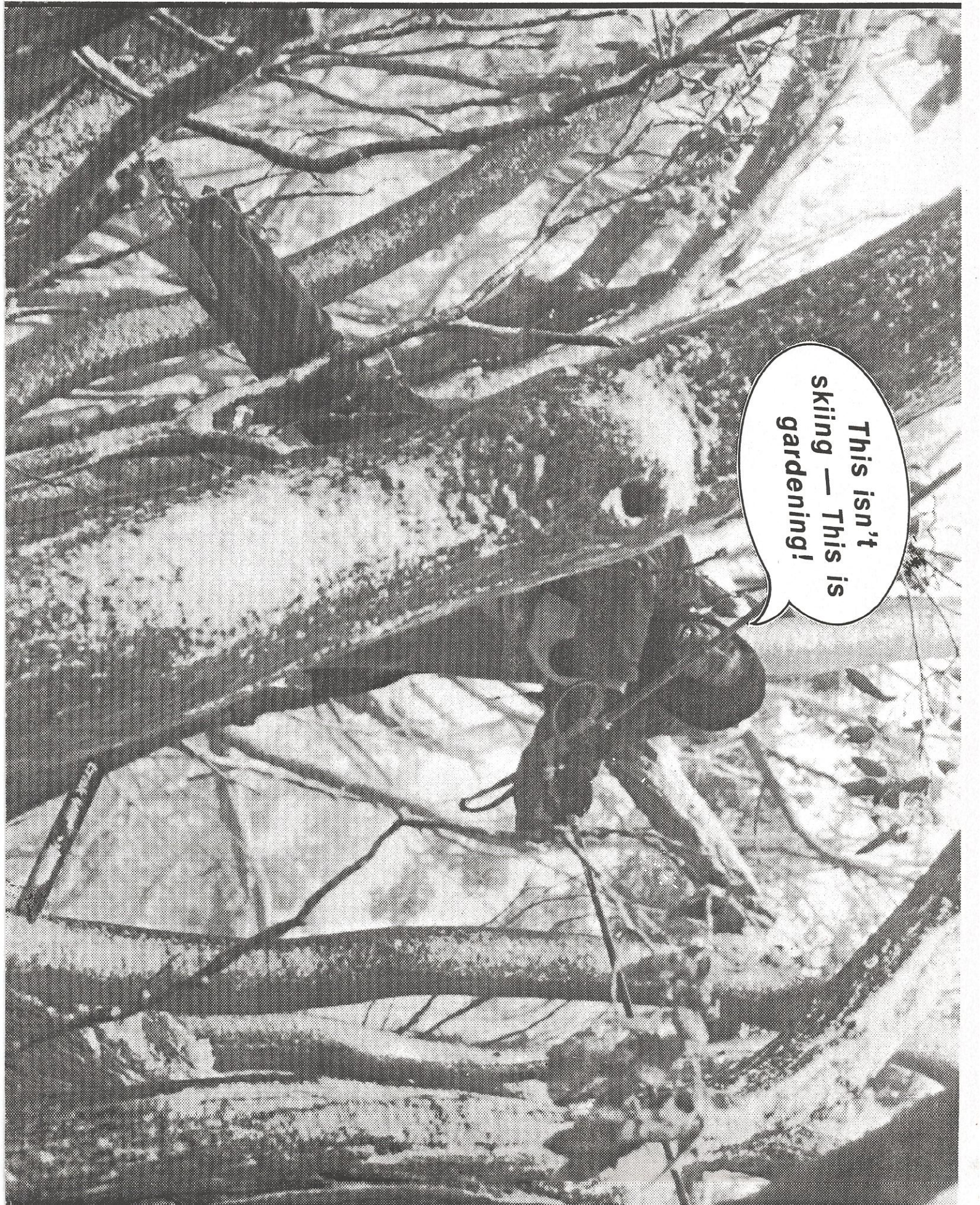


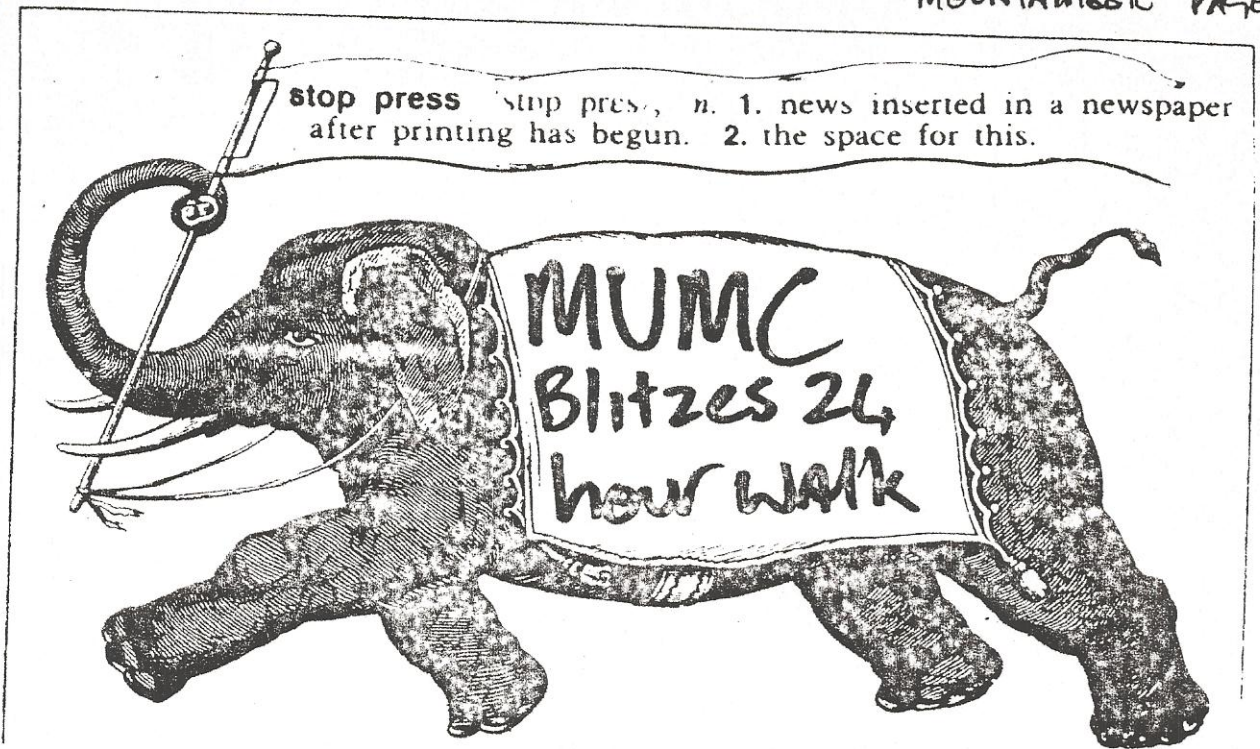
MOUNTAINEER

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This isn't
skiing — This is
gardening!



MUMC walkers performed well in perfect (if cold) conditions at the annual MUMC 24 hour walk last weekend.

MUMC member Paul Walters won the outright event by picking up all 292 possible points and arriving back at the hash house with partner James Russel 90 minutes before the 24 hours were up, while Simon Shute and Robert Zaar came third.


The women's 24 hour event was run by Jenny Scott and Sharon Sayers, who picked up 185 points.

In the eight hour event, Kevin Sonnemann, Anna Povey, Simon Inglis and Paul Odgers (who retired hurt before the end of the event) won the mixed team section with 139 points. MUMC President, Antony Harvey, and John Henzell recovered from temporarily losing their map and smashing their only torch to get outright third place, with 154 points.

Congratulations to all who competed and apologies to any MUMC members we failed to mention!

Thanks to organisers David Walker, Paul Mulvaney and Dave Arnold.

Full details in next Mountaineer...



Page 4: Antony Harvey's Presidential Column. We'd have liked to summarise the text of his column for the contents page but he hasn't written it yet...

Page 5: Devo's final Standard Deviation. The text of the speech he gave at the AGM, which we're going to publish because it was already typed.

Page 7: Another Mitchell Trip. Another Mitchell trip report, by Lachlan Ingram.

Page 9: Climbing at Bridge Road. John Henzell finds a way around the rain.

Page 10: Slush. All the embarrassing things you've said or done (and probably a lot that you didn't) appear here.

Page 11: Werribee Gorge. The last climb there until December, by David Zuccaro.

Page 11: Mt Baw Baw. Skiing? Gardening! An overused quote by John Henzell.

Page 12: Kangaroo Point. A Civilised climb in Joh's uncivilised state.

Page 13: Return to the 'piles. A pretty depressing trip to Araps by Buck Rogers.

Page 14: Frenchman's Cap. But there's hope for the future, by Buck again.

Page 14: Learning about conservation. John Meier jots down a few wise words.

Page 15: Search and Rescue. Two club members searched the Prom for the missing boy. Frank Zgoznik writes.

Page 16: Leadership Weekend. This is, as Robert Zaar tells, when massages began.

Page 17: The light house. Mel Lambourne gives Mountaineer some culture.

Page 18: Bush ethics or bush ethnics? By Roger Grayson and Niki Kolokathis.

EDITORIAL

Congrats and welcome to all the new committee members, and especially Antony, the new President. It's very encouraging to see the enthusiasm amongst club members reflected in the number of trips organised.

