

# MOUNTAINTOP



**AUG.-SEPT.**  
**1985**

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REVISTA MUJER

## CONTENTS

**YOUR PRESIDENT SPEAKING. Jamie Orr.**

**LETTERS TO THE EDITOR(esses).**

**DOING THE RIGHT THING AT EASTER. Dave Walker.**

**MAP LIBRARY NOTICE.**

**BOGONG HIGH PLAINS. Jamie Orr.**

**CANOEING GODS. Unknown God????**

**SCANDAL PAGE.**

**THE NARGUNS ARE COMING TO GET YOU. Timmy Beriman.**

**MOUNT STIRLING. Peter Baker.**

**MITCHELL RIVER. Robby (breasts) Taylor.**

**PIE AND SLIDE NIGHT REPORT. Melanie Taws.**

**SEARCH AND RESCUE NOTICE.**

**NATIONAL PARKS AND WILDLIFE NOTICE.**

**ANSWERS TO CANOEING GODS QUIZ.**

**OXO NOTES.**

**MIDNIGHT ASCENT REPORT. Ian McKenzie.**

**FRONT COVER: "We are not men! We are Dove Mountaineers!"**

The editoresses would have commented on Dave's  
state of undress (where's the tie) but

1. We're too lady like to make such a comment???
2. He's the best contributor to the 'eer we've got!!

**PS. Only one more issue of the 'eer this year so get your  
articles written up. Hopefully the last one will be  
sent out to everyone.**

**Hope you enjoy this issue.**

**T.T.F.N.**

**F. and F.**

**(co-editoresses)**



YOUR PRESIDENT SPEAKING!

Third term usually shows a slowing down of club activities as people start preparing for those nasty exams. However it is pleasing to see a number of trips being put in the books. A day or so away may do wonders to clear and refresh your mind before soon serious swotting. The September holidays saw skiing trips including the High Plains and the Main Range (N.S.W.) as well as I.V. Canoeing held on the Howqua, where once again Melbourne did very well.

The club was saddened by the death of Tom Kneen, after falling on Mt. Feathertop; sympathies are extended to his widow Dawn. The large number of tragedies in the Alps this winter highlights the need for care and careful forward planning of any trip, even for a day trip. Ensuring all members are equipped properly for the severe conditions which can so easily come in, and that the party stays together (especially in foggy conditions), is essential for a safe and enjoyable trip. If anyone is unsure of any aspect of a trip the leader should be contacted to sort out any problems.

Hope you can find the time for a few days away during 3rd. term, especially with those lovely spring days coming our way.

See you around,

Jamie Orr.

Dear Editor(esses),

I would like to reply to the comments made about me in Kevin McPhee's article (July Mountaineer) by making similar insulting comments about him, but unfortunately I can't. I obviously made more of an impression on him than he did on me. Kevin was right when he said I didn't notice him, but I think think this was due more to his complete lack of personality than a single noticeable feature about him to insult, except that he is obviously a White Irish Male (breasts?) Paddler.

As for the jokes, I'm sorry if I have offered Kevin's tender humanitarian heart, but he should realize that not everybody wants to reach his outstanding level of cultural refinement. Many people appreciate something more basic than T.S. Eliot.

Yours faithfully,

Robert Taylor.

P.S. As for the editorial comment, F. and E. are much too cute to argue with.  
P.P.S. To be completely fair, he did swim rather well.

Your a slime! - Rob Taylor F&E  
& who are you anyway? (who, who?  
who, who???)



DOING THE RIGHT THING  
AT EASTER.

Any one who's anyone (& Rob Taylor) headed for the Murrumbidgee River near Canberra for Easter 1985. Like last year, the canoeing promised to be awesome however this year boats, lives and sanity were to be threatened by more than just the river. With Ian-you goddamned hero-McKenzie at the helm of this prolonged skirmish with the Hume Highway bitormikes, babies and the youth of Canberra (!!!) we set forth - ready to do battle.

In what was believed to be a record start for the canoeists of M.U.M.C. it was only 8.00pm (or so) on the Thursday when the troops hit the road. The monumental task of matching each person of the 26 member party (including the contrary Jenny Bailey) with boat and associated items was performed with uplomb by our learned leader. However this exercise in universal suffrage (or canoeing for the masses) was tarnished by the efforts made to match everyone with a gas stove, esky, bicycle and banana lounge. These more recent additions to the 'equipment for canoeing' lists will probably take some getting used to.

And so it was that at 7.30am Good Friday we hit the Cotter Reserve camping area. We had just enough time to erect our tents, blow up our lilos (decadence was the word for the trip) and think about crashing out when the enthusiastic Wild Tim told us to get ready for a paddle. Bleary-eyed, we submitted meekly rather than incur the wrath of this monster and so flopped back into the cars for the trip from Pine Island to Kambah Pool. (After the experience of last year, nobody needed any warning not to paddle and further than Kambah Pool.)

This section of the 'Bidgee involved quite a few long and challenging portages the highlight being a grade 4 portage around Red Rock Gorge. Unfortunately there were also a number of sections where the river flowed too deeply, consequently there had to be paddled.

The gorge itself is a real spectacle, where the river crashes steeply downwards for 300m of so through an awesome labyrinth of boulders. Completely unpaddlable but nonetheless quite a sight. Back in the boats, and an outlet for childish exuberance was found when a mass of old tennis balls were discovered floating in the river. The demise of a much cherished paddle quickly broke up the party. Andrew Maffet treated us to a flawless demonstration of the cross-bow-drawstroke, and Steve Brown and Macca gave everyone lessons in the art of seal lanches, with two compulsory "Launches" for everyone. A real treat for the day was the capsizing of the Slug when Major Tim relentlessly, nay recklessly, paddled back into a giant stopper. Jane Frost's p aintiff cries from the front echoed around the valley "Help Tim I'm sinking"

On Saturday morning after a well earned night's sleep, we were offered the choice of some technical and continuous grade 3 portaging down the Cotter River of some tedious paddling with the promise of a couple of really exhilarating grade 5 portages. Unfortunately we chose badly as the portages on he section from Casuarina Sands to Urriarah Crossing did not eventuate. The day's paddle could best be summed up by Andrew Maffet's comment "In a group like this, there had to be someone who coule break into a car".



The events of Saturday night probably deserve a report to themselves, indeed volumes could be written on the sociological impact on the local inhabitants made by our gregarious mob. The evenings events may be best left to the reader's imagination, however the opportunity to publish some memorable McKenzie quotes should not be passed up. "You're mine" - firstly to a dinkum pot-bellied local holding a pool-cue in his hand who poked his head around the corner to see what was going on in 'our' section of the pub and secondly to a young Canberra initiate named Davo (not to be confused with Devo). Macca failed to score on both occasions. "I've never had a heterosexual before" and with a certain amount of class "You're \_\_\_\_\_ed" half way through a jug sculling contest.

