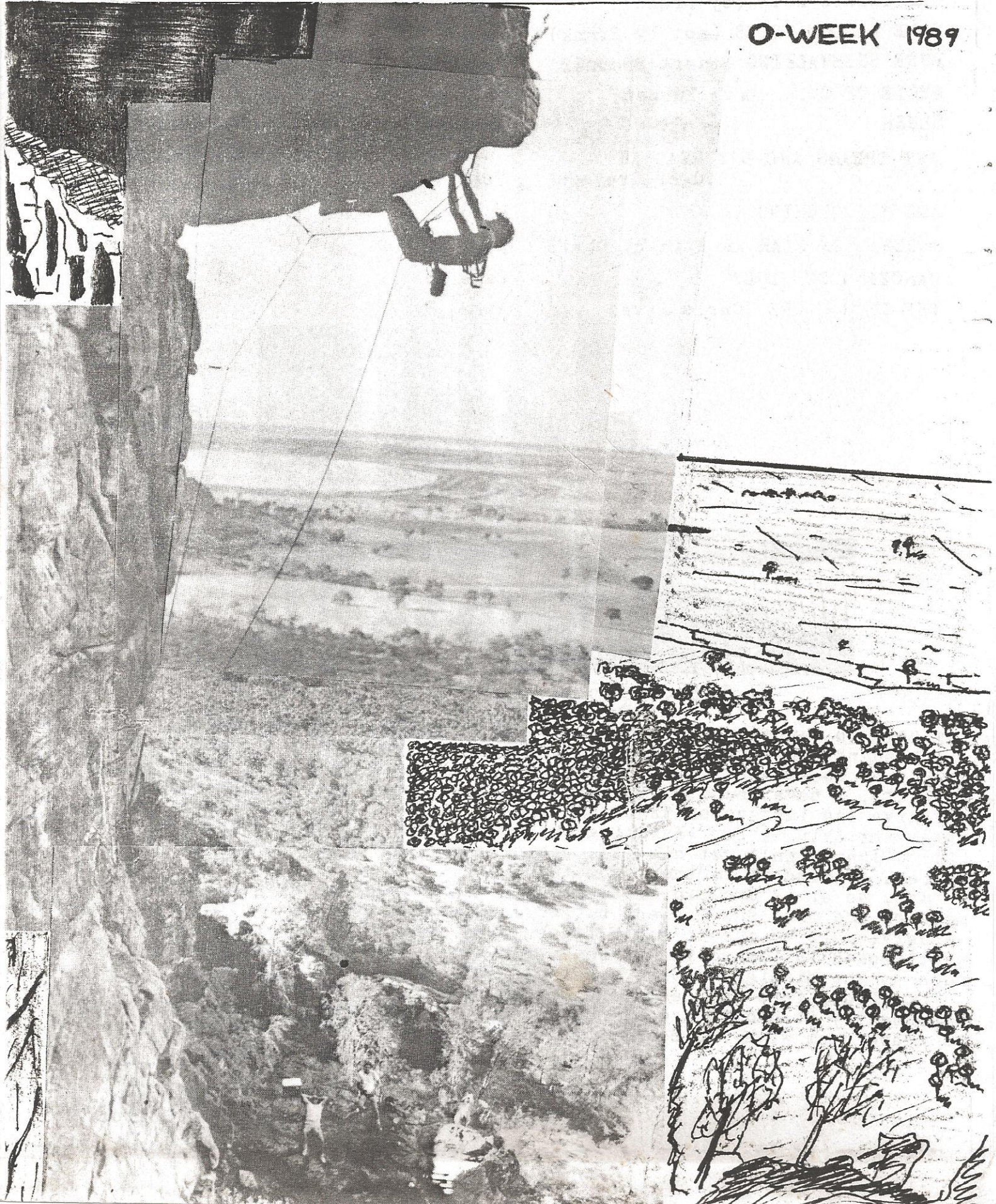


MOUNTAINEER

The magazine of the Melbourne University Mountaineering Club

O-WEEK 1989



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[Thanks to:]
- All Contributors
(why not become
one too?)
- Chris for his
Computational
assistance
- The collation
team



DEVO, high
and Dry.
←

EDITORIAL

WELCOME to our special, bumper, 0-week edition of the Mountaineer. (Oh no! I sound like Ita Buttrose.) Having finally completed it, after a couple of weeks work (well, probably only a few days worth, but I slept in alot), I have found to my horror that the contents of this edition may give the impression that this club is made up only of mega-stars doing mega-star things: Surf-Kayaking in Rockhampton; Climbing Federation etc. (Lucky John didn't get his N.Z. Alpinism article in on time.) Don't be fooled. Nothing is further from the truth.

Sure, we are a dynamic club, and the experiences and achievements of our members are many and varied, but our dynamicism comes from the host of keen individuals of questionable fitness and mega-star-ness who organize and participate in the scores of easy, fun trips that run throughout the year: such as the Midnight Ascent or Otways Epic (See ad, back page.)

The club offers challenge and opportunity to those who seek it, but more importantly it provides continual enjoyment and excitement, and the people to share them with, to counterbalance the rigours of the academic year.

Yours Mountaineeringly,

David Burnett, Editor.



A word from the President

MUMC is a club about people.

Since I joined the club several years ago, some of the best memories I've had were those shared with friends doing the same thing. I remember attempting a tricky traverse on a vertical cliff, several hundred metres above the ground, loose holds, bad weather approaching quickly, two days walk from a main road and no rope. It was the only way down as the route we chose to go up was too hard to use going down. John Henzell and Rohan Schaap were with me. The tension and the excitement on the traverse was amazing. We all gave each other encouragement, joked a little and finally got safely across. It was a good challenge but the best thing was that we had someone to share it with.

MUMC is such a strong club because the people in it are prepared to accept new challenges, improve the way they do things and are willing to help others learn and share the knowledge and skills they have. Any new person who comes along on one of our trips — whether it be canoeing, caving, bushwalking, ski-touring or rockclimbing is given the opportunity to learn. They can choose to keep learning at their own pace, their own way. There's no pressure to perform — everyone is there to learn for themselves.

Going on trips away from the city gives you a chance to experience more than fun and adventure. You also see the beauty that our country has to offer. It's a unique feeling to tread softly through a forest filled with the sounds of water flowing, birds singing and little animals scuttling away. But along with the beauty, peace and tranquillity there are also the signs of man's intervention — broken bottles, littered toilet paper as well as the erosion due to logging of sensitive forest areas. We ask that when you go on a trip with us that you have some respect for the environment. We aren't there to cause more mess and waste — we're there to experience what nature has to offer and to leave as little sign of ourselves as possible.

To those of you who have joined the club for the first time I hope you can get away on one of our trips. The first term is the best time for those who have not tried some of our activities before. How many friends have you made in the past year? Hopefully you'll find a few more in our club.

