

MOUNTAINEER

The magazine of the Melbourne University Mountaineering Club

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A FABULOUS EDITORIAL

Welcome to the O-Week Mountaineer!

Thanks to the people who put the time in to get the articles together, and to David for doing most of the typing whilst I was home in Bairnsdale.

For those who have just joined the club, and are still a bit hesitant about getting involved, let me stress it is certainly worth it! At the start of last year I had had little experience in the outdoors at all. I had camped around Gippsland a couple of times with my family, and had done a lot of horseriding, but nothing to compare with the amazing things the Club offers. Read Buck's great Presidents Rave (or even my article on Fear and the art of Rockclimbing) for a taste of the things the Mountaineering Club can do for you.



Yours Editorially,
Megan Rush.

PRESI'S BIT...

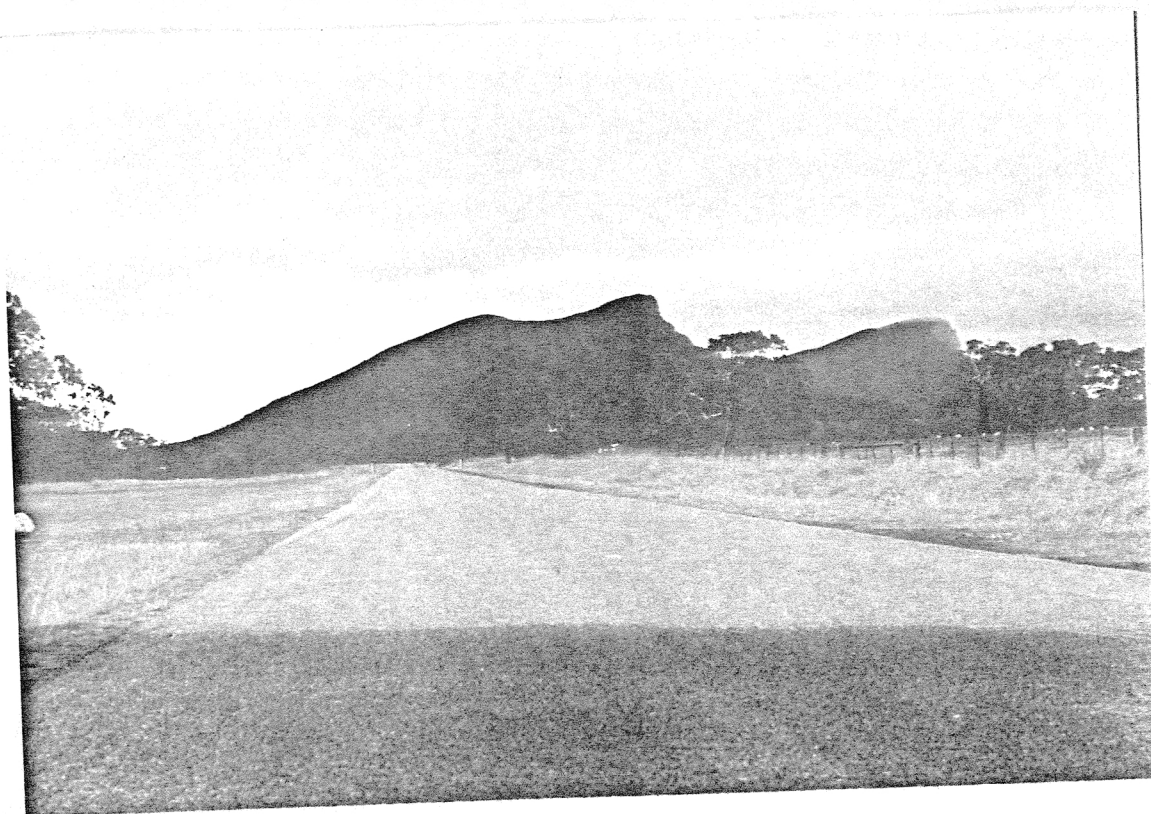


THE SEARCH FOR LIFE.

So you've made it to University and have joined the Mountaineering Club, or are thinking about it. Let me paint a picture. You are starting studies next week. You have a timetable to follow, a schedule for the term, exams to sit, your degree to aim for, and then a job. Will you be wondering to yourself in several years time, "What have I obtained apart from my degree?" Don't be alarmed.

Let me clarify this picture a little. You have an hour or more for lunch each day. You have free periods: possibly mornings, afternoons or days. You have largely free evenings, weekends, term holidays and a summer break. In fact, most of your time is free. Freedom is a wonderful thing if you know what to do with it. It's exciting because of the opportunities it provides, like...drinking at the pub, going or staying home, playing the pinnies, watching TV or going to a nightclub. Perhaps, as you sit in the Caf. or browse through the Rowden White, the thought of having, rather than just reading or chatting about someone else's experiences, your own adventure may occur to you. Perhaps it is that haunting photo of a wild, pristine gorge or tales of great explorers, interesting characters, or what Jim did on the weekend that sparks your imagination.

Now paint a new picture for yourself. Perhaps it is drifting



quietly through a shady gorge in a canoe; standing in a huge, dark cavern under the ground with stalactites all around you; or sitting on top of a soaring cliff with a birdseye panorama of the world below. Or maybe it is silently sliding along a snow-covered path amongst snowgums and sparkling mountain creeks, with corniced peaks surrounding you. These images are only a weekend, or even day, away for the rawest beginner with the Mountaineering Club.

Perhaps it is carving turns down a steep snow chute, bushbashing through dense scrub in undiscovered and untracked terrain in South-West Tasmania, shooting huge whitewater rapids, hanging off an overhanging rock-face 200m above the ground, or even standing on an exposed and remote snowcapped peak in New Zealand or the Himalaya that gets your adrenalin going. The Mountaineering Club can take you to these places too.

