

MOUNTAINEER

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The magazine of the Melbourne University Mountaineering Club

September 1994.



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Editorial

Welcome to this edition of the Mountaineer. Thankyou to all the people who bothered to submit articles and photos. It was a bit disappointing the number that were received, even after the deadline was put back two weeks. Shame, shame, shame. The next edition might appear soon after the 50th anniversary (buy tickets for that now!), so start putting discs and photos in my file as soon as possible. I'd prefer apple formatted discs, but for IBMs, make files into rich text files. I've got no idea what that means. I hope those of you with IBMs do. Special thanks to Michael Reilly from Zoology, even though I heard him start to cry every time I yelled, "Michael, how do you get the computer to do". When on trips, don't forget to stop for road kill marsupials to check if they have a pouch young. If they do, go to a chemist or vet and get some lactose free milk. Do your bit for the environment. See you all at the 50th dinner.

Cheers Big Ears,
Amber.

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Our cover girls are Lisa and Alex pictured during a shoot at the Midnight Ascent. Model's hair and makeup by themselves. Model's own clothes. Ice axe supplied by MUMC.

The back cover is Dave Wilson, Rohan Schaap and Stephen Carter on the summit of Bogong.

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A Short Spiel From The Prez

Watch out !!! A whirlwind of activity is heading towards MUMC and all unsuspecting club members are liable to be sucked into the vortex and never seen again at Melbourne University. Within the next few months, we've got Midnight Ascent, Intermediate and Advanced Alpine Instruction Weekends, Discovery Day, Patagonia Slides, the Club Dinner, Pie and Slide Night, the Bushdance, the 50th Anniversary Dinner, and of course, myriads of other club activities without fancy names but guaranteed to be absolute epics. This club may be half a century old, but it's definitely alive and kicking. Enthusiasm levels are high, the trip books are well-stocked, and we've got a beautiful new purple swivel chair in the clubrooms (Thanks Lisa). Things are looking good.

Of course, MUMC is the product of its members. There's always lots to do, and everyone has something worthwhile and valuable to add to the success of the club. If anyone out there would like to help out in any way, have a chat to me or one of committee. Every contribution - whether it be leading a trip, photocopying Mountaineers, helping with a social event, or anything else - always makes a difference, and is always greatly appreciated. Also if anyone has any recommendations, inspirations, suggestions, comments, points of view, bones of contention, or bright ideas about something to do with the club, give me a yell because I'm very interested to hear. (Unless it's about keys, in which case I'm not that interested to hear anything much. No, no, only joking....All suggestions welcome!)

And finally: The primary aim of MUMC is to get people into the outdoors to experience wild places and to have big adventures. So get out there, make the most of it, and have a huge time!!!

See ya' round,
Kate B.



MUMC Odds and Ends.

(A crappy prize for anyone who can think of a catchy title for this section.)

An old wooden MUMC ice-axe has been donated to Edmond Hillary's trust for helping the people of Nepal. The ice-axe was auctioned off at Scotch College a few weekends ago after Edmund Hillary signed it. The organisers of the auction were desperate for a wooden ice-axe and the club was the only place in Melbourne where they could locate one. The auction organisers offered to purchase a new ice-axe as a replacement, but MUMC did not feel this was necessary. The price the ice-axe achieved was an astounding \$4000. The buyer donated the ice-axe to Scotch.

Dave Wilson is the new MUMC hut warden.

Cheques can now be signed by any two of these four people; Kate Bradshaw, Scott Edward's, Sam Rolling, or Russell Smith.

It has been agreed that the membership fees will rise by one dollar to \$15 from next year. This is because of all the problems with giving change, and of course, it means more money for the club which is good for active members.

The 'MUMC 50 years' T-shirts have been going like hot cakes (how do hot cakes go?) since they were offered to the old members. If you haven't got one yet, hurry up! Prices are \$15 for a short sleeved one and \$17 for a long sleeved top. We're selling them at a profit to old members for \$20 and \$22 respectively which includes postage. Long sleeved extra large have sold out.

Some of the Debacles group (Steve Carter, Dave Wilson, Dave Kjar and Dave Burnett) are heading off to India very soon to climb Hanuman Tibia and Stook Kangri. Both mountains are around 6000m. In another first for the club, Dave Burnett believes his ascent will be the first for both peaks without the aid of artificial exercise. They will join up with Nick Gust and Rohan Schaap (and Derek's ice-axe) who has been there for a few weeks acclimatising already. We wish them well.

Damien wants to warn everyone not to frequent the Yarck Pub on the way back from Stirling. This follows after an unfortunate incident involving 10 (big) guys voluntarily testing the demisting properties of urine on his window screen. Amber testifies that Kjar was in Melbourne that night.

After the massive loss from the Bush Dance caused by the lovely bouncer couple which the club had to have, the Bushdance will need to go ahead in an altered form next year. This may take the form of a combined dance with the Horseriding Club.

Conservation work on the Tom Kneen Track at Feathertop will happen between 14-27th November. If you can help at any time, see Anouk.

I.V. starts on the 28th of November. It will be held on the Goulburn, only 1.5 hours from Melbourne, so there is no excuse for not being part of it, especially when Monash is hosting it. "Can't paddle" you say. Don't worry you'll soon learn. See Rich Kjar for all the details.

There is now a key to the toilets in the clubrooms. Do NOT lose it unless you want Kate publicly executed.

Big thankyous to;

*Lisa, Alex and Scott for organising Discovery Day. Also to all those who helped out on the day.

*Andy Gaff for organising the Pie and Slide Night. I'm sure all of us thank him for the guest speakers.

*Sam Rolling for organising the Bushdance.

*Derek Fable for instructions and advice.

*BOGONG gear store for supplying prizes for the Pie and Slide Night. Also thanks for being our sponsor for the last year.

* Jeff Kennett for making us change the venue of the 50th dinner at such short notice.

Don't forget to buy your tickets to the club 50th Anniversary. It will now be held at The Camberwell Centre, 340 Camberwell Road, Camberwell.

Stay tuned for.....

THE PRESIDENT'S WALK

to be held on Sunday 9th October, 10.30am.
(the day after the 50th Anniversary Dinner)
at the Cathedral Ranges, Cook's Mill carpark.

In the olden days, The President's Walk was a regular item on the MUMC calendar. This walk provided an opportunity for old and new members of the club to get together for a huge daywalk, catch up on stories, and have a great day together in the outdoors. In 1994 this annual tradition has been revived to celebrate 50 years of MUMC. All past and present club members are invited to continue the 50th Anniversary celebrations by enjoying a relaxed daywalk at the Cathedrals. A trip meeting for current club members will be held on Thursday 6 October at 1pm to organise transport and stuff.



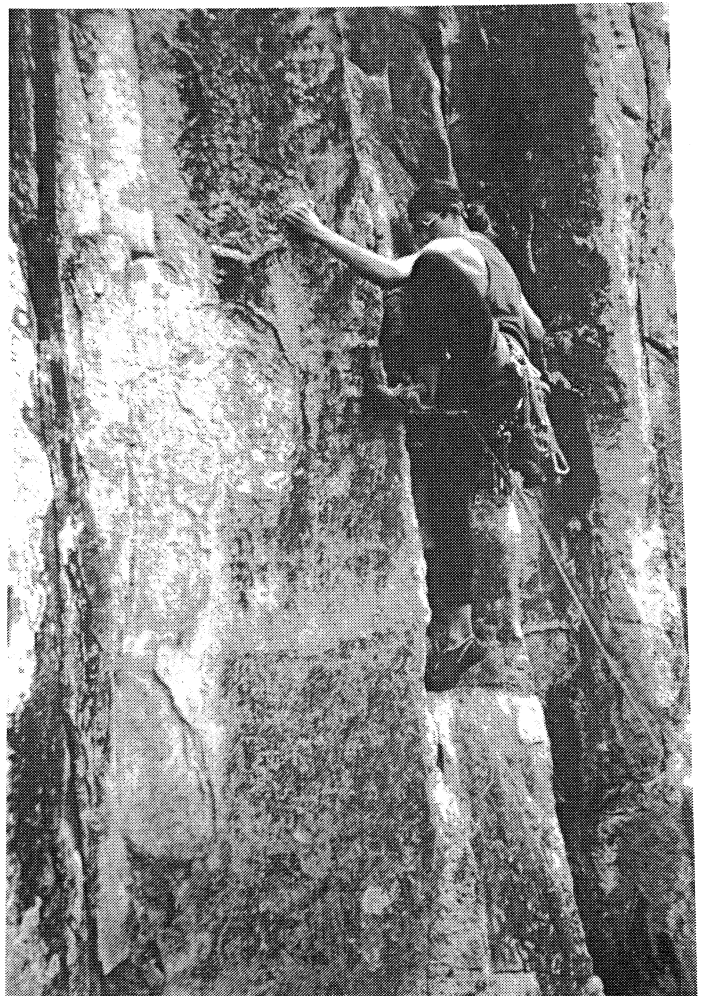
Sun, shorts and sunglasses - a Queensland winter.

by Scott Edwards.