If you're not sure about us come along to the clubrooms and talk to someone who can help you learn a little more about how we operate. In a few weeks we'll have a barbecue where you can meet some of the faces and talk about new climbs, bigger rapids and more remote walks. During the year we've got other social events planned — a bushdance, slide-nights and the famous midnight ascent where we rage to all hours of the night in a little hut high up a snow-covered mountain in the middle of winter. Hopefully I'll see you on a trip soon!

Frank Zgoznik
President, MUMC.

PURE BUSHWALKING.

Regular bushwalking seems to me an inherently contradictory activity. We devote large amounts of our precious time and money in order to expose ourselves to the primeval forces of nature, far from the artificial environment in which we live, work, and study, yet most of us seem preoccupied with carting around as much high-tech equipment as our backs and finances can handle, oblivious to those special feelings and sensations that make a wilderness experience unique.

An activity, which in its purest form is an intensely philosophical, exclusively individual interaction between man and nature, bushwalking has come to mean many different things to many different people. For some a great social equaliser, fertile ground for budding friendships, for others a test of endurance and competence, where with just a little bit of ability and a lot of commitment one can join the ranks of the elite. While not denying the positive aspects of this broad appeal, I would nevertheless like to make the case for bushwalking as a predominantly experiential activity, what I will call Pure bushwalking.

So now you're wondering "what the hell is he preaching about." Well if your literary tastes don't include Thoreau or John Muir, then what I suggest is that on your next trip away you remove all the distractions, the filters that come between you and a complete wilderness experience.

I'm not talking about a live off the land 'Rambo' survival epic. On those sort of trips one is so preoccupied with surviving that the surroundings we're trying to appreciate are ignored. I'm suggesting a solo trip of at least 4-5 days in some suitably remote area, taking only what is absolutely vital, heavy loads being a distraction and hinderance we can do without.

No tent or sleeping mat, just a sleeping bag and a bivy bag, or even just a groundsheet and a warm change of clothes. (I prefer my Mayan string Hammock.) Although we all enjoy being bush gourmets, for the purposes of this exercise we're going to take only the basics. In the spirit of the great John Muir who said "Give me a summer and a bunch of matches and a sack of wheat and I'll climb every mountain in the region."

In my experience the taking of photographs can become an end in itself, where capturing the moment on film becomes more important than experiencing it firsthand. Leave the camera in the cupboard too.

Be ruthless, the 'just in case' mentality has no place here. I figure you should be able to pack the essentials for a 7 day summer bushwalk in the Victorian Alps in a large daypack weighing no more than 8-10kg.

Now with minimal loads on our backs we can head off into the mountains, but I think you'll agree that it would be inconsistent with our revised philosophy to spend all day coming into contact with other walkers and to spend ones nights discussing the pros and cons of Goretex with a group of Venturers. Get off the beaten track, climb that obscure peak across the valley, bushbash all day no matter that you only covered 5km, it's all a question of style.

One of the more memorable experiences I've had was waking to a heavenly sunrise after spending the night on the summit of Mt. Speculation, try it, don't feel restricted by the conventions of regular society. Spend the afternoon lying naked in the sun watching the clouds pass overhead, sing along to the rhythms within yourself, listen to the sounds of the afterdusk calm, and savour the unique fragrances of the Australian bush.

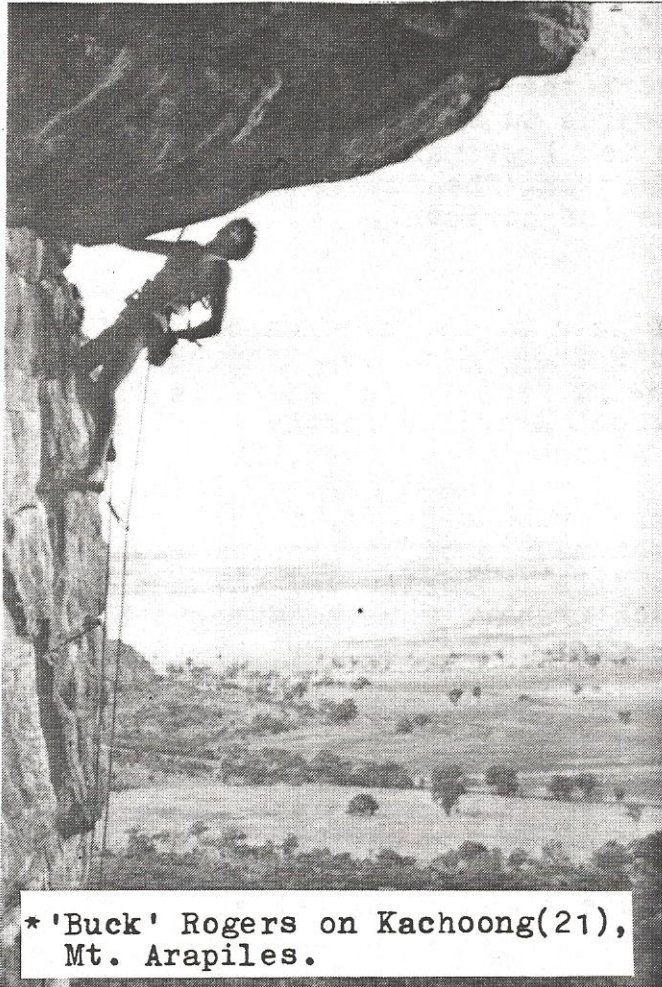
Don't be too goal orientated, appreciate the present without overly concerning yourself with the future, it'll come along soon enough. I know I'm sounding a tad bit philosophical but you'll soon discover that Pure Bushwalking is an intense and thought provoking experience. In the words of Waldo Emerson "The good of going into the mountains is that life may be reconsidered."

Pure Bushwalking effects people in different ways, one friend of mine is moved to write poetry, another heads off into the bush whenever life gets him down, finding the mountains a reservoir of spiritual rejuvenation.

You can't really know what I'm talking about until you've given Pure Bushwalking a try. I claim no higher moral ground, I'm as committed a gear freak as anyone, am an avid photographer and usually find myself walking with friends, but like to get away from it all every now and then to put it all into perspective, to remind myself why I love the mountains so much. Give Pure Bushwalking a try, you'll be glad you did.

Stewart Spooner.

THE ABODE OF GODS



* 'Buck' Rogers on Kachoong(21), Mt. Arapiles.

Arapiles in summer...

The very words make a climber's heart skip a beat. Hot days; starry nights; a searing breeze whipping across the flat, flat Wimmera fields; warm orange rock under sweaty hands; the main street of Natimuk shimmering in the noon sun; mad afternoon dashes to the Willows for banana milkshakes.