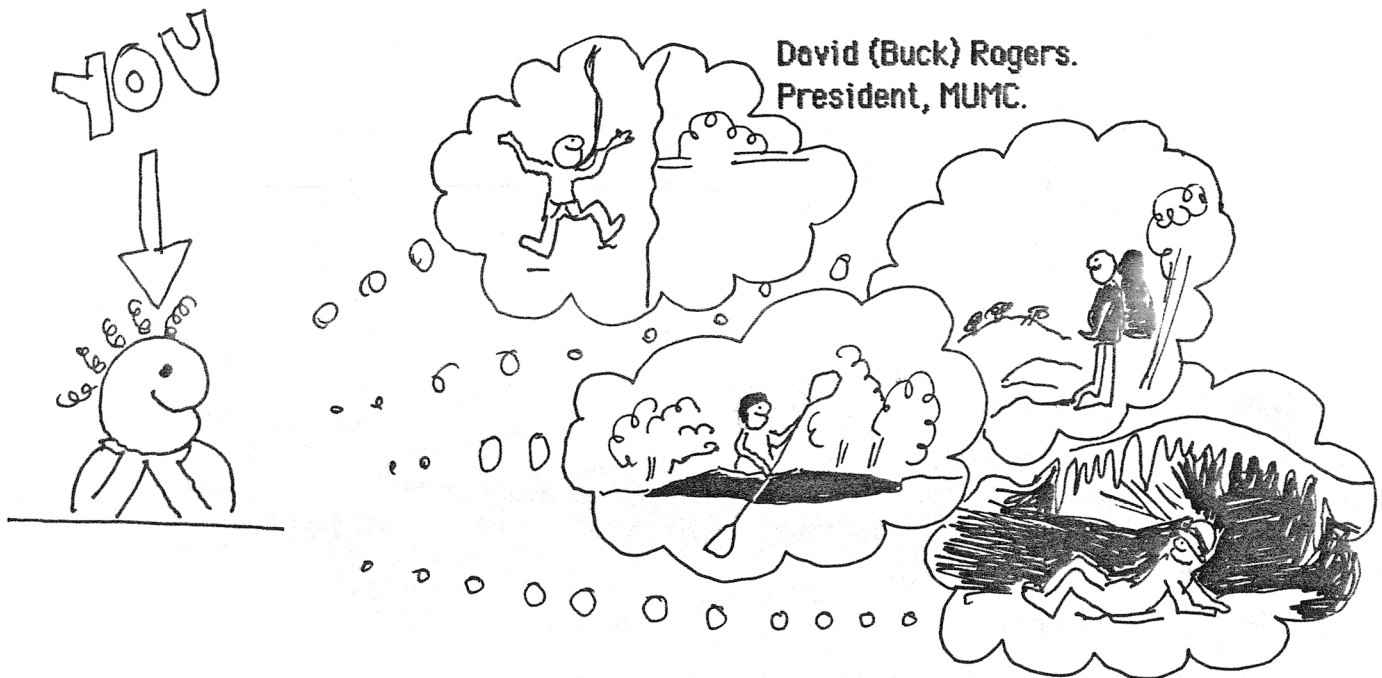
Of course it may well just be the club you join to meet some new people and find a niche in the hectic campus atmosphere. Club people share a common vitality, understanding and warmth that shared adventure in the outdoors breeds.

We are a club of broad interests and horizons with a variety of characters and dedicated people which earned us the Best Club Award for 1989. We are the only club with its own clubrooms: a renovated house at 351 Cardigan St. We have plenty of gear and equipment for hire at very cheap rates, and a library with a wide selection of hard to come by mountain literature and maps. For conservation-minded people we have a green team involved in current issues.

Whatever your background and fitness level it's not a prerequisite to become involved. Don't be institutionalized by the impersonal routine of university. There's a wealth of experiences to be had, people to meet, challenges to face and goals to achieve. Life is far too short not to be involved to the hilt, and university will be your truly formative years.

Make the most of it. See you out there!

David (Buck) Rogers.
President, MUMC.



CANOEING!!

"NB DUE TO COMPLAINTS CANOEING IS CONSEQUENTLY FIRST IN THIS
"MOUNTAINEER."*

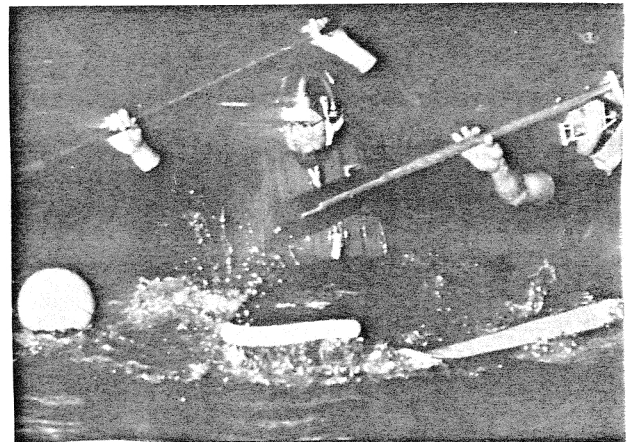
Welcome to MUMC 1990 and most importantly 'the wonderful world of canoeing'. A program of canoeing for the first semester is attached, some of it may need explaining.

The club has a large array of boats, primarily kayaks. These boats are available for all club members to use on club trips. The cost of hiring these boats is currently \$5 per day and \$7 per weekend and or week. The cost of petrol for getting to and from the rivers is shared amongst all members on the trip.

BEGINNERS TRIPS are just that! You don't even need to know which end of the boat is which to go on a beginners trip. Beginners trips will consist of taking people out to show them what canoeing is all about. You will be shown how to get into the boat, how to paddle straight and how to get out of your boat. The aim of these trips is to let people find out if they like canoeing and even if they don't think that they'll ever want to paddle the Franklin, or even the Goulburn, hopefully they'll have a good day anyway.



WHITE WATER STUFF!!



POLO GAME!! (FUN)

INTERMEDIATE TRIPS are for those people who have been on a beginners trip and are interested in finding out more about canoeing. These trips are often run on the Goulburn River below Eildon Weir. You will be taught how to steer your boat using sweep strokes and draw strokes, you will learn how to break in and out of eddies and how to ferry glide. You will find the Goulburn River much more challenging than the Yarra. During the semester there will be an extended trip over Easter and occasional weekend trips which will provide a break from University and a chance to get to know the people involved in canoeing better.

MUMC is active in all facets of canoeing. We play canoe polo in the Melbourne competition, compete regularly in slalom, marathon and wildwater competitions and attend Intervarsity Canoeing (which we won last year.) We also run beginners and rolling sessions in the Beaurepaire pool on Tuesday nights.

Each trip will be placed in the trip book which will be kept in the clubrooms where you should register your name for any trips that you are interested in. It is your responsibility to attend the trip meeting or contact the leader of the trip prior to the trip meeting to organise details. The leader of the trip can be contacted if you have any queries about the trip.

If you have any queries about the program or canoeing in general contact Jocelyn Allen on 4592524 who is your canoeing convenor for 1990.

We look forward to seeing you on the river in 1990

BUSH WALKING!!

BUSHWALKING IN MUMC. 1990,

For those of you that are new to uni or looking at the mountaineering club for the first time your attention will probably be drawn to the spectacular disciplines of white water kayaking and rockclimbing which are enjoying a miniskirt type revival. In the process neglecting the simple pleasures of bushwalking. Please do not be fooled by the show offs. Bushwalking is the most universally practiced discipline in MUMC, by this I mean that all nearly all MUMC members at some stage will undertake a bushwalk to discover that it has a grace and beauty all of its own. Simply being in the bush is the focus of this sport not conquering or mastering mother nature.

Walking offers many individual experiences be it views of the flora and fauna etc. or the transient features such as sunrises and sunsets. Combine this with the varying company on the walk and the result is a great time for all.