Needless to say it was quite late before we got onto the water the next day, when the portaging was to be from Angle Crossing to Tharwa. It turned out that the length and technical difficulty of some of the portages would make up for the tedium of the previous day, (with complete lack of boat carrying to speak of), indeed layback techniques would be required on one of the portages that day. The paddling began very promising indeed, it seemed only a matter of time before we would face the full wilderness fury of boat dragging over shallow sandy bars - the ultimate. Unfortunately this was not to be, but our high expectations would come thick and fast as the river plunged remorselessly onwards down, not over or between killer boulders, but under them; unpaddlable at this level.

It was inevitable that the unequalled passions of the group would have to be satisfied, in some way a scapegoat would have to be found and Julie was to be it. First the hot jaffle treatment and then the stoning. Still the riotous mob were not satisfied and next they turned on each other and energies were channelled in an attempt to build a seven layer human pyramid. All attempts failed - we only made it to the fifth layer (photographic evidence documents our achievements!)

An after dark finish, Andrew's attempt to write himself into the annals of "Notable car shuffles" (posthumously) completed the day's activity. It was back to the Italian Fiesta in the site next to ours for recovery. Some campfire comments that evening: "So you want crabs do you?" - Julie, "It's the flavour that counts" - Ralph at the end of a sopociphic 1/2 hr. joke (not funny), "Who was the dingbat who put the aluminium can in the fire" - Mark Durre, "At this rate I'll go anorexic" - Jane as her umpteenth effort to cook a meal bites the coals.

Monday and a political coup was staged. With Andrew "give me a vertical rock" Wilson in command, approximately half the group - frustrated and disenchanted - made a bold raid on common dignity in an effort to be recognised as human beings...and then ran away. This group decided to go for a day walk (or portaging without kayaks) to Booroomba Rocks a venue popular with many of the Canberra rockclimbing fraternity. Driving to the start of the trip, pouring rain dampened our upsurging enthusiasm, however this was quickly restored with a 'Combie-cram' whilst we savoured the delights of Devo's boat-matured cheese. Following the climb to the top a real highlight for some was the return run helter-skelter down the track to beat the next downpour. A highlight for the rest was watching them recover.



Meanwhile the loyalists had gone off to repeat some portages of the previous day. It was decided that some paddling had to be done, and so one rapid which had been portaged the previous day was run by this smaller group. Peter Knight's effort on this rapid (to the embarrassment of Rob-swimmer-Taylor and Greg-I'm stuck-Chaplin was particularly commendable as he came through completely unscathed. In fine canoeing style, a mega lunch was enjoyed before returning to the campsite.

Perhaps the feature of the whole trip was the grand tour of Canberra via the waters of Lake Burley Griffin that night. Starting at the James Cook Water Spout, we paddled firstly over to the High Court "to see my little mate" (Robert Taylor). Next it was on to the eastern most of the two bridges which cross the lake, where two of the more responsible members of the group decided that the whole group shouldn't jump from the top (about 10-12m) and then gave us demonstration as to why not. One of them in a confidential aside at the top "I don't think this is a very good idea", it looked good from the water though! We heard that two young men were preaching a sermon from the scaffolding around a new riparian structure (soon to be completed). Greg Chaplin "I think it's a pavillion" - no Greg. After listening to their words of innane wisdom we paddled back to the water-spout, enjoying magnificent views of the War Memorial on the way.

Back at our starting point, we found two members of the local constabulary waiting to tell us that our time was up. A brief whirl of the blue light and a short blast of the siren left us in no doubt that it was indeed up. Some questioning ensued: P "Who's the leader of this group?" "Peter Freeman", no I choked, I couldn't say it. Ian McKenzie (from the back of the group) ". Finally Robyn piped up "WWWe're sort of all in this together" (beautiful, just beautiful). P "Don't you know you're not supposed to be out here?" (no idea) He then proceeded to inform us of the boating regulations which stipulate that navigation lights should be fitted (we'll get onto that straight away). We meekly paddled over to the cars to get off the lake following this haranguing which fortunately only amounted to a stern "Don't do it again". Here we found four members of the party who had surreptitiously slipped over to the bank. "You looked great, silhouetted by the lights as you paddled over to them."

The following day we could only marvel at our good fortune as we set out on the long, long drive back home.

Many thanks must be extended to Ian McKenzie - our "Rear" Admiral in the literal sense of the word - who was always there when we needed him most; but especially to all those who attended for making Easter'85 such an enormous success.

DAVE WALKER.

Editoresses' note : This is the phantom Dave Walker article that has been placed in the index of the last two issues, but never quite made it to the press due to unforeseen circumstances. Sorry for the delay - but it was well worth the wait.

F. and F.



## MAP LIBRARY

One of the most valuable facilities that MUMC has available to club members is the Map Library. It has not been used to anywhere near its full potential during the last few years, probably because most members are unaware of its existence. It is located in filing cabinets in the library room (on your right as you enter to clubrooms). More old maps are located in the store room.

We have several thousand maps, covering most of South - Eastern Australia, and most major mountain ranges in the world. We have large scale (1:31,680) contour maps covering many of the best wilderness walking areas in Tasmania. We have maps of all of New Zealand, and good maps of its National Parks. We have old maps of some gold fields in Eastern Victoria, which will of considerable interest to anyone visiting these regions. And we have virtually all maps used by bushwalkers in Victoria and Tasmania.

If you are planning a trip to New Zealand, or looking for new somewhere new to go walking in Australia, or just planning a walk in the local hills, then use the Map Library.

If you are unfamiliar with the Map Library and how to use the map catalogue then consult myself or another committee member. Feel free to study the maps if you are considering or planning a trip, but NONE OF THE MAPS ARE TO BE REMOVED FROM THE CLUBROOMS. It's not that we don't trust you, but many of the maps are irreplaceable, and the others are expensive. If you want photocopies of any of the maps then let me know and I will happily do it for you (I can even get them enlarged).

The Map Library is one of the Club's most significant facilities, and I would like to see more use made of it.

Not to mention the waste range of paper clips

we have, &

& casks of

James McIntosh

Map Librarian

assorted paint tins

wine & the

smutty couch which I would also like

you to make more use of ....



