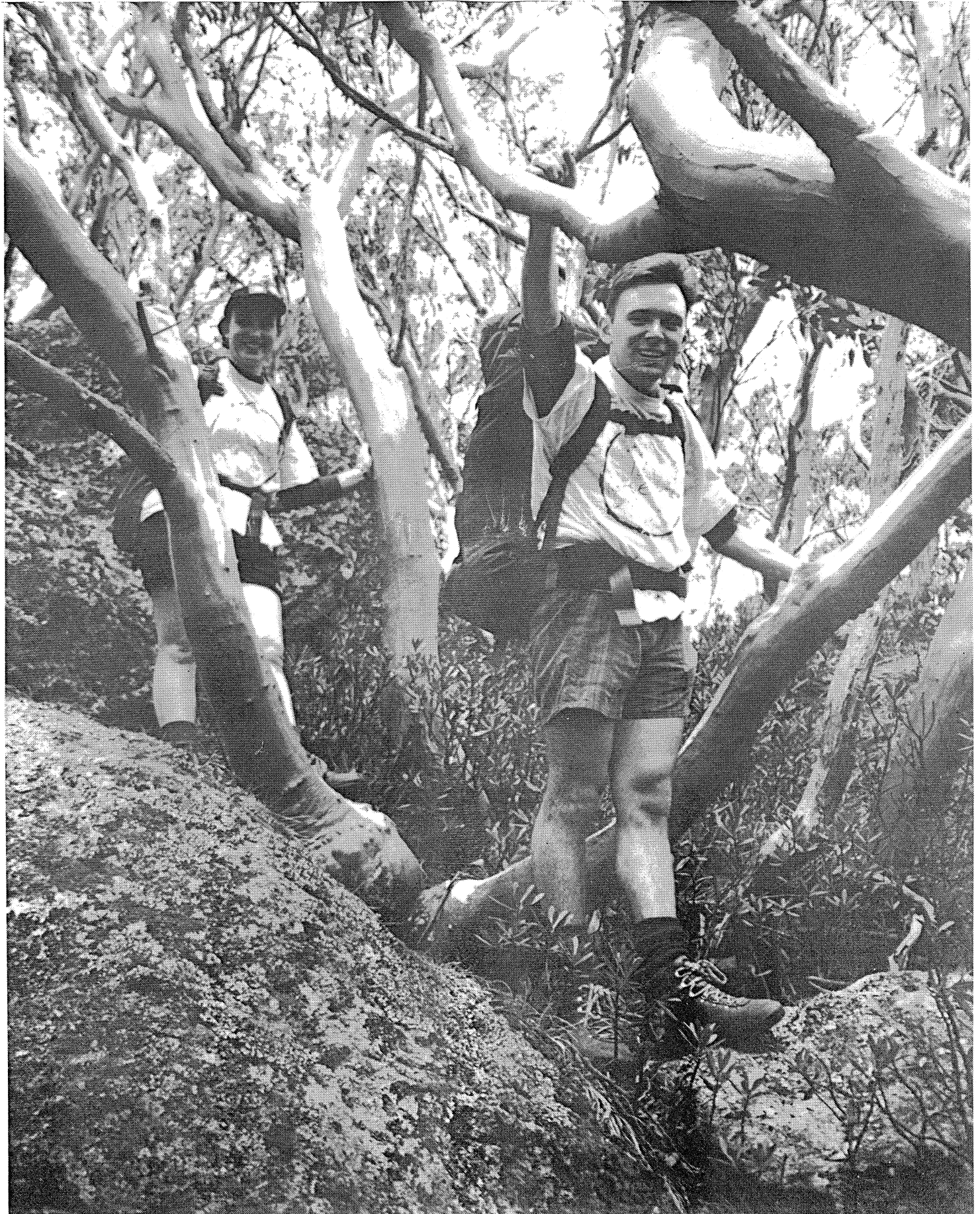


MOUNTAINEER

THE MAGAZINE OF THE MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB
Ho Ho Ho Edition December 1995



Editorial.

Exams are over and the holidays have begun. For students, this part of the year is the most important time in the entire university calendar and for MUMC members, this is especially so. Ahead are months of holidays in which new epics, sagas and debacles can take form, be added to, exaggerated and then talked about for the rest of the year. In these upcoming months, you should be able to pack in enough for an entire semester's worth of Mountaineer articles. Look at Dan. He got enough Mountaineer stories about metropolis sized blocks of ice from his trip last year to last the whole year! This amazing feat looks like being broken in 1996 as quite a few Oxoites will be heading to New Zealand in search of the all time summit - to write more articles than the Master. Good luck all of you on this dangerous challenge. Make sure the sky is not too dark behind you for those front-page photo poses.

Thankyous for helping with the last Mountaineer go to Andy Gaff, Scott Edwards, Richard Kjar, Dan Colborne and especially the guy who "fixed" the photocopier at the Sports Association. What a champion you weren't.

Finally, my sub-editor and I wish you all a happy and safe time away from the Clubrooms and hope that Santa doesn't get stuck up your chimney. - Amber Mullens.

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Front Cover. Rebecca Starling and Russell Smith on Mt. Cope.

Back Cover. Scott Edwards at the Cathedrals.

Prez's prose ...

Greetings.

And the semester break has come and gone, with another Arapiles sojourn, one that will be remembered for generations to come, with the formation of ARS - the Arapiles Rescue Squad. Separate to this, best wishes to Anton who, less than a week after breaking his foot was climbing again, leg in plaster and all! I wonder if the extra reach from his crutches will make a difference?

The snow was there there for quite a time for those who were prepared to go and find it. A couple of Bogong trips were testament to South facing gullies still offering good skiing, and the Main Range kept its cover too.

As the weather fines up, more bushwalking will be the go, and climbing of course. For those of you who are keen to do something over the summer, get in touch with the relevant convenor and ask him/her what trips are planned. The clubrooms are not open over the break, so contact will have to be made before the break commences. Please don't hesitate to give people a call over the break if you are keen to go away.

By the looks of things, it's going to be an active summer with the traditional Arapiles, NSW, Tassie and NZ pilgrimages. The 'Hey! Look what I did over summer' slide show at the start of next year is going to be great!

There'll be a BIG X-mas party too - keep an eye out for that one. Trust me, it's BIG. Have fun in this beautiful summer weather.

See you backcountry

Dan



Busy beavers at track maintenance, Mt Feathertop.

Scroggin

Travel well to Simon Collins and Brendon Eishold who left within days of each other for various Asian countries. Also, happy travelling to Dylan Shuttleworth who heads to Africa for a year after New Zealand. Don't forget to write articles for the Mountaineer while you are there Dylan!!!

On that note - the club needs a new hut warden. If you are interested, please seek out someone on the committee.

Past Club President, Dave Kjar is off to Chicago for a year. Apparently he already has a T-bird lined up. Have fun.

Save Mt. Stirling T-shirts are available from Lisa Flew. \$15 for short sleeves and \$17 for long.

On the subject of T-shirts, the 1996 MUMC T shirt competition is on again. Get your entries to Kim Ely or Lisa Flew before the end of January (you can hand in Mountaineer articles at the same time). There will be a special file in the filing cabinet for this. The winner gets a petzel torch or something, but the real incentive is to beat Steve Curtain. There are still some of T-shirts left with the 1995 design on them, so if you thought you missed out, you're in luck.

