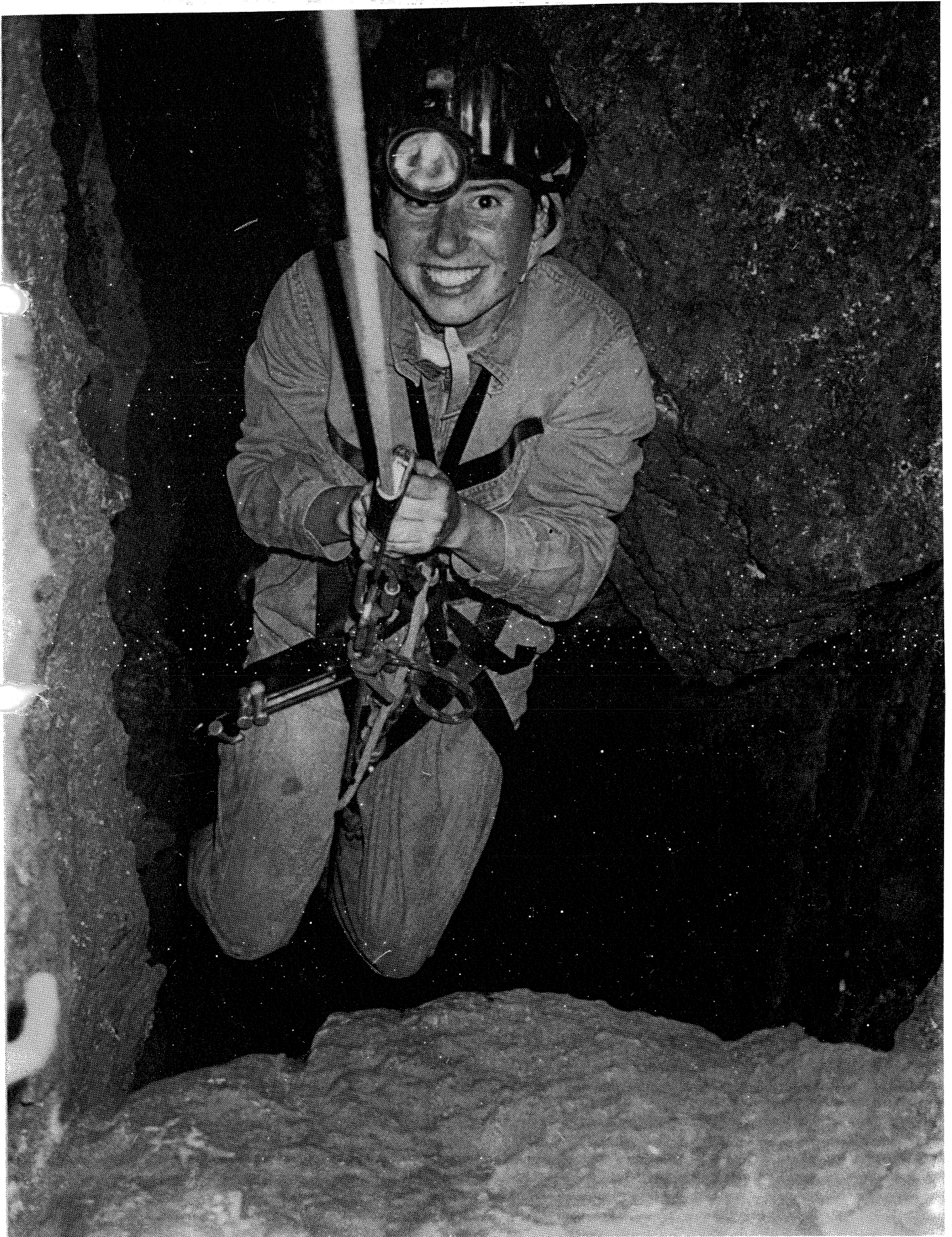


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MOUNTAINEER

THE MAGAZINE OF THE MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB.



May 1995

Editorial.

It's May already. That's bad news because it means that exams are very close, but good news for the snow goes amongst you. Not long now fellow skiers and we can once more try to perfect the ultimate face plant. Start getting all your gear prepared now.

May is also Happy Birthday month to myself (Hip hip horray), Richard Kjar (why was he born so beautiful), Rebecca Starling (never been 21 before) and Chris Clifton (for he's a jolly good fellow), as well as lots of others that haven't mentioned it to me.

Your environmental mission for this and future months, is to look out for wombats with mange. These wombats can be identified by a crusty appearance of the skin and associated lack of hair. Affected individuals will often be seen out during the day (although please remember that in winter and especially in alpine areas, it is common for wombats to forage during the day due to scarcity of food) and may appear disorientated. There is an ongoing survey into the extent of mange in the wombat population, and as MUMC members spend a great deal of time in wombat territory, they are perfectly placed to help out. Please report any sightings to me or to Dr. Kath Handasyde at Zoology. Snap a photo if you can.

Finally, the next edition of the Mountaineer is the one that is sent out to all 600 members. It will save on postage if a number of people can give out a few copies in their neighbourhood. If you could help do this, could you please make yourself known to me.

Also, biggest thankyou's to Stu Richardson for teaching me to use the scanner. Next time I'll find a better computer.

Let the blizzards commence,

Amber.

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Kim Ely, after a 30m drop, in Baby Pierre Cave, Buchan.

A Message From El Presidente.

Hi folks. Hope you all enjoyed the Easter holiday. The semester is whizzing along at an alarming pace, so make sure you fit in as many trips as possible before exams start. IV Rogaining is coming up on May 13/14, so why not join the team of legendary MUMC rogainers to hunt orange markers for 24 hours somewhere near Canberra. They assure me that no experience is necessary. The same goes for IV kayaking (just watch out for concrete pilons, and practise getting into a wetsuit in the privacy of your own tent). Anyway, talk to Alan if you're interested in rogaining and Richard if you want to become a champion paddler overnight. Lots of other trips are on the agenda - so if you feel in need of an epic adventure, sign your name up and go for it..

Just in case you missed it, the Combined MUMC / Monash / Latrobe / RMIT / Swinburne Beach Party took place in April. I think it would be fair to say that MUMC made its presence felt. The MUMC team totally outshone the opposition in the Boatraces, taking out the Grand Final in fine style without a drop spilt. MUMC also wrapped up the Extreme Exhibitionist Award. Although a Swinburne groupie made a commendable bid for the Award by getting stuck in the frame of a bench for more than an hour, the exceptional MUMC effort - which I will refrain from describing in this respectable publication - was clearly of a more pretentious and daring nature. Is it true that a modelling agency has approached the lads involved with a proposal for a giant Pizza Shapes billboard?

The 'Women in MUMC' night was held just after Easter, and from my perspective, it was a very succesful and enjoyable evening. About 25 MUMC girls came along, including about 7 of the current female leaders in the club. There was lots of chatting, and it was great for both the new members and the old timers to get to know a handful of different people in the Club. We had a feast of pizza, then a feast of icecream, then one of us had a feast of a green drink which is apparently non-alcoholic. Thanks to Lisa, Sam, Bec, Amber, Cathy and Sophie for coming along, and of course, to all the new females that turned up and helped make the night a success. I hope you all had a groovy time.

Finally, I'd like to remind everyone that the AGM will take place in about the second week of next semester. Everyone who is interested enough to read a message from Old El Prez should start thinking about running for a position on the committee. There are positions of all shapes, sizes and descriptions on the MUMC committee. Experience is useful for the Convenor positions, but vast amounts are not necessary. The main prerequisite for all the positions is ENTHUSIASM. The old committee will always be around to show you the ropes (or boats, or skiis as the case may - ho, ho, ho!!!)

After that superb pun I think I better finish now. Stay enthused.

Kate Bradshaw

p.s. (Amber - I don't really look like Lois Lane, do I?)



Kate looking Byzantine, note the bottle of Midori held so protectively.

Scroggin.

Congratulations to Anton Weller on becoming an honorary member of MUMC due to all the work you have done for the club.

The Girlies Night Out was a success and about 25 femme fatales that want to get involved turned up. Thanks go to Kate Bradshaw, Soph Brown, Lisa Flew, Amber Mullens, Sam Rollings, Cathy Sealy, and Bec Starling for turning up and speaking of your experiences.

IV Rogaining, held in conjunction with Auschamps Rogaining, is being held on the 13th and 14th of May in Canberra. The Club will be subsidising four club members and the Sports Union will help out the rest. Snowgum is generously providing the T-shirts for this event. Alan wants everyone to know that Kate "El Presidente" has piked from this event. Obviously her rogaining is not as good as her kayaking.

Brendon, Steve, Steve and Alan are considering MUMC hosting the Snogaine in the week after the Midnight Ascent. This may affect Alpine Instruction Weekend.

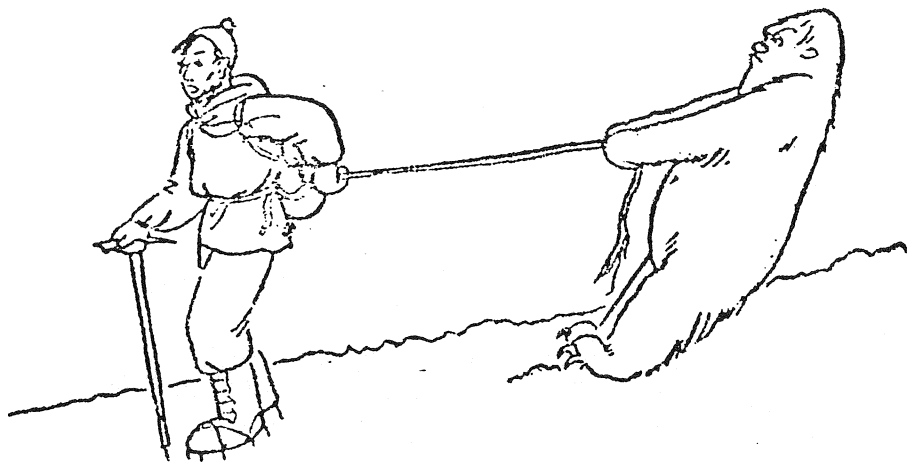
Leadership weekend might be on the 22-23rd of July, depending on Andy's first aid course. Snow skills will therefore be on the weekend before or after that. Whatever happens, keep all these weekends free. (Do you think that Alan has anything to do with these events?).

People who want to ski during the holidays should register their name on the contact sheet in the folder.

Patagonia, the store with the good clothes but bad prices, is opening a "Get Addicted" store in Melbourne between 3rd and 13th of May (so you may not get this in time). The address is 1st floor, 370 Lt. Bourke St, which is in the 'gear store golden square'. Gear will be 10-50% off (maybe that kayak top is on sale Rak?). They will open a new real store next year.

Geoff is running waxing clinics. Dan has already booked out the first one, which hilights how to use wax effectively in bondage situations. Future clinics will deal with hair removal (both sexes) and even how to look after your skis. See Geoff for details.

The Annual General Meeting will be held the 2nd of August. This is your chance to become more involved in the club, so don't miss it.



Newsflash! Hey paddlers and anyone else with access to the Internet, try this address-

<http://www.cs.mu.oz.au/~stu>

Gear Freaks Corner

Part 1 by Scott Edwards

Some people believe the ultimate pleasures are walking through pristine rainforests, scaling majestic peaks and immersing oneself in the wilderness experience. They are wrong! It's all about gear and buying lots of it. A panoramic view from Mt Feathertop is nothing compared to the smell of a new gortex jacket or the kudos of having the best and most expensive tent in MUMC. The true outdoors person knows that it's absolutely essential to own at least 3 fleeces in 100, 200 and 300 weight polarplus. You know you are hooked when you read the gear shop catalogues from cover to cover. You have to have the latest stove\kayak\XCD skis\belay device etc. Other people will tell you it won't improve your skills, they are wrong! Having the most advanced colour co-ordinated gear not only makes you a better skier\paddler\climber\mountaineer, it also elevates you towards enlightenment and enlarges your ego to astronomical proportions. "Are you still using (insert old gear)", I wouldn't be seen dead without (insert new gear)". Your motto should always be "IF IT'S NEW AND EXPENSIVE, IT MUST BE BETTER".

