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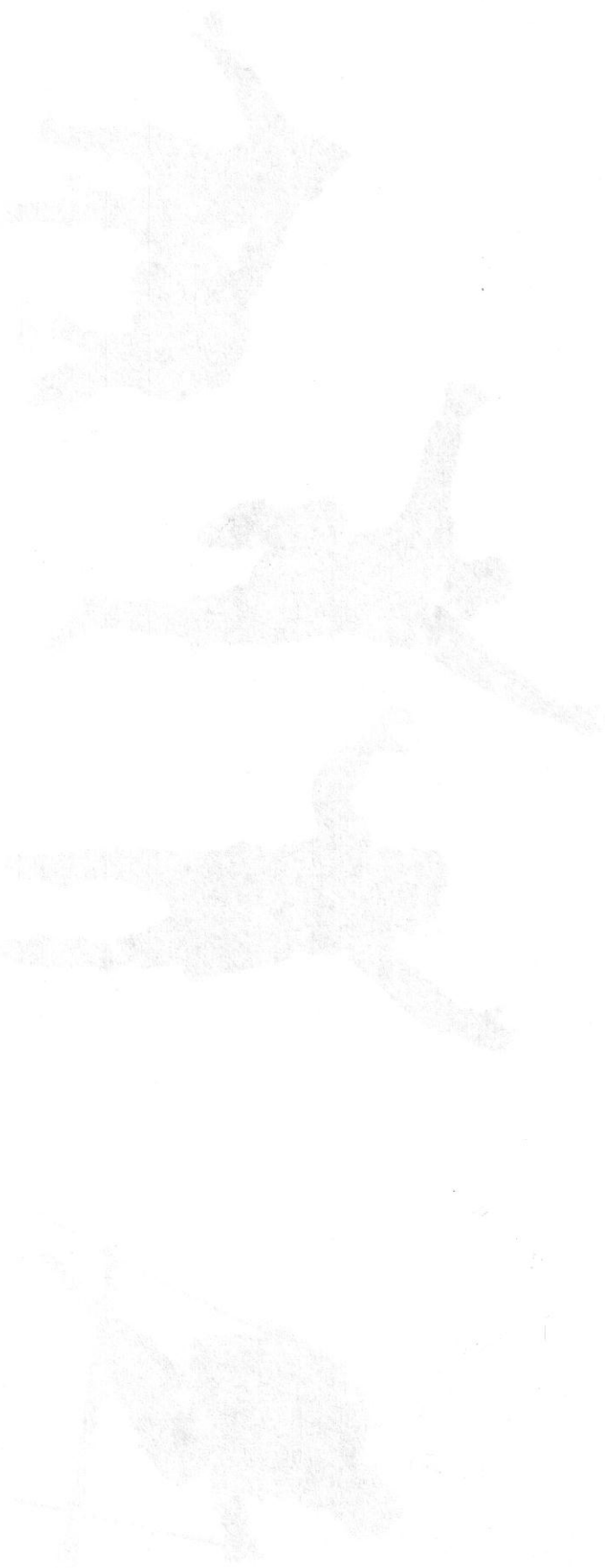


MOUNTAINEER

THE MOUNTAINEERING CLUB OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

SEPTEMBER ISSUE

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-EDITORIAL-

Here it is! Those of you who have been yearning for a taste of literary genius (in the form of the Mountaineer) will no doubt have their hunger satisfied by this colossal issue.

As the new editor for this esteemed magazine, I have been impressed by the number of people who willingly submit articles about various experiences had with the club. Not surprisingly, with trips such as Midnight Ascent just past, there is no shortage of legendary acts and embarrassing moments, (one and the same!?) to be shared. Naturally as editor it is my duty to convey these in their purest form, hence, the SLUSH REVIVAL! Slush will become a regular magazine feature whereby quotable quotes (sure to tarnish the image of even the most virtuous club member) will be reiterated for all and sundry to snicker at! Aside from this, the magazine will comprise any articles and photos that "you", the club member, wants to see published for the enjoyment of others.

I would also like to extend congratulations to the outgoing (as opposed to extroverted!) editors, Nigel and Peter, for creating such a high standard magazine for me and all contributors to maintain.

In anticipation of an even bigger and better second issue,

Kind Regards,

Cathy Sealey

(Publications)

Presidential Rave

Over the past four years MUMC has provided me with some of the best experiences of my life, and most of my closest friends. There are many others whose life has revolved around the club who would echo these sentiments. Afterall, is there anything more to life than skiing, paddling, climbing, bushwalking and being outdoors? I sincerely doubt it. This year I hope to put back into the club something in return for the remarkable times it has provided me with.

Most of the activities in which the club participates involve some element of danger, and it is this sense of adventure which draws people to the club. Many of us live for this sense of adventure; my life revolves almost solely around it.

There is a background risk to everyday life and that is something that we all accept. This includes possibilities such as earthquakes, being hit by a falling tree or lightning, and being run over crossing the road. To completely eliminate these possibilities would be impractical and involve a state of unnecessary perpetual anxiety. However, activities which involve a risk significantly above this background level deserve action. The high risk of MUMC activities dictates that the club cannot afford to be complacent about safety standards. To take a passive approach to this issue is to invite the accident we all dread and hope will not occur. Unfortunately, hoping that something will not occur is not enough; maintaining and improving safety standards must be an active concern of all club members. We will not be able to make our activities as safe as everyday life, nor should we want to, but we can avoid taking pointless risks that can be practically avoided.

Being safe should not limit trips in anyway. The club will continue to run trips at the very highest levels of each sport, and I hope to be on as many of these trips as possible. The thrill of adventure should be derived from the high level of an activity, not a low level of safety.

Enough raving; the snow and rain has finally arrived, someone has obviously pleased the God of foul weather, floods and snow. (Maybe it has to do with my imminent depature?) Time to fire up and get out there!

Wooose!

FRONT

COVER : FEATHERTOP CORNICE JUMPING : BACK COVER : MT MACKAY

M.UM.C COMMITTEE - 1992

PRESIDENT	Steve Carter
VICE PRESIDENT	Dave Wilson
SECRETARY	Kate Bradshaw
ASSIS. SECRETARY	Dan Colborne
TREASURER	Russel Smith
PUBLICATIONS	Cathy Sealey
SOCIAL SECRETARY	Maddy Goldie
GEAR STORE	Laura Ross
	Julie Edwards
CONSERVATION	Andy Gaff
<u>CONVENORS</u>	
BUSHWALKING	Stuart Dobbie
CANOEING	Euan Robinson
ROCKCLIMBING	Steve Bird
CAVING	Tom Bevan
SKIING	Steve Curtin

* Phone numbers of all committee members are available on the clubroom notice board.

WHAT'S HAPPENING?

GENERAL

: M.U.M.C Bushdance - ~~OCTOBER 9TH (FRI)~~

: ST John's Ambulance first aid course commencing 21st
September for six weeks.

TRIPS- make sure you check trip folders for further details.

ROGAINING

WHEN: September 12

12 Midday - 12 Midnight

PADDLING

I.V PADDLING!

WHEN: 28 September - 2 October

WHERE: Goobigandra River, N.S.W

EVENTS: Slalom, Down River Race, Rapid Race, Canoe Polo,

Driving there and back!!

WHO: anyone and everyone who wants to be part of the action -
paddling skills are not a prerequisite!

WHY: Why not! For the really keen it's a chance to paddle all

week on a quality river, see a little bit more of the Australian landscape, mingle with other university students from all over the country, and win all the trophies again for the third year running!

ROCKCLIMBING

WHERE: Candlestick, Tasmania

WHEN: December 24-28th

BIKE RIDING

WHERE: Mt Tanglefoot and Mt St Leonard (Healsville area)

WHEN: 12-13 or 19-20th September

16 km.

St Johns First Aid Course

Starts: Monday 21 September, 6pm to
9pm for 6 weeks

Where: City, 285 Latrobe st, enter via
A'beckett st.

Cost: 95\$. The Club now subsidises 2/3
of this ie the course costs only 32\$!

*(You must have been on at least two
club trips during the year. See a
committee member for approval.)

How: There will be a large MUMC
contingent attending this course. Either
book direct on **670 5576** or contact
Stuart Dobbie 387-4496 for further details.

SEE BUSHWALKING FOLDER

POLO REPORT - SEASONS BEATINGS!

The Winter season for canoe polo was only to be a short six weeks. This meant that no sooner had you played four matches you already had a fair idea whether the finals were a legitimate goal to aim for. (no pun intended) MUMC entered three novice teams (which soon amalgamated), one C Grade, one B Grade and one A Grade team. Most people refined (or quickly acquired) skills during some intensive (?) pre-season training.

Many novice players perhaps felt out of their depth (literally), as the stability of polo boats was threatened by a seemingly more enlightened opposition or first game nerves! Once they they found their "sealegs" it was encouraging to watch many players improve and develop both their teamwork and game plan.

