

MOUNTAINEER



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EDITOR(esses) DILEMMA

Getting out a magazine is no picnic.

If we print jokes people say we are silly,

If we don't they say we're too serious.

If we clip things from other magazines,

We're too lazy to write them ourselves,

If we don't, we are stuck on our own stuff.

If we don't print every word of all contributions,

We don't appreciate genius,

If we do print them, the columns are filled with junk. (Thanks Dave)

If we make a change in an article,

We are too critical,

If we don't, we are blamed for poor editing.

Now, as like as not, someone will say:

We swiped this from some other source.

WE DID!!!

Seriously though we really appreciate all the contributions we've been given for the magazine, but they do seem to be coming from quite a small section of the club. We'd love to hear from anyone, even if it's only a sketch or joke!

Hope you enjoy the magazine. → Dave Walker.

F. and F. (Co-editoresses.)

Front Cover. !!!!!!!

Easter canoe trip - a pyramid of happy people (except Rowan.) in wetsuits. Thanks to Ian (bottom right!) for the photo. P.S. We tried to get a blow up of Gregs chest, but Cleo has got the copyright.

A MESSAGE FROM YOUR PRESIDENT.

Second term is moving along and the club's activities continue to be numerous and varied. The 24hr. Walk, although small in numbers was well organised (thanks to Paul and Brendan), and had great weather. There have been beginners bushwalks, canoeing and skiing trips. There are also several caving trips planned and orienteeing trips. Thus there has been much happening if people are prepared to set aside the time and maybe try something different. Ski touring has been slow due to the almost total lack of snow, however when it does come (hopefully), there should be trips of all standards.

Other events to keep in mind are the Pie and Slide Night((Wed. 31st July)(entries are welcome), the Midnight Ascent (med-hard 2-4th July), as well as trips which are regularly place in the books. I.V. Canoeing will be held during the Sept. Vac. and all are invited (see convenor) and there will hopefully be some extended trips organised also.

If you're in the clubrooms ask about a copy of "Mountaineering" '78, '79, '80, '81, and if you know anyone who wishes to buy an "Equipment for Bushwalking and Mountaineering" Jenny Bailey would be only too pleased to hear from you.

See you around!

Jamie Orr.

CAVING COMMENTS.

Greetings from the new Convenor of Caving at MUMC, Kendall Crocker. I have just taken over the post from Sue White who has just decide that it is about time a 'real' student held the position. I hail from Tasmania, but to study Veterinary Science I had to 'imigrate' to Melbourne. I suppose I shall have to get used to the place now I have to study here for the next five years.

I consider caving to be my main vertical recreational sport. Most of my caving has been in the Mole Creek area near Deloraine in Northern Tasmania, although I have ventured to the Junee-Florentine and Mount Anne areas in South and South-West Tasmania. I am at present a member of the Northern Caverers (Tas.), the Tasmanian Caverneering Club and the Victorian Speleological Association.

My other activities include being an Army Reserve Infantry Officer and singing with the Melbourne Uni. Choral Society. I look forward to caving with MUMC and I hope to introduce many members to the 'joy of caving' - keep an eye on the trips book and the caving notice board.

Kendall Crocker.

WEE RIPPER

The morning was spent generally sussing out the Camel's Hump. Witch and Wishfull Thinking were top-roped, and Chris lead Hawker. After lunch we decided to do something a little more serious, so after much indecision I finally roped up below Wee Ripper (17) which is between Hawker and Black Magic.

The first few moves to a bolt were easy, but here the climbing became more interesting. The blank looking wall did provide some good holds but they were rather well spaced. With a foot on the last of these jugs I reached the second bolt, which was in a slight hollow in the rock. Because of the hollow, my remaining bracket would not go on the bolt. I wrestled with it for a while but tired quickly because of the strenuous position I was in.

With weakening arms I returned to the first bolt to swap brackets as the first one was a different shape. Returning to the second bolt, the other bracket would not fit on either. So I quickly clipped the bolt with a wire and promptly fell off. Chris lowered me to the ground for a short rest.

Soon I was back on the rock and past the second bolt. Above here the nature of the cliff changed significantly. Instead of a few jugs there were dozens of tiny holds, mostly sloping and useless. This section proved to be the crux despite looking easy from below. A few of these holds actually turned out to be incut and hence quite secure (as long as my fingers held out). This provided delightful face climbing as I continued up the wall on my fingertips and toes to a small flake which provided a good hold for my right fingers. Not being a particularly bold climber I was starting to worry about my runout, besides, my arms were tiring again and I was expecting another fall. I quickly put a 1 1/2 Friend in a short crack out to the left. It was a terrible placement but the best available.

I stretched to reach the jug at the top of the cliff but couldn't. I moved my feet higher, which meant that my right hand was now below my shoulder and feeling rather insecure. My arms were still getting weaker. I stretched again and almost had the hold when my right hand gave way.

I yelled to Chris as I fell away from the cliff. As I floated to the ground I was somehow aware of the Friend popping out, and of bumping something. It was only Chris' shoulder and neither of us was hurt.

We decided to quit while we were ahead, and wandered down to climb Grey Arete.

Wee Ripper. A delightful little face route at Camel's Hump. Perhaps next time.