Where do you buy this stuff? Never, repeat NEVER buy or admit to buying gear from disposal stores. A plastic food container is a Nalgene bottle and must cost lots of money, go to a real gear store in the city. Remember, the true gear freak never pays full price for an item, always get a discount, haggle, haggle, haggle. Some MUMC members work in the following stores, don't listen to their advice. Behind the counter they turn into bloodsucking leeches who want your money, it's a disgusting sight.

SNOWGUM - Lonsdale St

This store has improved immensely since its beginnings as a Scout Outdoor Centre (YUK!). A good range of gear as well as some of the gear freak favourites such as Fairydawn and Aiking. The One Planet range is OK but who in their right mind would call a gortex jacket "Cappuccino"? (must be for Lygon St??). A 15% discount for MUMC members and they are also our club sponsors.

BOGONG - Lt Bourke St

This store has more of a technical equipment focus and gear freaks will love the metal climbing thingies all over the wall. They stock Macpac which is a definite "must have" brand. I asked nicely and they gave me a 15% discount with my MUMC card. (Ed. This is no longer the case. Only a 10% discount is offered, except from Steve "Tight Arse" Curtain, from whom you get zero. Don't worry Steve, Rohan is going to have a bit of a chat to Simon to remedy this. What are friends for. It just proves the authors point in paragraph two!))

MOUNTAIN DESIGNS - Lt Bourke St

A reasonable range of stuff although personally the store brand name gear doesn't really turn me on. I asked nicely and they gave me a 15% MUMC discount on some items but only 10% on others (I could have got 15% off at Snowgum).

PADDY PALLIN - Lt Bourke St

A gear freaks store for sure but generally overpriced, especially with their exclusive brands. If you enjoy being treated as a ignorant fool you can often find an arrogant sales assistant lurking around. They said I could have a 10% discount (ho hum) if I joined their Paddy Pallin Club for \$30. Yeh, right. I should add that a (blonde) sister of a friend of a friend got 25% of BD Camalots although I was told their markup was too low to give discounts, go figure that one out.

KATHMANDU - Lt Bourke St

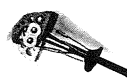
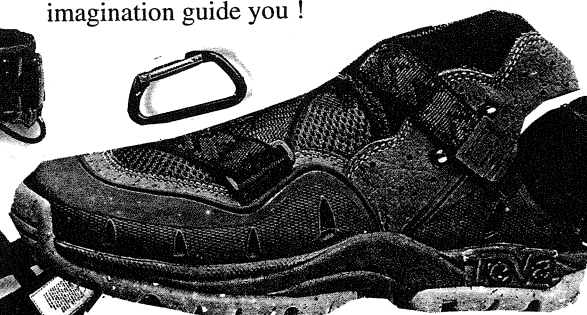
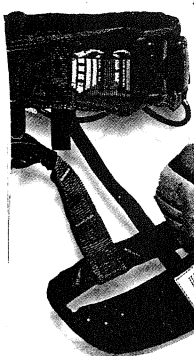
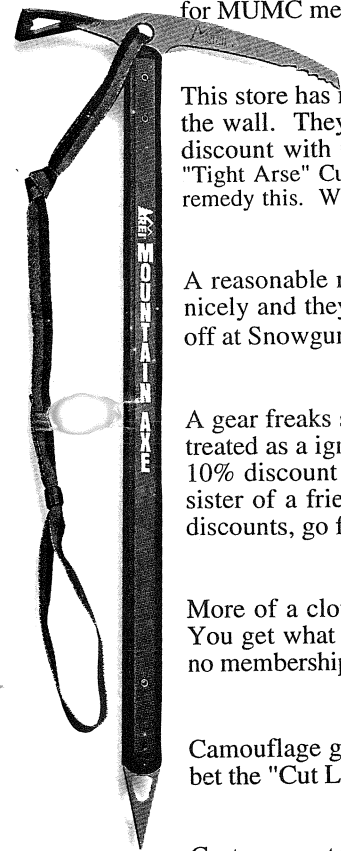
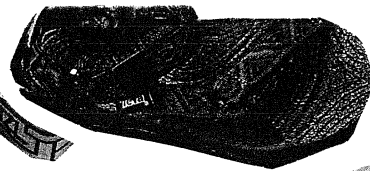
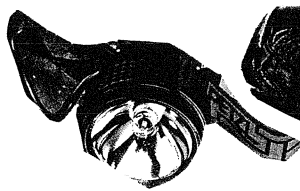
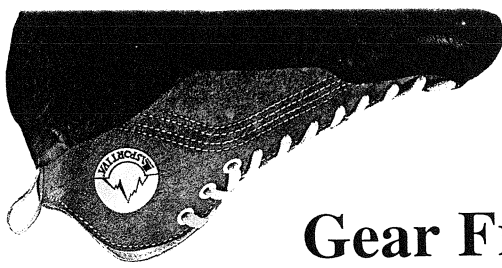
More of a clothes store than a gear store although there are some reasonably priced packs and sleeping bags. You get what you pay for so take care. You get a 10% discount (big deal, zzz) if you join their Summit Club, no membership charge for students.

PLATYPUS OUTDOORS - Lt Bourke St

Camouflage green is the latest in high fashion, NOT! Anyone for "Skirmish". I didn't ask for a discount but I bet the "Cut Lunch Commandos" (Army Res.) get one. Go elsewhere !!

How do I get a better price on item X

Go to gear store A, quote price to B, take to C, go back to A and tell them it is cheaper at B,C and D, quote new price to B and C.....Note : You don't have to actually visit stores B, C and D for quotes, let your imagination guide you !



SO YOU WANT TO GO MOUNTAINEERING??

FACT 1. There are no mountains in Australia.

FACT 2. You have to go overseas to go mountaineering.

GETTING THERE. A\$600 off peak - A\$900 peak Christchurch return. (Free if you scam your dad's frequent flier points - no names, Rak!) Bus to Mount Cook Village (MCV) is NZ\$39 YHA price.

WHEN TO GO. The most popular time is in the summer. January can have OK weather and excellent conditions, February is better weather, but many routes can be cut off as the snow melts. Summer is also a 'safer' time for novices - avalanche danger is less and crevasses are almost all open.

HOW TO GET TAUGHT. This is the most important issue in your trip. You cannot be self taught and have serious hopes of surviving!!! Australians have a really bad reputation of killing themselves unnecessarily in NZ from doing really *stupid* things, through their own ignorance. You've got three options:-

*1. Find someone who is **very** experienced (and I don't mean has climbed for only a season!). This option is rare, but excellent!

*2. Do a course. A 10 day TMC (technical mountaineering course) costs about A\$1800, all inclusive. Usually a 1:3 guide/client ratio, and as good instruction as you'll get anywhere.

*3. Hire a guide between 2, 3 or 4 of you. Costs vary according to the number in your party. But for 10 days expect roughly A\$1500- A\$1900 each. The difficulty is finding others... Instruction is excellent, and can be tailored more around your individual experience, and, apparently, be more flexible in case of foul weather.

WHAT TO TAKE - All climbing equipment can be hired cheaply from MUMC - axes, ropes, harnesses, rockgear, helmets, OK crampons, packs and sleeping bags.

***Boots** - Plastic mountaineering boots. They can be hired in NZ. Buy them - then they're yours! They'll cost around \$300-\$400.

***Jacket** - A good Gore-Tex jacket is essential - preferably short cut if you're going to buy one (around \$400), but a long one is adequate (from the club).

***Overpants** - Full zip. Gore-Tex -\$200 plus, other fabrics \$100, nylon \$40. You'll trash them!! If not from errant crampons, then from razor sharp rocks.

***Clothing** - If you're like Rak or Dan, and your collection of polartec fleece garments is in double figures, take a 100-weight pullover and a 100-weight vest. If not, two medium weight woollen jumpers will suffice - (two thinner are more versatile than one thick). Warm pants are useful too - fleece if possible (\$100-\$150)

***Thermals** - One set. Yes, you *can* wear the same set for two weeks!!!

***Socks** - A spare pair if you must. See above.

***Underwear** - As above. (Ed. Well, I guess Dan's just destroyed any chance of picking up a girlie now that they have all read about his personal hygiene habits)

***Gloves** - Thermal gloves. I found my chlorofibre gloves (\$15) to be excellent (can I have my spare set back now Rak?!). A pair of overmitts is essential too - Gore-Tex if possible (\$100). And a spare pair of woollen/fleece gloves is good too (\$10).

***Balaclava** - lightweight thermal ones are good (\$10)- and a beanie.

***Sunnies** - wrap around, or with side shields (\$10-\$150). And ski goggles - essential in blizzards (\$50)

***Silk scarf at least** a metre square (\$15 at the market)- for wrapping your head up when trudging along in the blazing burning sun. It stops you getting burnt - eg. Dan's lips, tongue, nostrils, ears and back of head through short hair cut. And sunscreen.

***Loud alarm** for those alpine starts...(\$5-\$50)

***Altimeter** is useful in a group. (\$70-\$300 for a watch model).

***Bivvy bag**. Very useful. Good as emergency use for unplanned nights out, or as emergency sleds, and for sleeping outside lowland huts to avoid paying hut fees!!! Make sure it has a bug or mozzie/sandfly net though.



Gratuitous Wombat photo (more welcome).

Stuart Holloway on Fox Glacier (NZ),
note the extension cord leading
to his electrically heated boots.



ACCOMMODATION - Climbing in the Mount Cook area means day trips (albeit long ones!!) to and from huts. They have stoves and fuel, pots and pans, and eating things. They cost around NZ\$7-\$14 a night. Bring your own supply of toilet paper - and guard it! Otherwise you have to resort to using snow or Jackie Collins novels! (Ask Dan, Rak, Stu.H or Anouk.) The huts are radio equipped and every night at 7.00pm there is a sked giving weather and any other pertinent information.

GETTING IN AND FOOD - Generally you fly into the popular climbing venues in a skiplane and land on the glacier - if you're still conscious, or aren't cowering under the seat in a gibbering mess. The cost is around NZ\$140-\$200 per person, depending on how full the plane is. Pack food in a big cardboard box, wrap the box in a garbage bag and tow it behind you on the snow to the hut - usually around 15 minutes away. *Take more food than you think you'll need.* Buy your food in Christchurch - The Big Fresh has good bulk food - pastas, mueslis, dried fruits, nuts, lollies, chillies... Trust me, they won't bat an eyelid at a \$400 food bill, but catch a cab to the hostel! For food costs I averaged NZ\$12 per day.

GETTING OUT - 2-3 weeks is the most popular duration to spend in the mountains, though this varies. Getting out again, many people walk. Usually only once. You'll see what I mean. The Tasman Glacier will never become a popular tourist walk. Backflights (on a plane that's just flown in) are NZ\$60-\$80 each, if available.

ACCOMMODATION IN MCV - for those couple of days here and there, or waiting for the weather to clear to fly in is as follows:

*Rooms at the Hermitage - NZ\$300 per night

*Alpine Guides Lodge - NZ\$20

*Youth Hostel - NZ\$18

*Unwin Hut - NZ\$14 (\$7 NZAC members) A 25-95 min. sobriety dependant walk.

Joining the NZ Alpine Club for NZ\$55 is well worthwhile. At many of the climbing huts members get half-price fees. It pays for itself many times over.

BEER - Steins (1 litre) of beer are NZ\$5 at the MC Bar. Pints are \$3.