Hopefully more of the participants on the leadership weekend (many thanks to the organisers) will start putting some of their knowledge to good use other than participating in the many massage sessions that have become habitual on club trips.

Looking around at all the new members and committee members, we seem to have an excellent mix of seriousness and levity which will make this year interesting and enjoyable.

The committee members seem to be settling in to their new roles quite well. I feel our aim should be to promote respect and enjoyment of the bush amongst all those interested in the activities available through the club.

Many thanks to the contributors to The Mountaineer and to He who helped us assign articles to pages.

NIKI KOLOKATHIS

Cover Photo: Mountaineer Editor having trouble with a tree at Mt Baw Baw. Photo by Chris Pivec.

Page 19: It never rains at Mt Arapiles. Chris Pivec chronicles the total demise of one club climber's credibility.



A Quick Word from Antony

One of the characteristics of MUMC which impresses me is that the majority of its members are such an accepting bunch of people. This is largely why I became president. I am inspired by the amount of genuine and interesting people who stop to chat with me. Some of the conversations and laughs that we have in the clubrooms at lunchtimes I wouldn't miss for anything. Where else can you go at lunch to hear about wonderful and exciting places still to explore or to share with someone a few laughs over stories from your recent trip. Simple fun like this keeps you sane in a University where the only expedition that the average person undertakes is to the pub.

I have a dream that communities like MUMC could find a place for anyone who is searching for something worthwhile to do. I realise that this can not be so. The very nature of a club is that there are established values—these will attract some people and repel others. Even so I want to keep the club open enough that those who want to try MUMC don't feel threatened to do so. At the same time those who feel at home in MUMC can begin to offer of themselves what they want to: maybe humour, maybe leadership or maybe simply their companionship.

For this to occur relationships within the club need to be based on respect: respect for the environments which we use and respect for those who use those environments with us. I can see a good deal of this in the club already.

The move to improve our leadership at MUMC will help to run a program of fun and challenging trips with reasonable safety margins. What better way to meet people than freely drifting down the Mitchell River on a sunny Sunday or exchanging grins as you fall past your belayer at Mt. Arapiles.