Arapiles in summer is a kaleidoscope of faces and accents: French, German, American, Japanese, English. Long hair and dreadlocks: Rock Hippies. Crew cuts and earrings: the Arian Youth of the Vertical.

The weekends see the usual influx of casual climbers from the city, with tinned food and ghetto blasters. The week is the domain of the locals and live-ins. Climbing legends abound. One quickly gets used to the sight of HB, dodging lilos and trangias, parking his V8 in his parking spot despite the fact it lies in the midst of our campsite. Or of Louise Shepherd riding her bike through Natimuk, and Cris Peisker having a beer in the National Hotel. Every second face, it seems, is a familiar one: from the cover of the latest Australian Rockclimber, or from a 1985 Wild perhaps? Paradoxically, one never

actually sees them climb anything. They wander cliffwards in the morning, and you'll see them lying on a banana lounge in the late afternoon, but rarely ever come across them on the rock itself, attempting a new mega-route or training for a crack at Anxiety Neurosis or whatever. (We are, however, quite certain that HB, Australia's current number one, climbed Bard: at Twelve, a fine beginners route! This odd behavior can perhaps be explained by the presence at his arm of a young lady, whose appearance, although striking in other ways, was not that of an experienced climber.) Perhaps all their stories of accomplishment are fictional, and their Arapiles days are really spent meditating on cliff-tops...

To climb is to overcome.

During our first week at the 'Piles I am to lead a short Twelve on the buttress behind the campsite. The grade is a doddle; the protection ample; the crux is daunting. It consists of a small roof thirty metres from the ground, requiring me to step out and pull up with nothing below me but empty space. From the ground it looks spooky, set as it is in a gnarled and hollowed corner, wind-gouged holes scattered like deep, dark eyes in the orange rock. I try to tell myself they are great jugs, but they look more like sharp-lipped pits ready to claw and lacerate should I fall...

A rest day and some poor weather delays my attempt for two days. Irrationally I brood over this Twelve as I play, top-roped, on Eighteens and Nineteens. My mind keeps turning to that roof and I am sapped by...what? Not Fear - I am rarely scared whilst climbing. It's a lethargy, an apathy not attributable to the summer heat. Reluctance.

Morning. A wild morning. The blustering wind lifts sand from the campsite and deposits it into my cornflakes. My lycras shiver. It is time. I piece together a rack and we stride to the climb. The lethargy is gone, gusted from me by the wind. The deep, dark line before me is no longer an obstacle lying between me and the later part of the week. It is a challenge to be overcome

now. The roof is a goal, the eye-holes take on a manic stare that mirrors my own twisted excitement and the wild wind.

I check the rope and harness and bound up to the roof - a jug haul, as I had expected. I had intended to place heaps of pro just below the overhang and then climb over it in utter confidence, but now I find I am eager for the thrill of the exposure. One good Friend and a couple of stoppers and I commit, leaning over space, grasping the jugs beyond the roof, hauling up, legs swinging, hair whipping in the breeze, upwards to more jugs and safety. Not very technical, but what the hell. At the top I prepare to belay up my second. I shiver with cold, adrenalin, and satisfaction. The future once more becomes more than just a crappy Twelve. I smile at the horizon...

The middle weekend of our two-week trip is a party. A dozen or so MUMC climbers are there, most arriving late on Friday. Saturday is productive, with everyone pushing themselves - a climbing feast. That night is the pub and, later, the campfire, for the traditional Arapiles festivities. Sunday morning, predictably, sees a late start. A non-club climber, Phil, convinces Buck over breakfast to second him up the infamous Kachoong, at Twenty-One it is at Bucks limits. The prospect of watching such a climb, let alone attempting it, is thrilling. Kachoong is a roof. Eight metres of horizontal in a spectacular position on the mount. The exposure is preposterous, the photogeniaity of the climb is renown. While Phil and Buck prepare for the attempt by climbing in the Organ Pipes, the bulk of the party make their own preparations: esky, beer, deck-chairs, cameras...

The day is hot, though the climb will be in shade. Two cars drive to the summit, parking beside those of tourists in the summit car-park. A short walk brings us to above the climb. The Wimmera far below shimmers in a thick heat-haze; a stiff breeze blows, requiring us to shout instructions as we abseil down to the climbs base. The climbers speculate as to whether they may be blown from the rock. It is another wild day.

Our first sight of the climb brings exclamations of disbelief and slowly shaking heads. A quick scramble takes the two of us with cameras to a lofty pedestal that affords the best view of the climb - quite awe-inspiring. The others set up camp below.

As Phil prepares he chatters continuously, adrenalin surging into his blood. A few deep breaths and he begins, stepping off the belay ledge and beginning up the wall. He is a very cool climber, placing only one piece of protection between the start and the airy roof. Once there, however, he is more cautious, placing a secure Friend and resting for a few minutes. He continues to talk and joke, removing a hand from the rock to wave - "Hi Mum!"

A moment later and he is horizontal, scrambling along the huge flake that snakes across the underside of the roof. He reaches the fixed pin on the lip that he must clip in to, and puffs and strains as his arms weaken. Knowing he is about to fall, he hangs for a moment, ensuring we are ready with our cameras, then, oblivious to the height and impending pendulum, lets go, letting out a whoop of excitement as he swings onto his protection, plummeting five metres, a big grin on his face.

Phil hangs and rests, twice more trying the tricky manoeuvre and twice more diving into space as his strength deserts him. Finally he is lowered down.

Buck is faced with a dilemma: lead a climb he was hitherto only prepared to second, or pack up the gear and go home? No-one else was prepared to lead the climb, and Phil needed at least 45mins to recover. He decided to give it a go, his hours of psyching-up needing some let out, somewhere. He tied-in and began to scale the preliminary wall, the wind still tousling his hair and making the two ropes sway. Out on the flat, golden plain behind him, in the distance, a thin, distinct column of grey-brown stretches between earth and sky, ending in a hazy cloud. As we watched it writhed and twisted, cutting a swathe across the farmlands. The sky above was littered with white, puffy clouds. As he rested under the roof, Bucks silhouette cut across our vista of land and sky, the rock above him framing the twister as it gradually dispersed. A peregrine falcon circled and soared, its head flicking to and fro in search of food. Suddenly, it tucked back its wings and dived, dropping like a stone from the sky, an exhilarated grin not unlike Phils on its beak, as it disappeared behind the cliff-line.

Buck stepped out under the roof and inched along it, moving smoothly. Reaching the pin, however, the exposure, adrenalin, and gravity became too much, and he too flew. A hang and a rest and he tried again, and this time he managed to hook a carabiner through the piton and clip his rope before diving. Two more attempts to pull up over the lip of the roof, and upwards to jugs and glory, proved unsuccessful. Buck came down, arms exhausted.

But before doing so he had achieved something that he had thought too difficult. Clipping the pin was victory enough. The next time he tries Kachoong he will climb it clean.