Don't forget O-week at the end of Feb next year. We need as many people as possible to sign up more fools that we will never see again. A "Bumper" Mountaineer edition is required, so can you get some things to me before February starts. I know this is a long way before O-week, but we need to get them printed. Send me things from your trips if you have to - just this once you will be let off from discs. All discs and photos go back into my file by the way. A number of people have not collected them from past editions. It would also be a good idea to have a mega-social get-to-know-you trip or dinner or something on the weekend at the end of O-week. This would involve people giving up that weekend to indoctrinate new comers. If you can help or have ideas on any aspect of O-week or the trip/dinner, see Amber Mullens or Andy Gaff.

The clubrooms will be open on Tuesday nights as usual during the holidays. If you can volunteer to open up one night, contact Nigel Prior.

Girlyies who ski and girlyies who would like to ski - here is a message for you. Next year, there will be a special training camp for you. If you need any more info on this, or have any ideas, see Sam Maffett or Amber Mullens.

All canoe polo players - MUMC will be having a polo demonstration in the pool on Tuesday in O week between 2 and 3pm. Please come and help out. Nigel Prior is organising this. Also, Geoff Craig is trying to get a summer canoe polo team together. It will be at Richmond pool starting from the 16/1 to the 20/2. If you are interested in this, see Geoff ASAP. Hopefully, his mouth will be unzipped.

More late hut news....Dylan succeeded in allowing Alan McLean to get lost on the NW spur track. An impressive feat. What was that about travelling in pairs? Anyway, Alan has said he will try to get us \$1000 a year for the hut! I know what you are thinking! Convert the basement to a spa and bar.

Getting the Most from your Degree

What do MUMC people do when they've finished Uni? Go fruitpicking of course!

At least that's what three members were qualified to do last summer. Nicki Munro and Lara Ross headed up to Cobram to join Jenny Wolswinkel picking peaches, apricots, plums and other such delicacies. Jenny was most familiar with the area, having lived there for a few months already in a hollow tree, on the banks of the Murray River.

A typical fruitpickers day began with rising in the dark, eating fruit for breakfast, then walking about three kilometres to the orchard. One picks fruit, talks fruit to surrounding fruitpickers, eats fruit for lunch, picks more fruit, then wanders home with a backpack full of fruit to eat for tea. All this fruit takes the body a bit of adjusting to. The day ends with a swim in the Murray (a disgusting, polluted, *infected*, sewer drain of a river) (especially after all that fruit-ed.).

Every Friday night we had vegetarian feasts, or parties with other hippie pickers camped on the Murray. There were always a weird and wonderful assortment of musical instruments at those parties.

Here's a few handy hints for those intending to apply for this most prestigious of careers:

1. don't swim in the Murray
2. never stay in pickers huts unless you get along well with Cowboys. (We never thought it could happen, but there are *real* Cowboys in this world. The funniest thing was that they took themselves seriously).
3. Camp on the river. It's free, and there are many interesting people there.
4. pick fruit occasionally - it helps to pay for food other than fruit, which you tend to crave for after a while.
5. there is no such thing as a minimal impact fruitpicker. Throw all your peach peels and apple cores on the ground, and don't be afraid to take a bite out of a dozen fruits before you find one you like.
6. don't pick paste!
7. If picking apples in Stanley, a good place to stay is behind the old Catholic Church - just pray you aren't found.

So for all you Mountaineers out there who have been going on too many trips, and you find your grades aren't good enough to make

it into the occupation you initially intended, try this new and challenging career - lots of sunshine, all outdoor work, no dressing nicely, and guaranteed to keep you regular.

Nicki Munro



Lara Ross puts four years of HECS payments to good use.

Nowra - Winter '95

If you didn't go climbing in Nowra in the holidays, and I know that covers almost the entire MUMC (except for me), then you missed out. BIG TIME. Temperatures were in the low twenties and the skies were clear. Every day. Perfect climbing weather. "We" consisted of me (the first year and only MUMC member), Mark Rewi (the 2nd year physio) and Marcus ? (the third year physio).

I have just read the article written by Lisa Flew in which she stated that "climbing in Victoria is basically on hold for winter". That may be so, but I cannot see any good reason stopping anyone from going north {like Lisa did last year, refer to Frog Buttress article last year - ed}. If I wasn't such a nice guy, I would call Alex and Lisa and everyone else who reckons it's too cold to climb/too far to go to climb in winter a bunch of pansies and pikers (sub-ed. then go ahead, say it.). No, Lisa, excuse notes signed by your parents saying that you had your wisdom teeth out will NOT be accepted. Hope the operation wasn't too painful, though.

We drove up on Sunday, leaving Melbourne at 4pm and getting to Nowra at 1am. We were too late to get accommodation, so we slept in the car at Thompson's Point. I discovered that the most comfortable position on the back seat, when sharing it with a couple of packs, involves stuffing your head down just behind the handbrake and shoving the left foot against the rear window.

When we woke up in the morning, we spent two hours getting lost, because we were following the guidebook directions and we thought we were somewhere we weren't, having a .22 pointed at us by an old woman who also threatened to call the police, and making a shitty first ascent to get off her property.

We got back to the car, found the REAL cliff, and I took the first lead, a ten metre grade 17 face climb called 'Lefty' on mixed bolt and cam pro (sub ed.- no more climbing spiel). Next, Mark had a go top-roping. It was still cold, and I was having trouble keeping my hands warm. However, I found that the first climb of the day was always enough to kick start the circulation, and my hands remained warm for the rest of the day.

Next we went down to a buckety, slightly overhanging 6m high wall called the 'Mini Wall', directly below 'Cowboy Junkies' (awesome and very scary - the first bolt is 6m out into the roof). I led a steep 18 called 'A Portrait of Rod' which was rather pumpy, while Mark repeatedly attempted 'The World According to Garth' (20), but he couldn't do the crux clip fast enough off a manky undercling to avoid failure (Sub ed. - What?).



The sub-editor and Bec stalling at Wilson's Prom.

We then went into Nowra for food and other stuff, and afterwards, we headed off to the Grotto for an attempt on 'Eat my Spinning Blades of Steel, M#####r', which was a 9m long roof climb on huge buckets. The hold went out along the underside of a weak looking sandstone prow, but we found that the holds were as strong as iron, despite the look of the rock. Mark attempted to lead it, but failed to make the last clip before the belay, after numerous rests on the bolts in the roof. He came down and we spent half an hour discussing how to remove \$150 worth of quickdraws from the roof. We couldn't top-rope it, since the top of the climb was inaccessible. I wasn't particularly keen to attempt to second Mark's partial lead, because this would mean I would only have one bolt between me and raspberry jam in the middle of the roof, after I'd unclipped all the others.

After much procrastination, it was decided that I would attempt to lead it (oh, alright, I was out voted by the other two), and remove the equipment in the rap off from the anchors, assuming I could get there. I spent half an hour repeatedly chalking up, checking my harness, and tying in. Once I got started however, I realised that the handholds were so huge that I could use my arm strength, without having to worry about my relatively weak grip strength. I found most of the moves relatively easy, and I used two huge horizontal slots for awesome leg jam rests that enabled me to shake out completely during the roof, and I was able to make the final clip that Mark had found so elusive from the second rest position. I then rapped off and removed the gear. (ed.- Mark disappears into editorial oblivion from here. - MUMC members only).

That night, we camped at the Nowra Animal Farm, where we paid about \$10 per person per night for a good quiet grass camp ground, with a well lit toilet block with hot showers, and a sheltered, lit cooking area. Next morning, we went back to Thompson's Point and seconded Woderick, grade 17. Next, I led 'Samurai Pizza Catz' (18) which was a mixture of bolt and cam pro. This one is definitely worth doing, along with 'Spinning Blades of Steel'.