We have many wonderful places to visit in Victoria and MUMC has good leaders who enthusiastically share their love of these places. The challenge is yours to take up their offer and experience the magic of the bush for yourself.

"Like the river in the valley, the spirit is never dried up.

I call it the Mother-Deep.

The motion of the Mother-Deep I regard as the origin of the Heaven and the Earth.

Forever it endures and moves without design."

Lao Tzu

Come into the clubrooms during any lunchtime and look in the green folders for upcoming trips and events.

Antony Harvey

MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB INCORPORATED

PRESIDENTS REPORT 1986 - 1987

The year 1986 - 1987 has been a very active one for M.U.M.C. There has been strong growth and consolidation in each of the outdoor activities followed within the club. Case in point is that there has been at least one bushwalking, canoeing and rockclimbing trip leaving the clubroom on most weekends so far this year - and this is before Jamie Orr has taken any club trips to the snow! Such a strong level of activity has given members a very real opportunity to get in there and give it a go!

I'll leave it to the convenors and other committee members to report in detail on their spheres of responsibility, however I will briefly touch upon a few points here.

Perhaps the most significant achievement for the club in 1986 was becoming incorporated pursuant to the Associations Incorporation Act. In so doing, we became the first sports union club at Melbourne University to incorporate. This step is of enormous importance for the committee, trip leaders and club members generally because it means that the club is recognised at law as being an entity distinct from its members. Accordingly, in the event of legal liability arising for one reason or another (e.g. disaster of some kind on a club trip), the member's personal assets are beyond the grasp of anyone suing the club.

Both the Pie and Slide night last year and the Bush Dance held last Friday night were outrageous successes - and both due mainly to the tireless efforts of Jenny Bailey. Events of this kind in my view are very important for the cohesion of a club as large and as "disparate" as ours. I hope that these, or similar, can continue to be held in the future.

Ski tourers within the club enjoyed a good snow season and consequently trips were run on just about every weekend in winter. Skiers ventured as far as Kosciusko National Park, but perhaps the most bizarre trip was when a group from the club ventured onto the slopes of Lake Mountain dressed in black tie!

Canoeing consolidated its strength of recent years with an active year. Competitors travelled to Tasmania to compete in I.V. Canoeing, and a couple of mega-trips of a very high standard were run on the rivers of Victoria and New South Wales.

Rockclimbing has seen quite an array of faces amongst its most active proponents. The climbers within the club have been very active since the start of this year, and it is a welcome relief to hear that not all trips go to Mt Arapiles. Climbers within the club are intent on discovery it seems, with trips to crags which are not mentioned in the guidebooks.

The traditional Easter van trip does not seem to have been affected over the past two years by the continuing non-availability of a van. These trips and other bushwalking within the club are going ahead fullsteam - an encouraging sign given that this is the base for most activity within the club.

Unfortunately "Mountaineer" was not produced as frequently as perhaps I would have liked over the past year. Nonetheless, each edition was of high quality and a credit to the contributors and the editors. The newsletter is a very important part of our club because it is the major source of communication between members. Ideally each club activity would be reported upon in the pages of "Mountaineer". Please, whenever you go on a club trip, put some thought into jotting a few words down on paper, and giving all the support you can to the new editors.

Over the summer break, M.U.M.C. assisted the East Gippsland Coalition produce two much needed guide books for the far East Gippsland region. This was done by way of interest free loan. Sales of these two small guidebooks, I'm told, have been very successful.

The Alpine Instruction weekend was held by the club last year for the first time since 1983. It is a credit to the club that such a trip is held, as we are the only club in Victoria to provide an opportunity for members to be given an introduction to alpine climbing. In addition to this, the annual epic - the midnight ascent of Mt Feathertop, was again a great success.

Last year saw a very well received 24-hour walk being held by the club. The event was impeccably organised, providing a challenge for all competitors and yet without being so incredibly difficult so as to be unenjoyable. Many thanks must go to Peter Freeman, course-setter and organiser, and to Julie Chaplin, the caterer. This year's event is being modelled on last year's, and all members are strongly encouraged to enter, either on a competitive or casual basis!!

One problem which I foreshadow for the future is a lack of people to lead trips. Over the course of 1986, there seemed to be a small number of quite large trips, rather than the opposite. Whilst being a great trip, the Halley's Comet trip, with 50 people, is perhaps indicative of this. Signs are there showing that this will not continue to be the case with Antony Harvey's leadership weekend just recently and Midge McGlade's efforts to encourage leaders. Future convenors will need to continue encouraging participants of suitable experience to lead trips in order to ease the burden on the present pool of leaders and to further strengthen and enlarge the base of our activity.

Finally, I would like to thank on behalf of the club, all committee members, each of whom has put in many, many hours to ensure the successful management of our club.

David Walker
PRESIDENT

ANOTHER MITCHELL TRIP. May 22-25.

Some 20 people left the MUMC boatsheds around 8.00pm towards the Mitchell River and, after a long and uneventful trip (with the exception of those in Dave Arnold's car who did a scenic night tour of Melbourne's eastern suburbs) everyone converged on the Billabong Service Station to refuel both engines and stomachs. Signs such as 'Fertilise the forest, bulldoze a greenie into the ground' and 'Foresters are workers, greenies are wankers' indicated that we were near the heart of the logging areas. Just as I began to beat the computer at 'Galaga' I was dragged off to complete the last leg of the trip to the Mitchell.

After finding a suitable campsite, most people hit the sack in a big way by about 1.00am. By 8.30-9.00am most people were awake again and began to prepare themselves as the drivers completed the car shuffle.

