

LIBRARY COPY - DO NOT REMOVE

MOUNTAINEER

THE MAGAZINE OF THE MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB.

April 1995.

LIBRARY COPY - DO NOT REMOVE
El Presidente shares more of her thoughts. Go Climbing with the BEST. Your star signs inside.



See THOSE pictures of El Presidente. Bumper Issue. Slush goes deeper than any Gaiters.

Editorial.

Well, well and here is the second edition of the Mountaineer for 1995. How many people will be deeply offended by this edition I wonder? The 'controversy' seems to have done wonders for increasing enthusiasm in being involved in the Mountaineer - especially in Slush!. This edition, there was no begging for articles. Keep it up.

Thankyous for helping get the last edition out are due to Scott Edwards (photocopying), Lisa Flew (collating), Rebecca Starling (collating, pulling staples out, re-collating), Alan Daley (getting staples) and Andy Gaff (who tried hard but didn't really do anything at all).

In previous issues, I have asked you to check the pouches for pouch young of Australian natives that have been killed by cars and also to do what you can to prevent old growth forest from being woodchipped. As this Mountaineer will get to you just before Easter, this edition's good deed is about Easter Eggs. If you really must participate in this Christian/Pagan ritual (and I must. Anything that involves chocolate is worth celebrating.), don't buy any rabbit things and don't support the Easter Bunny. Rabbits are such a huge problem in Australia that we should ditch them and go for the Easter Bilby instead. They are making Bilby shaped 'eggs' so snap them up and gobble them down on your easter trips.

Remember, Bilbies not bunnies,

Amber.

Contents.

Editorial and Contents (as if you didn't know).	.1.
A Spiel From El Presidente.	.2.
Scroggin (new name for Odds and Ends)	.3.
A Letter From Antarctica - Derek Fabel.	.4.
NZ - Big Time Paddling - Richard Kjar.	.5.
Woodchipping - Amber Mullens.	.9.
MUMC Horoscopes - Kate Bradshaw Starwoman.	.11.
Snowgum Ad. Our Wonderful Sponsors.	.14.
Mount Aspiring, The Beauty and The Beast - Dan Colborne.	.17.
Thoughts On Tripping - Andy Gaff.	.20.
Climbing - MUMC Style - Scott Edwards.	.21.
The Base-ics - Alan Daley.	.23.
MUMC Good Food Guide - Steve Curtain.	.24.
Day Tripping - Amber Mullens.	.25.
A Guide To Trip Transport - Richard Kjar.	.27.
Hitch-Hiker's Guide to the South Island of NZ - Dan Colborne.	.28.
SLUSH, bigger and more lines taken out of context than ever.	.29.

Front Cover - Richard Kjar after being dumped by a huge wave at Wilsons Prom.

Back Cover - A dark figure climbing Mt Aspiring in New Zealand (Is that RAK again!?).

Next issue is a RAK cover free zone.

LIBRARY COPY - DO NOT REMOVE

A SPIEL FROM EL PRESIDENTE.

Hello everyone. Welcome to MUMC 1995.

O-week this year was huge. Despite the fact that many of the MUMC Old Faithfuls were away having amazing adventures, we still managed to attract more than 500 new members to the club. The weather was great, we had plenty of helpers at the table, the horse went abseiling and everyone had fun. Big thanks to Geoff, Amber, Andy Gaff (dear boy), Pedro, Andrew Hook, Bec, Steve Curtain, Dan, Brendan, Dylan, Lara, Sexy Knees Phil, Scott Wiltshire, Alan, Kym and all the other equally important people who helped but who have temporarily slipped my failing memory. Special big thanks also to Lisa, Scott, Alex and Matt for doing an ace job on the abseiling. More thanks to Scott and Lisa for providing the classy photoboards and the MUMC pamphlets. And another round of Big Thanks to Russell for finally coming up with the banner that we've all been waiting for about the last ten years. And also Very Half-Hearted Cynical Thanks to the Melbourne University Bureaucracy which inexplicably failed to provide us with a table.

Now is definitely the time to get involved in MUMC. The year is young, the trip folders are chockers, and the clubrooms are a 'Happening Thing' every lunchtime. On the social scene, hold your breath for the inaugural MUMC / Monash / RMIT / Latrobe combined Beach Party on Friday April 7th at the Half Moon Bay Lifesaving Club at 7.30pm. BYO drinks and money for Fish & Chips. Whatever the outcome of this unprecedented gathering, it's going to be one HUGE party. All good MUMC members are expected to attend and help uphold the fine MUMC tradition of being the biggest party animals this side of the Milky Way.

Also coming up on the social horizon we have the 'Women in MUMC's Big Night Out'. (Sorry - boys not invited to this one). This will be a great opportunity for new women in the club to meet the more experienced MUMC women, hear about the adventurous stuff that we've all been doing, and for us all to have a groovy night out. Meet at the clubrooms at 6:30pm on Wednesday April 26th and then we'll wander on down to Papa Gino's. BYO money for dinner.

Just a message to all those new people out there who'd like to get a bit more involved in MUMC: we want to know who you are. Helpers of any nature are always promoted to Legend status. There are heaps of jobs to do around the Club, so just give me or anyone on the committee a yell and tell us who you are. A good way to find out about the clockwork administration of the club, and get yourself involved, is to pop along to a committee meeting. Dates and times are advertised on the blackboard. New faces are always very welcome. Finally, we are always keen to find new trip leaders, since lots of leaders equals lots of trips. People who've built up some skills in an activity are strongly encouraged to chat to the relevant convenor about leading a trip or two. Acting as a co-leader for the first few times is a good starting point for any new leaders.

Well that's all for now folks. Stay cool. Kate Bradshaw.



Scroggin.

Don't forget to turn up at the combined MUMC/ Monash/RMIT/Latrobe/ Swinnie party. It's on Friday April 7 (note that this is a different day than originally planned). Check clubrooms for details.

Remember that if you have the car permit, you must clean the clubrooms. This is not an excuse for everyone else to throw their rubbish on the floor. People are getting a bit slack. MUMC is a dirty grot free zone.

The safety convenor recommends stopping at stop signs.

Thanks to everyone who helped during O-week either at the table or helping Lisa with the abseiling. The highlight was probably Scott and Lisa organising the horse to abseil.

Amber says thankyou to everyone who helped at Clubs' Day, especially Scott Edwards, Sam Rollings, Lisa Flew and Steve Curtain who came early to set up. MUMC signed up 30 or so new members, although Steve probably scared that many away with his naked romps in the sleeping bag.

Dylan, Kate, Dan, Scott, Lisa, Amber, Andrew, Steve, Sham, Alex, Uncle Russell, and Alan put in an outstanding effort to type in about 600 names and addresses at Type In Night. They all then went of for their bribe of free pizza, beer and icecream.

It is your responsibility to give your parents or whoever an emergency phone number when you go on a trip and ring them if you will be late home. You are all big girls and boys now and the rest of us don't want midnight phone calls from upset parents.

Girlies of MUMC, there is a night out for you planned for Wed April 26 so you can all bond or whatever. Leave the men folk at home. They are planning a trip to Santa Fe as revenge.

IV rogaining is on May 13-14 in Canberra. It's really cheap to go. See Alan Daley.

Please, please, please, if you enjoy Mt. Stirling and are concerned about its precarious situation, fill in the questionnaire that will be in here somewhere. Anouk stresses that is very important, so please make the effort and do it NOW.

Dylan has some details about Type in night. 491 names were typed in but there were about another 50 without student numbers, including a certain president. Dylan was impressed with the honesty of some club members. Some typers (like Dan) were not financial members and yet they didn't take the opportunity to type their names in (although everyone else did). Of course, it could just be that Dan is a member and someone else threw his name out!

IV Kayaking dates have just come to Rich. It's on the 3-7th July at Goolang Creek and will be hosted by The University Of New South Wales.

Big thankyou to Dave Wilson, Rohan Schaap, (and to a lesser extent both) Ange Filocsera and Amber Mullens who cleaned up MUMC Hut, took the broken window out and then carried the window and all the rubbish out. There are enough bottles up there for candles at the moment, so if you carry any bottles in for Midnight Ascent, make sure you are prepared to carry them out again.

A Letter From Antarctica.

Hello folks, how are you all?

It's snowing outside for a change. Not too uncommon for this place, the place being Davis Station (68°35'S, 77°58'E) on March 1, 1995. While typing this, the cacophony of elephant seal gurgles can just be heard through the triple glazed windows. Ellies and the associated noises are a bit hard to describe, but imagine this;

You've got a small beach of sand, a few islands surrounded by re-freezing ocean in the middle distance and ice bergs on the horizon being lit up by the early morning sun peaking through the grey cloud you are sitting under. This idyllic setting is somewhat disrupted by the 60 or so ellies wallowing on one end of the beach. Ellies are a peculiar, lovable(?) kind of creature with tons of character and blubber. On meeting your first ellies, your senses are simultaneously assaulted from three sides. There is no escape! The order of the assault affects different people differently, but the end result is always the same - you are stunned by their size, and the stench and noise emanating from them. Some of the larger boys weigh up to 4 tons and are 6m long, and when they yawn, you could easily fit two large water melons into the enormous pink cavity of the mouth (if the ellie would let you). They seem to be a rather bad tempered lot, even when sleeping, so I'm not sure if the water melon trick has been tried. They are various shades of brown and come onto the beach to moult, so some of them look rather tatty. All the ellies here are immature males and many are covered in scars from territorial fighting.

OK, so now you have 60 of these 'slugs' all lying together in a big pile, because that is what they do. Of course, an animal of that size, although very mobile when threatened, is just so much fat when wedged amongst its neighbours. Movement is restricted to a few wriggles to get into a more comfy sleeping position. This lack of movement is one of the main reasons why your nose gets assaulted, because the ellies do not let the proximity of their neighbours inhibit their need to excrete. To put it bluntly, they just lie there shitting and nose-dribbling all over themselves and their peers.

The other major sensory stimulation provided by these creatures is noise. Sitting a couple of feet away, you can get great aural gratification from the following sequence of behaviour. First you are overwhelmed by the stench (but you soon get used to that..) and then your ears start to pick up. There is a slow breathing with the exhalation sounding a bit like a large balloon deflating under a foot of liquid mud. This is interspersed with the occasional snort through the gigantic proboscis. Now multiply that by 60. You now have the ground swell of sound. This is where it gets noisy. Take Bruce, a rather sordid individual lying next to Scott (no relation I'm sure). Scott has just yawned a bad breathed yawn into Bruce's face who in turn farts in Scott's general direction. Not to be outdone, Scott rears up a bit and belches back, which unsettles the equilibrium and the whole pile quivers. Eddie doesn't take kindly to this and belches back, totally missing Scott, but giving a face full to Tony. Tony, of course, is a bit pissed off and lets fly from all orifices.

On our arrival, we could have joined the ellies without looking too inconspicuous. We hadn't had a shower in 50 days. It was rather nice to be able to strip down further than the wrist, but with 5 minute shower limits, the water was still brown at the end. Anyway, while in the field, we climbed lots of beautiful mountains and travelled about 1200km on our 4WD motorbikes. I think we collected about 600 kg of rocks and climbed/descended 27,000 vertical metres. I'm now preparing a short (12 days) sampling trip into the Vestfold Hills. No climbing but plenty of moraine bashing.

Cheerio from the south, **Derek Fabel.**

NZ - BIG TIME PADDLING

Richard Kjar

It's that feeling you have when you are half scared, when you are just in control. It's like when you are climbing hideously steep ice 500m above any semblance of solid ground, or you are gripping onto knife edge holds and can feel the sweat ooze from your palms. You feel light and shaky, but you know you must concentrate or else you will be punished severely.

There were three of us, Stu, Anouk and I and we were paddling the Roaring Meg section of the Kawarau, near Queenstown. Anouk and I had just been climbing at Mt. Cook for a month and so were just a little rusty, Stu had been sick before he had arrived in NZ and was not at his prime either. Already the roof racks had fallen off before Stu had even met us, forcing Stu load three boats into the boot of the hired two door Ford Festiva. When he met us at Mt Cook Village we had to tie the racks back onto the car so we could get in.