ELSEWHERE - Other than the Mount Cook area the Mount Aspiring NP down near Wanaka is another very popular climbing venue, with majestic Mt Aspiring as its main attraction. It is a different experience to Mt Cook NP much more of a wilderness feel. It's a long walk in, up the rainforest valleys, the huts are more like what we're used to here - no stoves etc.(so bring them!!), but a radio - for emergency use only. Some of the huts, though, are *very* tiny. The climbing is excellent and varied.

EXPERIENCE - Any prior knowledge will mean that you can spend more time climbing and less time learning. MUMC alpine instruction weekends will teach you what to take, how to use an iceaxe, how to self arrest, a solid foundation for crevasse rescue, and an introduction to snowclimbing. **The weekends are designed with aspiring mountaineers in mind, so come along.**

Also go rockclimbing!!! Many routes are mixed (ice and rock), and being a competent rockclimber before you go helps. And get used to the exposure!! Knowledge of setting up belays and placing protection is essential, unless you want to stick to bumbly routes, or follow someone else blindly. Hopefully this article will be of use to those many of you who have dreamed of going mountaineering. Undoubtedly the biggest hurdle in a first season is the cost of instruction. Once that is out of the way, the world awaits...

Dan Colborne

A Very Swish Activity Indeed: MUMC Ski -Touring

A very cross country skier? A Nordic norm? Swish-swish instead of whoosh? (though whooshes are an option). Ski-touring is the '*wild*' thing that explores and rediscovers specky, windy and exposed summits, silent endless snowplains, the warmth of a bombproof snowcamp or gunning down a slope face first. Two things to ponder.

(1) NEVER BEEN BEFORE / HAVEN'T DONE IT / I'VE DONE A LITTLE DOWNHILL. No problemo. They say if you can walk, you can XC ski...well, almost. A day is all it usually takes to pick up on the basics such as diagonal stride and the infamous snowplough. It's usually best if you're completely new to the activity to try one or two beginner trips before you tackle something a little more 'exhilarating'.

(2) CHEEP CHEEP. Ski-touring is an inexpensive activity as with all activities within MUMC. Usually \$6-\$10 gear hire per day. (Additional costs include splitting of car entry ~\$10-\$14 and trail fee (ugh!) at some resorts, \$5-\$7 per person.)

LOCAL HOT SPOTS

Lake Mountain. Possibly the best place to learn XC skiing in the entire universe, Lake Mtn offers FLAT, FLAT snowplains with the occasional dip to send the blood pulsing. Lurley towering snowgums and practising all important turns make for a very relaxing day. Great beginner snowcamping. Trail fees apply. 110km from Melb via Maroondah Hwy and Marysville.

Baw Baw Plateau. Underrated somewhat possibly due to unpredictable snow coverage and infrequent visit, B.B can fire when there are good conditions, particularly as a learning venue. Touring the Baw Baws (national park as opposed to the downhill resort bit) must rate highly with excellent touring, beginner XCD (cross country downhill) and views from the northern rim. Also excellent snowcamping. No trail fees as of 1994. ~180km from Melb via Princes Hwy (slightly shorter via Powelltown)

Mt.St.Gwinear. Literally over the hill from Mt.Baw Baw, this is the eastern most access point to Baw Baw National Park. Groovy beginner slopes, though fewer facilities than Mt.Baw Baw access. No trail fees.



3 wise skiers (See no face-plant, hear no face-plant, do no face-plant).

Mt. Stirling. Few would dispute Stirling as the closest XCD mecca to Melbourne. Superb slopes abound on all sides of the summit with beautiful touring all over the mountain and snowcamp opportunities. A day or two's experience to tour Stirling is desirable as icy conditions are common in the afternoon when descending. However, touring down the bottom is safer. Access to the Alpine National Park and wild peaks. Trail fees apply. 240km from Melb via Maroondah Hwy and Mansfield.

Mt. Buffalo. A lone plateau, physically separate from the bulk of the Australian Alps, Buffalo is like Baw Baw but with heaps of granite tors and horns. Magnificent cliffs guard the plateau on all sides. Its easy to see why they hold huge hang-gliding competitions from the lofty precipices. Touring out the back at the Walls of China will reinforce this! Snowcamping is unfortunately restricted to Lake Catani, but a compromise may be possible for other areas if chatting to the ranger. ~330km via Hume Hwy and Myrtleford.

Alpine National Park (ANP). Encompassing a massive area of the Victorian Alps, unlimited XCD, touring and camping exists. Can't really go wrong in terms of unreal views and wild times just about anywhere. The Wonnangatta-Moroka, Bogong, Dartmouth and Cobberas-Tingaringy units comprise the ANP, with trips running more to the Bogong and Wonn-Moroka areas traditionally. High Plains such as the Bogong, Howitt and Dargo are miles of expanse, ready to explore. Judging by the beginner Snow Skills Weekend last year (it snowed a metre of powder overnight!!), this year's will be just as enjoyable and popular - it will hopefully be held up on the Bogongs again. Intermediate/ Advanced trips up on Mt. Bogong/ Spion Kopje bring pretty huge views of the Main Range, over 100km away in NSW! Or if touring the isolated snow bound huts is more your style, the southern Bogong HPs await your presence. The more common access points of the ANP are Stirling/Buller, Licola and Dargo in the south, while the Dandongadale Rd (Mt Cobbler), Mt. Hotham, Falls Creek, Mountain Creek (Mt. Bogong). Limestone Rd (Cobberas) service the north. Trail fees apply in some areas. Bogong area 350km from Melb.

Snowy Mountains (Kosciusko National Park). Like the ANP but with a thousand times more snow. A huge plateau known as the Main Range holds this continent's highest peaks - over 2000m. Truly alpine, the truly alpine weather will truly trash a trip if you're unlucky. However, a classic trip up here is magic. Glacial lakes, flying lessons available when you check out the western side - what was that about being a little steep? Access ~550km to Dead Horse Gap / Thredbo from Melb via Corryong is the norm. Access also via Cabramurra, Mt. Selwyn, Kiandra, Charlottes Pass, and Mt Blue Cow, though the latter tend to be a little pricey.

Tasmania. Although the likelihood of a MUMC XC ski trip going to Tassie is fairly remote, it isn't unrealistic (20 to 1 long shot) Believe it not, anyone who is keen enough to fork out the \$250 return airfare to Launceston, there is white stuff to be enjoyed. The northern Cradle area, including peaks such as Barn Bluff, West Pelion and Ossa, is occasionally dumped upon. The potential has already been tapped by all ski-tourers alike, but this area must be surely beckon those with a kangaroo lose in the top paddock especially.

If you are really keen, chat to a ski tourer or Geoff Sinclair (Ski-touring Convenor) for a free copy of the Snow Skills Booklet on the low down of Ski-touring. It includes handy information on snow & ice travel, car maintenance, clothing and gear requirements, turns and strides and heaps more. Check it out.

by Steve Curtain.



This is the house Rohan Schaap built (Temple Hut, Walls of Jerusalem).

Recollections of Mt. Anne.

by Amber Mullens.

April in Tasmania. A beautiful time of the year. Rohan Schaap, Litz Mosbauer and I had just been to Mt Field National Park. We had admired *Nothofagus gunnii* in its autumn colour of glorious gold as we walked along the tarn shelf in the sunshine. Now Rohan and I were heading to Mt. Anne in the South West National Park. The sun was still shining, Rohan was over the flu that had prevented him climbing Florentine Peak with Litz and myself, and the hire closet was standing up to the workout we were giving it, well, except for the hub cap.

I remember driving past the Creepy Crawly Nature Walk, and Rohan being very excited that someone had finally recognised his animal classification system. I remember sorting out the food and packing my pack, and I remember walk up to the Mt. Eliza Hut; Mt Anne came out of the bit of cloud that was obscuring the summit and we both admired the view. Wombat scats were spotted on track, which made me very happy as I had not seen any at Mt Field. I remember sitting down for a chocolate break because I was starting to get a headache and looking over to some very dark clouds. "Hmmm, that looks like a lot of rain over there", I said.

I remember reaching the hut on Mt. Eliza, it was already raining and the headache was killing me. The temperature was dropping rapidly and more clothes had to be brought out as well as numerous panadols. The hut looked a good, dry place to spend the night and we settled in. There was an Oxoman in the log book by Andy Hook which cheered me up. I dropped off the April Mountaineer as part of the scheme for MUMC to take over the world. The trouble with being the editor, is that you have read the magazine so many times that you know it off by heart. I remember reading it anyway for something to do.

"Giddy, I'm Bob Obnoxious. I first came here 320 years ago before the first settlers. My map is in inches and Lake Peddar isn't even on it. I shared a night in this hut with some guy blah blah blah". I remember all the conversation. I got up to go to the long drop. I remember the long drop. I remember that it reminded me of India. I don't think that is a positive thing for a toilet.

When I got back, I remember Rohan pleading with me to leave the dry hut and continue on the walk. He said that Bob had ear bashed him and there was no way he could spend the night with him, his two daughters and the other guy. I remember the rock scramble up Mt. Eliza, in the rain and diminishing daylight. I remember having to have a rest and meeting this guy coming down with what looked like a pair of undies on his head. We talked about the plants in alpine areas and I remember mentioning how the park should be better managed. After saying goodbye, and climbing on a bit, I remember Rohan asking me what the Ranger had to say.

I remember making it to the summit of Mt Eliza (1200m). My boyfriend climbs Himalayan peaks 6000m high and I climb 1200m rock piles. I'm sure it was equally as hard. I don't remember much of the next three hours except that there was mud on the flat bits and rocks on the uphill bits. There was also mud on the uphill bits and rocks on the flat bits. It was raining and foggy, and I remember Rohan telling me that I was walking through some of the most spectacular scenery in Australia. I remember not being impressed. Then the walking turned into a continuous rock scramble over dolomite boulders that appeared to waver when I was about to stand on them.

I remember the turn off to the shelf camp. I remember because I thought to myself that the nightmare rock scrambles were over and 'home' was but 15 wet minutes away. Then I was there. Rohan set up the tent while I went for water. I remember falling in a big hole. I got into my sleeping bag (that dry gore shell can not be beaten), drank a cup-a-soup, took more panadols and demazins and went to sleep.

I remember getting up the next morning, putting on my wet overclothes and preparing for a summit attempt. Then it started to rain again. I got back into my sleeping bag and then I don't remember anything until another cup-a-soup that night. Then I don't remember much until the morning. I recall having a huge urge that had nothing to do with going to the toilet. I wanted to get out of this place and sit in a nice warm cafe somewhere.

I remember that we packed up as it started to snow. Our chances of climbing Mt Anne now were below zero. I remember scrambling over rocks and more rocks and then through mud and more mud while a blizzard blew me about. While trudging around in my own world, I remember questioning a few things and I would like to share them with you.

1) I have been looking for a new back-pack for my 1994 Chrissie pressie. I keep asking people if their pack is comfortable, and more often than not, they answer that it is extremely comfortable. They are deluded. Let's consider this rationally. When your boyfriend comes home with some chockies and a bottle of Domaine and asks you to slip into something more comfortable, you do not go and put on a 20kg pack, no matter what the colour scheme of it. When you are at home alone with a packet of chips and a good book or video, and just want to dag around in something comfortable, it is not the heavy pack that you reach for. Sure, a pack can be more comfortable, as compared to, say, a sack of potatoes tied to your pack with barbed wire, but it can not be comfortable. It is time for this duplicity to end.

2) Why is the trail always uphill when going to your destination, and uphill on the way back too?

3) Why do dried food makers insist on calling that sweet chemical taste 'mushroom'?

4) After you have just started on your third packet of panadol and are in the middle of nowhere except that blizzard outside the tent, why do you suddenly remember "if pain persists, please see your doctor"? At times like that, this isn't a very reassuring thought. Do you need to seek medical attention because you are going to die due to the headache, or from the renal failure associated with panadol overdose?

