

LIBRARY COPY - DO NOT REMOVE

LIBRARY  
COPY  
DO NOT  
REMOVE  
ON PAIN OF  
DEATH !

# MOUNTAINEER

OCTOBER 1991

The magazine of the Melbourne University Mountaineering Club





# PRESIDENT'S REPORT.

Welcome to the second edition of the 1991/92 Mountaineer. Nigel and Peter have done a great job so far. It's great reading about trips you've been on; you've got something concrete- apart from photos to remind yourself of the stupid things you've been up to!

Anyhow the other thing to remember, of course, is to go on more trips so you've got more to remember

And don't forget MUMC stands for;

<u>M</u>	<u>U</u>	<u>M</u>	<u>C</u>
A	S	O	A
N	E	R	N
Y	L	O	O
	E	N	O
	S	S	D
	S		L
			I
			N
			G

OXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXO

Dave Kjar

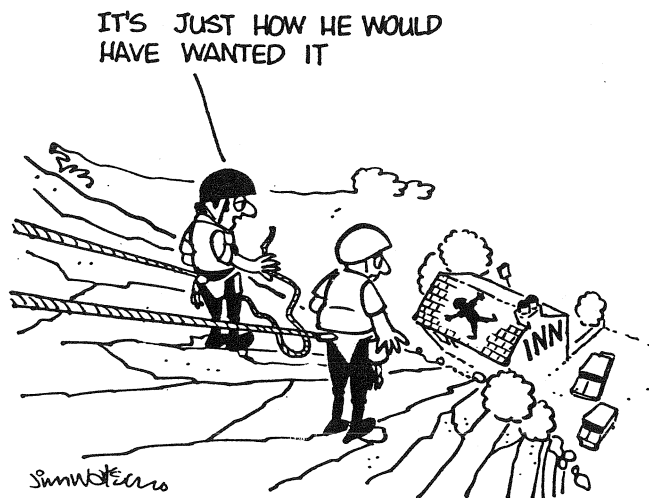


# NEW BOATSHEDS

Some of you may be aware of our latest pending shift- this time for kayaks. Our new sheds will be on the ground floor of the eastern extensions to the new sports stadium. Advantages are:

- ☞ close to the pool for canoe polo
- ☞ better storage arrangements
- ☞ undercover parking when leaving for trips!
- ☞ massive electric three car garage roller door and normal doorway
- ☞ clean and attractive facility.

The shift is due to occur in December- possibly earlier! Go over and have a squiz if you are interested.



## FIRST AID COURSES

ANY MEMBER OF M.U.M.C. WISHING TO UNDERTAKE A FIRST AID COURSE

MAY, WITH COMMITTEE APPROVAL, OBTAIN ASSISTANCE WITH THE FUNDING OF THE COURSE.

THE CLUB WILL PAY 50% OF THE COST OF AN APPROPRIATE COURSE (e.g. ST.JOHN'S, RED CROSS).

PEOPLE INTERESTED IN TAKING UP THIS OFFER SHOULD SEE A COMMITTEE MEMBER

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION.



## ANOTHER WEEKEND WITH THE CLUB

I arrived at the clubrooms on Friday lunchtime slightly stressed as I had to organise a ski trip and a Bushdance. These were both achieved much more easily than expected and my weekend began. Someone had the idea of inaugurating the MUMC beer garden and who was I to argue? 94 paces later and the necessary fluid was purchased and soon I was sitting around in the sun with the other MUMC bums admiring the view of bricks. "Wouldn't it be nice if we had a mountain view." Some white paint, another trip to the bottle shop, some artistic inspiration and hey presto an outline of Everest from the Tibetan side had taken shape. No time to hang around as I was supposed to be getting the Buffet all pretty for the evening's festivities. And what festivities they turned out to be. My primary problem at previous bushdances has been an inability to tell my left from my right. I'm happy to say that I am finally beginning to figure it out. After wheeling, skipping, Docey dowing, polkaing and heel and toeing for three hours, I was ready to go out to some more serious partying. Lorien's place (via our favourite refreshment spot) was next. F.A.B. Virgil. By the time we got there the place was moovn' and groovn'. Mike and another fool (rumour has it was I) were spotted dancing on the roof, others wrestling around the house and others just getting down. So 3:00 am came around and most people had drifted off home. If at this point I thought I was going to get some sleep I was severely mistaken. Clubbing. I have had a thing about clubs since being refused entry on the basis that my face was "too casual". Anyway the 'Metro' let us in (we sneaked behind the bouncer) and partied on. The Metro closed. While others ran, Dave and I walked back to Carlton. The night ended with me going to sleep wedged between Dave and the wall at 5:30 am.

Saturday consisted of a quick sleep, being woken up by Dave 'Fruitloops' Kjar and then wandering back to Lygon street for food. Finally, against my will, we ended up on the roof of the clubrooms admiring the view and drinking a couple of Coopers. Chips on Rathdowne and then home. The 22nd birthday party on Saturday night was not a club event but kept me awake until 2:00 am. 5:00 am, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, Oh shit, I have to go skiing. Before I woke up fully, I was standing at the Telephone Box Junction at Sterling and it was pouring with rain, great! The snow was not that bad and I was soon giving my "complete



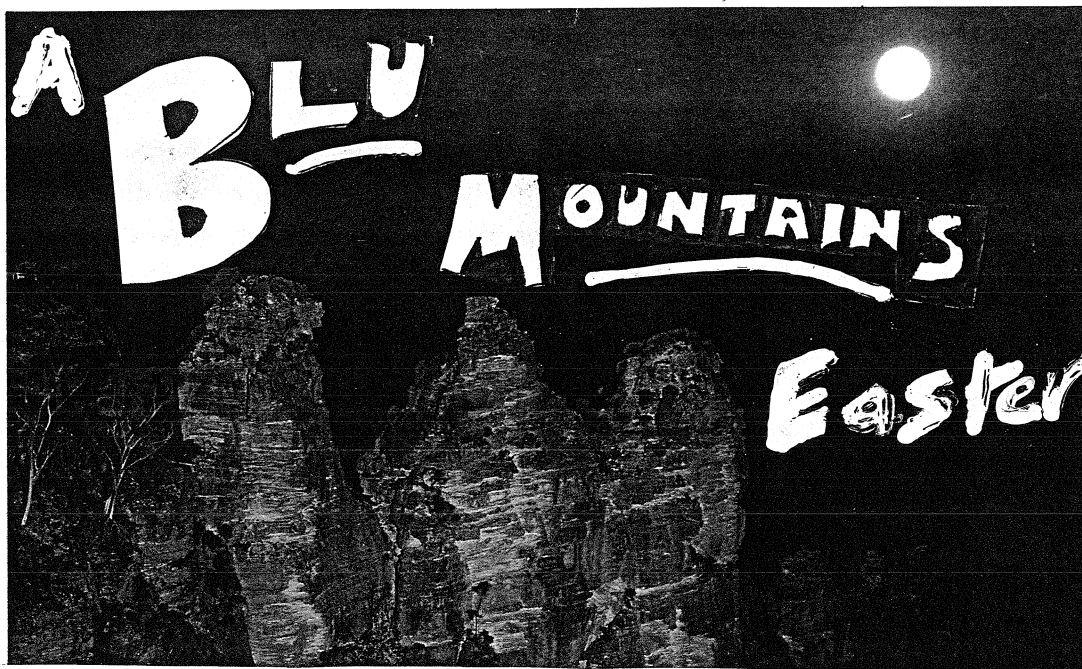
beginner to cornice jumper in one day" lessons to Fan. He survived and even enjoyed himself. By a larger chunk of luck, Mad Mike survived skiing most of Stanley Bowl without putting in a turn. Skill? No, he has not quite mastered turns yet! The lemming followed.

Well, the day and the weekend soon ended and what have we learnt ?

- i) Don't ski with your car keys in your pocket
- ii) Don't dance on rooves when there is a journalist around
- and iii) After 4 years in the club, things can still keep getting better.

Phil Towler





"I wanna know, have you ever seen the rain...?"

-Credence Clearwater Revival.

Why? Why? Why?

Why would anyone leave the fair fine fields of Victoria to wallow in the thundery misty mush north of the border to undertake such a weather-dependent sport as rock-climbing, especially with petrol prices (and the road-toll) approaching the astronomic? Dave, Megan, Rohan, Mike, Maree and Mark were determined to find out, rain or no rain, money or no money. After all, Arapiles last Easter had proved just too heavenly: brilliant sunshine, friendly people, magnificent climbing - this year a new challenge was required, lest they all fall into the lazy decadence of the Arapiles-born, too contented to crawl out of the hammock and stagger up yet another three-star classic.

Mike, being a Sydney lad, and always on the look-out for a chance to stretch the legs of his bullet-grey Saab, tempted them with glowing reports of the joys of the Blueys: lovely orange sandstone, steep and exposed, just like Arapiles though perhaps needing a few million more years in the pressure-cooker to prevent the occasional broken hold. The words 'easy access' and 'lots of bolts' also rang true in their weary brains. So off they went.

Leaving Thursday evening, two cars crawled their way up the Hume car-park with much of the rest of the Melbourne motoring traffic: northbound. What a joy is Euroa, where the two-lane freeway peters-out into a single pot-holed track, siphoning the traveling hoards, our heroes among them, past endless servo's and snack-bars, finally releasing them with a pop at the other side of town where the super-road begins again. Michael discovered why traveling in convoy with anyone, especially Rohan, is a bad move as he fumed away at the Shell servo at the *far* end of an obscure little town, while Rohan and the other occupants of the Magna counted cars for an hour at the one at the *near* end (one every 2 seconds - about 2000 in an hour).