As Phil had a second attempt, successful, we decide that we are looking at the best route in the world. Not the hardest, by any means: at Twenty-One it is thirteen grades, at least, behind the climb with that honour. Nor is it the highest or most exposed. But it is silhouetted by tornadoes, soaring falcons, shimmering fields and a horizon of ridiculous flatness. As we prepare to leave it is buffeted by the first gentle breaths of an approaching storm, whose dark clouds are beginning to appear over the crag to the west. A sweeping cold front, drawing behind it a curtain of rain, stretches away to meet the peaks of the Grampians to the south-east, filtering the late evening sunlight into an eerie, orange candescence.

Back at camp, the weekenders pack into cars for the trip back to Melbourne. Those who remain spend the night lightheartedly gossiping, still on a high, the anticlimax will not come until tomorrow.



ROUND 1: Phil wins this round on points.

PHIL vs GRAVITY



ROUND 2: Gravity takes the bout on a technical knock-out.

Twenty-four hours later, Buck and I sit beneath the Trig-point on the Mount Arapiles summit, eating salads and drinking port. The trip is ending - both of us with niggling injuries that will see us back in Melbourne in twelve hours. As a rich, red sun set across the plains below we speculate on the motivations behind climbing. Is it just the physical challenge? The graceful combination of strength and balance? The quest for fear, and its defeat? Perhaps the desire to play, like a god, with the raw elements of wind, rock, and gravity?

Or just the joy of visiting their abode: the wind-swept buttresses and soaring cliff-faces of Arapiles.

Dave Burnett.

Slush...

Active mountaineers get into lots of things they wish they hadn't. Paddlers get stuck in stoppers. Cavers get stuck in squeezes. Walkers in bogs. Climbers on ledges. Skiers in blizzards. But one thing everyone dreads with equal trepidation is getting stuck in Slush. Beware: if you put your foot in it this year, no matter where you are, no matter who you're with, remember. Someone is listening...

"Gee! That looks like Rambo - but you should flex your muscles."- reaction to the sight of a club legend tying his headband.

"I was."- indignant reply.

"Do you want me to undo your belt?"- novice female caver to acting caving convenor, as he grunts and moans in a tight squeeze.

"Oh yes...more...aahhh... yes."- aforementioned convenor moments later, as his belt and battery-pack come free.

"Do you want me to rub it better?"- female paddler to fellow male paddler, having just hit him in the middle of his manhood.

"Falling!"- call made by lead climber on Brolga, Mt Arapiles, two seconds after falling and one second after falling on his belayer.

"When I decided to wear a helmet to protect me from leader falls it was for me when I was falling, not for leaders falling on my head.

"Because it was there."- excuse made by Swiss beginner climber for her use of a bolt, (made whilst hanging from it.)

Most Bizzare Slush of the month: "My mother married a stranger."- female walker.

"They'll find his body in three months time."- reaction to the news that a Tassie walker was about to attempt a rather difficult walk.

"I hope he hasn't got any club gear then."- less-than-concerned reply.

"I think I've got a bird in my groin."- acting caving convenor examining his florid tropical shorts.

"I never use the bit with the hands."- confirmation that walking in Tasmania reduces not only intelligence but time-telling ability as well.

"I could tell it was him throwing up...it was in tune."- morning-after comment made about climbing/singing legend.

"He thinks with his dick."- comment made about club legend. "Everyone knows he's small minded"- supporting observation quickly tendered.

"P'raps she's run off with some bloke."- walker speculating as to why his girlfriend hadn't written to him from her overseas trip.

"Then again, maybe I asked for too much duty-free grog."- a more likely alternative.

Wet Dreams and Dry Reaches

With the Nymboida behind us, Dave, Tony, Rob, Joc, Ali and I headed further north to Rockhampton for some Sea Kayaking through the Keppel Is. The drive north was punctuated by a gastronomical interlude of majestic proportions. Tony's sister had kindly offered to store the river boats and excess gear. As payment for the privilege, she and a friend felt compelled to put on a fabulous spread from which it was difficult to extricate ourselves. But extricate ourselves we did, and Ali, Tony and I decided to drive straight through leaving Rob and the others to grapple with a Basil Fawltz protege at a Toowoomba Caravan park.

Organising a Sea Kayaking trip is no trivial task and this one was no exception. Boats for hire are difficult to come by and some knowledge of the local dangers, weather and sea conditions needs to be obtained. This was all done prior to leaving Melbourne, but a spare day at Rockhampton gave us a chance to suss out some local knowledge. The local Dive shop operator took great delight in vividly describing the giant coral snakes that just lurve curling themselves around the legs of southern snorkelers and of course about the stingers and sharks. Sharks were no real problem but the stingers were as a number of people has been stung during the summer - no problem to shameless MUMC machos - panty hose are the answer! Never a sexier sight did one see, Ali and Joc had to be restrained although when Ali donned her Lycra pants, Dave's limb control sharply deteriorated.

We'd organised with a local Sea Kayaker, John Hughes, to hire some proper Sea Kayaks for Rob, Joc, Tony and Dave (2 K1's and a K2 - the mean machine!). His help in organising the trip was fabulous and he, his son Glen and another local, Brian, joined us for the trip.

From Rocky we collected our boats and headed for Emu Park on the coast where we had a few days to get gear organised and battle the plague of Green Tree frogs. This also gave us a chance to begin our transition into Nth. Qld. mode. Essentially this consisted of eating, sleeping and moving very slowly. We decided that any one day could contain only one stint of physical activity be it paddling, snorkeling, walking short distances or throwing a polo ball. Any more than this was likely to cause serious heart damage - we stuck to this rigorous regime religiously.

The trip we'd planned consisted of island hopping the Keppel group from south to north and back again spending two nights at each of three islands and one night on a fourth prior to our return. This allowed us time to explore each of the areas and minimised the agony of watching Rob and Joc pack their boats! The main island group is 10 to 15 km offshore and for our first crossing we decided to stop off at Pelican Is. about five km from the coast. This offered some protection and left 10 km of more exposed water to the Keppel Is. proper. It was Rob and Joc's first sea outing and a memorable one it was! Butterflies in the stomach decided flight was in order and the sweet smell of chunder filled the air as we snuck out from behind the shelter of Pelican Is. With 10 km to go we decided Joc would be better off in the K2 with Tony, while Rob decided to soldier on. The change over of Dave for Joc was carried out at sea by rafting up the boats. Joc's antics in joining the raft were somewhat akin to watching the QEII berth, with the sea kayak proving a little less nimble than the river boats. Dave and Tony pined for each other for a while as Joc had spilt up a truly beautiful relationship but they soon recovered and we were off on the first of eight fantastic days.