## BOGONG HIGH PLAINS.

Probably the best skiing in Victoria is to be found on the Bogong High Plains, just out from Falls Creek. During the September vac. I spent a week skiing there and enjoyed it thoroughly. We set up base camp at Cope Hut which is in the southern section of the park. The hut though reasonably exposed was well kept and had sufficient room for twelve or so. However no water (creek covered with snow) and little wood were to be found. The hut was in a central location to do day trips from, whilst being easy skiing in from Falls Creek, especially important with heavy packs!

The second day we skied out to Pretty Valley pondage and had a look at the various huts there, however the weather closed in during the afternoon, thus we were forced to retreat home. The hut had several parties in, and made for interesting evening conversation.

The third day we awoke to a perfect day, clear and crisp, so we made an early start and headed off to Tawonga hut. This was the best day, with miles of untouched snow and beautiful slopes and views. We had lunch in the saddle before the Niggerheads, looking across to Feathertop and the Razorback and even seeing Buller in the distance. We then skied down to the Tawonga Hut and headed off towards Mt. Tainter. However time ran out. After a full and invigorating day, we got back just before dusk.

The next morning was overcast and very windy. We headed off to Mt. Cope and found a lovely gully to ski in. After lunch we moved off to Edmonson Hut where we intended to do a few trips in the northern section. However that afternoon the weather closed in and we had approx. 15-20cm of snow. The next morning we headed off towards Smor Kiope, but visibility was only a few meters so we spent the morning in the hut and at lunchtime, with no sign of it letting up, we headed back to Falls Creek.

The skiing was great, as was the whole week; the High Plains have a great deal to offer and I can't wait for next year. Thanks to the small group who was able to enjoy it with me.

Jamie Orr.

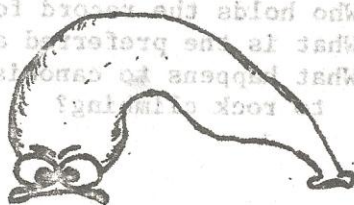
WOULDN'T IT BE LOVERLY. (from the MUMC Song Book 1973)

All I want is to go South-West  
That's the country that I like best,  
Then to come home for a rest,  
Oh, wouldn't it be lovely!

Lots of dehyd for me to eat,  
Lots of snow and lots of sleet,  
Cold hands, cold face, cold feet,  
Oh, wouldn't it be lovely!

Oh, so lovely sitting abso-bloomin-lutely still,  
Tent-bound while the wind blows round, all over the flamin' hill.

Lots of leeches to suck my blood,  
Lots of slush and lots of mud,  
And every river's in flood.  
Oh, wouldn't it be lovely!





## CANOEING GODS

Can you rightfully claim to be a 'God' of the canoeing world? How much canoeing folklore are you familiar with? Use this questionnaire to test yourself.

Warning: This questionnaire contains confidential information known only to a select few. It is with their permission that these details are published. However, this permission is conditional. Anyone who abuses this privilege and is found passing information on or (horror of horrors) treating it lightly will be tied to a tripod of paddles and flogged - either that or slapped on the face!

### Questions

- (1) What sensation is experienced when you paddle through a stopper?
- (2) Where do you receive a worthwhile face massage?
- (3) What is a "tinoid"?
- (4) What is the ultimate filling for a jaffle?
- (5) Who holds the record for the most "live" rolls in a single day's paddle?
- (6) Does a polo BAT have a handle?
- (7) What characterizes a trip as being "EPIC"?
- (8) Why is the "Washing Machine" rapid not called "The Tumble Dryer" which more correctly describes its action?
- (9) What is the man "Clarke" famous for?
- (10) Why do you avoid trips that Greg Chaplin is leading?
- (11) From where are the oils of the forbidden fruit extracted?
- (12) Which of the following statements about Subaru 4-wheel drives is closest to the truth?
  - (a) They are easy to clean when filled with muddy water from Homestead lane
  - (b) They are a reliable and safe means of picking up persons who write off boats in the amphitheatre
  - (c) In remote locations such as Angusvale their tyres are virtually puncture proof
  - (d) They allow 5 people to be conveyed in comfort with their boats to any part of the country
- (13) Where is the BAT CAVE?
- (14) What is the primary use for canoe tape?
- (15) What is its secondary use?
- (16) What would you do if I swallowed anything evil?
- (17) Are jelly babies for eating?
- (18) What does a space cadet do?
- (19) How many people were on the Easter '85 Murrumbidgee trip?
- (20) What do the initials T.O.K. stand for?
- (21) What do the initials A.J.W. stand for?
- (22) How much adjustment needs to be made for canoe time?
- (23) Who holds the record for holding their breath for the longest period of time?
- (24) What is the preferred activity to going away on a rock climbing trip?
- (25) What happens to canoeists who inelegantly and inexpertly turn their hand to rock climbing?



- (26) Which of the following people are definitely not REAL CANOEISTS?
- (a) Rob Breasts Taylor
  - (b) Rowan "Shaggin Wagon" Loh
  - (c) Julie Chaplin
  - (d) Jenny Bailey
  - (e) George Seddon
  - (f) Natalie Stavovy
  - (g) Peter Freeman
  - (h) Timmy Beriman (recently swam on Yarra)
  - (i) Bill Cruickshank (who wasted his boat on Mitchell)
- (27) What is the "tea strainer" effect?
- (28) Why are wet suits worn when paddling?
- (29) Is a fire on a canoe trip safe to cook on?
- (30) Where is the Campaspe River?
- (31) How do you go about replacing the spark-plug leads in a red Kingswood Station-wagon when some idiot removes them all?
- (32) What is Rob Taylor affectionately known as?
- (33) What is "canoeing tradition"?
- (34) What type of tents are acceptable to real canoeists?
- (35) If asked to paddle over Niagara Falls what would the following say?
- (a) Ian Mc
  - (b) Timmy B
  - (c) Greg Chaplin
  - (d) Devo

Score - see further on for answers.

> 34 = A real god

30 - 34 = nothing like ranks of god

25 - 30 = mediocre - keep trying (or keep paddling anyway)

15 - 25 = suboptimal

< 15 = Your name must be wimp or Rob Taylor!

#### New Proposed Trip Grades

A new very simple to comprehend, applicable to all trips scheme has been cleverly devised by diligent committee members so that the average turkey going on a club trip will know what he/she is in for.

It operates as follows: Let us for example, designate the following abbreviations: Climbing = A, Bushwalking = B, Canoeing = C, Skiing = D ... Then we shall rank the length of the trip = (S) in numerical values at the distance in km. Due to the relative subjectivity of the trip leader it is important to then rank the leader in order of descending credibility, e.g. Jamie Orr 10, Nick Hallebane 9, Peter Freeman 5, Melanie Taws 3, Ian McKenzie .05 (appropriate figure).