James McIntosh

Trip Report by Greg Chaplin

NYMBOIDA RIVER 22/12/84 - 5/1/85

From the time I first looked at the map of the Nymboida River, I knew I was headed for trouble. In the first 25 kms, there were 26 major rapids (Grade 3 or more), including two waterfalls, and a further 16 rapids of between Grade 2 and 3. Tim smiled, Edga had a gleam in his eyes and Macca laughed maniacally. I sat back, calmly and rationally thinking about my chances of survival and whether I should go. I came up with an answer of "slim" for the first question, and hence a firm "no" for the second. I then suggested that rationality could go and get knotted because maybe this could be a bit of fun.

The river in question is the Nymboida River, between Platypus Flat and Nymboida Bridge, a 44 km paddle. It is in the mid-north NSW mountains, between Armidale and Grafton, and is regarded as one of the classic stretches of whitewater in Australia. Its source is in an area that rises to over 1600 metres, and the whole area is majestic and awesome. (overcome)

Five paddlers left Melbourne on Saturday morning 22/12/84. The group consisted of a canoeing demi-god (Andrew J. Wilson), 3 mega-gun paddlers ("Wild" Tim Beriman, Captain Ian "Macca" McKenzie and Ian "Edga" Egerton) and myself (Greg "Oh shit I'm gonna die" Chaplin). The trip up was long and largely uneventful, except for a remarkably large number of wrong turns and a high speed chase (that's another story altogether).

We arrived at Platypus Flat camping area mid-Sunday and paddling commenced late Monday morning. The sky was a deep blue and the water was unbelievably warm. Andrew opened proceedings with an unexpected roll whilst playing in a very minor stopper. He said that the water was warm, so I tried it out. However, I picked the wrong spot to cool off - K.B's Chute, a grade chute dropping about 5 feet. Roll No.1.

After a couple of interesting rapids, the first big gnarly one came up - Lucifer's Leap Falls. After portaging this, we had a short two hours lunch and swim in the pool below the falls.

After lunch, we set off to the other side of the pool to check out the Rock Bar, supposedly a grade 5. It was a tight curling turn and a narrow 5 feet drop into a turbulent pool. Tim and Andrew seemed slightly unsure, Edga said "Oh yeah, seems OK" but Macca said "Get out of my way wimps". Okay, you go first. It was the curly bit at the top that got him. Down the main drop upside down didn't look fun and he baled out at the bottom with a hole in his chin that needed stitches. Portage number 2 for the less masochistic. Amidst cries of "Break out the masking tape!", we performed surgery on Macca's chin and set off again.

Then, after some good grade 2 rapids, the Devil's Cauldron loomed up. This was a gnarly one too as the main drop (4 metres or so) is around a corner and the rapid steepens and channels narrow leading into it. A rafter had missed the break-out above the falls and was swept over it. Hmm! We arrived soon after and found him floundering in the boiling aerated water below the drop. It seemed he didn't enjoy his big-dipper ride and subsequent warm bubbling spa. Wimp! Oh well, portage number 3, paddle to the right bank and portage number 4 around a grade 4-5 drop.

A few more hours paddling on exciting grade 2 to 3 rapids brought us to a deep tranquil pool - the Cod Hole - and the end of day one. However, the problem now was to get stitches put into Macca's chin, so Edga and Macca set off up a track to the car left at the start, 15½ kms away, armed with the now famous argon bulb super-torch.

That night was clear, warm and definitely crash-pad stuff (i.e. no tent). Sleep came easily - the type of sleep that you can only get after a full day's paddling with constant surges of adrenalin, a good meal and some fine (but alas not cold) Victorian alcohol.

Tuesday morning dawned bright and warm with a brilliant blue sky. We had decided to stay there that day to let the stitches toughen up a bit. The day was spent mainly under the shade of a large tree. Some excellent card sessions were had and many zero gravity experiments were conducted on march-flies. The sky clouded over later with the threat of an afternoon thunderstorm, but no rain came. We also got a bit of company with two more groups of rafters. One lot was from AHE (Australian Himalayan Expeditions) and the other lot was from Sydney. The Sydney group stayed at our spot having just finished the trip and had had a go at Coolang Creek, so we gleaned a bit of info. about the rest of the river.

The next morning (Wednesday) was cloudy with early thunder clouds but these soon gave way to blue sky and a hot sun. Roll No.2 for me came soon after the start in the tricky twisting Cod Hole rapid, grade 3+. Immediately after this was the Waterfall - a sheer drop of 3 metres with a rock wall in front. Andrew went first and almost totally disappeared at the bottom before popping up and glancing off the rock wall. Edga had the same result. T.O.K. was next and with more speed, he didn't even get his hair wet - ooh! Then I summoned up my shattered confidence, uttered my well-rehearsed groan of "Oh shit, I'm going to die" and went for it. I then thought "Hey, that was fun" when I noticed that I was still upright. By now the AHE rafters had caught up and lined the rocks next to the drop. Edga and Macca couldn't miss this chance - over the drop backwards! Vintage stuff.

Lunch was at the S-bend rapid below which were rock walls with diving platforms at varying heights. We started off on the lowest one and worked up to the highest. Along the way we had a few team dives and synchronised splashes. Even Tim jumped. In the midst of all this, the AHE rafters (again!) went through. Macca (who else?) gave them a thrill when he jumped off the top ledge and landed inches away from one raft. Luckily they had departed when we paddled it - roll No.3 for me. Our final meeting with AHE was at the Gully, a long, narrow, fast chute dropping over 4 metres. That one was fun.