5) Why do you automatically seek the path that will keep your feet the driest, even though your feet are absolutely saturated, and have been that way for the past 3 days? Why do you feel the absolute need to walk on those gorgeous delicate cushion plants at these times, even though you know this will kill them?

6) and finally, why does 'dry skin' or 'sno-seal' fail to keep water from getting into your boot, but is 100% effective in preventing the water from escaping back to the outside?

I remember the monotony of the plateau finally ending with the rocky descent of Mt Eliza. I remember the walk down. No ailment was going to prevent me getting to the hire closet in record time. The track notes say that fit people can make it from the carpark to the hut in one hour. I'd like to see that. We couldn't even get down in that time, gravity assisted and our packs at least 2 cup-a-soups lighter.

I remember reaching the hire closet and the sun shining. Do you think that the summit of Mt. Anne was visible? I didn't even look.



Amber_Mullens@Shelf_Camp.Mt.Anne.Tas.Au.

ARAPILES EASTER TRIP.

BY LISA FLEW

Picture this: Arapiles, The Gums, Easter weekend- one of the busiest times of year at Araps. MUMC, with 30 or more tents plus a marquee large enough to park two station wagons in, and at least 13 cars squeezed in every possible gap along the narrow road (including Simon Collins' Combi for which a flat spot **must** be found).

This is the setting for the yearly MUMC Arapiles Beginners Rockclimbing Trip. I thought I had done extremely well to organise 45 people into cars (having knocked back about 40 at the trip meeting) to arrive at the right place at the right time, but the worst was yet to come.

Not only was I not sure how many people I actually had on the trip, I didn't know who they were!! Luckily we had the marquee - a place to leave a message for the people we left behind on the first morning. And yes, we left behind some beginners who did not have a huge **MUMC** sign on the side of their tent, consequently I had no idea they were with us. But by midday the 25 or so beginners were in one place (some having walked for half an hour as they missed their rides, or rather we missed them).

This was just the beginner section of the trip. There were also about 15 intermediates who needed gear sorted out for them and people to take them climbing elsewhere. This is when I made the mistake of sending 5 (yes 5) people, who had never seconded a climb before off with Peter Kreisner. No doubt you have heard of Peter's late night adventures, SES rescues and route finding problems. I must admit I was a little worried when it became dark and they were the only group who had not returned. Fortunately he decided not to have an epic that day. He is definitely improving!!

We had two great days of climbing in beautiful sunshine, at Bushranger's Bluff, Colosseum Wall and the Plaque area. I am sure there are some great bum shots, going by the angles photos were taken from. The beginners soon sounded like pros, using the climbing calls we had taught them, and even used calls we hadn't taught, like "Hold me, Hold me", "Take me, Take me". Our Swedish friend (I hope you are Swedish, Ann) went wandering in the grassy paddocks and sat under gum trees in the hope that the kangaroos would come and sit with her in the shade. Alex even overcame his dyslexia and began calling Clara and Tamsin their rightful names, instead of Carla and Tasman.

Unfortunately the rain came on Sunday. The beginners all left for sunny Melbourne, and some of us spent the day in the Cafe Baghdad in Horsham, and then the Nati Pub. (I'll learn to play pool one day, I promise). The next few days were great, with more people arriving and doing heaps of climbing. Nights were spent in the marquee, keeping warm by the heat of 10 Trangias. Each night became colder and colder, as more people left, and took with them their body heat and their Trangias. Peter's slow cooking processes provided us with much of the heat. (sorry Pete) I felt sorry for Lara and Dan left there on the last night, two small bodies with one stove in the huge tent (and no Peter).

MUMC definitely left its mark on Arapiles with all the gear left behind on cliffs, including a screwgate on a wedged nut???? Luckily some nice people took this out for us and left it on the noticeboard. Unluckily, some not-so-nice people removed it from the noticeboard and put it on their rack. We also left our mark in the dustbowl-of-a-campground, the mark of 30 tents, the marquee parties, the "Hackodrome", the soccer and volleyball matches and many cars doing 3 or 4 point turns to get out of the cramped area.

A big hearty thankyou to the numerous leaders who helped with both beginners and intermediates. A special thanks to Scott and Alex as this must be their umpteenth instruction trip. Perhaps it's time for others to lead some ???

Prizes.

Ok, Dan and I have finally got all this worked out and have even given away the prizes for the last edition. Here are the rules.

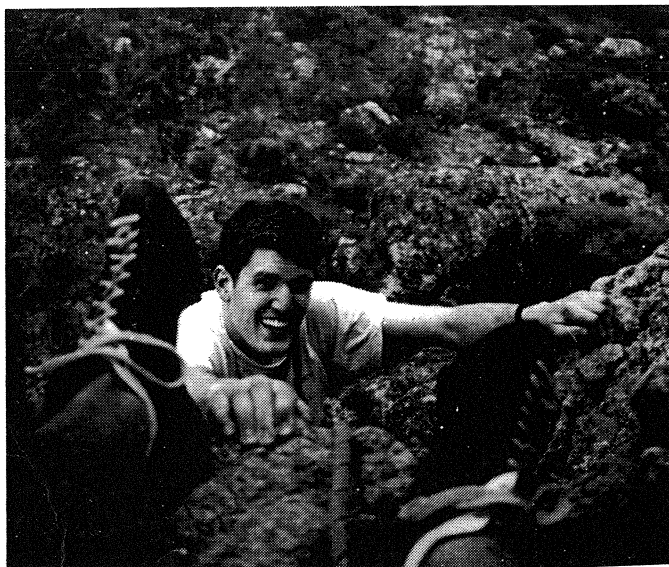
- 1) Dan and I are the judges. I am the head judge and Dan is the decider judge. This automatically means that we win everything, which is how it should be.
 - 2) Oh all right, Dan and I are not allowed to win, even though we know in our minds that we really do.
 - 3) One prize is given out to the best article. This article can be of any nature. It can be written in any language you like. Naturally, writing in a language other than English may seriously impede your chances of winning, but if the story is good enough..... We are not looking for the most outstanding grammatically skills or the most outstanding feats of endurance. The story need not be funny.
 - 4) Another prize is given to the best photo. It should be of a club member being stupid or doing something stupid. Please, no boring sun sets. The photo must be a photo and not a slide. Slides get prizes at "pie and slide night". The photo on the front cover is not necessarily the best photo. Photos showing clubmembers in compromising positions will be viewed favourably.
 - 5) Each prize is to the value of \$100. After Dan and I have taken our cut, the winner of each section gets a prize from Snowgum to the value of \$20 - \$25, depending on if Dan likes you personally or not.
 - 6) The winner must be a Mountaineering Club member.
 - 7) The same person can't win both prizes.
 - 8) Articles ghost written by Burnie will not win, Phil.
 - 9) Articles must be on disc to be eligible. Save IBM articles as Rich Text Files (use 'save as'). Apple articles can be anything.
 - 10) Winners will be announced on the blackboard. They have until the closing date of the next Mountaineer to talk to Dan about their prize, otherwise it will be donated to needy Zoologists who study wombats.
- Snowgum donates the prizes and we thank them for their generosity.

Last Edition Winners.

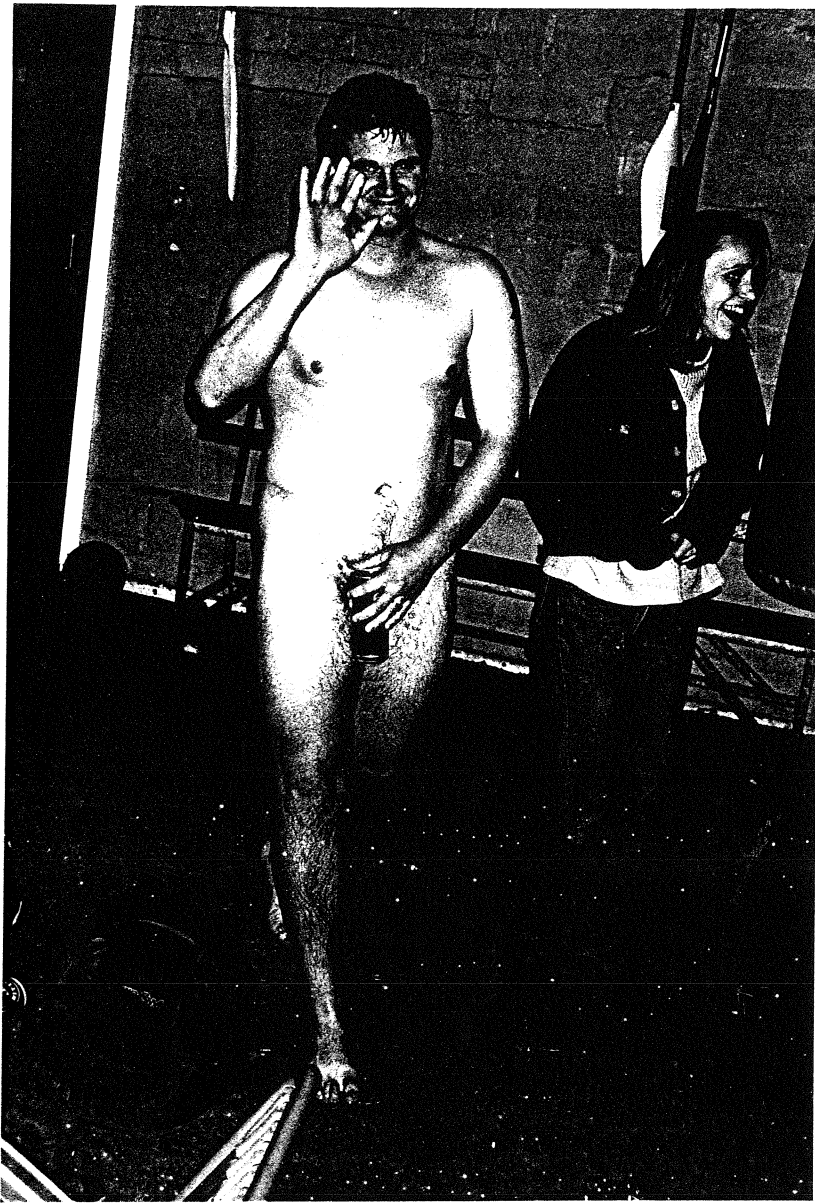
Best Article. Richard Kjar for "New Zealand. Big Time Paddling". RAK picked up a caribina and tubing for slings.

Best Photo. Alicja Mosbauer for either the photo of Rich Kjar in a kayak, or the photo of Dan and Nigel being a two headed Sagittarius. Litz was a member when the photos were taken. She won two pair of walking socks. Pretty exciting.

Nige looking up Someone's skirt.