Winter is always a depressing time for MUMC climbers, our favourite cliffs are too cold or wet and the mere mention of climbing gyms is enough to send me to sleep. A severe loathing of MUMC winter activities prompted a small group of us into action. We would travel north in search of the fabled sunny crag known as "Frog Buttress" in S.E Queensland. The quickest route to Frog from Melbourne is via the Newell Hwy, approximately 20 hours of tediously dull driving, enough said !

We arrived at Frog to find a cliff that sends fear into the heart of any Arapiles-spoiled face climber, crack climbs ! Lots of them ! There were cracks of every description, awkward body cracks, hand jams, finger locks, laybacks, offwidths and chimneys, some over 40m high. Despite this, we managed to fill in our time cruising up full value face climbs and aretes with only the occasional foray into crack world. While most of our leading was fairly conservative Alex managed to pull off the classic 3-star climb, "Pirrhana", 45m of wild climbing through hostile territory that literally ate up all his gear. Lisa and Jen also managed to get in a couple of nice leads on some of the more relaxing classics that were more in keeping with the laid back nature of the trip.

The end of a day usually involved climbing back up to the cliff top camp ground, dumping our gear then heading of to the nearby Dugandan Hotel. This country hotel is quite simply a climbers heaven. It boasts a pool table, shower, 8 imported beers on tap and a wrap around open verandah where you can knock back a cold one and watch the sun go down. On the drive back to camp you can indulge in the unique Queensland sport of "Cane Toad Squash"



Alex on "Pirrhana" (20).

During one inebrious night we were befriended by another group of climbers with some local connections who told us tales of a wondrous secret crag on private land. The next day our hopes were realised when we came face to face with a fantastic 50-75m lump of blobite covered with a multitude of bolted sport climbs and not a crack in sight. Despite substance abuse induced hangovers, we slugged our way up some classic climbs but most of the time we just looked in awe at this amazing cliff and its stupendous views of nearby mountain ranges. While restricted access is unfortunate, it is a fantastic feeling to be able to climb a crag and be completely undisturbed by other climbers. Don't bother asking us where it is, as the information is confidential for the moment.

Another climbing area worthy of note is Girraween National Park which offers some superb granite climbing encompassing slabs, aretes and unusual face climbs. There are no current guides to the area so route finding requires looking for bolts and guessing as to whether you can lead it or not ! Sphinx Rock and Turtle Rock are definitely worth a visit.

Hoping to further expand our repertoire of climbing cliffs, we dropped into the Glasshouse Mountains for a quick visit which was a big mistake. The cold and wet climate of the place killed any chances of fun, although Alex enjoyed himself climbing some vegetated pile of choss at Ngun Ngun. On a positive note a few dollars could buy you bagfuls of pineapples, passionfruit, custard apples and macadamias. On the way back to "Frog" we stopped in at Lamington National Park as Jen had assured us it was really beautiful. After looking at ferns, figs and other lush rainforest species for hours and seeing no cliffs Alex and I decided it was strictly for bushwalkers so it was back to "Crack World" again. We never should have left !

Check the trip book next winter, the Frog Buttress exodus is on for sure!



Howitt High Farce.

Alan Daley, and italic bits by Dylan Shuttleworth.

Well, at the end of the holidays, Dylan and Alan decided it would be a groovy thing to go skiing up at Howitt High Plains. Unfortunately, none of the other people Alan rang were able to make the midweek commitment, so on Wednesday morning at 7:00 am, they met Sam R at the clubrooms who let them in, (since neither of them had a key). Alan cycled off to get the car he was borrowing from his brother. He started it, headed towards the service station, realised it was closed, turned around and headed for the next one. As he turned the next corner, the '68 Premier appeared not to enjoy acceleration early in the morning, and stalled. Alan quietly moved to the side of the road and attempted to restart the engine. It wouldn't. One of his brother's friends casually rocks up a few minutes later, and asks the long haired lout whose car he is driving. Five minutes after telling this upstart that it's his brother's car, the cops rock up and ask whose bike he has flogged and put in the back. They also assure him that even though his licence is invalid, in their infinite mercy, they won't bash him. He spit polishes their boots with his tongue, and they leave. Having informed Dylan of the problem, Alan wimpily asks the RACV for a jump start, and then discovers that his 350 metre journey has run the car out of fuel. Having filled up, collected Dylan and the gear, Alan double parks while Dylan buys some film. The SAME cops are across the street, glare and blast their horn a couple of times, and Alan feels blessed by the gods. Dylan returns and we head to Traralgon. While purchasing food, Alan remembers that he needs anti freeze in the radiator. They wait, discover it's awfully hard to purchase a cup of coffee in the big Trala, and having worked out that service stations have their own tools to drain the radiator (*after an hour of looking under the bonnet, in the rain, with blank expressions, and after all the noise insulation fell on my head*), finally put some anti freeze in the radiator. On the way up through Licola, Alan realises that he left his maps on the wall in his room. Along with his compass. Dylan's compass has also gone walkabout.

*Note: At this point, we've needed the RACV to start the car, both have maps of a different area, and thankfully one of them has remembered to bring toilet paper. It is dark, (remember we met at 7am) there is *some* snow somewhere, as the car's traction is not as good as it could be, and the driver is swearing very loudly. They don't quite know where they are either.*



Phil Towler.

They soldier on, and pull up next to the red Nissan in the car park, and set up camp in the sprinkling of snow. The next morning, unfortunately, they discover that the sprinkling of snow is about as good as it commonly gets for most of the trip, and they settle for skiing short sections of track. At lunchtime, they discover that Alan's watch has stopped. And Dylan doesn't have one. So much for direction finding with one's watch. Good reason for learning celestial navigation.

Fortunately it was not yet night, and the stars weren't out. The skiing was as good as a bushwalk along a dirt-road, with some inch thick snow in places. We were hoping to get back to Melbourne by Friday mid-afternoon, and had decided to camp in the same spot on Thursday evening in the car-park. That was fine, and we were able to get an early start in the morning. However, since the RACV had been needed after Wednesday's cold Melbourne weather, guess what the car thought of the snow.....

They pack up to leave on Friday, and attempt to start the car. Temperamental is the best word to describe '68 Holdens, and having flattened the battery, they wait in hope for the other group to arrive. *(3 hours later)* Having come across from Creswick, these bushwalkers are only too happy to help start the golden delight that Dylan and Alan have been travelling in, but they have no jumper leads. There are, thankfully some, somewhere in the Premier. As it pours with rain in Melbourne, they can only think about the snow now falling on the plains they had just deserted. *Also, by this time, some-one was late for work, and the other's knowledge of the exact location of the South-Eastern end of the South-Eastern / Mulgrave Freeway was not ... accurate.... Well, life would defiantly not be the same without trips like these.*



Definitely don't miss....

THE PRESIDENT'S BREAKFAST

In keeping with a fine MUMC tradition that I just invented, all club members are cordially invited to the annual President's Breakfast, to be held this year on the morning of the 50th Anniversary Dinner. The menu will include stewed fruit, cereal, fresh rolls and toast, pancakes, bacon and eggs, tea, coffee, fruit juice and other breakfasty things. What better way to launch into a groovy weekend of 50th Anniversary celebrations????

Saturday 8th October
9.00am

Kate's House
36 Hawksburn Rd, South Yarra.
Cost - \$5.

RSVP to Kate (with your \$5)
by Thursday October 6 if you are coming to
The President's Breakfast.



A Tale Of Two Long Weekends

By Anton Weller

The Razor/Viking/Speculation/Terrible Hollow.

This trip was most interesting!

Jenny and myself cruised up to Lake Cobbler on Friday 10 June. This is a great spot from which to launch expeditions into the Crosscut Saw and upper Wonangatta area. Arriving around midnight, we decided to start walking right away, because, hey, the sky was clear, the air was crisp, and it felt great to be in the bush again.