After a two-hour snooze by the side of the road somewhere near Gundagai, the bleary-eyed occupants of a Saab and a Magna rolled into the mist-shrouded Blue Mountains at about 10:00am on the Friday, not-at-all fired-up for a serious day's climbing. Nevertheless, Mike showed the way to the fabled Mt Piddington, where the access-road was found to be closed due to the threat of an overhanging block, loosened by the December earthquake. After the third car, and one mini-bus, had rumbled past them down the road it was decided that it would be safe to walk the 300m to the descent-track, even for Rohan who had made up for not bringing any climbing-gear by bringing everything else one could imagine, from sleeping bag and doona to esky, two stoves, soft-drink, chips, violet crumbles, pillow (or was that Mike?), and complimentary cask of Touche Ross port. Miraculously, the block remained in place.

After settling-in to the luxurious camping cave, and fighting over who got the modicum of privacy around the corner ("you won't need it, Rohan"), our heroes trundled off down to the base of the spectacular Wirindi cliffs. Mike, the only fully-compos one among them, set off up the two-starred Curtain Call (18). While this was going on, Dave was coaxed into attempting the adjacent line, Bumbly Bites Back (20), promptly failing at the tiny, but technical roof at about two-thirds height. As Mike sewed-up the thin seam on his route with no less than 10 runners, Rohan had a shot at BBB, racing up to the roof, but also failing to reach the top section, despite his usual 17 attempts. Excuses were then exchanged between the pair while Megan zotted off with Maree to attempt Abra Cadabra (14) on a nearby block before darkness fell. It did, she didn't, but nor did she get up the route. Save that one for another day.

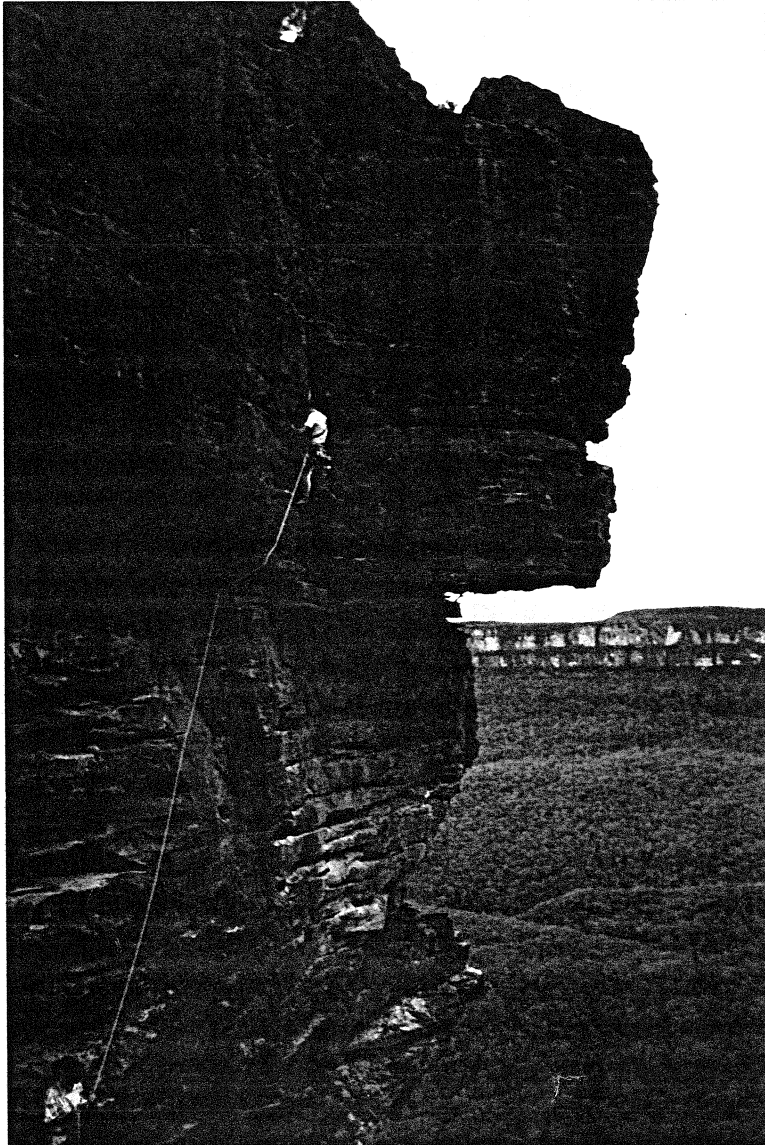
Now that it was dark, the return to the camping cave was going to prove exciting. Rohan impressed everyone with his awesome navigational skills, finding a cave he had been in for only 45 minutes, in an area he had never been to before, in total darkness, without falling either off a cliff, or in the creek (unlike Mike).

Next morning, surprise surprise, it was raining.

After hauling all their gear back to the cars, weathering *en route* the chuckles of a couple of local climbers, a decision had to be made. Sydney or the Bush. Whether tis nobler in the mind to potter about the mountains getting wetter and wetter, or make a mad dash to Sydney to do some sightseeing. Dave and Mark thought the latter, but since Mike came from Sydney, and Maree had been there about a month before-hand, the odds of going east looked grim. Rohan, in a devastating display of diplomacy, settled the affair by insisting that Dave had to climb one of the Three Sisters at Katoomba and, furthermore, would do it in the rain if necessary. This shrewd appeal to a climbers lesser-instincts (ie: simple-minded Peak-Bagging) seemed to do the trick on the younger members of the party, and so Rohan, Dave, Maree and Megan set off



down the main street of Katoomba in search of a guide-book description of the route. After bombarding them with threats of violence, promises of dry granite further west (a bad tactical error), and a nice spot of morning tea, Mike huffed off to Mt York with a meek Mark, leaving the youngsters to their childish games.



\* David Burnett leading the aesthetic line, "The Mantleshelf" (13) in front of a capacity crowd, Three Sisters, N.S.W.

Having found a description of the climb in the local climbing store, and a nice man to supplement the guidebook ("there'll be heaps of tourists watching you - go for it!"), the Fabulous Four parked the Magna in the nearest Bus Zone and racked-up. Marching through the millions of camera-wielding tourists, the route to the base of the climb was navigated (quite straight-forward: along the cliff-top look-outs, down the stairs, across the little bridge and over the guard-rail). Onlookers began to gather as the day-glow pink rope came out of the rope-bag and a belay was prepared by wrapping a couple of slings around the guard-rail post. Boldly and boisterously shrugging-off the gasps of the crowd and the flashing of camera bulbs, Dave ascended the super-exposed overhang in fine style, gaining the beautiful corner that rips up the pinnacle. One old dear turned to her companion at this point and whispered tersely, "He ought to come down before he hurts himself!" Slamming the protection into the rock, Dave scorched up the corner



to reach the top of the climb to a round of applause from the gathered crowd below. It was like climbing at the MCG, or perhaps at the Penguin Parade. What a circus.

Megan was first to follow, milking the audience for all it was worth with the occasional strenuous grunt, nervous "take-in!", or mournful cry. Beaching herself on the top, the crowd went wild, yelling and cheering and zooming their video cameras. "You'll make it up, no worries!" called down Megan to a nervous Maree, and a wave of laughter washed up the crag. The show went on.

Silence fell as Maree took to the rock, shaking her way over the overhang. She tottered up the corner, and received another round of applause and cheering, as the rain began to dribble.

Finally, Rohan roped-up. Bounding up to the overhang, the crowd caught a mischievous gleam in his eye. What was in store for this closing act? Reaching for the jugs at the roof, Rohan showed them by letting fly with one arm and both legs and dangling into space by one hand. What a lair! The video cameras went wild. Zoom Zoom. Ridiculous. So Rohan too received his applause, leaving only one question unanswered: why had Dave received less than the others? Perhaps it was something to do with those lycra-tights...



"THE THREE SISTERS"  
(Dave Burnett, Megan Rush, Maree Shell, Blue Mountains, N.S.W.)

And so fell Mantleshelf (13). To think that Mike and Mark only slid up The Obituary (14) at Mt York with none to watch them but a couple of bedraggled magpies.

The victorious Foursome then indulged in a bit of well-earned tourism, taking a ride on the Scenic Skyway and terrifying the other patrons with their *ad hoc* calculations concerning cable breaking-strains and high-velocity wind factors.

That night was spent in the Imperial Hotel at Mount Victoria, the heartland of Blue Mountains rock-climbing. Rohan saw his first poker-machine and promptly got a look in his eye akin to that of a

5 year-old child on Christmas morning playing with his new Scalectrix set until the batteries run out at about noon. Rohan didn't run out of batteries - just money, the result of the total ignorance of the rules of poker displayed by both Rohan, and the evil machine. Megan was only prevented from similarly landing in the poor-house by the fact that she already occupied the penthouse suite, and hence could not scrape together the price of one game. Suitably humbled, the waterlogged Victorians chose to engage in more leisurely pursuits such as dominoes and darts, the latter with some trepidation given Rohan's reputation for causing serious injury wherever he attempted this dangerous combination of hand/eye co-ordination and alcohol abuse. Mark demonstrated what he learnt during his Geology Honours year by streaking to the front, only to be overhauled on the final throw by Mike who proceeded to put on the finest display of gloating seen in many a year.

Proceeding to Mt York to pitch tents, our heroes were forced to endure a graphic anatomical display by a bevy of very drunk and very loud revellers who were in the process of dancing naked on top of the picnic shelter and, for a moment, on the bonnet of the Magna. Rohan resisted the temptation of running them over, and silence fell on the camp-site by midnight as the party-goers passed-out one by one.