What MUMC offers for those who are interested in bushwalking is the opportunity to get involved with other walkers whose ability covers a wide spectrum i.e. simple day walks to relieve the study life drone to full on walks that reach the most remote parts of Australia. For those who wish to try bushwalking MUMC also runs many beginners trips in the first half of the year that are of a suitable standard and a great introduction into the club. So if you are interested please come to the clubrooms (don't be shy, we don't bite) and look in the green bushwalking folder to see what trips are leaving in the near future and sign up !



Glenn Frankish
Bushwalking convener 89/90

ROCKCLIMBING

(THE SPORT)*

FEAR and the ART of ROCKCLIMBING.

To many people, Rockclimbing appears to be the height of lunacy. Leaving the safety of good old *terra firma* to scale ridiculously steep cliff faces involves placing yourself in a state of fear that could easily be avoided by getting to the top in a much simpler way, by car in most cases (or the old "walking around the back" as climbers call it). I suppose this was my opinion of this odd sport when I first came to the Club.

My first rockclimbing trip was to Weribee Gorge (where I haven't been since - great place!) on the weekend following O-Week, last year. I mainly went because, being new to Melbourne as well as to the University, I had nothing much else to do. While I didn't expect it to be that incredible I ended up having a great time, and have since added climbing to the list of my life's necessities. I did a little bit of paddling as well, but was surprised to find that the water unnerved me a little: the rocks appeared far more inviting!

I remember my first trip to Arapiles - the climbing center of the Universe - and seeing the cliff in the dark, when we arrived. The Bluffs loomed above us in dark, powerful shadows: excitement, fear and expectation gripped me, and my love for the sport flowered over the following few days. As a beginner I was taken up long, easy, rambling climbs that were then at the limits of my ability. They offered a challenge, a thrill, and a terrific view at the end. It has been at Arapiles that I have returned throughout the year, and have learnt much about climbing, as well as living out of a tent and cooking decent campfire meals.

My last climbing trip however resulted in what I consider to be my greatest achievement yet. It was a twin achievement: firstly, learning how to control my fear and secondly, using that control to climb my best climb so far. Up till then, I used to freak-out every time I felt a little fear while climbing. There I'd be on a grade 14, convinced it was a 29, and I just couldn't move up. My protection, of course, would be fine and the holds quite adequate, but I would cling to the rock for dear life, certain that at any moment I would go crashing to the ground below. Shakily I'd progress up the cliff, telling myself "I'm too scared! I can't do it!" At the sound of my own terrified voice I would panic more, and usually end up cursing and swearing at those offering encouragement from below, and groveling to the top. There, I would collapse in a surge of relief and feel the embarrassment and disgust at my panicky efforts.

On this trip, however, a friend offered me some advice to

overcome this exaggerated fear I let overcome me when climbing. By now, the fear had become an obstacle in itself; a challenge every bit as important to me as the climbs themselves.

"Why keep climbing if you're so scared?" she asked.

"I still enjoy myself," I replied, "at least at first. I think that I just scare myself out of it whenever I get to a tricky bit."

"Then why don't you try singing when you climb? Lots of climbers seem to do it."

So I did. And it worked. When I sung I sounded calm. The sound of a rational and collected voice singing away in my ears was a great comfort: better even than chatting aimlessly to my belayer, which had worked on occasions before. My voice sounded in control, and so I felt more in control. It was great!

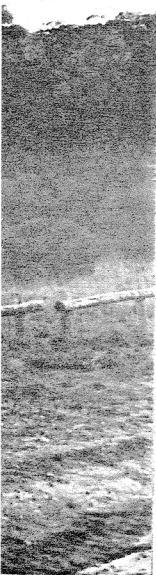


MEGAN
ON
ESKIMO NELL
(2ND CLIMBING
TRIP)

PHOTOGRAPH
BY:

KATHY
KOLARIK

(THAT'S WHY I
LOOK SO SILLY...
MUST BE
THE REASON....)



By the end of this trip, I was singing my way up the rock every time. I found myself singing everything from Pink Floyd¹ to the Brady Bunch theme, even old songs I'd sung in Primary School. I found myself making the moves more easily; I was enjoying myself more, and was even finding time to look at the view as I went.

My fear seemed to be conquered, but now came the test. I set out to lead my first 15 - Beautiful Possibilities. It was a perfect choice as I had seconded it before and had it in my head that it was easy. The morning, though, was overcast and it unfortunately began to drizzle. But being ultra-confident (well, pretty much) I thought I'd have a go anyway. What's a little bit of rain? The crux is low down, and involves a little traverse across a smooth bulge. I made it past this bit, but the rain was steadily increasing. Reaching up for the next hold, and still in a dodgy position, I was shocked to find myself dipping my fingers into a tiny pool of water! As adrenalin began to seep into my bloodstream, I began to sing a vague tune, with words to the effect "Oh my God, this hold is full of water..." Calmly I transferred my weight onto the hold. Calmly I repositioned my right foot. Calmly I sang "This hold is not very good in the rain!..", and not so calmly my feet and hand gave way and I swooped down onto my protection, a meter below me.

Waiting at the bottom of the climb I wish for the Beautiful Possibility that the climb would dry off. It is so humid that this does in fact take only half an hour. I set off again, this time singing from the start, and soon return to the dreaded hold. This time I stretch above it and soon... I'd done it! The climb was indeed beautiful, with delicate moves and balance required to overcome some sections. The protection was bombproof and my singing was so good I enjoyed it to the utmost! By the time I got to the top I was cheerfully chatting away to myself and revelling in the experience of climbing without fear. Someone down below remarked to my belayer, "Someone up there is certainly happy."

They certainly were...

This climb was the highlight of my climbing days. To calmly overcome it was both a physical and a psychological challenge. The fear I described before is not gone altogether - if it was there would be little point in continuing, I suppose. But now I enjoy the rock even more than ever, as well as the satisfaction of learning to be in control.

My next task is to develop a better singing voice, so as not to inflict too much pain on my fellow climbers!



See you on the rocks! (I'll be the one going, "la la la la laaa..."),



Megan Rush.

¹Yet another example of the bizarre link between Arapiles and Pink Floyd. Why is it so? Is it something in the water?

CAVING!!