I led the next climb, another MUST DO called 'Vanderholics' (19) which has a slabby start, then a fair bit of face climbing, with small edges and few good holds....It is really excellent - the pro is all good, and it is a good climb for practicing footwork. At 25m. long, it was definitely my favourite climb of the week. I set up my rap off 'Vanderholics', threading the rope through the chains, tying the ends of the rope together in a knot and clipping into the space between the ropes above the plate, to ensure I couldn't rap off the ends - If you don't know this technique, it's a VERY good idea to learn it. That was the end of the day's climbing, and we headed back to the Nowra Animal Farm.

The next morning Mark (ed. - he's back) finally got the 'Je Baise Ma Fraigne' redpoint, and I attempted to flash it, but I pumped out just below the anchors, and had to rest before climbing through. Next, we went around the corner a little way, past 'Sexy is the Word' (31) and a few other awesome climbs and HUGE 20m chossy roof 25-30m up, to do 'Petit Miam' (16). It's a face/slab climb, extremely short, but a little bit tricky. Next, Mark and I attempted a 21, 'Broken and Barbed', which was rather enjoyable. I used my reach advantage and flashed the route, on pre-placed gear, since Mark had already attempted it.

After that, Marcus and I attempted a climb named 'Kicking Dogs Balls' (17) (ed. - that is a terrible name unless you are referring to Anna) which is given one star in the Guide, but is NOT worth doing. It SUCKS. Stay well away, unless you like shake-inducing, non-existent footholds, and greasy handholds coated with slime.

That night, we stayed at the house of one of Mark's Defence Force Academy Friends (sub ed.- pow, bang,...) in Culburra, 30mins from Nowra. The next day, we took a rest day, as hands were getting very sore, and we wanted to do a 22 on the day after. We only did one climb that day 'Depleted Gonad Circumference' - 20m, 16 (sub ed.- doesn't sound depleted to me), in the Grotto area (sub ed.- where else?), which was reasonably good.

On Friday, we all did 'Me' (16) (sub ed.- who did 'you'? Those ADF friends?) which was a good warm up for what came next (sub ed. - I don't think I want to hear this) - "Killer Boas" (22) (sub ed. - where is Nige's snake oil when you need it?), probably deserves 2 and a half stars. Mark went first, and clipped the first bolt, but could get no further. Next, it was my turn, and I got to bolt 2 and clipped it, rested, and then climbed the rest of the route to place all the pro.

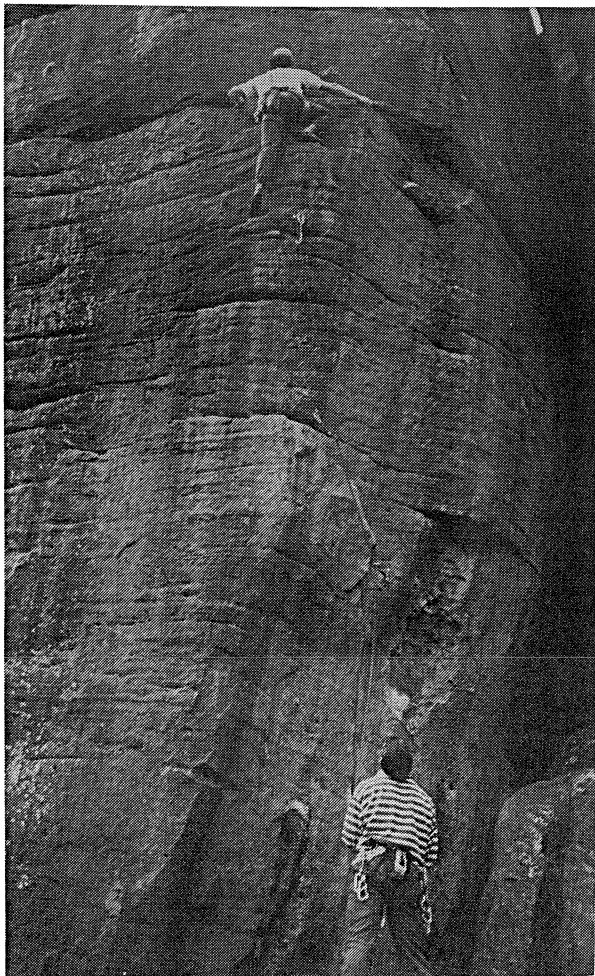
The route starts up an overhung scoop, then goes left to an arete, where the 2nd bolt is located, around it, and then up a steep wall. Mark had the next go, and was also able to do the route, with one rest. Next, we both tried to do a redpoint. It was then that I took my first real lead falls - 4 of them. The key move was after the second bolt, where a long reach from two crimps, a heel hook and a marginal foothold was necessary. It took me 4 wild swings from this point before I finally got the red point on attempt number 6.

After that, I led an 18, 'The Money or the Box', which I didn't really like that much). The next morning we went to South Central to do 'Burping Burgers' (16, but really 19), which I led, and 'Silver Hands', graded 17 but really 19, which were both okay. However, if you go to South Central, be very wary of the gradings - they are wrong by as much as 3 or 4 grades.

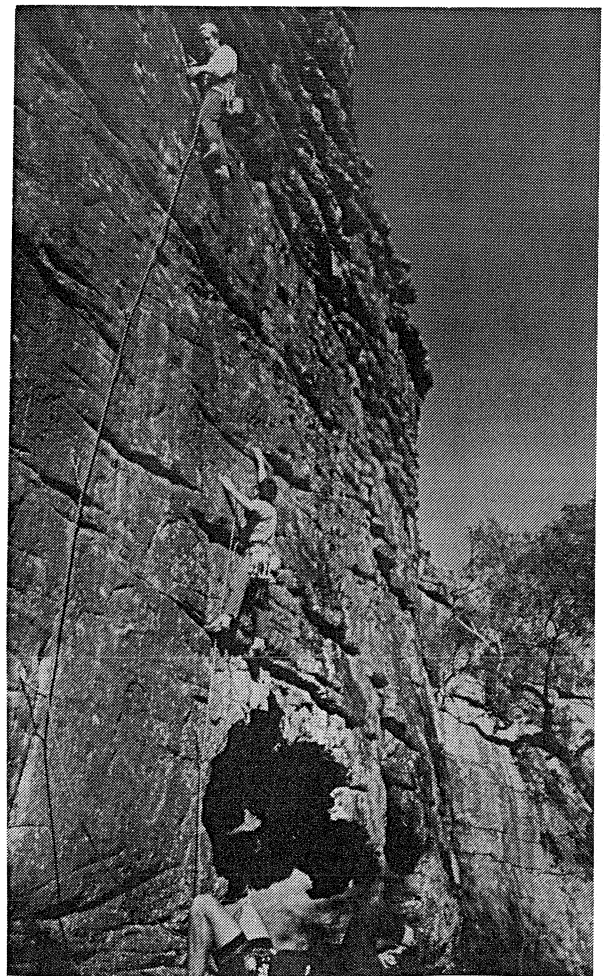
It was an EXCELLENT week of climbing, on EXCELLENT rock, and I don't want to hear any complaints next winter about it being too cold etc - go to NSW and the weather will improve dramatically., Don't be such a bunch of pansies (sub ed. - nothing wrong with wildflowers - ask any bushwalker) [ed. they are not native flora though sub ed.] - go interstate in winter, like the Frog Buttress trip last year. If you go to Nowra, you MUST learn how to rap off ring bots and chains, and how to clip into an anchor while setting up a rap.

One thing - if you go, you'll love it. I promise.

