



MOUNTAINEER

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XMAS

1985

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"Life's too short
to stuff a mushroom"

OXO NOTES

1986W Wilderness Calenders \$9
Equipment for Bushwalking and Mountaineering \$?
Club T-shirts \$7
(new orders in 1st term, but still some available)

Clubrooms open Wed lunchtime in hols.

Congratulations to Doug Haig who is getting
married on Dec.22

Award Best Subscriber DEVO (Dave Walker)
Contenders Timmy B
..... Andrew Danks

(Why are they all canoeists???????)

Oxo man wishes everyone a happy and safe Christmas
and hopes you will ALL write lots and lots of
articles next year

Addendum to the Chaplin Inverted commas trip
(Double liloing etc..)

"You can take the boy out of the city;
But you can't take the city out of
the boy."

(Referring to Gregor & his automobile)

Front Cover

Our beloved 'Pres' + Devo + someone else.
see we don't ALWAYS restrict "the cover of the
mountaineer" to the Pres or canoeing Gods.

Editoresses Whinge

We the unwilling, lead by the unknowing
Are doing the impossible, For the undeserving
We have done so much, with so little
For so long, We are now qualified to do anything
with nothing.



A SUMMING UP FROM THE PRES.

1985 was again a fairly active year for the club with trips going virtually every weekend in 1st and 2nd terms. However 3rd term, as can be expected, showed a significant decrease in activity yet for those who perservered trips could be found. Although it was pleasing to see many trips going it was disappointing in many cases to see little response to trips, such that only very small numbers were going on any one trip. This in itself isn't significant but it does mean that finding leaders in the future may become more difficult, and thus the number of trips going will also decrease.

The club is totally dependant on its own members to organize and lead trips thus unless members are able to gain experience by going on trips the club will become very limited in scope. Leaders should pay particular attention to fostering leadership in less experienced members and encourage them to take a trip, even if of a very easy standard to begin with, we've all got to start somewhere. If this occurs, interest and motivation will be maintained and the cycle of the younger members taking over from those who graduate will become self perpetuating.

I'll leave it to convenors to report on their specific areas, I will just make a few general comments. Canoeing continued to boom with a large number of trips and much interest. However many of the other areas were fairly quiet, with only small numbers going on the trips. There may be a number of factors which caused this, I think an attempt should be made to reintroduce a "trips programme" at the start of each term for the various activities, even if not strictly adhered to, it will give members a basic outline to plan their activities and dates by and hopefully give a greater certainty and diversity to the trips if a set programme can be organized taking into account locations and standards.

The club's annual events continued with much success. Easter saw large numbers heading off, and all trips seemed to have gone off well. The 24 Hour Walk was very well organized and provided an enjoyable weekend for those who attended. The Pie and Slide Night offered a range of high standard photography and ample eats. The midnight assent was also fortunate in having fine weather for the trip up the N.W. Spur. MUMC was once again successful in I.V. canoeing held during the September Vacation. The Mountaineer was of a high standard throughout, with interesting and topical front covers and a good diversity of (mostly) well written articles. It was also refreshing to see a constant stream of orders for "Equipment for Bushwalking and Mountaineering". I thank all those who organized and helped in the fore mentioned activities and those involved in the many other areas which the club was involved in, especially the committee and the convenors who put in much time behind the scenes to ensure things run smoothly.

With 1985 almost over people should begin to give some thought to 1986. If there has been some trips you've had in mind, contact the convenor or place it in the trips book early in the year. By the same token, if you haven't led a trip before, and would like to, contact the convenor or one of the experienced leaders and a suitable trip can be suggested.

A challenging and rewarding way to get involved in the club's activities is to join the committee. This is your way of having a say in how the club should be run and influencing the decisions it makes, which affect us all. People are elected to positions at the Annual General Meeting usually at the end of March. One of the main issues facing the club is incorporation, which has been encouraged by the Sports Union and gives certain protection to club members and encourages other bodies to deal with us. Another project which the club has embarked on is an information book on East Gippsland. If people are interested in helping they should consult the conservation convenor, (refer to an article on the book in this issue).

Thus for those who want to get involved, the club offers a wide range of services, contacts, helpful advice and trips of all standards, all of which are there to be used by members. I hope you're able to take full advantage of this, and (remember the old cliché), the more you put in, the more you will get back. All the best for the summer and I hope to see you around next year.

JAMIE ORR.



Melanie Tawo.

16-11-85

16-11-85 DIBBIN'S HUT : COBUNGRA RIVER.

Letters To The Editoresses.

Dear F. & F.