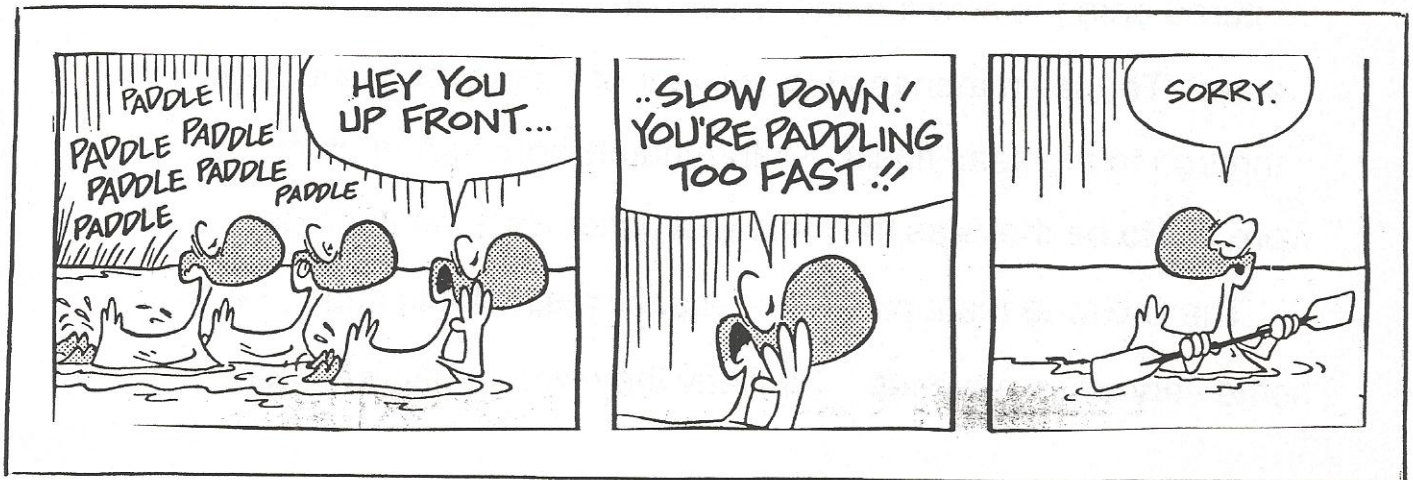
A little further up the team strata came C Grade. As seasoned D Graders last year (coming second) the C Grade team ventured onto the now familiar waters of the State Swimming Centre. The team managed to win four of six matches and make it through to the semi-finals. Unfortunately honour and glory were not to be theirs as they lost to a better team on the night.

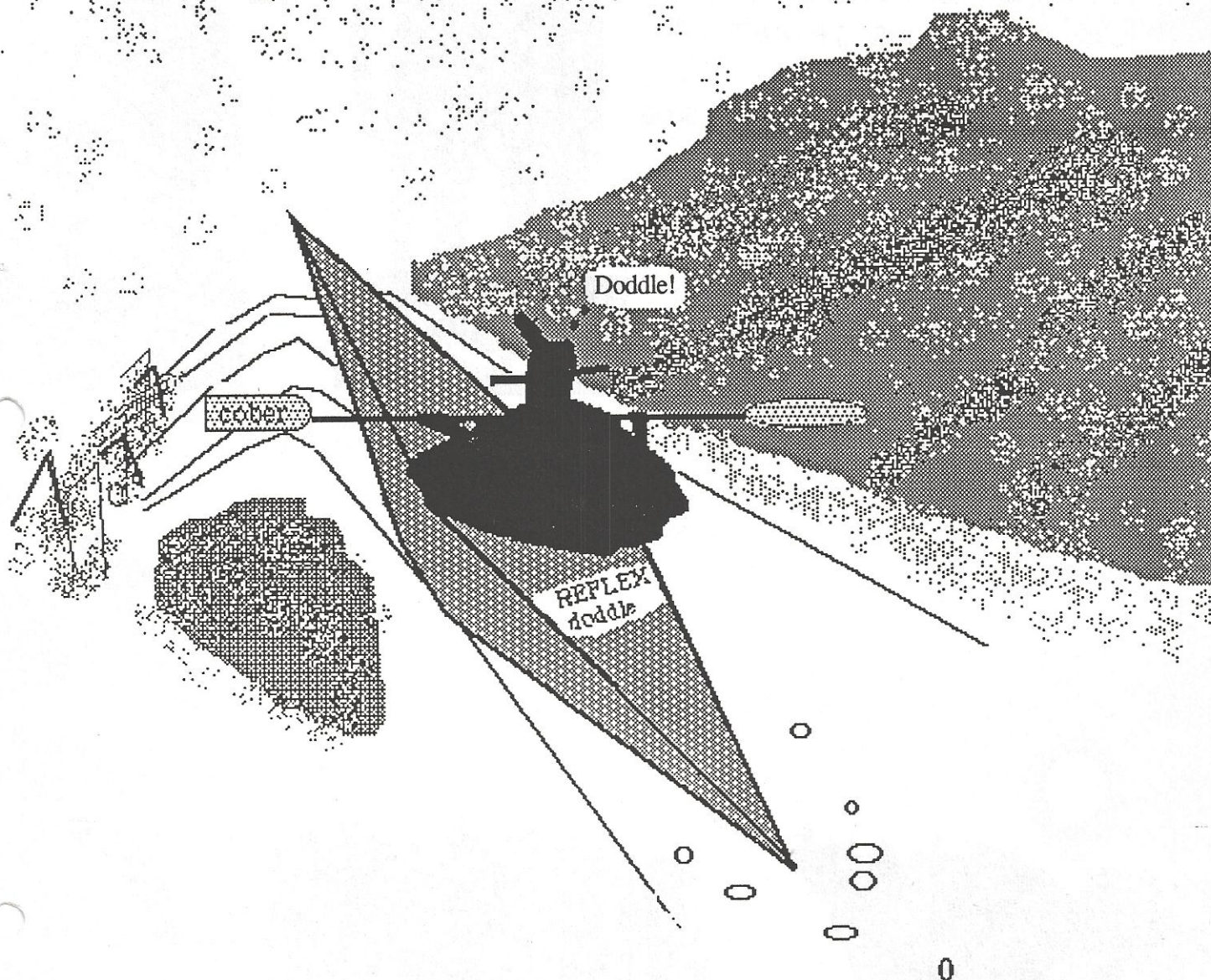
The B Grade team played an equally respectable season with some very close matches. Similarly they were to miss a chance

at a finals berth, but, are optimistically looking towards a promising Spring season.

The season started well for the A Grade team with some very exciting matches played. To the onlooker there did not appear to be much discrepancy between the teams, although some players had finely tuned their skills in umpire abuse!! (This must not be read as being conducive to better playing!!) Again, the finals were not to be, however, the season provided a chance for the team to sort out some game strategies and test out some newly acquired Stingray boats!!

Cathy Sealey



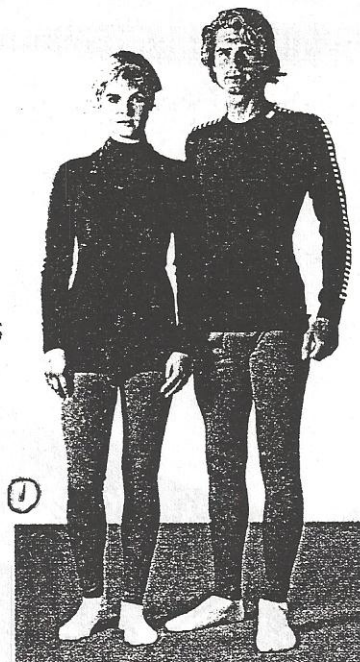


A quiet days paddling on the Indi at 1.6m, in the snow, after 3 hours sleep and 800km of driving.

DRESS FOR MOUNTAIN TRIPS

- ① THERMALS
- ② WOOLLEN (NOT NYLON!) JUMPER
OR POLAR PLUS JACKET.
- ③ WOOLLEN/POLARTEC PANTS,
EXPLORERS/WOOLLEN/POLYPROPELENE SOCKS
- ④ WINDPROOF ANORAK,
WATERPROOF OVERPANTS, GAITERS.
- ⑤ DON'T FORGET:
SUNGLASSES, GLOVES, BEANIE,
WATERPROOF JACKET/JAPARA
SCARF.

IF OVERNIGHT TRIP SPARE SOCKS
AND EXTRA JUMPER!



N.B. JACKETS, JAPARAS AND GAITERS
CAN BE HIRED FROM MUMC!



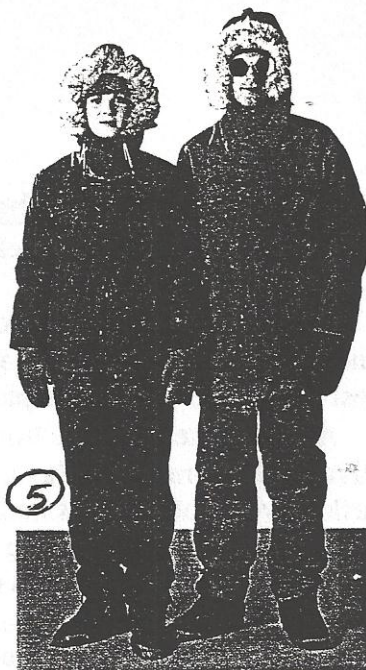
ABOVE:

SKI-JUMPING AT HOLMENKOLLEN, OSLO.

RIGHT: DIFFERENT SKI-JUMPING STYLES

OVER THE DECADES. THE LAST REVOLUTION
INTRODUCED BY JAN BOKLÖV, A SWEDEN,
IN 1989 IS TO SPREAD THE SKIS OUTWARD,
THUS CREATING A LARGER SURFACE AREA
(BODY + SKIS INSTEAD OF SKIS ONLY). THIS
MEANS THE SKIER WILL FALL SLOWER, IN
WHICH TIME HE WILL TRAVEL FURTHER
HORIZONTALLY.