[sub ed gets the final word - under no circumstance is anyone else to submit articles that are not on disk. If they do insist they can type them up on the computer themselves.]



Andrew Selby-Smith leads "Killer Boas" (22)



and also "Samurai Pizza Catz" (18) at Nowra in winter.

A COUPLE OF CLUB COUPLES' WEEKEND AWAY...

"I spy with my little eye something beginning with S."

"I'm sick of playing this game."

"Are we there yet? How much further is it along this shit boring road?"

"Hey why don't we play that memory, story game thing, where we take it in turns to add on another sentence to the story and you have to say it all every time when it comes to your turn and then make a bit more up. We used to play this all the time when we were kids."

And thus the following trip report was created, as we cruised down the Hume Freeway, eardrums blasting with Marcel's new stereo, a loose end of rope flapping against the roof driving us all mad and a box of BBQ shapes. The order of entries are as follows Sam, then Jenny, followed by Marcel, to Sophie and then back to Sam and round and round we went, creating the following story!

"We were going on a holiday and we had just left Melbourne...When Sam realised that he had left his tooth brush at home...But being as far out as we were we decided to keep going...And he would clean his teeth with charcoaled marshmallows instead...So we all piled back into Marcel's cop magnet, strapped the kayaks on the roof and went in search of some mega white water, where we could do heaps of nose stands and tail turns...And falling ins!...On the way to the river we started a game of I Spy, something beginning with the letter S...Sex... Having got rather excited, and with her hand on Marcel's thigh, Soph began grunting rather loudly...this was of great displeasure to the two in the back, and so they asked Marc if they could put her on the roof, Marcel agreed instantly and did in fact sandwich her in between the boats, naked, saying, "Don't worry Soph, You will be alright!"...At this stage, Marc was getting sick of the open road and decided to take a short cut down a 4WD track. Everything was going smoothly until something happened...All of a sudden the engine blew up with a loud bang, almost as good as Sam's engine had a few weeks ago...So we lifted the bonnet and looked at the engine, it was in a bad way! Just as we were wondering what to do, Sam had a brainwave, thinking that we had this extra pay load on top of the car, that was not doing anything he thought at we can use Soph as our engine!...So we took the broken engine out, rigged up a bit of a harness where the engine was, put Soph in the harness and she was then our new driving force...And off we went, with a still naked Sophie as the engine pulling us along, and Marcel driving the cop magnet, they took the 4WD track easily, working as a great team...We played her Chariots of Fire and she was yelling out Yab-a-dab-a-doo as if she were a Flintstone...We kept on going until Beechworth where we pulled into the bakery for something to eat...Having got into the bakery Marcel realised that he had left the car (Soph) running and went out to turn her off...But in the mean time the cops had been attracted to the cop magnet (surprise, surprise!) and had towed it off to their garage to check if it would receive more than one tick on the roadworthy check list...Soph was very scared, still naked and in her engine harness hiding under the bonnet. Then as the cops opened the bonnet, she sprung up yelling "Surprise"...The cops were most over come and ran away, too scared to return...Meanwhile back at the bakery Sam and Jenny were enjoying a great devonshire tea, while waiting for Marcel to come back...Marcel, having discovered that his car was missing, went straight to the cop station, knowing full well that this is where his car would be...just as he got to the station, he found his naked Soph running out of the garage and into his arms...

At this stage we got sick of this game also, but many questions are still unanswered, what was Marcel going to do with his naked Sophie having already used her as an engine for his car?, and what were Sam and Jenny getting up to, what will they do after finishing their devonshire teas? will the two couples ever meet up?... Perhaps another car load of shit bored people driving along the Hume Freeway could write the next chapter to "The story of a couple of club couples..."

Prizes.

Marcel Geelan won the best article award in the last edition, and Charlie Buttery won the best photo for the group midnight ascent shot. See Dan ASAP.

A story of a condensed 24-hour rogaine.

Well, the rogaing organiser wrote a rather cutting report of the event in the ACT rogaing mag, soon after the Australian Champs. There wasn't much said in his article about the fact that almost all of the catering was not well done, nor the fact one had to like eating meat. Ah well. And the fact that the map didn't have a legend wasn't mentioned either. Well, given that the same map symbol was used for a full-size dirt road - the sort you could drive a bus down - and a track that everyone lost while following, I guess a legend might have been difficult. But I guess it was our fault for believing the literature, where it was claimed that the vegetation would not be higher than (a normal sized person's waist) waist high. Ah well.

So two hours into the event, we've been disoriented once, and are walking over a large ridge between two checkpoints. It is raining a little, but the vegetation is more of a hassle. The fact that this ridge is surrounded by cliffs on three sides is not too worrying, but the fact that a large portion of cliffs aren't marked is.

The rain is a little hand-numbing, but this is nowhere as bad as the Dutchman's Stern rogaine (near Wilpena, SA, 1990), where my brother and I could not actually close our hands with enough force to hold a control card.

So we eventually fight our way over to the other side of the ridge, and my partner decides that there is no way to get down. So we backtrack to the point where we had come up to this short-cut. Or nearly so. A partner decides that it isn't possible to get down there either. So we relocate. And we try and relocate again. And my partner is looking at potential bivvy sites. There had been some mist, but life is still positive. So I eventually down-climb something into the gully, and partner is surprised to see that this is where we went up. Soon after we meet some others who are also retreating from the same short-cut, who had just climbed down a waterfall my partner had described an hour before as "too dangerous". Ah well, a matter of opinion really. Or stupidity; foolhardiness; ignorance. The landing area below the waterfall did look quite solid and hard. Would probably do as much damage as the rocks below Kachoong, if you fell. (No, 95% of the club aren't supposed to see the significance of this.)



Marcel Geelan flexes at Intervarsity kayaking.

We eventually revisit our old friend, the checkpoint we had left several hours before. Partner is feeling cold, and whacks on some extra clothes. I discover Berghaus packs are NOT waterproof. Good thing that fleeces are supposed to dry quickly... perhaps not in the rain though. The vegetation is wet, clammy and (personally) disorienting. So we decide to walk down the river, in the river. That isn't too unpleasant - you get used to the water - but the water has a rather cooling effect on the body. Fortunately we were prepared. So we decided to head back to the HH. We got there ahead of some other teams, with a score of 140 (3 checkpoints). The spaghetti is clagggggy, and the Bolognese sauce rather short of spice, warmth. But the tent is waterproof, and the sleeping bag.... Oh shit. The tent is not completely waterproof, but the waterproof materials used in Kathmandu sleeping-bag and stuff-sack construction contrive to drench my innersheet, and leave the down dry. So it is off to beddy byes, as the other oxos struggle on through the night.

The next morning is a blur of bad videos in the bus, bad puns in Dr Alistair Moffat's "Managing Gigabytes", and bad food. (There exist many oxos who have had Dr Moffat as a lecturer :-). I completely miss the detail in construction of Canonical Huffman Codewords. (Q1 on the exam. D'oh). My kneel-ankle (I can't remember which) is a little painful, and partner is offering it as an excuse for neither of us going out and collecting one or two more points. More study time, I guess.

The exam was on Tuesday morning, and I did better in that subject (a difficult Hons one) than in any other subject since June 1992.

Congrats to Nicki, Jenny, Clara (???), who came third in the Womens' section. Also to Sarah and Kim who, despite never rogaining before, won the IV Womens section too. To Alan, Dan and Andy who did well in the much more competitive mens section. And lastly to Alan "Stress Puppy" Daley for organising the whole trip, financing and sponsorship.

Dylan Shuttleworth.