The islands are generally small with cliffs along the eastern coast and small beaches separated by rocky headlands on the west. Vegetation is mainly coastal scrub with some Pandanus Palms and She Oaks behind the beaches. These made ideal camping areas with the sea breeze keeping down the worst of the sandflies and mossies, but not so the possums, which were over friendly on one island in particular. Fresh water was scarce on most of the islands although the rain prior to our trip had filled some of the higher rock pools to form great fresh water baths.

The snorkeling off all the islands was terrific with coral and fish in abundance - even the odd sea snake to keep things interesting. John decided that a night dive was in order so Rob and I joined John and Glen in our after five wear. Rob looked stunning in his panty hose with matching cotton shirt topped off with fine imported (Taiwan) rubber boots while I donned a particularly slinky lycra body suit! Diving at night was terrific fun and a little eerie with only the shaft of light from the torch to see

by and total darkness everywhere else. The idea of the dive was to see the coral "blooming" but unfortunately visibility was poor due to alot of coral spawn in the water. Nevertheless it was not completely wasted; a small shark slinking through the illuminated patch of sea floor saw to that!

Days were spent exploring rock pools, avoiding sunburn, sleeping, watching crabs, eating, watching Joc impersonate crabs, sailing the sea kayaks (great fun, especially in the K2) and occasionally even paddling. Of course all this was aimed at maintaining our rigorous regime of inactivity.

Paddling between the islands gave an opportunity to see giant turtles (whose breeding ground is on one of the islands in the group), flying fish and rather large fish leaping from the water. Rob and Joc even saw some dolphins and allegedly the shadowy figure of an eight foot shark.

Nights were spent eating sleeping, watching satellites and shooting stars and of course eating and sleeping. Never have so many slept so much for so long! The locals showed us up by late nights and early mornings, with their extra time spent fishing - given that no fish were caught, I preferred our option.

One day we decided to drop in at the Great Keppel Resort - a truly jolting experience. This was probably the most dangerous paddling we did with speed boats towing skiers, speed boats towing parachutes, speed boats towing inflated bananas, yachts towing dinghies, low flying planes, helicopters and ferries from the mainland making for somewhat cluttered paddling conditions - not to mention the swimmers and sun lovers slowly frying themselves - the resort must be owned by enterprising dermatologists! Needless to say we didn't stay long - just long enough for Rob and Dave to don their reflective glasses and practice the time honoured art of perving.

Most mornings began late and of course slowly but on one occasion, yells from the water of "does your radio work" dragged us from the land of nod. We grabbed the portable CB and poked our heads out of the tent to see a trawler on the rocks 100m offshore with another motoring around a litte further away. There is almost 4m of tidal difference around the Keppels so running aground at high tide leaves you well and truly out of the water when the tide drops. Apparently the skipper had fallen asleep and run onto the rocks about 3am. We paddled out to poke fun at them and see if there was anything they wanted other than a large anonymous hole into which they could crawl. We took some pics. for them, dropped an anchor and returned to shore to watch and eat. Luckily there was no damage and by 10 am the tide was high enough to refloat - all rather comical really.

John and Brian decided to head for home a day early while Glen had left a couple of days previously for a party in Rocky so there were just the six of for the remainder of the trip. The weather had been superb with light winds and low swells but the locals must have known something! The weather report was for a weak southerly change with little change in the sea conditions. As it turned out, the afternoon brought a fantastic display of thunder and lightning in the western sky as a powerful front approached. The wall of rain racing across the sea from the mainland was an awesome sight but the fresh water was welcome. Sunset came in the aftermath of the rain and the glowing colours of the layered clouds were magnificent. While watching the sunset we discussed what we should do. The weather was calm following the storm so a night crossing would have ensured easy paddling conditions but visibility was not too good - the weather report for the next day was for winds increasing with a warning of 25 - 30 knot winds and 2-3 m swells but at least we'd be able to see each other and it gave us a chance to eat properly and get some sleep. We aimed to leave at sunrise, hoping to beat the worst of the weather but it came in earlier than expected and we ended up crossing when it was at its worst. Nevertheless the crossing was great fun and a real roller coaster ride with a very steep swell of up to 3m. Rob and Joc proved they'd gained their sea legs with not a sign of diced carrots and plenty of whoops of delight as we shot up the face and down the back of the passing swell. We couldn't have hoped for a better way to end a fabulous trip.

A BBQ at John's ended our time up north and the long drive back to Melbourne seemed to drift along with minds wandering to the past months paddling and time together.

Rodger Grayson

ARE WE ROUGHING IT YET?

A Comparative Guide.

	ROUGHING IT	NOT ROUGHING IT
LOCATION	Irian Jaya(Indonesian New Guinea);mountains,rain forest	Surfers Paradise;Queensland; high-rise jungle;crowded beaches
ACCESS	DC-8,Jakarta to Jayapura; bushplane,Jayapura to Wamena;30-day bushwhack on foot	Australian Airlines 737 to Coolangatta; Budget rental car up the Gold Coast highway
ACCOMMODATIONS	Tribal chief's thatched hut with human skull over doorway(by invitation only)	20 storey luxury apartment complex with private pool and tennis court
THINGS TO DO	Chew betel nut; take malaria pills; practice sign language; convince natives white men are not ghosts	Work on the tan; drink beer; try to develop the perfect pick up line
NIGHTLIFE	Juggling hot coals,chants, dancing,and wrestling around campfire;conversations with mummies and unseen entities.	Video games at Grundys; slam dancing at the Bombay Rock; two up at Jupiters Casino; cinema(not 'The last temptation of Christ!')
SOUVENIR BARGAINS	Human-tooth necklaces; mummified grandparents	Personalised photo plates from Dreamworld;'I've been to Expo' t-shirts
WHAT TO WEAR	Running shorts; Dunlop volleys; penis gourds	Anything Billabong;Quicksilver; or Mambo;with matching coloured zinc
PHOTO OPPORTUNITIES	Natives in body paint; witch doctor waving egret feather over food to exorcise ghosts	Life savers in action; topless sunbathers;the view from the balcony of your apartment
HAZARDS	Malaria; typhoid; cholera; cannibals; mud slides	Enthusiastic 15year old jail-bait at the Beer Garden; punks hanging out in Caville Avenue
PEOPLE YOU MAY MEET	Missionaries; members of the Uhun Duni tribe	See Hazards
MUSIC	Guttural dronings; bongos; Walkman playing Frank Zappa	4GC playing a selection that could've been made by Kylie Mole
WHAT TO TALK ABOUT	Who's inside the Walkman	XXXX versus VB
CUISINE	Nuts; Berries; tubers; large insects; grubs	MacDonalds; Pizza; macaroni and cheese dinners
ADVANTAGES	No responsibilities	Half price drinks during happy hour
DISADVANTAGES	Undocumented jungle diseases	Documented social diseases
COMMENTS	"They don't actually cook the grubs,they just sort of heat them up."	"I think half of Melbourne must be up here, I keep running into people I know."