SKIING WITH TWO STOCKS WAS
ONLY BEGUN AROUND THE TURN
OF THIS CENTURY. BEFORE,
ONLY ONE POLE WAS USED AND
TO STOP THIS WAS DRAGGED ON
THE GROUND BETWEEN THE
SKIERS LEGS AND PULLED UPWARD!



DANIEL COLBORNE, SKI-TOURING IN NORWAY.

SKIKURS AUF RIGI



5.6.&7. JANUAR
1906

Veranstaltet vom
SKI-CLUB LUZERN
KURSLEITER

HRREN LEIF BERG & T. BYÖRNSTAD
CHRISTIANIA



Feathertop Ski Trip 25-26 July

Participants: Steve Carter, Nick Gust, Cathy Sealey, Dave Wilson.

Arriving at 1 pm on Saturday morning at the trout farm in Harietville, it was generally agreed we should walk up to the MUMC hut via the NW spur that night. Most of us were too tired to judge the ramifications of this decision at the time!

As we walked past the trout farm, listening to the dogs barking and imagining salivating Doberman pinchers, urged on by the farmer with his shotgun, Nick was startled by one of the dogs nudging at his legs. Fortunately it wasn't after his flesh, and the border collie, smelling strongly of all sorts of farm smells, decided that we were obviously more fun than chasing sheep, and refused to let us out of its sight.

After two creek crossings, and by the time we reached the snowline, we realised that this mutt was serious about his weekend trips! It soon became obvious that the dog knew the way in the dark better than we did. The mutt would run ahead 20m, then stop and wait for us, always on the track, even when it became snow covered. The dog's excitement increased as we neared the hut, despite our fears that it would die of hypothermia, or one of us would have to share a sleeping bag with it.

The fog, sleet, and heavy new snow on Saturday afternoon did little to encourage moving from a warm sleeping bag, however we eventually made it out and decided to try for the summit. The dog of course was not to be left out, and our respect for the insulating properties of fur grew as he bounded through snow up to its neck. We traversed our way across the slope, avoiding the ridge and slowly zig-zagging our way to the top. Never having been to the summit, and with visibility limited to 20m, we had little idea how far from the top we were. Some of the group had little idea how steep the slope we were climbing was either, which they admitted later, was probably a good thing! As we reached somewhere near the top, the soft snow turned slowly to ice, it started to sleet in earnest, and with our turn-around time approaching we headed down, summit unreached.

Descent took the form at first of cautious traverses along our ascent tracks. Once it was realised that the soft snow cushioned most falls, a more sophisticated crash and burn technique was used. Skis were pointed downhill, turning was put aside as an unnecessary energy waste, and warp speeds were reached. The futility of turning was demonstrated by Dave, who attempted a jump turn with the upper portion of his body, but unfortunately left his legs behind, resulting in some painful anatomical difficulties around the knee area. Cathy efforts culminated in a spectacular slide over a rocky drop, much to the horror of the spectators. Not long after leaving the summit, the fog decided to clear, revealing much to our annoyance that our tracks were less than 50m from the top!

A cloudless night on Saturday resulted in a freezing nights sleep for those who thought the hut would be warm, and didn't bother to bring a decent sleeping bag. A special meeting was called around 11 pm to discuss the temperature, and it was generally agreed that it was Damned Cold!

The overnight temperature meant the snow on Sunday was absolutely rock hard. Skiing past the hut I stumbled and was surprised to continue sliding on my stomach into a tree!. The perfect sunshine was encouragement enough to make another summit attempt. The snow was too icy to attempt the traverses we had taken on Saturday as the slopes below contained rocks and trees, so a route on the hut side of the ridge was taken. The open slope leading to the summit had a thin centimetre

cover of wind blown snow on the ice which made side stepping relatively easy. I followed these patches of snow, until they ran out and stamping steps into the ice with skis was necessary. Eventually the ice became too hard and corrugated to do even this, and I was halted 20m from the top. Two people with ice axes and crampons walked above me on the ridge, and were surprised to see me standing tentatively below. I was tempted to take my skis off and kick steps, but as they were the only thing that would stop me if I slipped, I decided not to.

The dog, which had followed me, was not to be stopped by a few patches of ice, and excited by the two mountaineers, headed on to the summit. Here it was left as I skied down.

After launching into my first turn I discovered that although I could control my speed, I couldn't stop. Further down however the thin cover of windblown snow, and perfectly smooth slope made for magic skiing. The creek at the bottom had turned into a perfect U-pipe, and felt like a skater going from one bank to the other.

The dog became lonely on the summit by itself, and its usual silence was broken by some distressed whines. It was not until Nick shouted encouragement that the dog was brave enough to head off the edge and slide/tumble its way down. What a mutt!

Cathy, Nick and Dave were keen to ski, so we found a gentle slope that was completely free of trees and rocks, and ended in a smooth creek gully, in case anyone should fall. Dave set off first, and one turn later had completed most of the slope on his back. Cathy's confidence took a similar plummet! Both eventually made it into the creek gully, where it was Cathy's turn to slide 100m down the creek. Dave was obviously inspired by this, and not to be out down, headed off to join her. A worried look must have been on his face as his speed increased despite self arresting with both his poles. Those in the creek watched his trajectory with worried self interest, but Dave's rapidly improving self arrest techniques won the day. Nick refused to be phased by the conditions, and watched the spectacle with great amusement.

Confidences shattered, we made our way tentatively back to the main ridge, having to kick steps over one traverse that had too many trees below to safely ski. By the time we reached the hut it was agreed by all that a fantastic time had been had, slides and slips already being exaggerated in typical MUMC fashion. Wowsers, what a weekend!

Steve Carter

SAFETY NOTE: Firm packed and icy snow can be deceptively dangerous. Falls can be difficult to stop, with disastrous consequences if rocks and trees are below!

If you do fall and start to slide, try to stop immediately by using the base of your pole, one hand near the basket and the other higher up. Always get your legs below you, as a buffer zone in case you hit something.

The skiing described above was done on slopes free of obstacles, and with a gully to stop in at the bottom.



MIDNIGHT'S ASCENT.

And so we went on the midnight ascent: thirty-eight brave souls of us.

One hundred plus applied for the honour, the pain, the jubilation, the food all in the midst of snowy desolation and beauty. Why? A dream, a foolish notion to eat, drink, sing, in the hope that it may last forever and not just be a waking nightmare of economic rationalism and blind courage. We fools!

And before the Ascent, the Weekend, it snowed from the sky. The lands were covered with frozen water in all its infinite complexity and design, it bucketed down, and smiles were seen on the faces of the privileged few. Snow!

At the trout farm we gathered, where the farmer lies in wait, in weight, with shotgun and dogs and fish and temper, shhhhhh, quiet were we, though the chemicals in our blood said "Scream!", and "Yell", and "Laugh", for tomorrow we drink, and tonight we may die! What thoughts: of cold and blisters, snowgums in the dawn light softly shining, our Group, our Leader, our Path, that leadeth past the fishy pools and into the mountain peaks and passes beyond.

Behind us fell the cars, moonlight glistening, and up ahead did rear the beast, our pains and fear taken form and substance, the enemy, the lover, Oh mountain great. Like the ants and sundry crawling creatures we climbed the mountain's great curved back, slippery stumbling, panting gritting teeth like gates to keep depression out, thoughts circling: Do not think!

Half way up we reached the Stuff, it crunched beneath our feet and bounced the moonlight into our drooping eyes, impressions saying "Come here...this way...just a little further now...see!, I grow deeper...the trees thin, I cover them...come...come..."

Then as the spine, the ridge seems endless, climbing horribly into a sky like black milk, then comes the dawn. My God, the colour, so gentle, like a shrug, the air like crystal. Soon: the sun. Slithering over the flank of the great Mount, and we are walking in the sky, the ridge has caught the sun, a billion diamonds tinkle from the snow like static from the TV and we walk in a timeless world consumed by the next few steps, not connected, thoughtless, of the world behind us. When, ahead, appears the great silvery orb of the hut, we have truly arrived in another land. A community in the sky, utterly, utterly unconnected to the foggy worlds below. Clear like the crystal air. Stark like the freezing snow.

The hut has the air of dead things, fat, stinking pupae in down cocoons, colours dulled by the gloomy, dank air inside. Thoughts fall upon necessities and primitive simplicities: food, sleep, privacy. Oh...sleep...please...sleep... But sleep won't come. Muscles knot, head throbs, the dry air rasps, lips crack, the morning light barges behind lids, it shouts and punches me awake. Shit.

And while I moan some others don skis of finest plastic and swish swoosh upon the snow like icing on a giant frosty frosted cake. In, Oh too short!, a time a voice begins to prod and protest: "The time has come for revelry, for drink, fine food, suits so black, dresses so cold. Come! Gather beyond the hut, before the cameras five."

In the last of the light we stood, snow falling upon our spiffing selves, and faced the camera to prove that we were there, that we are here, captured in the automatic eye. Look at us: go on, look! Oh yes, of course, you see the guys so handsome in their dinnerwear, the girls so gorgeous in taffeta and lace, but look! At our eyes. Do you see them? They burn. They sear. Despite the cold and shivers, the laughter and calling, see the evil fire of youth. Immortal. Powerful. Fearful. Hating. Crying. Do you see them?

