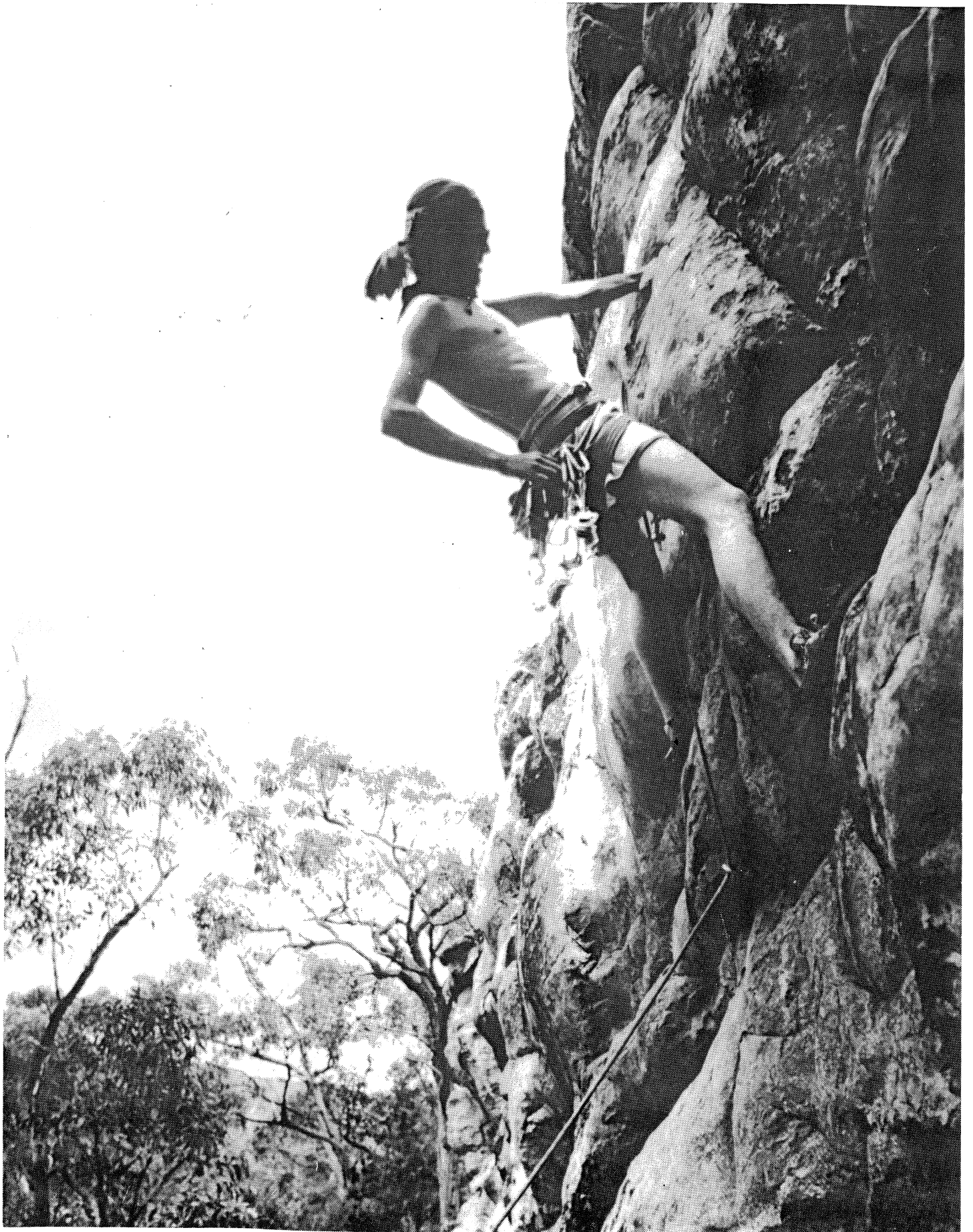


MOUNTAINEER

The Magazine Of The Melbourne University Mountaineering Club
O-Week Join MUMC Edition, 1996.