Finally at about 10.30am, we were onto the water and off. The first major rapid of the day (the slalom) was negotiated without any great problems, and a few smaller but interested rapids were paddled before we finally met the infamous rapid, The Amphitheatre. With most people getting out of their boats to have a look as to where the best line was, Andrew Wilson paddled an immaculate line and made it look very easy. Having watched a number of other people paddle it successfully, I decided that "what the heck", I'd attempt to paddle it too. As I retraced my steps back to the kayak and paddled myself into position, I felt rather nervous to say the least. My aim, as I started paddling, was to go over the drop of about 1.5m slightly to the left of the centre of the boulder. I went over the boulder pretty well where I'd planned, hit the water and went slightly under before being chucked back up.

It was here that my problems began - as you are ejected you only very rarely come straight back up and more often than not, you need to do support strokes to straighten yourself up again. Yours truly at this critical point, froze up and didn't do any support strokes, with the inevitable result that I decided to have a look at the colour of the rocks at the bottom of the Mitchell River. At this point, I don't know whether my life was flashing before my eyes but certainly some rather large rocks were, so I dismissed the fleeting thought of attempting an eskimo roll and just got out. Having successfully gotten out, I hung onto the rope loop at the end of the kayak and bounced over a number of rocks until, after getting stuck momentarily between a rock and a kayak, floating further down the river, my kayak got firmly stuck on a rock, bringing me to a rest. With a lot of help from Maffo, I finally managed to get my kayak to the bank, emptied of water, have my paddle returned to me and finally paddle to a nice quiet eddy where I could sit and recover for a while.

Soon after I tested the temperature of the water, Anthony decided that he wanted a second opinion only to find, as I had, that it was bloody cold.

After everyone had come down the first section, whether by swimming, portaging or paddling, everyone successfully completed the remaining stages of the amphitheatre, with the exception of Roger and Ali, who came out of their C2 on the final bend. A pleasant spot for lunch was found and the old hands began to show their experience as a variety of jaffles appeared from various hiding places. After everyone had warmed themselves around the fire, we headed off and the rest of the day was relatively boring, compared to the earlier high excitement. The day ended us with us stopping at the Den of Nargun in the Glenaladale National Park, where the night was spent most pleasantly.

The next morning we were off again, but not without a little play in the first rapid we came across, about five minutes down from where we started, where John Moran decided that he'd see if the temperature of the Mitchell had warmed overnight.

A short time later, what must be the eskimo roll of the year occurred. Dave Arnold, who was playing around in this particular rapid, put in a support stroke to stop himself going over only to break a paddle in two on a rock. With infinite patience, he then had to transfer his paddle over to his other side, turn it around and then roll. It looked good, anyway.

It was also at the stage that Matthew Chaplain decided to see whether moi could roll, with the help of a gentle nudge. Moi attempted twice, but both times were in vain and, as I paddled my kayak to the bank, I had to confer with John that the temperature of the water was still bloody cold. (Soon after my swim Rob Taylor and Roger Grayson ensured that Matthew also went for a swim. Although, Matthew is very competent at rolling, it's very difficult to roll when Rob and Roger are holding your kayak upside down.)

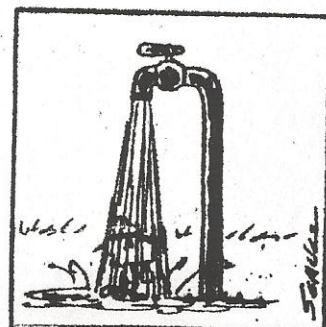
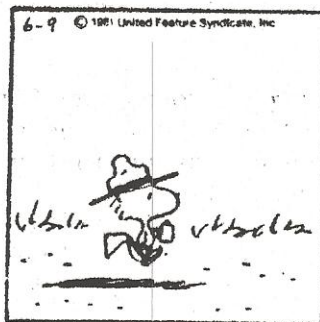
We stopped for lunch at the old stone dam and this time our entertainment for the day was to watch three intrepid souls sacrifice their bodies to the gods by launching themselves off the dam wall. This wall is some six metres high, so it is no mean feat. Both Ian McKenzie and Matthew launched successfully, but Dave Arnold (as usual trying to be different) attempted to headbutt the water, with the result that he went for a swim. There was general consensus, however, among the group that it was a pretty poor effort from our two pairs of C2 paddlers that neither of them would seal launch their C2.

The final rapid on the Mitchell is called, understandably enough, the final fling. Most people stopped to survey the rapid from the safety of bank. Having found enough nerve to finally paddle, I headed down the rapid and, although my methods weren't always technically correct (IE I hit a number of rocks on the way down) I was more than happy to get down without going for a swim. It was at this stage that the weekend almost turned into an epic. Katie Landman had paddled about half way down when she came out of her kayak, hitting her head on a rock putting a sizeable gash just above her left eye. It was lucky, however, in that by this stage we weren't very far from the cars and we were able to get her to Bairnsdale Hospital.

The rest of the group completed the car shuffle and headed off to Melbourne, while Roger and I headed off to the hospital. After some time, Katie was eventually stitched up and allowed to leave. With the knowledge that she was alright, we headed back to Melbourne and struck some of the worst buffetting sidewinds I'd ever experienced.

About 40km out of Melbourne, we heard a loud THWACK, which we thought to be just a rope banging around. With the second THWACK it hit us that it might be a kayak attempting to break all the laws of physics and mathematics (namely, trying to fly while being heavier than air). We stopped and discovered to our horror that we had lost a kayak at 100km/h. As we were in the process of offloading the other two kayaks so that we could go searching for the wayward boat, a guy pulled up behind us, explaining that he'd seen it come off, so he'd stopped and left it beside the road. We were thankful to hear that (a) it hadn't gone through his windscreen and done any radical nose surgery, and (b) plastic kayaks really are indestructable. Other than a few scratches, the boat was fine. This epic Mitchell trip finally ended as we rolled into Melbourne around 11.00pm.