Proud of the Gemini after-party-trick.

Denying the slanderous after-Twins story.



The bottom of the first downhill section at Snow Skills. Oh dear, not much skill is being shown here.

Rock Climbing Report - by Cuan Petheram

With the return of good (well better) weather, a number of day trips have been run to local crags such as Blackhill, Cathedrals and the infamous Werribee gorge, as well as a couple of weekend trips to the Grampians and Mt Arapiles. As usual over the mid-semester break, twenty odd of us made the annual pilgrimage to the scared rock (Mt Arapiles for the ignorant). As it turned out, it was a very eventful trip with Peter Kreisner keeping his title of "Knob of the year" intact. Our hearts go out to the poor beginner who had to sit on a ledge with Peter for a few hours in the dark while waiting to be rescued. At least she now has a footballing knowledge second to none (except maybe Peter), but that's all another story.

For those of you that may not have noticed, the clubrooms now have a climbing wall, thanks to the hard work put in by Scott, Lisa and Alex over the mid year break. Its ideal for showing off your climbing prowess to fellow club members (I suppose you could also train on it too). News from the climbing gear store is that 5 new harnesses specifically contoured for those of you with feminine bodies are expected any day now.

Upcoming trips

Most climbing trips over summer will be of advanced in nature (i.e. no beginner trips will be run). However, if you have been climbing with the club this year, we encourage you to put your name down on the contact list. Then to give yourself that edge, have a chat with one of the leaders (no we don't bite) and let it be known that you are really keen to climb this summer, that you are a great belayer, you can take great photos and that you give a mean back rub.

My best advice for those of you who really want to learn to climb is to get in early next year when all the beginner trips are being run. Hope to see you then. Safe climbing.



Communal climbing on the Club's new bouldering wall.

Leadership Weekend 1995 -Kim Hazeldine.

Bushwalking in the club is set to reach new heights this year if the new and enthusiastic faces at the August Leadership Weekend are anything to go by. Held at the Rogainers' training ground of Mt Disappointment, it was anything but. Accommodation in "The Shack" provided luxurious surroundings - carpet, heating, kitchen, flushing toilets and the playground storage room, which served well to take our minds off the stress of leadership theory!

Through guidance from Alan Daley, we learnt how to survive the "Bushwalk from Hell", treat Dan's snakebite and wrap Scott and Steve in garbage bags and silver blankets to treat their hypothermia. Nicki kept us entertained by teaching communication skills and we all mastered enough night navigation to visit the spectacular local falls and appreciate the beauty of the stars.

Anton's slide show and stories of adventure completed a very worthwhile weekend - inspiring us all to get out there and do it for ourselves! Thankyou to everyone involved.

Watch the folders for trips to come!!

Upcoming Trips.....

Bushwalking Reedy Creek Gorge. 4 days in early to mid December.
Contact Steve Curtain 859-8053.

Paddling in NSW (Nymboida?) over the Christmas New Year's period.
Contact Nigel Prior 328-4194.

Bushwalking to Mt Cobbler and Alpine National Park. 2 days, maybe over New Year's
Contact Steve Curtain 859-8053.

Paddling the Tully River in Queensland during January.
Contact Scott Wiltshire 9836-0317.

Mountaineering in New Zealand, Jan-Feb.
Contact Dan Colborne 386-2991.

Bushwalking in the Northern Bogongs. 5/6 days in early January.
Contact Steve Curtain 859-8053.

Anton Weller is running a number of bushwalking photo trips. He will give tips and show you how to set up ace photos.
Contact Anton H 9318-2463 or W 9252-6000.

Advanced Rockclimbing in Tasmania, possibly Frenchman's Cap. Jan/Feb.
Contact Scott Edwards 9347-4626.

There are also contact sheets in the clubrooms for climbing and walking in Tasmania.

Close Encounters of a Canine Kind

by Amber Mullens.

"Are you coming to Falls Creek, Russ"

"Just as soon as I can hire a car. The front of my car is still making bad noises from when that road embankment jumped out at me on that kayaking trip".

"Russ is coming to get you now Bec. Then you are off to the airport for a hire car"

"I hope he gets something small and cheap".

And so began the drive up the Hume that would be completed in record time. Nearly eight hours to Falls Creek! And that's without fitting chains. First stop was Euroa for dinner and shopping at the 24hr Coles there.

9.00pm at Euroa after driving through thunderstorms.

"This is not the place with the 24hr Coles. This is the place with the bad pub"

"I know"

"Well why didn't you tell me?"

"I thought you had everything under control".

"Ph#@ck. Russ better get here soon".

Waiting, waiting....The Pasta place is such a happening place to hang out at.

"You can't rely on some people. We've been here an hour now".

"Shut up and go back to sleep"

Finally, Russ and Bec arrive in the world's largest car.

"I only had the choice between this huge whale that drinks gallons of fuel and a Laser"

"I don't know what would have been wrong with the Laser"

"Let's eat".

"I'm too tired to eat now"

"Fine, you stay in the car and sulk".

10.30. Leaving Euroa, heading to Coles at Seymour. A big fight ensues in the Rohan/Amber machine as Rohan whinges about people running late, causing Amber to miss the turn off. It was going to be a great trip.

11.00 Coles Seymour.

11.30 Still at Coles

To prevent Rohan from throwing another wobbly, Amber decides that the tactical thing is to continue to Falls Creek and meet up again there.

1.00 Approaching Tawonga.

"Christ, I hope that black horse we nearly hit with Scott Edwards isn't on the road again"

1.30 Nearing Falls Creek

"Stop! There is a wombat on the verge up there. I have to move it"

"Stop! I have to chase this wombat off as well"

"Stop! There is another wombat."

And so on until the village.

2.00. am. Russ finally arrives. And no, he didn't see any Wombats.

Next day. Overcast. Car shuffling. Parking at Pretty Valley Pond next to a car with the personalised number plates, "ANNAXX"..

"That is so daggy having the number plate after your girlie".

Walking somewhere past Mt Jim. Paw prints on the foot pads.

"What animal is this. A fox?"

"I think its a bit big actually. A feral dog I guess. There used to be alpine dingos. Can't imagine there are any of them left".

Arriving at Young's Hut, we notice smoke is coming from the chimney and there are paw prints all around.

"Do you think they have the dog?"

"No-one is that stupid".

Bec, Russ and I drop our packs while Rohan walks to the hut door. A red heeler leaps out at him. Luckily he swings his pack off and knocks the dog away with it, before returning to the others at a safe distance. The dog circles around us until a man comes out of the hut. He shows no interest in calling the rapid hound off.

"G-day. Where are you staying"

"Well obviously not here".

Bec thinks she knows this guy. She tells the rest of us that he and the dog hang out around Thesherman's doing tricks like making the dog jump in the air and bite his arm. None of us believe her. Deciding to go back to the old stockyard to camp the night, we looked back to see where the dog was. The guy was making it jump up and bite him on the arm.

"Sorry Bec".

While getting water from the stream, the dog raced up to me.

"Get this frigging dog away from me or I will hit it with this rock".

"Here Anna, Here Anna". No urgency at all. The guy was a fruitloop.

"Gee, that is a coincidence - a car called Anna and a dog called Anna. You don't think.....?"

We left the looney and his rabid mongrel to spend an unnatural night together. I spent a paranoid night worrying that the feral brumbies (that should be removed as they are NOT part of "our" heritage) were going to stampede through the tent. They didn't, and after a very wet night, we awoke to a lovely sight - the man and the dog leaving. Luckily, it didn't try to bite us this time.

"If that thing pisses on my tent, I will be seriously pissed off".