Editorial

Hearty hellos and welcomes to girls and boys, old timers and new blood. This is the O-Week 1996 edition of the Mountaineer - the magazine of the Mountaineering Club. The Mountaineer is where people tell others of the amazing death-defying things they got up to on their last trip whether that be to the heights of the Himalaya, the lows of some unknown cave system, or to the Clyde for lunch. It's meant to be fun and over the top but it is useful in finding out about places where you want to go, and getting to know some of the people in the club. It is also useful if you missed the last party and want to know what Dan got up there. Also and seriously, it is a link with the past where we learn what past generations did, and it is a link to the future. Do it, make the effort, get your name in print. You do not need to be a good writer, a good photographer or go on mega trips. It's a great step to becoming known in the Mountaineering Club.

So to everyone in the club - may 1996 take you where you've always wanted to go, do what you've only dreamt of doing, and see wonderful wilderness places that should be like that forever. And of course, watch out for native animals when you are driving.

Amber Mullens.

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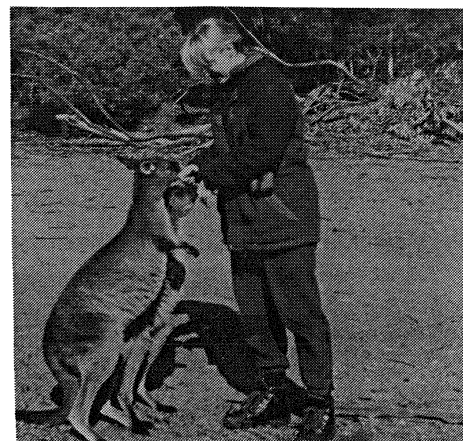
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Alex Zdziarski on his new route "Jaws" (18), Southern Grampians.

Back Page

Andrew Selby Smith on the summit of Mt. Green, New Zealand.



Amber Mullens, Kangaroo Island.

Vice President's Words Of Wisdom.

Welcome to M.U.M.C.'s 52nd year of debacles, trips and debaucherous parties. To all those new members out there, welcome to the club. I hope to see you all coming over to the clubrooms to get to know some of us older members, and signing up for some trips. The beginning of the year is the best time to make yourselves known by going on some of the many beginners trips being run in all activities (although you may have to wait a while for the ski trips). M.U.M.C. has a long history of people with a love of the wilderness, getting out there and having a huge time. This is what the club is all about. So be sure to get on some trips and ENJOY.

M.U.M.C. has had an exciting year with numerous members climbing / walking / paddling / skiing / caving / rogaining their way through most of Victoria, Tasmania, New Zealand, the Himalayas and even Antarctica. Although many people will tell you club trips are usually absolute debacles where you spend much of your weekend on the side of a highway 20km from the nearest town, this is totally untrue. (OK., maybe there is a touch of truth in it). But seriously, club trips are great places to make new friends, experience the wilderness and enjoy bushwalking / climbing/ paddling etc. etc.

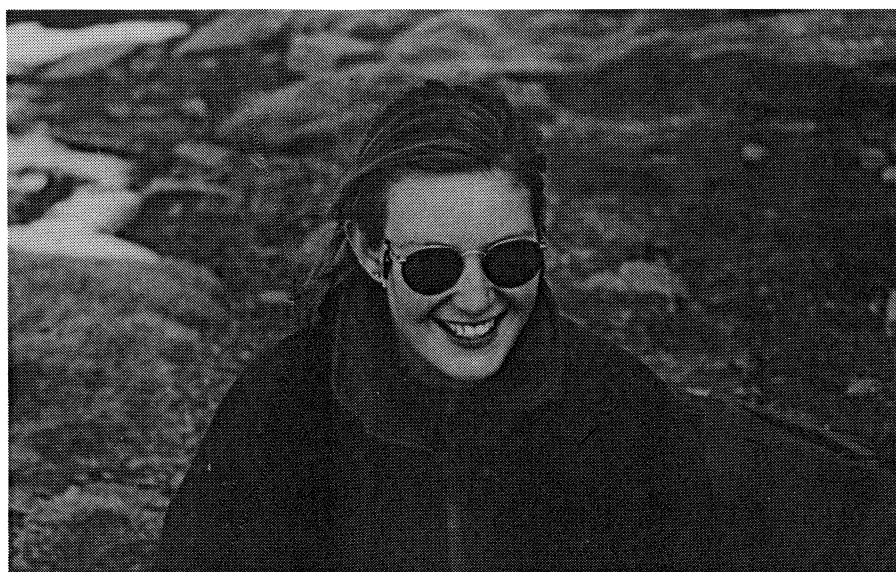
As well as many trips of all standards throughout the year and intervarsity competitions, M.U.M.C. also runs many social activities such as BBQs, Pie & Slide nights, pub crawls, spa parties, and formal dinner parties. A very popular annual event is "The Midnight Ascent", a formal dinner party at M.U.M.C. Memorial Hut on top of Mt. Feathertop in August. Be sure to visit the clubrooms regularly to get onto trips like this.