Then we merely multiply the leader score (L) by the estimated trip difficulty (T) and take the square root of the reciprocal. It should however be noted that this is subject to a  $\pm 5\%$  error margin due to prevailing weather conditions. Hence, it can be seen that your trip satisfaction may be gauged by taking the log of your current fitness and adjusting the figure by the derivative of your ability in that area (A B C D ....). If any unforeseen problems arise don't hesitate to ring your leader (L) and he/she will be happy to explain it.

Have a nice day!



DATE

1<sup>st</sup> WEEK SEPT. VAC

SKIING

12-16 AUG. '85

BOGONG HIGH PLAINS

(That's what they!!!)  
all sayORGANISER  
LEADER:

JAMIE ORR

PHONE: 663 5370

STANDARD: MED

REQUIRED

Other Details:

COST:

NAME	COURSE	ADDRESS	PHONE	CAR +
Given + Surname	+ Year			pass.?
1 ORR JAMIE	LAW COMM IV	48 DRUMMOND ST.		
2 Midge McGlade	Art II	IVAN		
3				
4 TRIP CLOSED				
5 - MAX 2				
6				
7				
8				
9				
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21				
22				
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24				

JAMIE ORR  
IS A BAD  
MAN

P.S. Jamie has complained we on my string  
thighs which he says are particularly suited to  
this sort of activity. I sit it lucky that I  
have kept myself in good shape

Love Midge X

when I get back.

I'll let you know how things get  
out

we have been having recently if conditions  
deteriorate and he has promised that we will  
- it would be simply dreadful if conditions  
us. I do hope that the good weather which  
have fun even if no-one else wants to join  
matter and he has promised that we will  
Well, I say for "a group" but so far there is  
blue eyes) has offered to take a group of us  
man in the mountain climbing club (with drawing  
Timworth on Friday 16th Aug; you see this nice  
Dear Mum



"THE NARGUNS ARE COMING TO GET YOU!"

Mitchell River 11/8/85

Tim Beriman.

What else would. Public  
santans do?

On Thursday 3.30pm Ian relayed the river levels to me over the phone and after deciding that I couldn't hire a video for the weekend we decided the Mitchell River at 2.0 m at Glenaladale might provide some 'entertainment'. Friday night arrived and over a few beers and a great party, we recruited the 'gunn paddlers' for a trip in the 'classic' mould. Julie 'piked' after her previous illfated venture through/under Amphitheatre; Rob was still chasing breasts from the previous issue and Rowan preferred to go skiing with his real mates!

Ian proceeded to terrorise the ethnic community who dared to overtake us in the emergency lane on the South Eastern Freeway, in a Commodore and then attempted to side swipe the 'Red Hotel' after Ian had 'zapped' him with the 'retina burning Hellas', (beats an argon bulb anyway!). Little did he realize how lucky he was, as Ian put it "It's much safer when you're driving an old car, you don't care if you damage your car as long as the other guy cops it!"

A short detour through Glen Iris included Jonathon in the tour, which arrived at the Warrugal Hotel for the more energetic part of the evening, until about 8.30pm when we departed for Bill and Robyn's to convince them that cross country skiing was only for wimps and that 'real men' paddle rivers. After a few more vitamin 'F' and interlectual conversations we began to debate which Roadhouse's hamburgers could be retained internally for the longest and who blew up rabbits with nitrogen.

→ Someone in the Physiol. Dept. Perhaps.

Rocking on down the highway in 'bad company' to the Rolling Stones and the Rolling Stones and more Goddamn Rolling Stones, Dave decided that he'd rather sleep than listen to the stereo so he carefully disconnected the wiring with his boot while he was reaching for the dipper switch, so he tells us! Driving up the Mitchell River Dam Road Ian hallucinating kangaroos, fantascising about the resistance properties of masking tape and the possibility of a cost benefit study on the restructuring of the amazing exploding nitrogen rabbits. Meanwhile Dave kept score of the number of wombats until finally at 1.00pm we arrived at the dam site to 'crash' for the night.

(It was enacted that no one should get up before 9.00am otherwise we might have had a chance of finishing early and breaking tradition, a prospect as far from Ian's mind as joining the religious or staying at Spensley Street.)

Greg, Bill and Peter arrived about 11.00am, Peter complaining that when-ever he asked anyone what the Mitchell was like they laughed, so I laughed, he was in for a surprise. By this time Jonathon decided to play 'Solo Man' by paddling off to Slalom Rapid ahead of everyone else. At about 12.30pm we arrived at Slalom Rapid which was probably at optimum level with a large haystack about two-thirds of the way down. Andrew was first to swim with Peter following close behind as he turned to stir Andrew and caught an edge. The lads were learning the hard way, Ian confiding that it was only a matter of time before Dave had his memory refreshed with cold water.

→ Not everyone can practice swimming on the Yarra thou'!!!



Alert weren't you!

Leaving slalom rapid behind after about 20 minutes someone wondered where Jonathon had disappeared. It was decided that he had done another Solo Man effort so we continued to Amphitheatre only to discover Jonathon wasn't there....panic set in! Bull! The only comment was "ya pays ya money, ya takes ya chances" and this b hadn't even paid his money! We were quickly reminded that his wallet was still in the car. Bill and myself checked out Amphitheatre from the top trying to psych ourselves up for the rollercoaster ride to follow. Jonathon arrived shortly after and joined Ian and the others to perform atrocities from the bank, sorry take photos. The best way to go down was 'through the guts' the first wave throwing you out sideways, the second hitting diagonally as you braced into the foaming mass before breaking out of the first stage. The others followed, no one swimming although Andrew came close. The second stage continued around the long left hand bend, ending in a large hole below an enormous boulder. The third stage included a twisting stopper which claimed 4 paddlers, Andrew preparing for a roll before he had even capsized. Dave's scream echoed around the amphitheatre cliffs as he cursed his involuntary swim, amidst the chuckles of myself and Ian whose prophecy had been fulfilled. The Nargun had struck! Dave had come back to Earth Water.

At about 3.30pm we decided it might be an idea if we packed up lunch and did some paddling, at this stage the trip was shaping up pretty well as Greg wasn't leader so no major catastrophes were imminent, or so we thought! On arriving at Glenaladale, the heart of "Nargun" country, I contemplated being a wimp and paddling down the right, conscious of the previous mega level trip where an enormous stopper blocked the top of the rapid. <sup>here!!</sup> After entering on the left I discovered that at this level the top stopper didn't have any power, only causing a slight loss in momentum. In the middle of the rapid I caught a glimpse of Ian on the rock ledge pointing the best way down. Instead, in the pursuit of photographic excellence/sadism he was directing us into the largest stopper in the rapid, only giving us a chance for a few strokes before hitting the stopper head on, which resulted in a few support strokes before slipping out the side, much to Ian's disgust. Bill, the man who didn't know his limitations was next, the Commodore being less buoyant necessitating numerous support strokes until the inevitable happened, the 'Nargun' came out of the Den, opened its mouth, made Ian's day and devoured Bill. The boat and Bill disappeared into the stopper resurfacing about 10m downstream. Not to be outdone 'kamikaze Dave' warrants the title 'fish'; with the arrogance of youth and intelligence of a house brick he followed Bill after all the others piked, resulting in a roll after some 50 metres.