LACHLAN INGRAM



CLIMBING AT BRIDGE ROAD, RICHMOND. July 4

This was the trip we'd expected to do the weekend before. The stated destination of that trip was Werribee Gorge but the recent propensity for any climbing expedition to coincide with localised cyclones meant that there was a 90% chance we'd end up going to Richmond.

However the weather stayed more or less dry for Werribee Gorge, so we took advantage of the last weekend of climbing there before the cliffs were off limits for the five-month falcon breeding season.

Richmond was the backup for the Werribee trip (or any climbing day trip) because you can climb there 365 days a year. After the last Mt Arapiles trip, my weather predicting credibility is somewhere near Lennox Walker's so I should qualify that statement by saying that while it does, on occasion, rain in Richmond, it very rarely rains under the Bridge Rd bridge.

On each side of the Yarra, the bridge is supported by four pylons made of bluestone blocks and these make for excellent climbing. The pylons are 8 to 10m high (depending whether you start climbing on the city or the Yarra side) and the rough edges of the blocks provide (barely) adequate hand- and footholds.

Many competent climbers solo up the pylons but due to my overriding sense of cowardice and self preservation, and because we wanted to attempt some difficult grades, Frank Zgoznic and I took along a few ropes and belayed off the bridge's rafters.

After looking forward to climbing this for some time, we spent a few hours attempting several variations of routes on the various faces of the pylons for our forthcoming book A Climber's Guide To Richmond. Because the pylons are square, two kinds of climbing are possible - climbing the face of a pylon or (slightly easier) up the arête. On subsequent examination, both are quite difficult for anyone spoilt by crack climbs because the holds are marginal and a greater degree of upper body strength is required. This strength requirement was demonstrated most succinctly to me when, 80% of the way up a climb, I'd asked my arms to pull me up on a marginal fingerhold and my arms had told me to get stuffed. This mid-climb limb mutiny hadn't happened to me before and was quite unnerving.

However, over the space of the afternoon we did manage to claim some interesting ascents. The first, up the face of one of the middle pylons, was dubbed Tram Stop 52 (in honor of the trams overhead which vibrated the bridge and made dust fall on us as we climbed) which we estimated as a grade 16. Grading is a onerous task because difficulty of each climb stems largely from the state your arms. A move that seemed impossible after being on a climb for five minutes, seemed a breeze when attempted fresh. After Tram Stop 52, Frank climbed the arete beside it and named the climb It's Raining At Werribee (grade 13). On the river side of the same pylon, we then did the juggy grade 14 Rower's Rock (although this name is in doubt) and then I did Crow Corner which I estimated as a grade 16. Each of the four pylons are linked to their neighbors by a stone arch and the climb went a (very) short way up this overhang before heading back onto an easier face - the name came from the repeated crow-like calls of "FAAAARCKKKK!!!!!!" elicited while climbing it.

Throughout this time we'd had a constant parade of onlookers ("What are those men doing, Mummy?") from traffic on the Yarra bike track which ends at the bridge, and a combination of self consciousness from this and solidly stuffed arms caused us to quit after slightly more than two hours. We left, vowing to return (after a few visits to the gym).

JOHN HENZELL

P.S. Because the bridge is so close, much of the climbing there is done at very short notice. If you're interested in trying the bridge, (and, thus, are able to climb grade 13 and above) keep an eye on the club books each week.

WERRIBEE GORGE Sunday June 28.

Of the 13 people who put their name down for the trip only seven turned up, which was rather disappointing. Buck was even more disappointed because there were no women for him to tutor in rockclimbing techniques.

After parking our cars, it was a half hour walk to the cliffs overlooking the spectacular Werribee Gorge. I was most impressed with the number of climbs available, most of which were up cracks where there were ample opportunities to practise various jamming techniques of the finger, fist, hand, foot and head variety.

Buck initially tried leading Androcles (grade 16) but due to erosion this is probably now a 17. It was an overhanging crack climb where hand and fist jamming are vital techniques. After several attempts by Buck and Hector to get over the crux (just above the ground) they gave up and decided to try something easier. After their confidence had returned they made another attempt at Androcles. After several leader falls, including a bone jarring, 4m screamer by Hector, it was finally Buck who got over the crux and the rest was plain sailing. Hector seconded the climb.

While all this was going on, Rowan, Neil and I were making the most of the top ropes John and Antony set up. During this time, I climbed SPQR (grade 9), an unmarked grade 13 and Sweet Chariot (grade 11).

After a pleasant day's rockclimbing, we went to the Bacchus Marsh pub for a well deserved ale or two. This was the last day of rockclimbing at Werribee Gorge, which will not re-open until the end of the falcon breeding season in December.

DAVID ZUCCARO

"This isn't skiing, this is gardening!" Cross Country Skiing at Mt Baw Baw. June 27.

There are a few weeks each year where the club awaits the benefits rather than the tribulations of Melbourne's winter precipitation; when it's too cold and wet to do much enjoyable climbing or walking but still too warm and dry to begin skiing. The June 27/28 weekend fitted into this category, with the first cross country skiing trip of the year on the Saturday and probably the last climbing trip this side of October on the Sunday.

The first XC trip is always an event to be looked forward to, even if more as a indication of good skiing to come rather than an opportunity to actually take to skis yourself. Frank Zgoznic's trip consisted of either (a) relentlessly enthusiastic experienced skiers who didn't mind the conditions, or (b) rank beginners who didn't know any better.

I was firmly in the latter category.

The poor skiing conditions resulted in only five of us meeting at the clubroom at 7am. Having a small group was useful in a number of ways, and leaving the MUMC clubroom only 45 minutes late (surely a club record) was indicative of this. After a quick discussion in the car we abandoned our original destination (St Gwinear) in favour of the reputedly better conditions at Mt Baw Baw.