I walked back to Young's Hut where I found a business card pinned to the wall. It said "Steve Glen, radiographer, TREND SETTER, and Anna (red heeler). Car Suzi (4WD Suzuki), number plate ANNAXX. Phone number....." There were also numerous entries in the log book from him. When we walked back to the car, we found

We left the hut and walked back to the car in the hail. On the way, we found another "trend setter:" business card, this time stuck to a snow pole.

And we lived happily ever after.

I have since heard from Dylan that this guy and dog have been to MUMC Hut. Apparently, the idiot now has a stamp to match his crappy business cards. While Andy and I were walking in the High Plains recently, I looked through the hut log books and found numerous entries from this guy takes and his dog. Cleve Cole Hut had a good entry which went something like this..

Some entry by Steve Glen.

Entry by walker, "Steve Glen, it is bad enough that you bring your dog illegally into a National Park, but why did you let it sleep in the hut beds"

Entry by Stevie in response, "Bush walkers are wankers. Anna and I do more for the huts than any bushwalkers. Who chopped the fire-wood for huts X Y and Z? We did."

The moral of the story is that bringing dogs into a National Park is illegal and should not be tolerated. You should report these people to the DCNR straight away. In Mt Beauty, the DCNR office is on the left hand side toward Tawonga when returning home. Stick a note under their door to Ron who runs it. He is well versed in the situation and is trying to find this guy. Failing this, give him a call and/or let me know. As for Stevie Wonder cutting up fire wood, this does not help anyone. Idiots like him are the reason MUMC took the fireplace out of the hut. Only dead wood is to be used in fireplaces. Snow gums take ages to grow and this guy's irresponsible attitude is directly causing their demise. When a lot of cut wood is available, this only encourages other people to have bonfires, as witnessed at Edmondson's hut. It just shows a complete disregard for conservation values that have taken a lot of effort to put into place.

It is time we and the DCNR started to take some action against things like this happening.

George's Spring 24hr Rogaine.

- Leanne Haupt, all by herself with inspiration from Kim. 11/12 November.

Event Name: Veterans' Championship Rogaine.

Location: 45km east of Albury-Wodonga.

MUMC was represented in this event by four MAD people - none of whom were Alan Daley! We headed north on the VRA bus - hoping to meet our Sagittarius Man (see recent Cleo - we disown this!) {ed. I thought Dan was the Sagittarius Man, see Mountaineer 1994}. One cheap take away pizza {ed. did you put it into the MUMC GFG?} and a punnet of strawberries later, the bus pulled into the gates of the hash house, having to be pushed the last 20m to its resting spot.

Saturday morning: Three hours until the start.

This proved to be the most nerve racking of part of the entire event. After collecting the map and planning our route, we proceeded to put clear contact on the map, necessary for weatherproofing (ref Budawangs 1995). Acting on some advice from a particular competitor (Andrew Selby Smith), we diligently covered our head torches with red cellophane {ed. I've always wondered why I have been carrying red cellophane around for all this time}. In anticipation of the upcoming strenuous physical activity, we cooked up a storm with Leanne's special pasta sauce (pre-digested??).

The Event.

Kim Hazeldine, "My God it's hot! What's happened. Rogaines are always wet. (ref. Budawangs 1995).

The start consisted of a follow the leader to the first checkpoint. After Leanne got a nasty ZAP from the first electric fence, Kim became the official electric-fence tester, until receiving a stimulant herself {serious ed. You can check by holding a finger length piece of damp grass to the wire}

Aspiring rogainers heed the following warnings:

1. Do not touch electric fences - their appearance might be deceiving.
2. Those pretty leafy things (stinging nettles to the initiated) are lethal to non-gaitered legs.

The next fence was Leanne's ultimate downfall. Picture this - one barbed wire fence between two electric wires, Leanne impaled on the barb! Need we say more? Zap Zap Zap.

Darkness.

Pitch black, no moon. We quickly discovered that hot melted chocolate can't be contained in its wrappings and likes to decorate head torches {ed. Now I'm really confused. I thought that was what the red cellophane for. What the hell is it doing then?}. The first checkpoint gained in the dark proved to be an obstacle. Kim doesn't swear except when bush bashing in a creek bed at midnight with only a dodgy red head-torch to see by.

Three Hours Later.

After feeling great with our 150 points, we encountered Farmer Joe's 'security system'. This consisted of:

1. Creek - raging torrent (was that meant to be a causeway?).
2. More electric fences.
3. Uncrossable barbed wire.
4. Long, wet grass.
5. Ferocious dogs.

Marker 59.

Just where the hell was it? We wandered 10km down the "Hume Hwy" in vain, causing severe agitation to feet and legs. (Not recommended for tender blisters and knees destined for NW spur the following week.)

Morning.

After a crappy sunrise, we managed to score 30 points in 5 hours before limping home. We finished 6th out of 10, thereby escaping the dreaded wooden spoon. Needless to say, on the bus trip home, we did not need Cleo to keep us entertained.

Post Mortem.

On reflection, we needed a complete change of route. This would have doubled our score and included Hore Hill - a vertical 80 point effort.



"Akubra Gaff" on the way to the Fainters.



Amber Mullens at the Mt Cope summit cairn.

Rockclimbing boots

Now that the snow has melted the gear freak sport of rockclimbing is in ! The most important item to be dusted off is the climbing boot, the interface (I love that word) between climber and rock. Boot quality can always make up for any lack of ability on rock or in Nati pub conversations. "Bumblies" will no doubt be perplexed by the vast range of boots available and the bullshit-speak by salespeople in gear shops. Boot design is a complex topic and subject to large amounts of wank. Generally there is no difference in sole stickiness between most brands after a few weeks of use. Unlined boots stretch and conform to your foot after use, so buy small. Boots lined inside with cambrelle will stretch after a while but not as much, be careful with sizing. Don't forget to match boot colour with your makeup or lycra.

What boots should I buy ?

The question is not what you should buy but how many ! The serious climber will have at least 3 pairs (I do !).

I : Slobbering around

You need one trashy pair for bouldering, gyms, lending to your bumbly partner and walking to the toilet. An old pair will do fine for this job. Slipper style shoes are also an option.