But enough of such stuff: we ate, fork dipping fondue, soup, chicken, pasta, wine, cakes and more, and more. The floor became a treacherous rink of foody floorboards. And we sang, dredging memories, tearing the words from alcohol saturated throats, the Songbook, the great Songbook within whose pages we were raised. What a gas! A guitar, thirty voices and the nearest neighbour a thousand metres below us, in that other world.

Morning felt like breathing down, suffocating on my own intoxication. Too little voice and too much head, thoughts of ascent intolerable. But thirty brave souls trooped off in their file most single to summit out, take in the nothing view, and all those who wished it got to the top, except for those who didn't.

How to clean a rancid mess when the only rug to sweep it under is the cover of fresh white snow? And No! Here is a bowl, and here another, ugghhh this is too, and here yet more, bowls, bowls, burners, mellowers, a where?house of things most Trangia.

But we did it, and decent came in time. We dropped from the shy sky, fast, slow, screeching, tumbling, and below us the valley held the first breath of spring, the promise of roadside stops, and chips, and pubs, and cops with whips and dogs, exploding into the streets of our sprawling lives.

Dave Burnett

This is what happens when you let a manic out-of-work journalist near a word-processor. If you wanted a What-I-did-on-my-holidays approach you should have written one yourself. Smile.



GUESTS.

ADVANCE PARTY

Anton Weller

Ramon Eyck

Matt Cain

Andrew Roberts (Leader)

SUNRISE GROUP

Tom Bevan (Leader)

Jane Culbert

Chris Barret

Jane McKenzie

Marina Loane

Stuart Dobbie

GROUP 1.

Steve Curtain (Leader)

Damien Angus

Barnaby Home

Simon Webster

Graham Perry

Luke Mahon

Russel Smith

GROUP 2.

Andre Gleelan (Leader)

Peter Neil

Andrew Wettenhall

Tanya Meares

John Sheppard

Mark Aufflick

Nick Gust

GROUP 3.

Dave Wilson (Leader)

Euan Robinson

Daniel Coulburn

Chris Archibald

Steven Bird

Nigel Prior

GROUP 4.

Louise Aufflick (Leader)

Sue Baker

Andrew Gaff

Samantha Rollings

Penny Robinson

Kate Bradshaw

Dave Burnett

MUMC'S DAY OF SHAME!

Sports Union members all across Melbourne were shocked today at serious allegations involving well known MUMC figures after a series of police raids over the weekend.

Police raided an unregistered brothel in Abbotsford St., Abbotsford, early on Saturday morning following up on violent incidents involving the brothel's owners, Cathy and Bronwyn Sealey and their minders, "Eugene the Bastard" and Steve "Wunderkind" Carter. Police said they had become alarmed at a steady progression of violence involving the Sealey's minders especially after an incident that left two rival brothel owners dead and Steve Carter unconscious.

When the raid was carried out two other members of MUMC were found in a room, they were believed to be in the process of closing an opium for arms and tourist visa deal with a well known political activist from Tibet. Dave Burnett and Dave Kjar had been involved in protracted negotiations with the 14th Dalai Lama of Tibet for some months and the Lama's visit to Australia was seen as an appropriate occasion for the final exchange to take place.

Dave Burnett is the well known leader of a shadowy vigilante guerilla group calling itself the Federation of Arapiles Rockclimbers Shining Club Liberation Organisation (FARSCLO) who has been an active rockclimbing agitator since his arrival at Melbourne University. In a special court hearing Dave Burnett pleaded not guilty to a charge of trafficking illegal drugs and

possession of illegal firearms, claiming (in typical style) the three tonnes of opium was for personal use only and that the weapons were to be used in the placement of bolts on climbs because they had a very useful mechanism for this task.

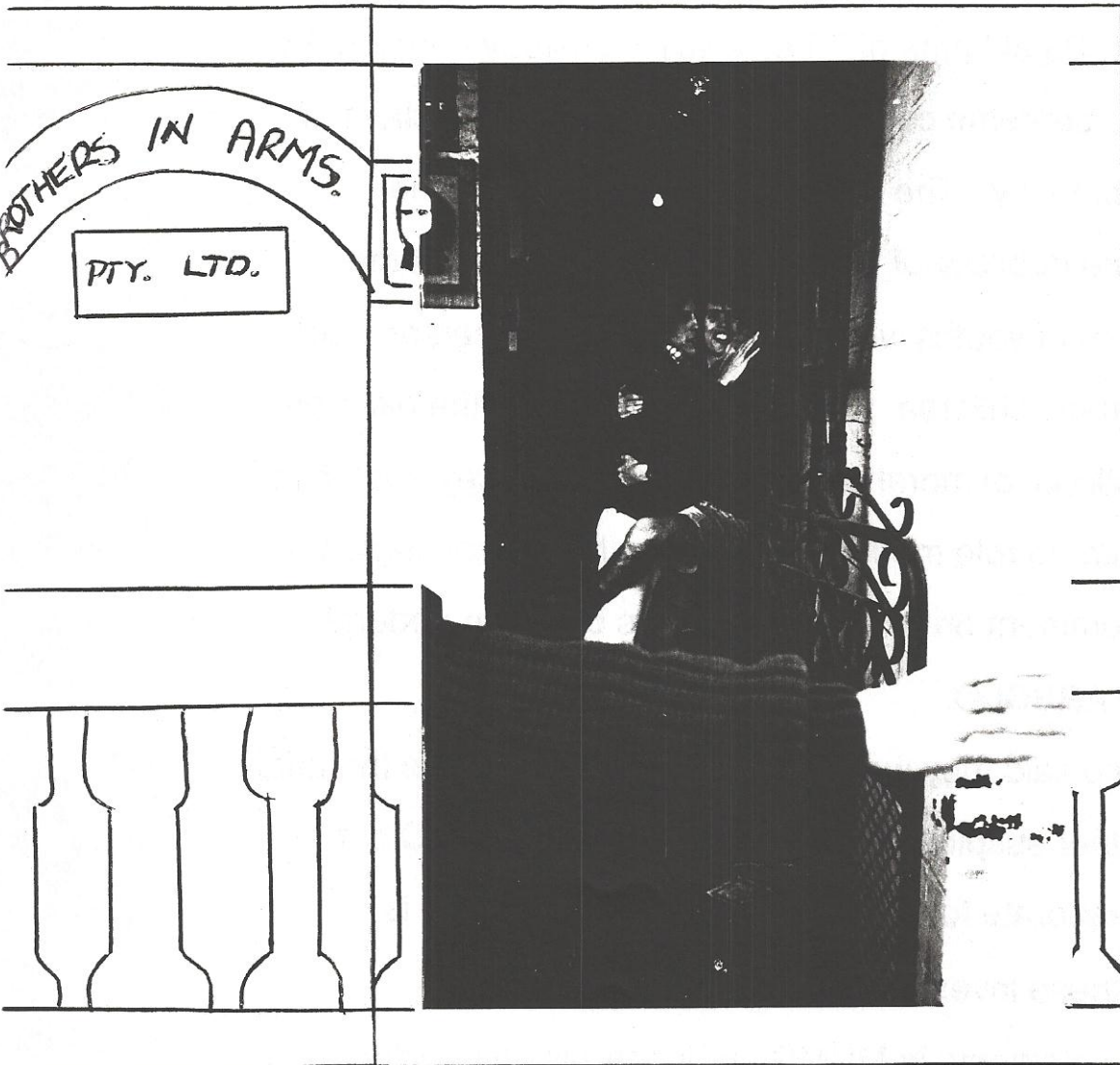
David Kjar, a co-renter of the Abbotsford brothel with Steve Carter also pleaded not guilty to charges of drug trafficking, possession of illegal firearms and money laundering. David Kjar is the corporate arm of FARSCLO and possibly its most feared member. He first became connected to FARSCLO through Dave Burnett at a kayaking rally in his first year of university.

The 14th Dalai Lama of Tibet is still in custody pending the outcome of a supreme court decision concerning his claim of diplomatic immunity. The police expressed regret at the corruption and duplicity of these people and distress at the further erosion of youths' values. A police spokesperson said today that "many children and first years followed the example of these bastions of moral consciousness - now they are left in confusion with no role model." However the spokesperson refused to comment on allegations of links between Federal Police and FARSCLO.

Police also said they were chasing up other leads in the affair as well as other suspicious events involving the MUMC but refused to elaborate for legal reasons. Whatever else is revealed in these investigations it is clear that some irresponsible elements in MUMC are jeopardising the club's reputation and integrity. Until this matter is entirely resolved it is urged that all rockclimbing trips be indefinitely postponed

and rockclimbing funds frozen.

***** Editors Note:** Due to the anonymity of this article, I hereby take it upon myself, (as one of few upstanding clubmembers) to refute all allegations of a house of ill repute in Abbotsford - everyone knows its at 351 Cardigan St.!!!



STOP PRESS: SPOTTED JUMPING DICK SIGHTED!

The never-before-seen-alive Spotted Jumping Dick of Mt Torbreck was sighted yesterday July 12. It was discovered by three MUMC members, Fred "share and enjoy" Watson, Steve "stuntmaster" Curtin and Dan "I can call my hiking stick Bruce if I want to" Colborne.

The three had just completed a two hour ascent to the summit ridge of Mt Torbreck when Steve noticed the tell-tale tracks in the snow. Dan first saw the illusive animals and Fred identified them as Spotted Jumping Dicks with his intimate knowledge of species.