It was very cold. Little rivulets running across the track had frozen and formed beautiful ice patterns on the ground. Somehow the endless up seemed to pass quickly, probably due to conversation and the fact that we had entered that dreamlike state familiar to 24-hour rogainers. Anyway, at 3am we ascended Mt.Koonika with the most brilliant clear skies - the arms of our galaxy soared overhead, pure and clear, and the two Magellanic Clouds seemed to hover just out of reach! Superb! We could see the whole district, even swathed as it was in darkness. The Bluff and the Razor/Viking loomed as black silhouettes against a star-speckled sky; bright stars near the horizon danced and flickered in the gently moving air.

We found a split-level campsite for our tent under a gnarly old snow gum - I slept about 15cm higher than Jenny on a little platform.

Beep! Beep! Beep! Uhhhh, 6:30am already. Yes, we got up to watch the sunrise. I will leave it to you, the reader, to describe it. To do this think of as many similes to the word "awesome" as you can, and write them down following the next sentence. The sunrise was awesome, ...

and really nice too! From the summit we watched the peaks around us slowly emerge from the night, and then ... wow, Buffalo became a reddy gold colour as the first rays of light struck it. Thirty seconds later and the sun emerged from the labyrinthine network of valleys to the northeast. The only thing disturbing the serenity of the moment was the manic clicking of my camera.



After a late start we ambled through the delightful "alpine garden" between Koonika and Speculation. A most curious phenomenon greeted us in this area - with the low temperatures, water just below the surface of the ground froze overnight, pushing up dirt and sand on little columns of ice about an inch long. It was very pretty and very unusual, and continued to occur until just past Speccy. Lunch was had near Mt.Despair, where we found a great little perch on it's northeast side. Jenny's legs were rather cut up and looked a bloody mess : a lot of scrub overhung the track, but iron-willed Jen has no truck with gaiters and other such wimpy devices.

Our lunch perch was warm and sunny, with a great view encompassing Mt.Koonika, Cobbler, Wabonga Plateau, Buffalo, and the High Plains. And best of all, we witnessed the beginning of the end of the perfect weather we had been having. It was an awesome, many-houred spectacle. Before lunch, there was just a tiny fluff of white cloud above the Wabonga Plateau. An hour later this had built into a wide-brimmed hat, and one or two high specks could be seen above Buffalo. I thought nothing of it at the time.

Continuing on, we came to the start of the Razor. This section of the walk was even more interesting than usual due to all the seepage water having turned into a centimetre thick film of hard ice. This was placed in a most beautiful if inconvenient way across the sloping rock faces that are called the 'track'. By this stage the weather was becoming dramatic. It looked as if a storm was brewing over in the west : mountain after mountain was being gobbled up by a ravenous, inexorable advance of clouds. Cobbler now had a hat, and Speculation was wreathed in mist. A wide cloud-sombrero turned Buffalo into a dark, dozing giant. As we approached the turn off for Viking Saddle, cloud started surfing over our own heads and over the Crosscut Saw. And the sun was getting low to the northwest. It lit up the cliffs of the Razor orangely and made the whole spectacle thoroughly dramatic. Buffalo was gone by this stage, and the sun began setting behind the dramatic cloudy form of Cobbler as we scrambled up to the summit of the Razor. And then we were engulfed by mist as well. On the way back it lowered and lowered, along with the sun, so that we walked in a moody twilit landscape of deep shadows and swaying trees. For a wind had blown up and was rushing over the crest of the Razor above us.

As both our torches had a only a small amount light left, we tried walking as far as we could in the twilight. This led to many losses of verticality, toes stubbed, curses issued, and a mapcase lost. Please tell Jenny or me if you find it! Now, strangely enough, the sky above the Viking became clear at this time. As we ascended it became apparent that the Razor, Speccy and the Saw were still all engulfed in cloud, yet the Terrible Hollow and all the lands to the east were clear. Odd.

We pitched camp on the summit, and were rewarded by a light dusting of snow that night. In the morning we had a companion : mist and drizzle. This made the whole place thoroughly beautiful and added an air of mystery to it. Jenny, who dislikes good weather because she gets too much of it, was very pleased.

For this day I had a rather ambitious plan - to head cross-country back to Speccy via The Terrible Hollow! (insert dramatic chord). In fact it was paradisaal walking. The scenery happened thus : first, the alpine garden of the Viking, wreathed in mist and snow. Then, greenery and mossiness unsurpassed in a delightful gully off the west side, with a circular waterfall tinkling in the foggy air and great smooth-barked gums vanishing above us into the mist. A traverse onto drier ground brought a spur - wonderful open snow gum forest on the Paws (my name) - a miniature Viking, with marvellously colourful snow gums. A steep descent gully lead us rapidly into dry sclerophyll forest, filled with the brown shaggy trunks of woollybutts and capped by their intensely green canopy. Descent through the vegetation zones into wet sclerophyll rainforest brings grungy wet scrub and slow going. Then : free! A tall tree fern, guard and saviour (insert self-parodying chord), signals an end to the grunge and the arrival at an unnamed creek.

Lunch was held some time later beside the Wonnangatta River. After this we sloshed up-river to our spur. After 'Grundge' Creek, it provided a nice surprise : generally open forest with few patches of thickness, along with some well formed animal tracks. These seem to be the result of deer. Certainly I noticed some large split hoof prints, and there were also a couple of "meeting areas" with much trampled moss and grass surrounding soaks of water. Later on we came to a perfect jousting spot for the bucks - a long and narrow strip of dirt where some serious head banging could perhaps take place.



Nice legs Dave Burnett. Nice jocks too?!

And then came a great big surprise - a fifty metre high cliff in our way. Cliffs are rare in Victoria, and must be savoured. It was great fun (for me at least) trying to find a way up them. Eventually a sneaky path was traced up a steep gully, a sloping diagonal shelf, and an arete. In the process a large hundred kilo boulder was accidentally dislodged (I was half standing on the damn thing when it decided to stop gathering moss) and went trundling down into the steep wooded slopes below.

The spur above the cliff was sharp and rocky, but relented after a while and provided an excellent campsite just below Speccy. Next day the summit was gained and put on a great show - almost-views combined with magnificent heavy frost on moss and grass, rock and stone, twig and tree. Little animal tracks in the snow complemented a brooding grey sky. Then back to Koonika and the now seemingly endless 4wd tracks back to the lake. The track was a horrible muddy mess now, after a probable umpteen four-wheel-drives having used it.

We encountered the thickest mist of the whole walk back at the car. Jenny was delighted.



Models Inc. aspirants, Steve Curtain and Scott Edwards.

Mt. Jagungal.

This trip was most interesting too!

Matt Green and myself scooted up to Bradneys Gap Picnic Ground on Friday 24th June. This is a great spot from which to launch an expedition to Mt. Jagungal : it is both nice and low (over 1500m lower) and not too close to the mountain (a cruisy 21km as the crow flies). This means it requires some effort to reach the Big J, but hey, I am not known for an aversion towards activities physical. "Anyway", I thought complacently to myself, "it will be a doddle, since there won't be any snow up there at all."

Biiiiiiiig mistake! You will see why shortly.

So now the story. First of all, we arrived. At 11pm. A perfect time to start walking. Which we did. The full moon was bright enough to light up Everards Flat Fire Trail, so we did not need our torches. Everything was going smoothly until we reached Khancoban Creek. Hmmm. Raging torrent seems an apt description. But, just like our dog, its bark was worse than its bite and it was not much more than knee deep (and nowhere near as exciting as a creek coming up in this story, which was over TWO metres deep, flowing really fast, and required a standing leap of great skill and courage to cross, with packs hurled heroically after).

There is not much to tell of the next few hours - they are all a blur. But there was a lot of up, and it was cloudy and damn cold whenever we stopped. Finally we got to the crest of the Dargals Range, at around 3am. Being at only 1600m I did not expect any snow, so it was a surprise to have about 20cm up there. Unfortunately mist obscured all views. By the way, mentally insert the sentence "Mist obscured all views." at the end of every second sentence from now on. It will save me a lot of typing. So, we had snow where I had not expected it.

The trudging began.

After a few hours of this we were getting rather cold, wet, tired, and not quite all there. So at 6:30am it was decided to "stuff" the Strumbo Range and instead chill out down to Pretty Plain Hut. This meant a dry breakfast. This was one of the many excellent decisions made on the walk. Pretty Plain is gorgeous! It is awesome! Go there! Now! The hut was nice and rustic, and had a hungry resident. Another reason to go there, to feed the poor blighter.