M.U.M.C. is also involved in conservation activities, the most recent being track maintenance on Mt Feathertop (putting bridges over the creek crossings, track cutting etc). We are also heavily involved in the Mt Stirling issue at the moment (Grollo wants to build resorts and ski lifts on one of the best cross-country skiing areas in Victoria). Please buy an M.U.M.C. "Save Mt Stirling" T-shirt to help us make the general public aware of this issue.

Finally, I would like to thank the committee and other club members for their work thus far, and for supporting Dan (Prez.) and I. Thanks guys.

See you in the wilderness

Lisa Flew
Vice Prez.



Lisa Flew at Mt. Bogong.

Scroggin.



Start packing for the big MUMC trip to Wilsons Prom. This will be on the weekend of the 9-11th March. This is the same weekend that the Grand Prix will be on, so there is absolutely no excuse for staying in Melbourne. For people who work in the outside world, this is a long weekend, but alas, not for us. The sites are available until Monday, so if you want to stay longer, you can. The weekend will be an informal get to know everyone, learn how to rock-climb, paddle, and bushwalk. There may even be some sand skiing and caving. This is a great way for beginners and first years to be introduced to the club. Don't miss it. The cost is a lowly \$20 for all gear hire, entry into the park and the camp sites. You will also need to provide petrol money to get down there. BYO food, drink, towel, wetsuit, bathers and sunscreen.



Another upcoming trip is the conservation trip to find stray cows in Baw Baw National Park. It is on the weekend after the mega trip to the Prom. See the bushwalking folder if you can help out.



For people reading this early enough, George Mallory will be giving a presentation of Mt Everest mountaineering history, including his own ascent on Wed 28th Feb. His grandpa was maybe the first person to reach the summit of Everest (but he didn't come down) and the one who wanted to climb it "Because it's there!". Details are in the clubrooms (ie not on the info sheet I have been given) or you could call 9531 6228. This is in aid of the Nepal Eye Program, part of the Fred Hollows Foundation.

For Sale: Val Crohn (9836 3329 Surrey Hills) has a pair of walking boots for sale. They are AKU brand, suede and fabric, Vibram soles, size 11/46. They cost \$169 new and she would like to sell them for \$80 ono. They have only been worn once.

Geoff Sinclair is temporarily living in Melrose Place. To find out all the goss, you can E-mail him in LA at gsinclair@monty.com

Steve Curtain has got a job at Wild magazine as assistant editor. He continues a long line of Oxos to work there.



Dave Burnett, past editor of the Mountaineer (1 edition in 2 years), has announced his engagement to Nicole.

☆☆ Don't forget to use your MUMC membership cards to get a discount at the Clyde Hotel. \$7 jugs of beer, cheaper jugs of scotch and coke, and \$1 of nachos. ☆☆



Midnight Ascent.

So You Want To Be A Paddler?

- A climbers perspective.

Alex Zdziarski

The paddling fraternity are a weird mob at the best of times. Anyone willing to jump into cold rivers in the middle of winter, get chewed up and spat out by some gnarly whitewater, and then gloat about it, is surely certifiable.

However, if this sort of lunatic behaviour appeals to you (God help you!), here are some tips from a confessed climbaholic who was initiated into the world of floating plastic coffins over summer.