The Kawarau provides some of the biggest volume water in the South Island and compared to our paddling experience in Australia it was a rude but highly enjoyable awakening. Dodging holes such as Man Eater provided us with a challenge, and the huge boils were always ready to throw us around were we weren't noticing. Leaving the river we felt great, our hearts racing, fingers tingling, and our bodies itching to get back into the water again.

The itchiness was always present, more often by the millions of sandflies rather than the excitement, but the next section of Kawarau did provide both. We lowered our boats about fifty metres down an extremely steep hill by flying fox, narrowly avoiding the vast quantities of 'river surfers', the latest tourist craze in Queenstown.

This section was known as the Dogleg section, named after the infamous Dogleg rapid that it finished with. Compared with the continuous nature of the previous section, this was much more flat/rapid/flat in nature, but created huge water features when there were rapids. The first rapid, Smith's Falls provided some mammoth waves, but a combination of our fear and a violently surging eddy line prevented us surfing it with any degree of success. A couple of rapids later saw us at Dogleg.

We inspected the top section, a simple run through big waves. We got out at the bottom of this and inspected the lower half. The way was simple; avoid the pourover on the left and the hole on the right, and power on through. Pity you had to power through 2.5m waves that were breaking randomly. I ran first and got through no problems, Stu came next, turned around somewhere in the haze of it all, and went through the waves backwards. Anouk came third, over the pourover, rolled, and then straight on through. We had survived to live another day.



Anouk Fawns and Stu Richardson with the Festiva, Milford Sound, New Zealand.

By the next morning we were in the depths of Fiordland on the Hollyford River. The river provided us with some small holes to play in, before it launched us into the Moraine Creek Rapid. This was very technical grade 4, one mistake and you really got your butt kicked. About two thirds of the way down all the water poured straight down a sluice then right into a rock. Definite portage. The decision to go up to the road just about twenty metres up the opposite bank resulted in us hauling our boats up a cliff made up of wet leaves, rotting trees and slimy bracken.

That afternoon we pressed further into Fiordland, to Milford Sound. The next day we rose early and paddled across the Sound to Sandfly Point, the end of the Milford Track. From here we carried our boats up the track for about 5km, passing some somewhat surprised walkers on the way. The put in was into the Arthur River, which is really is several channels that join and rejoin many times.

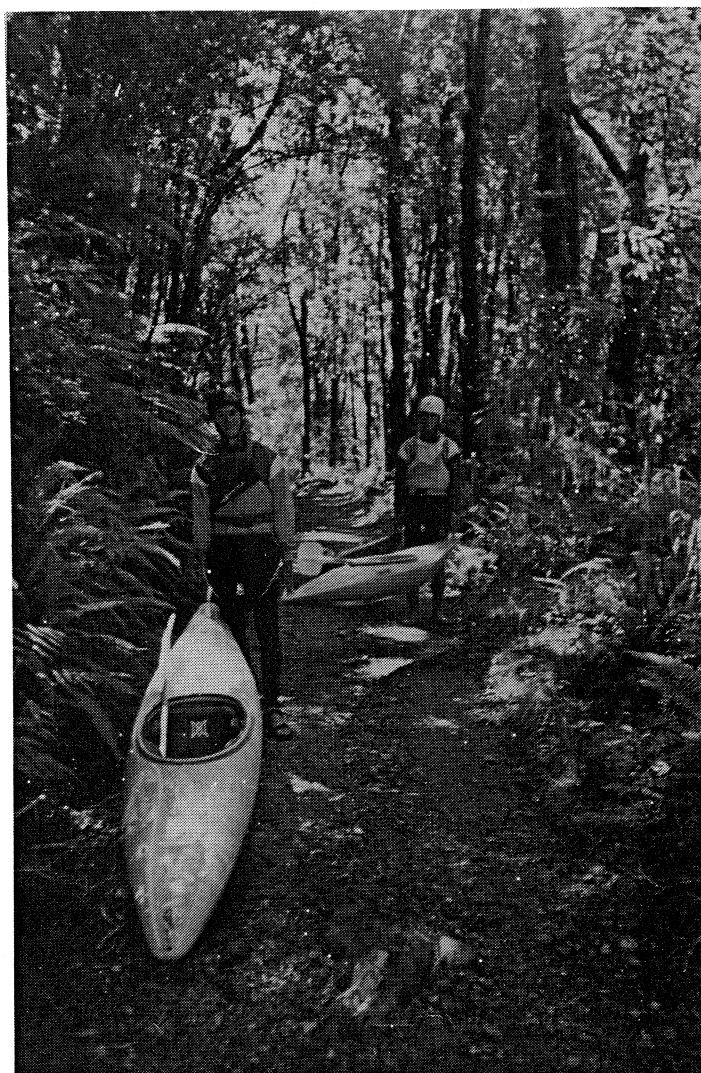
We put in at one of these channels, which was very low in volume. Creek techniques (in Reflexes and a Pirouette S) came to the fore, and we had all been pinned once each before more water flowed in. The river made a quick transition into a full blown torrent again. The gradient was steep and the rocks literally thrown all over the river, necessitating quick manoeuvring and quick decisions. Despite this we were all caught by surprise at the ferocity of the drop and hole that marked the end of the whitewater, especially Stu who tried to surf it, resulting him in being shot out of the water.

We could now appreciate the sheer beauty of the area, huge 1000m cliffs rising beside us, lush, green vegetation that was dripping with vibrance. Spectacular waterfalls cascaded down the cliffs, and the superb blue sky was a sharp contrast to the greys, greens and browns of the landscape.

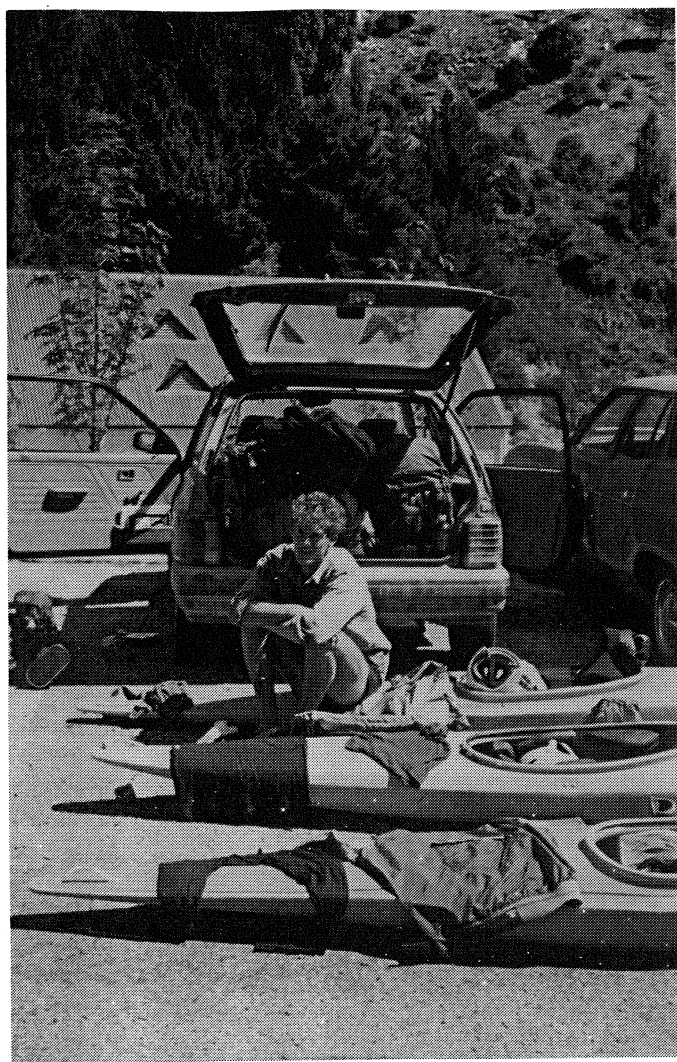
Unfortunately the beauty was not to continue. The well known and environmentally destroyed Shotover River, near Queenstown was the next destination. The Shotover is the most commercially rafted river in Australasia, 40,000 people go down it each year. It also has the scariest car shuffle in Australasia. 'Hire cars are not insured on this road' we read on the hire conditions as we twisted and turned down the one lane road that was hacked into the mountainside.

Returning to drop the car at the bottom I had to pass a mini bus on this road, and I proceeded to get the car bogged in an embankment that dropped about 100m vertically into the valley. Some careful reversing got me out of that bind, but the ride back in with a rafting company was quite exciting, seeing the guy drove the road four times a day, every day of the year!

The Shotover was low, and provided only a little excitement until we got to Toilet, a rock infested drop with a slightly easier but hard to reach line on the left. Stu went first, while I bravely offered to hold the throw rope. He missed the left line, plowed into a rock in the middle of the right hand line, folded the nose of his boat, flipped, bent the shaft of his paddle, trashed his hand, and got spat out of the bottom and soon rolled up. His only advice was, 'I highly recommend you carry your boat'. Seeing this as encouragement I thought 'Wussbag, he just missed the left 'cause he can't paddle.'



Richard Kjar and Stu on the Milford Track, Arthur River, New Zealand.



Wrong, I discovered as I washed into the right hand side, slammed into Stu's rock sideways and miraculously floated across the top upright. Anouk, with her lack of testosterone, decided that proving yourself did not really have to involve near death experiences in shitty rapids decided walking was a better idea. In retrospect, I couldn't agree more. Man, was I lucky!

After deciding we probably couldn't get a jet boat down the Indi, the South was left behind in the wake of the gnarly Ford Festiva, and it was to the Buller, in the North West we headed. The Buller provides great big volume paddling in three short and close together sections. We paddled the upper section, known as the Granity Creek section soon after our arrival, and enjoyed immensely the waves it threw up at us.

Anouk soon earned her name as the Wave Pony, as she repeatedly surfed waves neither Stu or I could get on, and Stu quickly received the honourable title of Hole Poodle as he pulled off an awesome but unrepeatable nosestand in a hole we weren't even game to go in. It was not till the next day that my name was created.

We were camped at Maruia Falls, scene of many famous photos, videos, trashings and horror stories. The night before had been big, a bottle of gin being polished off between us. That morning, at some early hour, Stu had run into another kayaker, who told Stu that 'The tree in the middle of the river is no problem, just go round the stump and motor on home!'

We now had no excuse for avoiding the 10m waterfall. I believe I was still under the influence when I leapt out of bed, and announced to Anouk in reply of her question 'How do you feel' with 'I feel like paddling a ten metre waterfall!'

Within 5 minutes I was ready and on the top. Then I started to get scared, but realised it was too late now. I paddled as hard as I could towards the edge, over the little waves, past the tree and to the left of rock. Underneath everything disappeared, I closed my eyes. I can't remember anything, until realising I was upright and I had to paddle away from the falls. My heart was racing and I felt shaky.

But yes, it had been done, and so received the name, Waterfall Lemming! Stu and Anouk suddenly realised, I was alive, and yes they too will have to paddle it to keep any respect. Stu then Anouk took the terminal plunge. We had all done it!!! We all felt very relieved but really happy with ourselves that we had paddled Maruia Falls.

We cruised back on down to the Buller to paddle another section. This section provided easy grade 3 rapids but also contained one excellent breaking wave. It was almost perfect, you could surf it well, do nosestands, tailstands, surf backwards and it even spat you out easily when you went upside down. The rest of the section was quite simple, just big waves and the like, till we reached Arika Falls.

Sacrificing my position as Waterfall Lemming, I let Stu go first over the two metre drop and he avoided the rock that barred the middle easily. My turn was next and I plunged into the stopper at the bottom with full force, giving me a one hell of a decent chest punch that left me breathless for some time afterwards. It was good my brother had trained me with all those chest punches!

That evening we headed up to Nelson, as Anouk had developed an ear infection and she wanted to go to the doctor. We did this, and decided to go to the movies whilst we were in civilisation. Stu, unbelievably passed up the opportunity to see real whitewater in 'The River Wild', forcing us to see some atrocious film with Software Engineering in it. We advised him to change courses very rapidly.