I would like to take this opportunity to compliment you on the outstanding publication currently edited by yourselves and the literary genius, Mr Devo Walker, who has won worldwide acclaim for this excellent magazine by submitting numerous quality articles.

However, over recent issues, my dear F. & F. I have become deeply distressed, yes, devastated to learn of an intolerable accusation by a non-contributor that you have become biased in your attitude to the activities of your contributors.

The source believed that you had to be Club President or a 'Canoeing God' to achieve 'print' in your magazine.

I have spent many hours agonising over the injustice of such a statement even to the point of committing suicide as an act of support to protect the good name of the Mountaineer. The statement is obviously uninformed, the contention that your feature writer, Mr Devo (intelligence of a housebrick) Walker could possibly be a 'Canoeing God' is too ludicrous to warrant consideration. On the other hand, in the most recent issue the accusation does warrant further investigation.

Ski-Touring achieved only a ½page report at the height of the ski season.

Rock Climbing was banished to Mt Arapiles, with the exception of some derogatory comments made in the Canoeing Gods Questionnaire* about 'prefering to tidy your sock draw'.

Bushwalking finally scored with an article by our il-lust-rious President, only to be defiled by a slanderous report on his escapades of recent weeks.

Cavers appear to have gone into hibernation at Buchan, while Orienteers/Rogainers have been lost on the 24hr walk for the last 2months. MAYBE THEIR ALL ILLITERATE!

The article on the Midnight Ascent was a surprise, at last someone who went bushwalking had arisen from an apathetic state.

Alas, it was not to be, a 'Canoeing God' had written the article.**

The cover photo was also provided by a canoeist and featured a person who has been seen, by an impeccably reliable source frequenting the suburb of Ivanhoe....perhaps some truth in the accusation! It was even rumoured that F. & F. are publishing a photo of themselves on the next issue!

Seriously though, its about time some of the other members of the Club arose from their peaceful slumber (got up of their a....) and wrote some articles, otherwise all you will hear about is Canoeists canoeing, Canoeists bushwalking, Canoeists skiing, Canoeists rock climbing; and believe it or not the Victorian ~~Speleological~~ Speleological Association may never be the same again when the canoeists find the Bat Cave!

Once again congratulations to F. & F. on a job well done!

* P.S. A worthwhile face massage is not obtained by paddling upside down through a grade 4 rapid, it is much easier and so much more satisfying if you contact Greg Chaplin and go to the local pub.

** P.P.S. The writer of the article on the Midnight Ascent is definitely not a 'Canoeing God'.

No further comment F+F.
P.S. It's EAST Ivanhoe thank you very much!

The cream Commodore Berlina blocking the driveway in suburbia was perhaps indicative of yet another 'Epic' Mitchell River trip. (are there any other kinds) Arriving at Andrew's about 6:15pm Friday night I was met by an expletive deletive when I informed them of my predicament, the latest river level, and the slight change since Wednesday night when we were discussing a trip at a 'reasonable' level. The Nargun was really relieving himself up in the Alps as the level had risen 4 metres in the previous 24hrs. Andrew, turning white, perhaps pondering a dissection in pathology earlier in the day said goodbye to Lisa; maybe for the last time!

The drive was uneventful, the offer of a nights accomodation with the waitresses in a Warrugal Chinese Restaurant being declined. (HERO S) The \$3 million super-highway was exhilarating driving with the exception of the numerous rock and mud slides. The traditional 'tinnoide' was lacking presence as we squelched our way into the damsite and made camp. Arising at 6:30am, with the best of intentions to meet Ian & Ralph at Iguana Creek to complete the car shuffle, we departed anticipating an early finish. The Subaru rumbled into life, 4WD being engaged as I roared up the Super-highway only to be halted 12km up the road. The 'piece of hickory' blocking my passage was 1m x 30m. Even Clint Eastwood couldn't pick it up! Returning to the campsite in a state of despair Bill & myself began to look for an alternative track around the fallen tree. Two hours and a lot of scrub bashing later we found a track around the tree that blocked the track around the piece of hickory blocking the super-highway.

Meanwhile, Ian & Ralph continued to sleep in the Mazda only to come to life when we appeared 2hrs after the appointed time. Ralph began to relay the extraordinary events that had occurred 6hrs before when he was shocked to see a member of the group, who lives in Abbotsford sitting floodlit, naked and paralytic on his porch, red rose between lips, playing the violin at 4am in the morning! (NO PRIZES FOR GUESSING CORRECTLY WHO IT WAS!)