Riding the chairlift from the carpark to Baw Baw village did little to allay our fears about the skiing conditions and the first icy bits of white stuff on the ground (it seems ridiculous to term it snow) came within sight of the top of the chair...

But after a quick stroll up one of the closed downhill slopes, we actually managed to find enough snow to ski for a while around the top of Mt Baw Baw. Attempts were made to go in several directions but we were repeatedly driven back by a lack of snow, conditions too difficult for beginners or, more usually, a combination of both.

After some more impersonations of Scott In The Antarctic, we retreated to the lee of a lift maintenance hut (they were rude enough to leave it locked) for lunch. The afternoon was similarly unplanned as we ventured in search of skiable snow, with comparable success to before lunch. We eventually conceded defeat and returned to the car.

cont...

Despite the poor conditions, the day was thoroughly enjoyable and it was pleasant to be back among twisted snow gums regardless of whether we arrived there by walking or skiing. Additionally, thanks must go to Frank for taking the first ski trip of the year. Thanks to his competent leadership, the closest brush with death of the day came not on the slopes (when an inch of snow fell and we were in cloud for much of the day) or on the drive back (along the muddy Mt Baw Baw access road) but in the Noojee Hotel, where some inebriated loggers were adamant about selling us tickets in the CFA meat tray raffle.

JOHN HENZELL

CLIMBING AT KANGAROO POINT, BRISBANE

After leaving Queensland last year as a political refugee, exiled to the wintry bastions of southern socialism, my return to Joh's own low tax, free enterprise sunshine state last month was for purely financial reasons - Queensland is a nice (cheap) place to register your car but you wouldn't want to live there.

And so for two days while some mechanical miracle worker attempted to transform my car into the roadworthy condition required for the transfer of registration, I enjoyed the many and varied appeals of the Sunshine State.

Ranked somewhat higher in appeal than Dreamworld or The Big Pineapple was Kangaroo Point, a disused quarry across the river from the CBD, in the equivalent position of the Arts-Centre-cum-Eiffel-Tower-embarrassment in Melbourne.

This 500m long, 25m high cliff was where I first began climbing in 1978, and my return visit was partly to see if my lasting good impression of the cliff was still objectively correct.

Kangaroo Point is surely the most civilised climbing venue in the world. The cliffs rise vertically from the carpark so that a 10ft walk from car to cliff is considered extreme (climbers have a notorious aversion to any cliff where the walk in is more than 100m), the climbs are the perfect height to top rope with a 50m rope and the city council designed the fence at the top of the cliff specifically for providing bombproof belay points. As if that wasn't enough to make it heaven for climbers, the bus stop is at the top of the cliff and there's an ice cream shop and a pub nearby. Bliss!

The cliffs also form part of the city skyline, so the council has also installed a series of large spotlights at the base of the cliff (an excellent belay if climbs are being led) which stay on until midnight.

This was the first time I'd climbed there since the lights were installed and I began by traversing, a few feet above the ground, across the face of the cliff while the after-work climbers arrived and the lights came on. I soon met some Outdoor Ed students who were practising on the cliffs for the rockclimbing component of their course and began climbing with them.

Climbing by artificial light is initially disorientating because the light goes from the bottom up and the shadows make the cliff look incredibly juggy; reaching for a seemingly bombproof hold and finding it's actually a steeply sloping shelf can be an unnerving experience. I was seconding up an easy crack when I discovered another drawback of this form of climbing - a piece of protection was reassuringly reluctant to leave the rock so I reached down for the rock tool/nut key on my harness and... looked straight into a spotlight. I had to wait for a minute or two before being able to see sufficiently well to continue climbing.

Being quite a distance closer to the equator than Melbourne, at 11pm the weather was still pleasant enough to climb shirtless.

Kangaroo Point was every climber's dream come true - except for the type of rock. After being spoiled by the intricacy of Mt Arapiles, Kangaroo Point's volcanic tuft had distinct fracture lines which made the cliff face blocky and uninteresting by comparison.

If only Kangaroo Point had Arapiles rock and was in Melbourne...

JOHN HENZELL

RETURN TO THE 'PILES. Mt Arapiles, sometime in May.

Sunday afternoon. There was an aura of excitement as Glenn, Ewan, Hector and myself loaded up the cars for what was to be (yet another) eventful trip to Mt Arapiles.

While Ewan and Glenn took off to Ballarat to pick up Vinnie, Hector and I drove to Geelong to collect Zak, and arrived right in the middle of a storm. Venturing into the night, a wrong turn at Ararat led us onto the winding Grampians road. What a mistake. The road was wet, covered in branches and full of unmarked 90 degree bends. Failure to negotiate one of these and the car ended up perched on a rock at the apex. What to do? We had port in the boot and music (what else could you ask for at a time like this!) and, after an hour of scheming, we walked down the road to wake up some (subsequently) helpful people at 3.00am. By 4.00am the tow truck picked us up and by 7.00am (sunrise!) we hit the sack in Horsham Caravan Park.

In the 'afternoon' Zak and Hector hitched the 40km to Mt Arapiles while I went to the wreckers and took the stereo out of the car. When Glenn arrived back with Hector, we loaded up the car with the gear at the caravan park and drove to the campsite at Mt Arapiles, where it was raining (it does rain at Mt Arapiles occasionally... Ed) and cold. A fine start.

Between showers in the morning, the six of us managed to do several routes at the renown Plaque Area. When the weather cleared slightly towards the end of the day, Ewan, Glenn and I attempted several more challenging climbs on Castle Crag - Trapeze (grade 10) and Cunrack (12). Trapeze, as the name suggests, had a very dicy swing traverse before the 'easy' ground was reached. CunRACK was indeed one of those. Ewan and Glenn breezed up both, showing great potential by completing Trapeze in the wet as the weather closed up again. A campfire and port helped warm us up before hitting the sack.