Adapted from OUTSIDE April 1987

FEDERATION



We joke with each-other as we wait for the bus to take us back to Hobart. We have just been rained off the Western Arthurs and have come up with our version of the weather forecast:

"The weather for today is Dirty Shitty Weather.

The weather forecast for tomorrow is for Dirty Shitty Weather.

The longrange forecast is for continuing Dirty..."

The bus arrives and our spirits rise, however so do those of the 25 others waiting with us. The reality of the mathematics of 26 people and one 12-seater bus quickly downs on us. Some of those gathered have come from failed attempts on Federation Peak, others like us have been washed off the Western Arthurs. Hobart seems particularly attractive to us all, as does a shower and clean clothes.

Thanks to a rather speedy female driver, who apparently convinced a second bus to do an hour and a half trip in two and a quarter minutes, we arrived in Hobart not much later than expected.

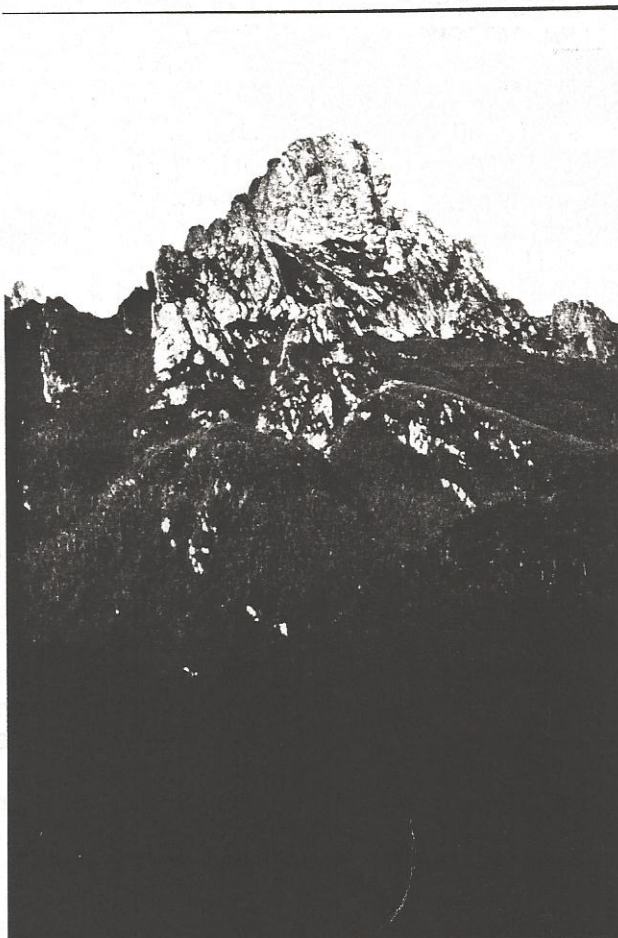
A shower, clean clothes, and a luxurious restaurant meal at our favorite cheap restaurant- the name of which is too daggy to even print (its called 'Mr Woobies'- Ed.) - led to a good nights well-earned sleep.

A bit over a week remains before I have to return to Melbourne in order to keep the Board of Examiners purring contentedly.

Things fall into place quickly. Dan and I are itching to do something, and the frustration of coming out early from our last walk

PEAK

CHRIS PIVEC + DAN O'TOOLE



gives us added momentum. Not able to decide, we do the planning for Walls of Jerusalem, Vanishing Falls, and Federation Peak. Dan, having more strength than sense, no sense of pain, and a love of grueling 2km/day scrub bashing was keen to do Vanishing Falls - perhaps the hardest walk in Tasmania. I, however, was greatly relieved that we couldn't afford the sea-plane in, and therefore didn't have the time anyway.

After having considered Vanishing Falls for a few days, Federation Peak, our final choice, seemed more like a relaxing stroll down Bourke street and simply another peak to be bagged. It appeared to us as a pimple on the horizon, constantly shrouded, guarded, protected by ominous looking clouds and weather.

Saturday morning we do a few last-minute things (like buy our food) before the shops close, then we pack everything and rush to catch our 4 o'clock bus to Farmhouse Creek. It is penetratingly hot, and this makes us glad as the sun shines through the bus windows while we sno-seal our boots.

It is late when we arrive, and are pleasantly incredulous as we stroll along the Wilsons Prom-like track for an hour or so and set up camp as the darkness encroaches. The next day we sleep-in after our late night and finally set off at a fair pace along the easy track, that roughly follows Farmhouse Creek for 3 or 4 kilometers, but then rapidly deteriorates. Next there is a climb up through rainforest, then a descent which is particularly slow because of fallen logs. In the sweltering heat we march along the track through the scrub to Judds Cavern, our lunchstop. The heat is pissing us off, and we have a long lunch here as it is cooler in the rainforest around the cavern. Where the creek emerges from deep underground, it is so cool that a jumper is needed, but just outside the heat is such that the sweat simply pours off you, failing even to evaporate.

We move on that afternoon to Craycroft Junction, a beautiful camp cut in the scrub at the junction of two rivers. In the hot weather, swimming in the water holes above and below the waterfall is pure, unadulterated pleasure.

Strangely it seems somehow ominous that the weather for the next day should again be stinkingly hot. We leave Craycroft, moving quickly with our light packs - well, as light as 9 days food, 20m rope and all-weather gear can possibly be. Soon, we get our first view of the peak. It looks awe-inspiring, even though it is partly obscured by a smaller foreground peak. We consider stopping for the night at the foot of Moss ridge, yet the lure of the peak and the fine weather keeps us going, up the steep spur that leads to the base of Federation Peak.

The going is at times steep and precarious, with vertical mud-cliffs 4 or 5 meters high and a single root the only handhold. The line "Ah, that's luxury", keeps coming to mind as I compare this to Feathertop North-West spur. But then I'm told: "The view'll blow your mind!", and the only evidence of mankind you can see is Lake Pedder, and I know I'm not carrying 3kg of camera gear for nothing.

