar. She needs her '65 VW to travel to the Longford Folk Festival, and a Buddhist farm for a period of introspection. She got arrested along with a women's collective at the blockade. She is, of course, a vegetarian. Her ambition is to set up a commune in the bush where the spirits will produce huge organic permaculture crops; a place that can be a shining focal point for astral peace and light.

* * * * *

The resolution of these deep-seated differences could take several courses. A hydro-worker who gave me a lift suggested a clever scheme whereby a limited armed conflict between pro-dammers and anti-dammers would reduce numbers on both sides and wrench Tasmania out of its pitiful economic plight. During a more fertile period of contemplation the possibility of apartheid occurred to me. In the meantime, the proud expression of no-dams sentiments endangers the integrity of one's body, and the duco on one's car.

- Jonathan Miller

* * * * *

Don't forget the Pie and Slide Night for this year to be held in the Sports Pavillion on August 31. Details on exact time and cost will be forthcoming. Usually dominated by the bushwalkers this time we want to include everyone. Specifically rockclimbers, canoers, orienteers, and cavers are encouraged to drag out their best slides for everyone's enjoyment. Anyone wanting to submit slides should contact Kim Adshead.

The Mountaineering Club has done it again! The latest high quality edition of 'Equipment for Bushwalking and Mountaineering' is now available and it has immediately become the definitive reference for anyone interested in outdoor sports (Orders have even been received from Hong Kong). As Club members you are entitled to your own copy for only six dollars - about two dollars below retail - so you'd better be quick!

Twenty-Four Hour Walk June 25th - 26th

It's on again! The great tradition (37 years old - even older than me!) of the 24 hour walk, the oldest rogaine in Australia. Everybody who is anybody in the club will be in it - it's more a social occasion for most people, except the guns, than a competition.

Since 1947, when there were only 5 competitors in a walk from Donna Buang to Hurstbridge, to the present day, with over a hundred people entering, the event has grown steadily. Orienteering started in Scandinavia in 1918 and moved to Britain in 1962, but to the M.U.M.C. goes the honour of having evolved the concept independently. Intervarsity rogaing was started officially in 1969, this year being held in Adelaide. WE WON!!!

You will find an application form with more details in this edition, also we need people to help with running the event, hash house staff, course setters etc.- if anyone can help please contact Janet Rice 3473394 or the club rooms at lunchtime. So organise your teams now, and lots of luck!

Mark Durre

MITTA MITTA CANOEING TRIP

How many people and canoes can sit on the slug without sinking it? Who can strip off on a bridge and pursue a yabbie into the murky depths of the Mitta? Who can put 800 megalitres of oil into a car and still have the oil warning lamp showing? What sort of person could impale a body-less teddy-bear on their car's aerial? If you don't know the answer to these exciting questions then you obviously missed the Mitta Mitta canoe trip at Easter.

Our mob consisted of ten beginners and five "experienced paddlers", who took great delight in acquainting us with the Weir and the Shark's Tooth rapids. We were very impressed by their nose stands and surfing along the "stopper", or standing wave created by the weir wall. Our heroes negotiated the Shark's Tooth in a way which showed they could canoe long before they could walk (which may not have been very long ago for some of them).

Well, this was a pretty hard act to follow, but we put aside reason and had a go at this canoeing business. The Mitta makes for very exciting canoeing, with fast rapids, that saved on arm muscles, and small rapids that made life difficult. M.U.M.C. kayaks are blessed with a mind of their own and seem quite fond of overhanging branches, rocks, running into other kayaks and capsizing at embarrassing moments. Despite this I guess that we improved over the three days, because, at first, to splash someone would have meant drowning ourselves, but because of the need for self defense, we got better.

Apart from these joys, two things made the trip really memorable. One of these was going down the Shark's Tooth in a raft with Ian McKenzie in perfect control. (We won't mention that on the first try they fell out and broke the paddle.) The other was sitting around a blazing fire in the evening thinking how terrific canoeing is when it's over.

Ann Foster

25 - 26 June, 1983

Finish 1pm Sunday

Post to: The 24 Hour Walk Organiser,
MUMC,
Sports Union,
Melbourne University,
Parkville, VIC. 3052

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