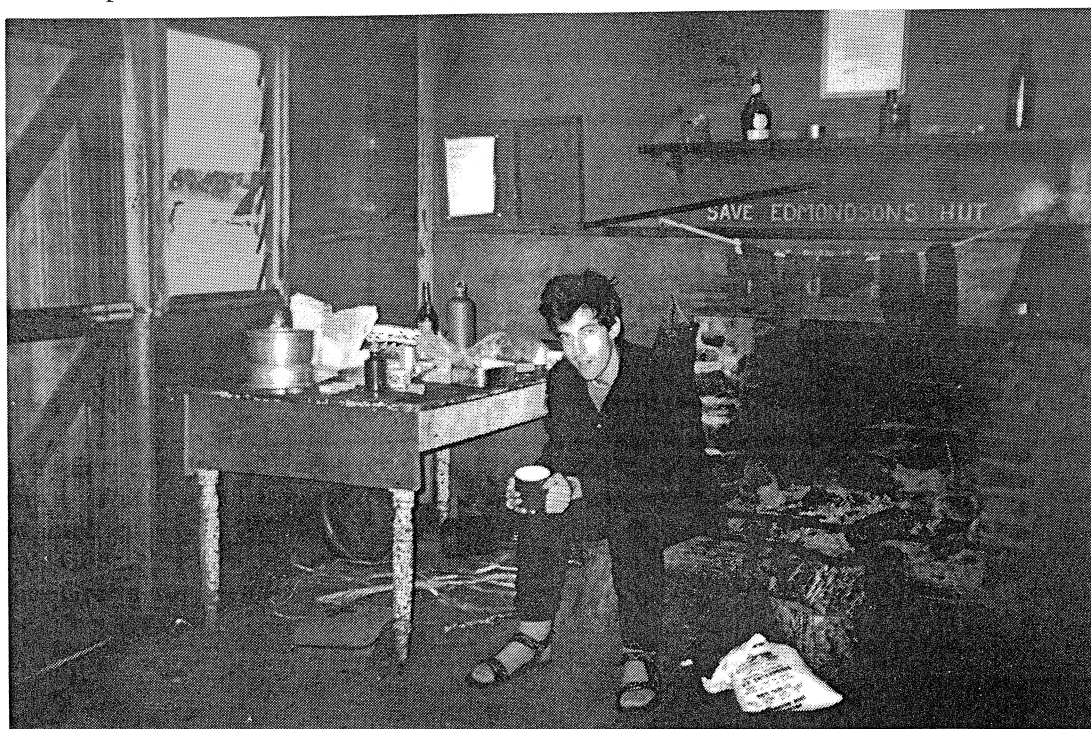
II : Everyday goodtime boots

These are for traditional routes and long multi-pitch days where boots are used fulltime. They should be comfortable and well supporting. A boot style is preferable to a shoe style if lots of crack climbing is intended (i.e a high cuff to protect and support the ankle).

Excellent : Scarpa Brio, Scarpa Edge, Sportiva Syncro, Sportiva Kaukulator, Boreal Aces

Average : Sportiva Enduro, Kattak, Boreal Classic, Five Ten Summit, Any Asolo boots

Yuk : Sportiva Etoile, Boreal Falcon



Andy Gaff looking enthused about spending another day walking in the rain and wind on the Bogong High Plains. And...he doesn't know about the creek crossing yet.

III : The boots of the gods

These are for high performance climbing which essentially means "dogging" or sieging a sport climb at least 2 grades harder than you can onsight and then telling everyone big lies. You need boots that you really should spray on, they have to be tight enough to cut off your circulation within the hour (climb fast !!!). They should have very thin, sensitive soles so that you can "toe pull" holds towards you and edge on 5 cent pieces. Never get the soles dirty and take them off straight after a pitch. Have a trendy stuff sack to put them in.

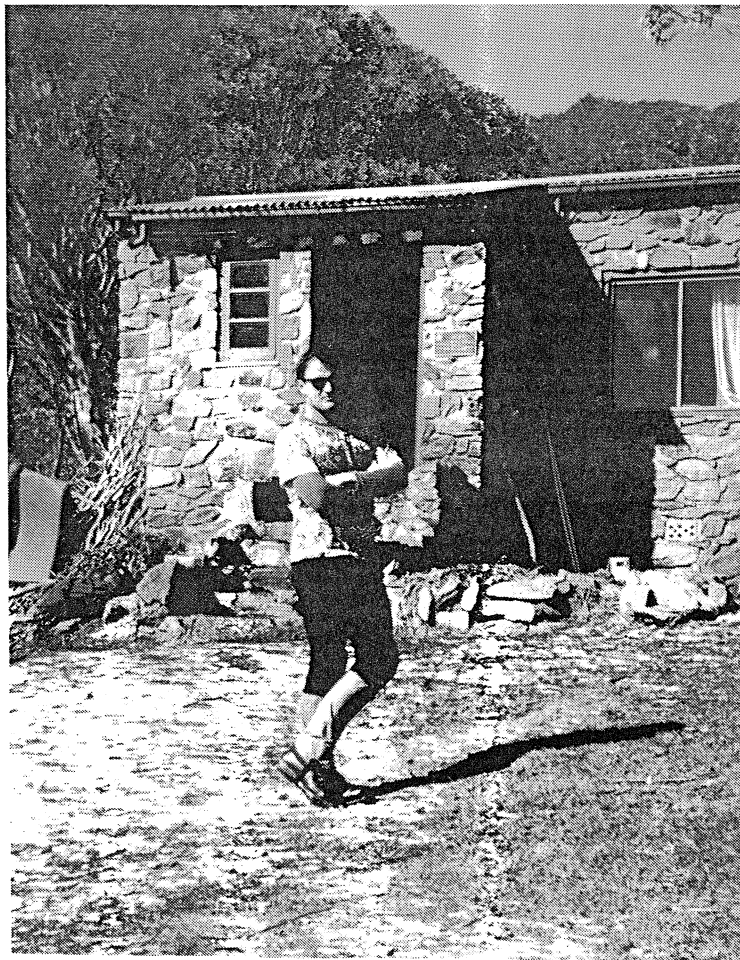
Excellent : Scarpa Force, Sportiva Mythos, Sportiva Kendo, Sportiva Kendo, Boreal Vector, Five Ten Anasazi,
Average : Bufo Cyborg, Dolomites and any excellent boot from the previous category

Resoling

Resole your boots before the sole gets too close to the rand. If the rand gets damaged it can be replaced but it adds to the expense. You can do it yourself but after experiencing full on delamination during a hot day on the Watchtower face, I don't recommend it. Resoles cost around \$45 and toecaps \$7. Dr Phil in Natimuk is arguably one of the best in Australia (ph. 053 871529). The serious climber will require a resole at least once a season.

Boot Care

Climbing boots stink, they always stink and there is little you can do about it. If it gets too overpowering, soak them in cold to lukewarm water with a very mild soap/detergent for a day and rinse thoroughly (scrubbing the insole may help). You may notice that they become a little more comfortable after this due to a slight increase in leather suppleness. Try to keep the soles clean by using a scrubbing brush as dust or dirt reduces the stickiness and longevity of the rubber. Some people even carry a toothbrush on their chalkbag for this. Regularly trim off any loose flaps of rubber with a Stanley knife.



Scott Edwards at Cleve Cole Hut, Mt Bogong.

A Weekend In The Rain.

November 19, 1995

Leanne Haupt and Dylan Shuttleworth.

Once upon a time, there were seven happy hikers who were happy until it rained. It all began.....

2.00pm Friday - Joel arrives.

3.00pm - Kim Hazeldine and Leanne arrive.

3.30pm - Enmore, Hannah and Susan show up and then disappear again, with rough directions for a free camping ground near Harrierville. Leanne leaves and then re-appears later with *the* cucumber and other fruit and vegetables.

5.05 - Dylan arrives after a horror exam.

The great car trip begins.

First stop was Campbellfield Coles for bargain 50c Coke and mandatory Tim-Tams (ed.'s note - Nige and I conducted a scientifically controlled taste test between Tim-Tams and the equivalent Cadbury versions. The unanimous decision [n=2] was that Tim-Tams reigned supreme.) Second stop was Euroa - fish and chips for one and a half hours. We then drove straight into a monster thunderstorm - no radio reception and a tape player that chewed tapes. Eventually we arrived at Harrierville. We decided that camping in the playground in the centre of town was not a good move and instead found a lovely "camping prohibited" campground by the side of a road. We set up camp amongst a melee of thrips (thrips and petzels don't mix) {ed. Try red cellophane.. It has got to be good for something}.

The next morning.

Whilst having breakfast, the rain set in. Leanne's milk wasn't. Leanne and Kim had their gear packed in record time, then hung around for half an hour while Dylan finished making tea. He eventually extracted his sleeping bag from the drooping, pegless, poleless tent. We then drove to Pioneer Park to re-pack our gear in the shelter beside the ancient tractors. The cucumber gets packed (see slush at end). Then the wet campers drove to the base of the bungalow Spur track to meet up with three more not so wet happy hikers. The party was then complete.