5. Would people writing articles please define all abbreviations

eg T.O.k = terribly ordinary kayaker?
 = tin of kippers?
 = Timmy - (only kidding) ?

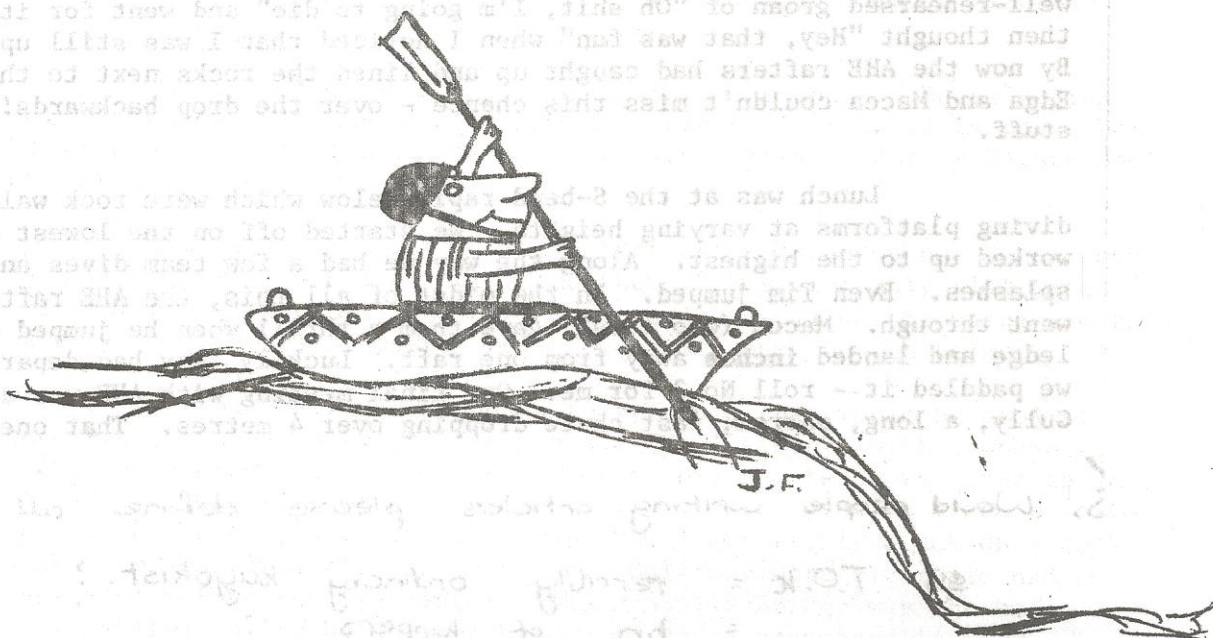
The next 5 kms was possibly the most memorable of the trip for several reasons. The first reason was that it was the hardest section with 2 grade 4-5 rapids (mega-big at higher levels but portage No.5 and 6 at this level) and a further six rapids of grade 3 or more. The second reason was the weather - huge thunder clouds were forming creating an awesome backdrop. Thirdly, was the tragic unmaking of a canoeing legend, the demise of a kayaking demi-god: yes, Andrew Wilson went for a swim. He claimed that his paddle got stuck under a rock but we weren't fooled, even though his new paddle was split. It should be noted here that the paddle was obviously flawed, but a canoeing shop in Hampton where the paddle was bought refused to accept back the imperfect paddle; so you should check very carefully all goods bought from this Hampton canoeing shop.

The camp for that night was next to the Chute. Macca's jinx struck again here - he badly sprained his ankle collecting firewood. That night we were treated to a fireworks display, courtesy of Mother Nature and a few storms.

The next day was cooler and overcast. Ahead we had a few good rapids, the majestic Nymboida Gorge and then 20 kms of mainly flat water. The first rapid (the Chute) was a beauty - a long spillway dropping smoothly 6 metres to a diagonal stopper. Roll No.4 and a bump on the helmet.

Portage No.7 was around a rocky rapid that would be good at higher levels. After a twisting grade 3-4 (Karl's Rock) with a whopper stopper, we entered the Gorge. While not as big as the Snowy River gorges, it was still impressive with high cliffs and sloping granite slabs down to water. I then provided a bit of comedy when I got firmly stuck on a rock. I think I've destroyed all photos of it. Only one more big rapid had to be navigated before the flat water. The Nymboida Bridge was the end; we had all paddled the Nymboida, but had by no means conquered it.

A couple of days relaxation at the Sawtell Concentration Camp (near Coffs Harbour) was quite enjoyable before the trek home. We hit Melbourne early Saturday morning, 5/1, amidst a bit of drizzle. Now that the nightmares have stopped, I've decided that it was fun after all.



IT'S WHEN YOU GET TO THE TOP THAT THE FUN STARTS

→ You mean Dave Walker again!

→ Climbing again - it seems to be instinctive. The indescribable sensual pleasure of pitting yourself against the rock, the excitement, the challenge. The ultimate in personal experience.