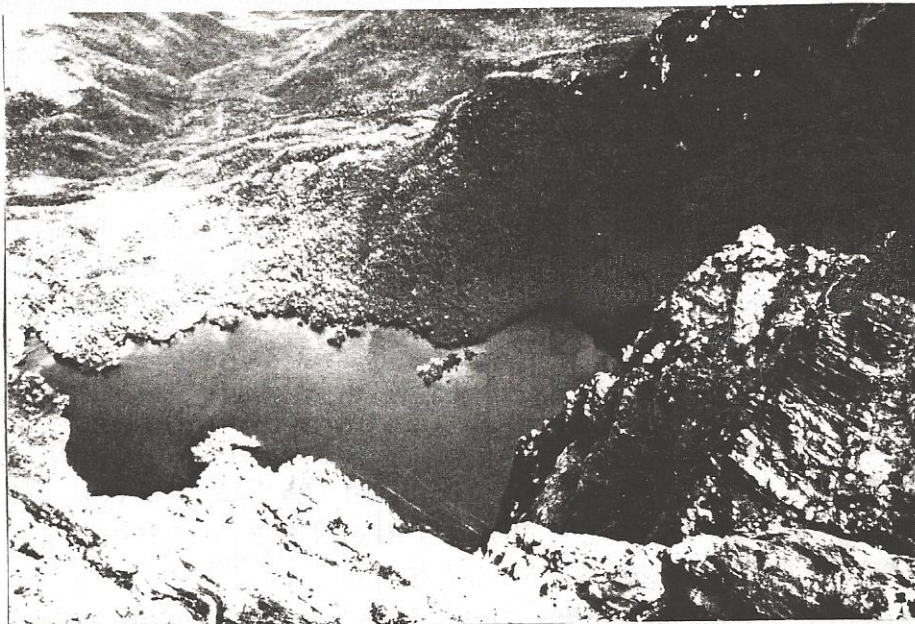
Mostly, however, the steepness isn't a problem as there is usually some unfortunate plant or the like to be used as a welcome handhold upon which to haul yourself up or lower yourself down. The track is well marked with tapes, but at times a little undefined. The important thing for me is to keep going as fast as I can, to get out of this horrible, root-infested, dead-tree, what-sort-of-a-track-is-this anyway area as fast as possible before it psyches me down.

The climb takes a little under three hours, and we are pushing things, but the momentum of having the summit almost in our grasp is powerful. Even though I am almost too stuffed to bother putting up the tent, I am rapped to have beaten the 4-6 hours that is the recommended time for the stretch we have just completed. I remove my pack, and for a few minutes it feels as though I am moon-walking.

It is only 4 o'clock, and Dan suggests we go for the summit that day. As we climbed Moss ridge the weather had changed, as if to taunt us into hasty action. The wind has picked up, and black daunting clouds intersperse with clear sky as they dance about the peak. It is ominous to watch the peak temporarily disappear from view in misty cloud, then clear. This cycle of cloud and clear repeats every ten minutes for the next few hours. Fortunately, we chose not to go for it as it buckets down at about 7 pm.

Next morning as we look out of our tent the weather is shitty, and we begin to worry that, despite the three days up our sleeves, we may end up sitting out the week at the Beehervaise Plateau and never reach the summit. About lunchtime the weather improves slightly, as little patches of blue appear, race across the sky, give us a temporary view of the summit, then leave, hiding the peak again. Dan is itching to go for it, and it takes only the slightest suggestion from me that we're not getting anywhere down here to have us "going for it!"

We take nothing except for the camera, the rope, and our jackets. It takes a while to find the correct route of the climb to the summit. We opt for the route with the greatest exposure, but easier climbing, called the 'Direct Ascent', as opposed to the less exposed, but more technical, 'Climbing Gully'. The route is very steep-but-easy scrambling and rockclimbing, and the exposure rarely exceeds overwhelming. At one point we have to traverse along a narrow ledge



with small but juggy (not juggy enough, though!) handholds, 600m above Lake Geeyes. Even Dan, a caver, who apparently only experiences fear whilst eating one of my chunky custards or other such horrible experiences, declined to walk the ledge backwards and blindfolded - testimony either to his common sense combined with the incredible exposure. It is at this point that Dan does the old where-do-you-want-the-plaque-when-you-die trick, and remarks that this must be where the woman died on an attempt a few years back.

We inch across, and, with this obstacle behind us, it is easy climbing to the summit, death now returned to the minds periphery where it should most definitely stay!

The summit is awesome. We sit for awhile reading the log book, struck by the relatively small number of entries and how privileged we are. We find the entry from the MUMC team who climbed the peak last winter! I set the camera up to take the mandatory self portrait of the two of us. Otherwise, I don't take any photographs (most unlike me): they seem somehow unimportant in comparison to the wonder of this place, and the prospect of getting down before the weather comes in and shits on us.

As we descend, I think about an entry from the winter ascent party that captures for me the awesome quality of this place in a way I am not able to on paper. Rather than detail the rigors of the ascent, it hinted at the indescribable feelings that seem to well up from inside when standing on a mystical summit like Federation.

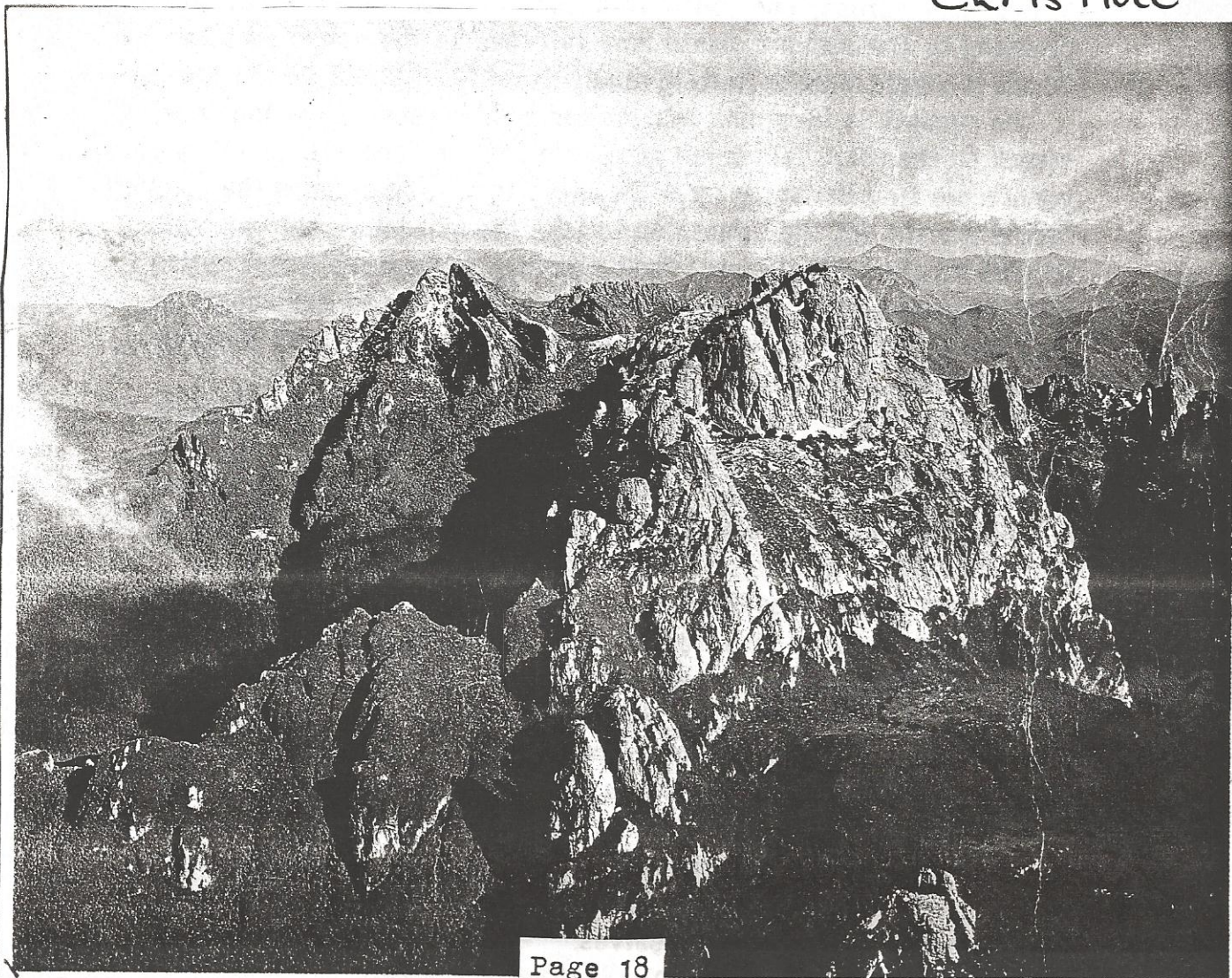
We reach Beehervaise Plateau, and the welcome warmth and shelter of our tents, at about five o'clock. Next day we descend, with packs, and arrive at Cutting Gap in two and a half hours. In another two hours we are at Craycroft Junction, where we camp Wednesday night. We both find Moss ridge a grunt, me more so than Dan. From its base it is only another day out to Farmhouse Creek. Our bus isn't booked until Sunday night, so, mainly due to our luck with the weather, we have heaps of time to kill. We decide to stay a while at Judds Cavern. The two rangers we met, and the magical experience we had at a nearby cave, would take pages in themselves.