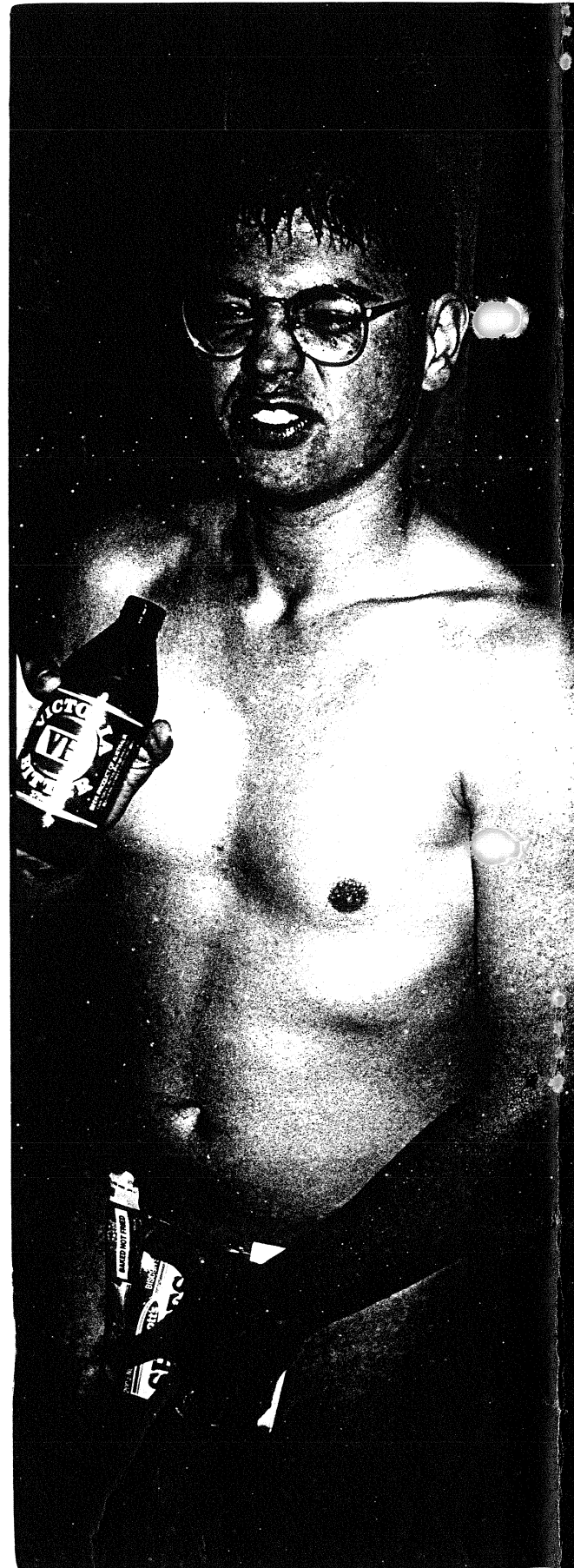


MUMC Membo

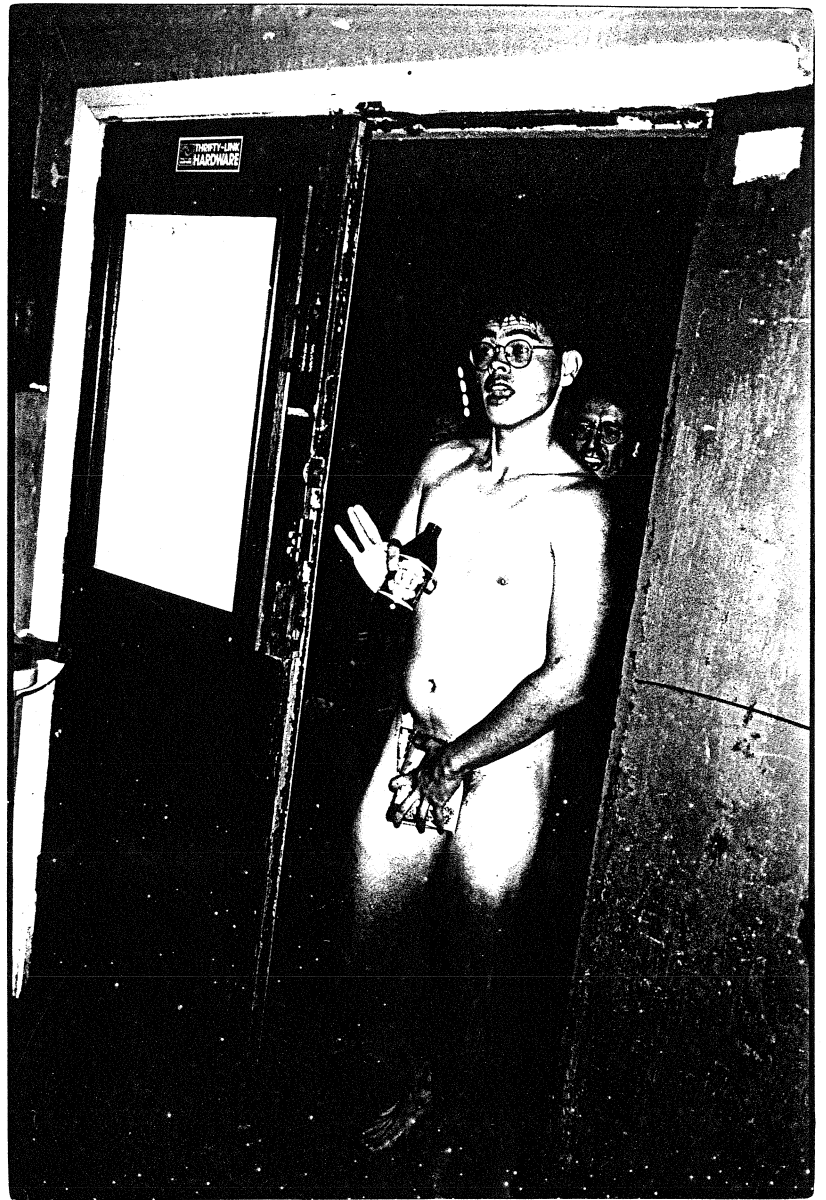


MUMC once again made their presence felt at the combined Universities Mountaineering Party. Steve and Brendon put on a small display after leaping into Half Moon Bay starkers. They then proudly showed the best equipment Bogong has to offer, and shocked innocent bystanders (see above) who were obviously not sure which clubs' members were which.

MUMC moved on to easily win the boat race, even though Litz was not there. Andy made up a new game which involved females limbo-ing under his thighs, that went down quite well. MUMC also showed that we do not need to prove that we are the best at everything. We graciously allowed Latrobe (?does it matter) to win the game called "who can spend the most amount of time caught beneath a metal bench chair while attempting to perform some caving manoeuvres". There was a variation on this game that might interest some MUMC members more. It involved taking off as many clothes as possible while stuck under the bench, in order to try and escape.



ers Stand Tall.



What to do if all your MUMC friends are couples?

by Litz Mosbauer.

1. Check out their mates. Couples are known to have cute friends which have also been rejected due to the couple bond that has been formed. This way, you can replace the couple with friends who are single.
2. Go out heaps with the couple. It encourages them to be socially responsible and to act their age.
3. Make sure they are always depressed about being a couple. This may encourage them to be single once more.
4. Don't go on trips with the couple if one of them is sick. Everyone else will feel ill by the amount of care and attention that is lavished on the ill.
5. Don't go on trips with them when they are a new couple,- or take mandarins with you.
6. Go to IV with them and make sure you assist them checking out other possibilities. As with any good club, the amount of coupling exchange that goes on is quite high. (Something is obviously wrong at the moment).
7. Never, ever suggest to one of the couple that you like a friend of the other couple member. A nightmare is sure to unfold, as all couples like others to be couples.
8. Avoid going on trips where only one member of the couple is present. Many phone booths, and holes dug in sand and you'll understand why.
9. Never take sides in an argument. Listen to both sides and then inform all other members of MUMC, starting with Slush.
10. If you find yourself approaching a couple sort of situation your self. Don't worry, the entire club should know about it before you. Therefore, you don't have to worry about telling anyone.



East Ruggedy Beach, Stewart Island (NZ).

April Fools.

by Fiona Cavanagh.

Slowly we gathered, slowly even for April fools. Our destination was the Otways. A number were going on various walks in the area, but only a select few had chosen Dan and Anton's walk to Wye River Falls: Jen, Seth and myself.

We were brutally honest when Dan asked us about our navigating skills, we had none. We even had difficulty finding the road out of Melbourne. Then Dan confessed he was a rockclimber and feeling "a bit out of his element" as navigating leader but added, "Anton knows a lot about compasses and stuff". We all hoped a crash course before we started would suffice.

We left the car by the road at a seemingly random point to dive off into the bush at another seemingly random point, heading for a destination we knew Alan had indeed chosen at random. Anton said we could "turn our brains off" when we found an old logging track that seemed to lead to our first point, knoll 408m. Unfortunately the track soon disappeared and compasses were required again. We three novices attempted to follow our progress on the map, but could never quite answer Dan's repeated "So, where do you think we are?". Did he know himself?

The wet sclerophyll was beautiful, the grass sharp and the way winding. A point was reached which was probably knoll 408m and the ridge we followed was probably the right one, except we lost it and started following a very similar but completely different gully. When we stopped for a break, Dan continued to tell us a bit about navigating, how it was best to follow spurs uphill and creeks downhill. With this in mind we located the spur again and continued to follow it downhill, reaching the creek and then pushing on uphill, now was this right?

At the lunch (2:45pm) stop, Anton caught up with us, boldly splashing through the creek we had successfully avoided, "Who's got wet feet?" we all shook our heads proudly, "Well, you will soon." This elegantly summed up the next hour or two, we splashed all the way up Wye River to the Falls in water bearly less than waist deep (!).

Along the creek the sides became steeper until they were cliffs. The misty sky hung heavily, condensing into drips which fell from the moss, the ferns, our hair and finally straight from the top of the cliff, rather a lot. We had reached Wye River Falls. An advertising campaign for Tasmanian Wilderness could have used these falls. They glistened and dripped and dropped over the cliff dramatically, they were beautiful. Anton took many photographs. (Ed. Gaffster could learn a lot from this article.)

After a time, we decided that to get out, we had to climb up the cliff, head due North and hopefully reach the road. The climb up from the river was a bit challenging, it was near vertical and is not a route I would recommend for the non April fool walker. At the top of the vertical bit there was a steep bit and at the top of this there was a disused 4WD track. Remembering Anton's advise we all switched our brains off and after a time we found due north had become, and had been for some time, due south, we decided due west was a good compromise. We walked quickly and silently through an area which couldn't have ever been logged, the trees were huge and amazing. Then, unexpectedly, as we were contemplating a cold night, a road appeared, surprisingly a road we had hoped would be there.

In the rapidly fading light we decided to de-leech and head back to the car. Cheerfully jackets were shaken out, gaiters taken off and jokes about leeches were made. Dan said to Jen "You've got a leech in your eye", but unfortunately he meant it. A comfortingly large First Aid kit was brought out and Dan read the instructions on a small bottle, "It doesn't say NOT to put this in eyes so why don't we drop it in and see if that helps". Everyone except Jen thought this was a reasonably good idea but luckily the leech didn't much like the idea either and soon dropped out. Leech bites usually bleed, but leeches in the eye stream with blood. We all agreed, except Jen, that it was very photogenic. Unfortunately lack of light prevented a photo.

We left Wye River Falls by the road as it got dark, the bush was somewhat darker than the road so we decided that roads were sometimes very useful things. It began to rain and we were now quite late but we were all happy and almost sure we knew where we were. We ran through Dan's checklist;

1. Were we still alive? I think so
2. Were we still friends? Yeah, I suppose
3. Had we conquered the creek? Definitely so.

It was the epic you would have when you didn't want the drama of a true epic.

Bushwalking Convenor's (Sub-editor?!) note - This area is very fragile and not on track. It is only suitable for small, careful, experienced groups.

ANDY'S PISS-WEAK WATERFALLS WALK

by Andy Gaff.

One Sunday, not so long ago, a group of people had assembled for a beginners' walk through the Otways. "See spectacular waterfalls and marvel at the glow-worms" the trip-sheet had boldly proclaimed. This is the story of those people on that day, attempting the walk...

Meeting at Lorne

"Nice to see you finally arrived. Do you know much about cars? My oil indicator's not working."

"If it's not working there's no problem."

"The light's on."

"Checked the dip-stick?"

"Yes - it's showing empty but when you go to put oil in the reservoir is full."

The Car-Shuffle

"OK everyone, we've just got to leave a car at the end of the walk - we'll be back soon."

Perplexed looks greeted this statement - first we're late, then the leaders bugger off.

We stopped at the service station to check the oil situation - the attendant clarified the problem.

"If the dip-stick shows empty then you need more oil"

Yes, but there is no room for any more in the tank, see?"

"What are you showing me that for, that's where the oil for the power-steering goes. Totally different stuff that. You haven't been putting oil in there have you?"

"Oh shit!"