This time it was a fine honoured classic or so the guide book told us; actually a repeat for Andrew, but well worth doing again. The first pitch, pad up a gently sloping ramp and then veer right to the belay point. Second pitch, continue straight up and then traverse left under the small roof to the exposed belay point on the arete. "Stop grovelling David". oops, oh yeah I shouldn't be sitting down as I remove the protection. Third pitch, diagonally across and up to the base of a bottomless chimney. Belay from top of this chimney. Exposure is magnificent; I am really feeling an empathy with those nankeen kestrels at this stage. Fourth and fifth pitches, clamber up the jugs to the top. Easy. Wait, this is a good ledge, why didn't Andrew stop and belay here? I guess it's getting late, good idea to combine the two pitches. Rope drag must have been horrendous though.

As I reach the top, I am filled with the ecstasy only climbing can give; a good route indeed.

Andrew "Ah...we had better get a move on, I don't quite remember how to get down from here". Great! With 15 - 20 minutes of daylight left and we don't know how to get down.

Hurriedly we walk off the back of the buttress hoping the route would become clear. No, its vertical down here, must go back to the gully. Stepping out onto a chockstone (a boulder really) in a crevass between the cliffs - surely this can't be it, there's nothing beyond that boulder, nothing. Just as I am having visions of being here all night we spot a cable looped around a rock - obviously intended for abseiling from. Andrew "I don't remember this from last time". Forget that, break out the rope and lets get on with it.

Andrew clips on and walks himself down over the edge. It's dark now and so he goes completely out of sight. "I'll just untangle the rope from this tree". Again, another good idea from Andrew - still trying to redeem himself from the very fact that we find ourselves in this position anyway. "I hope this is not meant to be one of those double rope abseils" he shouts up from the gloom. "Umm yeah" I think to myself. Best not to comment when your mate is dangling at some unknown distance beneath where you are standing.

"Oh, my feet can touch the rock again" he sings out.

"Shit , I'm glad he's doing this first and not me".

"Its ok, the rope reaches" - Thank God for that.

I clip on and follow - metaphorically in his footsteps I guess you could say. "Wow this is pretty hairy" I confide to myself as my feet lose contact with the rock and I swing over into a fern growing in the end of the crevass.

"This would be quite a nice abseil if it wasn't dark". I sing out to Andrew whilst hanging completely free, unable to touch either side with my feet.

"What, aren't you enjoying it?"

No comment again, Andrew is really saying some ridiculous things at the moment. Finally I'm down, level ground at last. I look behind me and can just see that there is at least two metres of rope left...

David Walker

ARE YOU AN ACTIVE MEMBER??? - Dave Walker is!!!

Are you an active member,
The kind that would be missed,
Or are you just contented,
Your name upon the list.
Do you attend the functions,
And mingle with the flock,
Or do you stay away,
Yet criticise and knock.

Do you take an active part,
To help the work along,
Or are you satisfied to,
Be the kind to just belong.
Do you push the cause,
And really make things tick,
Or leave the work to the few,
And talk about the 'clique'.

Think this over member,
For you know right from wrong,
Are you an active member,
Or do you just belong.

We are getting
desperate

(Taken from the newsletter of the Cocker Spaniel Club of Vic.)

Take some during 3rd term so get off your
leash and bound on into the Clubrooms,
or else it gets awfully lonely there at
lunchtimes

Wag!!



LERDERBERG GORGE.

Jamie Orr.

Less than an hours drive from the clubroom is the Lerderberg Gorge. This area provides for pleasant walking and walks can vary from a stroll to a solid day of walking. We entered the gorge from the Bacchus Marsh end, and after leaving our cars at the car-park, walked along the river for lunch just before Long Point. (Where unfortunately a dam has been constructed, the only blot on the landscape.)

For the first kilometer or so the track is easily followed along the floor of the gorge, however it soon peters out. This has no great affect as a track can be easily navigated by walking on either side of the river or wherever progress is easiest. But be prepared to get wet feet as the river is criss-crossed continually. After lunch we followed a spur up to the tunnel access road and walked along this for a kilometer or so. This afforded views of the whole park area of the gorge as well as showing Melbourne's skyline on the horizon. A spur was then followed back down to the river, just before the car-park.

This area makes for an ideal day-walk, due to its proximity to Melbourne, and the spectacular scenery, a rock structure (so the geologists said). An overnight trip could even be planned ending up in the ^bWomat State Forest.

Some more puzzles

ARREST

YOU'RE.

you're under arrest.

You Just Me

wear
long

LATE NEVER

ARCHES

NEWS ITEM

RENEWED INTEREST IN THE FALLEN ANGEL'S CLUB

(REFER TO FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY EDITION MOUNTAINEER P 13 AND P 18)

Whilst attempting to climb Watchtower Crack (16) at Mt Arapiles (with bits of Salamander and Skink thrown in for good measure) Mr Andrew Wilson experienced a fall of magnitude which we believe warrants life membership of that august body The Fallen Angels Club and a free pass to all future events.

Shortly after regaining the correct line (following a small skirmish with Skink) Mr Wilson fell some 4 metres downwards and then swung 2 metres across before being safely arrested by his Belayer, Mr David Walker. The highest point of protection was a fixed pin (possibly of doubtful strength following this fall) and an Edelrid 11 mm rope was being used at the time.