Photo caption: Rich, the Festiva, and all the gear at the take-out of the Shotover River.

We had decided to paddle the Wairoa River, near Nelson the next day. We had camped that night at the top of the river, in a big, flat, grassy cleared area. It was soon deemed suitable for kayak dragging, which involves tying a rope to the car and leaping into a boat (legs out of the cockpit), holding onto this rope and burning round the paddock. It was awesome fun, and we were very glad to have done it, considering the river was extremely low and very rocky.

The only other incident of the day was that I became pinned sideways in a 1.5m wide chute that all the river funnelled down, resulting in one hideously folded kayak. Some serious moulding by the heat of the fire later that evening soon had the kayak almost good as new. The marvels of modern plastics!!

We headed down to the Hurunui River in pouring rain. It rained all night, bringing floods to the Nelson area (the Buller and Wairoa would have been ace!). The river rose alarmingly overnight, the once clear water now a brown torrent. It was fun to paddle a flooded river again, dodging holes, avoiding undercuts, all the time being swept down the river at an alarming rate. Right at the finish Anouk became pinned on a rock that difficult to see due to the brown water, and required an adrenalin pumping lunge from me as I went past to free her. Phew!, a near miss in the last ten metres of the trip!

We headed into Christchurch that night, only to coincide our return with 'Classical Sparks' - an awesome fireworks display that climaxed into a crescendo of sound and light to the tune of Wagner's 'Ride of the Valkyries'. A very fitting end to such an action packed and extremely fun two weeks.

Advice for paddlers going to NZ -

Transport - Hire cars can be quite cheap and most companies have racks that they use for skis in the ski season. Just be careful they aren't poxy like ours were. Stu's advice is pay the excess waiver fees and thus reduce your excess to the bare minimum and then expect to pay even that. In his words, 'If we don't trash this car by the end of the trip then something must have gone wrong!'

Gear - Topsports, 222 St. Asaph Street, Christchurch hires out boats and other gear. Boats can be taken from Australia on the plane free of charge - they think of them as sporting goods and should not charge you anything. Also consider buying a boat over there, heaps cheaper and you don't have to worry about it on one leg of the journey. In terms of sandflies here are a few handy hints. 1. Never stay in the same spot for more than 5 seconds. 2. Buy the \$25 dollar bottle of Rid, you will use it! 3. Wear all your clothes and steal what you need to fully cover yourself up. 4. Volunteer to do the car shuffles, you never get bitten when you are walking down the road!

Rivers - all the rivers mentioned in the article are of an intermediate standard and worth paddling at almost any level except the Wairoa. The rivers were;

Kawarau: Roaring Meg Section, Dogleg Section

Shotover

Hollyford: Falls Creek to Marion Creek, Moraine Creek Rapid

Arthur: Lake Ada to Milford Sound

Buller: Granity Creek Section, O'Sullivan's to Ariki Falls, Earthquake Section

Maruia: Maruia Falls

Hurunui: Maori Gully

All these rivers have car shuffles that can be run or hitched. For more information see Graeme Eggar's 'Guide to South Island Rivers'

Woodchipping. Why you must stop it.

-Amber Mullens.

Like any article in which the author beliefs lie in one direction, this article will present only one side of the story. It is impossible for me to present an unbiased view when none of the arguments for woodchipping and logging old growth forest have put forward a valid point of view in my opinion. These are the things you should be aware of when you form your own opinion. Thankyou to the articles I have shamelessly plagiarised, especially Richard Yallops article in the Age (4/3/95).

The Federal Government of Australia has the power to grant export licences to timber workers who wish to export some of the logged timber as woodchips. However it is the State Governments who actually decide whether to log an area in the first place. The argument about woodchipping therefore extends further back than woodchipping. It is also about whether clear felling should be allowed, and even native forests should be logged at all.

In December 1993, Federal Cabinet decided to upgrade the issuing of woodchip export licences. The Environment Minister, Senator Faulkner, drew up a list of high conservation value coupes that should be preserved because they contain protected species, old growth forest or wilderness areas. He asked the state conservation councils to produce their own list of sites. From these, he rejected 500 coupes before issuing a list of 1297 coupes where he believed logging should not occur. The list was then passed to the Resources Minister, Mr Beddall, who issued the export licences.

Mr Beddall had been closely involved in the whole upgrading process and yet he chose to ignore most of Senator Faulkners recommendations. He accepted just 85 of the 1297 coupes and issued export licences for the rest.

Obviously, conservation groups were pissed off. To soothe them, the prime minister froze logging at 509 of the coupes, pending a review on their environmental value. The timber industry put the pressure on and the government released 57 more of the 509 coupes on the ground that logging had already started there.

The Arguments for Logging.

As far as I have been able to work out, these are reasons why logging and woodchipping should continue.

The forests are a sustainable resource. Yes, the trees do grow back. And oil continues to be produced, but we still look for new oil fields because we are using the current reserves too quickly. By definition, if the timber industry is harvesting a sustainable resource, then no new areas of forest should need to be logged. This is a very important point that you should always remember. Unfortunately, it has been easier in the past to just log another forest rather than manage what has already been cut down. The trees are renewable but the industry is not sustainable based on the areas already cut down due to poor management and a growing world market.

It all grows back and is the same as before. When an old growth forest is clear felled, which is the logging technique almost exclusively used, it isn't just the trees that are wiped out. There are all the other flowering plants, lichens, mosses, ferns, fungi, insects, other little beasts, birds, reptiles, amphibians and the cute and furries. These species have built up an ecosystem over centuries of co-habitation. Clear felling effectively destroys that. Those species that are able to survive are normally the tough and common species, so instead of having an ecosystem based on many hundreds of species, what is left is much simpler. Put simply, clear felling reduces biodiversity. Disturbed areas are also quickly colonised by exotics such as blackberries, bracken and rabbits, which further reduces the chances of slow growing and slow reproducing native species from recolonising.

But we only chip the waste product. At Ecks Corner, a coupe near the Toolangi State Forrest, 40% of timber is turned into saw logs for fence palings, furniture, building materials, and other wood products. The remaining 60% will end up as wood chips. That's an awful lot of waste, especially for a sustainable industry.

If we don't log it, it would just burn. The Australian bush has adapted to bushfires over millions of years. Most of us have heard how gums don't actually die in a fire and are quick to regenerate. It is also known that fire is essential in the life cycle of many natives as it cracks open the seed pod. It has not adapted to logging. Naturally occurring bush fires are still a relatively rare thing, and it may be many hundreds of years before the same forest is burnt again. So yes, fires will happen and they will burn trees that you could have logged. And they will still happen even if you do log. Bad luck.

The timber industry leaves pockets of bush when it logs. This is better than nothing but it is naive to think that this will make everything OK. The Leadbeater's possum, for example, requires wide tracts of mixed aged forest for survival. The few small pockets are not enough to sustain biodiversity.

People will lose their livelihoods and towns will close down if we stop logging. Yes, people will lose their jobs just as thousands have before them. There are not too many farriers left but then again there were no people employed in eco-tourism when there were lots of horse shoe fitters. Times change. Eco-tourism is growing all the time and these people and towns are perfectly placed to be a part of that. The timber industry has been heavily subsidised by the Government for years, propping up these people's jobs when thousands of other people were forced into unemployment. Of course, if you must log and woodchip, why not employ people to turn these things into value added products before they leave Australia instead of selling them dirt cheap to places, like Japan, and the buying them back at a highly inflated price.

If we stop logging, we'll have to import from third world countries. This is a tough one. Conservationists don't see the need to stop all logging. They want logging in native forests to be restricted to high-grade logs. Bulk products, such as woodchips and building frames should only come from plantation timber. A compromise has to be made to run some areas of forest as hardwood plantations. Saving another countries forests is absolutely no reason to log and woodchip your own and send it to Japan. The forests of other countries should also be saved, there is no question of that, but a solution is hard to find while there are so many multi-nationals involved. Australia should not import any non-value added timber products, nor should it export them.

MUMC HOROSCOPES

*from Kate,
your friendly MUMC Car Expert and Astrologer.*

In recent days, my attention has been diverted somewhat from the fascinating world of the motor car, to the transit of the planets and other heavenly bodies through the fiery firmament above. Using the latest advances in astrological technology, I have spent many long nights analysing the night sky from my observatory to bring you the following set of unique MUMC horoscopes.

Aries - the Goat.

March 21 - April 20

You would like to form a new relationship, but people always seem to avoid you because of your painfully bad sense of humour. Things will improve towards the end of the month after the eclipse of Saturn. After the eclipse, don't be afraid to make the first move and tell someone how you really feel. And remember, if that special person tells you that your jokes are the worst corny puns they've heard in their life then perhaps they're not your one and only True Love after all.

Best Match: Pisces.

Taurus - the Bull.

April 21 - May 21

You would be wise to stop waffling on all the time about the amazing things you've done over Summer and what a Super - Hero you are. People are getting bored and cynical. All claims to Legend status should be supported by substantial photographic evidence, or at least two eye-witnesses.

Gemini - the Car.

May 22 - June 21

Car Tip # 3 - Navigation.

It is wise to carry a reasonably up to date road map in your car. Navigating by the stars is possible, but is not advised as a general rule due to the hazards associated with holding a telescope out the window while trying to maintain control of the vehicle. History books indicate that Captain Cook used an instrument called a sextant, but such activity is also discouraged whilst driving a car.

Cancer - the Crab

June 22 - July 23

The passage of the Sun's harmful rays through the ozone layer indicates that you should opt for the 'Peaches and Cream' complexion this Summer. Try to avoid being outside during the hours of 6am and 8.30pm when the ultraviolet radiation is at a dangerous maximum. Ask a trip leader to run some Beginners Headtorch Climbing and Paddling trips, or run one yourself. Consider taking up Pictionary or Indoor Putt-Putt golf for daytime entertainment.

Leo - the Lion

July 24 - August 23

It has come to my attention that there has been a acute absence of persons with the name Leo taking leadership roles within MUMC in recent years. While the Daves, Steves and Andrews have been amply represented within the Club, over the past five years (to the best of my knowledge) there has not been a single MUMC trip led by a Leo, let alone a Leo holding a committee position. I believe all current members of MUMC have a personal responsibility to help address this disturbing imbalance. We must all make a concerted effort to encourage any Leos we know or meet to get actively involved in MUMC.

Virgo - the Virgin.

August 24 - September 23

Not to worry. (Wishing on a falling star may hurry things along.)

Libra - the Personal Hygiene item.

September 24 - October 23

You will be pleased to hear that tampons are now supplied in all MUMC first aid kits - (about time too). Also, all club members who take the condoms in the first aid kits are kindly requested to write their name on the blackboard in the clubrooms in large legible writing under the heading 'Condom User', and pass on any relevant relationship gossip to Amber for publication in the next Mountaineer.

Scorpio - the Scorpion.