Sanity checks on the three prove them to be reliable: none had slept the night before, all had been at different parties, leaving at 2:30 am, driven up to the base of Mt Torbreck by 4:30 am, encountered snow at 1000m ASL., climbed to 1500m ASL by 6:30 am with diversions around impassable granite boulder races.

Testimony to their sanity is that they found the summit without navigation - the three merely kept walking up-hill through the thick snow-covered bush. There was also an Arts student amongst the trio and it was he who was able to prove that it is possible for the rare Dick to exist at all and not merely be an illusion to which we are all susceptible.

After their discovery they hurried along the ridge and over further boulder races to where dy/dx (Mt Torbreck) = 0. There was a Science student on the trip. Pitching a tent at 7:30 am in

the lee of a substantial cairn, the trio contemplated their discovery by sitting inside waiting for the white-out cloud to rise.

Inside the tent the air soon became visible with the fetid men. Hallucination became a danger with much sharing and little enjoying.

After a frustrating five hours of waiting, bird watching (only a FC Thornbill), bird dreaming and celebrity head, the lure of caves under the boulders and the possibility of discovering more Dicks drew the trio back to one of the boulder races.

With this, according to one of the trio, a new MUMC activity was born - snow caving. "Where else can you cave with snow on the floor? Squeezing under house-size boulders with the dirt beneath frozen and icy was epic!"

Fred also found time to drool over the prospect of climbing here. Rock skiing/surfing was also developed, whereby one stands at the top of a steep snow covered boulder and slides down trying to stay upright.

Contemplating a long chute, Stuntmaster Steve slipped off the side of the boulder. With an expletive that echoed remarkably well, he plunged six metres glancing off a rock on the way down. A tree near the bottom gashed his head creating initial fears when blood spurted onto the snow. The cut, however, stoppped bleeding of its own accord a minute later and only precautionary first aid was required.

Feeling extremely lucky, the trio began an easier descent via a marked walking track, the lower reaches of which were

very slippery with mud and melting snow. Emerging into a picnic area under only one centimetre of snow, which was fast melting, Fred, Steve and Dan startled a policeman and some NT tourists.

Only two Spotted Dicks were seen on the way down, and one of these was not able to be identified as the Arts student was too far away.

It is now realised that:

- further trips will be required to Mt Torbreck to capture the Spotted Dick.

- cloud is opaque.

- snow gums are boring to French kiss.

- the footpath outside Healesville Pub is not a good place for 20 pushups.

- Thornton general store stocks one cent lollies.

- insanity is alive and well.

- and "Arts students" and "normality" are not necessarily mutually exclusive.

Thanks for the compliment Fred!

SLUSH REVIVAL

"QUOTABLE QUOTES"

" Life is like a walnut, the better you shell it the more you can eat!" (Anonymous)

" You don't need to save if you have a good job" (El Presidento)

"Real men don't use cutlery" (Anonymous)

"Thats what he is - a human blue cheese" (Andy Gaff in reference to Dave Kjar's propensity for colds)

The weekend after Midnight Ascent one fortunate (?) clubmember was given a personal tour of Nigel and Russel's new house. Nigel is quoted as saying....

"Look at all those ants, that's what happens when you leave food around and the heater on all weekend".....

In reply to this ,some dimwitted , or dangerously naive person queried....

"I didn't know ants were attracted to heat."!!!

"Guess what I saw the other day..... a guy skiing in a full length wetsuit!?!?" (B.Sealey)

"I can smell myself" (Fred Watson out loud in a Benalla take-away shop)

"Are we two-thirds up this spastic slope" (A buggered Simon Webster, Midnight Ascent)

"The finger prickey thing"?! (M.Rush)

"Watch out for your legs through this small bit..... Ahhhhhh my leg!!" (beginner caver, Labertouche)

"I left the oven on to heat up my boots." (Nigel P.)

MUMC - TREKKING WILDLY??

"SUBARU PEREGRINE WINTER CLASSIC" 8-9 AUG

We breathed, we wheezed, we sighed - and that was just getting out the car. Here we were in a car no bigger than a jellybean, with every spare cubic centimetre occupied by gear, food and bodies. Offloading stuff into Charlie Day's Landcruiser Tray - what a car - that is, onto the remains of scrapped out goat dung, we parted ways to meet up in Bairnsdale.

Soon after, we arrived at the rage central of the Southern Highlands, Omeo, homebase for the next 3 days. In fact, to be honest, Omeo is a beautiful town with much to offer from nearby. Running for 10 years now, the Winter Classic takes advantage of XC- skiing on Hotham, down long, steep sections of road for bike riding, excellent but challenging running country, and of course, the Mitta Mitta River for mega paddling - versatility plus.

Russell and Nigel arrived at about 2am on Saturday morning, having initially come the wrong way from work on Friday, the evening before - hey, there's nothing like 3 hours sleep before the event. From an early 5am rise - Saturday morning - dark, damp and cold, adrenalin was running high and fast. With a 7:30 am start from Hotham - an 18km ski to Dinner Plain - people were running around like proverbial headless chooks.

"Has anyone seen my waterbottle?"

"Get in the car NOW!!"

Queueing behind three other people to use a cold wet but steaming loo, 5 minutes before the start is no funny situation - Run Russell run . Go Dave!

Considering that there was no snow for the last 4km to Dinner Plain, the first leg of the event was remarkably good. Hey guys, your faces are all red. Although Andre had been unable to come up with the rest of us, from Melbourne due to sickness, to do the ski, we could sense his karma through us. Dave had taken his place, and together with Russell, did well. Ramon and Steve took off into the snowgums soon after, for the mountain run, in search of 8 elusive checkpoints - 3 hours later, and Ramon feeling good, takes on the next leg with Nige, a casual 48km ride; Steve's feeling just a little stuffed.

There were Charlie, Kate and Keane(name spelt correctly I hope) with the Landcruiser, fulfilling a demanding but supportive role of Support Crew, as they did for the entire weekend - they would be waiting at every transition area (not even lost once) with food, drink and three cheers for support.

Their efforts did not waver in the slightest, when just after the cycle start near Cobungra Hill, Nigel blew a tyre - they were quick to the rescue. "No Nigel, it wasn't a bullet..... No Nigel, you weren't shot by someone hiding in the bushes, No Nigel,..... take it easy Nigel...."

Quiet, mild mannered Ramon, alias Clark Kent (Superman) tucked his cape into his shorts for the long ride down into Omeo, as Nige recovered. Making the cut-off time for the first day by literally minutes, Russell and Nigel powered down the Mitta to finish off, actually passing 3 or 4 other teams. Hyooge! Phew, what a day. The St. John's ambulance were really helpful in providing some readily welcomed hot cuppa's of soup - the SES and local Police were equally as supportive in other avenues.

P.S Keane likes Russell's Sabaru 4WD - she drove it, she loved it.

A mega meal was prepared by Kate and co. which fed nine hungry tummies - yum, great meal! After checking the progressive times up at the Hilltop Pub that night, sleep was not a problem.

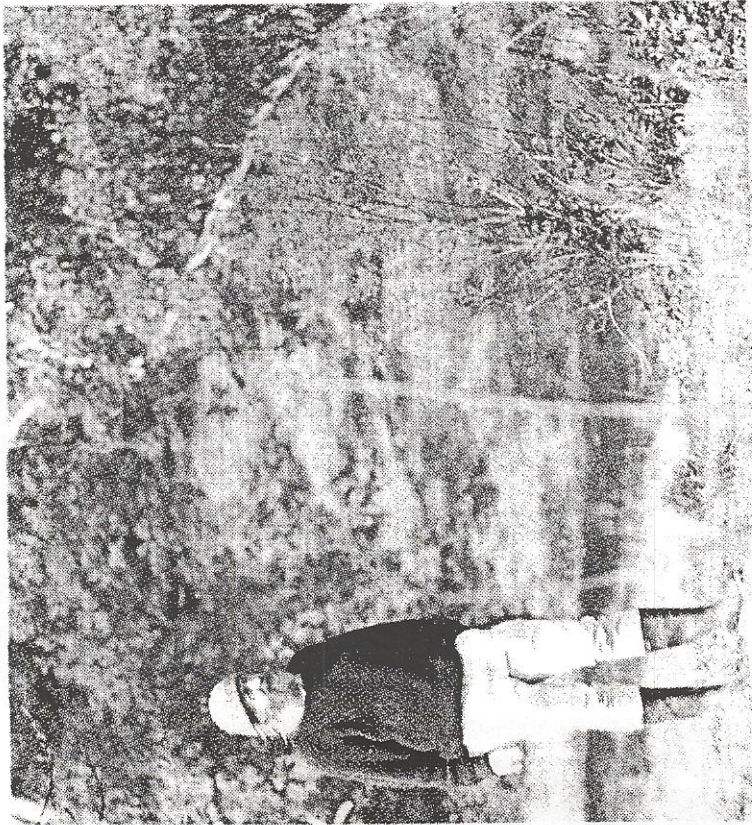
Hell on Earth, part 2. Sunday morning, we slept in (!) til 6:00am. Once again, the morning's activities were akin to a beehive, with everyone charging around to fill bottles with Staminade, grab the chocolate, food, fruit, BANANAS!!, gear and so on. If you already haven't heard, Russell and his car become one beast when they hit the tracks - try 100km on a winding, gravel road some time. Kate, Charlie and Keane followed behind, admittedly some kms back.