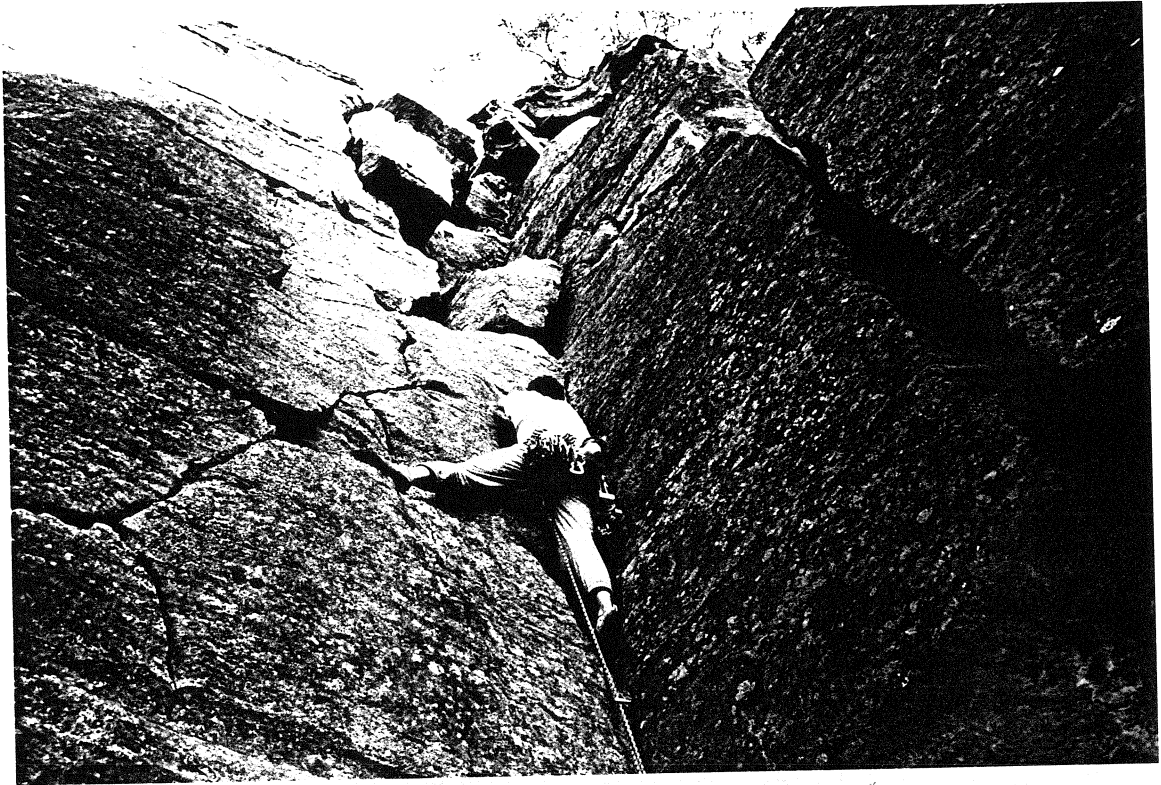
Sunday was to be a day of champagne rock-climbing, dawning bright and warm with only a little high cloud. After bamboozling everyone with his innovative descent route to the cliff, Mike roped-up for an attempt on the oddly-named Ablutions (19), finding no difficulty in surmounting the reach-problem crux. Rohan found himself the climb of his dreams - Resonance (18), with a low, bouldery (and easy) crux situated right next to a whopping great bolt. After thinking about the move for a minute or two, he raced up the route, claiming his first 'real' eighteen and dispelling the ghost (or so he thinks) of his dubious relationship with Age of Reason forever. Megan, not to be out-done, gave it a shot herself and, although taking a little longer than Rohan, also claimed her highest lead to date (granite excepted).

Dave amused himself, and Maree, with a jaunt up CC Rider (15), while Mark attempted to second Mike.

Suitably warmed-up, Mike headed for one of the Blue Mountains greatest: the steep and strenuous Exhibition Wall (21), a hundred or so meters away. This mega-route provided a solid test of Mike's nerve and skill as, although well-bolted, it offers few rests and little climbing below grade 19. After a route-finding problem with the start, and hence a fall or two, Mike powered up the remainder of the wall in fine style, impressing all concerned. During this time, Dave was checking-out Mark's rave reviews of The Obituary (14) by bopping up this three-star classic, a beautiful



little corner that would do Arapiles proud. Belaying up Maree and Megan, he sat transfixed with the greenness of the valley below, such a contrast with the burnt browns of the Wimmera that usually accompanied a climbing epic. Just visible in a distant paddock, a white horse galloped across the rich pasture, like something from a Shell Ultra commercial. A change, and a holiday, this was turning out to be.



Mark ("Troppo") leading Refusal (14), Mt York, NSW

Now, the big test! Rohan seconded Mike with falls at the start and a fall at the end. If Dave could remove that final fall (a fall at the first crux was considered inevitable, and it was) then Rohan would concede that he was the better climber of the pair. Well, with such a prize on the line, there was nothing for Dave to do but throw himself madly at the rock in his glorious fight for supremacy. So determined was he to make the final move cleanly, that he proceeded to fall twice on the wall instead. Just what this proved, however, no-one was prepared to say.

These fun and games occurring, Mark felt the limelight to be sufficiently distant to have a go at his first lead: Refusal (14). A bold effort indeed which he completed admirably, despite failing to collect any of the watchers below with a stream of falling scree as he so obviously intended.

With shadows lengthening, and clouds gathering yet again, Mike roped-up for a bold attempt on the naturally protected line, Auntie Jack (19). Not wishing to be out-done, and perhaps feeling somewhat suicidal after his loss of the title of King of Mediocrity to Rohan, Dave resolved to climb a route that not only shunned the traditional Blue Mountains bolt protection, but had given up on the idea of protection altogether. Viparete (17): a lunatic crank up a totally unprotected arete. After placing an utterly cosmetic wire

at the start, Dave closed his eyes and climbed a good ten meters to his first runner, and another couple until his first good one. Shaking his way to the top, he realized yet again that his love-affair of airy aretes was going to get him into serious trouble one day, and that it was a good thing that it hadn't been today. Rohan seconded, and was much impressed.

Meanwhile, Mike had triumphed once more on Aunty Jack, and Megan was beginning her attempt at seconding the strenuous line. After she fell on the grade 16 start, Rohan began to lace-up his boots for his back-up attempt, but found his services totally un-called for as Megan raced up the totally rest-less wall above to impress Mike considerably, and defeat the sceptics once again with her best seconding performance to date.

With their climbing appetites whetted, the Serious Six decided to make camp that night at Cosmic County - the hard-persons cliff of the Blue Mountains. Hard too on the exhaust system: Rohan scraped his on the drive down the access track and Mike only avoided the same fate by making Mark and Megan get out and walk in the light rain to reduce the weight of the ridiculously low-slung Saab. After scaring away the only other car at the camp-site with a force-ten rendition of his favourite Billy Bragg tape (a fate that Mark and Megan had had to endure for much of the previous three days) Mike tempted the bunch with his glamorous descriptions of the fine routes to be found on the County's famous cliffs. These descriptions were enhanced by a local couple who braved the musical horror-show and shared the hissing fire, after firstly having tried to run into the source of the horrible sounds - the Saab - but succeeding only in running over a rather old frypan and much of Dave and Megan's cutlery.

But alas, it was to no avail. The next morning it was pissing down, and the ugly subject of Sightseeing vs Granite came up again. Again Mark and Dave looked outnumbered, with Rohan hating cities and Mike loving granite. Maree and Megan could probably have lived with a day in a nice warm picture-theatre or Sydney cafe, but the drivers won the day and the cars headed inexorably westwards, away from the glittering lights of Sin City that shone (if rather damply) in the sad eyes of Dave and Mark, towards the unknown terrors of one more windswept extrusion of crystallized hell.

Tarana: not unlike the You-Yangs. Very cold and slightly damp, but not actually raining. Dave told everyone he was going to stay in the car, but changed his mind when this appeared to increase, rather than dampen, the party's enthusiasm. The rest of the dismal day was spent alternately cruising up overgraded 19's and failing dismally on undergraded 14's, proving once and for all that on granite - anything goes. It's all about the same anyhow: sore on the fingers and bad for new boots (as Megan and Maree discovered to their horror). Maree and Rohan just "sat" by the fire after lunch, a wise move given Dave's estimation of the temperature as a little more than Antarctic, but not quite as warm as Icy. Mike found a good route anyway: Fuzzy something-or-other, a thin and sustained 18.



That night was spent in a wonderful outback pub, where the highlight was Mark putting an end to Mike's gloating by beating him in a final throw-off ("first to get a bullseye") after Mike had reluctantly agreed to letting him finish-off the round in 'around-the-board' after leading all the way through the game. Rohans heroic efforts to get a 4 are also worthy of note (remember, Rohan, a Midi\* is larger than a Pot!).

Our weary circus troupe hit the sack by the side of the road, three of them in preparation for the 10-hour drive ahead.

With the weather on Tuesday morning still disgusting, the Three M's decided to accompany Rohan, Dave and Maree as far as Yass, and then decide whether to continue on to Melbourne or to spend their remaining day of freedom in Canberra, climbing more granite. The route south from Tarana involved passing through Bathurst - with inevitable results. Maree shut her eyes as Rohan, directed by Dave, thundered the overloaded family wagon around the Mt Panorama racing circuit, making quite realistic Broom Broom noises on the way. This diversion over, the drive continued, with the sunny weather further south prompting the M-Mobile (which had not participated in the childishness on the Mountain) to say its farewells and head for Booroomba in the A.C.T. After stops at such great Australian institutions as the Dog on the Tuckerbox, the Ettimogha Pub and Rohans new house, the Second Biennial Underwater Rock-climbing Trip was half-home.

The other half, freed at last of the millstone of driving incompetence ie: the Magna, made straight for the climbing, and had soon raced up one of the areas greatest routes: Resolution Crack (16). Yet another epic descent in the dark followed, but the party survived to rise early the next morning to complete another test-piece 19, led again by Mike. After a worrying drive over the Great Divide by another of Mikes innovative routes, all arrived safe and as sound as they had started in Melbourne by midnight Wednesday.

Thus ended the Blue Mountains Easter Epic for 1990. No-one died, and Rohan didn't even get booked (although the speed-camera prints may well be in the mail). All credit to Mike for his inspired leadership, Rohan for his startling good-nature, Maree for her enthusiasm and humour, and Megan and Dave for not fighting all week!