The morning was sunny (at last!) which enabled Hector to fire up. Kestrel seemed to be the go - a sustained, 45m grade 12 climb. I reached the top after some desperate moments with feet slipping off mossy footholds, then Hector managed to follow with great desperation. Lunch and water were then consumed before meeting the others at Declaration Crag, where they were attempting Little Thor (a grade 20 flake climb). Despite all the tutoring and demonstrations I could give, none of them made it to the top. But they all managed Marmot's Mall, a sheer, balancy grade 15 face climb, which I managed to lead. The evening was spent drinking and dancing to the jukebox in the Nativuk pub.

Having decided to leave at lunch that day, Glenn and Ewan came up the classic overhanging D Minor with me while Hector and Zac performed antics next door as Zac mustered the courage to lead Diapason. I finally conquered Doobie, an overhanging grunt of a grade 19, as darkness descended on the 'piles once again. We placed orders for beer and food with our rowdy neighbors (whose cars had actually made it to Mt Arapiles) and awaited their return from Nativuk to have a few lagers with them.

The following day was beautiful, unfortunately for Ewan, Vinnie and Glenn who weren't there to enjoy it. Unfortunately too for Zak, as he left to hitch back to Melbourne, while Hector and I sampled the overhanging and exposed 'sheer' delights of Muldoon (grade 13). The afternoon was spent desperately attempting some balancy smooth grade 17 climbs at the Plaque Area, including the Plaque itself - Age of Reason (grade 18) is sheer, hand mutilating grunt work which actually uses the commemorative metal plaque attached to the rock (which gives the area its name) for a hand- and foothold. This is not recommended for soft handed people as the plaque is very sharp.

At 4.30pm, Hector too left me to go home. Here I was, leader of the trip, alone at the 'piles, surrounded by vastly ghostly gums with nobody around. And it was raining! How small I felt when I couldn't even accept the invitation to join our (my) neighbors to hit the pub when they returned from the day's climbing because I was penniless. Oh well! At least they promised me a lift back to Melbourne along with my gear (including club gear!) in the back of the ute.

At that news, I thought I'd stick out Sat'dy with me new mates! I did a couple of climbs with them during the course of the day before a wild drinking spree lasting until 4.30am Sunday. Later on Sunday, we returned to the Big Smoke, with the thoughts of better trips for the future. "Frenchmans Cap?" I pondered...

DAVID 'BUCK' ROGERS

FRENCHMAN'S CAP

450m of vertical quartzite amidst the most beautiful glaciated central highlands of Tasmania. Why is it there? To be climbed. Who's going to climb it? MUMC. Yes, but who? Anybody in the club who is a reasonable climber and/or wants to go through a vigorous training schedule and has a good sense of adventure and bushwalking experience... Turned you off already?

Well, let me tell you something about the trip. Frenchmans Cap is the tallest peak among a range of quartzite cliffs bordering the great south west wilderness of Tassie. It's shaped like a massive vertically truncated half dome and is surrounded by jagged peaks, deep valleys, glacial lakes and a 100km 360 degree panorama of the west coast, overland track and the south west.

The two day walk in involves a mixture of ti-tree forest, peat bog plains and luscious green rain forest with crystal clear mountain streams. However when it rains (a not uncommon occurrence in Tassie), those streams become raging torrents. For all these reasons, this is quite a serious expedition and the trip will be over 10-11 days to permit climbing the face and surrounding peaks. The trip will be going shortly after Christmas to span the new year. Numbers will be limited to those who can make a definite commitment within the next two months, and then by those who pass the test in December.

But don't be turned off yet! Those who simply want to walk to the cap may be turned on but that's up to bushwalking department. If you're interested, see the list on the rockclimbing noticeboard in the clubrooms.

DAVID ROGERS
Climbing Convenor

"Have you got any elastoplast for this jamming climb?" - incredibly wimpy 25th century space rockclimber (who misses the lack of gravity).

LEARNING ABOUT CONSERVATION

The aim of this is not to force conservation down your throats; in many ways I wish conservation wasn't necessary. By that I mean wouldn't it be terrific if everybody had a responsible attitude towards our planet and its inhabitants.

Overall, one would think that bushwalkers and outdoor enthusiasts should be the most aware people of anybody in our community in matters relating to conversation. Sadly this is often not true.

1/ Leaders and bushwalkers should strive to learn as much as they can about the environment they are entering.

2/ Leaders should learn about the flora, fauna, geology, local history and conservation issues. Many good books are now available about practically any region in Australia so there are no excuses for not finding information.

3/ This will not only serve to enhance personal satisfaction but will also help encourage other (bushwalkers) members of the party and help foster an appreciation of our precious wild places and their protection.

4/ Leaders should learn about camp hygiene and maintain a strict rubbish in/rubbish out policy - no silver foil in fireplaces etc. Ablutions should be kept as far as possible from streams, lakes and so on.

5/ Party size. A party of four to eight people does far less damage to fragile campsites than parties of twelve or more.

Often I wish conservation wasn't necessary but mainly due to greed, short sightedness and wanton wastefulness of previous generations, much of our beautiful planet has been despoiled. Unfortunately it falls on this generation to prevent further damage and, if possible, to lay the groundwork for restoration of our planet. In the meantime, learn about nature, you will be rewarded.

Good places to visit for info:

Environment Centre. near Degraives St, between Swanston and Elizabeth.
Wilderness Centre. Hardware lane.

Search + Rescue At L. ...

Ring, Ring...Hello?...Y... Frank speaking...
Search for a missing boy?...Tomorrow morning 5 am, Dawson
street Police Station.....Yes, I'll be
there....thankyou, goodnight.