The official river level at the Glenaladale guage was 4.6metres, probably the highest level at which anyone has attempted the Mitchell. The 10min. section from the Damsite to Slalom Rapid was most revealing, the lower track totally disintegrated in several places and submerged in others. Slalom Rapid was a series of rollercoaster waves surging amid turbulent boils and whirlpools. Forty minutes later we heard the roar of Amphitheatre as we pulled out on the righthand bank to investigate the possibility of 'keepers' (stoppers that eat paddlers for breakfast, digest them for lunch and regurgitate them for dinner), and to contemplate the meaning of life. Normally Amphitheatre has three sections, this time it was continuous whitewater all the way to the standard lunchspot under the cliffs. It was decided to paddle down the centre, working your way from right to left to avoid the stoppers and trees on the right. At this level a rescue line on the bank would be useless as the only exit point for swimmers was the lunchspot at the end, which had turned into a giant eddy recirculating at tremendous speed. Ian went through first followed by myself aiming for a eddy about half-way down in an attempt to photograph this phenomenon. After a few photos I started to drift into the main surge only to be caught by a large boil running into a mammoth wave, resulting in an eruption that preceded a roll under extreme pressure. Resurfacing, the feeling of total disorientation overcomes you only to be replaced by the realisation that the rapid still exists and that if you don't recover quickly a second or third roll may be required. A few seconds pass to regain control and shoot more photos as the others encounter the awesome power of the water. Suddenly Ralph appeared swimming, separated from his boat which Bill was holding in the giant eddy until Ralph could reach dry land. Firewood was in abundance for a lunch of jaffles and chocolate over a

discussion of the unbelievable power of the rapid. Three of the group had rolled at various stages through Amphitheatre, all relieved to retain their status as a non-swimmer.

Glenaladale was fast approaching all paddlers hesitant about what was forthcoming, aware of Bill's boat destroying attempt the previous trip at a level $2\frac{1}{2}$ metres lower.

At the mouth of the rapid the turbulence appeared greater than Amphitheatre the cliffs at Glenaladale reflecting diagonal stoppers into an enormous hole at the bottom of the rapid followed by large standing waves.

Andrew was the second swimmer for the trip, disappearing in one of the stoppers and enjoying his encounter with the Nargun with youthful exuberance. The river continued to open out although still very turbulent making zigzagging between boils unavoidable as we approached the old bluestone dam. The water was only $\frac{1}{2}$ metre below the top of the wall on the left bank, the current through the breach being fast to say the least. Strong eddies existed behind both walls providing good break-ins and break-outs, the remainder of the rapid washed out.

Final Fling was next with large standing waves on the right before the normal start of the rapid, requiring a conscious effort to paddle towards the left to avoid the farmhouse and numerous trees.

On arriving at the bridge and the end of the trip two locals in a 4WD said, "Are you having fun?", thinking we had been paddling on flat water near the bridge. The second said, "You should go up to Lamberts Flat Road," meaning Final Fling. I replied, "We came down from Angusvale near Slalom Rapid". Both locals.... "You're crazy."

Although the paddling had finished the car shuffle had just started as Ralphs Mazda, (Wimp of a car) couldn't go bush to avoid the tree, therefore a short 12km run was required. Ian & Andrew set off while Ralph and myself contemplated the possibility of shrinking the Mazda to drive it under the tree. After clearing away a few branches and logs the nice little ladies car slid under the tree with ease, and averted a long delay; although considering Ralph's continual rendition of 'Its Mazda magic' I wish the tree had squashed it! Ralph soon quietened down when Ian suggested emptying the contents of his bladder on the baked enamel duco. Two other 4WD vehicles were blocked in and asked us how we got in and out, and speculated as to whether we had been canoeing. When we replied, "Yes!", the comment "You're mad!" was uttered from another local's lips.

Overall the trip was an exciting and invigorating experience, and thanks to all those who participated in a great epic!

Tim Beriman
Ian McKenzie
Ralph Audehm
Bill Cruickshank
Andrew Danks
Chris Lloyd

SILVER THREADS AMONG THE DEHYD (MUMC Song Book)

On our walking trip last Christmas
Everything was growing old;
Silver threads among the dehyd,
And the cheese was all a mould.
When the snake died we had sausage,
When the wildcat, fricassee;
When the leader died I left them,
Spare ribs were too much for me.

FORESTS of EAST GIPPSLAND BUSHWALKING GUIDE

Work is just beginning on a proposed guide to walks in the forest areas of East Gippsland, to be undertaken and published by NUMC.

The planned format of the guide is a small publication, perhaps 40 A5 (half A4) pages; containing track notes and information for about 10 walks.

These walks will be in the areas proppsed by conservation groups as National Parks : Errinundra Plateau; Rodger River/Bowen Range and Mt. Kaye/Coopracambra.