Matt had a bit of a sleep whilst I pottered about, doing nothing much at all over the two hours we were there. We left around 9:30am and headed down a foot pad. Pretty Plain grew before us into a wide bowl, with mega squiggly meandering creeks, a claytons moraine, and a great swampy snow plain at the convergence of two larger creeks. Brilliant.

Some excellent ruins also appeared, right where Pugilistic Creek and the Tooma River meet. Our plans, evolving all the time, now called for the following of Pugilistic Creek to its headwaters and then to Derschkos Hut. After crossing the creek half a dozen times in half a kilometre, we were getting rather cold feet. But then we didn't have to worry about that as we hit some horrible wet-snow-covered-scrub. Urgh. So our plans evolved again, and we headed southeast up onto the ridges paralleling the creek. The scrub was more open, but the snow was deep and our trudging resumed.

Since leaving Pretty Plain we had averaged about 1km/hr. Around lunchtime the snow finally became consistent enough to use snowshoes. YES! HEATHEN! ABOMINATION! Did he really say snowshoes? Indeed. Yea, verily had I not received but 28 hours earlier a pair of Tubbs Sierra snowshoes, obtained after considerable financial outlay from customs?

The upper Pugilistic headwaters was delightful - gentle snow covered plains with little creeks winding their way through them. But the snow conditions were abominable (I love that word, Nikki). Above zero temperatures had turned the firm crisp snow into a deep wet gumbo. Yurgh. The snowshoes sank in about 15cm, and then the poor chap following behind sank in a further 15cm. Finally, after getting seriously poohed-off with the whole affair, we reached the hut. It was now 4:30pm, and we'd been going steadily since 11:30pm the night before. We were stuffed.

Derschkos hut was ace. It had a tiny pot-bellied stove and an indoor wood pile, plus two doorless rooms and windable glass windows. After several brews and a large dinner we hit the sack, sometime around 7pm.

Twelve hours later I woke up. About 10cm of snow had fallen overnight, with the threat of more to come in the sky. After brekky off we went, heading east across a wide flat snow plain towards the Big J. Don't forget about those add-in sentences about mist. Again we had the problem of the snowshoer finding the going much easier than the snowshoeless, but the feeling that we were going to soon be standing on the Big J made it all worthwhile.

After the steady trudging of the lower slopes and snow plains, it was rather nice to get onto the crest of the main southwest ridge of Jagungal. The wind (nice and cool, prompting a rapid ascent) had packed down the snow, so walking was okay. Shortly we came up to the "steep bit" near the summit, and because we are fundamentally lazy we decided to go up it rather than around it. Matt, in boots at this time, found step kicking up a snowfilled corner fairly pleasant. But I chose to try out the toe crampons on the snowshoes and went up the face to the south. The snow was much harder here and the crampons gave the most excellent purchase.

And then we were on top!

Of a false summit. But, having been to Jagungal before, I knew this, and we continued on the real summit, marked by a waist-high concrete pillar. Major photography occurred, featuring only us rather than the scenery (as there was none)(re comment about sentences featuring mist). I must say that we were very satisfied with our achievement, as we had put in a large amount of effort to get there. It was now 10am, so that meant lunch at Derschkos (good) but no side trip to the north end of Pretty Plain (bad).

The way back was speedy relative the way in, following our tracks and not needing to worry about navigation. Amazingly we were able to follow our tracks from the previous day along Pugilistic Creek as well. This was a bonus unlooked for. It allowed us to get back to Pretty Plain Hut by dusk, where we got the fire going and had a yummy dinner. Early to bed again.

Our third and final day dawned overcast and sort-of-misty : the valleys had no mist but any hill above 1650m was covered. We decided to head west from the hut directly to Everards Flat Fire Trail, and got up at 5am for a 6am start. I was assuming the worst in terms of scrub and gumbo snow.

Up and over the ridge behind the hut we went. "Wow, we're hooning along!" Yeah, we sure were. Great going. And we could see that down in the snow plain before us a titchy little creek waited to be crossed, and then a nice open spur up to the Dargals. Well remember me telling you about the leap-of-faith creek? El-ticho down there was it. We approached it and encountered swamp. No problem. We arrived at its bank and encountered mega-depth. Big problem. Matt ascertained that its depth was greater than waist deep by trying to cross. So slosh slosh slosh upstream for a while. Finally found a point at which both banks were fairly close together and looked reasonably solid. After a little dithering I leaped across, landing with my legs in the water but my upper body on the ground. The packs followed after, and so did Matt.

Hoonily up to the Dargals. Great views to the west from the top, down into the Murray and Geehi valleys, but none to the east. Then the long and winding track down to the car. We arrived at 11:30am, and were back in Melbourne at 5 after cruising along the mighty Hume Freeway.

So there you have it.

Look out for more of my trips of ill repute in the green folders in the clubrooms. They may be a tad on the hard side, but they are worth the effort : just ask Jenny or Matt.

by Anton Weller.

THE MANY FACES FOUND ON MUMC BEGINNER TRIPS !!!



EXHAUSTED



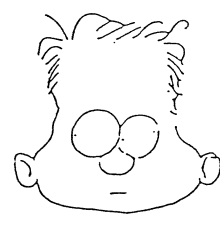
CONFUSED



ECSTATIC



GUILTY



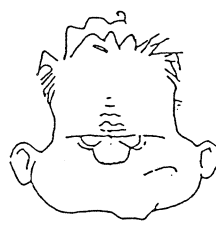
SUSPICIOUS



ANGRY



HYSTERICAL



FRUSTRATED



SAD



CONFIDENT



EMBARRASSED



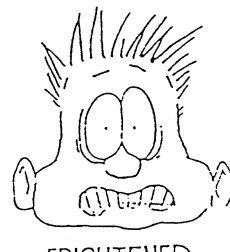
HAPPY



MISCHIEVOUS



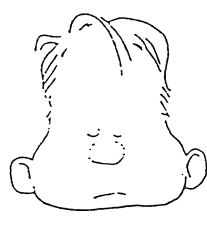
DISGUSTED



FRIGHTENED



ENRAGED



ASHAMED



CAUTIOUS



SMUG



DEPRESSED



OVERWHELMED



HOPEFUL



LONELY



LOVESTRUCK



JEALOUS



BORED



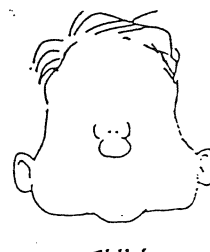
SURPRISED



ANXIOUS



SHOCKED



SHY

MIDNIGHT ASCENT TRIVIA QUIZ!!!!!!

Brought to you by the letters K.B.

1. Mad Mike wore which of the following items for the photo in 1991?

- a) A grilled fish.
- b) A roast chicken.
- c) A string of fried dim
sims
- d) A marinated wallaby.

2. Who led the Midnight Ascent in 1992?

- a) Scott Edwards.
- b) Steve Curtain.
- c) Sir Edmund Hillary.
- d) Tom Bevan.

3. In 1994, Andy Gaff was seen lounging around for most of the weekend in:

- a) Hot pink thermals.
- b) Silk paisley PJs.
- c) A French dairy
maid costume.
- d) A straight jacket.

4. Who was tied to the ladder in 1993 for being a noisy, obnoxious drunk?

- a) Kate.
- b) Anton.
- c) Richard.
- d) Nicki.

5. Which of the following words best describes Steve Bird's version of 'cross-dressing' in 1994?

- a) Elegant.
- b) Utterly obscene.
- c) Pretty.
- d) Stylish.

6. Where is the old key to the cellar in the hut?

- a) In a drawer.
- b) In an envelope.
- c) In the filing cabinet.
- d) Don't know - See 7.

7. What heavy item did Richard carry up in his pack in 1994?

- a) Boltcutters.
- b) Medicine textbooks.
- c) A RAK Designs billboard.
- d) Anouk.

8. In 1993, the Midnight Ascent lacked which of the following items?

- a) People.
- b) Snow.
- c) Russel's group.
- d) Food.

9. The moral to the Anouk/ Lara/ Richard 1994 OXO cake is:

- a) Too many cooks spoil the broth.
- b) Don't count your chickens before they hatch.
- c) Don't put all your eggs in one basket.
- d) Blue, red and green cake looks great but tastes bad.