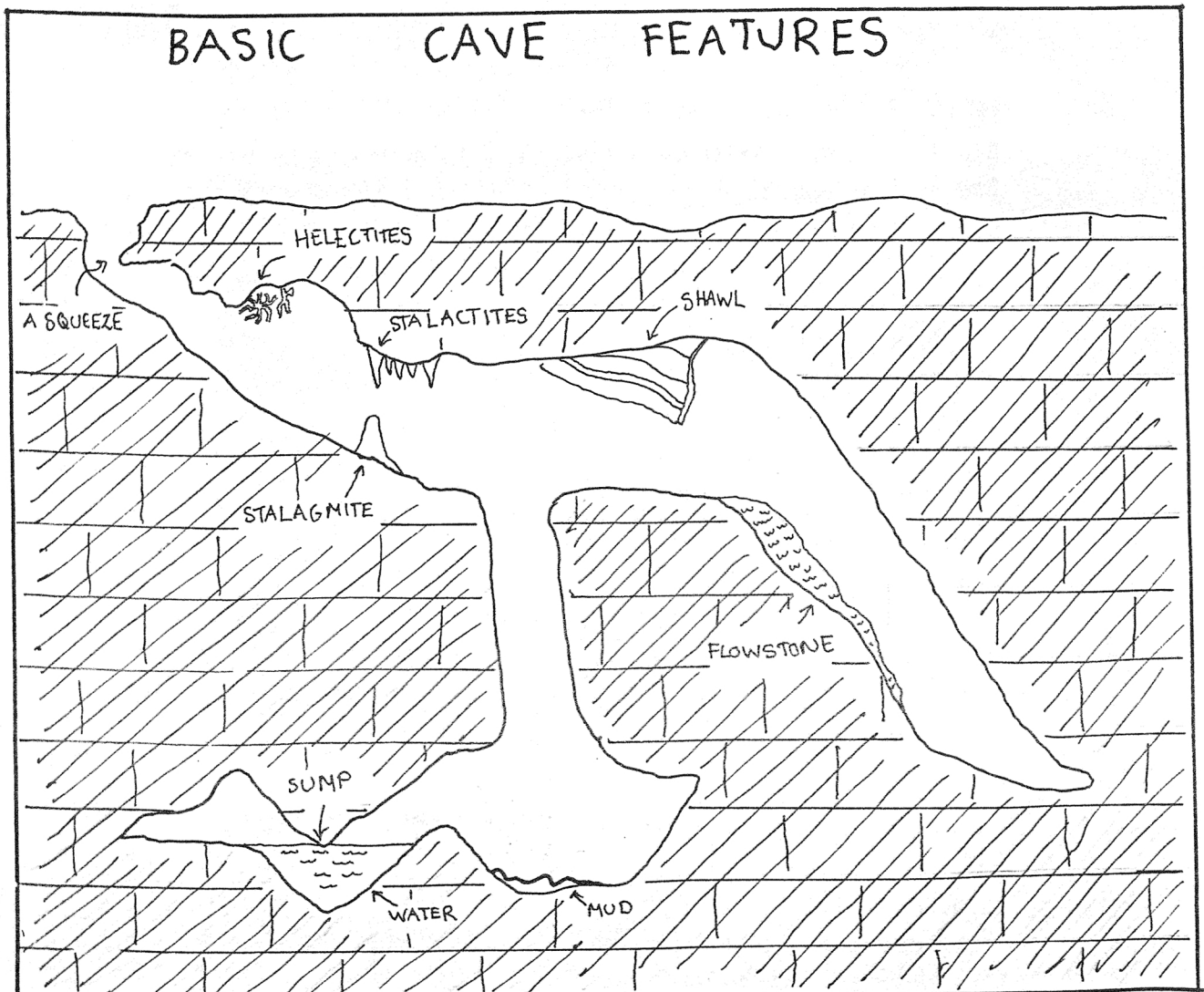
Some questions you always wanted to ask about CAVING but were afraid to ask !!

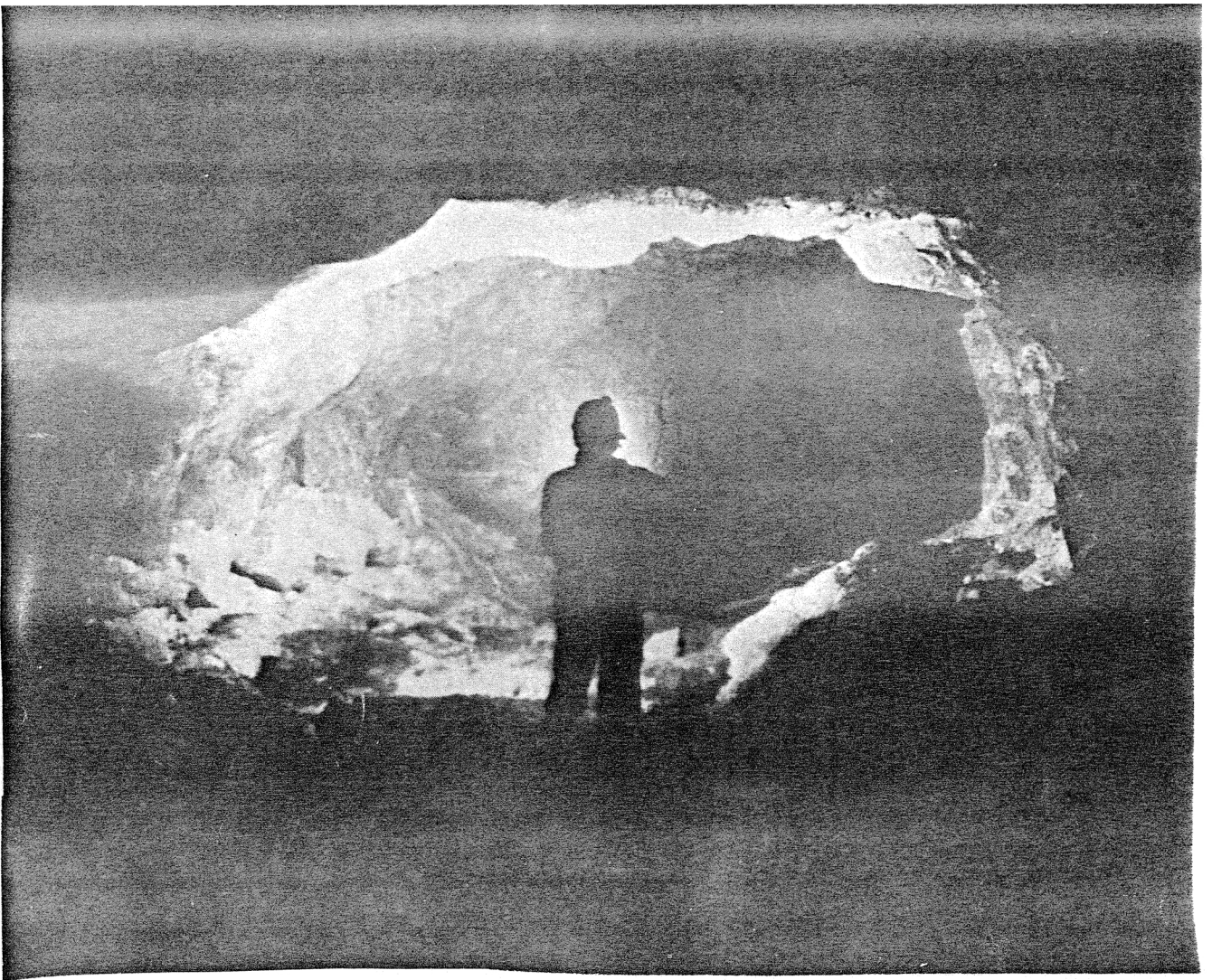
What is a cave?