It is envisaged that the guide will give detailed track notes for about 5 day walks, and 5 walks of two or three days duration. In addition there will be a short section on the botany, zoology, geology and conservation significance of the area.

DO YOU WANT TO HELP?

As well as people interested in doing the walking, we will need a team of people interested in getting the booklet to publication stage. This will include writing, drawing maps, typing, doing layout, liason with printers etc.

Within our team of walkers, special skills will be required. We will need people who are:

- competent leaders
- skilled navigators
- willing and able writers of comprehensive track notes
- photographers
- botanists
- geologists

Above all though, we need people who are friendly and enthusiastic. We will also be in need of transport - petrol costs will be heavily subsidised.

The plans at the moment are as follows:

November 1985 - Research and planning.

December 1985 - February 1986 - Three trips are planned, each of one week's duration. We anticipate that we would require at least 12 people for each trip (covering 3 to 4 separate walks).
Dates of these trips are: Sat 7 December to Sun 15 December
Sat 11 January to Sun 19 January
Sat 8 February to Sun 16 February.

STILL INTERESTED?

Put your names down in the trips book and we will keep you informed.

Further information: Antony Harvey (Conservation convenor)
861 5882

Janet Rice 861 6088(h)
508 2259(w)

A BAD TRIP ON THE SNOWY

On the Melbourne Cup weekend, I was unfortunate enough to be involved in a really disastrous trip down the Snowy River; one which almost broke the hard-earned traditions of MUMC canoeing. The drive up to McKillop's Bridge (a ginormous, mega-humungous bridge over the Snowy up towards the NSW border and so far from anything it's just not funny) was uneventful - no punctures, no friendly meetings with cuddly, furry, damage-inducing wild-life, and no-one ran off the road. An ominous start, but things got worse.

We hit McKillop's mid-afternoon on Saturday and went straight to the gorge. My heart sank when I saw the level - 1.9 metres. All the rocks would be covered, and likewise the sandbanks towards the end. There would be no rock-scrapping or channel-hunting on this trip, dammit! (oops, sorry).

Resigned to the sad fact that we would have plenty of time to complete the trip down to the Buchan River by Tuesday, we decided to camp at McKillop's that night and start Sunday morning. The only let-up from all the unfortunate lack of disasters was reaching the camp site: it was decided to camp away from the McKillop's Hilton, so we literally hit the scrub in Jol's Land Cruiser. This thing went places where even a Subaru wouldn't, and received a restructured (scratched) duco for its trouble.

Sunday started badly - we were on the water by about 9 am; hours before the traditional start. I was worried; nothing had really gone wrong yet. Maybe all the catastrophes were saving up for one big one; my guess was for one of the big 3 rapids in the Gorge. Alas, it was not to be. We survived all three rapids unscathed, even after paddling the first 2 without inspection from the bank. We even had the audacity to finish the day at about 3 pm; 5 hours before dark. Is no tradition sacred any more?

Overnight we were constantly not awakened by the clear skies and consequential lack of rain on the crash-pad. To add insult to (no) injury, the wind changed and was blowing down river - an unheard of event on the Snowy. Undaunted, we paddled on, pretending to enjoy the cloudless sky, warm water and good rapids. Again, we tried to out-bludge the Snowy Bludge Trip by finishing with 4 hours of light left, and with only an hour's paddle to the end.

Then Huey stepped in and saved the trip from being an outstanding success: he looked down and saw everyone enjoying themselves and, being the merciful creature that he is, caused it to rain (but not till after dinner). At last, something had put a dampener on things (oh shit, I should stop those puns).

Unfortunately, the rain stopped for breakfast on Tuesday and it even looked like clearing up. An hour or so later, we paddled up the Buchan River, finishing a very enjoyable, but somewhat unusual, paddle. The drive home was, of course, uneventful and to finish off a bad trip on a sour note, we arrived in Melbourne long before midnight.

Overall impressions of the trip: the sun was hot, the water was hot, the rain was wet (and hot), the beer was also wet (but not too hot) and the fires were hot (but mostly not wet); rafters don't move very quickly along flat water against the wind; it's worthwhile taking a tent along (you can get a very wet sleeping bag under a tent fly); there are some masochistic C2 paddlers around (they went down the left chute in Gentle Annie and got their faces massaged); and a Nikonos is definitely THE camera for canoeing (on the trip there were 5 paddlers and 4 Nikonos cameras).

MOUNT FEATHERTOP MEMORIAL

On Saturday 16 November a plaque was dedicated to Tom Kneen in the M.U.M.C. memorial hut on Mt Feathertop. The party, including some of his family and many of his friends from the hut building days and beyond, headed up the North West Spur to the club hut. In the afternoon the plaque was installed and dedicated to Tom by Peter Selby Smith.