Meanwhile Bill continued to enjoy his new environment as the Commodore folded around a boulder like one of G.M.'s small cars taking on a Mack truck. Another canoeing legend had degenerated to the level of a 'swimmer' also collecting the title of the first 'gunn' to walk out. As time was getting on and we were beginning to paddle in the 'Twilight Zone' it was decided to sprint to 'Final Fling'. Amidst such comments as "Let the force be with you" and "Do you want to see something really scary?", we paddled Final Fling and completed another memorable trip, one Bill won't be allowed to forget; and one which issues a warning to all who fear to paddle the Mitchell, "You can run, but you can never hide; the Nargun is coming to get you!" (see "Nargun"!!!!)

Gunns:- Bill Cruickshank, Ian McKenzie, Andrew Maffet, Jonathon

must have been a scout!!  
haven't you learnt yet!!  
NEVER TRUST MACK!!

There's not many left untouched now!



## "MOUNT STIRLING"

What a great day!

To begin with we had all the vital ingredients. Crisp, fine weather, a generous cover of snow, and seven eager adventurers each with a sense for beauty and an appreciation of the ridiculous.

The atmosphere at Mount Stirling was tranquil and inviting as we crept up the mountain on our cross country skis. I felt sorry for the poor trees as they were covered with frosty snow and must have been feeling winter's chill. However, I also cherished the thrill of being in the midst of a snow covered fairyland.

We langlauged to the summit and although the climb was a struggle at times, we were rewarded with a panoramic view of the surrounding mountain and valleys. By this time all the members of the party were conversing freely and laughed readily when anyone had an unfortunate fall.

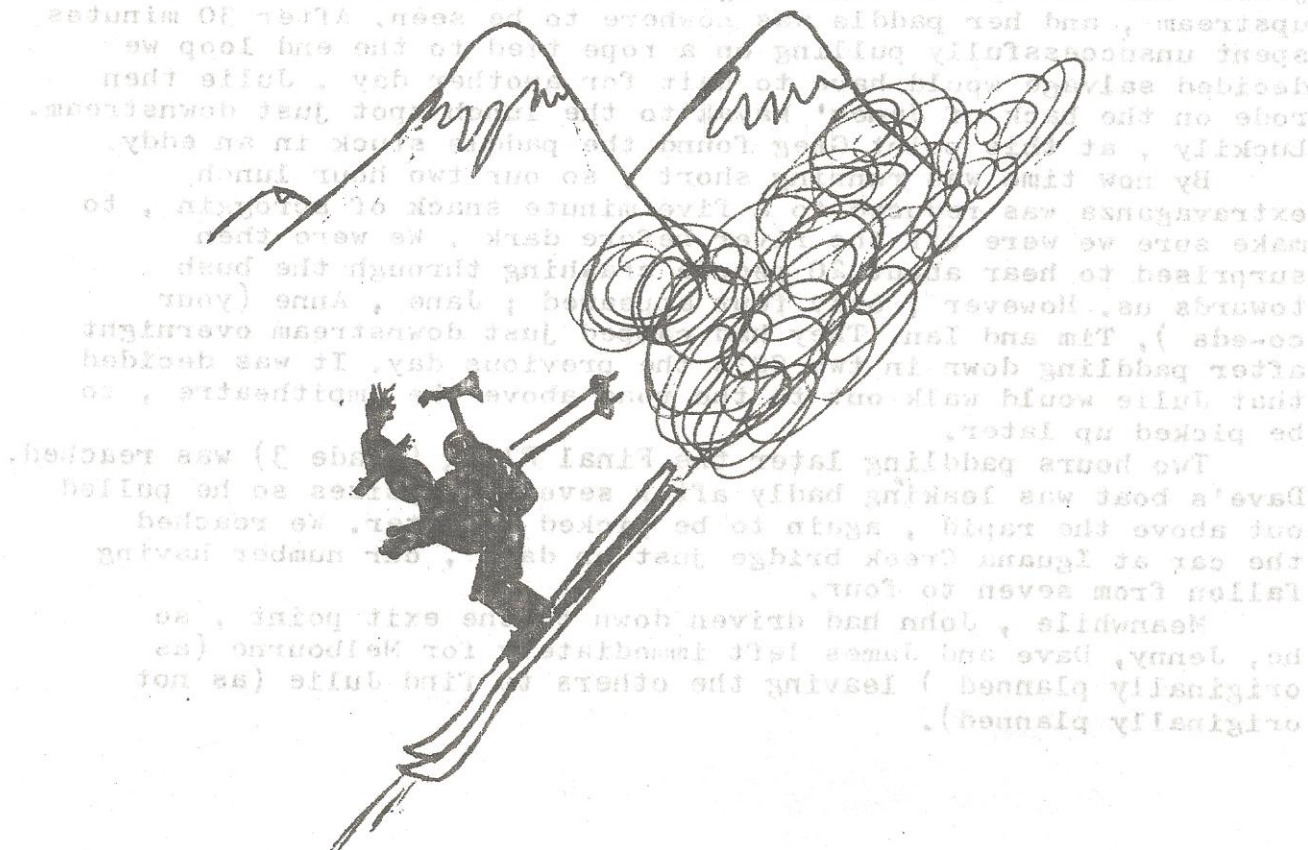
We dined, well.....ate our sandwiches at the Geelong Grammar Hut situated at the side of the summit. After lunch we practiced our snow ploughs and turns, as it suddenly dawned upon us that we had to ski back down. After realizing that the only practical way to stop was to run into someone else, we proceeded down the mountain.

The day was drawing to an end and the afternoon sun danced through the trees and illuminated the snow with a red hue. My spirits were more than usually high as I crashed down the narrow track, creating an obstacle for my colleagues who found it necessary to fall at times.

As night fall we found our way back to the van and with renewed vigour felt thankful for such a splendid day.

Thanks Jamie.

PETER BAKER.