A cave is generally any hole in the ground that isn't man made. This may include rock overhangs, holes underwater and "classic" caves. They may range from only a few metres deep or long to systems that are hundreds of kilometres long and others that may be over a 1000m deep. Caves are often found in limestone but may also be empty lava tubes or simply gaps between boulders.

What's found in caves?

Many caves particularly those found in limestone have many interesting features and decorations such as stalactites, stalagmites, shawls, flowstone, the list is long. These are generally caused by the action of water as it flows into / through the cave. The dimensions of a cave may range from large caverns to very tight passages, "squeezes". Creatures found in caves include: frogs, fish, crickets, bloody blow flies and of course bats.





So what's caving actually about?

Generally exploring, enjoying and hopefully learning about caves.

Who can go caving?

Basically anybody who doesn't mind crawling around on their knees, getting muddy and sometimes wet. It's not as bad as it sounds!

What do I need?

A pair of sturdy boots, a set of overalls or old clothes a spare torch and we can help out with the rest.

I want to know more!

Just ask me or Rosie Harrup. I'm normally around most lunchtimes at the club rooms and Rosie on Tuesday nights.

That's about it. Come and give it a go, you never know you might even enjoy it!!

Philip Towler, Caving Convenor





ONE SUMMER.

Yet another summer at Arapiles. Sweat flowing like water. Money flowing like water. Days crawling.

Phil, Steve, Marie and Wal had been there for a few days when we arrived. Driving into the Pines at 1:00am we wandered around looking for Dave's car. We found Phil's car in the end, but couldn't work out where the David Kjar rally machine was. It turns out it was back in Melbourne, its owner having been convinced that if he wasn't at the State Swimming Center by 7:00pm that day for a Canoe Polo final a certain paddling convenor was going to inflict severe physical damage upon the poor aforementioned Wal. Such dedication (to his sport, I mean).

Rohan and Steve had a mission, which was this: to climb every three-star 18 on the mount. For the next week they proceeded to drive us crazy with their early morning starts and three-climb days. Megan and I, feeling the oppressive heat (or rather, letting it get to us), were happy to struggle up one per day. Or maybe two. Phil piked by about Thursday. We took it easy. After all, it ~~was~~ supposed to be a holiday...

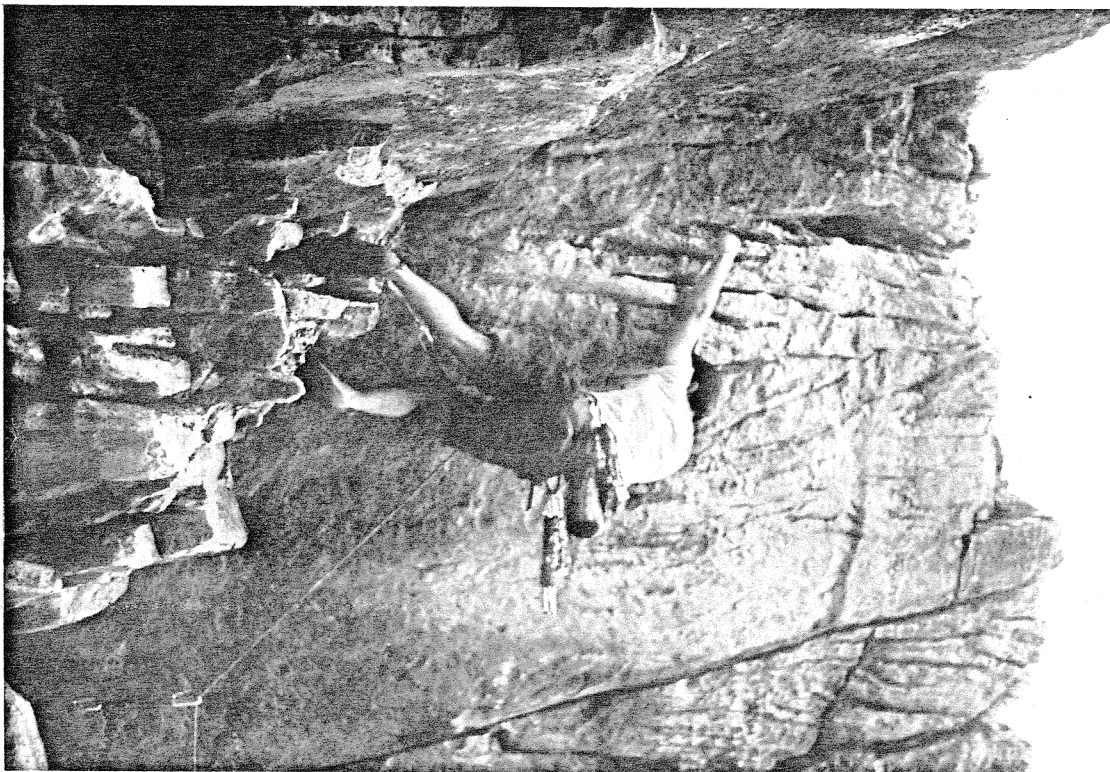
Late in the first week an extraordinary thing happened. Both Steve and Rohan (although the latter complained a bit) went to the Pub and... didn't drink anything! Why? The answer is even stranger. It was so they could get up early the next morning for a crack at that Queen of Exposure: Skink. The next thing you know Rohan will declare himself celibate in order to concentrate his efforts on Punks in the Gym. More unusual things have happened ('though not much). Such professionalism stirred me. If these two could make such a sacrifice, the least I could do is get out of my hammock and lead Brolga, protection or no protection. What's more, the view of Skink from Brolga is magnificent, and if there's one thing I enjoy it's a close up view of someone in mortal terror (that they might get that same pleasure by looking across at me I dismissed from my mind). So off we went to bed.¹

¹It just so happened that this was the night of the biggest and wildest party Arapiles has seen in years. For the rest of the summer every climber I met, from Buffalo to Black Hill, asked the same question: "Were you at the Pines Party?" Yes, I'd say, I was there. But No, I was asleep. I don't think anyone believed me. For the rest of eternity, we will be known as The People Who Slept Through The Pines Party.

Next morning the car stereo jolted me awake. The thumping base riff shook adrenalin into my blood. I felt inspired. Until, that is, the words registered on my sleepy brain: "Another one bites the dust..." Oh Well.

What a great morning. Broilga was a magic climb: smooth, flat and balancy. Typical of the right Watchtower Face. The view of Rohan, belaying Steve from a hanging belay seventy meters off the deck, thirty meters away from me at eye level, was somewhat impressive.