10. At the Midnight Ascent, Dave Burnett is generally renowned for:

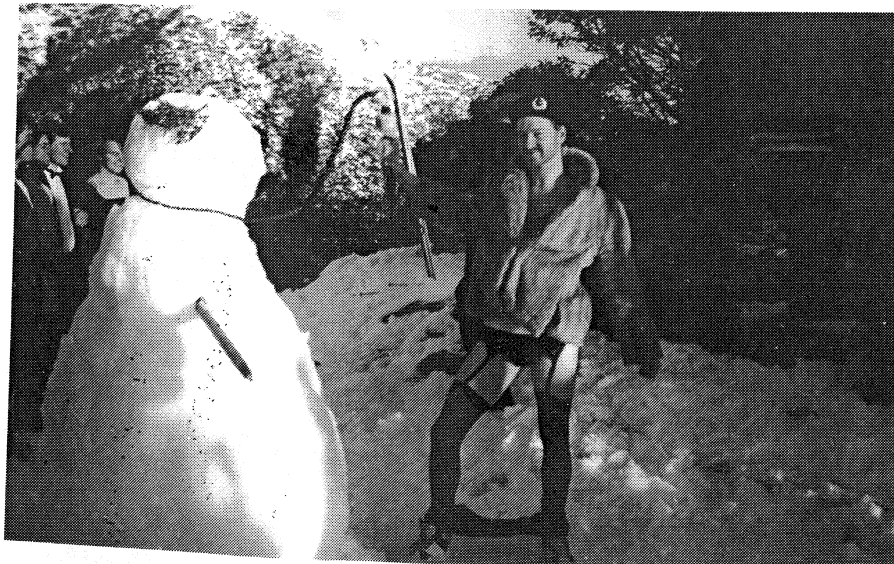
- a) Playing groovy stuff on the guitar on Saturday night.
- b) His enormous eagerness to practice self-arresting on the summit, no matter what the weather.
- c) A minimalist approach to clothing on the walk down.

11. In 1994 it was unwise to spend too long in the loft due to the risk of:

- a) Carbon dioxide poisoning.
- b) Heat exhaustion.
- c) Aggravating the sloths.
- d) All of the above

ALL CORRECT ANSWERS MAY GO INTO A DRAW TO WIN A FREDDO FROG IF I'M FEELING GENEROUS.

Madame Steve Bird.



Snow walking - The Original.

Amber Mullens.

For the Queen's birthday weekend, Rohan Schaap, Steve Carter, and myself, headed off to do some walking on the Main Range. The weekend before, we had stood atop a snowless Mt. Bogong and glanced across to the Main Range. "Not much snow on it," Rohan murmured. "No, there's not is there", replied Steve. I didn't add my own opinion because with my eyesight, I couldn't even believe that there were other mountains in the blur surrounding me. Therefore, it was agreed that the Main Range was the next spot for the 'high altitude' preparation for the coming trip to India.

On the way to the Main Range, Steve showed us some interesting sights to liven the trip up. We visited the Shell service station on the Hume, the Shell service station at Albury, and the Shell service station somewhere else. Then there was the highlight of stopping at the toilet they built especially for the Queen. It was appropriate to see that especially since it was HRH's birthday. Next, we got to visit the holy site at the headwaters of the Murray. Somewhere along the way, Rohan failed to impress us by showing us the highest bit of train track in Australia. The toilet was far more exciting.

Finally, we arrived at Dead Horse Gap, put the packs on and headed up. We encountered snow after about 20 steps. Hmmm, maybe we should have brought skis. Steve and Rohan blamed each other for saying that there wasn't any snow. None of us had bothered to find out. But, it was wonderful weather and there were plenty of wombat tracks to keep me amused. We climbed North Ramshead for the view from the top. Not a cloud in the sky. Rohan and Steve then charged off for Mt. Kosciusko while I stumbled along behind.

We never quite made it because I was too slow, and instead set up our tents on top of a ridge. The sunset was just magnificent. Steve cooked us all a meal of vegetables in picant sauce. Have you ever had picant sauce? I think it's what's called an acquired taste. We drank some of our cask of port with the tinned chocolate self-saucing pudding that I had hidden in Rohan's pack. Have you ever noticed how much better those things taste when you were not the idiot to carry it in your pack?



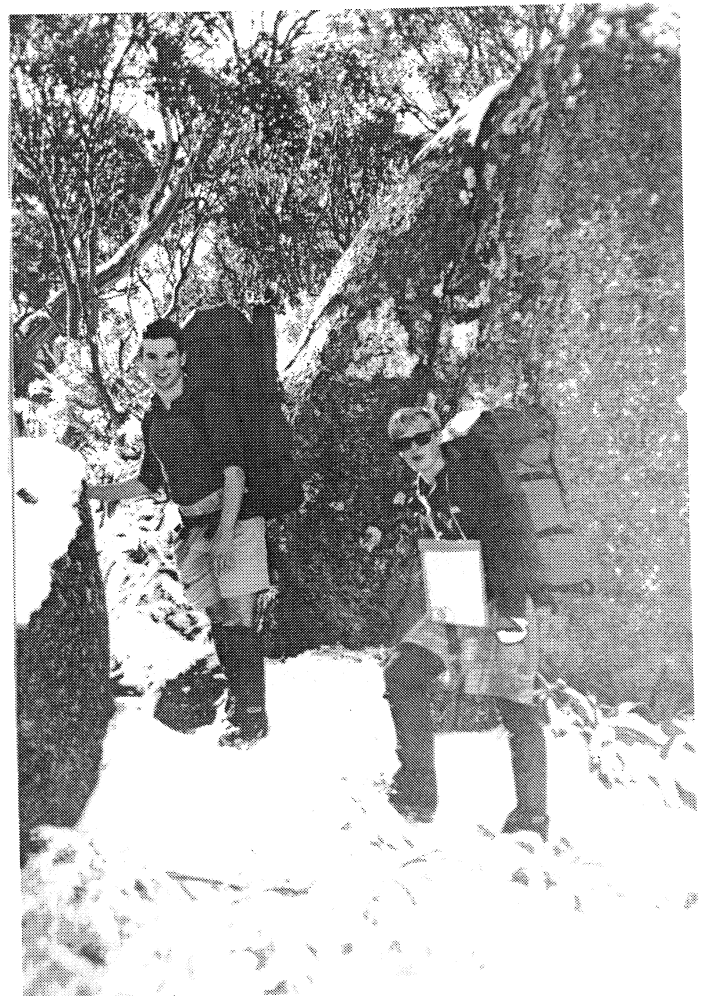
Steve Carter and Dave Wilson

That night was really cold. Just what temperature does port freeze at? I awoke in the early morning but decided I didn't need to go to the toilet until morning proper. At some time after that, a blizzard blew in. Squatting in the gale, I wished I had that earlier pit stop. As the morning progressed, the weather got worse and worse. We packed off and headed toward Kossie by compass. Unfortunately, the rocks are magnetic in this part of the woods. Fortunately, we hit the trail and followed that. The view from Australia's highest mountain was of a million bits of ice sand blasting your face.

Back at the bottom, we decided to cut the trek short and head to Seamans hut for lunch. Just as we set off, we met a group of skiers (lucky bastards). Their leader greeted us with, "Ahhh, snow walkers, the originals. It's nice to see there are still some left". Well, actually, there aren't. Only idiots who don't bring skis because they think there's not enough snow to ski on.

Every man and his skis were at the hut, so we pushed on and followed the Snowy until it met up with a pole line. Rohan and Steve then played duelling compasses. They ended up repeatedly criss-crossing the pole line as they took turns leading on conflicting compass points while I had a nervous breakdown trying to figure out why we just didn't follow the poles to begin with. Rohan later told me that Steve was completely wrong, and I believed him because he's never wrong, but it did seem strange that Steve's incorrect line took us exactly where we wanted to go. From the top of Thredbo, it was just a simple matter of following the brown poles to Dead Horse Gap. I liked the way the poles stopped half way there. At least Rohan and Steve agreed on which direction to take.

Back snug in the car, we headed off to Geehi to camp the night in the picnic shelter, safe from the pouring rain. After falling in the river while looking for water (they found it), someone stupid cooked us a delicious dinner of peanut-butter chicken. Then someone who suffers from brainlessness managed to stuff up the idiot-proof custard. Someone else who didn't want to be rained on, drove the 10m to the long-drop. Who did what....me, Carter or Rohan? I'll leave that up to you.



Steve Carter and Rohan Schaap, Dead Horse Gap.

Car Tips.

From Kate,
Your friendly MUMC car expert.