Down the Mitta in a great time, past Pinball, Shark's tooth and Bump and Slide rapids, Russ and Nige handled the river as if they were splashing about in a bath - oh yes. Less could be said for the haul of the boats at the finish from the river, up the hill to the transition area for the run - absolutely buggered.

After making a small slip-up, waterbaby Andy R. doubled back across a freezing Bundarra River to a missed checkpoint #1. All checkpoints later, with Steve suffering worries and concerns towards the end, Andy pulled the running pair into the final transition for the cycle into Omeo, but not before climbing Mt.Sam, crossing Livingstone Ck. and weathering other hot spots for pain , in and around the main town centre. Well done, Dave and Ramon.

We may not have won - no way - but on a good note, we beat Monash, timewise, on Sunday. Surely a gruelling event at the best of times, absolute murder at the worst, both for support crew and competitors, the weekend was a huge success; most people go in the event just to finish it - we were lucky for both days were fine and sunny. Actually finishing a most satisfying and rewarding 4th last out of the Open Teams events..... okay, a crap finish...but a reasonable one, and that's what's important, it was a true team effort. With many thanks to Kate, Keane and Charlie - who took on more than just a support crew job - Andy, Russell, Nigel, Dave and Ramon, if you the time and incredible desire to do some serious damage to yourself, go for it in '93!!

Stephen Curtain



MELB TIMES 17/8/72

Who shall save the fishies?

By ANGUS HOLLAND

A GRUMPY Darcy Duggan (left) surveys the foaming water at Dights Falls, imagining as only a naturalist can the 100,000 fry milling around beneath the surface with nothing to eat and nowhere to go.

Canoeists frolicking on the rapids rub his nose in it: once again, man's quest to control has won at the expense of the natural habitat.

According to Mr Duggan, before Melbourne Water dug up the river to make a canoe course, tiny fish survived in three or four deep holes in the riverbed where tiny particles of food dropped out of the main flow.

trick, by using the backhoe already there for the canoeists to build the fish a ladder over the weir. The fish can jump up a little way, so a few rocks staggered upwards with pools in between would have worked.

Unfortunately, Melbourne Water finished the canoe course, and without a second thought for the fish took its machinery home.

It's not that Duggan is against the canoeists, although he disapproves of them climbing all over the already eroded banks.

He believes they could have had their course and left the fish untouched if Melbourne Water had watched where it put its rocks.

Had nature run its course, the fish, which spawned downstream, would have grown bigger, then continued up the river. At least one rare species, the Australia greyling, is attempting a comeback but the concrete weir at the falls has put a stop to that.

And now Melbourne Water has filled in the fish's holes, too, without doing the honourable thing and providing them with a way out.

It would, according to the naturalist, have been a simple

DEVELOPMENT AT DIGHTS FALLS

by Robin Sanders FROM PADDLER VOL 89

In a tremendous step forward for canoeing in Victoria, Melbourne Water, working as a team in conjunction with Victorian Canoe Association, Yarra Trust, Department of Conservation and Environment and City of Collingwood, have carried out development work on the Yarra River below Dights Falls.

Melbourne Water hopes to achieve a number of benefits for the City of Melbourne, these include:

- Solving an ongoing river bank erosion problem below Dights Falls and along the river banks.
- Encouraging use of the Yarra River.
- Establishing a multi-use canoe education facility for beginners, intermediate level paddlers and advanced level elite paddlers.
- Establishing a canoe slalom training site.
- Construction of a fish ladder to encourage fish migration upstream.

As the works have proceeded there have been some initial hiccups before people in various groups have come to terms with the issues and learned to trust the motives of each other.

With commencement on the fish ladder all parties are beginning to realise that this development at Dights Falls is planned to be environmentally friendly and for the benefit of all.

The canoeing community now has a readily accessible education and training facility where everyone can improve their skills or be taught new skills in a safe environment. It has attractions for beginners, touring paddlers, squirt boaters, play boaters, slalom paddlers and school groups.

Melbourne Water will judge the success of this development by the amount of use it gets.

IT IS UP TO US.

If the canoeing community uses this facility we will get further encouragement elsewhere. The Yarra and Maribyrnong are marvellous rivers crying out to be used in an environmentally friendly way. No other major city in Australia has such a facility in the heart of the city. The potential is enormous.

The Victorian Canoe Association wishes to acknowledge the fantastic contribution of Melbourne Water staff, Mr John Senior (without whom it would never have occurred), Mr Chris Chesterfield (who persisted against all odds) and Mr Phil Lenthal (who ensured the work has proceeded as smoothly as possible).

Within the VCA the Farrances are to be congratulated for their tireless contribution, the Bartletts for sculpturing and shaping the course, (*the Sanders for getting it all to happen in the first place, says Jane Farrace*) and others too numerous to mention.

After 22 years of trying it is sweet relief.

Here are some simple rules for all users:

- No paddling the Falls - this is killer country.
- Look after paddlers in distress.
- Change your clothes discreetly - no parading around naked.
- Go to the toilet before leaving home, don't use the bushes.
- Treat the area, the people, the wildlife and the vegetation with respect.
- Leave only footprints when you leave.
- No speeding, no screeching wheels, no generally being a hoon in the Collingwood area.

We have worked very hard for this.

We have but one chance.

DON'T BLOW IT.



"You're crazy!" were Steve Curtin's words to Daniel Colborne, resplendant in his dinner shirt/jacket/tie and matching (?) shorts whilst Telemarking atop Mt Stirling. With the prospect of "Good skiing on good trails, (and) fair skiing on fair trails..." (The Age) Steve, Dan and Tim Rattray and a black floppy hat walked from TBJ for 200 metres until the snow began. Rain two days before had washed the lower trails of snow, yet dumped some good snow around the summit.

For such ordinary conditions, the number of people was amazing- the upper half of bluff trail was like Bourke Street. This, however, did not stop Steve and Tim stripping in the heat prompting wolf whistles from passing females. With Dan and Tim in a deep and profound discussion about the advantages of hairy legs in outdoor pursuits, Steve skied off ahead. (No offence mate!) Happening across an outdoor ed. instructor from Bendigo, we were bemused to learn that his girlfriend on her first ski trip had skied off up the trail an hour before, leaving him floundering!!

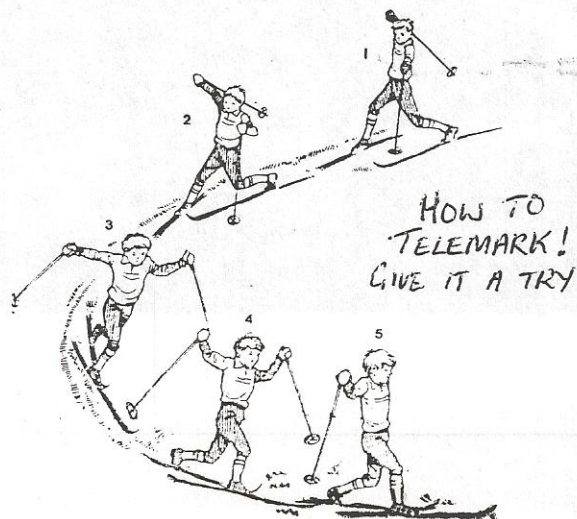
The main summit was found to be rather icy - instead the false summit and the Bowl provided the best snow for much needed Telemark practice. But what was the crowd drawer with over 200 people around the summit in the early afternoon? Was it Steve's magnetic charisma? No, too many guys, not enough girls. Was it Dan in his dinner jacket, tie and shorts (and red gaiters)? No, we live in a basically sane society. Unfortunately it couldn't have been Tim as he had departed back down the mountain for a skating lesson (unless they followed him up?).

Leaving the sun drenched slopes and females behind (one even had the audacity to ask Dan if he was a schoolboy in his tie) we found great snow on the north of the summit above GGS Hut, but it was getting too late. The descent was icy and very fast and the prospect of losing the prized hair-swathed skin on his legs forced Dan to don trousers after the initial steep slopes.

Steve had fallen three times on the way down, Dan once (and he's still waiting for his two pots, Steve) saving it for a monumental crescendo. Ignoring the "ski lower trails with caution" advice and the dirt on the way up, he skied flat out the long slope down toward the practice slope. The trail was in reasonable condition, icy and very quick. Rounding the last corner, however, the snow stopped! Travelling much too fast to stop, Dan tackled the dirt and humus as best he could. A muddy, ashen-faced Dan with knees shuddering finally came to rest a full ten metres from the snowline! The suit, much to his despair had to go to the dry cleaners.

A chortling Steve (for he fell before the dirt) and a bruised and shaken Dan met up with Tim who was ecstatic at having learned the skating technique. It was an uneventful drive home save for cringing at Alby Mangel's monotone dribble at Kurt's cafe in Bonnie Doon, not that that's much of an event. Thanks for driving Tim!

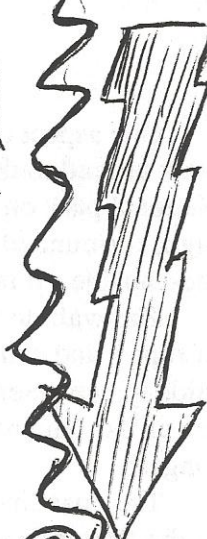
B.F.H.



THE CONTINUING ADVENTURES OF OXOMAN

D. BURNETT
N-71

"LEFT MY HEART
TO THE SAPPERS
IT 'BONO KNE



OXOMAN AND THE
ADS GO TO THE
CLYDE!