Dave Bennett

(\* A Midi is, of course, the same as a pot. What I meant to say was Schooner. So there.)

## CONVERSATION AT KHANKOBAN.

6.35pm Saturday night. A petrol station.

Rafter: *G'day.*

Steve: *G'day.*

Rafter: *What've you been up to?*

Steve: *A bit of paddling.*

Rafter: *Yeah? Whereabouts?*

Steve: *The Indi.*

Rafter: *We've just been on the Indi* (points over shoulder to a couple of full cars).

Steve: *Yeah?*

Rafter: *We were rafting. It was enormous! We had to pull out 1km from the start. It was just too huge. Really dangerous. Walked 10km to get out. What an epic: I've never seen it that high. How'd you go?*

Steve: *Fine.*

Rafter: *What were you in?*

Steve: *Kayaks.*

Rafter: *Fair dinkum? What type - high volume boats, I suppose. Dancers.*

Steve: *No: plastic Reflex's.*

Rafter: *What!! At 1.6m! (Jaw hits the ground) So, you paddled it yesterday did you?*

Steve: *No, this morning.*

Rafter: *So where are the rest of you?*

Steve: *It's just the two of us.*

Rafter: *(Momentary shocked silence) How'd you do the car shuffle then?*

Steve: *We walked about 15km, then got a lift for the rest. It took about five hours.*

Rafter: *Wow. So where are you off to now?*

Steve: *Melbourne. We're going to a party.*

Rafter: *Ahhh...Ummm...Really?*

Steve: *Yeah.*

Rafter: *Well...ahhh...see ya.*

Steve: *See ya.*

Pre-expedition quote:

Dave & Steve: "C'mon Phil: we're going to the Indi for a day trip."

Phil: "I'm not coming - I am not insane."

Two days, one river, a 15km walk, 1000km drive (including the Alpine way, at speed, in chains) and one speeding ticket later:

Dave & Steve: "The paddling was the easiest part."

Epics Inc: Dave "Fruit Loops" Kjar.

Steve "Wunderkind" Carter.

They didn't get to the party.

(Compiled by Dave Burnett.)



...Meanwhile, back at

at  
pardonning yerself saying: "it would never go!"

A hand-drawn illustration of a hammer drill bit with a face, surrounded by various phrases and text. The drill bit has a face with a mustache and a small hat. The text around it includes:

- Did ya belt a crack
- Can you draw ya HAMMER DRILL IN
- chip holds
- pard'ning yerself sayin'
- ESSENTIAL READING FOR ROCKYS.
- Bo

Did yer friends chisel seconds Did yaa mysteriously get BLUNT while away fer a "relaxing weekend"  
 YER WON'T WANNA READ  
 THIS EPISODE OF ETHICS, MORALS, AND  
 DODG'Y PRO!

## HANDY HINTS FER HANGIN' HOUNDS WITH HUGH MONGOUS EGOS, WHO JUST WANNA SAY:

"WELL, I TOOK THE BIGGEST FALL"

WARNING: DON'T DO THIS ON CLUB TRIPS. THE WRITER  
TAKES NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR THOSE WHO DO!

(for all those Ray-Ban clad faces in the lines)

**1** PICK A 15 NEXT  
TA A 28

**3** Do a good belly  
(7 pieces or more!)

2 WHIP THA FIRST  
PITCH OF THA  
15

► A few bits a prod.  
be nice on the way

**4** MAKE SURE YA BELAYER KNOWS WHAT "THE F-word" MEANS

5 "DRIFT" ONTO THE 28 FEK THA.  
SECOND PITCH. PLACE  
EXTREMELY DODGY PRO  
WHEREVER POSSIBLE

It's a good idea to have a belay that knows how to belay. Tie him/her <sup>in to</sup> the belay - so if the belay goes so does he/she!!! (The belayer must trust the belay too gunno - just to assure yqself that its gunno hold)

6 FEEL THE  
FINGERS SLIP.  
HOPE ALL  
PRO POPS TO THIA  
BELAY. HOPE TA  
GOD THE BELAY  
HOLDS. HOPE THE  
BELAYER DOES  
HIS/HER JOB!!

SHOUT "THA F-WORD" AS YA PASS  
THE BELAYER AT TERMINAL  
VELOCITI

VELOCITY!  
LET YA NERVES CALM - THEN  
EXPLODE TO ALLY A MEET

EXPLOUND TO ALLY A MEE!

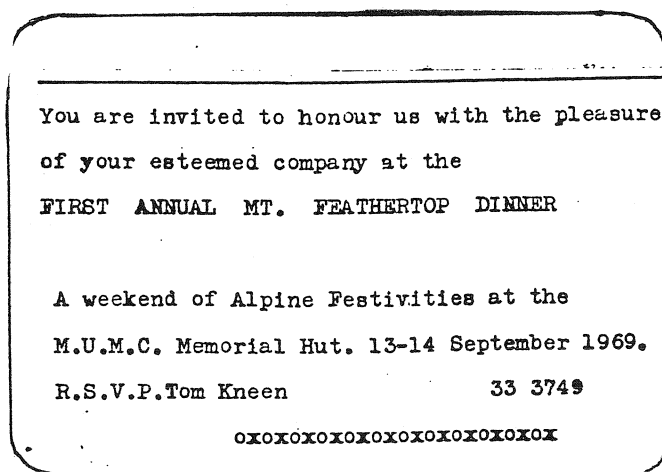
(9) — buy a new rope (10) Don't be so stupid in the first place!!

WARNING: IF YOU WASTE YOUR  
LIFE, DON'T PAY ANY  
ATTENTION TO  
ANY OF THIS  
RUBBISH!

# MIDNIGHT ASCENT 1991

## -The Official Report-

Tom Kneen showed great originality in 1969 by holding the first Mt. Feathertop Dinner with black tie, four course meal, and bottles of wine. He was also clever to be able to think of a trip that demonstrated the spirit of the MUMC. His trip had a touch of everything: a touch of adventure - by walking up the NW spur of Mt. Feathertop at night. It included the social nature of the club, by having a special dinner. By making the occasion black tie, it also included the crazy element - an important part of adventure. Tom Kneen also demonstrated great hope for the club when he included the words "first annual" on the invitation.



The original invitation to Midnight Ascent. This may be found in the first MUMC hut logbook, held in the club Archives.

I was greatly honoured to lead this year's "Midnight Ascent", as it has now become known. I also saw it as the ultimate way to test a suggestion made to me by an MUMC member earlier this year. This person suggested that the club may be losing it's all important club spirit. I felt I would be able to tell if his concerns were valid, judging by the success of this popular weekend.



His concerns were totally unnecessary. From the start, the 1991 Midnight Ascent was bound to be a success. Throughout the year, Leaders had advertised extensively for the trip. I remember listening to Nick Gust say to every new member he signed up in O - Week

"If there's one trip you have to go on this year, it's Midnight Ascent".

The result was outstanding. Seventy-eight names appeared on the trip sheet, all trying for a place on a trip with a limit of 36.

Thirty-seven people arrived at the Trout Farm on Friday 23rd of August. To the best of my knowledge, this is the largest group of people ever to undertake the Midnight Ascent in the Twenty-two year history of the event. The people ranged from new members on their first club trip, to longstanding, highly committed members of the club. The majority of the Committee was present on the trip.

Not only was it one of the largest Midnight Ascents, but it must have been one of the coldest as well. Some members of the Melbourne University Meteorology Department were concerned about us. An Antarctic air mass lay over the ranges, producing snow down to 500m!

Little did they know how warm one becomes when ascending the Tom Kneen Track (named in memorial of Tom Kneen who died in 1985). This was especially the case this year, with large snow drifts to be encountered just past the "Steep Descent" sign - a third of the way up. It made for very tiring "plugging" at 4am in the morning. The good thing was that no one had to stop and rest until daylight, and everyone was in the hut by 7am.

On Saturday night, everyone went to a lot of trouble to make sure the party was a success. Nearly everyone dressed properly with black tie. Others (namely Michael Bethune - alias "Mad Mike") just wore dead chickens around their necks. The obvious alternative (Mike is being encouraged to visit a member of the Medical Profession).

The menu was exceptional. One of the more exotic of the Entries was Richard Kempton's pork satay sticks. Main course saw an array of gourmet delights. Jane Frohlich's and Tom

Bevan's efforts were consolidated when the President of the club, Dave Kjar, ceremoniously cut their Oxo - man cakes. Nick Gust's Gluvine was the final addition to a perfect evening.

Then came the dancing. Some non-MUMC visitors (some bushwalkers who chose the wrong weekend to have "a nice quiet time on Mt. Feathertop") looked on in amazement as we sang and danced and, once in a while, slurred our words as we sang! What a night!

Having made a small trip halfway to the summit from the hut on Sunday, we descended the spur. We casually filled half of the Porpunka Pub on the way back, and then came home - back to the tall buildings, the traffic jams, the polluted air, and away from the real world.

We may all rest assured that the club spirit is alive and kicking. We are also indebted to Tom Kneen for his wonderful sense of fun 22 years ago. I wish to thank all those who came for making the weekend an undoubted success, and especially the leaders for taking care of their groups so well.

Andrew Roberts.