MITCHELL RIVER

June 8-10, 1985.

by Robert Taylor

We arrived at the Slalom rapid campsite in the middle of nowhere at about 9.00 pm Saturday night to find a party in progress. The fire was great, but the singalong to Rolf Harris at 5.00 am was just a bit too much (and that's the first time I've heard Chipmunk Rock outside a TV commercial).

Overnight the level had dropped slightly, to 1.5 metres. Before we could get on the water the frost had to be melted off the boats in front of the fire, so the canoe tape would stick. Holes plugged, we hit the water, looking forward to a good fast trip, with a classic two hour lunch on the way.

The Slalom Rapid (grade 3+) at that level has a large stopper, which claimed two victims within five minutes of us starting, resulting in a 50 metre swim. Dave decided he didn't need his boat, so he left it upturned in a stopper halfway down. This unfortunately was a sign of things to come.

After about 15 minutes further paddling we decided that due to the cold and the high river level John should walk out. Fortunately the track along the ridge beside the river could be reached by a five minute bush-bash, leaving a 45 minute walk back to the car.

The next major rapid is the Ampitheatre (grade 4+). The mere sight of this rapid prompted Dave (who wasn't going to paddle it) to use those classic words "I want to go to the toilet". My last attempt at this level had resulted in a long waterlogged swim, something I remembered vividly. The vision of seeing everything turn green as a wave pulls you under for the sixth time in 200 metres is unforgettable. This time it was Julie's turn to swim; 300 metres after the capsize she managed to grasp an overhanging branch. The problem was her kayak was jammed immovably underwater against a large rock 100 metres upstream, and her paddle was nowhere to be seen. After 30 minutes spent unsuccessfully pulling on a rope tied to the end loop we decided salvage would have to wait for another day. Julie then rode on the back of James' kayak to the lunch spot just downstream. Luckily, at this point Greg found the paddle stuck in an eddy.

By now time was running short, so our two hour lunch extravaganza was reduced to a five minute snack of scroggin, to make sure we were off the river before dark. We were then surprised to hear about 20 people crashing through the bush towards us. However, only four appeared; Jane, Anne (your co-eds), Tim and Ian. They had camped just downstream overnight after paddling down in two C2's the previous day. It was decided that Julie would walk out to the road above the Ampitheatre, to be picked up later.

Two hours paddling later the Final Fling (grade 3) was reached. Dave's boat was leaking badly after several capsizes so he pulled out above the rapid, again to be picked up later. We reached the car at Iguana Creek bridge just on dark, our number having fallen from seven to four.

Meanwhile, John had driven down to the exit point, so he, Jenny, Dave and James left immediately for Melbourne (as originally planned) leaving the others to find Julie (as not originally planned).



At 9.00 pm , after driving over some of the worst roads I have seen , we reached Julie. It was now time to set up camp. At this point an unforeseen problem emerged for Greg, Julie and myself. We had no food , the jaffle iron was in Julie's boat, and the tent had thoughtfully been left in James' car. During such times it is a good idea to have Anne and Jane on hand to cook for you , and to have Ian willing to sleep on a crash-pad (similar in design to the Myer Music Bowl) to let you use his tent.

The next morning after a very quick breakfast we drove to the top of the Ampitheatre , to retrieve Julie's boat. This drive included a successful ford of Cobannah Creek , during which we discovered a major leak in the floor of Greg's car. We also needed Ian to pull us free (with a little help from Tim and his Subaru). After a one hour bush-bash we reached the kayak, slightly out of the water now as the river had fallen. A large amount of effort was expended pulling in vain on various ropes , until with four people on the end of one rope the boat finally moved.

All that remained now was to paddle the boat out upstream, drive to the Billabong Roadhouse for a large lunch and then start the four hour drive home . So finished a weekend of canoeing , bushwalking, rally driving, rock-climbing, swimming, search and rescue , and skin-diving.

Trip members ; Greg Chaplin  
Julie Chaplin  
Jenny Bailey  
Dave Uren  
James Hider  
John Moran  
Robert Taylor

#### PIE & SLIDE NIGHT

Melanie Taws

The Pie and Slide Night this year, held on a wet and windy night at the end of July, was carried off successfully with fewer slides (than usual) being eaten and an excess of pies to watch. Little wine, but all else was consumed (except the food).

Included were a selection of prints (family snapshots??), all being judged by Les Southwell; thanks to Les.

Overall it was a successful night, although attendance was down on other years, and a good time was had by all.





## SEARCH & RESCUE PRACTICE

The annual S and R practice will be held near Walhalla.  
Club members who would like to find out what S and R involves  
are welcome to attend.  
Only bushwalking competence and self-sufficiency in standard  
bushwalking equipment are required.  
If you intend to attend contact Rod Costigan (387 5136) a.s.a.p.

- WHEN** October 18 - 19 - 20
- FORMAT** A traditional bush search in rugged country.
- EQUIPMENT** Full equipment for a three (3) day search.
- MAP** V.M.T.C. Baw Baws (will be kindly supplied by Stuart Brookes).
- TRANSPORT** Police Bus
- (a) Meeting Place - Wattle Park Primary School (Melways 60 H4)  
Enter from Banksia Street.
- (b) Time - 6.30pm on 18th October.
- (c) Seats - should be booked directly with your S&R Delegate  
by 30th September.
- OTHER POINTS** Current members are especially requested to attend because;
- (a) with so few searches lately we need the practice to  
maintain effectiveness.
- (b) experienced "Old Hands" are needed to help induct new  
prospectives.
- (c) we will be training with police from both the S&R squad  
and local Gippsland members.

### NATIONAL PARKS AND WILDLIFE SERVICE

- The Tasmanian National Parks and Wildlife Service is asking  
walkers in the State's South-West and Central Plateau areas  
to carry and use portable stoves instead of lighting  
campfires.
- Tasmania's rainforests and highland areas are unique.  
Escaped campfires can destroy these areas forever. Many of  
Tasmania's highland plant species do not regenerate after  
fire.
- Firewood is a diminishing resource around many highland  
campsites.
- Much of the State's ground surface, particularly in South-  
Western and Central Tasmania consists of peat. Peat fires  
can burn underground for many months.
- Please help to conserve our heritage. Carry and use a  
stove.