Later....

"This is the way to pack triangular bandages."

With which a well folded triangular bandage appeared before my eyes, neatly obscuring the view of the bend we were approaching. A combination of speed, gravel and blind luck was all that allowed us to slide neatly across the road in to the line of oncoming traffic and then fish-tail out of its way again.

All too shortly afterwards...

"Andy, where have you put the band-aids?"

The question was all-consuming

"STOP, STO-P!"

Full lock and maximum reverse thrust were engaged. Appalled faces appeared from everywhere to see us make the stop-sign -just. Horrified pedestrians hoping to cross at another stop-sign 300m further down the road were not prepared to do so until we had passed. Fear was etched upon their faces and horror filled their eyes as we oh-so nonchalantly cruised by in total control of our vehicle, of course.



Andy Gaff, outside Hawker (SA).

The Walk (at last)

I. Cumberland Falls

"Are they the falls?"

"I hope not."

"I think they may be."

"There's nothing further on so these must be it."

"Falls? Gravel race maybe, but not falls."

II. Wonwondah Falls

"I can see these have potential, though it's difficult to tell when there's no water."

III. Henderson Falls

"Andy, what have you taken us on? You said there were lots of lovely waterfalls on this walk - what the hell's going on?"

"Well they were here last year - all of them. They even had water."

IV. Phantom Falls (*coup de grace*)

"Well, you can see where the water normally is."

"I don't care where it normally is, where is it now?"

"We should have guessed 'phantom falls' would be just that."

"I'd like to see RAK, Anouk and Stu paddle these!"

"We should call this 'Andy's piss-weak falls walk'."

Glow-worms, anyone?

"We came to see the glow-worms so what do people say to loitering around here until it's dark?"

"We also came for waterfalls. Not a chance."

Here ends this story, but the reader should know there will be a beginners' day walk arranged to this place again later in the year, after some rain. Then things will be different.

APPENDIX:

Toward the end of this walk we encountered a "new-trout-farm" (anyone not familiar with the old trout-farm should talk to a Midnight Ascent veteran about it) in the form of an orchard. The Orchard shared fundamental properties with the Trout-Farm but also possessed some differences which led me to an interesting, if not original conclusion.

The fundamental properties may best be understood by describing our encounter with the Orchard. The track rounds a bend while cresting a hill and as it does so the weary walker's field of vision expands and the walker beholds rows of apple trees, branches bending, laden as they are with ripe apples. The Orchard glows with a gentle aura and each apple presents a unique temptation. The apples are the carrot (or the Trout, to further mix metaphors). The stick? A pain in the back of the neck communicating the presence of an omnipresent observer who is watching everyone's actions through the sight of a rifle. The cross-hairs continue to burn deeply into your neck and consciousness. No dogs bark here, there is only silence, the sort of silence that allows careful contemplation of the nature of temptation and impending Doom.

The parallel to the book of Genesis is immediately obvious, but there is an interesting twist present in this version. Here we are outside the Garden of Eden (the Orchard) yet remain tempted by the apples. Adam and Eve found themselves inside the Garden of Eden while feeling the same temptation. In Eden the punishment for apple-bobbing was expulsion - in the Orchard it is having your head blown off by a .303. Once again it emerges as a Truth that it is better to be in the Garden of Eden than here, outside of it.



Andy (the wonderleader) and his pissweak kids.

Spring Skiing - IN AUTUMN

Despite losing three people (one broken thumb & a couple of little pancakes), NINE people drove all the way into NSW enemy territory (where they don't sell VB) just to go skiing. Leanne and Alan sensibly chose to drive right through to Thredbo (and purchased very necessary car passes - the rangers dole out nasty fines!). They accessed the Main Range from 1900m at the top of the chairlift, the remainder of the gang skied all the way up from Dead Horse Gap at 1500m. Amongst the people meeting the sane duo at Rawson's Pass would be Brendon - the Don - is Don, is Good), Ralph D Gailis and Martin Marty Meyer. The four guys knew they were taking a grave risk, for they had let the unthinkable happen - Steve Curtain was arranging a rendez-vous!!!!!! Unusually, they had left the clubrooms very late, thus their arrival at the top was a little later than planned, but at least there was a full moon to guide them - amazing how they're always around at Easter, huh Steve? Beth Preece and the normally underground Kim Ely were making the most of their first day skiing, while Damien Ryan's skis certainly wanted to, since one of them scooted halfway down to Lake Cootapatamba. Brendon and Alan tottered down to see what the fuss was about, and in a completely uncharacteristic bout of reckless bravery, Brendon started to skate on the lake's 4 inches of ice cover. Having returned to the top, Brendon and Alan were elated, relieved, surprised - a complete overload of emotions on a runaway rollercoaster - to see Steve standing at Rawson's Pass. He was seven months late, but he made it¹.

Saturday morning promised a superb day, and having erected a 60 sign at either end of the campsite in order to slow down the tourists, we collected water and the ski. *GREATEST ARGUMENT FOR EVERYONE TO MAKE SURE THEY HAVE SKI-LEASHES!!!* After a fresh cup of coffee, the telemarking (and learning how to snow-plough) began in earnest. Another trio who were also Melburnians began some brilliant skiing off a southern cornice - Victorians must just be desperate! - a magnificent advertisement for cross-country skiing at the 500 or so people who were flocking to the top of Australia that day. (Cows may go caving, but they can't beat sheep skiing!) The snow was a little melted (in your mouth, not in your hand), that quasi-orgasmic condition usually associated with spring skiing; the sun belting down, slightly patchy but good cover of snow and a chilly wind to blow the hair back stylishly or cool you when you slog up the slopes. What more is there in life? Okay, plenty, I just get carried away.

"This is better than sex." "You must have some pretty bad sex!!"

The packs were hauled back on for an afternoon stroll/ski into the Wilkinson Valley. This is normally a swamp, and whilst it is serene, wild and beautiful, beware the 500m walk to take a shit!

Drizzle set in for Easter, and we chose to take the long trek back to Thredbo rather than weather the storm or try to navigate down the Ramsheads to Dead Horse Gap in crappy conditions. As it was, many daywalkers on the lightning rod from Thredbo must have been expecting blazing sunshine up top: dressed in jeans and a couple of cotton tops, perhaps even with a jumper tied around the head to act as a balaclava. Don and Damien wussed out to go home, while the remaining diehards enjoyed a spectacular array of entrees and soups before PhD tried to drown his sorrow about breaking a ski by drinking metho. This somehow infiltrated the taste of the gnocchi as well. Tim-Tam slamming with 7 in the Mont Epoch made up for this (as did trying to put the bugger up in a torrential cascade that was apparently just rain. Advice: when 4 of you end up comatose in such a tent; be on the outside for coolness. Speaking of which, when Leanne took me to the bus at 9am, we noticed it had snowed all the way down to Thredbo overnight. The bus left at 7am. We drove back, and eventually, Leanne conned Steve and Kim into going back to Melbourne via Canberra. PhD, Marty Goldwyn and Beth did not find the same adventurous spirit and braved the mud down the Alpine Way instead.

We Luv Yas Arl.

Alan Daley.

Litz Mosbauer

on Florentine Peak

Mount Field N.P., Tasmania.



Stewart Island.

By Alicja Mosbauer.

While sitting at my desk in quiet Hobart, sipping on Cointreau, the summer holidays spring to mind, and that is far more interesting than doing study at midnight. I suppose somebody had better write about other peoples NZ adventures..... "So who wants to come to New Zealand?" With half of MUMC already there, I thought the other half would jump at the chance. Not so, just Gaff. (I'm sure by this stage that everyone knows of his impressive ability to talk).

Airport. Late January. Sipping double vodkas before leaving Melbourne. Chatting about people being left behind...mmmm....

Christchurch. Midnight. Not a happening place, especially on a Sunday. Lucky Gaff has a room booked at the youth hostel. Unfortunately, the other person in the room loved to snore.

Christchurch to Invergargill. Train. 9am to 5pm. Definitely catch the plane next time, the money would certainly be worth it. Steal a room from a German at the youth hostel. Spend the next 8 days with the same German.

Stewart Island. Midday. Finally arrive at Stewart Island by plane. It was an 8 seater, very scary, but low chuck factor compared to the ferry. Stewart Island has a population of 400. Be nice, you'll end up staying at one of the local's houses.

Northern Circuit. 8-10 days. The walk covers the northern section of the island. Do we go east then north, or west then north? Heads, it's west, tails, it's east. Heads it is, so we go east, as the German is going that way and so is his fishing rod. Dan didn't want to join us on the walk as he felt it wasn't strenuous enough. However, the hill factor made it not that easy, although there were nice huts at the end of each day which meant you didn't need to carry a tent. Most days started with an uphill section, and then a downhill. Up and down ten times before lunch. This was followed by a skip along the beach, and then more dense forrest. Some rare birds were meant to be seen, but deer spottings were much more common.

Everyday was spent walking on beaches for some part of the day. The beaches stretched for miles. (Andy, how long did the walk along Mason Beach take? 4 hours?) There was some rock hopping and seal spotting. Andy and I learnt a new game from some Americans. It's called Ultimate Frisbee. All it needs are big wide empty beaches and a frisbee. The game is based on touch football, so one finds it hard to walk the next day, especially as the bloody Pom decided that rough tactics were the best tactic.

Anyway, Stewart Island. Great walk. There is the opportunity to do some very remote walking further south on the island, not that many people do the northern circuit. None were from New Zealand, is this a good thing? Lots of Germans and Poms, none of whom have heard about walking in Australia. The scenery is very different to the rest of New Zealand, but if you crave long walks, with uncrowded tracks, then this place should definitely be considered.

Finally, a few warnings.

1. Gaff walks as fast as he talks.
2. Don't catch the ferry, most people spew.
3. Watch the locals in the pub. The pool is free, but so are their points of view.
4. You'll end up staying at Ian's or Bob's or Anne's or someone else's home. Just watch for the religious women near the main store.
5. SANDFLIES! A complete and utter disaster. Take bottles of Rid.

MEMOIRS OF A TRAVELLING TRIO - *in vino veritas* a post-resurrection aerial tour of the Flinders Ranges.

"It seems to us that to take an article of ours into one's hands is one of the rarest distinctions anyone can confer upon oneself."

Friedrich Nietzsche (or at least what he meant to say, but
was unable due to his syphilitic delirium)

MUMC AND WORLD PEACE

Part II.

It has been suggested that the club become more powerful in its role within modern society. With the approach of the new millennium these calls are being heard with a greater voice. With the immense wealth that the club has been able to accumulate over the decades since its inception, there is no reason to suggest that the club cannot become a major player in the stockmarket, in the real estate sector, or in the new expanding multi-media industry.

It would be the ultimate trump card for MUMC, if Monash heard on the nightly news something like, "the Dow Jones Index rose sharply today with the announcement that MUMC has increased its membership for the current financial year."

Becoming a major world financial power should be something that the club could take a little more seriously, but there is one thing of which too many club members are ignorant - the role MUMC plays in world peace. With a little help from disjunctive syllogism, it can be seen the important role the act of going on a club trip articulates, and how carrying out this very act allows MUMC to usurp the UN in its role in world peace.

This weekend we have the choice of not going on a club trip, or going on a club trip. We decide not to go on a club trip. Due to study requirements, we are left with the affirmative decision not to go on a club trip, and, deductively, another option separate to this - in this instance world peace.

Thus if we then look back at our first option - to not go on a club trip and to go on a club trip - and we choose to go on a club trip, then deductively we are then left with world peace.

VIVE LA CLUB!!!

Dan Colborne

Part III.

Andrew had been disappointed to find that Mt Gambier Hertz only hired cars for 24hrs - if you returned the car early then great, but you are not going to get any change from \$60 all the same. Although holding onto \$60 had meant no whirlwind tour of the Coonawarra vineyards it did mean they could afford 3 bottles of wine instead - or an equivalent amount of alcohol. Dan meanwhile was excited by the discovery that S.A. still has those tapered 1 litre glass coke bottles.