BIG  
ROCK



"IT'S OK GUYS... MY FACE WILL BREAK THE FALL!"  
— NICK



## Midnight Ascent 1991 - Groups

### Anton Weller (Leader)

Ramon Eyck  
Fred Watson  
Paul Scott  
Mathew Cairn

### Dave Kjar(L.)

Dave Wilson  
Tim Raffray  
Michael Bethune  
Stephen Carter  
Paul Seedy  
Stephen Curtain

### Nick Gust (L.)

Nigel Prior  
Michael Simon  
Pamela Wainwright  
Julie Edwards  
Lara Ross





**Louise Aufflick (L.)**

David Burnett

Sue Cont

Kate Bradshaw

Jane Gilbert

Sharon Muller

**Phill Towler(L.)**

Jane Cudmore

Keryn Paul

Andrew Wettenhall

Jonathon Richards

Rosie Johnson

Rafal Nowacki

**Andrew Roberts(L.)**

**Tom Bevan(L.)**

Jane Frohlich

Kathy Sealy

Stephen Bird

Richard Kempton



# THE MIDNIGHT ASCENT

The trip started from the Trout Farm just outside Harrietville. 11,000 metres of agony were ahead. A climb ratio of 1:6. The hike starts with a ramble over flat ground and then weaves over small gullies. Two streams are crossed ( about half our group crawled over the slippery and uneven logs ). Then the mountain started. The first climb was rather torturous as we were travelling at quite a speed but gradually one's body slipped into the routine and stopped complaining. Darkness was partially an advantage during our hike as it stopped us being disheartened by being able to see the huge mountain looming up ahead.

Our group included Phil, Andrew, Keryn, Rosie and Jonathan. We kept half expecting to be overtaken. We started at 12:30 whereas some groups started at 1:30 am. Naturally, with our superior skill, Phil's leadership and a desperation to reach the top, we made a great time of five hours. Eat dirt, all the other groups. One must acknowledge that the 'fast' group did in fact beat us time-wise. Congratulations to Anton Weller for his brilliant (and immortal) effort of hiking extremely fast and making the track through the thick snow for everyone else. At the top of Mt. Feathertop, I did one huge toboggan run on 'virgin' ground and ended up crawling back up. It was too difficult pulling ones complete leg out of the snow for each new step. That man must have been fit to manage this task right up the mountain in record speed.

About 6:00 am, Saturday morning, we crawled into sleeping bags. The hut attic fitted about seventeen exhausted hikers wrapped up in sleeping bags. Bed must have been a relief for one of the hypothermic walkers in Kjar's group. Make sure people put on jumpers if the group rests on the way up- better still, don't be wooses and just keep going. OXO man would not dream of resting. OXO man always remind me of Phil Towler- knobbly knees, multi-active and a totally vicious-looking brute.

Saturday morning was the best part of the trip for me- the sloth's sleeping bag sleaze. About ten people lay spread over one another, periodically flinging themselves onto the top of the pile causing immense pain. An excellent all-in activity of thumping, rolling, crashing and sleeping.



Louise would vote for Sunday's summit climb and tobogganing as the weekend's highlight. Large groups jumped off high snow slopes and went careering down hell (usually into one another). Dave Wilson led the snake-slide down the hill with about 13 people hitched on behind. By the way, ask Andrew Roberts about the best way to wield an ice-axe (lucky he could not find a chainsaw or butcher's knife to use in his snow fight). Also, beware of hidden cornices waiting to jump out at you.

Saturday night was huge- the black tie extravaganza. Stupid photos in the freezing cold. Get your bow-tie on, Burnett! A cooked chicken tied around ones neck over a dinner suit does seem somewhat unclassy, Mike. Guys in proper dinner suit, girls with goosebumps and chattering teeth- formal dress is freezing. Do not forget the ancestral diamonds next year. Jane Gilbert looked beautiful in her jewellery. Not a bad ratio of females to males in the photos. Andrew Roberts would have been pleased. He thought there might have been a large deficit in the female population before the final participants were decided. Last year, the Midnight Ascent only attracted three females out of seventeen people who went.

The Saturday night feast was great- particularly the main meals. Carter made a brilliant chicken and vegetable stew. Jane Frohlich and Tom Bevan made the traditional OXO cakes, they tasted great. I love birdseed. Nick, Scotty and Louise excelled with Kermit the Frog cocktail. A pity Nigel was not able to hold onto his rather unset steam pudding when his leg was lifted into the air. Gee, guys are inflexible. The slippery floor became all the better for dancing on. Steve Carter suicidally came headfirst down the hole from the attic where the stove chimney used to go. They say bounce in a fall after consuming a certain amount of alcohol- he was up and dancing seconds after hitting the floor with his back. His backward plunge off someone's shoulders during the photo session was also impressive. Mad Mike did some impressive somersault too. Wimp Nigel.

People could cope with Dave Burnett, Andrew & Co's singing, thumping on the ground etc. but on Saturday Night, when they got to philosophy ( eg. "Why are all the wooses upstairs and in bed at only 10:30 pm? ), abuse got heaped on them from the attic above, except for those who were already snoring.

Kjar had put in a quiet performance the whole weekend (needed to drink more). A great person for organising the clean- up:

he easily gained volunteers to carry bags of rubbish, disclaimed socks, braised steak tins and sweetened condensed milk down the mountain.

Phil proved himself a man by digging the enormous toilet pit but then disgraced himself on Sunday morning by his desperate rush to the outside of the hut where he threw up just outside the door. Thanks, Steve Curtain, for filling the toilet pit up again.

A prize should be awarded to Kjar, Roberts, Phil and Pamela for walking up Feathertop in shorts. While the rest of us were freezing (with at least thermal underwear under our shorts), they seemed to cope very well.

Since the hike to Mt. Feathertop, one wonders if anyone got to the summit! Unfortunately no, visibility was too low to be safe to continue to the peak even though some people had icepicks. The death of a member of the club in 1983 on a trip to Feathertop has led to more caution and respect for the dangers of the mountain. Fred did manage to get a view of the summit on Sunday 5:00 am, the hero. The cloud must have suddenly parted.

We left the mountain about 3:00 pm and took two hours to get down. We, the superheroes burned down Kathy, Paul, Nigel and Roberts (a non-paddler, but we let him come anyway seeing as he selected the people for each of the groups). Kathy and I came equal first from our group in the competition for the worst, most uncoordinated, pathetic bushwalkers- we fell over the most times when running at 100 km/hr down the eighty degree slope after Andrew Roberts.

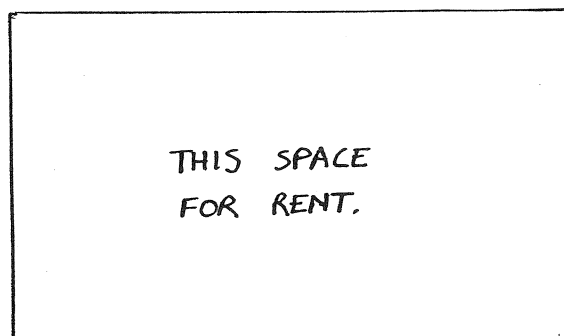
This seems an opportune time to mention the Trout Farm. Due to noise complaints by the owners of the previous years, we had to try to be very quiet and keep the stereos down. Some people found it difficult creeping past when they wanted to scream and yelp with excitement. Settle down Cathy and other excitable vermin.

Groups arrived at Porepunkah for drinks and dinner. They really are a bit slower in the country- one needs a cash register to add the price of two drinks together. There is a rumour circulating that Nick Gust successfully threw out his tent into the rubbish bin outside the pub and did not realise till he got to Euroa. That it was wrapped in a garbage bag can be his only excuse.

Apart from hiking, there was a bit of slothing, sleazing, sliding, slipping, swearing and lots of Steves ( as bad as the number of Daves). Thirty-seven people this year. Not a bad effort and not even a death. How about 200 next year.

Jane Cudmore.

- LOOK CLOSELY - DAVE BURNETT'S ON THE BOTTOM!
- JUST WHERE IS YOUR OTHER HAND CATHY?
- NICK TO DAVE: "BUGGER OFF"





**A One-Eyed View  
of The Alpine Instruction Weekend,  
Mount Feathertop and North West Spur,  
30th August-1st September.**

30th August  
MUMC Hut

Dear Diary,

I really thought we might not get here. We left Melbourne at about 2 pm and pretty quickly were asking for directions at the 7-11 in Pascoe Vale. We were actually exactly where we wanted to be but we thought we were somewhere else. That happened a lot of times tonight!! After stopping for hamburgers (and 42 cents worth of petrol for the stove) we got to Harrietville trout farm to find a cover of fresh snow. As far as the Steep Descent sign was uneventful but by then the snow was already deep enough to be slippery. It was raining. A few hours later we were bashing a trail through waist deep powder snow. Sometimes we thought we were on the proper track, mostly we didn't know where we were. I should have known there was a catch to going up in the early car! We tried lots of different methods of breaking the track. Steve tried the swing-your-leg-around-at-chest-height-and-plant-it method, Dave dug it down to his waist with his hands before stepping, and kneeling then stomping worked too. Mostly we just waded: it was all hard work. Eventually we gave up and a scout was sent on ahead. At the instant she sighted the hut the rear guard was reached by Fred and Paul O'Byrne. They'd only left Melbourne 4 hours after us!. We bounded the last 50 metres to a completely snow covered MUMC hut/igloo. It had taken nearly 8 hours!! Hot chocolate never tasted so good. Now everyone else is here and I'm snug in my bag. Boy will I sleep well tonight!

31st August  
Room 2  
The Snow Cave  
Northwest Spur  
Mt Feathertop.

Dear Diary,

Finally my fingers have thawed out enough to write. This snow cave is awesome. I'm in the main bedroom. On my right is an alcove, with a candle in it leading through to the dining room, where people had their dinner kicked over by others going through to what should be the lounge on the far end. On the left we can talk through the hole in the ceiling to Simon + Andrew in the room above. There's 17 people sleeping in here. It's amazingly pretty with the candle light reflecting off the walls and everyone in their trendy bright bags and bivvy sacs.

What's even more amazing is that I'm warm! Even my toes are warm. It's an interesting perspective on the world, where absolute heaven is achieved solely by warm toes. Makes life simple. It's been a good day though. Some silly nut woke us up at 9am. I wasn't in the group doing "Advanced Sleeping In" so I got up and instead learnt the theory of how to use an ice axe to stop myself sliding into oblivion off a glacier. We also learnt how to Prussick (I don't know how to spell it) up a rope-- like James Bond does with his shoe laces-- and after lunch roped up for Glacier travel and headed out onto the treacherous ridge. It was grey and foggy but not unpleasant.