From Judds, it is normally just a short walk out, but we lack a goal and find it a boring grunt, climbing over and under logs, sometimes on all fours with packs on our backs. But soon only the last few, easy, kilometers remain. Childishly we almost run the last K or so, the thought of putting our packs down for the last time motivating us. Being four hours early for the bus, we thought we could hitch in to town and cancel the bus, thus saving us some desperately-needed money. It soon dawned on us, however, that ratbag greenies with packs don't often get lifts on logging roads in a logging area, a point emphasized when the first vehicle that passed us actually sped up! Standing in the middle of the road when the 2nd, and only other, car came by seemed unwise, especially when I saw that friendly greeting: the raised index finger! We waited for the bus.

Finally, 9 days after we came in, we were heading home, via the junkfood shop to fill that emptiness of being absolutely-bloody-starving-having-run-out-of-food-that-morning-as-a-result-of-having-nothing-better-to-do-than-eat-at-Judds-Cavern.

I sit stretched out on the bus seat and begin to think city thoughts: pragmatism rules, and once again I feel I am a frenzied city dweller thinking those frenzied city thoughts. But soon my thoughts return to the gorgeous, beautiful place I have just come from, and it helps me to keep those frenzied city thoughts in perspective.

Chris Pivec



THE MOUNTAINEER FEBRUARY 1989

MUMC Canoeing Program - 1989

<u>Date</u>	<u>Standard</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Contact</u>
Sun 26 Feb	Beg.	Yarra	Lachlan Ingram 898 3937
Sat 4 Mar	Beg.	Yarra	Jocelyn Allen 459 2524
Sun 5 Mar	Beg.	Yarra	Andre Geelan 848 6401
Sat 11 Mar	Beg.	Goulburn	Lachlan Ingram 898 3937
Sun 19 Mar	Beg. Slalom	Yarra	Sally Doyle 857 6284
Easter	To be determined		Jocelyn Allen 459 2524
W/E 8-9 Apr	Skills Improv.	Goulburn	Sally Doyle 857 6284
W/E 15-16 Apr		Mitchell	

THE M.U.M.C GEAR STORE: (HOW IT WORKS)

MUMC has a fairly large gear store of equipment for hire on club trips, such as packs, japoras, overpants, gaiters, sleeping bags, tents and cross country skis. So don't think you can't go bushwalking, kyaking, rockclimbing, caving or skiing just because you don't have the necessary equipment. We hire out these types of things, and much more, at very reasonable rates.

Let's say you've signed up for a trip by writing your name on a trip sheet in the trip folders in the clubrooms. Often the trip sheet will tell you what gear you need, or ring the trip leader to find out. Either way, just come into the clubrooms during a lunchtime a few days before the trip goes and we will hire you out the gear you need. All you have to do is leave a small deposit (and your MUMC card) which is refunded when you return the gear. If gear gets really dirty (tents, pack, gaiters, overpants, etc.), just hose them down and let them dry (don't put them through the washing machine). If you hired a club sleeping bag, then wash the innersheet that was with it. Other than skis, which are returned directly after the trip, return gear at lunchtimes during the week, or on Tuesday night 7.00 -8.00 pm, as soon as it can be cleaned and allowed dry (normally within a few days after the trip).

Go wild,
Chris Pivec



BLUDGE EPIC

LOOK IN THE TRIP BOOKS FOR DETAILS - OR ASK JOHN HENZELL

"IT NEVER RAINS AT APAPILES" ENTERPRISES
PRESENTS:

* TWO DAYS OF FUN
WATERMELON.

* LOTS OF PORT

* SAND

* SUN (?)

* EARLY MORNING DIPS

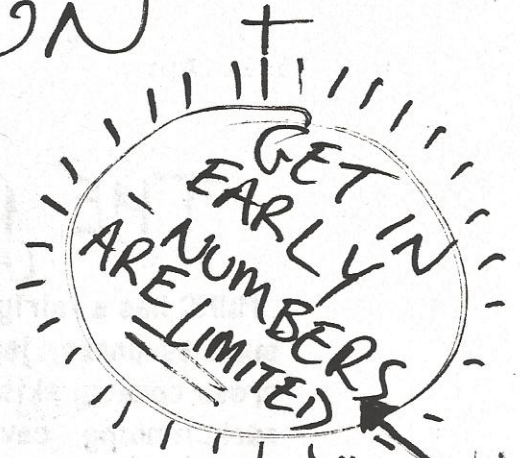
* NO BROKEN-DOWN CARS (THIS YEAR!)

*I don't think
I spell
this right*

AN OPPORTUNITY NOT TO
BE MISSED

THE WEEKEND BEFORE
EASTER!! (NO, I DON'T KNOW THE
DATES - LOOK THEM UP)

LAST PAGE



"NO THEY'RE NOT"
"YES THEY ARE"
"NO THEY'RE NOT"
"YES THEY...."