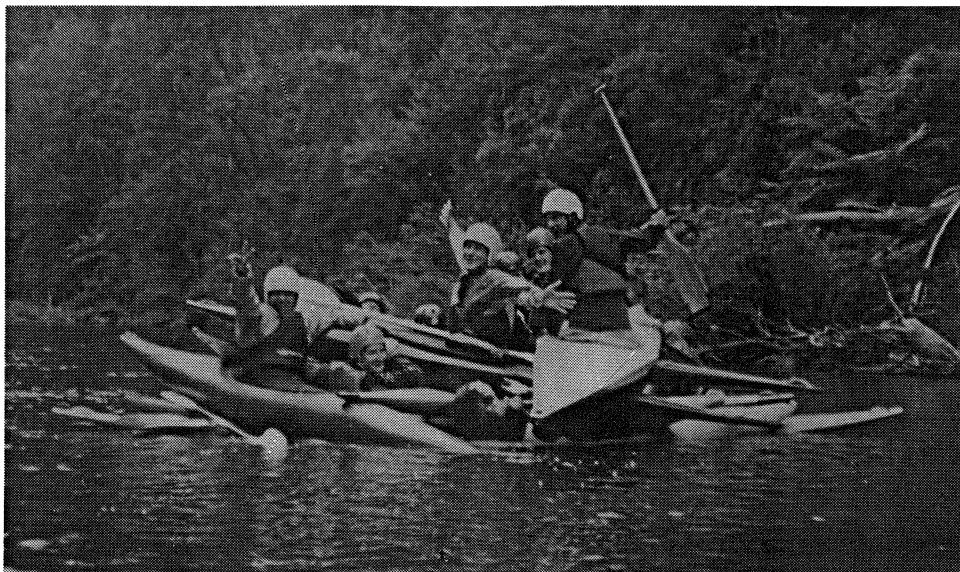
1/ Paddlers love MacDonalds. In fact, their diets revolve around visits to "Bergs". They have been known to wake up before 10am especially for Bacon and Egg McMuffins and Hot Cakes.

2/ Conversations with these freaks consist of three topics - big rivers, sex and cars. Cars are a sex substitute for paddlers however, thus, there is no distinction between cars and sex for paddlers. Ask Kath about 'long schlongs' and she'll inform you of the merits of various gear sticks. Certain paddlers have been known to fantasise about naked females, bondage gear and engines in the same thought.

3/ Paddling is a very strenuous and demanding activity. It therefore requires high energy, nutritional snacks for lunch. Scroggin, muesli bars, chocolate perhaps? Nay, you're obviously a bushwalker. No aspiring kayaker would be caught dead without their 'Shapes' for lunch. Recommended flavours are barbecue, chicken or antisocial pizza shapes. See Andrew Lean for a complete guide to the Shapes range.

4/ A rubber fetish has been observed amongst some paddlers (though admittedly not to the degree exhibited by climbers, who have been known to argue over which are the best types of rubbers - personally I favour raspberry flavoured ones). Indeed, the current president took this to the extreme when he borrowed Lara's wetsuit to wear to a 21st. Rumour has it that Lara hasn't worn it since due to the noxious vapours still oozing from it.

Find yourself relating to this? Does the thought of paddling over blind drops with nothing but a mind numbing roar to indicate what's below get the adrenalin pumping? If not, don't worry. Stu and the gang will quickly bring you around to their version of sanity. Just come along to one of the sedate pool or yarra trips, and you'll have a ball.



Paddling Piles.



THE WHO, WHAT, HOW, WHERE, WHEN AND WHY OF M.U.M.C.

M.U.M.C. was founded 52 years ago by a bunch of "outdoorsy" students and academics and is still going strong as one of the biggest clubs on campus, having more than 600 members. The name, however, may seem deceptive as we are much more than just a "mountaineering" club. We go rockclimbing, bushwalking, cross-country and XCD skiing, caving, paddling and rogaining as well as mountaineering.

Who's in charge?

The club is run by the committee, which is comprised of the convenors for each activity, a prez, vice prez, secretary, assistant sec., treasurer, publications officer, safety convenor, conservation convenor, gear store officer and a general member. These people are elected at an A.G.M. in July each year, and Naughtons afterwards is always a huge night. (Although the club gets discounts at the Clyde, it is not advisable to disgrace ourselves at that salubrious establishment on this particular occasion.)