Although saddened by the purpose of the weekend I found it very interesting talking to many of the "less young" ex club members about their memories both of the club and in particular the building of the memorial hut. Whenever I visit the hut I am always amazed at the time and effort which must have gone into the design and the building of it. The dedication and workmanship of the members is shown by the design and condition of the hut which, twenty years on, is probably the most impressive of huts still being used in the Alps.

This hut is one of the many legacies left by Tom. To those of us who share his love and concern for the Alps it is appropriate that he be remembered on the mountain where he spent so much time and sadly lost his life, but for those who knew and loved him he is now very close to the top of Mount Olympus.

JAMIE ORR

SKI TOURING

Now for something
completely different.

Like walking through a cow
paddock isn't it!

With exams passed (and passed?) and the sun's radiance warming us once again it is now appropriate to cast our minds (briefly) over the year. As conscientious students, we have turned repeatedly to the MUMC as a source of relief from the monotony inherent in our traditional educational methods.

Especially tedious, it seems, does the art of learning become when the sou' westers reach their full force and blow a veil of gloom across the skies of the Garden State. But it is at this social trough, that the MUMC reaches its active peak. This is the time that would-be academics of various levels extract themselves from deep within their pages and gather together outside MUMC rooms on otherwise desolate nights. The pattern thereafter is predictable; as a group they migrate north and east. It is the highlands they seek, and all the adventure and beauty which accompanies the ubiquitous snow blanket, for here people of all walks of life are most able to escape their ongoing urban existence and contemplate it with a revitalized appreciation. Moreover - it's great fun!

Be it a day trip to Lake Mountain or a week long trek in the Snowys, it is relaxing and fun. (ask Jamie)

Be they novice or veteran they find new and exhilarating experiences.

Cross-country skiing with the MUMC is undoubtedly a highlight of ones University career although occasionally a humorous embarrassment to one's skiing career.

On such expeditions with the Club, new lands are traversed under conditions which class them in a whole new world, and it is done so with a group of people on the same footing, with a common aim - to enjoy themselves. With this in mind anyone and everyone are encouraged to join in the 'snowfield activities'. (or lack of)

In the season of '85 numerous trips of varying standards were organized by different people within the club. Beginners' and ot day trips to Mt. St. Gwinear, Lake Mountain and Mt. Stirling were enjoyed by many. Weekend expeditions took people across the slopes of Mt. Bogong, Mt. Nelse and Mt. Speculation. And keener skiers went to regions such as Mt. Jagungal for more extended periods.

While 1985 upon reflection was a largely successful season of winter activities, with average snowfalls and many club trips, the tragedies which scar it must serve to remind all to be ever cautious.

With new equipment and mounting enthusiasm, let us all make the next season, a winter for all to enjoy and happily remember.

TONY WILLIAMS

(Ski convenor)

DOUBLE LILO-ING DOWN THE SNOWY
or: THE EPIC THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

The "Chaplins" are well known for leading epic trips on all rivers of the State. Dislocations, Clarke, car accidents, lost boats, whatever you like. So it was with great trepidation that I signed away 6 days to Julie's Snowy bludge trip.

Even before we left town, the Chaplin machine was in the hands of the trainers and stayed there while the rest of us drove to Buchan. The odds for a major epic were forming to 5/2 on. How would the kooky Cortina handle the McKillop's road in moonlight? ^{asleep.}

(I we thought the welcoming committee was in bed)
Fortunately the comforting sound of foaming tinnies rang out at 1.30 am as they and the car shufflers pulled into camp. No problems, except Julie had yet again missed the spectacular Little River lookouts.

This year there was enough water to start on the last 200 metres of the Delegate river, and a tricky little number it was too, introducing the considerable swimming abilities of young Sue Leiting and not-so-young Mark Durré. Meanwhile, Tim and Jane realized that the Snowy trip lacked any decent portages and opted for a Grade II Subaru rooftop portage. All morning, the group ployed me, on my first Snowy trip, with tales of the rapids and camp sites to come.

Thus we ventured on to the mighty Snowy, at the crack of midday. The level of 1.64 metres was indeed an optimal one. The chute under McKillops showed us the strength of the current and reminded us in kayaks to avoid the C2 at all costs. A couple of practice rolls to calm any nerves and cool the paddler, and away. *to the bat caves.*

This first day was short and straightforward, although playing about in loaded boats caused a few upsets. Dave in particular demonstrated a fine live roll in a turbulent chute. The second last rapid of the day scored a few points on us, holding me in a stopper for 2-3 minutes and 2 rolls, and breaking Macca's favourite paddle. You don't brace upstream, stupid! Then at the day's end, the canoe wench decided I needed a swim - or a sinking. Thrills and giggles all round except for the poor Olymp deck. Fortunately, the loose Foster's cans floated, rather than sinking like the frypan.

not appreciated!