Cars form a very important, yet little recognised, part of the MUMC social fabric. New members of MUMC can attain Club Legend status with very little personal input by the mere fact that they have access to a large car (preferably with roof-racks) and will voluntarily take it down dirt roads filled with pot-holes from hell so that everyone is spared the effort of walking until the last possible moment. On the other hand, older club members who've been around a fair while can be permanently stigmatised by never having a car to offer, or worse, being on P plates with an automatic licence, or even worse, not knowing how to drive at all. In order to raise the profile of cars in MUMC to the status they truly deserve, I will endeavour to provide some helpful tips on cars in upcoming editions of The Mountaineer.

CAR TIP #1. Station Wagons.
Owning a functional station wagon is a good way to gain rapid popularity within MUMC. Reasons are outlined below.

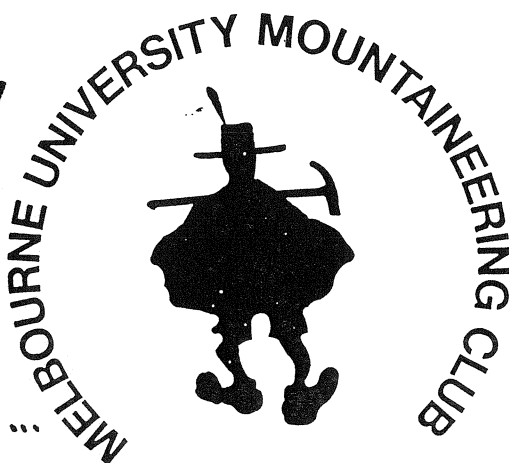
MUMC STICKERS

* SUPPORT YOUR CLUB IN NEED!

MUMC Stickers

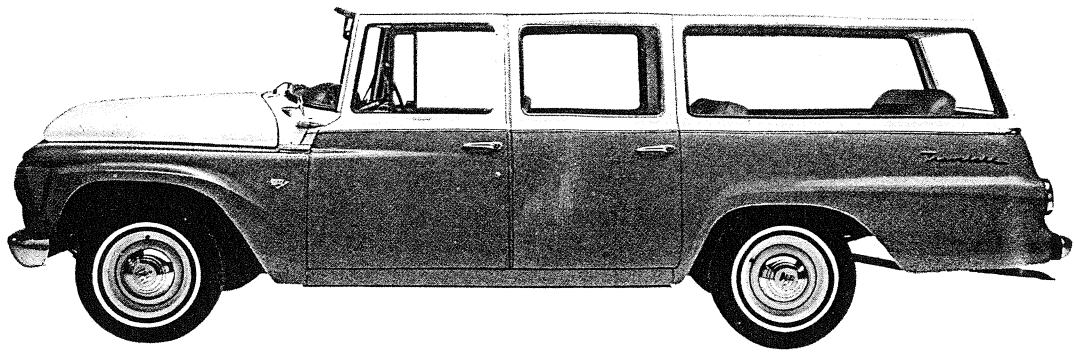
ONLY \$1.00 !!

- Plasticized
- Black & White
- Diameter: 15cm
- Look really good...



AVAILABLE:

from Clubrooms at
lunchtime. See Lisa Flew,
Steve Bird or Steve Curtain



This is what a station wagon is supposed to be like



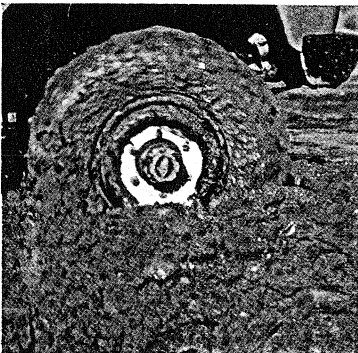
Two adults plus seven husky kids (or adults) ride comfortably anywhere. 1.



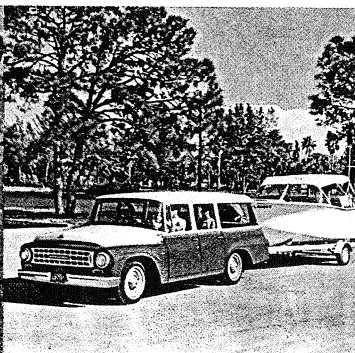
A big fellow sits tall on a chair-high seat, without crushing his hat. 2.



You can load up a pile of stuff, without straining over the tailgate. 3.



With all-wheel-drive, you don't have to stop when you've run out of road. 4.



There's no tail wagging when it's towing a boat, camper, or house trailer. 5.



The high and wide windshield—big windows, too—let you see all around. 6.

1. One station wagon sufficient for a whole club trip - minimises risk of losing half the group and/or gear through misunderstanding about turn-off just before the first bridge after you've left the town centre.
2. A big fellow with a crushed hat can put a real dampener on group morale.
3. With a car this big you can fit the boats inside.
4. We could all drive up the Tom Kneen track and get a proper nights sleep at the top.
5. See next AGM agenda for proposal to spend remaining club funds on a house trailer.
6. A station wagon with windows is great for spotting other cars.

SlushSlushSlushSlushSlushSlushSlush

"I'm the highest person in Victoria", David Wilson, while standing upon the cairn on the summit of Mt. Bogon.

"Well, that depends on what Dave Burnett is doing at the moment", reply from Rohan Schaap.

"Only about three people didn't do it on the night", Sam Rollings talking about what went on after the AGM finished.

"Could someone please oil Anouk?", Phil Towler.

"The laundry..", recalls Steve Carter, after Amber directed a visitor to Debacles Mansion to the laundry rather than the toilet by mistake, "...I often go there to go to the toilet when the bathroom is occupied. I sometimes just go off the balcony, but with all the cars passing, it gets a bit hard unless you've perfected the casual no hands technique."

"When the weather gets warmer, we'll try doing it in a tree", Derek Fable to Nicki Munro.

"I listen to 3TT, 3AW, 3MP and sometimes Triple R....when the science show is on", Charlie Buttery.

Dave Wilson: "In those days Carter was Carter the Unstoppable Sex Machine."

Amber Mullens: "I know, I've seen."

"I've got the tenderest loins", Steve Curtain.

Dan Colborne: "Just put your tongue in the hole".

"Do I need a chest?", Amber Mullens.





FIFTY YEARS.

The
M.U.M.C. 50th
Anniversary Dinner

will be held on
the 8th of October

at The Ballroom,
Camberwell Centre,
340 Camberwell Rd.,
Camberwell.

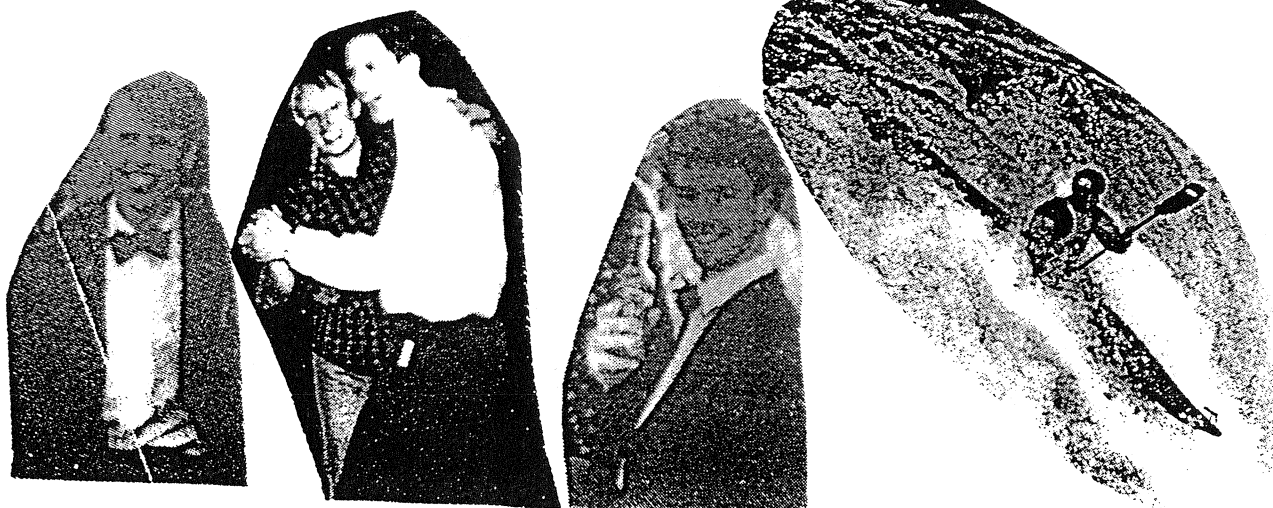
The cost for student members
of M.U.M.C. is \$45.