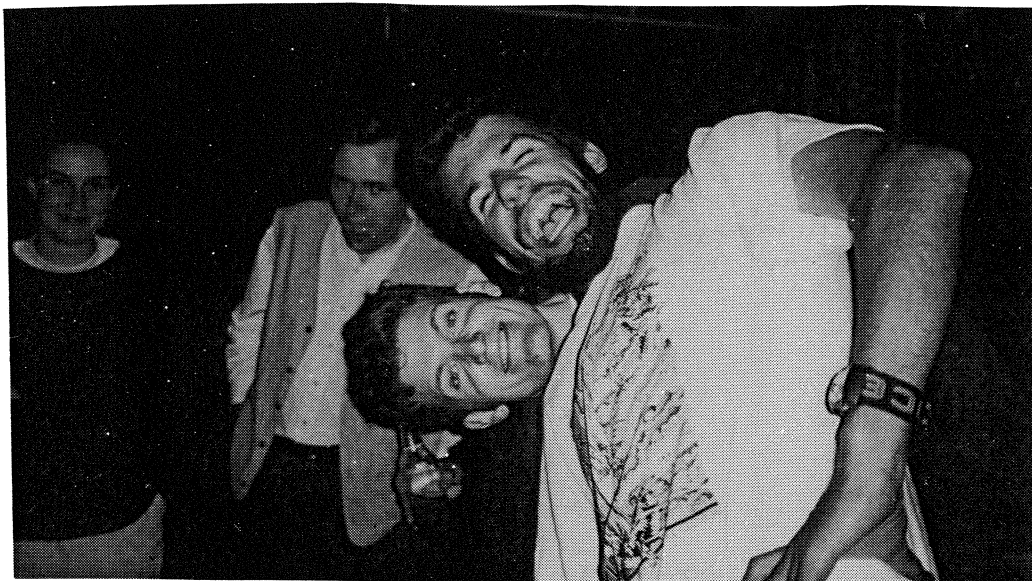
October 24 - November 22

See our handsome, gorgeous and angelic Safety Convenor (bless his dear heart) for advice on treatment of bites and stings. However, if he starts to explain the use of tourniquets ask to see his First Aid qualification.

Sagittarius - the Half Human, Half Hairy Animal.

November 23 - December 21.

Without doubt, New Zealand is the best place to find people with distinctly Sagittarian characteristics this year. The slide show provided unequivocal proof. Reliable sources also confirm that brief sightings of a Sagittarius eating with his hands were made at somebody's Surprise Party and again at somebody's else's Farewell BBQ.



Half human, half hairy animal. Bec Starling, Russell Smith, Nigel Prior and Dan Colborne.

Capricciosa - the Pizza.

December 22 - January 20

Now is the time to reduce your intake of fatty, pimple-promoting foods and start a healthy starvation diet of alfalfa and natural low fat yoghurt. Cutting back on food will certainly improve your economic outlook for the month, and any weakness or delirium you may experience will probably pass after the April lunar eclipse. Try the old trick of bringing no food on your next MUMC trip and then eating everyone else's.

Aquarius - the Water Carrier.

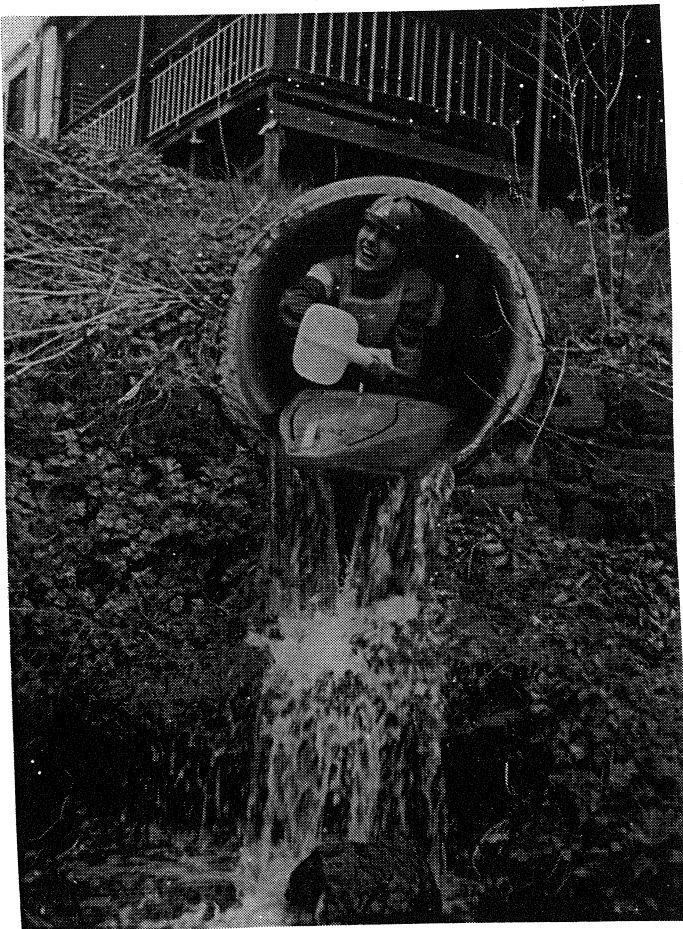
January 21 - February 19

Why not make use of MUMC's great '15% off at Snowgum' deal and treat yourself to a new packet of Puritabs for 1995. Might save you some weight. This will definitely be a superb year for all Aquarians. In fact, the movement of Jupiter through the ellipse of Pluto suggests that the rest of your life will be fantastic and absolutely everything will always go brilliantly for you. Lucky you for being an Aquarius just like Kate your friendly MUMC Car Expert and Astrologer.

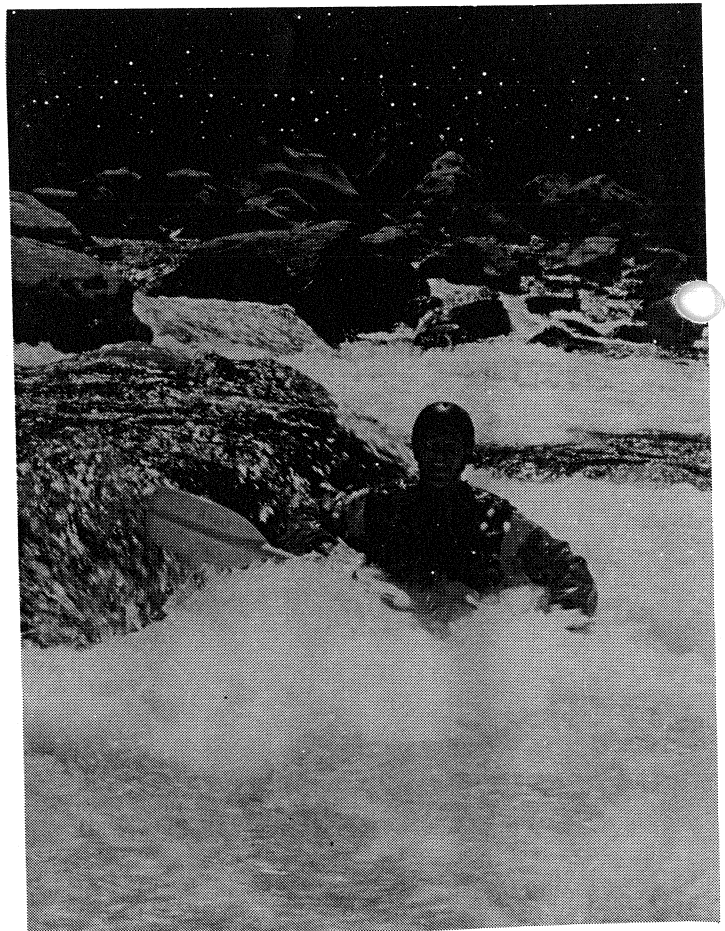
Pisces - the Fish

February 20 - March 20.

Towards the end of the month you would be wise to avoid kids that swear they've fallen instantly in love with you. Tell them you don't want to be the scapegoat for all their personal problems. Say that even if you were a fish with no eyes called Fish they'd have to change their tuna before you'd contemplate a relationship. If they claim to have fallen for you hook, line and sinker, tell them to stop their foolish bleating because there are plenty more fish in the sea.



Stu Richardson on the Upper Yarra River.



Rich Kjar on the Arthur River, NZ.

Beat this.....

15% off All Outdoor Gear

for M.U.M.C members. Only at SNOWGUM city store.



New Location

366 Lonsdale St

(Two doors up from old shop)

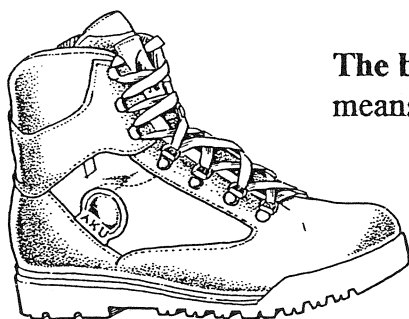
Come and meet Alan, Elaine, Peter and Tanya for a full range of Outdoor gear including:

- A comprehensive range of **climbing gear** including Beal, Camp, Boreal, Marlow
- The best **footwear** in Melbourne including a range of Gore-Tex lined boots.
- **Aiking** and **Fairydown** bushwalking and travel packs.
- **One Planet Gore-Tex**
- **One Planet Chameleon** (new Gore-Tex alternative, perfect for Uni or travelling at around 40% less than Gore-Tex)
- **SNOWGUM** Polartec fleece
- Fantastic tent range including a full range of **Fairydown** tents.
- **One Planet** and **Fairydown** sleeping bags including some models made exclusively for SNOWGUM.

We offer you:

The best prices - GUARANTEED. If you see a cheaper price we will beat it. Even if you see the cheaper price after you have made your purchase from SNOWGUM we'll refund the difference.

The best service - we want you to be completely satisfied with you purchase. If you're not come and speak to us. We'll refund your money, exchange the goods or fix it up - no questions asked.



The best gear - SNOWGUM sources only the best quality gear which means you can buy with confidence - our gear won't let you down.

And as a special until the 1st May we have
AKU Giau boots for \$145
(Normally \$179)

15% discount and Giau offers are only available at the city store- 366 Lonsdale St Melbourne on presentation of your M.U.M.C card.

Mt Feathertop Conservation Report

I heard that we had received the DCNR project grant while sea kayaking around the Tongan Islands in June last year. I had paddled like mad from 'Uoleva Island to Pangai, into a headwind, to reach the cable and wireless station. I had to ring Mum before she left for work. I beached my kayak, hauled it up the sand to the palm trees, grabbed my paddle and dashed through the shanty streets to where the antenna towered above the sleepy town. In Tonga technology always looks like it has landed there from outer space. As a ute drove past at the usual speed of 20km/hr, and all of twenty passengers in the back, school girls in grass mats, stared at me then giggled, I realised I'd never seen a Tongan running. Little pigs scampered off the road but as I reached the street corner a huge sow barred my way. From under ripples of fat she looked me defiantly in the eye. Actually I'm not sure if it was a sow because it had tusks. Would it charge? Tongan pigs are very unpredictable, especially the fat ones (not surprising really, considering everyone wants to gobble them up), but there was no time for thinking- Mum would be leaving for work any minute-so I sprinted along a dirt path around the back of the cable station. There was only a pack of mangy barking dogs at the end and I'd got to understand their nature a bit. Three women were at the desk, in a small crowded room. From hushed whispers and giggles I could only make out the word 'palangi' (whitey). I was still out of breath as they connected to Tongatapa, the main island. I was directed outside to box 15. There were three telephone boxes on the lawn. I was cut off three times, and imagined a shark nibbling at the cables under the Pacific. I could only half concentrate on what Mum was saying. Outside, my paddle was leaning against the box and was fascinating adults and children who had come outside to watch me. That's when I heard that the DCNR had tried to contact me. A letter from Richard confirmed that the Melbourne Uni Mountaineering Club had been granted \$3030, to 'Repair and Prevent erosion of the Tom Kneen Track'.

As you are probably aware, Melbourne Uni Mountaineering Club has an ongoing commitment to the Feathertop area. We have maintained a hut at Feathertop for public use since 1967. I had noticed that the section of track along Stony Creek has been deteriorating and wanted to do something about it. The Tom Kneen track follows the North West Spur and offers a challenging alternative to the Bungalow Spur track. It's the track we use each year on the Midnight Ascent. Through the Department of Conservation and Natural Resources' 'Project Grants Scheme' I applied for a grant of \$3030 to cover the cost of tools, petrol and materials. The Government had allocated \$50 thousand for the scheme and there projects requesting \$12 million. So its really ace that we got all the money we asked for! A cheque account was opened for the money, which we had one year to spend. The track work should be all tied up by May this year.

During Second Semester I met with the regional ranger, Craig Hore, to investigate ways to tackle the problem. We decided that most erosion could be prevented or fixed by re-routing sections of the track which rose and fell unnecessarily along the slopes of the creek. Work was planned to commence after exams in November.