Thus to our first five-star camp site - fantastic tall cliffs, clean river washed sands, warm swimming, diving and sunbaking, a good "play-around" rapid, and fine window shopping - or was it exhibiting? Jenny even tore her jeans to keep showing off her legs. It was all perfect except for Mark's green chicken dinner/culture medium. The emergency rations of tinned ravioli came in very useful!

It must have been the hot sun and strenuous 3-hour paddle that tired ^{Jenny's} the young canoe gods and sent them to their double lilos soon after sunset. ^{a wicked} This allowed crazy Karl and blunt *blasé* Brigitta to take an early lead in ^{curse} the empty tinny stakes. They regaled us with stories of their idyllic tropical island honeymoon, with three bachelors and a Philippino whore!

→ Was this the makings of the "Dr Dank's Cuddly person award"?

Day 2. The Commandant had us on the water at 11.30am Yawn. "What's the rush?" The rapids were good Grade II-III with plenty of room and a bit of punch. Grigor searched the stoppers seeking the perfect nose stand, whilst Rowan was coaxed to ever-higher break-ins and innumerable live rolls! Tim and Jane, C2 heroes, tried to play a little and after almost braining the Ki's decided that energy conservation was the way to go. *7 away they went.*

The towering cliffs receded as we paddled into a wider, more open section decorated by flocks of wild duck and a lovely black swan. Brigitta swears that its white pinion feathers are a genetic defect! After lunch, Mark D demonstrated his consistency with a practice roll/swim. Beset by more leadership challenges than Andrew Peacock, Julie showed off with a defiant roll above the boulder rapid, while Peter had a brief moment of glory surfing the wall two feet above the current. Then, bottoms up!

As we approached the dramatic Tulloch Ard gorge, the river banks grew steeper and massive cliffs loomed ahead. Tim actually waited for everyone to catch up and warned us to get serious for the lead in rapid, a reasonable Grade III. Bravely, Jenny Bailey tried to demonstrate the consequences of being washed into the 'A frame' but Grigor extracted her. Then the famous 'A frame' itself. Buoyed by stories of a Grade IV hidden behind those massive boulders, I slipped through gingerly. Sucked in! *(1st time)* A little Grade I drop and I was floating in dark flat water, gazing at the towering cliffs above me. Not unlike Irenabyss. *(name dropper)*

Where had the gods gone? Of course, they were already claiming the best tent site on another five star sand bank. Soon Brigitta was preparing for a great night of pyromania. No wood? No problem. "Karl, there are logs on the other side". Soon the furnace was blazing - melt down at 25 seconds.

One poor fool, lulled into submission by the marvellous cheesecake, fell victim to the three-man lift trick. *Sucked in (2nd time)* Meanwhile a mystery prankster hid Julie's, Greg's and my sleeping bags. The kangaroo court blamed TOK, fined him a 'Snickers' bar and hid his canoe barrel. Thank the lord he still had the TP for his (not-so) early morning warm-up paddle.

Bravely held by Dave The next morning we entered the real paddling of the trip - the twin drops. They are large with plenty of power at this level. Not to be outdone (again!), our beloved leader showed there was room for not one, but two, rolls in the guts of the first drop. Gentle Annie Foster showed her style with a faultless run on the second drop. As Gigor, Rowan and myself carried our names in the stoppers, Macca and Karl paddled off to the highest seal launch site known to mankind: a good thirty feet. Karl executed a backwards somersault (without boat), whilst Macca showed that pure vertical style that makes him so famous. Yet he only just managed to roll up after three attempts. *(with boat)*

Likewise, the washing machine was kind at this level, except for the unfortunate Mark D who was guided successfully into the hole, and myself who blitzed my hapless front deck in a vain attempt at nose standing.

Finally, the real gentle Annie made an impressive grade IV where gaining the correct line from the top is absolutely vital. As we all packed the grandstand, Jane and Tim showed guts where it counted, leading with a faultless run. Grigor showed his unconscious wish for immortality with a loss of balance at the top. Julie dispelled any challenge to her leadership with a clear run, whilst Macca outdid us all by doing it backwards. A long sun-baking lunch on the beach below capped off a superb morning. *Drinking a tinoid has been proposed for next time.*

at last - Soon the scene changed, as the storm clouds rolled in and the rain began. The afternoon offered good chutes for stopper play, particularly 'the wall' rapid where the river was at its most powerful. Many of the less experienced paddlers started to practice their break ins and break outs, which was good to see. Tim and Jane entertained us all with a swim on an easy grade II. And so to our third five-star site opposite a spectacular mist shrouded cliff and lily-pilly forest, just above 'New Guinea'.