That afternoon Steve had a go at Taste of Honey, a 21 for those who grow tired of the endless photo-opportunities on its neighbour, Kachoong. The way he solved the crux (a foot-lock enabling a jazzy horizontal maneuver to gain the hand-traverse) was very neat, even if it was a second attempt. The stripping of the T-Shirt, and downclimb, in order to be photographed hanging off the roof flake by one arm revealed the truth about all those chin-ups! What a lair.



Soon after this (ie. I can't remember when), Steve thrilled the masses with an on-sight lead of Thunder Crack(20). Having made a rash comment the day before about it "not being all that exposed" we proceeded to harrang the poor lad all the way up the climb with questions like "Is it exposed enough yet Steve?" and "I'm sure we could find you a crack that's overhung at 30 degrees, instead of this measly 15. Would you like that?" Ignoring us he raced to the top, the only casualty being a broken tooth-cap when he ran out of hands and ended up holding a Friend in his most convenient bodily orifice (his mouth). Even Michael² fell whilst seconding him, and was much impressed.

² Mike's presence at Arapiles saw the temporary nullification of an age-old connection between Arapiles and Pink Floyd. Thanks to him (and also Rohan) this Araps trip was oiled by the sound of the B-52's. The sight of a bunch of rock-hippies skinny-dipping in the Wimmera to the sound of 'Love Shack' was strangely appropriate.

Steve and Mike were soon to leave, leaving Megan, Rohan, Sue and Myself to labor away in the insane heat. Some relief, in the form of a storm, arrived the night I was showing a couple of Germans around. Their excitement at being at a new crag, coupled with the electricity in the air, made for a thrilling and mystical walk along the foot-track as the thunder clouds loomed over the Bluffs. A couple of days earlier I had wished I had been in their home-country, sharing the excitement of a free Berlin as people danced on the wall. But here I was at Arapiles; the air was heavy with the smell of Eucalyptus and burnt dust; the evening sun filtered through the clouds and turned the Watchtower into a glowing tapestry of light and lines; thunder washed over us; the German bloke ran back to his tent to shut the fly as the first, heavy drops began to fall.

And so it went on. Racing up routes in a feeble attempt to shake the lethargy from our bones. Swims in the Wimmera River. Megan and I falling ill with vicious throat infections. Going to the Natimuk doctor who's nurse meets us at the door with a concerned "Has there been an accident?" Feeling somewhat embarrassed at our uncouth appearance, only to discover that the doctor is an old climber himself: made the first ascent of Bluff Major in the dim, dark Sixties. Paying a fortune for penicillin. Still managing to climb every day (but only just...).

On the final weekend we were joined by Buck, Paul, Stuart and others and hence had the obligatory Saturday night at the National Hotel. Burnt steak as usual. Much beer and philosophical discussion (read: argument) later we returned to the picnic shelter at the pines. Graham Jones and his Natimuk mates join the party, which soon exhibits a curious lethargy.

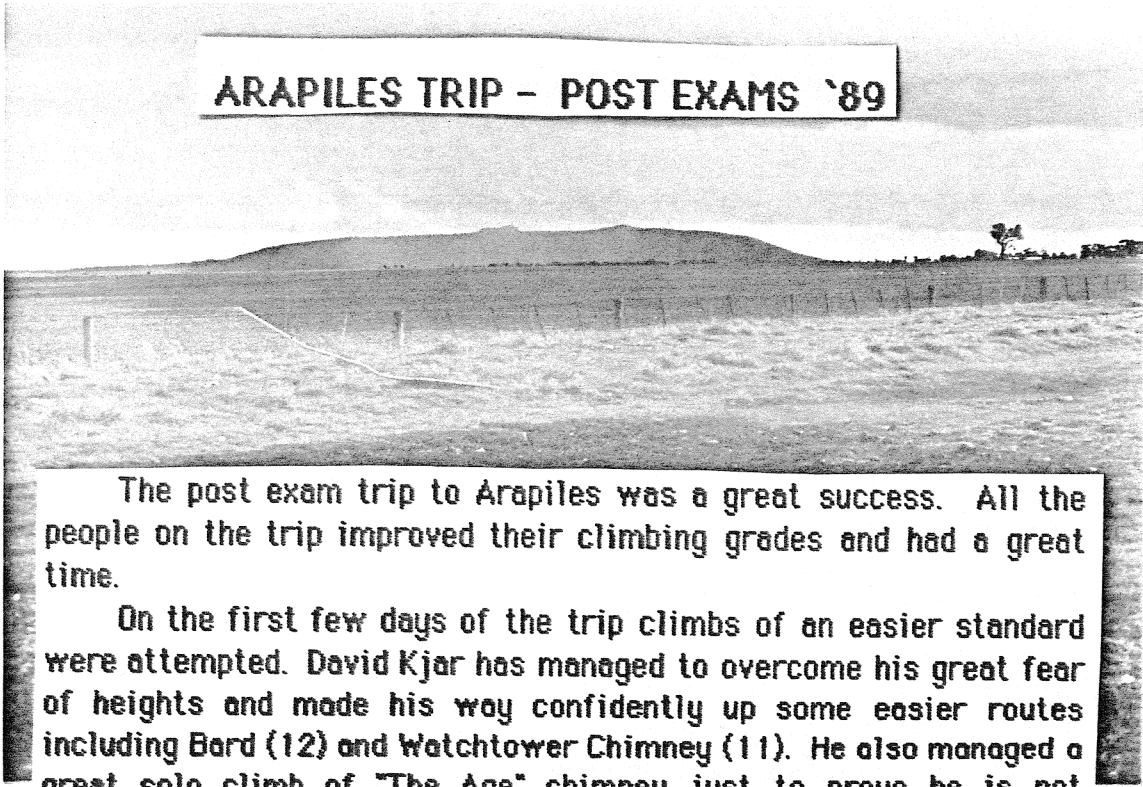
And so to sleep.

Sitting in the bar at the Mount Buffalo Chalet a month later. Charlie Creese has just asked me the inevitable question: "Were you at the Pines Party?" Not again... He's there with a couple of mates: an Englishman Abroad and a Kiwi who will later wake up the whole camping ground with a drunken rendering of his ten favorite Marine Corps marching chants. Two Swiss climbers who had made an on-sight ascent of Serpentine(31) the week before are there too. They've been here two days, but have hardly climbed a thing, despite the blessed cool of the plateau.

We sit in near-silence, only broken by the Pommy making jokes to the muscle-men about Swatch watches. Charlie and I mumble on about the squalor of flies, sand and heat that is Arapiles. "It gets to you," the Pom and I both say. I can't help but thinking we mean different things...

David Burnett.

ARAPILES TRIP - POST EXAMS '89



The post exam trip to Arapiles was a great success. All the people on the trip improved their climbing grades and had a great time.

On the first few days of the trip climbs of an easier standard were attempted. David Kjar has managed to overcome his great fear of heights and made his way confidently up some easier routes including Bard (12) and Watchtower Chimney (11). He also managed a great solo climb of "The Age" chimney just to prove he is not completely sane. Marie is also climbing well and managed such great beginner climbs including Agamemnon (9) as well as some more difficult routes including Escartta (20).