Andrew blinked out of his momentary trance and back into the conversation in which Dan was inciting another Mountaineer article, this time a collaborative effort between three great minds. The article was to be a *tour de force* of contemporary thought encompassing post-modernism and chaos theory, structured around caving (a bit of Plato perhaps?). Emma was unsure how to proceed, having never written for a Journal such as the Mountaineer before, and left it to the more experienced hands to begin:

Husserl meets CIA - Cave (mud) - Chomsky at Russett Ridge

...Mud. Alcohol.

Through alcohol we can set aside the natural standpoint, the use of the epoche can help us understand the phenomenon of mud. The natural standpoint sees capitalism and consciousness as they are: going caving is the act of epoche and therefore allows us to separate from the natural standpoint departing from the intersection of discourses creating the cave-mud phenomenon, truth-power experience.

The experience as perceived is that of mud and is understood through the discourse established by the Leader. However the leader, also in our cave, is equally in the dark - unable to perceive the Butterfly which is flapping its blue and god streaked delicate wings in the noisy Cessna cabin. Fearing the tornado as the butterfly seeks freedom from its sociological syphilitic incarceration, God's panopticon leads to our swinically oppressed mud, like Snowball in Cuba.

We see all this truth while cussing the crest of Russett's Ridge. And yea, as the bottle empties, the Ridge is crested and the fridge greens...

1. Refer to the previous history which does not exist in the future of our present which does not have to be.

The form of the article had soon been understood by Emma and she quickly distanced herself from it by announcing she could not participate since her style was too poetic. Later she was to be seen huddled in a corner clutching the bottle of Russett's Ridge and writing her own article (treated separately). With this schism the project could not be continued and so Dan and Andrew abandoned it, though only after they had carefully "spilt" some wine on a corner of it to add authenticity. What do we understand by authenticity in this instance? In what way is the article inauthentic that it requires flourishes to make it authentic? How can the Fake add to, or create, the Real? Can this act ever be said to be fake if it was the product of a mind that was indeed influenced by alcohol? Although intended it was part of the moment. Does intentionality constitute fakery in this instance? Is it a good idea to have a cinnamon scroll and 600ml chocolate Big M just before a flight between Mt. Gambier and Port Pirie in a light aircraft?

This last question grabbed all of Andrew's attention and the answer had taken on a disturbing physical reality by the end of the three hour flight. This latest Truth was communicated to the others upon arrival at the tranquil Port Pirie aerodrome. Silence. A warm sun in a clear sky. Peace.

On to Hawker and our first crossing of a section of the Flinders Ranges. Hawker is fantastic [actually it was the second - you were asleep for the first!!! Dan]. A couple of low orbits over the hotel signalled to them to drive out to the airstrip to collect us. The light of the setting sun was perfect for photography and as the sunset everyone once again admired the peace - this time it was better since the peace was accompanied by a pub. Beware of the vegetarian dish - mashed potato, pumpkin and beans. For Dan and Andrew the highlight of Hawker Pub was the insanely blue copper crystals that had formed on the pipe leading to the cistern as a result of a water leak. Just what is in their water? Who knows but they did give a warning not to drink it.

The next morning was once again bright and sunny ("It's usually this dry", a local informed the travellers, "it last rained in January."). Emma, Dan and Andrew waved a sad good-bye to Hawker and leapt into the air for the leg that undoubtedly represented the climax of the trip. From Hawker they flew north to the "top" of the Flinders Ranges then south over a sparkling salt pan, Lake Frome. Humble authors cannot provide adequate descriptions for such superb scenery and so should not try. I won't.

From Lake Frome the intention was to head to Mildura. Dan and Andrew once again engaged in banter that would warm a post-modernist's heart as they demonstrated that what the reader brings to a text creates the text. Many people might suggest that a map is a unified and unchanging text, yet this suggestion would quickly break down when it became apparent that Dan and Andrew were obviously using different maps (texts) to navigate, not the "one" that seemed to be present. After the third hour Andrew retired from the dialectic, a certain queasiness once again emerging. Mildura, the last stop, soon appeared on the margin and its air enjoyed too (although it did carry a whiff of burnt rubber and brake fluid).

[Dan writes - And just after sunset, the tour finished flying past the city, to Moorabbin Airport, and another one of the MUMC adventures is committed to memory, and paper.]

~~CLUB TRIPS~~

Does the running of a club trip alter its being a ~~club trip~~? Are the essence and being of a ~~club trip~~ determined by the intentionality of the leader or that of the sound of the words in the act of speech? Freedom of choice in going on a ~~club trip~~ leaves one as either being or other, subject or object, looking or looked at. Free to be yourself, you necessarily became the other, outside the inside, being what you are not, without the port.

Emma McCrae.

(Ed. I didn't even try to edit this.)

Emma McCrae and Dan Colborne,
Port Pirie Airport (SA).



An Ace Summer Mountaineering in New Zealand....

By Anouk Fawns

After carrying a backpack full of mountaineering gear around New Zealand for two weeks, and having a totally awesome time on a Technical Mountaineering Course I was really looking forward to getting back to Mount Cook. Maybe I was yet to experience a Joe Simpson epic, but so far mountaineering was even better than I had imagined it would be.

The day after Richard and Dan finished their TMC we bought two weeks supply of food from the village store, sealed it all in two boxes, complementary for climbers, and a garbage bag (to reduce traction on the snow) and flew into the mountains. Landing on a glacier in a snow plane is scary. Surrounded by white, only the rocky peaks and mazes of crevasses help to differentiate land from sky. It seems you are 200m metres up...until you go skidding across the snow straight for a gaping crevasse. "Just testing the snow". The pilot arcs around the glacier before landing. He touches down and lights a cigarette while we unload, then takes off. The sound of the plane is quickly muffled and we are left standing in the middle of the glacier.

We tied our rope to the boxes and dragged them a few Km to Pioneer Hut. There were already fourteen people in the hut (4 by 10m) and no bunks left. Rich and I used a snow cave behind the hut. Pioneer hut is on the edge of a 100m cliff. So is the toilet. Like all constructions in New Zealand they are held down with wire bags filled with rocks.

After several days of bad weather Stuart, Dan, Richard and I set off leisurely at 10.30 am for Mt Halcolmb. An hour and a half across the glacier made exciting by some front pointing along some steep ice above a very fast slide into a crevasse. Along the Berschrund and belaying up ice to the bottom of crumbly rock. Then pretty straight forward to the summit after 75m of snow runner anchor runners and a razor edged rock walk to the summit. As expected bad weather was moving our way so after feeling on top of the world for five minutes, lunch was packed for a quick descent. It was great to be out of the hut again.

There is nothing worse than sitting around in the hut waiting for bad weather to clear. Besides the limited hut library, the only excitement is that the crevasses between the hut and the looooooong drop open up as the freezing altitude rises. The one Jackie Collins novel was ripped into sections. "The World is Full of Divorced Women" and "The World is Full of Married Men" kept us all going on those days.

Whenever I was woken at 2 or 3am by whispers of "The weather's clear, there's been a good freeze" the only thing which would drive me out of my cosy sleeping bag (850g down, goretex shell-unashamedly gear freak) was the thought of reaching the summit, taking off my coils of rope and eating lunch over a sea of white peaks.

Climbing Mt Brodderick from Murchison Hut on my TMC was one of the best days of the whole trip. After two hours weaving between crevasses up the glacier, we reached a beautifully symmetrical snow ridge at sunrise. On one side the snow and the peaks were illuminated in the pale pink light, while the other was still cold and dark. A slip would be lethal unless you 'jumped the other way' to your partner. Very scary because one crampon was half off! The final climb on snow was 60 degrees and a great place to practice belaying sitting down from snow anchors. Everyone had frozen bums after seven pitches! Back in the hut 16 hours later I lay in my sleeping bag and gazed at the classic shape of Broderick. What a great day - heaps of variety, perfect weather and we'd reached the summit.



Anouk Fawns leaves the scene of the crime, Mt Cook N.P.

All the huts in the National Park are connected by radio to the Mt Cook or Franz Josef Base. At 7.00pm the radio sched fills everyone in on the weather for the next few days, followed by each hut reporting party names and numbers. A couple of days into the course I had noticed the distinct lack of females in the mountains. After spending a week on the isolated Murchison Glacier, the only girl of ten of us in the tiny hut, it was fab to have female company again when we climbed over to the Tasman Glacier. The group were on a 'Women's Mountaineering Course' and were promptly labelled 'dykes on spikes'. The same title was later applied to a female guide (legendary climber - all peaks above 3000m in winter!) because, Dan informed me, she didn't have long hair or a boyfriend! After two weeks in Pioneer Hut without seeing or hearing from another girl, I felt distinctly feminine braving the whiteout conditions and amazement of 16 guys to wash my hair. Leaning over the railings, the swirling fog obscured the berschrund hundreds of metres below.

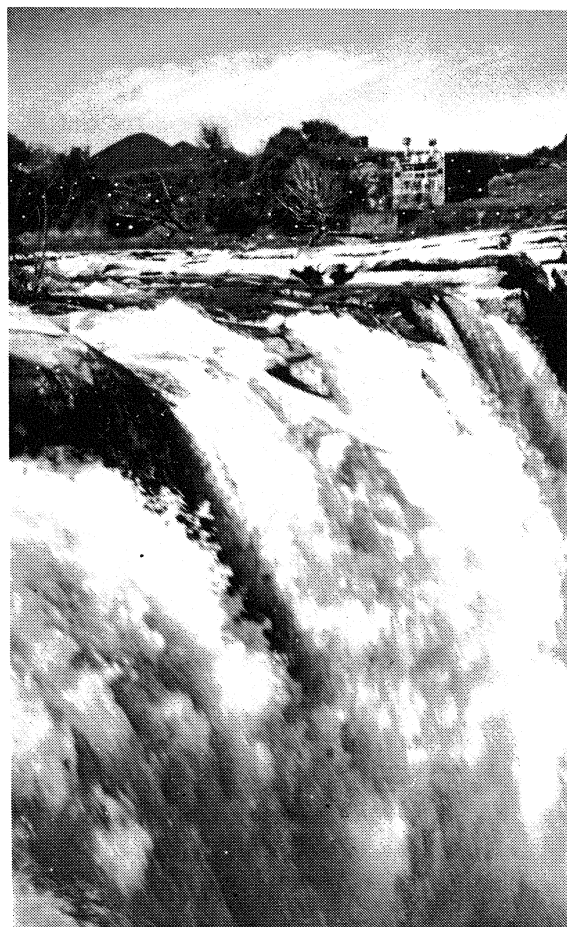
In crossing crevasses sometimes its necessary to abandon the intuitive desire to survive. We had only been going 3 hours but leaving Pioneer Hut seemed like days ago as we approached Marcel Col on the way to Mt Lendenfeld. It was still dark, and freezing. Almost asleep on my feet, I looked ahead to see why we'd stopped limbing. An uphill crevasse. Dan and Stuart were huddled on the other side, anchored into the slope. The crevasse was deep, black and bottomless. Zombie-like, I climbed down two metres to stand on a 10cm wide snow bridge. Tried to feel light as I picked my way along, hoping the axe planted into the bridge wouldn't make the whole thing collapse. Stepped down a metre, along. It was a relief to reach the other side and climb up.

After two weeks at Pioneer Hut, Richard and I flew into Kelman Hut, on the Tasman Glacier, Dan caught the bus to Mt Aspiring and Stuart probably swam back to Melbourne. We had a couple of good climbing days, when we reached the summits of Aylmer and Hochstetter Dome in one day. We thought we had mastered the nightmare walk out to the village, but spent six hours traversing the hills of rock on the moraine. Much of the rouble came from the 1991 Mt Cook avalanche. It was a blistering end to a great month in the mountains.