I purchased sixty steel star pickets
 ten mattocks
 many leather gloves
 two crowbars
 two claw hammers
 four post hole shovels

and rounded up twenty MUMC mattock fiends with lots of stored up aggression from exams. I knew this mission; Operation Track Work, was potentially very dangerous.

The Ranger, Craig Hore, provided

one Year 10 work experience boy (who no longer wants to be a ranger!)
one Ranger visiting from the NT. This was his last job before returning home.
one 4WD truck equipped with fire-fighting gear, to get all the people and
equipment to the start of the track.
one whipper snipper
one chain saw
thirty five wooden planks and lots of old wood signs.
three mattocks
one sledge hammer
two shovels
and 1 1/2 km of eroded track.

I had always thought a spade and a shovel were the same thing. Talking to Craig on the phone from Bright I felt like someone born and bred in the city. I didn't pretend otherwise-as far as I knew most people on the trip wouldn't have built many tracks either! Buying the tools was quite an experience. On the edge of Melbourne are huge shops that sell tools and others where the office is dwarfed by mounds of fifteen types of gravel. Richard volunteered to drive me out to this place. When we loaded the star pickets and wreckers, as the tool men called the crow bars, into the back of dad's car it almost reared up on the back wheels.

At 9.05am on the first morning five of us met with Craig and his assistants outside the Harrietville trout farm. "Good afternoon", he greeted us wryly. "Morning", we chirped as we leapt onto the back of his truck and charged up the hill to the start of the track. Ten days later I still clung on to that truck very tightly as we bounced our way up the hill, the wind in our faces.

Our first task was to re-route a part of the track so it wasn't as steep. We spaced out and walked down into the bushes with blue tape. By lunchtime we had created a new track and were amazed by how much it looked like the real thing! Every lunch break was to be spent lounging by the cool stream, which unfortunately had only grade -1 rapids. Lunch breaks got longer as each day we worked our way further from the creek.

The first set of steps used old signs to hold back the soil. On one side a step read "One way. 4x4 Only" That's OK Niki said. "Yeah but check out the other side" Steve pointed. We walked up the stairs and looked back. Hmm the same sign! If any vehicular transport tries out the new track there will definitely be collisions.

Several days were devoted to mattocking along the existing goat-track like trail to make it wider. Conversation and renditions of "You are my mattock queen" kept us going until a long flight of steps were constructed up to the saddle. It's amazing how much a line of track mattockers looks like a convict chain gang. However convicts wouldn't have lounged around examining iridescent blue worms and interrogating the ranger about his keenness to use the chain saw to help anyone out who was having the slightest difficulty, as we noted the look of glee on his face as a huge log across the path was sliced up and went tumbling into the valley. Actually relations with the ranger were really great.

At about 4pm depending whether Craig or Peter, the visiting ale-swilling ranger from the NT was present, we would all carry the tools back along the track and pile into the truck for the ace fun ride back. Afternoons were spent lying on the grass at the Harrietville caravan park, swimming or on the verandah of the H'ville Pub.

By the end of the first week serious step construction was underway and the crowbars were in full use. Crowbars are great for loosening rocky soil and removing big rocks. They are so heavy that one morning when I was carrying one along the path and tripped. It went arcing off the track and landed like a javellin in the side of the hill. Richard thought he had the crowbar mastered and announced the start of a new business: RAK Rock Removals. However Alice, Bec and I managed to convince the ranger that Litz's Mountain Removals would soon see him out of a job. Litz was undeniably the master rock remover.

Everyone helped build two board walks. One bridges a gully just before the creek crossing below the NW Spur. Watch out for boogy men lurking in its shadows on the next Midnight Ascent!! The other is at the very start of the track. They look very professional!

The second week mainly involved finishing steps and a bit more mattocking. It was almost a case of finding enough work for everyone to do! The ranger drove back to the campground after our work on the last day to thank us - he was really happy with us and the work we did. Or maybe it was to catch one of the locals with more treeferns.

Thanks to everyone who helped out: Steve Curtain, Lara Ross, Niki Munro, Richard Kjar, Dan Colborne, Alicja Mosbauer, Alice Laidlaw, Bec Starling, Stu Richardson, Kate Bradshaw, Sabdha Charlton, Andy Gaff, Scott Edwards, Lisa Flew, Catherine Kent, Ben, Dave Channon, Paul Brown, Pete Stapleton.

We have \$1325.70 left and I'm applying for a one year extension to use the remaining funds to continue our work further along the track.

Anouk Fawns
Conservation Convenor

THOUGHTS ON TRIPPING

I'm a beginner, what should I do?

Beginners should always trust trip leaders' every word. Pack sensibly....unless told otherwise. Leaders know best. Enough said here .

How do I run a beginners' trip?

Beginners' trips require precision organisation and well thought out preparation. Dan recently demonstrated remarkable sensitivity when he decided that it may unnecessarily stress a beginners' caving group if he headed off not knowing where Labertouche Cave was or how to get through it. Solution: take one beginner around all the back roads of Labertouche, stumble across the entrance, plummet in, then refine your instruction skills on the beginner. "That's right, bending your body does jam you permanently - just like that."

Logistics is another important area. How do you organise 25 beginners, their boats, paddles, etc. into the river and down it, in a drought? If you are interested in this fascinating area talk to Lisa after her Easter Tip to Arapiles (the one with a five page roll-call). Negative Eugenics may be an option. A final word on beginners' trips - organising Sunday-Monday trips is not a popular move. In any case beginners need not actually worry about all this - just lie back, enjoy and do try to stick together.

I'm not still a beginner, am I?

Whereas beginners are not expected to notice any of the above, intermediates ought to watch a little more carefully and nod wisely at the right points in a conversation. How do I know if I am an intermediate? Firstly, "Intermediacy" is not earned, instead it is a mental attitude - gullibility. You are an intermediate when you believe the leader when he or she says, "It looks hard but it's really not that difficult". These are the words used to encourage people to surf the stopper beneath a weir or do a climb that starts with 20m of unprotected grade 30. To be an intermediate MUMC person you must also be prepared for any mishaps involving cars, no matter how aggravating. Remember that although it is going to be difficult to explain why it was your car that was used to bomb the Turkish embassy, the fact that it happened on a club trip means it's *OK* and you should be smiling.

No more hanging around doing things....

Advanced members are a curious bunch. A person gets quite overcome by an eerie feeling when they allow the words "It looks hard but it's really not that difficult" to roll quite naturally off their tongue for the first time. Intermediacy is left behind - now someone else is the sucker. Yes, advanced folk are the sort of burnt out people who have "been there done that" and often star in Pepsi-Max commercials. They are usually spotted huddled around tables in bars praying like hell people will believe they paddled the Amazon in a kayak made of specially treated Anaconda skin wrestled off the snake that ate the boat they were originally paddling. Watch out for these people - they only spell (car) trouble.

Andy Gaff

MOUNT ASPIRING - THE BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

By Dan Colborne

"At the bottom, we can spend time roping up, hoping not to get avalanched and munched by the rest of that ice cliff, or we can run and take our chances through the crevasses? What do you want to do?"

Six days earlier we had left the roadhead and started in through rich rolling pastures and cows so fat that they were almost rolling too. N.Z.'s Metukituki valley is definitely the place to be if you have any bovine desires. Even in late summer, snow capped peaks soar up from the rich green pastures. Amongst the daywalkers, we were a touch out of place wearing plastic mountaineering boots, and carrying axes, crampons, ropes and other climbing gear, oh - and nine days' food.

"We'll run."

After ten kilometres the track enters a luscious beech forest. A beautiful place, thick with gnarled, mossy tress, and composting undergrowth feet deep; humid, but with a peculiar lack of wildlife to which takes some time to adjust. Small wire swing bridges cross the icy torrents of the Metukituki River and its tributaries.

"What does this little sign say?"

"Use of this bridge is entirely at own risk."

"Oh."

A battle with sandflies (I still have the scars) sent us scurrying up the impossibly steep ridge to French Ridge hut; the track winding its way through the trees rather than on the cliff itself. One vertical kilometre later the tiny hut lay before us perched on the snowgrass. The ridge soars another six hundred vertical metres to the glacier at the base of Mt Aspiring- its majestic summit just visible, way, way above. Foul, violent weather trapped us here for a day (as well as trapping me in the outside toilet for rather longer than I had intended!) so Tim and I kept ourselves amused admiring Von Daniken's amazing deductions and wonderfully vast leaps in logic in his disturbingly best-selling *Chariots of the Gods*.

The sight of a house sized lump of ice crashing past the bottom of the abseil seconds earlier was still in my mind. What if we had not stopped for that drink of water, for that photo. Had we been two minutes earlier...

I had met Tim two days earlier in Mt Cook Pub (why do I hear you say surprise, surprise?) and, strangely enough, it was in a fit of *sobriety* that I suggested that we should go and climb Mt Aspiring. Tim was a geologist from Alaska on his way home from his fourth season in Antarctica. He was able to give a fascinating account of the amazingly tortured and pressured rock of the region, explaining in detail the folds and double folds to which the innocent rock has been subjected as the Pacific plate crashes into and under ours.

With the rope anchored to a deep t-slot anchor in the soft snow I was calm, too focussed on the task ahead for fear. I leant over the edge of the twenty metre overhanging ice cliff and hoped the anchor would hold...

The weather had cleared the following morning and we climbed higher and higher up the ridge to the 'Quarterdeck' - a steep section of snow split by a crevasse that is just passable on a bits of iced over rock on the very top of a thousand metre drop. Surreal exposure.

The cloud closed in for the six kilometre walk down the Bonar Glacier to the tiny Colin Todd hut. In white out conditions crevasses are at their most eerie. A faint blue line appears in the complete whiteness, slowly deepening in hue as you approach. Light blue, azure, royal blue. Reaching the edge, black. Staring to the bottom, jumping across a haunting, inky blackness.

Over the edge and zipping down the wet rope, it suddenly dawned on me exactly where I was. - hanging off the downhill side of a mass of ice the size of many football fields, twenty metres thick. This ice had been left balanced on forty degree rock slabs here as the glacier split and shrank in volume over the past decade. The underside of the slab was melting so fast water was cascading out from underneath. A lump of ice the size of a building had fallen two minutes earlier and swept the area beneath my feet clean. Anything in its path was now lying under tons of ice just downhill.

We warmed up on a 'hard' route on nearby Mount Bevan and lost another day discovering that our proposed route up Aspiring no longer existed due to the Therma Glacier's retreat. At four thirty the next morning, (a luxurious sleep-in!) we stepped out into the crisp pre dawn air, onto a good freeze. We reached the rock ridge at dawn and followed the 'goat tracks' - very exposed, crumbling, shingle ledges, and climbed easy, partly protectable, loose rock pitches. Route finding was the most difficult problem, and after many erroneous choices, we finally unroped at the base of easy thirty degree chossy slabs that continued up until the final steep summit ice slopes. As Tim's crampons had been troubling him, we used a running belay to the summit. (I would lead out placing no protection and when I was fifty metres out (i.e. the end of the rope) place a snowstake or ice screw and we would climb at the same pace, keeping the rope taut. When Tim reached the screw, I would place another. Much faster than pitching, but security is pretty dodgy. Being fifty metres out from a solitary ice screw on an eight millimetre rope is a bit unnerving at times!!)

Finally the summit. Joy. Rapture. Happiness. Relief - and all of the above. We were the highest! Even above the scattered cumulus cloud. The Metukituki valley lay about 2.5 vertical kilometres below. On the north, another similar valley but even closer - a wrong step on the extremely small, exposed and corniced summit would probably land you in it! . The obligatory photo session led to the inevitable comments "Let's get the #&*! out of here!!!"

Summits are fantastic, but also the furthest place from safety. How true this was to become...

With water spraying off the rope, I hit the bottom of the abseil, and continued, half falling until I came off the end of the rope. I then, slipped and snaked down the wet slab and clambered across the most solid bits of snow covering what would have been a very deep crevasse, grasped and slithered my way around huge chunks of ice that two minutes earlier were one hundred metres away. I was angry for not having fitted crampons (we had removed them in the soft snow) having to waste precious time step cutting in what felt disturbingly like a gunbarrel.