What made the fall particularly noteworthy was the fact that due to being directly below a point 2 metres off route, Mr Wilson required prussicking to regain footing from where he could continue climbing - a truly momentous achievement.

It is to be hoped that such a noteworthy event sparks the enthusiasm in both past and present members. A recruiting drive will be held in the near future; new members welcome.

David Walker

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DUMAR

TIMING TIM ING

SYMPHON

MEMOIRS OF A BITTER (LY COLD) CANOEIST

"April is the cruellest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land..."

(T.S. Eliot, The Waste Land).



These words from the great poet's aptly named poem serve as a cruel reminder to the woes of this narrator and his most unfortunate experience at the hands of the Yarra River. It was early in that cruellest of months that 15 or so energetic mountaineers plunged (some of us literally) into this glorious river and experienced nature in all her glory through the able leadership of Miss Jennifer Bailey. Let the story that follows serve as a warning to all those who dare look nature in the eyes and say "I'll piss this one in".

I had seen the photos of the Franklin trip and, with the aid of a well developed fantasy mechanism, had successfully transplanted myself into the speedos of the "Solo" man. I stood on the banks of the Yarra, surveyed the expanse of white water before me and sucked in the excitement. Man against the elements, the adrenalin pumped and I muttered to myself, "because it's there, because it's there!". That was my first mistake. My second mistake was getting into that kayak - if only I'd stayed with the "Solo" man having a few drinks in fantasy land then I would have been so much better off. My third mistake was falling out of that kayak into that (cold) river. In fact I was to fall into that river three times within four very cold hours. If I had known this before I actually got into that kayak I would have served the writ to Leader Bailey there and then without going through the formality of plummeting blood pressure and loss of sensation in the extremities (some extremities more than others).

It wasn't all bad, the first 5 or so rapids were negotiated without any problems at all, besides of course the ubiquitous leaking boat (doesn't it cheese you off how no matter how much you look over the boat, no matter how many times you hold it up to the light, you always manage to choose one which seems to be a first cousin of the Titanic?). At this stage my confidence was riding high, rising rapid by rapid as I skillfully guided my craft through 10 metre (inches?) waves, support stroke here, deft manouevre there, hundreds of admiring females standing on the banks cheering and throwing their bikini tops to this sun-bronzed ANZAC. Then I fell in. As far as I can recall, I was mentally rehearsing my strokes for the next "Solo" commercial when I lost concentration and did something wrong. As my internal viscera changed from a comfortable 37 degrees to a slightly annoying 15 degrees, the last words I heard were Julie and Jenny screaming "Lean downstream!". Although I realise now that these calls were well-intentioned, there is nothing more annoying than to be told what you are doing wrong when you are threatening to swallow half of Melbourne's water reserves and are bouncing off rocks on the bottom. Julie seems to take great delight in yelling this out just as you pass the point of no return.

Meanwhile, Robyn had taken off ahead (must have been bored with us slow pokes) and although Jenny had done her best to catch up with her, she was soon miles ahead. However, when we rounded a bend there was Robyn drifting aimlessly downstream. It was rumoured that a very responsible Jenny, was heard to yell "Grab the tree and lean upstream!", although this was never proven at the inquest. So after concentrated efforts to find the lost paddle the more experienced of the group returned "paddleless" and the old saying about being up shit creek in a barbed wire canoe without a paddle forced its way into consciousness. There is no doubt in the author's mind that the exhausting search for the paddle may have spent the reserves of

the most able of the members, but extensive research (Kenny, 1984) indicates that it is unlikely that such an experience would have been sufficient to cause one of the more vocal members to capsize on a rapid that even a sea monkey could have gone through blindfolded. Now I am not the type of person to spread rumors or anything, and far be it my job to name the person involved, but a person by the name of Greg was seen to turn a color not unlike a bright red-crimson hybrid.

The second dunking occurred not long after the paddle incident. This time it was courtesy of a submerged rock and failing concentration (which I have recently been informed by our glorious leader is the first sign of hypothermia thank you very much). I was now very cold, but Julie did save me and my craft and successfully rescued the sinking boat (thats another thing - doesnt it piss you off how they always yell "keep the boat upside down" when you've capsized and are desperately trying to keep the current from turning it over). I dont really know whether Julie actually got into the water because of sympathy for my plight, or whether it was her way of saying to her distraught husband "See dear, I got wet too". After the third time I went in (a naive and silly attempt to cut across stream in the middle of Arthurs Mistake) I was not feeling the cold since I was barely concious. But racing through my mind was the thought "Why did it have to be me? Why couldnt it have been Rob - let's face it, who'd miss him (or who'd admit to missing him)?". Arthurs Mistake also proved to be very funny for those who enjoy the sight of the Chaplins, a Bailey, and other assorted idiots trying to walk across a current doing fifty knots while balancing two sunken boats with one hand and trying to dislodge a novice stuck on a rock with the other. Some of this group are reported to have signed contracts with American Wrestling entrepreneurs.