From the time of the phone call, I began packing my
gear. Frantically, I gathered my belongings, quickly
trying to decide what to take and what to leave. This time
I left behind my camera, the port and the oysters. Instead,
I took guitars, overpants and scrub gloves. Once packed I
hopped into bed, and in a handful of hours I would have to
be up again.

Anxiousness, mingled with mild excitement made sleeping
difficult. It was Tuesday night. The lost boy, Patrick
Hildebrand had been missing since Saturday afternoon. Reports
of his loss and the ensuing search had appeared in the papers
on radio and television. My imagination took control. Was
he still alive? Will we find him in time? Is he safe? Where
could he be?

Next morning saw the arrival of about thirty somewhat
sleepy searchers at the police station. Antony Harvey and I
were the only ones from MUMBO. Later we met others including
James Macintosh, Jim Grellis, Melanie Tawes and Rod Costigan
(Rod Costigan had been there since Sunday).

A 3 hour bus trip to Wilsons Promontary followed. On
arrival we were divided into small groups and began preparing
our gear. Looking up I saw a TV camera pointing my way.
Another started poking its lens into my pack. Choppers buzzed
noisily overhead. Thoughts of better places easily came to
mind.

Waiting, it seemed, was the name of the game, for it was
some time before we were herded into 4WD's and taken closer
to the search area. John Fetchford, the Search and Rescue
Field Organizer arrived and gave us a briefing: Patrick was
first missed about 2½ kilometers along the Lilly Lilly
Walking Trail. He had run off ahead of his family, turned into
the bush and was never seen again. His family group retraced
their steps and drove to Tidal River to raise the alarm.

Rangers immediately began a search but found nothing.
Next day the Federation of Victorian Walking Clubs was called
in and 130 members of the Search and Rescue Section were called
in. A search that day found a rain cap belonging to Patrick.
Footprints belonging to a small person were found nearby the
next day. The search continued during the week with no other
results.

cont on P20...

LEADERSHIP WEEKEND, May 28/29

The leadership weekend was horrible. There was too much good food, the pub a stone's throw from the campsite and an interesting and challenging series of talks could make any hard walker turn soft.

Indeed, the activities of Friday night set the atmosphere of madness and fun that followed in the next two days. A group game, led by zookeeper Carol Harding, around the table in the pub allowed us to show our true instincts in a game of animals. Who was the pig again? (Editor's note: They wouldn't allow us back into the pub the next night) Also that night, an introductory session showed us we all liked bushwalking.

The next day proved inspiring as leadership skills were discussed, and exercised in games that were handled well. One game had a variety of people of different occupations stuck in a cave. The water level was rising and they only had enough food left for three to survive. In my group the characters portrayed included a family of three who set out mercilessly to vote each other out of the cave - so much for friends sticking together! A graphic video on hypothermia proved more of a comedy than a horror to John Henzell, who set about repeating quotations at any opportune moment, which soon became camp slang. Oh well, it'll be alright.

The football and frizbee felt our restlessness at the conclusion of the sessions. A fantastic dinner was then eaten, with the theme of hats. Individual placecards were made up with the aid of the exquisite artistic talents of people within the group. Beer was bought and the group escorted itself to the creek.

Later that night, Antony stirred in his tent as a typical leadership problem evolved. The group of about 10 tents lay silent on the ridge overlooking the rest of the caravan park. All except one tent, where the quiet groaning of (name deleted to protect the innocent) during a late night recommencement of the Get To Know Your Leader massage session compelled fits of laughter.

Antony's options were clear:

- (a) Join In. Leaders should encourage group activities and friendship. (Score: 5 leadership points)
- (b) Ignore them. They'll have enough common sense to stop soon. (Score 2)
- (c) Set them straight. Leaders must keep the wishes of the group as a whole close to their own. (Score 3)

The result: "You have one choice; either leave and find someplace else or go to bed!" We went to bed.

The next day started early. Hot showers were indulged in, breakfast was good, lunches were prepared for the day and the camp was pulled down as we headed for the day's activities at Lederderg Gorge. The camp split into smaller groups and each was taken through a series of practical bush lessons including navigation (Rod Costigan), first aid (Antony Harvey), rope work (Roger Grayson), horticulture and habitat (John Meier), trip planning (Dave Walker) and how to eat while a dog with cute eyes stares at your lunch... Two members had the foolishness to allow the others to practise their newly acquired knots on them - I've heard of legs tied together for footraces, but not perpendicular to each other.

The late afternoon saw us traverse the land as we travelled to a road junction where the cars were waiting. The three groups had as much trouble finding their way as the cars had in the car shuffle. "Oh no, we've gone the wrong way."

We reached the cars as the sun set and warmed ourselves around a great fire. A consensus was soon made and the camp then mobilised itself to a good pub where triple tequila slammers were indulged in.

Many thanks to Roger's mum, who provided the food, to those who helped prepare it and to Antony, who initiated, organised and ran the weekend. And special thanks to Niki, for an excellent back massage.

ROBERT ZAAR

"This is worth \$20" - recipient of a late night multi person flesh feeling session talking about the food/caravan park/rain/video/tents fee for the leadership weekend.

"Nothing like this has happened to me in the mountaineering club in the past 30 years" - a recipient of another flesh feeling session.

"Is this when we have a cigarette" - massage tent participant after a flesh feeling session.

The light house

The nocturnal creature
sweeps its caring eyes upon us.

Prying eyes. Revealing eyes.

storytelling eyes upon us.

Its heart beats.

Thump!

Thump!

Silence

Thump!

It continues like this

well until the morning again. Then

it gently slips away so no-one

notices it. Like a mother

creeping away from her motionless
child.

Gently. Slowly. Calmly. It
slips away.



MBJ 87