Can't call him a wimp now, can you?
We explored under the cliffs for dry wood, but Karl rescued us with his firelighters. And so to the more familiar cry of "more wood". Meanwhile, Tim's agent was propagating his expensive logs on the sandbanks opposite and Sue was doing seal imitations, swimming for at least an hour while us mere mortals huddled around the fire. She almost had to rescue Macca as he struggled to swim a virtual telegraph pole across the river. Later, this effort proved worthwhile as the furnace achieved a 15 second meltdown and virtually drove away the rain.

Trust me I'm a Doctor!
The final day was straightforward and rather tiring. Just to liven it up, Karl picked a 'juicy little stopper' to drop into sideways, which chewed him up and dropped his head onto the shallow rocky bottom. Butterfly adhesives proved inadequate, so the stitches were produced. The girls watched fascinated whilst the canoeing machos went weak at the knees and retired to firelighting. Held in Brigitta's vice-like grip, Karl succumbed stoically. His main complaint half-an-hour later was his twisted neck. Was it the swim or the grip?
Karl Quok * *Isn't it good that they have red sutures? (No Karl its BLOOD)*

And so a long paddle to the finish. Sue succumbed to the 'Baby-crusher' and not realizing the paddle was more effectively held in the hands than the mouth, chipped a tooth. Jenny Bailey did a good live roll when a backing eddy claimed her, whilst David was swept under the willows as the Snowy showed the Goulburn how to do it. Finally, the river displayed its last trick, as we regrouped at the finish. Mark Durré wasn't there. Fortunately, whilst we pondered what to do, he reappeared walking upstream beside the river. He had been paddling between two widely separated groups and missed the turnoff at Buchan River, but realized his mistake soon afterwards.

That night the all-important trip awards were debated. Mark Durré showed his experience and won the fish award from Sue Leiting. His death defying swim on a little eddy as he paddled into the second drop in the Gorge showed the character and courage that the judges were looking for. The Eskimo award was difficult - between Rowan's quantity of 20-25 live rolls, and Julie's quality - two fine rolls in the middle of major rapids. (A pity about the support strokes!) The voting went with Julie. Meanwhile, Karl floored everyone with his mechanical arm joke and his dirty ditties.

What about Andrew's cuddly award? How did he judge that? & why wasn't there a vote?

As we slipped back into the driving mode, Grigor displayed the delicate Chaplin touch that can so easily turn normal trips into epics. A light slide in the mud into the back of the Commodore, another slide into the ditch to get bogged and then a rock into the exhaust pipe. However, no major problems as all drivers stayed on the road - unlike previous trips.

Timing Quote " Staying in the car would give better traction "

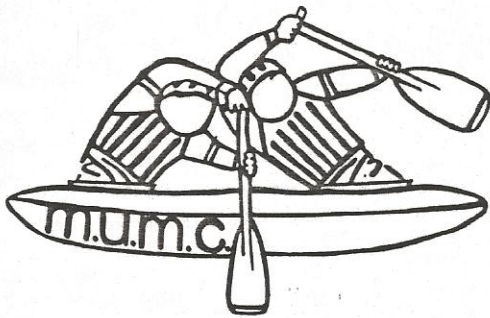
" Rape-mobile - Get it right " That day, all the creeks were raging. A farmyard creek flooded the road, stalling the red wagon dead. Further on, all the waterfalls were raging, especially the spectacular Little River Falls. The hapless Monash contingent was preparing to start as we picked up the cars at McKillop's. I hope they thought better of it because the river rose to a massive level of six metres the next day. That would have been very difficult! The river was clearing all the camp sites and reshaping the sandbanks.

(no more TOK logo)

So we almost had an epic on our hands. Fortunately, we just had a wonderful trip. Thanks to our beloved leader - Julie Chapman, and to our sponsor - TOK systems.

Fabricated by Andrew window-shopping Danks

Complaint : Any men were referred to as canoeing Gods, Heros or Machos whilst the women rated canoeing Wenches, this will not be tolerated in further articles!



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DECISIONS

The choice was simple. It was Friday night and I stopped for a moment, placing aside my Microbiology notes which I had been labouring over for the last three hours, to ponder on what the coming weekend had to offer. Looking out my bedroom window it looked as though the weather forecast was right for once - a fine and warm weekend was forecast - and the signs looked promising; it was a cool and mild November night. I had not been out much over the past few weeks, so my mind wandered...