Thankfully we soon made it to the end where we discovered that the car that had been left in the car shuffle had in fact sacrificed it's battery. ~~Paul~~ Paul had left the lights on so that the car would be easier to find in the dark. Suddenly everyone in the group gained instant Mechanic's qualifications - "Put it in first gear to push start it", "Put it in second gear with the heater on", "Put it in third gear and wash your socks in palmolive". Nothing worked, so Julie and I became victims of democracy when we were forced to go and beg for help from the locals (Greg wuld have gone but he was still trying to finish a half-completed eskimo roll that he'd begun an hour ago). As we approached the house I decided that my fear of dogs (especially large Alsations with knives and forks) was stronger than my self respect and so I cowered behind Julie as we approached a very unfriendly looking house with an even more unfriendly looking alsatian. Julie was very brave and successfully conned the lady of the house into aiding our stranded group. She was extremely nice in fact, apologising for her slowness, and for the dirtiness of the Volvo, and she drove our weary car drivers back to the starting point to retrieve the other cars. Meanwhile yours truly was forced to stand in his already freezing clothes, desperately seek the warmth of what turned out to be a pathetic fire of Big M Iced Coffee cartons and the burning wit of Rob Taylor and his travelling band of dreadful Ethiopian jokes. I had not seen much of Rob during the trip -it seems my breasts did not measure up to the competition- and wasnt really aware of what I was getting myself into when I said "O.K I'll just wait here with these people till the cars get back". My God, those jokes are really pathetic arent they? Anyway just as we are all about to freeze to death, the cars return. All except one, and obviously the one that didnt return (EL supremo puncho in faceo leadero) had my clothes in it. But everything eventually turned out OK. It was quite a rewarding experience, and hopefully my stumps will heal soon and they'll let me go home. I'd do it all again if I had something to hold the paddle with.

Keiran McPhee

Q. What do you call someone who falls out 3 time on the Yarra, has stumps for arms + legs, whinges non stop, is scared of dogs & doesn't like Rob Taylor's jokes??
Answer: ... with W & ends with P) - 4 letters!

CLIMBING WITH CHALK IN YOUR EYES

Rock climbing has to do with rocks, rocking, stone, stoning, sleep and lots of sleeping. What has happened to climbing within the Club this year is best described as an acute case of not much as far as I can see. (I'm myopic by the way.) Who knows? Who cares? Better still: tell someone who cares!

This year began with the slow brushing off of rust which had somehow silently accumulated over the summer vac. while nobody was watching, usually at about 7.35 each Tuesday.

The monotone of my alarm clock pierces my alcoholic stupor. A hand gropes for the clock; it is ten to seven. I sit up much too quickly - damn. The muesli and milk go down well as I walk to answer the door. My lift apologizes for being late. He was supposed to pick me up at seven. I glance at my watch. I look at my alarm clock. It is all of five minutes past seven. An apology? Hallucinations of Kafka come to me, a lunatic with glazed eyes and fiendish grin stares back from the mirror. It is the beginning of another day, the start of another year's climbing and the inception of a lifetime's back-seat paranoia.

Two weeks later the rain has disguised itself as curtains of fog wavering back and forth on changing currents. Chalk is absolutely useless and my boots seem to have dispensed of their friction properties. The rock is wet, cold and I'm half-way up this irreversible lead. Demented demons wisp through the veils and disappear soundlessly before a call from below filters through. There is an easier way off; out right. Big jugs full of water come to the rescue and in no time we are standing in a cloud on top.

The next weekend. The fact that he was still drinking port at four in the morning did not bother me but the fact that he chose to wait until we were both standing on a ledge some 3 inches wide some 200 feet off the ground to tell me he was afraid of heights, these fears causing him to freeze, did. If there is one way to get a free ticket to the edge of my conception of the universe, this particular beginner had certainly found it. As a result of his comment, from that very moment onwards, I absconded from all forms of communication with him and furthermore ceased to recognise his existence as an entity in my world.

Galaxy: Milky Way. Planet: Earth. The Australian Continent. Mitchell's Grampians. Religious star date: Easter 1985 A.D.

Whilst moving the cars, a low flying concrete barbecue angled round from behind a banksia directly into the air-space of my trusty Torana, that was quietly dragging its five piece exhaust pipe through two feet deep sand. The result was an audible motion stopping collision. By the time I got out of the car the barbecue had flown off unscathed into the sunset behind Mt. Zero without so much as a "By Your Leave" or forwarding address. Nothing much else happened.

Little boys without uniforms venture into newer experiences. A weekend instructing Baden-Powelles. Only with the utmost concentration, coaxing and cajoling did we aspire to the dizzy grades of two digits. It was a time of sleep and the Walkman playing the Dockers. And the Triffids. And the Go Betweens. And Talking Heads. Of course, it was a time of bloated eating habits. It was a time renowned for quotes: "If they're old enough to lead ..." and "I wonder if you could smoke the cheese from between your toes?" It was a time of hypochondria and chronic lethargy. Thanks for the lovely apples Kim.

A day trip was suggested, which is what we did.

Like dandruff, the Piles are inevitable. One day's decent climbing, 3 climbs and a score of 55 points. Sunday - a day of rest and overpowering apathy. God Save Us. It was too hot, anyway.

Here endeth another chapter of climbing. Balls.

(Not written by Chris Ryan)

OXO NOTES.