Tim, meanwhile, was at the bottom of the abseil retrieving the rope. It was a worse proposition, but fair as I had soloed the difficult, steep, soft, barely self-arrestable snow slopes above after belaying Tim down -not enough time to place runners.

Eventually, it seemed like eternity, he reached me exclaiming, "I can't believe that snow held us...."

Looking back, nor can I...

Instead of descending via the goat paths, it seemed easier to abseil off the back of the N W ridge onto the upper Therma glacier - a route we had inspected the previous day. The snow was steep on the glacier, soft and difficult to move upon - a fall or a slip was not possible to stop. After crossing one of the thinnest snow bridges I have ever seen, across one of the blackest crevasses, a deafening crashing thunderous sound filled the air, echoing off the cliffs behind. Hundreds of tonnes of ice and snow broke thirty metres away and crashed over and down - through our abseil path and on to the glacier below. I had to ignore it and continue climbing as best I could, as a fall here would be a big dipper slippery slide into the afterlife.

As we set up the abseil, Tim said to me "At the bottom we can spend time..."

Finally it was all over and the next day we reluctantly began the long walk out via the awkward Bevan Col; soloing, in plastic boots and with full packs, slabs high above a small icy torrent that disappeared into icy tunnels of winter avalanche debris. An hour later we were on the valley floor and the twenty kilometre walk out to the road head was time for some deep introspection. Hitching back to relaxing Wanaka, all I wanted was a change of socks and underwear and to go straight back in.

Climbing - MUMC style

by Scott Edwards

Mt Buffalo

Arapiles was hot, too many trips to Lake Toolondo convinced us that the alpine climate of Mt Buffalo would be more conducive to summer climbing. Over a couple of weekends a small group of us managed to bag some of the superb multi-pitch classics such as 'Initiation' (18), 'The Pintle' (14) and a host of single pitch slabs and faces. Buffalo is a summer paradise, crisp mountain air, panoramic views over sweeping valleys, solid rock and most importantly, hot showers at the campsite. For the more decadent tastes there are also a couple of nearby mountain taverns with overpriced drinks.

Debate award goes to Peter 'maglite on my harness' Kriesner who rappelled down alongside 'Initiation' but was unable to locate the climb. We found his partner Andrew Kricker, who had walked up the track, looking for him at the top of the buttress, where was Peter? After much yelling we heard a faint voice down the cliff, Peter had soloed most of 'Sunshine Superman' a repulsive offwidth grade 11 and had a gross flaring chimney above him. A rope was thrown down and he summited thus ending another fab adventure in the life of P.K. After such an eventful afternoon the rest of the day was spent seeing how many people could stand on a swaying pontoon in the middle of Lake Catani.

Beginners Trip - Mt Stapylton

Luckily not a single car got lost trying to find the new camp ground although one group arrived ridiculously early. We found them sitting around a fire ringed by stubbies and muttering about tributes to the 'Beer God', very strange!

The next day involved beating other instruction groups to Summer Day Valley and peppering Back Wall with top ropes. Throughout the day our group of 17 beginners astounded the leaders by getting up nearly all the top rope problems.

While Lisa, Alex and I lounged around the Debate Award was almost in the bag for Peter "Maglite" Kriesner with his "macrame" twin rope technique and lead fall off 'Walking on the Moon' (18) but Simon "I want a shower and a flat space for my Kombi" Collins stole the day with his failed attempts on the gnarly crack '21st Century Schizoid Man' (21). Luckily for Simon his repeated ground falls were broken by a mattress, namely his belayer, Cuan. After a hard day of cranking, grunting and the occasional squeal our merry troupe retired to a night of beer, port, chocolate and mindless climbing conversations.

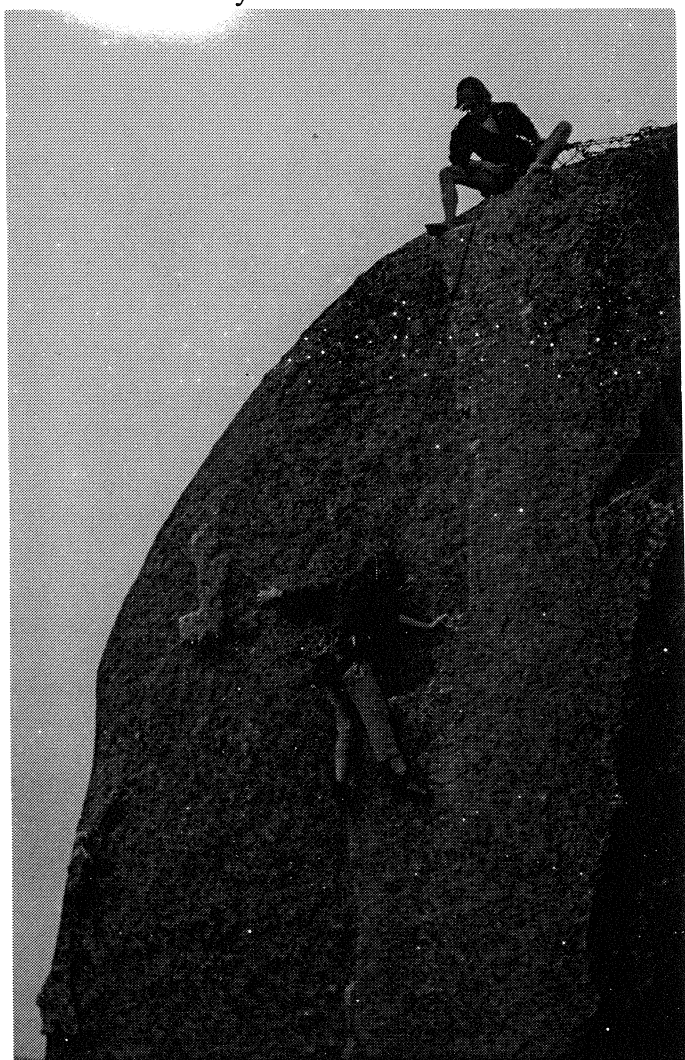


Sam Maffett at Labertouche Hut.

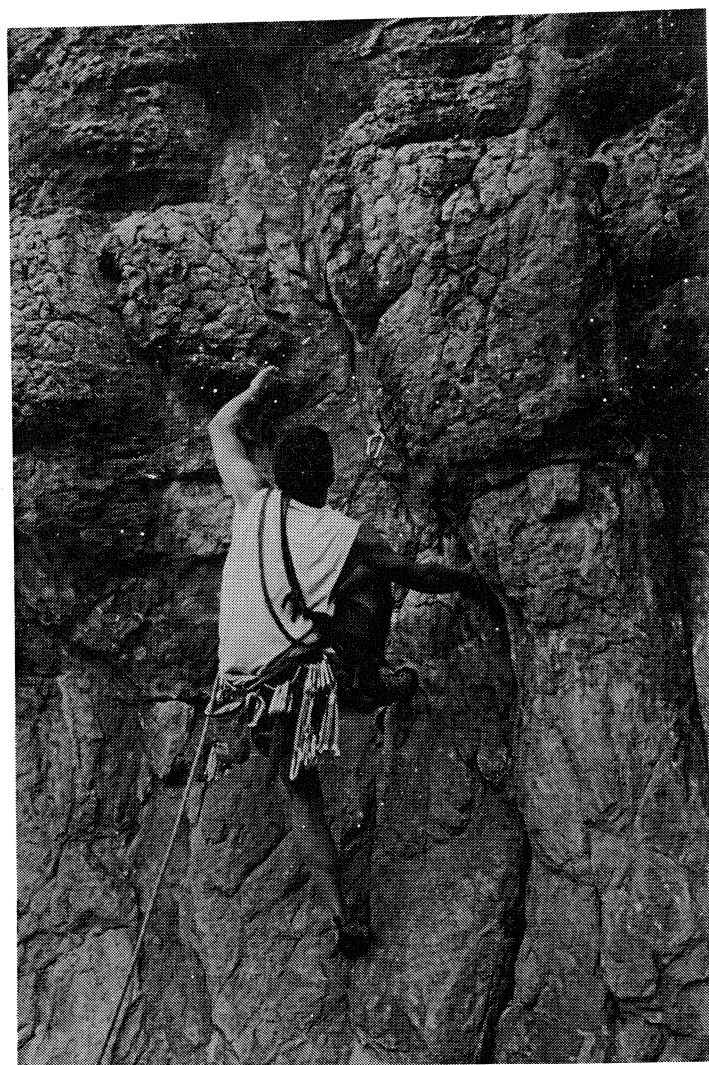
Sunday rolled along and a number of beginners found they had aching muscles that they never knew existed. Despite the scrapes and bruises, enthusiasm was high and Flying Blind Wall was well and truly sieged. Overall, an excellent weekend and an outstanding group of beginners. The only improvement would be to run a course in Trangia operation (ed- Kate Bradshaw has the credentials to run this) and tent erection (especially for Americans).

Intermediate Instruction Trip - Mt Arapiles

This trip allowed our intermediate climbers to hone their skills of leading and seconding. A number of people got to do their first leads and found out what it was like to be on the sharp end. Steve "Doyen of Bushwalking" Curtain took his first lead fall trying to crank through the roof of an undergraded 14 and hit the deck. After dusting himself off and licking his rope burn wounds he leapt at the roof and whizzed up through it. If any unattached women are looking for a legend in the making get in early before the queues form. Alex our current legend showed us how to take six metre wingers of the crux of 'Quisling' (19), luckily his pro was good. Oops, sorry Alex, I honestly forgot to tell you about the greasy handjam on the crux section. A trip report would never be complete without mentioning Peter K., rather than risking embarrassment he actually planned his own debacle by conning Dan Hall into a midnight ascent of 'Arachnus' (10). Six hours later they slumped into camp and thus a new time record for this climb is now enshrined in our club history.



Alex and Lisa at Dreamworld, Mt Buffalo.



Steve Curtain at Mt Arapiles.

"Shit, if I wanted fries I would have asked for them."

THE MUMC Good Food Guide.

Tired of rolling into some town on the way home from a trip and thinking, "I could eat or a horse (or a ten foot carrot as the case may be), but WHERE DO I GO?" This little message from the gods is to inform all you MUMC trip participants out there, that the **MUMC Good Food Guide** (read poxy guide to decidedly suspect joints?) is **ON ITS WAY!!**. Basically, it'll be a compilation of all the bakeries, pubs, extravagant eateries etc. etc around Victoria and environs that YOU - the MUMC trip member - visit on your trips. A couple of reviews will be placed in each edition of the Mountaineer and a little booklet will be formulated some time down the track (hopefully!). This will provide a listing for others to check out after trips in the future and a chance to update/double check information (if someone can be bothered).

For this to really work, all that we ask is that you write out a couple of details on a piece of paper about the place you visit. Details should include the name of the establishment, its location within the town (even a dodgy sketch will do), and general comments (hours of opening, price, variety of food etc).

Put all reviews into a **SPECIAL** folder in the publications file for Steve Curtain (the booklet) and Amber Mullens (Mountaineer) to go over

Take a squiz at the examples below.....

TOWN: Euroa - traditional tea stop en route to the Midnight Ascent.

NAME: Euroa take-away?

LOCATION: From the Hume Highway turnoff (from Melb), take the L.H turn into street signposted "Town Centre". About 100m on, takeaway is on R.H side in main stretch of shops.

COMMENTS: Really good hot chips. Friendly mob behind the counter but you need to get the talking going. Chips have solid crunch but be surprised by the persuasive sensual interior. (\$1-\$2 for good serve). Also burgers, souvlakis etc. Loos available. Decor is simple, yellow but plenty of chairs and tables. Open late I think.

Get the drift? Keep those reviews a-rollin' in.....

Steve Curtain



Colin Todd Hut with Mt. Aspiring (3030m) in the background.

The BASE-ics.

by Alan Daley.

Every now and then, we are strongly reminded of some essential requirements when running a club trip. Early in March, almost the entire committee was reminded by their phone ringing at midnight and one Steve B. asking where in the hell Alan was. Here, once and for all, is as much of the story as can be chronologically arranged.