Club happenings.

The Mountaineer is the club's official magazine. In it you will be able to read about club trips, see photos of people doing silly things, and catch up on the latest goss.

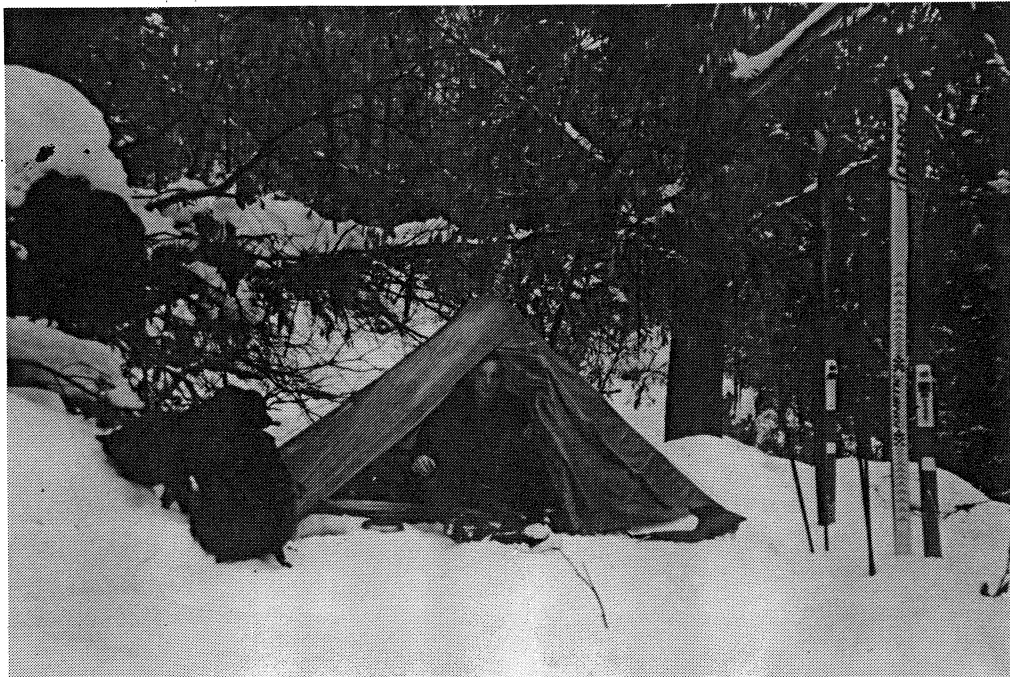
M.U.M.C. also has a homepage on 'The Net' which you will find for the time being at:

<http://www.cs.mu.oz.au/~matthias/mumc/mumc.html>

Many members are also easily contactable on e-mail. See the address board in clubrooms for details.

How to take the plunge...

As a first year, making that first step to speak to someone in the clubrooms may seem like a daunting prospect, but once you do, you will realise that we are all really friendly people who share many of the same interests as you and who are keen to show you how the club works. Although your uni. workload may seem a little overwhelming, we promise you that you will still pass if you go on trips every weekend (we've all managed it, even though some have taken twice as long to complete their degrees).



Marcel Geelan camping at Mt. Stirling.

Where do I go ? When ? What do I do ?

Once you make your way over to the clubrooms (on the far side of the athletics track and cricket oval) which are open 1-2pm daily, and Tuesday evenings 7-8pm, you will find some green folders (OK. climbing has a blue folder) with "trip lists" inside them. These detail the up-and-coming trips in each sport, usually a few trips each weekend, and if you wish to go along, sign up on the list and **GO TO THE TRIP MEETING** (or phone the leader BEFORE the meeting). For trips that have a limited number of spaces, the places are allocated on a first in best dressed basis according to the list. However, do not despair if your name is at the bottom. All is not lost as long as you come to the meeting. Many people put their names down and never turn up, so they are deleted. If the trip is full - sorry, pick another trip. There is no use getting pissed off and demanding your membership fee back. The number limit on any trip is there for a reason, not because it was randomly picked out of the air. It will depend on safety aspects (so leaders can keep an eye on everyone), availability of cars (if you have one, your name will probably move up the list) and environmental concerns (fragile areas, such as alpine areas, can not support dozens of people walking through all at once). At the meeting, cars, tent partners, meeting times ETC. will be organised. Many of the trips at the start of the year are run for beginners, and are a great time to meet other M.U.M.C. members and learn from more experienced members.