LIBRARY NEWS: Yes, MUMC does have a library!! Any member can borrow books or magazines for a period of 1 month. There are many fascinating books and articles amongst this collection, and you are welcome to come into the clubrooms at lunchtimes and just browse. New books this year are:

- "Skiing the High Plains" compiled by Harry Stephenson
- "Flinders Island" by Jean Edgecombe
- "Canoeing guide to Victoria" VACA Touring Committee 5th.ed.
- "Simple Foods for the Pack" Vikki Kinmont and Claudia Axcell.

Melanie Taws - Librarian (Mel the Man)

ABSEILING DEMO.: 25th July in the Uni. (Redmond Barry-Wow!)

CANOEING FILM NIGHT: Possibly coming up soon, watch out for more details in the trips book.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!! Jenny, Melanie and Brendan and anyone else.

T-SHIRT COMPETITION: Final date for entries is Tues. 6th Aug.

TRIP GRADING: A new, hopefully less ambiguous trip grading system has been introduced to the trips books.

PHOTO BOARD: A photo. board is going to be put up in the clubrooms. Please feel free to put up any prints but please don't remove anyone else's.

TUES. NIGHTS: The clubrooms are going to be opened hopefully most Tues. Nights between 7 and 8. Please check with a committee member.

NEWS FLASH!!!!! Snow has fallen!

GO FOR IT!!!!!!!



24 HOUR WALK REPORT

This year's 24 Hour Walk was held on the weekend of 29/30 June in the Wombat State Forest north west of Melbourne. A total of 26 teams entered the event, which involved 63 competitors. Many took advantage of the van transport, which arrived at the Hash House at 10.30am on the Saturday morning, just as the master maps were being finished. Teams quickly set up their tents and proceeded to mark their maps before the scheduled start at 1pm.

At 12.40 everyone gathered at the cross-roads to hear the final words of wisdom. Words such as "big attendance", "magnetic declination", "the northernmost dam" and "plenty of water in the creeks" waited over the forest. All this was occurring in glorious sunshine, and the good weather persisted for the entire event. The champagne cork popped, the teams gathered control cards off the clothesline and the event was underway at 12.58.

The course consisted of 3 loops of checkpoints covering approximately 70km in total. The first teams started arriving back from the first loop at 6pm, which were the more competitive teams. Loop 1 consisted of 15 checkpoints and three teams managed to complete all of them. Checkpoint 15 was only visited by four teams, and was considered to be hard to find and worth more than the three points it was allocated, according to several teams.

Most teams arrived from loop 1 late on Saturday night. They were welcomed with a blazing fire, fine hot food and a well earned hot drink. Some decided to have a few hours sleep before continuing, others rested then went for a moonlight stroll around loop 2.

Eleven checkpoints were in loop 2, six teams managing to visit all. At night, careful navigation is required so most teams spent much of the time on tracks to avoid getting lost. The final team to arrive from loop 1 returned to the Hash House at 5.10am on Sunday morning, whilst all others were either on loop 2 or sleeping. The team told tales of a faulty compass, walking around in circles, using a Cadbury's wrapper to mark checkpoints due to a lost control card, and of injuries. After having some food and warming up they returned to Melbourne. However, they managed to score a creditable 51 points out of 70 for loop 1 in 14 hours.

At sunrise teams geared up to do more walking on a crisp, clear day. Several teams set out for loop 3 to boost their scores before the finish at 1pm on Sunday afternoon. Others preferred to stay at the campsite to eat, drink and swap stories of events of the previous night. The catering staff provided a variety of food for breakfast including cereals and toasted cheese sandwiches.

Fourteen checkpoints provided an interesting loop 3 of the course, making it worth the most points of the three loops - 106 out of a total 250. No teams were able to complete all of the third loop and checkpoint 36 was not visited by any team.

At the finish time of 1pm all but one team had returned. This team split up in a rush to finish on time and was later disqualified for misbehaviour. Thus all team members were accounted for shortly after the official time. Competitors enjoyed a BBQ as results were being processed.

The overall winners, and winners of the Mens section, were team M20 of Derek Morris and Robert Caldwell with a score of 188 of a possible 250. Our congratulations to Derek and Robert for their efforts. (Derek was in a team that came second in last year's event). The first mixed team, and fourth overall, was team X6 consisting of Jane O'sullivan, Adrian Goedwin and Hugh Bigsby with 176. Team W12 won the womens section with 73 points which was Karen and Susan Murray. A total of sixteen teams managed to score over 100 points, the first five placings being closely bunched.

Reports from the competitors indicate that a good time was had by all and that the course was very well set. Special thanks goes to Mark Jenkins, Andrew Kelly and Nikki Taws for setting the course and to Andrew and Nikki for help on the weekend of the event with administration. Janet Rice and Peter Whetton did an excellent job with catering, Greg Weston provided equipment transport, Jamie Orr supervised the van, Ann Foster & Jane Frost gave much time for help with printing, and Paul Sharp provided advice.

We thank all of the competitors for the spirit in which they showed during the event, and hope to see you at next years event. There is now a vacancy for organiser of the 1986 24 Hour Walk. Do not hesitate to contact us if you are interested - there are many rewards involved in organising such an event and plenty of people willing to give advice to help you along the way.