Alan puts in a trip sheet for the Bluff - an energetic climb to the top and hopefully a crazy, special meal on Saturday night. Alan inadvertently sleeps through the trip meeting and later tells people that it may not be on as there were no cars. On Thursday, Adam finds a car and Alan's brother releases the beloved Premier, the trip is back on. A frantic late Thursday yields seven people for the trip, and four meet at MUMC (late - since the car needed a couple of new tyres) to get gear organised.

Alan had informed people on the phone that they would hopefully be back by 9pm, without emphasising enough that it may be later. At 10:15, RAK's ma takes a call from Mr. Garouse at International House. This is where two brothers on the trip live. Mrs. Kjar passes him on to Anouk's mum. She gives them Steve Curtain's home number, where Steve's brother takes a message which Steve gets at 10:40pm. He rings Mr. Garouse and tells him that a late trip is not unusual etc. and the Bluff is a very safe place and the leaders know what they are doing.

This apparently does not satisfy Mr. Garouse. An hour later he passes on Steve Bird's number to the parents. Steve calls Sam who calls Alan's brother Geoff who then phones Alan's home. Karen, a housemate of Alan, says they are somewhere near Buller. Steve B then phones Kate, Geoff, Charlie, Dylan, Russell, etc. (Scott and Lisa's phone was occupied). Finally after 1am, with Steve trying to convince security to give him access to the club, the trip returns.

Recommendations.

- 1) Hold trip meeting and distribute ONE home base phone number (pref. yours!).
- 2) Give the home base a copy of your trip list. These details are fine and a complete itinerary is not needed.
- 3) Ask your trip members if they would like to make a phone call if the trip is late.
- 4) Tell new parents to control their parents.
- 5) Remember a) don't panic and b) society is to blame.



Oops, how did this one slip through? Any photos of gratuitous wombat shots automatically win best photo.

Day Tripping.

-Amber Mullens.

Amber and Andy headed off along the Maroondah Highway in Amber's new vehicle, a Falcon S Pack that went Vroomm Vroomm at traffic lights due to a hole in its muffler, not because of the size of Amber's penis (though it made up for that as well). Their pace was constant and swift until about 20km from Healesville where they got caught up in an enormous traffic jam. They looked at each other and realised that it was Australia Day and everyone else was also off for a drive into the country.

On finally reaching Healesville, they pulled off the road and discussed what to do over a beer and calamari rings. They reminisced about a trip a few weekends before that saw the golden bullet (without air con) piloted by Dave Kjar, navigated by Gaffster and hostessed by Amber, stretch its wings on a trip, instigated by Litz, to the gourmet tour of Gippsland (no, we didn't know there was one either). The traffic snarl at Healesville disappears as their thoughts return to happier times.....

....They were to be at Moe by 9:30am in order to meet up with Litz, Bec, Russell, Nigel and Scott who were returning from a paddling trip on the Thomson. Before leaving Melbourne, the crew of the Golden Bullet sat down with calculators and computers and recalculated what their time of arrival should be after allowing for the Russell Factor. They decided on 10.30 and still managed to make it to the Bakery before the Silver Subie was sighted several minutes later. Naturally, the crew of the Golden Bullet told Russell that they had been there for more than an hour and gave him a good beating, while silently congratulating each other on their calculations.

Pastries were had and still there was no sign of the Nigel Wagon or the Scott Machine. Hmm, plans were laid and it was decided that the first stop would be a berry farm in the middle of nowhere. A note measuring 2cm x 2cm was left on the window of the bakery for Nigel on the remote chance that Nigel actually made it to the bakery.

Naturally, the Golden Bullet sped off faster than the Silver Subie because 1) Kjar for driving, 2) Gaffster was in full flight and no-one wants to be in the car with him talking for long and 3) the Golden Bullet didn't have to waste energy on air conditioning. Needless to say, the Golden Bullet was soon totally lost. They went up dirt roads and down dirt roads, dodged stray goats, checked out suitable farming land for the Kjar Pastoral Empire and did many gravel spins. Luckily they came upon a farmer and because Kjar told everyone he alone knew the correct way to speak to these people, he asked for directions. The farmer told them to go back the way they came and then turn at the unmissable landmark etc. After thanking him, they did the only thing reasonable and totally ignored his advice. After passing the goat once again, they at last admitted defeat and asked directions from a herd of farmers fixing a fence. The farmers told them the same thing as the first farmer had, and so they obviously had no idea either. Ignoring their advice, the Golden Bullet executed a U-turn, scraped one of those white poles on the side of the road and sped off, leaving the bewildered farmers to muse about the city folk and the effect of pollution.

On yet another dirt track, the Golden Bullet amazingly located the berry farm. The Silver Subie had arrived a bit earlier after following a direct route from the highway. The two crews got picking and eating. If only Andy hadn't said he was going to piss on the berries when the owner was in ear shot. Then amazement of all amazements, Nigel and Scott turned up. Not only had they found the tiny note but they had also found the berry farm. After a quick catch up and some more berries, all the crews moved off because they had places to go and breweries to visit and Scott had to go home.

The Golden Bullet again had the advantage on the Silver Subie for the next leg of the trip for yet two more reasons. The Golden Bullet now knew all the roads in the area and it was the one throwing up all the dust clouds. The Silver Subie was able to keep within sight of the dust clouds, but unfortunately the Nigel Wagon did not have what it took. The crews of the first two cars waited and waited but no Nigel. They gave up and headed to the Main Ridge Brewery which is as good a brewery as you'll find where ever it was where it was. After an hour of tasting, Nigel arrived but had to leave straight away as the convoy was moving on to Wild Dog Winery.

We understood the name when we were greeted by a pack of wild dogs. Maybe they also had something to do with the acidity of the wine, although Gaffster has said that the bottle he bought was good. With little time to spare, everyone moved off to the Gippsland Blue Cheese Factory. What a lovely serving woman. She works at the Thornton Pub when not at the cheese factory. Kjar bought brie and everyone ate it just as they'd eaten his berries.

Andy and Amber pissed everyone off for refusing to have dinner at a pub called 'Ye Olde Pub' and making everyone drive miles out of the way to find a more refined establishment. The final disaster occurred on the way back to Melbourne when Andy's cheese ate through the protective wrapper and started to dissolve the plush interior of the Golden Bullet. Luckily, it couldn't eat its way into the air conditioning.

As the fogs of happy memories lifted and Amber and Andy decided that there was only one thing for it. They decided to do a winery tour. Vrooming along a gravel road to the first winery they had chosen, Amber demonstrated that she was indeed a valid member of the MUMC Precision Driving Team (although maybe not to the same standard as Stu) by doing a few quick breaks and skids. Andy showed that he had not underestimated her driving prowess by bringing along a few clean pairs of undies.

After a number of rehydrating stops, they headed home and took notes on all the things they had learnt that day.

- a) A winery tour is a great alternative to a day trip, but it costs more.
- b) Amber's driving gets better with every sip. Either that, or the passengers sense of danger decreases with every sip.
- c) No longer do Leaders need to accompany their beginner trip down the Yarra. Instead, they can drop them off at the top and meet them at the end after they car shuffle via the Kellybrook Winery located nearby.



Rich somewhere between Mt Feathertop and the King River with Stu's car.

A GUIDE TO TRIP TRANSPORT

Richard Kjar

Transport is probably the single most talked about topic on club trips. How did you get there, whose car broke down, did you get lost and the list goes on. It is always the precedent for a debacle, if something goes wrong getting to the trip, everything is likely to end up in mayhem from then on in. For this reason, I have decided to give you all some advice on the various methods of transport from my vast and varied experience of the pains and joy of trips either destroyed or made by unsuitable or awesome transport.

The following methods have been tested or considered very seriously:

Ski Plane

Area of use: Mt Cook NP.

Tested: Yes.

Advantages: extremely quick, simple, awesome fun, saves two or three days extremely hard walking.

Disadvantages: only available in Mt. Cook National Park, cost (approx. NZ\$110 flight).

Scary Factor: very, especially when the landing strip ends in a cliff.

Stu's Car

Area of Use: anywhere that roads go and occasionally places where they don't.

Tested: innumerable times.

Advantages: Stu will always come, cheap, difficult to totally wreck.

Disadvantages: slow (relative to air transport), uncomfortable after 2 or 3 thousand kilometres.

Scary Factor: extremely high when driving the Alpine Way for the eighth time in a week at 12 o'clock at night.

Bicycle

Area of Use: good for car shuffles on one car trips.

Tested: Yes.

Advantages: Can tie onto roof, making one car river trips possible, good for stuffing around at the campsite afterwards.

Disadvantages: hard work up big hills, long shuffles only available to sickos.

Scary Factor: depends on how fast you ride down the hills.

Hire Car *Area of Use:* anywhere, especially four wheel drive tracks, grassy paddocks and winding mountain roads.

Tested: Yes.

Advantages: can thrash the car, tie boats straight to the roof, drive the car into the ground (literally), good vehicle for kayak dragging.

Disadvantages: facing up to the hire car company when you return the car, cost.

Scary Factor: minimal, except when consulting your Visa bill.

Helicopter

Area of Use: anywhere, especially for access to gnarly NZ rivers.

Tested: Not at present.

Advantages: easy access to otherwise inaccessible rivers, looks good in photos, good for stories.

Disadvantages: may become addicted to this form of transport, cost.

Scary Factor: reasonable, except in poor weather.

Foot

Area of Use: again for shuffles on one car trips.

Tested: Yes.

Advantages: need no gear, cheap, good for ridding yourself of annoying trip members for a while.

Disadvantages: painful, slow.

Scary Factor: none, unless you hitch a ride with a driver with similar inclinations to Stu on a dirt road.

Light Plane

Area of Use: Geehi airstrip/Khancoban - to paddle the Swampy Plains River.

Tested: No.

Advantages: fast.

Disadvantages: Dan would probably fly the plane, therefore very dangerous.

Scary Factor: Extreme, combination of livestock on strip, mountains on all four sides and pilot.

Rafting Company

Area of Use: Commonly rafted NZ rivers.

Tested: Yes.

Advantages: quick shuffle time, usually very exciting, can talk to them about the river.

Disadvantages: they know the roads too well and are inclined to drive extremely fast down extremely sick roads.

Scary Factor: extreme.

I hope you have gained some useful advice from this article, if you have any further ideas then please contact me, I'm willing to test them out for a small fee.

THE HITCH-HIKER'S GUIDE TO THE SOUTH ISLAND OF NEW ZEALAND

By Dan Colborne

1 - Do NOT buy a road map of the South Island and don't study one.

2 - Spend four days walking solo across the Copeland Pass, mellowing out in the thermal pools. Bring no change of clothes. Start hitching in the rain near Fox Glacier. Realise that you have to hitch South then East then North to get back to Mt Cook village, and have no other information.