# Answers to canoeing folklor questionnaire

- (1) Ecstasy!
- (2) Upside down through any unstable rapid; the higher the grade the better the massage. Large drops negotiated upside down are also good.
- (3) Too obvious - I'm not going to answer!
- (4) Tinned spaghetti, without question (A canoe version, I see)
- (5) Ian McKenzie. However, this record is currently being challenged by Andrew Moffet as soon as he converts a few more of those swims into rolls
- (6) Of course not scumbag
- (7) When something goes very very very wrong
- (8) "Tumble Dryers aren't wet". This is a famous quote from Timmy B. who takes great delight in the misfortune of others paddling this rapid. cf McKenzie without paddle or spray deck and 19 out of 24 paddlers on last year's Bludge trip
- (9) He single-handedly master-minded and carried into effect the most epic of all time
- (10) They always run into epics!
- (11) The ubiquitous tinoid
- (12) (b) - the only one left when the other 3 choices are dismissed as being potentially absurd
- (13) Tricky one; could still be in Gotham City which would explain why MUMC canoeists have been trying to get there for so long
- (14) Small fuzzy animals - need I say more? ➔ EUG
- (15) For preventing the misguided youth of Canberra from injuring themselves
- (16) "Put your fingers down my throat". Roger Daltrey "The Who" early seventies
- (17) No; Julie Chaplin would be pleased to supply further details
- (18) Beams up wombats and instruments a rigorous testing program for new cameras
- (19) Too hard; not even the leader knows the answer to this one
- (20) Answer withheld for fear of physical retribution (c. Terry [unclear])
- (21) as above
- (22) None - real canoeists ALWAYS operate on canoe time (within a couple of minutes anyway) [unclear]
- (23) Devo (who else?) in a crowd pleasing performance in the Monash pool I.V. this year. He eventually rolled back up (after finding his paddle) showing no observable signs of brain damage
- (24) Tying your sock drawer
- (25) They turn to jelly in a very humiliating way
- (26) Answer withheld for fear of (further) physical retribution
- (27) The extraordinary extrusion sensation felt when one is trapped upside down against willow branches on some flooded river
- (28) To keep the effects of the 'brown streak' phenomena as localized as possible. Commonly experienced in a sub-optimal situation, e.g. at the top of a bottie-biter rapid
- (29) No-one has ever been close enough to try
- (30) Who cares?
- (31) The driver of this sinful machine has spent some time with a friendly RACV and will never forget the advice he received
- (32) See question 26
- (33) To partake of the humble tinoid on arrival at a camp site
- (34) Aspiring gods use 'Trend-setters'; real gods use crash pads
- (35) (a) "Get out of my way Wimp"  
(b) "Oooh! I've got to video-tape something on T.V."  
(c) "Oh shit, I'm going to die"  
(d) "I'll show you how this is supposed to be done" (with the arrogance of youth and the brains of a house brick)



**T-SHIRT WINNER:** Brigette Kay's design was chosen by the club's committee to be used on our T-Shirts. The design is displayed in the clubroom and if any one would like one printed up, could they please leave the particulars on the adjacent sheet. Expected costs are approx. \$7 and the first batch will hopefully be ready before the end of term. (T-Shirts will also be available early next year.

**CONGRATULATIONS:** from the Oxo Man to an 'old' club canoeist 'Eger' on his recent engagement to Annette. Lots of luck for the future!

**CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS:** If anyone is planning a trip for the holidays and would like someone to accompany them from the club, we would be happy to put down any details in the next (last) issue of the 'eer. Just drop in any info. into the Mountaineer box in the clubroom!

**TUESDAY NIGHT OPENINGS:** It has been decided to postpone opening the club on Tues. nights until possibly next year.

**B.B.Q:** There will hopefully be a B.B.Q. lunch on the 2nd of Oct. at the Sports and Rec. Please check trips books for confirmation. It would be great to see you there and it's a great break from those studying blues!

**LIBRARY NEWS:** New books: "Mountain Skiing" - Vic Bein  
"The last Blue Mountain" - Ralph Barker  
"Annapurna, a Woman's Place" - Artene Blum

EARLY IN THE MORNING. (from the MUMC Song Book 1973)

Lost on a bush bash early in the morning,  
See the weary trampers wandering in a row.  
Where is that jeep track, it's marked on the damn map!  
OXO! OXO! On we go.

Coming down the rapids early in the morning,  
See the little kayaks fall in a row.  
The man in the rear seat pulls his little paddle;  
Bubble, bubble, bubble - under they go.  
Up on the rock face early in the morning,  
See the little climbers strung in a row.  
Down comes the leader, there go his pitons;  
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah! Down they go.

Down in a siphon early in the morning,  
See the little cavers swimming in a row.  
In goes the first one, no-one else will follow,  
Glug, glug, glug, glug - why did (s)he go?

Squelching through the cow-dung early in the morning,  
24 hour walkers slipping in a row.  
Let's stop at the Hash House, the first one since we started;  
No more sleeping, off we go!

Deep in a snow drift early in the morning,  
See the langlauf skiers buried in a row.  
Ski-tips protruding, covered up with klister,  
It proved to be too slippery to stand up in the snow!



## THE 1985 MIDNIGHT ASCENT

We arrived at Harritville and by 10 o'clock,  
We were ready to tackle Mt. Feathertop.  
The occasion was the Midnight Ascent,  
A trip for those whose minds are bent. (YOU SAID IT!)

In our packs were the bare essentials;  
A cassette player, dinner suits and cooking utensils.  
Along with the copious quantities of liquid refreshment,  
Which on the way up caused much resentment.

The climb was long, hard and steep,  
And made more difficult by our lack of sleep.  
After three hours we encountered snow,  
And there was still three hours of climbing to go.

Often we sank in up to our knees,  
As we filed our way up through the trees.  
The further we got towards the top,  
The more frequently we had to stop.

The night was clear and the moon was bright.  
The snow capped peak was an awesome sight.  
Finally after six hours without respite,  
The dome shaped hut came into sight.  
This was a source of great relief,  
At last, a chance to rest our feet.

The next morning we decided to climb the summit,  
At least then we could say we had done it.  
Four of us set off on our skis,  
I was brought constantly to my knees. (PRAYING ??)

The climb was steep and the surface was icy,  
With only four iceaxes this was all a bit dicy.  
However we made it to the top intact,  
Which was fairly lucky as a matter of fact.

From the summit the view was superb,  
We were right up high with the birds.  
The view of the Alps and the High Plains,  
Could only be equalled from an aeroplane.

The wind was quite strong, so after a snack,  
We decided it was time to start heading back.  
Back at the hut we changed into formal gear,  
The reason for this was all too clear.

Going to see our pictures on the cover,  
Going to buy five copies for our mothers.  
Going to see our smiling faces  
On the cover of the Mountaineer! Shame Devo didn't  
have a tie

After the exhibitions in the snow,  
Preparations for dinner were all the go.  
This was to be a formal affair,  
With fine food and wine with no expence spared.



Glens seafood creation was unparalleled,  
But many others did very well.  
For dessert we had chocolate ripple cake,  
This was as long as a two foot snake.