After the beginners left us at Arapiles it was time for the better climbers to push themselves. Steve Carter proved beyond doubt that he is the best climber in the club with some great leads. Some of Steve's more impressive climbs were XI (18), Siva (22), Little Thor (20), Taste of Honey (21), Thunder Crack (20), Cassandra Direct (22), Quo Vadis (20), Skink (18) and Eurydice (18).

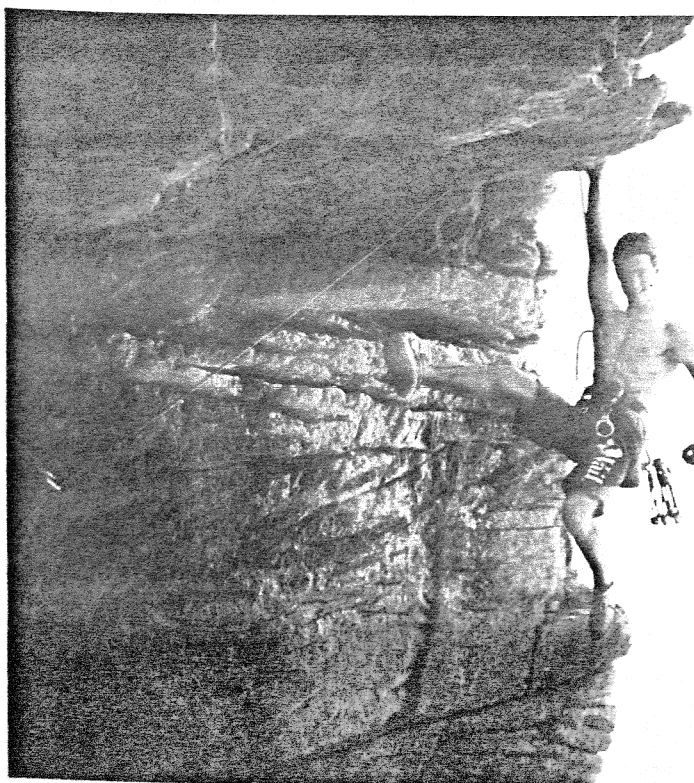
Most of these climbs were done in temperatures in the low 30's - far too hot for climbing and one must question the value of climbing at Arapiles during summer. One of the climbs we attempted in particular made us very dehydrated and tested our commitment to climbing in such conditions.

Apart from the weather, Steve also encountered a few other problems when climbing. An overgrown pigeon (more commonly known as a Peregrine Falcon-Ed.) tried persistently to knock him off the crux of Eurydice. Steve hung on despite the bird actually connecting with his head.

Also on the extremely exposed and desperate Thunder Crack, Steve managed to break his teeth while holding a friend in his mouth which he was just about to place. The climb, later described as a "desperate gravel" and "not deserving three stars" proved to be extremely costly- just ask his mum about the dentist bill.

Dave and Megan, who take climbing at a very leisurely pace (relatively speaking- Ed.) were also progressing well. Dave led Brolga (16) with no difficulties, and Megan scampered up there in the end. Megan did manage to lead the great looking climb, Beautiful Possibilities (15), proving she can match it with Dave.

Sue Hobbs came up later on in the week and despite spending most of the week complaining about me, (I can't imagine why -Ed)



she still managed some good leads. Her personal life retold on the second belay ledge of Resignation proved very interesting, although Steve and I could not work out how she could overlook the both of us and chase another guy. Her true love for Steve did surface though after he left.... Yep, you missed out again Steve.

Glenn Frankish put in a cameo appearance at the rock - as Bushwalking Convenor he probably considers climbing beneath him. This probably explains why he chose to go caving rather than climbing at Araps. Just ask him about Red Parrot Chasm!!

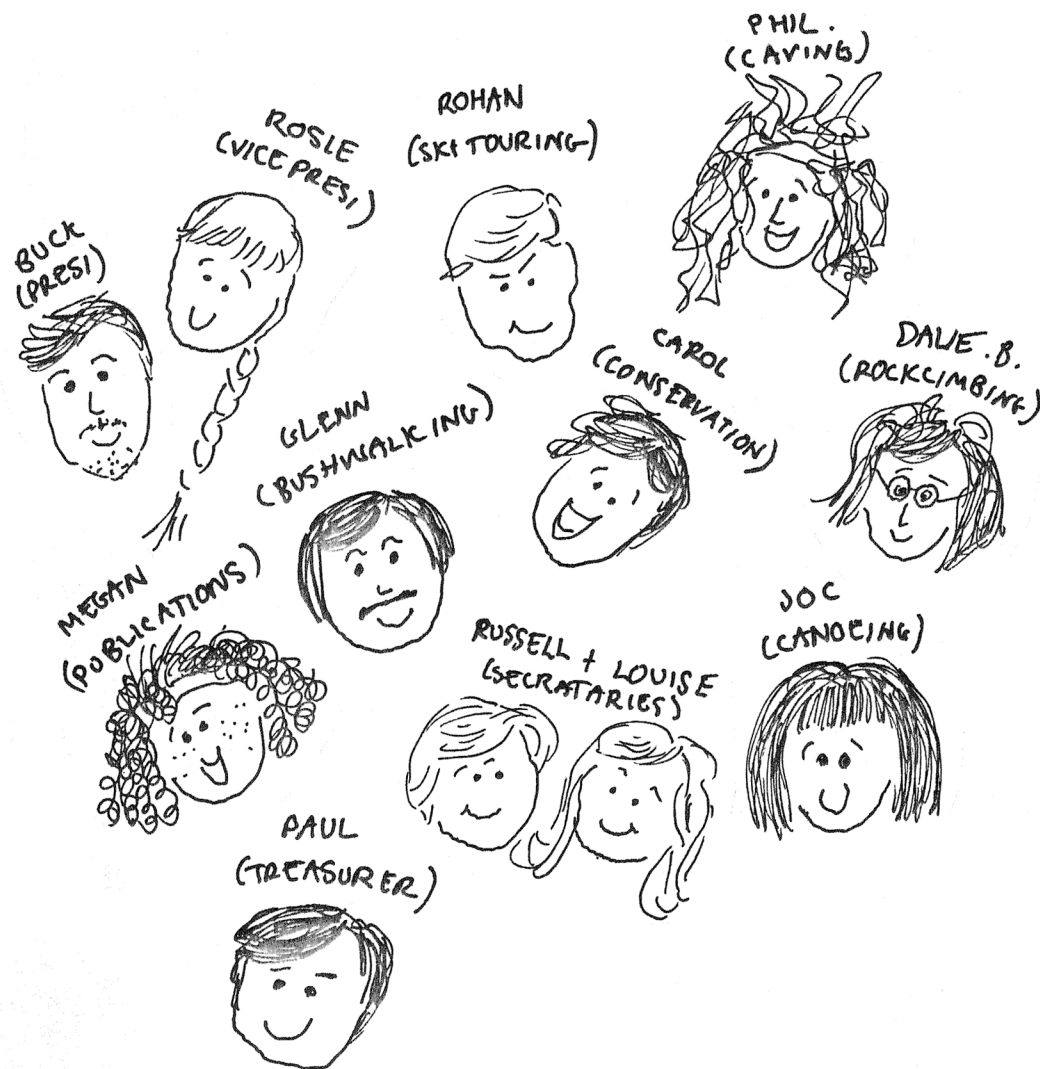
Other people came up during the week and it is good to see so many up and coming in the club. Many people are consolidating their leading around the 12 - 13 grade. Paul Watson led a few good climbs around those grades including the appropriately named Cunrack.