①

SUDDENLY HUXLEY THE
HIPPI STAGGERS IN AND
COLLAPSES ON THE TABLE !!
(OH NO, NOT AGAIN)

②



BRUNO THE BOUNCER
COMES TO CHECK THINGS
OUT!

③



BUT JUST IN
THE NIC' OF
TIME, SOMEONE
AT THE OTHER
END OF THE
LOUNGE SETS
THEMSELVES
ON FIRE

WILD

HEY MAN!
INCENSE!

④

BRUNO IS DISTRACTED, AND EVERYTHING RETURNS TO
NORMAL

SO, ANYWAY, THIS ROUTE HAD A
JAM ON IT

"YOU CHUCK
YOUR
SHIRT?"

- PAISLEY
MAN!



"OH THE FLAME TREES WILL
IT BLIND THE WERRY
DRIVER."

JUST LIKE
HUMAN!

⑤

Done 14

Memories of the Candlestick

One aspect of rock climbing that always bothered me, was that one could usually walk around to the top of most climbs. In this sense the Candlestick, off Freycinet National park on the east coast of Tasmania is superb. Over one hundred metres high, surrounded by water, and with the easiest route being 16, it is totally inescapable. It ranks still as one of the most enjoyable climbs I have ever done.

The walk to base camp would normally be an easy trip, but with a rack, a number of ropes, and camping gear it was quite a strenuous three hour walk. Arriving around midday, we entertained ourselves by putting up some new routes on the little climbed sea cliffs. The routes took only a short time to climb, the debate as to their grade a lot longer!

The coastline in this area is generally perpendicular, due to the columnar jointing of the Basalt flows that cover a lot of Tasmania. Unfortunately a lot of the rock is badly weathered and unsuitable for climbing, but there are some gems hidden away. With battered and bleeding hands from a fall from an unpleasant jam crack, (in which my feet slipped but my hands refused to budge), I decided to have a swim. Going swimming provided an interesting logistical problem as the swell rose and fell four metres against a near vertical slope, leaving rocks below as it retreated. Diving in required careful timing, and getting out proved even more of a challenge, but the Antarctic sourced water provided plenty of incentive.

The ascent the next day of the Candlestick started with an abseil from the top of the main cliff to a ledge near sea-level. The Candlestick lies in a narrow chute between the mainland and a large island. The swell roars through this narrow constriction, which is about 20m wide between the candlestick and the mainland. A previous attempt had been cancelled because the swells were smashing 30m up the first pitch! Luckily the waves were more subdued for our attempt, nonetheless only two of us volunteered to swim across the gap with a rope to fix a Tyrolean traverse. My friend won the honour, and after we assured him from our vantage point that there were no large swells in sight, he plunged in and swam at a pace obviously fired by thoughts of the next wave. Clawing at the seaweed he made his way onto the base of the Candlestick to the sound of our cheers, and slight disappointment that a monstrous swell hadn't come through to test his swimming prowess.

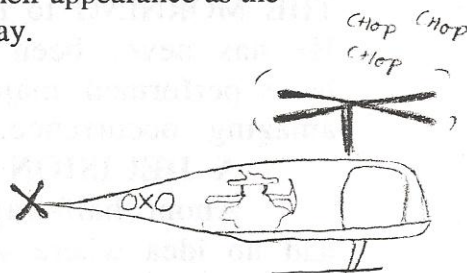
Sliding down the Tyrolean traverse proved easy, although I kept a watchful eye on the surf. Helmets were donned (the rock is atrocious in places) and I was soon sitting precariously on a 50 cm wide mantelpiece at the belay point of the first pitch. Two others sat in a cavelike crack above me while the leader climbed on. At this point nature called, and well, I was dying for a pee. With only rocks below I figured no-one would mind. Unfortunately I forgot to take into account the strong updraught blowing up the cliff, and this was pointed out to me in no uncertain terms by my fellow climbers in the cave above.

Climbing was made difficult in places by loose rock, and a sizeable boulder we pushed off from above landed with unnerving accuracy on our belay point. Three point climbing was necessary, and all rocks had to be tested before being weighted. Nonetheless the moves were consistent, the exposure fantastic and the views and the atmosphere magnificent. The last of the four pitches was the best, with fine moves on good rock and good protection. At the top a celebratory bottle of champagne was passed around, and drunk mostly by one of the group, who spent the next hour of abseiling trying to clear his head.

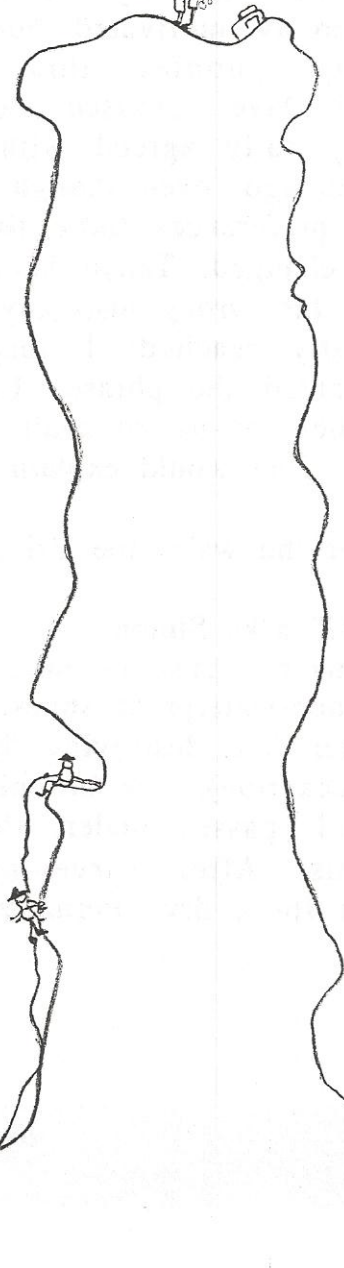
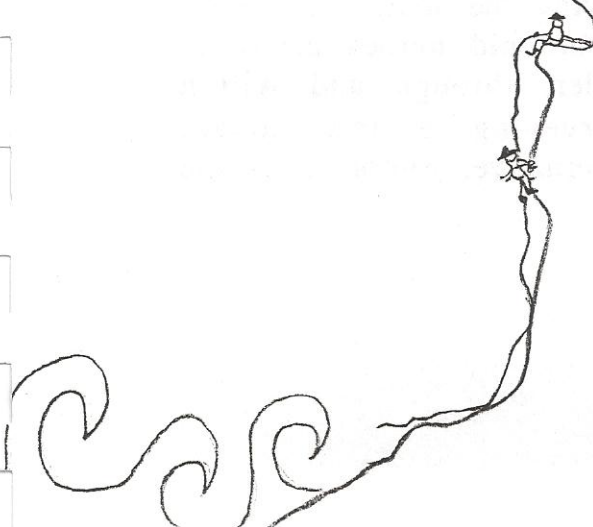
We decided against lighting a fire as the first ascensionists had, and almost burnt themselves off the top, hence the name. (Initial attempts to climb the Candlestick had involved shooting arrows from the mainland over the summit, and belaying climbers from a dingy. Not surprisingly these efforts did not succeed!) After basking in the sun and feeling as if we had conquered a Himalayan peak, it was eventually time to head down.

The descent by abseiling was thankfully trouble free. All that was required for an epic was for one rope to be caught, and the whole pitch would have to be climbed again with daylight running out. Every time the rope pulled through freely we breathed a sigh of relief.

At the base of the candlestick the hardest part of the day proved to be jummaring up the slanted Tyrolean traverse with a heavy pack on. All angst was dissipated in an instant when two seals chose to play in the channel below. What the hell are those humans doing they must have wondered? I wondered too. Their appearance as the sun began to set gave a magical quality to an almost perfect day.



"JACK BE NIMBLE,
JACK BE QUICK
HE CAUGHT A HELICOPTER
WHAT A"



FOUR GO WALKING IN GRAMPIANS!

GLOAT

A walking trip on the weekend immediately before exam week? Ridiculous! Who would go?

Four post-grad's, that's who. Ha Ha Ha!

Jane, Simon, Tanya and Dave, in deference to all the stress-vibes radiating out from a point somewhere near Wilson Hall, decided to head for the mountains at a time most others were heading for a break-down.

A MIRACLE

Dave the Sloth is rumoured to have got up at FIVE-THIRTY IN THE MORNING to be ready for this trip. Surely there is some mistake: He has never been sighted prior to 11:00am before. Someone must have performed major surgery on Dave's body clock to achieve this amazing occurrence.

A DECISION

About half-way to the Grampians the awful truth dawned. We had no idea where we were going. This may not be a new experience to some, but for such a fiercely motivated bunch of go-getting, career-minded, outta-my-way yuppies this realization was extremely upsetting. Jane and Dave confused the decision making process by insisting that they fully agreed with the decision the other had reached five minutes ago, even though in the mean time they had each switched their preferences three times, we'd taken a wrong turn, the weather had changed, Tanya hadn't stopped talking once, and we were looking at the wrong map anyway. I don't know how a decision was eventually reached: I suspect the car was abducted by aliens who implanted the phrase "LET'S GO TO MT DIFFICULT" into our heads then let us go again with no conscious memory of what had happened. That would explain a lot of things.

THE SHOES

So we got to the start of the walk, the Briggs Bluff track near Roses gap.

"Will it be wet underfoot?" asks Simon.

"Um...ahh...nn...ye...urrr...maybe...hang-on...um...no," replies Dave.