This includes all food and drink.

The dinner starts at 7pm.

See Amber or Kate for tickets NOW!

R.S.V.P. Tuesday 4th October.



A Tale Of Two Snowshoes

By Anton Weller

Mt. Bullfight.

At 4am on Saturday 13th August four adventurers set out to walk up Mt. Bullfight : Ari, James, Ingo and Anton. Optimistic as ever, I had advertised the trip as a Beginners Day Trip. I suppose you could say it was, just.

Mt. Bullfight is about 50 metres higher than nearby Lake Mountain, and it is a lot nicer. That is because there are no tracks, no ski resorts, no groomed trails. Just unspoilt snow plains and snow gum forest, with interesting granite boulders scattered artfully around. And a mysterious monolith...(theme music from 2001 please).

Snow down to 700 metres required a low parking of the car. That meant an extra few hundred metres of ascent. But we did not mind (well I didn't. And as the others are not here as I write I have to assume they did not mind either).

We followed vehicular tracks up to the point where the bush-bashing was to begin. As it was early morning the mist that surrounded us glowed with the light of the rising sun. Very dramatic. So we left the track.

Being a relaxed trip I let my companions do all the exciting things - navigation, choosing a route through the scrub, breaking trail in the knee-high mega-crud snow. You must understand that this was only for their own betterment! In no way did I stay at the back because I was being lazy! Oh No! My task of providing helpful advice (Which way do we go? they would ask, and I would respond Up.) was surely not an easy one.

Eventually we had a rest, for the going had been rather tough for the last bit. Due to the difficulty of the trudging I brought out my brand new snowshoes to ease the way. Now as everyone knows I do my utmost to ease other peoples burdens, and that is why I put on my snowshoes and began to stride effortlessly in front of the others, breaking the trail for them. Unfortunately, they sunk in a bit which slowed them down, but you cant win them all.

Once up on the plateau the snow gum forest began and I had to pay careful attention to where we were going in the mist. We soon came across a small snow plain, in which the aforementioned monolith resided. Well actually it is not a monolith at all. It is in fact a rather curious post, about two metres high and painted in black and white rings. We had no idea what it was put there for.

Shortly after - the summit! Actually it was just a bigger granite boulder than the rest, with a cairn on top and surrounded by trees. Not too exciting really. A lookout to the west was much better - we even glimpsed a view or two through the clouds. After lunch and a brief snow-battle we headed back.

We arrived back at the car at sunset.

The Jagungal Wilderness.

Oh boy, what an awesome trip! Unfortunately I do not have time to do it justice - 10 minutes is all I have!

So, some brief impressions will have to suffice.

The trip:

The Participant : Mr. Anton Weller Bwtngo (Bachelor of walks that nobody goes on)

The Hume Freeway : boring.

The Tiredness Of The Driver : maximal.

The Music In The Car : Pink Floyd and Slayer.

The Sleeping In On The First Day : 1 hour.

The Initial Ascent : 1200m

The Sky : Blue.

The Weather : Perfect.

The Snow : aaarrrgghh-ultra-wet-horrible-mega-crud.

The Solitude : complete.

The Scenery : spectacular.

The summit bivouacs : sunset/the milky way/moonrise/sunrise.

The Night Sky : you could touch it.

The Pack : heavy.

The Camera Paraphernalia : heavily used.

The Photos : 120.

The Trip Length : 5 days.

The Effort : Large.

The Huts : rustic.

The Summit Of Jagungal : view-proving.

Just Being There : indescribably perfect/a oneness with nature.

by Anton Weller

Midnight Ascent





Midnight Ascent!



REBEL SNOGAINE by Alan Daley.

While most of the club was trekking through scant snow on the Midnight Ascent, Adam and Alan rediscovered cross-country tree-skiing at the Mt. Stirling Snogaine. Other suggested names for it included "Grollogaine" and "Dodgem Cablegaine" but they stuck with the original. Navigating through snow is a whole new experience, by the way, especially when others have previously visited the checkpoint, because one tends to find tracks throughout the snow all the time. Unfortunately, these don't always go in the desired direction, so self-reliance is a great idea. A snogaine also reveals parts of the mountain one doesn't otherwise normally encounter, and for this reason is highly recommended. We have now discovered many new potential camp spots further removed from tracks, and sometimes just stunning for their shelter and views. Alan, the bloody forceful idiot, decided to go for another checkpoint with little time to go, and we got back 6 minutes late. A common rule for rogaining: if you get back late after a dubious decision, be ready for profuse apologies because losing 10 points a minute is the most frustrating and disappointing feeling around. And for snogaining: in general, don't take off your skis.

See You At The Bishop's Mitre Rogaine.

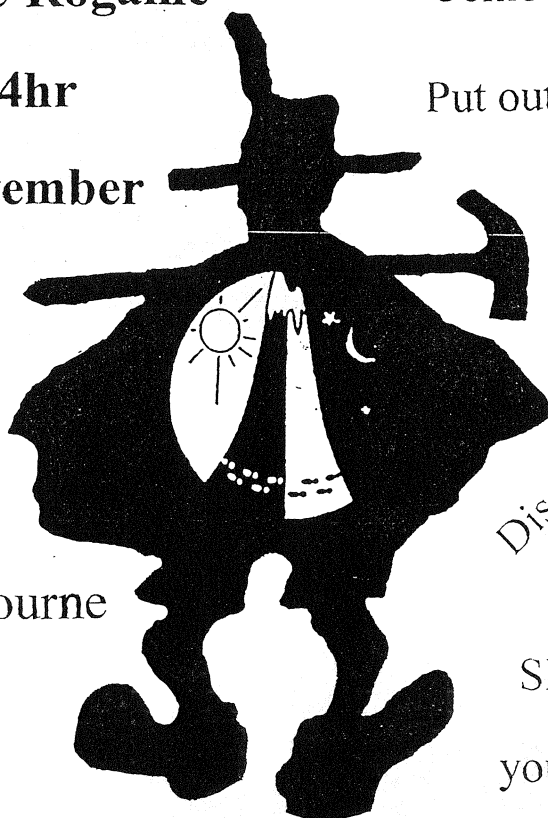
Bishop's Mitre Rogaine

Come for one or two days

Roving 12hr/24hr

Put out or collect markers

17th-18th September



Near Seymour

Display your technical nous

2 hrs from Melbourne

Show off

your culinary expertise

Be involved in a huge club event

Tell Alan when you can help. ph: 349 7162

SNOW SKILLS WEEKEND
BOGONG HIGH PLAINS
6-7th AUGUST 1994

What better than a weekend of skiing and snow camping on the Bogong High Plains! It was certainly a memorable trip with fantastic fresh snow and good weather.

On the trip meeting the Tuesday before there was hot competition to get one of the 14 places to go (Steve's magic number) but it turned out that by the Friday, four had pulled out including our co-leader Geoff who had come down with the flu. No matter, a great weekend was to be had by the ten remaining.

We got away by 6pm from the clubrooms, but had to drop Steve off at the Lygon St Safeway for him to pick up some vital snow camping supplies, such as tsatzuki dip and a couple of zucchinis! On the road again, we hadn't made it past Swanston St before he realised that he'd left a shopping bag on the checkout counter! Back we go!! Finally left Carlton at about 6.30pm. Typical get-away really for a club trip I suppose.

Cruised up the Hume to Euroa where we met up with the rest of them for a dose of fish and greasies for dinner. Departed memorably up the main street to a chorus of horns.

Next stop the Glenrowan / Snow Road BP for petrol. Were going to buy some candles, but at \$3.50 for six, decided to go without. On again to Mt Beauty without incident. Very 'fresh' was one of the comments made as we got out of the car here to pick up some chains, but this was to be only a taste of things to come.

We headed on then up past Bogong township to stop and camp on a nice flat grassy area next to the road. Tents were quickly set up and everyone was in bed around midnight.

Saturday morning dawned with everyone raring to go. All dressed and packed for the days skiing we piled in the cars and drove up to Windy Corner for final preparations in the shelter there. Finally got away with Stu and Dillon promptly leading everyone off in the wrong direction, then Steve demonstrated how NOT to do a step turn in trying to turn around and landed flat on his back. A great start to the day!

We cruised up the Omeo Road, NOT in the tram tracks, then across the dam wall to fill in the intentions book. We were in the High Plains at last!!