We all left Arapiles very happy, and have all set goals for the Easter Trip. Dave wants to lead Watchtower Crack (16), Steve and I have our sights on the "rope trashing" Reaper (22), while many people are aiming to climb that one grade higher..

See you there at Easter.

People on the trip were: Steve Carter, Phil Towler, David Kjar, Marie Shell, Craig, Rohan Schaap, Dave Burnett, Megan Rush, Mike Gidding, David Dodemaide, Frank Zgoznic, Glenn Frankish, Paul Watson, Sue Hobbs, Stuart Spooner and David Rodgers.

YOUR COMMITTEE MEMBERS :



President: David 'Buck' Rogers.
 Vice-President: Rosie Harrup.
 Secretary: Louise Aufflick.
 Assistant Secretary: Russell Smith.
 Treasurer: Paul O'Byrne.
 Convenors:-
 Bushwalking: Glenn Frankish.
 Canoeing: Jocelyn Allen.
 Caving: Phil Towler.
 Rockclimbing: David Burnett.
 Skiing: Rohan Schaap.
 Conservation: Carol Harding.
 Publications: Megan Rush.

| | |
|---|----------|
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| Rosie Harrup: 1 Latrobe St. Brunswick 3056 | 383 2061 |
| Louise Aufflick: 1 Debbie St. Mt. Waverley 3149 | 233 7320 |
| Russell Smith: 12 Yan Yean Rd. Yarrambat | 436 1356 |
| Paul O'Byrne: 72 GORE ST. FITZROY | 419 7085 |
| Glenn Frankish: 7 caprice Crt. Templestowe 3106 | 846 2626 |
| Jocelyn Allen: 5 Devon St. Heidelberg 3084 | 459 2524 |
| Phil Towler: 35 Eric Ave. Lwr Templestowe 3107 | 550 9824 |
| David Burnett: 17 Hood St. Nth. Balwyn 3104 | 859 6942 |
| Rohan Schaap: 7 Wanbrow Ave. Nth Balwyn 3104 | 857 5583 |
| Carol Harding: 38 Strathmore Bentleigh | 557 5538 |
| Megan Rush: 24 Fulton Cres. Burwood 3125 | 808 5484 |

POTENTIAL PADDLERS!

HERE IS A GUIDE TO THE TYPES OF TRIPS
THAT OUR CLUB DOES:

BEGINNERS YARRA TRIP

A 2 HOUR DAY TRIP
ON THE YARRA, UP PAST
WARRANDYTE.

EASY PADDLING, GOOD FUN
& A GOOD INTRODUCTION

GOULBURN RIVER BEGINNERS

A DAY OR A WEEKEND
PADDLING ON A FASTER
MOVING RIVER THAN THE
YARRA. EASY TO IMPROVE
+ GET SOME TIPS FROM "US"

SURF KAYAK TRIP BEGINNERS: A NUMBER OF THESE
TRIPS WILL BE HELD FOR

ENTHUSIASTIC BEGINNERS AT SAFE
SURF BEACHES. THESE TRIPS ARE
ALWAYS REALLY GOOD FUN

INTERUNIVERSITY CANOEING NORTHERN N.S.W.: ALWAYS A
GREAT SOCIAL EVENT THIS INTER-UNIVERSITY
CANOEING COMPETITION IS SURE TO BE
EVEN HUGER THAN THE REST!!
SUITABLE FOR BEGINNERS, INTERMEDIATE
AND LEGEND PADDLERS!

MITCHELL / KING / HOWQUA: THESE TRIPS ARE RUN
ESPECIALLY FOR THE BEGINNERS WHO STARTED AT THE
BEGINNING OF THE YEAR. THIS PADDLING IS AN EXCITING
WATER AND FORMS THE BASIS FOR OTHER TRIPS IN THE YEAR

M. U. M. C. PADDLING CALENDAR

1ST QUARTER 1990

| DATE | DESTINATION | ORGANISER | PHONE NO |
|-----------------------------------|---|---------------------------------|----------------------|
| THURSDAY 22 FEB | Y UPPER YARRA BEGINNERS TRIP | PHIL TOWLER | 850 9824 |
| SATURDAY 24 FEB | YARRA BEGINNERS TRIP | RUSSELL SMITH LOUISE AUFFICK | 436 1356 233 7320 |
| SUNDAY 25 FEB | YARRA BEGINNERS TRIP | JOCELYN ALLEN | 459 2524 |
| SATURDAY 3 MARCH | YARRA BEGINNERS TRIP | STEVE SIMMONS | 882 2115 |
| SUNDAY 4 MARCH | YARRA BEGINNERS TRIP | LACHLAN INGRAM SALLY DOYLE | 898 3937 |
| SATURDAY 10 MARCH | BEGINNERS SURF TRIP TO ANGLESEA (IN KAYAKS) | DAVE KJAR | 878 1843 |
| SUNDAY 18 MARCH | BEGINNERS GOULBURN TRIP | DAVE KJAR | 878 1843 |
| SATURDAY 24 MARCH | YARRA | SU ROGERSON ANDRE GELEN | 387 0582 |
| SATURDAY 31 MARCH / 1 APRIL | BEGINNERS GOULBURN INSTRUCTIONAL WEEKEND | JOCELYN ALLEN | 459 2524 18. |

M. U. M. C. PADDLING CALENDAR

1ST QUARTER 1990

| DATE | DESTINATION | ORGANISER | PHONE NO |
|---|---|---------------|----------|
| FRIDAY 13 th APRIL EASTER | GOOLANG CREEK, NORTHERN N.S.W. INTERVARSITY CANOEING | WHOEVER DARES | |
| SATURDAY 28 APRIL SUN 29 | WARATAHI BAY WILSON'S PROM. | STEVE CARTER | 4346834 |
| SATURDAY 5 MAY | YARRA, BEGINNERS' TRIP | CAROL HARDING | 5575538 |
| SAT 12 SUN 13 th MAY | MITCHELL | DAVE KJAR | 8781843 |