Doing a mountaineering course gave me confidence, more than anything else, to climb independently in the mountains. We had a great group, including a Swiss computer programmer from Auckland, who had climbed in his youth and was training his son to be his new partner on the rope. It was hard work. The only luxury was when the guides cooked us breakfast, and we knew this meant a big day ahead!



Anouk (need we say more?), Mt Cook N.P.



More Anouk, this time going over Maruia Falls, NZ.

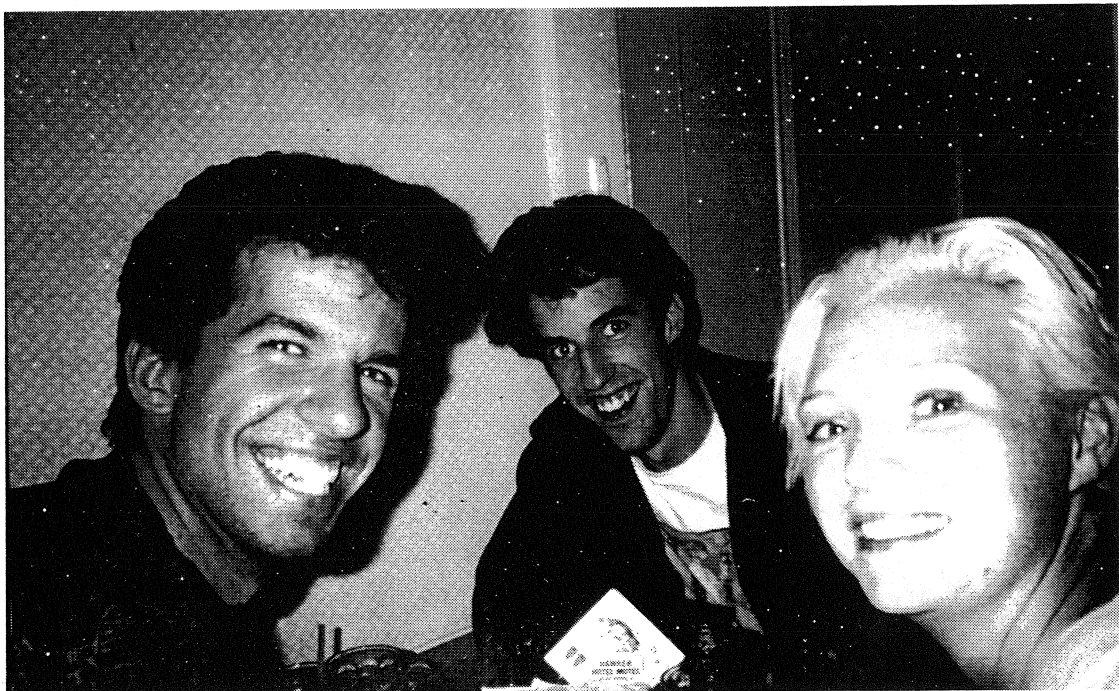
Vichamps '95 - March 18-19

(This is about rogaining)

In stunning weather conditions, and after a long dry spell, Brendon Eishold, Andy Hook (this stuff is too tuff for the Gaff), and your good author hopped on the bus to Fraser National Park for the Vichamps rogaining. Having registered and pored over the aerial photos for insignificant tracks, we headed to a picturesque spot on the baked clay and worked out an inadvisable route that would take the most physical toll for the least point gain! The waters of Lake Eildon gently lapped against the shore, 500m away: the lake, to be sure, was low. The hills, however, were high. Aiming to achieve half the points available, we had chosen a route which had relatively simple navigation: the spurs and gullies were defined. Very well. Generally by being extremely steep. Between markers, there was usually a 250-350m gross height gain + loss. These conditions tired each of us at a time, and navigation suddenly becomes impossibly difficult. Motivation aside, there is a lesson here that shows the strength of a trio over a duo; at least one of us could think at any time, even if the other two were quite literally asleep on their feet.

We missed a few daylight checkpoints too - notably 62, where we were certain that we were right, and about which I am still mystified. The next challenge is Auschamps/"IV" which will be huger than big even if our president is piking! and the Sports Union is being difficult in its hesitancy to offer financial support for this sport enjoying a minor resurgence in its founding club. We managed half the points, which was a small satisfaction (although Brendon was still grumbling a week later - still, he has volunteered for Braidwood, so.....?)

Alan Daley.



The Real Vichamps (Dan Colborne, Andy Gaff, Emma McRae) at Hawker Pub (SA).

Slush.

Peter Garguilo, - "If there is anyone who needs to be beaten into submission.."
Dan Colborne, eagerly interrupting,- "It's ME!".

Slush hears that Phil Towler has been trying to pass his *faux pas* off onto Rohan Schaap so Rohan gets all the blame. Naughty naughty Phil, although your excuse for doing so was pretty good,
-"Well he would have done the same to me".

"I'm wearing Texas, so I get to be on top", - Kim Ely.

Rohan Schaap to blonde girlie at Bec's housewarming, - "You are the one Dan has been in love with for the past three years!". Oops, wrong girl. Slush understands that Dan hasn't heard from this poor girl since.

Emma McCrae,- "An all you can eat salad.....I couldn't possibly eat that much!".

How did Kate manage to blow 0.00 on the Clydes breath analyser, after scoffing a midori in a time only slightly slower than the one she scoffed on St. Patrick's Day? Suggestions put forward include green cordial instead of midori, the Clyde deliberately rigging the machine so that you drink more, or that Kate is able to metabolise alcohol in an efficient and unique way. Despite all this, Slush agrees with Lisa's analysis, - "I'd rather spend my \$2 on another drink".

Matt Lang,- "The beginners are learning quickly. I've had two 'shut up Matt's already today".

Matt Lang,- "Just pretend it is a ladder without the rungs".
Alex Zdziarski,- "Shut up Matt".

Slush hears that yet another potential of a prominent MUMC person has had to move interstate. Does it have anything to do with a rash?

Dan Colborne, proving he could be part of the UN negotiation team,- "We've got to work armed conflict back to mud under a pig".

Slush has it on good authority that the magic potion Nigel Prior took to Araps to improve his climbing (and also reduce fatigue, improve metabolism, and increase strength), didn't live up to its promises, but was a very effective fire thrower.

"Anouk, if you know any male strippers, can you make them come?", - Amber Mullens, thinking ahead to MUMC Girls Night Out.

"Is that the Monday after the weekend?" Unknown voice on radio sked NZ

"Alan, don't chew on my teat. It has wombat hormones all over it. " - Amber Mullens.

Anonymous, but initials are BB, - "I don't piss in my wet suit anymore because it smells too much."

"Do you want to massage the snake?" - Nigel Prior.

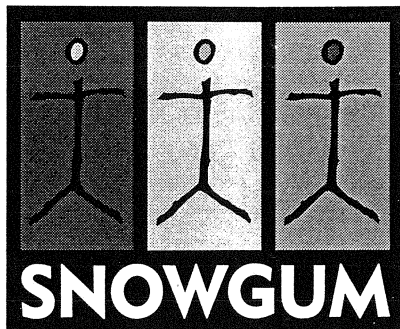
"I want to meet up with those guys so I can give them a massage," - Nigel again, several hours later.

Kim Ely, using a different personal hygiene strategy than Dan, - "I always wear two pairs of jocks".

Articles and photos for the next Mountaineer, which is the send out edition, are due no later than June 20. Articles not on disc, will not be accepted.

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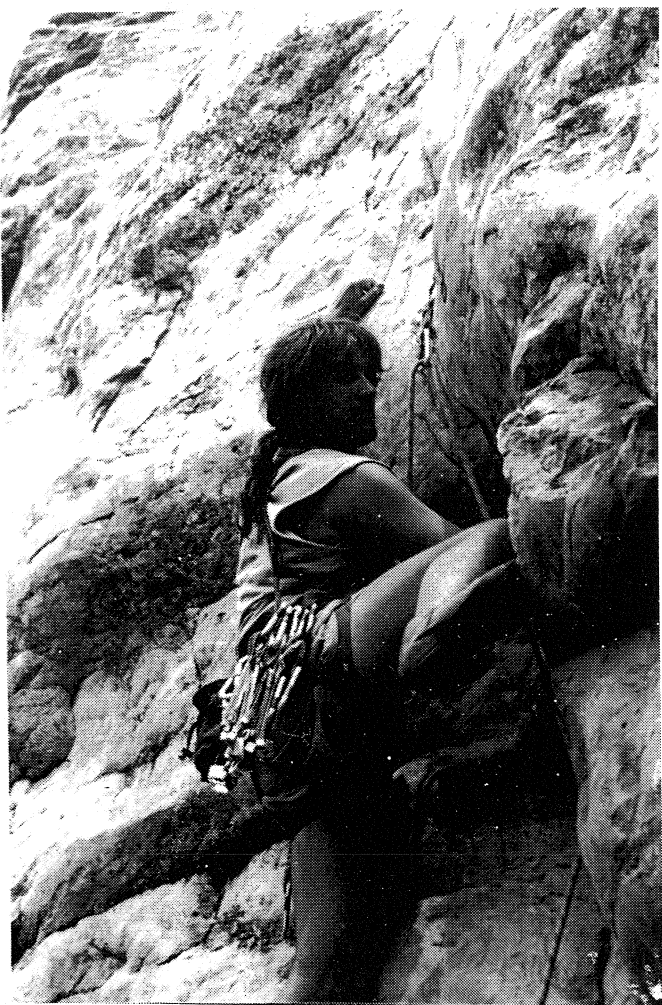
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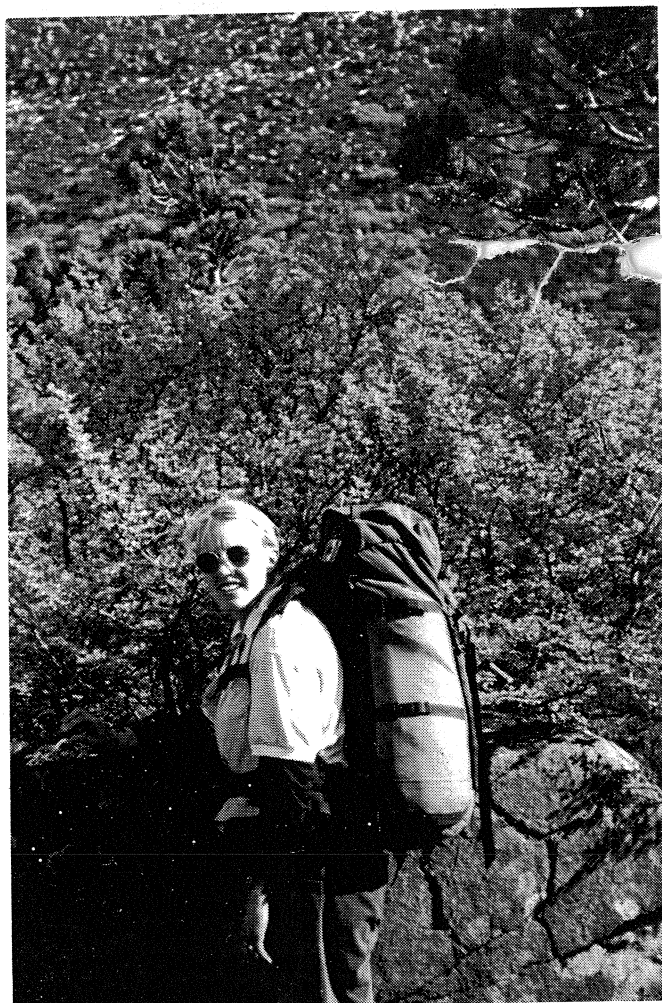
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Scott Edwards leading Problematic (22).



Amber Mullens and Nothofagus friend, Tarn Shelf, Tasmania.