Paul Bosboom
Brendan Carmel Co-organisers

To those who made it possible:

Mark Jenkins	Greg Weston	Andrew Kelly
Nikki Taws	Janet Rice	Peter Whetton
Ann Foster	Jane Frost	Melanie Taws
Jamie Orr	Debbie Cruickshank	Tim Beriman
Karen Chatfield	Andrew Carter	Jaci Ryan
Kim Adshead	Diana Rice	Jim Hope

And to the VRA for equipment, map purchase & course vetting.

Answers to last issue's problems

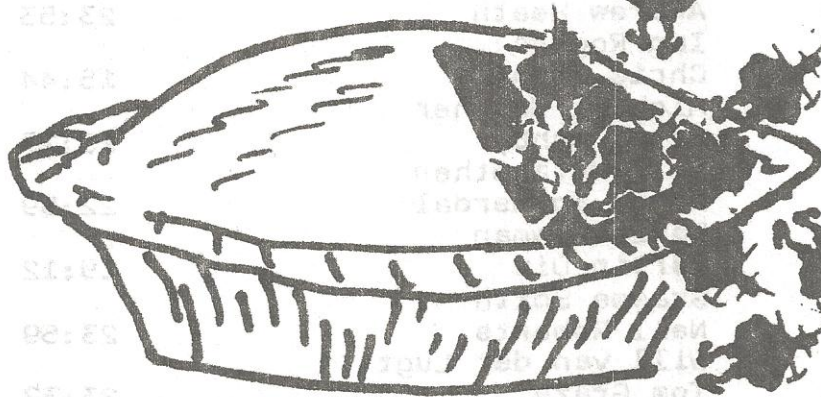
1. reading between the lines.
2. man over board.
3. bags + lines under your eyes.
4. see through blouse.
5. stranger in paradise.
6. scrambled eggs.
7. broken heart.
8. 3° below zero.
9. This thing is bigger than both of us.

24 Hour Walk Results

SCORE	PLACING	TEAM NO.	TEAM MEMBERS	TIME
188	1	M20	Derek Morris	23:47
			Robert Caldwell	
181	2	M9	Ken Mitchelhill	23:39
			Alan Cichero	
176	3	M18	Peter smillie	21:34
			Rod Costigan	
176	4	X6	Jane O'Sullivan	21:52
			Adrian Goedwin	
			Hugh Bigsby	
174	5	M7	Paul Walters	23:49
			Peter Whiteside	
154	6	M5	Anthony Patterson	23:50
			Russell Barrow	
150	7	M28	Andrew Heath	23:53
			Ian Rogers	
144	8	M4	Chris Ryan	15:44
			Michael Umseher	
144	9	M16	Peter Ashby	23:27
			Bill Metzen then	
30	10	M14	Chris Solnerdal	22:59
			David Newman	
127	11	M11	Martin Dix	19:12
			Graeme Smith	
112	12	M25	Neil Roberts	23:59
			Will van der Lugt	
109	13	M23	Tom Graze	23:32
			Michael Glenny	
			Paul Jensz	
104	14	M13	Simon Treadwell	23:26
			Tony Beauchamp	
104	15	M30	Tim Thomas	23:37
			Andrew Bergmann	
102	16	M17	Craig Morley	23:33
			Jeremy Newton-John	
			David Jackson	
			Justin Cook	
			Pter Kent	
7	17	M1	Andrew Rothfield	21:13
			David Thomas	
93	18	X27	Buzz Bailey	23:39
			Carol Barker	
90	19	X31	Helen Cooper	23:34
			Phil Dickson	
			Kathleen Curnow	
			Mark Corea	
88	20	M21	John Christie	18:15
			Brian Stephens	
73	21	W12	Karen Murray	23:39
			Susan Murray	
67	22	M26	Andrew Heath, Ian Rogers, Ian Hurley	9:30
67	23	M22	Stephen Smithyman, Colin Smithyman	9:35
67	24	M10	Tim Thomas, Andrew Bergmann, Marc Achen	12:56
67	25	X8	Helen Cooper, Phil Dickson,	23:34
			Kathleen Curnow, Mark Corea, Mark Quinn	
51	26	X15	Gregory Louis, Deborah Taylor	16:10
49	27	M29	Jamie Orr, Stephen Smithyman	23:53
43	28	X21	John Christie, Maureen Christie,	8:26
			Brian Stephens	
34	29	W19	Joanne McCurdy, Dianne McCurdy	23:14
26	30	X24	Jaci Ryan, Jamie Orr	8:26
DISQUAL		M2	Hugh Thomas, Peter Holz	

MUMC's PIE & SLIDE NIGHT

\$2
(+ drinks)



WED 31st JULY

6p.m.

SPORTS PAVILLION

THE COMPETITION THIS YEAR WILL INCLUDE PRINTS
AS WELL AS SLIDES, JUDGED SEPARATELY

IN 4 CATEGORIES: Landscape : Character
Wildlife (inc plants) : Action

BRING ENTRIES TO THE CLUBROOMS ON THE DAY
OR ON THE NIGHT (EARLY TO ALLOW SORTING).

PRINTS MUST BE MOUNTED ON A BACKGROUND
(cardboard / paper) FOR FANNING UP. PRINTS OF
EACH CATEGORY SHOULD BE SEPARATELY
MOUNTED.

Enquiries: Melaine Tawes (clubrooms lunchtimes)
or James M'Intosh (836. 3104)