(Beach burn) ←
Should I saunter down to the beach tomorrow morning, only 5 minutes walk away, after a sleep in until around eleven? I could lie there, the radio on in the background, suntan lotion in one hand and a cool drink in the other. Or maybe try my hand at windsurfing, gliding across the bay with my ultra-cool sunglasses on. But there were other possibilities.

(Good will!)
That canoeing trip that I saw in the trips book last week could be interesting. It promised a weekend of thrills and spills on (or is that in!) a river only a few hours drive from Melbourne. I have yet to go on a canoeing trip with the club and I might have access to a wetsuit for the weekend due to a stroke of luck - a surfing friend of mine happened to pass away last week, and he is the same size as me, or was until last week. The question is will I be able to keep up to the incredible standard of canoeing set by the club 'leaders' that will be on the trip? It will probably turn out to be an Epic as have the last 47 canoeing trips so not much is likely to happen anyway. (Are you implying canoeists are accident prone - or exaggerators?)

with all your friends
Another possibility is the day trip on Sunday led by an intrepid bush-walker from the club. A chance to really get away from it all, appreciate nature, be at one with myself, and all that rubbish. Certainly the walking boots are slowly rotting away in the cupboard having not seen daylight since the 24 Hour Walk so long ago. Yes, that's right, the 24 Hour Walk. I know only two contestants, four boy scouts and a lost dog turned up this year but all those there enjoyed themselves.

That's right! The skydiving course is on this weekend. A crash(?) course that includes as much instructions, techniques and prayer that is possible in a two day course resulting in what many regard as the ultimate high. But the problem is that the money had to be paid up two weeks ago. Well, the other choice is a trip to Arapiles, climbing up instead of jumping down. A chance to flex unused muscles and the satisfaction of reaching the top, then realising you must come down again. Or even a venture into the deep, dark depths of a cave discovering the sounds of silence that can only be experienced in such a place.

(A Good name for a song.)

Yes, the choice was simple. I would stay home, sit at my desk and study for the 3 hour Micro. exam on Monday. But let me tell you what is in store for next weekend...

Brendan Carmel

(Yet another
hard working
Vet.)

ANOTHER RIVER FOR YOUR TRIP BOOK

Bored by the prospect of your fifth or sixth high-level Mitchell trip for the season? Do you need a change? There is an old canoeing favourite that has been notably absent from the trip book in recent years, because major dam works on its upper reaches have robbed it of the required flow levels.

I speak of the Thompson River. During November, as heavy rains swelled the Gippsland rivers, the required level was attained (0.75 metres at Coopers Creek on this day). So Tim, Macca, Grigor, Ralph and myself set out. Although some of us had done the river years before we could not remember any details. It gave us the feeling of doing a new river.

A man's got to know his limitations

The first couple of hours are pretty benign, but the scenery is good. However, poor Tim, suffering the consequences of trying to match Macca's drinking the night before, wasn't enjoying it much. Soon a few good stoppers were found to wake us from our lethargy and reasonable paddling continued until the Gorge, where some good drops and stopper waves offered good play opportunities. One drop in particular allowed wonderful nose stands. Grigor and Macca both excelled, achieving full end loops. Even Tim was enlivened by these opportunities. The tupperware boat showed its superiority, being easier to loop and much stronger.

After a relaxed lunch, good paddling continued with a wide variety of rapids. Another drop allowed nose stands, and this time Ralph achieved an end loop - to everyone's chagrin, as he had never even achieved a nose stand up to that point. Tim was hampered by completely covering himself, his boat and his paddle with margarine, but managed some good nose stands - except when the camera was pointed in his direction. Then he would just tip in. Fortunately, it was sunny with warm water as we all did at least 20 rolls.

T.O.K. likes the "polyunsaturated oils" best

Who took the left side & conveniently left it out of the article

At this point we realized it was 3pm and we hadn't even passed half-way, so we accelerated. The rapids quietened down somewhat before the Triple Stager, a good grade III with large waves and stoppers. The last major rapid is the "Hole in the Wall" where one paddles down the right-hand side to a gap in the rock wall. This can be safely shot, allowing an 8-foot drop into the pool below. Exciting! One word of caution though. On Karl and Brigitta's trip at a level of 1 → 1.1 metres one paddler was trapped in the stopper here for a long time. Fortunately without mishap.

Thereafter, there was a rather long flat water paddle to the finish at Cowan Weir. It was an excellent trip, particularly because of the opportunities for stopper play and nose standing. It can be done as a long trip by an experienced group or an easy two-day paddle. The camp sites are few but appeared quite good. One needs to pay careful attention to the level, because the river falls rapidly from good levels - due to the dam.

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