Firstly though a little more skiing along the road before turning off to follow Heathy Spur. The snow was unbelievably good off trail and everyone seemed to be skiing relatively well with their packs. Stopped for a break and heaps of scroggin, or 'gorp' as Cori our resident Canadian would say, was had by all. Reached the top of the first major saddle on the spur and Sam and Caroline promptly skied off down the other side in the wrong direction only to have to come all the way back up. Good run though!

We decided to look for somewhere to camp now and found a great sheltered spot on an east facing slope near a few trees which was well protected from the wind. There were some great skiing slopes nearby too! Packs off, we commenced to flatten areas for our tents but soon discovered that the snow was just too powdery!! It just wouldn't compact! Out came the snow shovels to dig over a half meter down to find a good base. (The snow where we camped was over a meter deep - I checked in the morning.) Snow was soon flying everywhere, some not quite so accidentally landing on others. Snow fights ensued.

Tents were then erected, protected by snow walls and connected by trenches to make quite a village. The trench to Martin's and my tent contained a feature 'hurdle' at the entrance designed to catch anyone visiting our tent during the night (it actually caught myself because I'd forgotten all about it, which wasn't quite the idea!). Cori and Dillon had a hard time with their tent since someone hadn't remembered any snow pegs but managed to beg, borrow and improvise to get their tent up.

That done, lunch was had. Some of the girls set out to dig a group toilet (who had an invested interest in the operation) - but hit the ground and stopped - to continue later.

Basic ski lessons were given for the less experienced from Steve and myself on a gentle slope behind our camp. We then moved on to a slightly steeper slope for some telemarking lessons. A feature of this slope was a jump to one side on which Stu managed to excel admirably (read carnage!).

Across the valley then to some fresh pristine slopes for some fantastic skiing. Started to really get the hang of those telemarks now. Stu found an even bigger dropoff to ski down - and made it too! Sam, Dillon and myself followed to varying degrees of success. Some time later with that slope trashed, we headed up to the top for a good view of Falls Creek and Spion Kopje. Stu almost broke his skis jumping off the mound at the top (I'm sure I heard a crack!). Desperate for some fresh snow, we moved down and across the valley and found a moderate slope over another ridge. We didn't ski long here, with everyone tiring fast, so headed back to camp across now icy snow.

Began dinner as dusk was descending with everyone in their tents. Cries of 'I can see bubbles!', and 'It's boiling!' were heard periodically from Sam and Caroline's tent. All done by about 7.30pm. Now what? I know, lets crash Enmore and Hanya's tent!!

What followed would have to be one of the most momentous tent crams of all time. We all piled in, arms and legs everywhere, then out came the cards - the game, 'Warlords and Scumbags', otherwise known as 'Asshole', a hierarchy type game. Cards were passed around, a torch hanging from the centre was spun periodically so everyone could see their cards, then the games began. After a couple of rounds, when everyone had the hang of it, it was time to change positions to get the order right again. Now, if you thought that cramming ten people in a two man tent was bad enough (an unofficial club record), then just try and get everyone to change positions! Quite an epic experience.

Comments such as 'Aarrgghh, that's my leg!!!', 'Shit your socks stink!!!', 'Help, I can't breathe!!!', 'Uggh!', 'Pins and needles!!!', 'My neck!!!' and so on, abounded.

Handy hint: When you hear Stu yell 'Cramp!!!', get out of the way of his legs as fast as possible if you still want to have children.

We played this for almost three hours - changing positions every few games. By about 11pm everyone was stuffed and proceeded to fall asleep in what ever position they happened to be in. Hanya and Enmore wanted to go to bed though and kicked us all out into the cold. It had been lightly snowing while we'd been in there and everyone was quickly in bed and asleep.

A generous 10-15cm of snow had fallen overnight and when we opened the tents in the morning we were greeted with exhilarating views across the valley and the prospect of a fantastic days skiing on fresh powder snow ahead. What followed was a leisurely breakfast and pack up of the tents and gear

(except for Stu and Steve, who volunteered to use their packs to carry our lunch and gear for the day).

We then headed out, continuing to follow Heathy Spur up towards Mt Nelse as our possible destination. Refilled our water bottles at the first creek then traversed a hugely tempting slope running down to Watchbed Creek on our left. Kept on going though and crested the ridge to view Nelse from the south. Very icy and windy up here and that in conjunction with the lack of time and the weather closing in prompted us to decide to give the summit attempt a miss. Instead we headed back down to that great slope that we had passed and ate lunch. Mucked around after lunch on the slope which was actually quite slow because of the fresh snow but was great for those mega sweeping telemark turns!

Running out of time, we headed quickly back to camp through a brief snow shower, packed up the remaining gear then all lined up for a group photo. Dillon still has to be paid back for pushing us all over like dominos after the shot. You just watch out on the next trip!!

Skied back down the spur, then along the pole line to come out right on the dam wall. Signed off, then continued down the road. Barely 200m from Windy Corner we were accosted by a Norwegian ARC Patrolman demanding to see our trail tickets for using the (UN)groomed PUBLIC road (NOT the tram tracks) for the ten minutes it took for us to ski down from the dam wall. What followed was an extended argument in which our options were a \$200 fine each or we could just pay our trail fees. It was up to us!! Half an hour later we grudgingly paid but the legality of this will definitely be followed up. (See Steve).

Piled into the cars then drove back down to Mt Beauty to get changed (gave everyone a scare in my car when it went for a bit of a slide on some ice on one of the corners). Got a puncture on the main street, grabbed some tea then headed off back to Melbourne. Stopped for fuel and McChucks in Glenrowan. Arrived back at the clubrooms around midnight. Sorted out gear and money eventually - next time, don't let Steve do it!

Absolutely superb trip all up. I'm sure everyone learnt some new snow skills and enjoyed themselves immensely. A reunion / re-enactment of the tent cram / card playing session is planned soon. A challenge has been put down to everyone out there to better this record. Can you do it?! Is it physically possible?

Matt Green





374 Little Bourke Street
Melbourne

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Fax: 602 1997

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members available until
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All your outdoor needs
including
tents, rucsacks, boots, stoves,
socks, thermals, ropes, rock
gear, sleeping bags, and on and
on....

Letters To The Editor.

Here's your chance to let everyone know what really bugs you, or what you love, or even if you've got something to ask. Share it with all of us. You don't have to put your name to the bottom of these letters if you want your identity to remain a secret for fear of reprisals. Remember, I will publish all letters except those which say bad things about myself, and that's only fair. Here's the very first letter.....

Dear Ed.,

After long consideration, I am still unable to determine whether Lisa actively searches (and pretty successfully too, might I add) for cross-dressing men to go out with, or whether she turns her men into cross-dressers using a technique that cunningly balances violent coercion with delicious incentive. Please help me since I cannot study properly until I know the answer.

Ambiguous.

Dear Ambiguous,

I really can't help you with this one. I think we should all remember that in private, a person's sexual preferences are their own, unless of course, they're in Tasmania (Hey, isn't Scott from Tasmania??!!) or they're a member of MUMC. Therefore, this subject is fair game and we can discuss it all we want. Maybe Lisa can share her secrets with you in the next edition.

Dear Mr. Kennett,

I won't be voting Liberal at the next election. Don't get me wrong, it's got nothing to do with the putting the chairlift in at Stirling. God knows, at the moment I'm too buggered by the time I get to the top of the mountain to do any actual skiing, so the lift will be a real bonus. Even though Stirling is a wilderness area, I'm sure there must be an endangered colony of some animal or plant species you and your mate Grollo could build the lift through. That'll do the trick. (Actually, MUMC has a hut on Mt. Feathertop and it's a bit of a hassle carrying all our gear up for the Midnight Ascent. I was wondering if you could whack a lift up there as well, one with gondolas would be great. Please.)

It's also got nothing to do with surreptitiously chain-sawing the trees down near my house at 6am on a Sunday morning. Some people like sleeping in on Sundays and waking up to the sound of birds and sunlight coming through their window. Not me. No, I like waking up to the revving of motors, the crashing of falling timber, and the sound of the wood chipper working its way through 100 year old elms. At least they won't get that elm disease, eh Jeff.

No Jeff, I won't be voting Liberal because you've made me change the location of MUMC's 50th Anniversary Dinner at the last minute. I've spent 2 years of my life helping to organise it and you just walk in and cancel the booking just because of some stupid race for men with little prix. I'm pissed off Jeffery, pissed off indeed. And I won't be voting Liberal.

Love, Amber.