The next morning saw a lack of cohesion,  
With wimps wanting to leave for no apparent reason.  
However five of us stayed and had a great time,  
We climbed to the top again as the weather was fine.

The trip back down was a real delight,  
Playing in the snow and snowball fights.  
But it was now time for us to go home,  
So we packed up our gear and left the club dome.

IAN MCKENKIE

### MITTA MITTA RIVER 0.99m.

### 'Bundara River to Livingstone Creek & Beyond'

It was 8am Sat. Sept. 21 when the STD beeps disturbed my peaceful 3½ hour slumber. Bill attempted to relay a message of some description which I managed to decipher after reaching a semi-conscious state as meaning that the 'Slug's ie C2's presence was required that afternoon in Traralgon.

Andrew had optimistically arranged to meet at 4pm at the University boatsheds expecting about 6 people to attend, instead numbers had swelled to 13 paddlers, all trying to emulate their heroes after attending the canoeing video night. Organizing the aerodynamic loading of boats and paddlers for a fuel efficient trip proved a monumental task, especially after examining the Slug and having a quiet chuckle about its degenerate state before departing for the Traralgon Pub.

A Twistees showbag later we met the Cruickshanks and unloaded the Slug to show Bill the newly acquired holes that would necessitate a 'hot mix' to reinstate the Slug as a boat rather than a sieve. Andrew then proceeded to demonstrate how to devour the equivalent of a bucket of salad at the Traralgon Pub smorgasboard before departing for Omeo. Arriving at Anglers Rest on the Cobungra River the schizophrenic conservationists, acting in their alter egos as pyromaniacs, swung into action with a precision demonstration of firewood collection from a nearby tree, using 11mm climbing rope, brute force and Karl to cushion the blow of the falling timber at 2am in the morning. In view of the high temperature the traditional 'tinny or two' were consumed before retiring to recuperate for the arduous day ahead.

LIFE'S PRETTY  
STRAIGHT WITHOUT

continued next page →



After detailed instructions, (albeit incorrect instructions) from Ian & Ralph, Virginia was organized to meet us at Hinnomunjie Bridge or so we thought! Jonathon was first on the water trying out his new Pyrana plastic boat. The group of 13 included Bill & Robyn in the Slug, hoping their handiwork the previous night would survive the distance. At approximately 10am on a crystal clear crisp sunny magnificent mother of a Sunday we all negotiated the first rapid with the artistry/arse of Rembrandt; remarkable, no swimmers! The next altercation with the Gods proved technically difficult with a series of sharp turns between large granite boulders, resulting in a number of swimmers .....what a pity! After joining the Cobungra River a sizeable stopper, ('hydraulic' for the Yanks) existed at the end of a rapid providing an excellent opportunity for nose stands and to display one's rolling ability or lack thereof. (I wont mention that "Oh shit I'm gonna die I've got A... Chaplin" didn't roll).

As the Corkscrew Rapid, or Dislocation as referred to by Wildtrek approached we all looked forward to the main chute which would provide another opportunity to demolish our already battered boats in our valient attempts to achieve the perfect nose stand. It also reinforced my apprehension about plastic kayaks and the lack of a reasonable cockpit and combing design to retain a spraycover under pressure. Although the new Pyrana design has better manouverability than its predecessors it still requires a special spraycover and improved thigh and knee bracing as Jonathon will witness by his three swims. (BUT WHO WAS COUNTING RIGHT.)

Lunch was the traditional fire and jaffles while basking on a sandbank, the site of the now infamous whipping. (YES PLEASE!!) Entering the gorge everyone was looking forward to the 'big drop' and the possiblity of Bill&Robyn swimming, alas the latter didn't eventuate. (DISAPPOINTMENT SUPREME!!) After numerous photographs and waiting for Andrew to shoot the drop twice we continued, anticipating an early finish. On arrival at Hinnomunjie Bridge Wildtrek had a group of 30 in rafts....so much for safety, I thought we were the only one's with trips that size! Virginia was nowhere in sight until about 1/2 hour later when Wildtrek informed her, on their way back to Omeo that the Mitta wasn't a tributary of the Livingstone Creek and that the pick up point was another 3km down the road. (STICKLERS FOR PRECISION YOU LOT)

The drive back to Bundara River was temporarily halted by the Mazda 323 trying to beam up its occupants to the great white-water river in the sky by landing off the road on a 60 degree angle; meanwhile the remainder of the entourage continued to enjoy the sun before the long trip back to Melbourne, oblivious to the fact that some of us nearly didn't make it!

Tim Beriman

P.S. I wont write any more articles or else  
I'll get as bad as Dave Walker.

NO-ONE CAN REPLACE  
DAVE IN OUR  
EYES !!!



# BUSHWALKING HABITATS ENDANGERED

The future of both the East Gippsland forest wilderness and the remaining forest wilderness of Tasmania is presently being considered by the Victorian government and the Federal government respectively.

<u>Tasmania</u>	VALUE	<u>East Gippsland</u>
1.endemic mammals and birds		1.largest rainforest left in Victoria
2.oldest forests in Tassie		2.largest forest wildernesses in Victoria
3.wilderness		3.wilderness
Norfolk ra.,NW + NE	AREAS	Rodger R.,Errinundra,Coopracamba
Rainforests,Western Tiers, Douglas/Apsley,Lemonthyne, Weld R.,Picton R.		
WOODCHIPPING (by foreign companies)	THREATS	LOGGING
Mr. Kerin	WRITE TO	L.C.C.
Minister for Primary Ind.		464 St. Kilda Rd.
Parliament House		Melb. 3000
Canberra		
(letters to Barry Cohen,Min. for Env.,and Bob Hawke will be useful too)		
BY THE END OF OCTOBER	DEADLINE	28/10/85

These two issues are related.Decisions about these areas will set precedents for other forests around Australia.

INFO SOURCES:1. letter info is on MUMC conservation notice board  
2. Antony Harvey-Cons. convenor 8615882  
3. ACF 672b Glenferrie Rd. Hawthorn  
TWS 675220  
East Gipps. Coalition 6631561

## East Gippsland Exploration

The aim is to produce to produce an introductory walking guide to the threatened areas of East Gippsland-Rodger R.,Errinundra,Coopracamba.  
It will be of enough quality to sell through shops.

I need lots of help.The plan is to spend three weeks in East Gippsland;one

in December,one in January and one in February.Walks to be explored will range from one day walks to three day walks,and from easy strolls through lush rainforest to exploration epics.Don't miss out on a chance to experience this wilderness.Help is needed with organisation,walking,research on potential walks and publication.

CONTACT: Antony Harvey 361 5882