Everyone gathered at the last saddle for the leaders to show us what not to do, like walk too close to the cornice so it falls off or put in anchors that pull out when you slip over the edge. They eventually broke off enough cornice to make a safe place for

a cave then there was a lot of enthusiastic digging (for about the next 4 hours!). When we weren't digging the others practised belays and self arrests while Vicky and I played with our stove (the one with the unleaded petrol in it). It took at least 8 matches to light and then usually blew out. Once it was lit the safety valve invariably caught fire. Somehow we managed to burn the dinner permanently on to the billy. Now, full of pasta, and custard with fruitcake I think I'll sleep alright. It's pretty cold out though, my mittens have frozen as stiff as a board and there's ice in my plaits.

1st September  
North Melbourne

Dear Diary,

It's the first day of Spring. The weather certainly set out to remind us that this morning. It was fantastic! Clear blue sky and sun everywhere. Of course when Andrew R. woke us to say it was sunny this morning we didn't believe him, and you can't see much with only your nose poking out of the bag. I was far too warm to move. Those Daffodil bags are great. Eventually I got bored looking at the inside of my sleeping bag hood and got up. I had some trouble with my boots. My feet wouldn't go in until they melted a fair bit (the boots I mean--the feet were warm until they got in the boots). Now I have new respect for mountaineers.

We all stomped up to the summit in the sun. It's a heavenly place with a view for miles and untouched, white shine everywhere. The lazy people sunbaked on the ridge. We found a steep slope to practice self arrests: sliding on our bottoms, our heads, our faces; spinning and sliding and rolling; getting control and then hitting the jump and tumbling again; snow down our necks, down our trousers, up our noses--the Best Fun. There was a bit of cornice jumping, and some impromptu cornice breaking, but no one fell into Avalanche Gully so Paul was happy. After a bit more teaching and lunch we hoofed it for the cars, slithering in the now icy, melting snow. We had the usual Hamburger-from-down-the-road in the Myrtleford Pub on the way home and debriefed. It's been a really terrific experience. I've challenged myself a bit, got a lot fitter and learnt heaps. I guess I had soaking wet, freezing cold feet continuously (except when I was in bed), but I've forgotten that already, and I won't be as scared of them next time. Sitting in my little box in town I can dream about the weekend and it will make it all a lot more bearable. I just wish I wasn't quite so sunburnt.

#### **Memorable quotes:**

On the way up Steep Descent.

Beginner: "How much further is it?"

Leader: "About 15 minutes."

"Life is really just a series of gear tests" --from someone who's just torn their brand new 3mm foam, trying out their bivvy sac inside the hut.

Dinnertime by the cave: "I feel like a frozen T-bone steak".

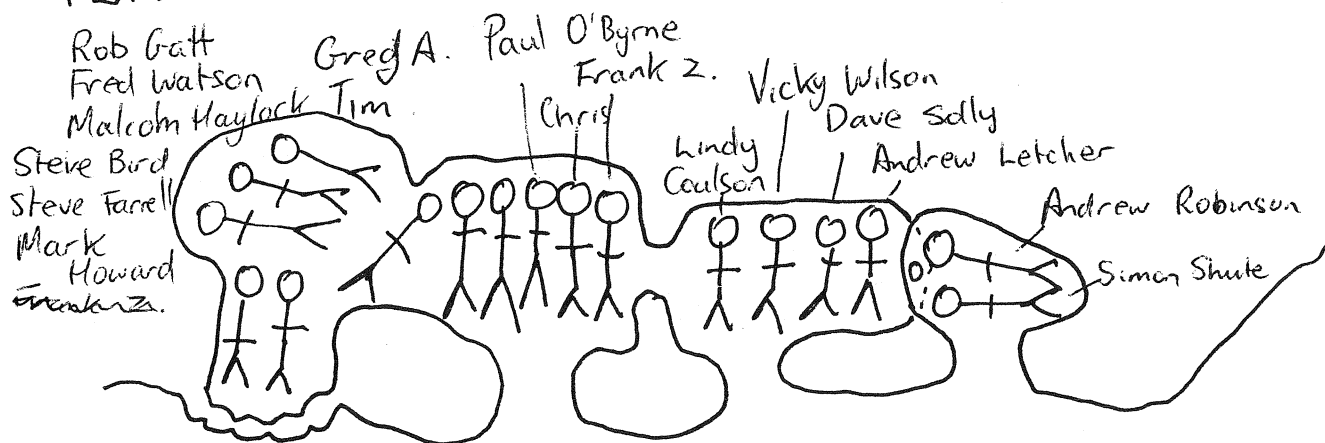
**Special thanks to our intrepid leaders--Paul O'Byrne, Andrew Letcher, Rob Gatt, Malcolm Haylock and Greg Abramovich--who braved the cold and our ignorance to take us into the wilds.**