A toilet visit and a car shuffle sees everyone at the trout farm. The soggy ordeal began in heavy but constant rain. As we reached the first creek crossing, the leaches attacked. After frantic swatting, splatting and squashing, the leach situation was temporarily alleviated, only to be disalleviated at the second crossing. Just the first sniff of the proper climb gave some people the shivers - especially in their legs.

We took a scroggin break 20 minutes further along and removed the leaches (removing but not exterminating is pointless if you are still the closest food source they have got). Dylan and Joel then became antisocial and disappeared up the hill into the mist. One last scroggin stop "near the top" served to nourish the slow group for the last 10m to MUMC Hut. The spirit dampened, soaked hikers were happy again.

With dry clothes, warm food, the "storey book", cross-words and spot-the-difference (form Mountaineer October 1971), we settled in for the afternoon. Dylan, maintenance man, did a stocktake of the basement (did you know there is a 20lt drum of dirty cutlery down there?). Dylan, the carpenter, then tried to fix the ladder with a brace and 4 bits (still very dodgy).

A mobile phone carried by a weird guy trailing a dog came in, signed the logbook "trend setter" with a rubber inked stamp, made a mobile phone call and pissed off back to his 4WD. (ed. This has got to be the same looney as in my article. Report this person to the DCNR immediately.). The next visitor was more permanent - a 73 y.o. Czech/Australian named Donnie-Tony-??? who knows more about the Alps than Steve Curtain. He attached himself to us, took heaps of group photos and threatened to display them in the clubrooms. His stories were more interesting than all the tripe that Monash B.C. put in the logbook. Did you know that he put up the red markers on the North West Spur? Or that the Czech president is a chain smoker?

One roganing article and a delicious dinner of meat, veg and blueberry pancakes (complete with custard and pureed blueberries) later, we settled down to educate Hannah in the art of the Tim-Tam Slam. Before retiring upstairs for the evening, the clouds lifted to reveal amazing stars and the summit of Mt. Feathertop.

Sunday 5:30am

We're not mentioning who was snoring, or why Joel was up at that hour, but he did come in to report on the sunrise. He then went back to bed. Breakfast was downed and the clean-up started, accompanied by the psychological struggle of pulling on those wet shorts again. Donnie does the honours for the ubiquitous group photo. He has experience in this role from the Midnight Ascent three years ago.

The ascent to the summit was interrupted by a snow fight and a snow slide. Joel had a cold bum and sore palms afterwards. After a scroggin stop at the old Federation Hut site, Enmore, Leanne, Joel and Dylan farewelled the others as they continued downwards. Following a blissful half hour break, the "Kamikaze Hill Runners" began the long descent. About one third of the way down Bungalow Spur, they caught up with the others. Due to a time shortage (Kim had a train to catch in Melbourne), Leanne and Kim cruised ahead for the car shuffle. Finally Dylan and Joel (last again) piled into the car for the mad Max style hoon to Spencer St. One lazy half hour pit stop at the Bright bakery (see MUMC GFG) was rather indulgent, considering we missed meeting with the train by five minutes. It was also indulgent from the point of view of the amount of mud cake consumed.

They were all travel-weary and happy, especially Leanne and Enmore (snorer) who found some pretty flowers to photograph.

Slush Pertaining to Cucumbers from This Trip.

We need something long and stiff to stick down here.

Wow - a perfect cucumber hole!

(Both uttered by a certain bushwalking convenor).

Dan's Favourite Toilet.

Besides being belayed whilst squatting over the edge of a crevasse on the Fox Glacier Nevé and using snow for loo paper, I would have to rate the toilet at Pioneer Hut must be one of the most entertaining, particularly in a wild storm. Picture this: Lying in bed totally exhausted, realise that nature is calling. Get dressed in full thermals, fleece and rainwear, and double mountain boots. Put on goggles, harness, and crampons. Grab a sling and a carabiner. Grab an ice axe. Take a few pages of the Jackie Collins novel *The World is Full of Married Men* because the thieving swines that left a week ago took our loo paper. Exit the industrial freezer box that is Pioneer Hut into the blizzard. Clip into the wire and follow it along the clifftop to the toilet. The actual toilet overhangs a three hundred foot drop; it is positioned on the end of planks that jut out over the cliff. The planks resonate in the wind. Don't look down at the shit smeared glacier below through the gaps beneath your feet, and ignore the shuddering. Open the lid to get a blast of air up the shute. It stinks. It's a loooooong drop. The air blasting up the shute is so strong that you have to wait in mid pee until it stops, or else it sprays back up. This is probably why there is a sign on the door that says 'no horses allowed'. Paper suffers the same fate, unless put inside a lump of snow. Get dressed again, and struggle through the hundred knot winds back to the hut, and collapse inside exhausted, but relieved.



Lisa, the rope, the ropel!!! Cut the cope!!!



Rohan Schaap skiing at Cadrona, New Zealand.

Slush.

Lisa Flew to Alan Daley - "If it's tight, it's right".

Nicki Munro - "Steve Curtain has an amazing knob".

Amber Mullens to Mobil sales-assistant in Myrtleford, - "Do you have any shellite?"
Sales-assistant, condescendingly, - "No dear, this is a Mobile service station so we don't sell any Shell products here".

Russell Smith - "It's a shame they don't make condoms big enough".

Catherine Kent - "So, we've compared longest tongues, what's next?"

Alan Daley - "I haven't done Pedro yet". Realising what he has just said, he adds, "I don't know if I'd want to either".

Geoff Sinclair - "That's another good thing about Telemark skiing on downhill slopes - you really pull the women!".

Slush heard long ago but forgot to put in the Mountaineer, that two prominent people in MUMC were filmed snogging on a pier at sunset for a show such as a Current Affair during a segment about "Love Molecules". Slush had no idea that any MUMC man could be so romantic.

Ooooooh, grunt, deep breath, relax of neck. "I've never done it in my life before, and I'll probably never do it again", - Brendon Eishold.

Brendon again - "I have a lot of trouble getting it up". (Ann should be safe then).

"It's no use, I have to keep going in and out", - Enmore's parking technique.

Russell Smith in a gear store, picking up a GPS unit, - "Ah, this is what I need!"

No names have been requested for this one.

Current El Presidente over a jug at the Clyde - ".....(active girlie) was pissed off because (her not as active boyie, also present at the Clyde) said he liked a permanent one and one on the side".

Female skier with a fetish for large marsupials - "No wonder(active girlie) was pissed off when you said that".

Not-as-active, spatially challenged boyie - "What is she worried about?! She's the permanent!!".

Mountaineers heading off to New Zealand should keep an eye out for Andrew Selby-Smith in Kiwi pubs if he starts telling jokes like on the list he gave to Slush. There were the usual sheep ones and also this true story from his parents -

When Andrew's parents went to New Zealand while they were at uni, they were stocking up on provisions while they were in Queenstown. They asked for 2 pounds of flour from a salesgirl. (For metric children, there are 14 ounces in a pound).

"Sorry, I can't give you two pounds of flour".

Father Selby-Smith, "Well, can we have one pound then?"

Assistant, "Yes, okay".

At this point, the girl pulls out the flour sack (which obviously contains well over one pound of flour), and starts to measure one pound.

Father S-S (a bit confused), "If we can't have two pounds of flour, then what's that stuff then?"

Salesgirl, "Oh, there is only one pound twelve ounces left....".