"OK then...I'll wear my non-waterproof shoes."

Fifteen minutes later, after first destroying the lock on Tanya's car (an effective anti-theft precaution), our intrepid heroes arrive at Beehive falls, where the track passes under, through and within several rather wet waterfalls. After surveying a few square kilometres of surrounding bush for a dry alternative, Simon bites the

bullet and gets his feet wet. It was probably a good thing it happened so early, as much of the rest of the day's walking was to be in inch-deep water.

A CUNNING PLAN

The guide said to dump our packs and take a pleasant detour to Briggs Bluff, the big, angular, sticky-outy bit near the northern tip of the Grampians. Fearing an elaborate conspiracy between the guide-book editors and a gang of notorious pack-thieves, we took great pains to hide our packs in the surrounding bush. Now, instead of four packs sitting invitingly by the side of the track, a prospective thief would see four packs sitting invitingly two metres off the track, and covered with a few twigs and a small number of leaves.

GOSSIP

The stroll to Briggs Bluff took about twenty minutes, during which time the life history and detailed personal problems of a friend of Tanya and Jane's were described, explained and solved. With psychologists for friends, who needs enemies?

TURTLES

Briggs Bluff: bloody great. A lot like the sort of set up the ancient Greeks imagined for the edge of the world. The plateau onto which we had climbed that morning just dropped away, leaving us nothing to do but lie in the hazy sunshine for awhile, occasionally peering over the edge to look for the giant turtles that hold up the world.

LOOK AT THAT

The afternoon walk roughly followed the spine of the Mt Difficult range, slowly climbing. Tales of Jane's summer in Tasmania contrasted with the steadily widening view of the Victorian Wimmera that was appearing around us. We reached the campsite at dusk, with just enough time to set up tents before zipping up to the summit of Difficult, just below which we were camped. The sunset was not exactly spectacular, but the view was. The entire Grampians, Mt Arapiles, cool, Wartook Reservoir, the green Wimmera, wow, the Victoria Valley, look at that, etc...

THE FIRE

Despite the heroic efforts of Dave to build a roaring thermal masterpiece out of wet wood and firelighters, the fire sizzled and smoked all evening. Not pleasant at all. Oh well...nothing for it but to retire to Jane's sleep-a-dome for some alcoholic fun and games.

FUN AND GAMES

The games consisted of a few rounds of 500, in which poor Simon was teamed with Dave, who had no idea what was going on, and just what do these numbers mean, and why are you making that

hand signal at me, and this is so confusing why can't people just get along and we all live pastoral lives without all this technology and playing cards help I don't understand. The Fun consisted of witnessing the greatest, bitchiest, most light-hearted, nastiest, playful, drunken exchange of unpleasantries between Tanya and Simon that anyone has ever seen. As the level in Tanya's scotch bottle grew ever lower, the help-I-can't-breathe-I'm-laughing-too-much level grew higher, despite the spilling of enough southern comfort onto Dave's sleeping-bag to keep him happy for many bush-walks to come. The prologue to this episode came half-an-hour after Tanya and Simon had retired, a little unsteadily, to bed.

A PLEA IN THE DARK

"Um..Jane? Did you hear a pathetic cry at the door of the tent?"

"Hmmm...no, Dave, I didn't. Wait!...there it is. It sounds like a mournful plea to be let inside.

"It's Tanya! She says (if I understand her correctly) that she said something to Simon about a cat, and then he said...um...something blue and crinkly...and...the Empire State Building was in there somewhere...and he threw her out of the tent...octopus exchange program...and it's really cold out here, and...um...should we let her in?"

"No! Tanya? Can you hear me? You can't come in. Go back and apologize to Simon. Tanya?"

"Simon!!! Let her back in!!! It must be two degrees out there!!! Simon!!! I don't care what she said about Jimmy Carter, let her in!!!"

Half an hour, some very clever blackmail, and a lot of drunken mumbling later, and Tanya was back in the tent.

The ensuing laughter-smattered conversations lasted until 4:00am.

PRETTY DAMN SPECTACULAR

Next morning was cold, but...oh, beautiful sunshine. After packing up camp and following a false track for twenty minutes, our heroes were on their way to Troopers Creek. The track winds it's way down to the base of the Mt Difficult cliffs past some more spectacular waterfalls and wonderful virgin rock faces that had Dave stopping every five seconds to go "Wow!" Some of the scrambling got quite interesting at times, although packs were removed only once. At one point a foaming waterfall cuts the track and tumbles over some smooth orange boulders to plunge into the valley below: pretty damn spectacular, let me tell you. The decent down the scree slope is steep, and transported us from the plateau back into the valley, at which point the Troopers Creek campsite is encountered.

SLOG

After a late lunch, during which Jane tried to convince the others the fruitcake is a well known poison to wallabies, a theory Tanya and Simon tested on some friendly furry fools, we indulged in that wonderful bushwalking tradition: the Road Slog.

The guide recommends Troopers Creek be reached on day one, and the road be the entire passtime for day two. The guide should thus be used to light fires. The only good road walk is one you try not to remember when you show slides of a trip twenty years later.

We walked very fast indeed, all suffering from various foot complaints by the fourth kilometre. Fortunately, it was only seven odd K's, although I still don't see why that gave Jane and Tanya an excuse to skip the last few hundred metres arm in arm.

THE END

And so the trip ended. Blisters were soothed, the lock was fixed (although not until Jane and Dave had traveled a hundred kilometres with packs up to their chins), and all was well that ended well.

Hope you poor bastards enjoyed your exams.

Dave Burnett.

Rogaining - The All Night Sport

It's two o'clock in the morning, and not surprisingly it is rather cold and dark, but enough moonlight filters through the gums to show your way. You are very tired, having been on the move since mid-day the previous day. You passed through the hash-house several hours ago, and gorged yourself on hot soup, pancakes, hamburgers, toasted sandwiches and lots of coffee, and probably feeling the effects. No doubt you are also quite lost, or at least somewhat bewildered, as navigation by a map and compass takes a new twist now that it is night. Cross this track... up the spur... which side of the creek? ... ah, that's the knoll - just a bit further - must be around here somewhere... oh where can it be.. BINGO! Another 60 pointer and you're cheering all the way to the marker. There are icicles on the punch, which reflect the moonlight. A quiet moment is spent enjoying the peacefulness of the bush at night, eating chocolate and planning the next route. Then you're off again, spirits raised, keen to find the next marker.

What other sport do you know of that requires endurance, fitness and mental agility, is challenging, rewarding and fun, involves team cooperation, traveling through scenic bushland and panoramic farmland, lasts all night long and is safe for the whole family?

Rogaining is a truly Australian sport. Its history goes back to the legendary 24-hour walk run by M.U.M.C. since the 60's. Teams of between two and five are given a map, and a list of checkpoints scattered over a large section of bushland, farmland and sometimes pine-forest. The challenge is to locate as many checkpoints as you can in the time allotted, choosing your own route and navigating your way around. You can travel all night, or sleep at the hash house for a few hours, where you will also find hot food, a roaring fire and cheery company.

The classic rogaine is the 24-hour event, which usually runs from Saturday mid-day to Sunday mid-day. Less painful but still enjoyable is the popular 12-hour event, usually from Saturday mid-day to midnight. Shorter events include 6-hour and 8-hour events, which don't include any night navigation. Novel rogaines include metro-rogaines, where you run around buildings rather than mountains, cyclogaines, where you compete on bikes instead of on foot, combination metro/cyclogaines, and snogaines, for those who prefer to ski than walk. So far Monash University is the only club to organise an alcogaine.

Navigation sports are growing in popularity within the club. In the trip folder you can find announcements for up-and-coming

events. The trip sheets and meetings are organised for people who want to try the sport but don't know anybody to make a team with.

Rogaining appeals to all sorts of people. An elite bunch of mega-fit male triathletes dominate the overall placing in most events (running for an entire event is not unheard of) but with mixed, womens, family, veterans, junior and novice categories, everybody can compete in their own class. If you're not trophy-hunting, the personal satisfaction from just competing is worthwhile. Surviving a 24-hour rogaine is an achievement in itself! It is also a good way to get outdoors and do something physical, brush up on your navigation skills, and meet new and interesting people.

But I must warn you - rogaining is seriously addictive, and soon you'll be wishing you were back out there, scrambling up that ridge in search of that elusive 60 pointer, or clicking an icy checkpoint at 3 o'clock in the morning under the glow of moonlight, or jogging through the whispering trees, or strolling across undulating bushland watching the sun rise... (sigh)

Happy Rogaining,
Stuart Dobbie

Some recent club rogaining results:

Alexandra 12-hour

Tom Bevan & Jane Cudmore

720 points, 30th mixed (out of 69 teams), 81st overall (out of 149 teams)

Rawson Winter 6-hour

Julie Edwards & Stuart Dobbie

380 points, 9th mixed (out of 50 teams), 21st overall (out of 100 teams)

Messmate Autumn 6-hour

Tracey Mitchell & Stuart Dobbie

270 points, 33rd mixed (out of 55 teams), 66th overall (out of 101 teams)

Springdallan 12-hour

Tom Bevan & Stuart Dobbie

990 points, 19th mens (out of 42 teams), 21st overall (out of 120 teams)

Jane Fröhlich & Andrew Hollole

670 points, 15th mixed (out of 59 teams), 48th overall (out of 120 teams)

Apologies to any M.U.M.C. members who also competed in these events but I missed out.