Lindy Coulson

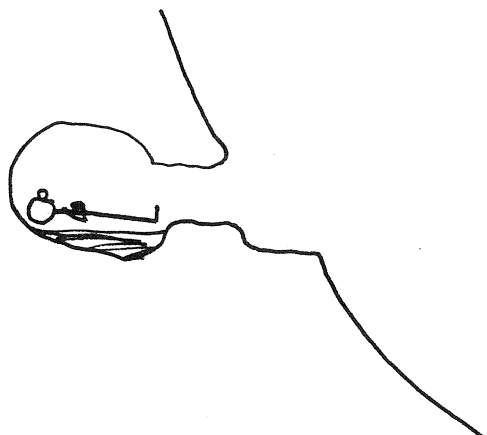
# THE SNOW CAVE



## PLAN



## CROSS SECTION





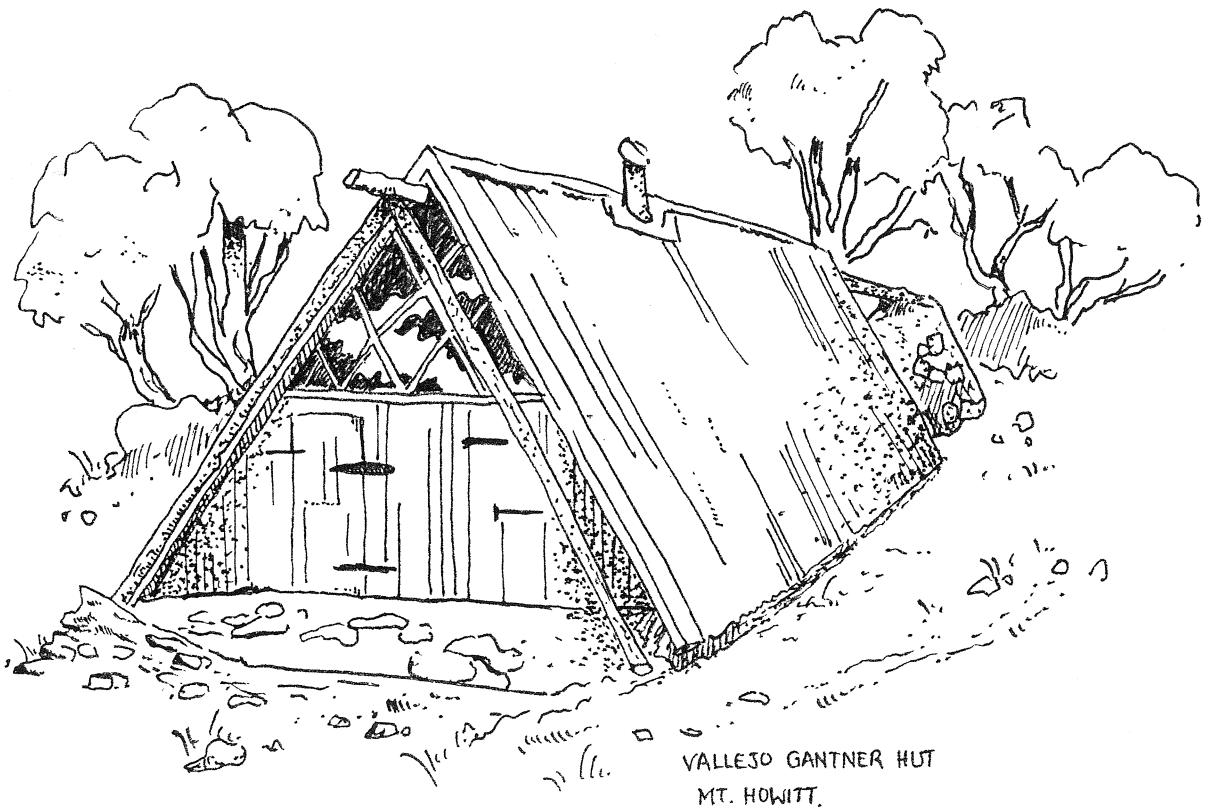


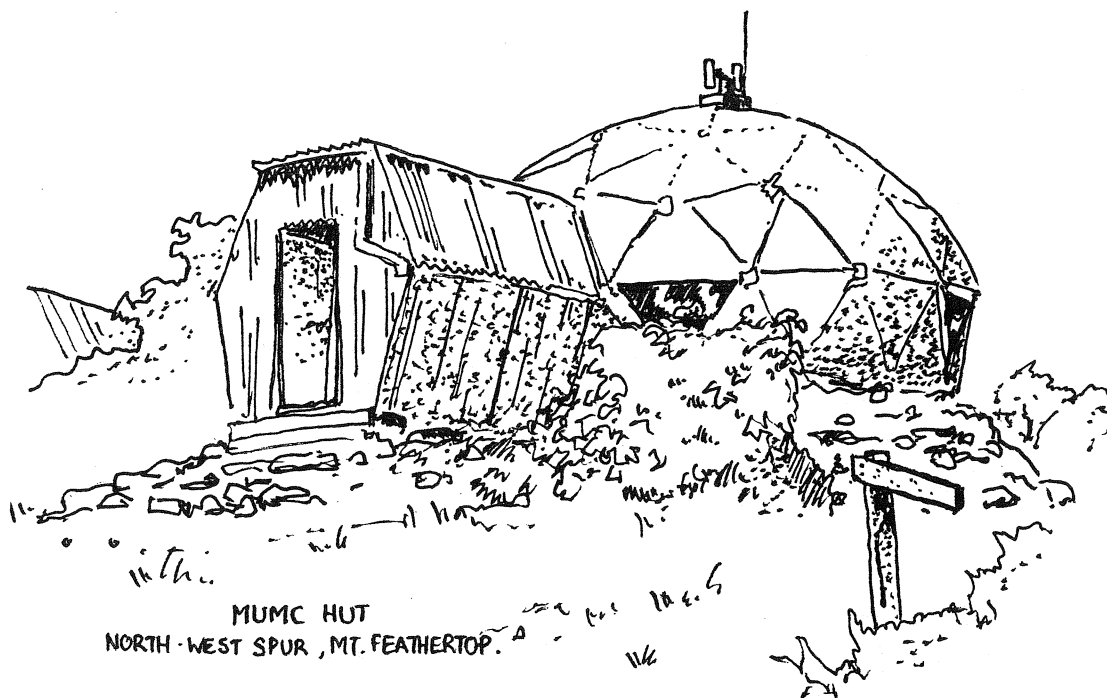
# MOUNTAIN REFUGES

---spare a thought---

"Occasionally, the cool wind outside gathers enough strength to sneak into the hut through the various cracks in the aging wood. The quiet shuffle of feet on the floor boards, the quiet whisper of conversation and the bubbling of a morning brew on a stove. A sleeping bag rustles in the stillness- someone is turning over. All the while, light streams through the window, into the relative quiet and dark of the interior, exposing many minute dust particles floating and swaying about in the warmth- swirling in tiny eddies and air currents..."

Whether it may be standing in the doorway of a hut on a balmy summer day or peering out of the tiny window into an autumn bluster, one can almost sense the dramas of the past and the atmosphere of solitude.



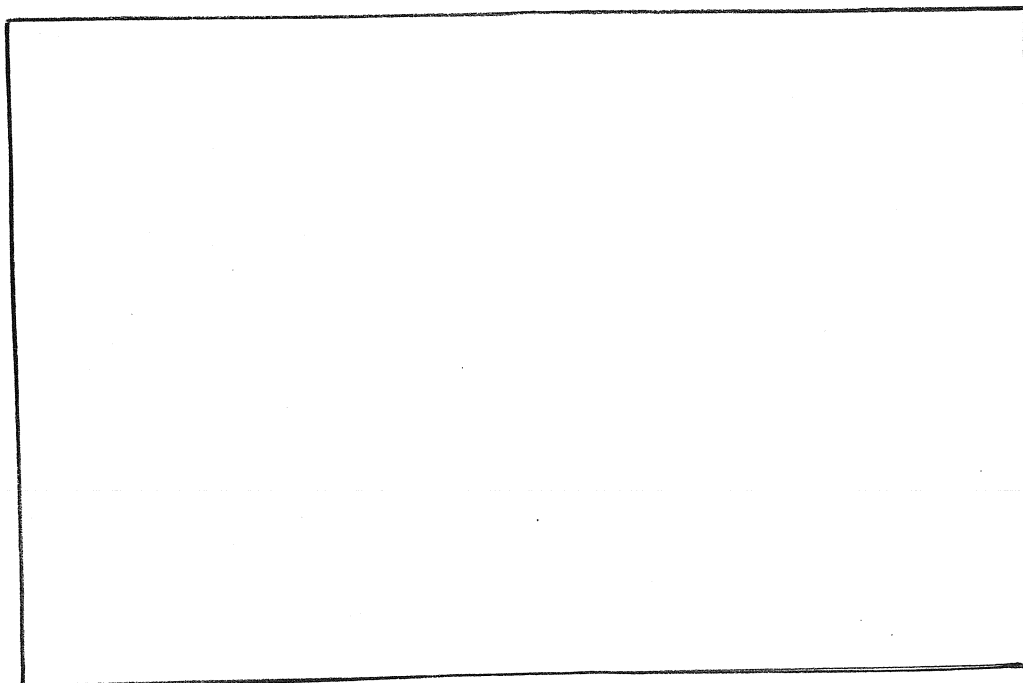
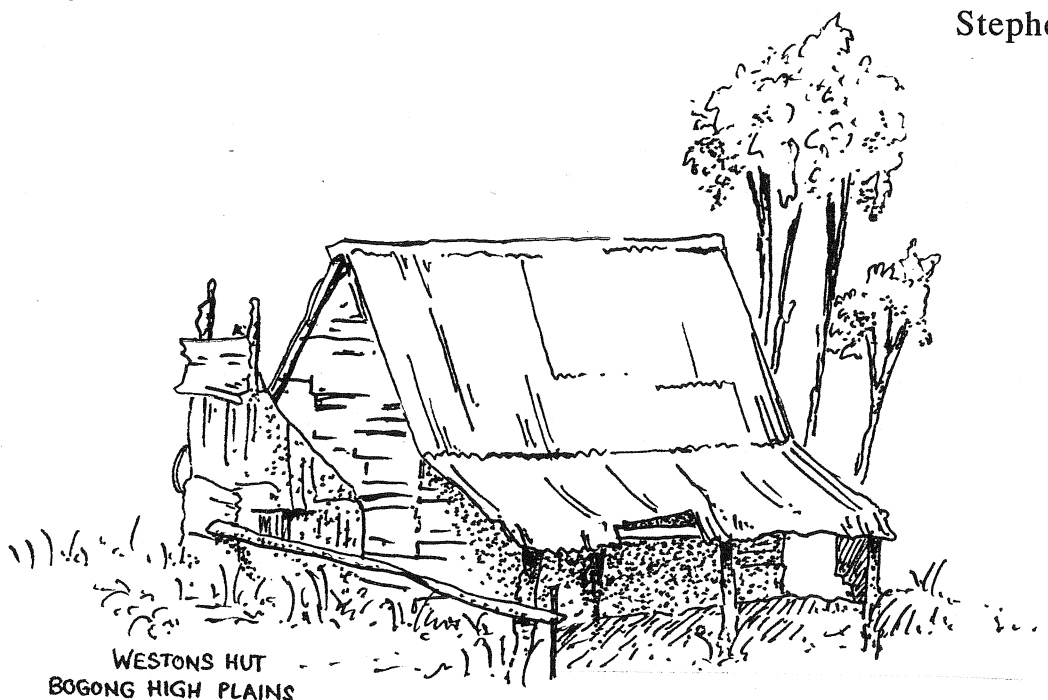


Scattered throughout the ranges of Victoria, Tasmania and New South Wales, huts in various states of repair provide some welcome for the passer-by. Over the handful of past decades, these refuges have proven to be invaluable: providing a warm and enjoyable for a large group, a momentary from swirling clouds and wind or perhaps a lucky escape for a weary soul in the bitter cold of winter. Many of the older huts and shelters have been built by local stockmen and their families within each of the respective areas, such as Wallaces hut in 1889 on the Bogong High Plains, though others have been built by clubs, societies and prominent individuals. Several huts have been built in memory of those perished- Vallejo Gantner hut on Mt. Howitt, Seaman's hut on Kosciusko, Derricks hut beside Mt. Loch and perhaps most commonly known, Cleve Cole hut on Mt. Bogong. The club's own hut, on the crest of the North-West spur off Mt. Feathertop, stands as a tribute to those who built it but also those people that passed away, who had often been heavily involved with MUMC. On a more enlightening note, the hut has already seen quite a bit of action this winter- in particular during the Midnight Ascent and the Alpine Instruction Weekend, accommodating large numbers of people quite well...(well, almost!).

So on your next venture into these special areas, whether it be with MUMC or not, spare a thought for the time and effort put into the hut's construction, its state, cleanliness ( or rubbish for that

matter!) and give a little consideration, not only for the benefit of your return but of others as well.

Stephen Curtain



"MUMC HUT ON A SNOWY DAY IN FOG"



## **SO THIS IS WHY I GO TO UNIVERSITY.**

The Midnight Ascent: - jewel in the MUMC crown; the high point, literally and figuratively, of the club's year. Huge.

### **Amazing Fact Number 1:**

Eighty people put their names on the trip list. This is the longest list in living memory. I suspect this means MUMC is Back In Town.

### **Amazing fact number 2:**

Number eighty on the list, Fred, who must have treated coming to the trip meeting as a bit of a joke, got to go! The number of pull-outs was exactly correct (until Dave the Fruit Loop remembered Steve the Wunderkind; result: a very full Legendmobile), leaving 36 Ascenters packing their japaras on Friday (some later in the evening than others).

### **Worrying News.**

As our heroes gathered at the clubrooms on Friday evening, the rumours began to circulate. Blizzard conditions in the high country; freezing temperatures; horizontal sheets of sleet; the Hume cut by floods at Euroa; earthquakes; bushfires; extraterrestrial landings.

This was going to be a full-on Midnight Ascent.

### **Things Run Smoothly. Shock!**

Everyone left pretty much on time and on target, even Mad Mike and his Green Machine. The Legendmobile of Dave the Fruit Loop was the last to leave the Melbourne City Limits, and was also, surprisingly, the last to arrive at the trout farm. Dave must have been in one of his rare mellow driving moods: he only came close to crashing once.

Apart from a map that reduced the Bright/Trout Farm distance from 15km to 7km, and had more than one car ready to turn back, Andrew the Froberts's organization of this notorious leg of the journey was smooth, professional, and an inspiration to world leaders everywhere. A Nobel Peace Prize is in the mail.

### **Has everyone noticed the snow?**

Leaping from a warm car into the cold alpine night was quite a shock. Firstly, it was sleeting. Ughhh! Hands turned blue, then green, and were soon glowing in the dark. Perhaps the extraterrestrial stories were true.