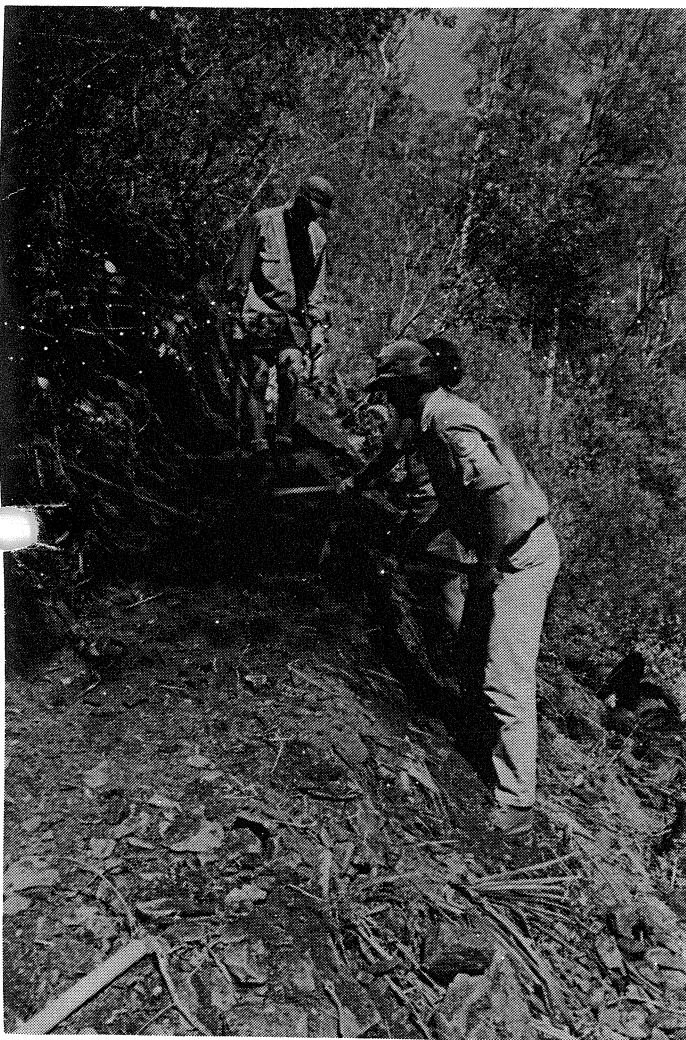
3 - Get offered a lift to Cromwell (six hours away) and accept hoping that this is actually on the way. Get a free night's accommodation from these people.

4 - Stand on the wrong side of the road and hitch the wrong way as it is cloudy and you cannot tell which way is East.

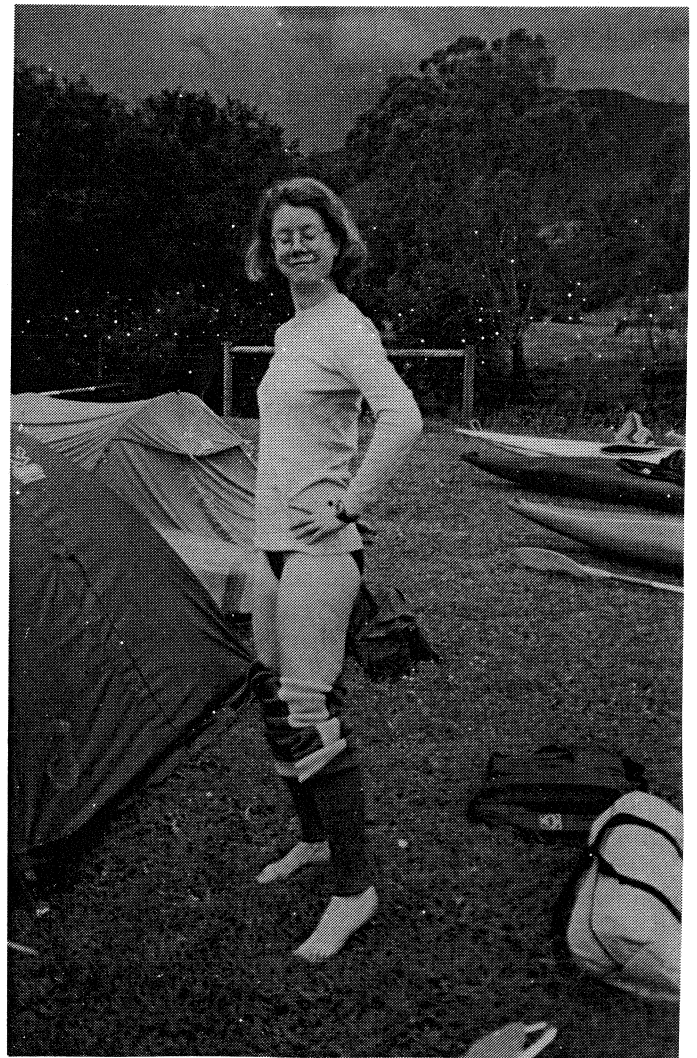
5 - Get out of this lift after 100km.

6 - Accept the lift from here to Mt Cook village from some German tourists. About 4 hours' drive.

ITS EASY!!



Track maintenance on the Tom Kneen Track.



Kate Bradshaw (El Presidente) rolls on the rubber at Kayaking IV 1994.

Slush.....

Editor's Note. Apologies to the person who I offended in the last Slush.

Warning. Let no one say 'but I didn't know'. That was the first and last time an apology will appear. Everyone is sensitive about things written about themselves, but, if you carry your affairs out in public from now on, Slush will find out.

"Are there any nice older men on this trip", - Kate Bradshaw.

"Dan, you touch my thing and it goes berserk", - Amber Mullens.

"Me, I'm straight and narrow", - Steve Curtain.

"I forgot you can use other body parts", - Beth Preece.

"Something's always up my bum", - Nigel Prior.

"I didn't even get a trickle", - Alan Daley.

"Impact my arse", - Adam Beeson.

"I always have a problem with getting nuts stuck on my back", - Alex Zdziarski.

"Scott, my bum hurts", - Alex Zdziarski.

Dan Colborne - "So Alex, what's it like to be a toy boy?".

Alex Zdziarski - "Oh, It's great! And it's not the first time either".

"If you're going by Alex's standards, she's young", - Sam Rollings.

Which current president of MUMC just happened to be in Sydney around the Mardi Gras?
Slush hears that they came home with a rash that required medical attention.

"Well if they run a club trip, they're pretty trustworthy", - a deluded Alan Daley.

Slush hears that certain experienced club members have been demonstrating their technical car skills.

One member on a kayaking trip made it over the Black Spur without any troubles. A pity that the same can't be said about the kayaks and roof rack that were still on the other side of the Black Spur.

A different member drove the odd hundred clicks back from Feathertop and down to Lorne with the oil light glowing. They tried to put oil in the engine in Melbourne but the reservoir was full. Obviously the warning light was broken they resoned. Luckily for the engine, they decided to check it out at the servo. The woman there could hardly stand because she was laughing so much while explaining that the MUMC member had added oil to the power steering fluid and not to the oil tank. After filling up with 3 litres of oil, they were on their way car-shuffling again, and abusing the crap out of the particular person.

Slush doesn't want to contribute to the blonde jokes, but it has been pointed out that both these people happen to have that colour hair.

Slush also thinks that in view of these mishaps, which are just two in a long long long line of MUMC car problems, MUMC should run a car maintenance course as well as first aid and river rescue courses. (These are good examples of why car maintenance is charged on club trips. Let there be no more complaints on that topic.)

"Sam what do your parents do that you don't?" - unknown asker.

Dan replied for her, - "Make babies!".

Who is the MUMC climber who recommends "King Condom" for all your shopping needs? And when we asked the question to a current secretary, why did she give the answer as her boyfriend? He was not the person Slush knew about. When quizzing the boyfriend to verify this story, he volunteered the following about his girlfriend, "She's the one that won't go into those shops". Seeing so many club members are obviously using "King Condom", maybe we should ask for a discount.

Brendan looking at the view from a saddle in Tasmania, - "It's better than sex".
Sam Rollings, - "You mustn't have very good sex!".

It has also been brought to the attention of Slush that a certain bushwalking convenor showed a disproportionate number of slides of a certain general member. Mmm.

At the recent slide night of people's holidays, Anton Weller showed a slide of a waterfall taken with a longer exposure time. Nigel Prior asked, "How did you get all the milk in the photo?".

A club legend has finally found his niche in life. He has been offered money to do what he has been doing in the club for free for years. Yes, Mad Mike is to become a life model. Stay tuned for details of his gigs and he probably shouldn't hear about the Girlies Night.

"Dan's a man. He grunts really well" - Sam Rollings.

"Dan came up behind me and grabbed me, and I said 'What's that hairy thing?!'" - Nigel Prior.

"And I thought you were hairy Dan", - Anouk Fawns.

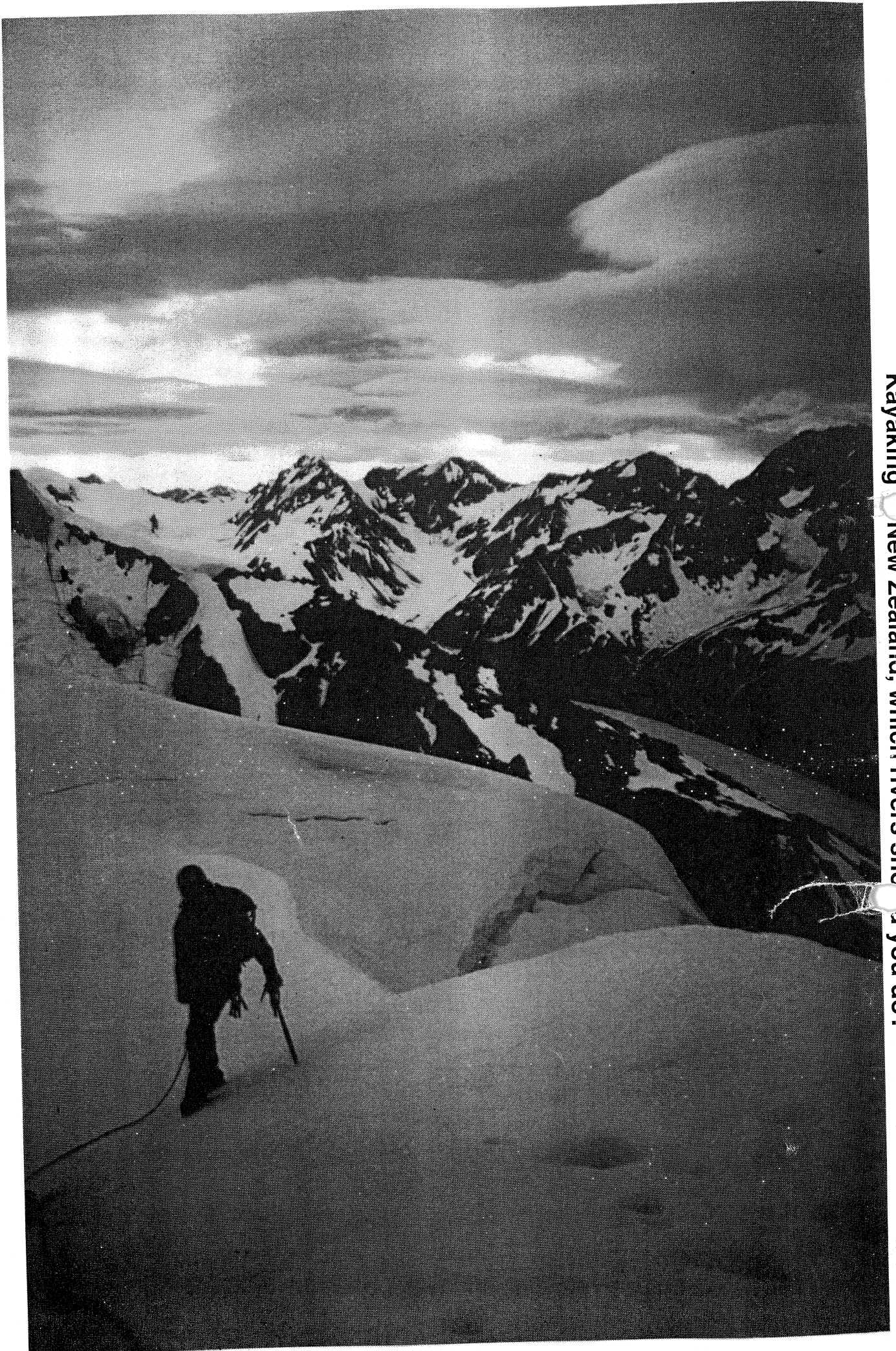


Dan 'Sagittarian not Virgo, Kelvin look-alike' Colborne on the summit of Mt Aspiring (3030m), New Zealand.

Articles and photos for the next Mountaineer are due at the latest by May 1. Late articles and those not on disc will not be accepted.

See photos of the bearded Sagittarius.

Plenty of Gratuitous wombat photos (Guinea Pig free).



Kayaking New Zealand, which rivers should you do?

Is this a recorded sighting of the Oxo Man?