Packs were packed, unpacked, hefted onto shoulders then quickly dropped again. Jumpers were piled onto bodies in powers of ten. The wise refrained, chuckled, and then chuckled again half-an-hour later as layer after layer of clothing was peeled off. It may be minus three, but walking is still hard work.

Snowdrifts before the final creek crossing warned of things to come. Well before the Steep Decent sign the snow was three metres deep. Not long after it was ten metres deep, and a periscope was needed to check navigation. By the time the last groups reached the final ridge at about 5.00am the snow was at least fifty metres deep in some places, one hundred in others, and we were all using oxygen and probing with super-extension snow poles in an effort to find the hut. At least it wasn't blizzarding.

### **What do you think you're doing?**

As usual on the Midnight Ascent, everyone celebrated their Glorious Victory over the Pitiless Extremes of Nature by Falling Asleep In the Loft. Some brave souls pitched tents and were never seen again, while Phil dug a toilet pit baring a remarkable resemblance to the Grand Canyon. A little later a certain bunch of immoral and disreputable Mountaineers (led primarily by Cathy and Jane) instigated some Serious Fun in the loft, involving the confusion of Dave the Fruit Loop with a pillow. Before long, all ten thousand trip participants were in the loft, leaping, rolling, laughing and some other activity I couldn't recognize, threatening to collapse the whole fandango and send the club hurtling back to the Fifties (at least in terms of membership numbers). Pretty soon a few unspeakables decided to take the club back to the Sixties, and everyone else went downstairs and left them to it.

### **Shiver. Click.**

"Pure insanity." "Very, very cold." These were just two of the thoughts that went through the minds of those girls who had decided to wear backless dresses for a formal dinner in the snow. "Get Down." This was the thought that went through the mind of the twenty litres of snow that found its way into said dresses. And it did.

The cloudy snowy stuff that had enveloped us and the mountain all weekend lifted just as thirty-seven brave Mountaineers lined up for the traditional photos, just outside the hut. Revealed was a glorious, awe-inspiring, breath-taking, heavenly, mind-numbing, consciousness-expanding view of the Owens Valley and surrounding peaks, which we promptly stood in front of and turned our backs to. A couple of jokers who had picked the Wrong Weekend to come to Feathertop were loaded up with cameras and taught to say "Say Cheese", while we all lounged about in the snow looking stupid. They just looked like two bewildered Japanese tourists (snowy ones). As soon as the photos were done the cloud swooped in again. Weird.<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> Fred later spoke of wandering out of the hut on his own at 4.00am to see the weather clear instantly and produce a spectacularly moonlit Feathertop, Owens Valley, etc. under a billion sparkling stars. After blinking at it all a few times, and just after his heart had started beating again, the clouds closed in and it was gone. My skin crawls just to imagine it.

### **A Party on a Mountain.**

Cook Cook Cook. Eat Eat Eat. Drink Drink Drink. Dance<sup>1</sup>. Sing Sing Sing. Dave the Participant in the Naughtiness cooked some pumpkin soup which won the culinary award, closely followed by Phil's mushrooms. Nigel's souffle was saved from the fierce MUMC taste-test when it was thrown all over both him and the floor before anyone could eat any. Steve fell through the roof and lived. Phil the Recently Single, Mad Mike, Dave the Festival of Light, Steve the Nipple, Dave the Fruit Loop, Andrew the Froberts and Steve the Wunderkind had way too much to drink and also lived. Time Warped. Shears Clicked. Six brave souls linked their arms around eachothers shoulders (for both physical and moral support) and sung really old, daggy songs in the time-honoured fashion. A few of them continued their drunken warblings until the sinister hour of 10:00pm, whereupon Phil, attempting to throw-up through the hole in the loft, instead muttered a pathetic "Sssshhhhhh!" resulting in the next half hour being taken- up with incomprehensible ravings by Dave Festival, Andrew Froberts and Steve Nipple as to why everyone who had gone to bed was a woos, why it's fundamentally important to the meaning of life and the underlying nature of all things that they keep everyone awake for a little longer, and something about okapis.

As they staggered to bed, Steve informed everyone that there were two girls in his tent and he didn't know what to do.

### **Oh No!.. The Morning.**

Everyone was a little on the quiet and woosey side in the morning, particularly Phil, who engaged in a bit of snow re-decoration. Hang-overs were compared. A handful in the loft brushed-up on their very rusty conversational techniques, while most ventured to the summit area. Jumping off cornices is a habit best not to become addicted to. There are few cornices in Collins st., let alone deep, dry, powder snow of the mouth-watering quality to be found that day.

### **Warm.**

As everyone packed and prepared for the trip down it was noticed that the temperature outside was warmer than inside. Dave risked his sanity removing the deckchairs from the dungeon, and Sue the Terminally Asleep and Steve Wunderkind sat on them. Still, it was snowing as the groups set out for their epic descent. It is just possible that some glissading, bulldozing, falling-over and snow fights were had on the way down. Andrew the Froberts, tired after his night of revelry, decided to slow his group down by hitting them with his ice-axe. Jane was first, but the look on her face, not to mention the lump

---

<sup>1</sup>There wasn't as much dancing as the other things.

on her arm and the blue of her fingers, put a stop to all that. Once back in the car-park, Tim the Surgeon prodded and poked while we blocked our ears to hide the screams... (It wasn't broken).

### **The Pub, Pub, Pubberty Pub.**

Ache. Creak. Stagger. Wobble. Sit. Drink. Sigh.

Porepunka Pub.

Best to eat all the tour-bus's bread rather than wait for service. After all, Melbourne was still 3 hours away...

### **Epilogue.**

There was a serious movement to get everyone together and do it all again the following weekend. If you have to ask why, you weren't there the first time.

Dave Festival of Light Burnett.



# BOOKWORM OR BEER.

Bonus (!) - MUMC has a library albeit small and dated. And yes, the books can be borrowed for up to a month and only requires a committee member to fill the loans folder- simple eh.

Despite its modest size, it encompasses such areas as alpinism ( it's 'Froberts' for mountaineering ) and other facets associated with the club. A glaring oversight has been made not to obtain a book covering perhaps the club's most (in)famous past-time- Pub Appreciation. The collection range from museum- like relics ( treat them with lots of T.L.C ) to folios of the Franklin river in full colour. Also are back issues of the Paddler, Sierra Club Bulletin, Habitat and Wild which cannot be borrowed. Of special mention, is the original logbook of MUMC's hut and back- issues of the Mountaineer dating to around the sixties. These are an integral part of the club and permission should be sought in order to ensure they remain intact.

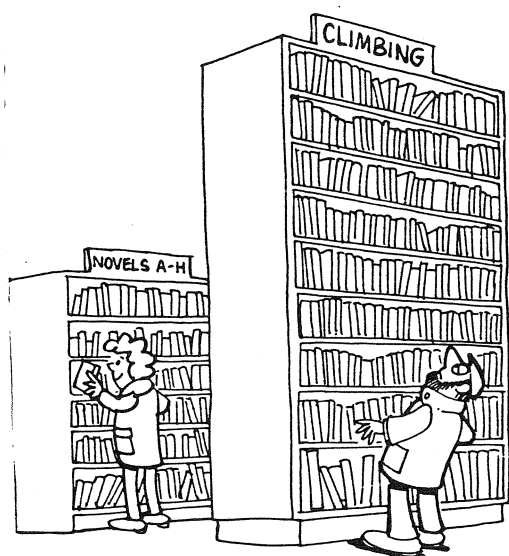
The collection has been stagnant for most of 1991 and is need of updating; recommendations and donations are welcome. Better still, why not write a review ( of any length ) and submit it to the Mountaineer to be published or passed to the respective convenor for purchasing.

Hopefully, most people will find that perfect book to read before bedtime and is an invaluable reference for planning future trips over the Summer holidays. However, the NEW BEER GARDEN might prove more tempting- what a shame!!

## Suggestions:

Bushwalking and Mountaincraft Leadership  
Bushwalking in the Victorian Alps  
Climbing Ice ( by Yvon Chouinard )  
Wild River ( by Peter Dombrovskis )  
Alps in Flower ( great in Summer )  
Rock Climber's guide to North Grampians  
Sierra food for the Pack  
History of Wonnagatha Station  
White Limbo ( first Aust. climb to Everest )  
Kayak ( cartoons galore! )

Peter Chew



# **T - SHIRT COMPETITION!!!**

A one litre Sigg bottle and a free t-shirt is on offer for a winning design for the front of a club t-shirt to be printed.

The back of the t-shirt will be



(in Navy blue on white t-shirt)

For the front we are looking for a colourful design - including a picture and slogan. Entries should be on A4 paper, with name and phone number included. Entry is made by filing the design in Andrew Robert's file, in the clubrooms.

Entries close 23rd. October!

# MOUNTAINEERING

## IS MUCH MORE FUN WITH CADBURY'S CHOCOLATE

When you pack your rucksack, always include a good supply of Cadbury's chocolate. It's a delicious source of quick energy, and provides a welcome break on a long climb.

Apart from the good taste of Cadbury's chocolate, you'll find it an excellent means of carrying a compact and non-perishable reserve supply of food. Cadbury's chocolate is now wrapped in a specially coated foil for extra protection.

Choose your favourite: Cadbury's Dairy Milk, if you like milk chocolate with that glass-and-a-half, or Cadbury's Energy, if you prefer the dark chocolate. Particularly good for the mountains, or anywhere else for that matter, is Cadbury's Old Jamaica — Energy chocolate with rum-flavoured raisins. Then, of course, there are all the other wonderful block chocolates in the Cadbury's range made all the more tempting with nuts and fruit.



I want  
Cadbury's

MD19/FP/5

" I ALWAYS WAKE UP IN THE MORNING AFTER  
PARTIES WITH RUBBER IN MY MOUTH! "

DAVE BURNETT  
(MORALS CONVENOR)

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

12 INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

12 INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

12 INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

12 INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