But I don't have any gear (???)

Any camping gear that you may need (tents, packs, stoves ETC) can be hired from the club, and more specific gear such as climbing gear, skis, caving stuff, or canoes are also available.

Why ???

Well, we've dealt with the how, when, what and where. As for the answer to the question why, you will have to come on some trips and find this out for yourself. Many have said "Because it's there", but this is becoming a bit cliched. And anyway, who wants to spend 3 or more years at uni. without doing anything exciting????? Get a life and get on a trip. Now !!!!! Remember, many ordinary people have died without ever having lived! Don't be one of them.

See you at the clubrooms.

Lisa Flew.



MUMC Hut, Mt Feathertop.

In The Land Of The Long White Slope.

by Amber Mullens

To the left and right of me, all I can see are mountain peaks. Thousands of them. Behind me are even more peaks and then the Tasman Sea can be seen clear and blue. In front are still more peaks and then the flat, green farmland of the New Zealand South Island. The lack of trees is obvious from here. I can't see any sheep, but I know they are there. There is tonnes of snow. I smile to myself in anticipation. It's going to be great. Then I begin to worry. What if my poor excuses for telemark turns are not good enough for even the easiest runs? Lack of skiing ability isn't the only troubling thing. I can see apartment sized blocks of ice everywhere, evilly glinting in the sun, just waiting... Still, I have come too far to turn back. I lace up my boots. It's freezing here. The super-duper thermometer says negative 64°C. Brrrr. I glance around at the other four, feeling sure that their thoughts are the same as my own. "I think we have time for one more scotch and coke before we land".

Soon, we have all stumbled our way through customs. The skis finally arrive and we are then crammed in a bus on the way to Maui Van Central Headquarters. We meet Thomas, our Maui Van Co-ordinator. He works out everything except for the problem of why Russell Smith has lift passes and he is in Australia, but Chris Horsefold has no passes and he is in New Zealand. That fazes him totally and he never recovers. After waiting for the call from Australia to confirm that Chris is Chris and not Russell, we go outside to check the Maui Van, our home for the next week or so. Thomas proudly shows off the luxurious wood panelled ply-wood interior of the Maui. I wonder how 5 people are going to fit in this tank. Ange wonders how she will get some privacy with Dave before he leaves her for Indonesia as soon as they get back. Dave wonders where all the alcohol will fit. Chris wonders if the Maui is a good chick magnet. Rohan wonders if he can beat the land speed record he set in a similar hoon mobile the previous year. Thomas wonders whether he will see his beloved van in the same condition again. (By the way paddlers - apparently Maui's don't fit through Burg's drive-ins. There has been some terrible accidents involving old Ronald and the roof of the van).

Soon we are on the road, but only to Pak and Save for food. Here we stumble upon a whole half aisle of Vita-Fresh, hundreds of flavours. The food is put away and a liquor cabinet is unearthed. Everyone brings out their offerings to this alter. I have Baileys, "Mmmmm", "Do you think 1lt will be enough?"; Ange has Cointreau, "Yum", ; Dave has Kahlua, "Hey, B52's", Chris has Scotch, "Do we have enough coke?"; and Rohan has Southern Comfort. Silence. Then "Why the hell did you buy that?", and "I threw up on that when I was a youngster and I still can't even smell it without my stomach churning", "Me too", "That stuff is vile, why, why?". Rohan has a perfectly logical reason though, "I hate the stuff too, but I got it because Amber won't drink it". "Hmmm, Right..?"

Then we were really on the road, except it was the wrong road. Somehow, we were heading to Dunedin to pick up two more people Bron and Jim. Thankfully they have a tent or we'd all die of asphyxia in the van overnight. After nearly running over a street sign, we were finally, actually, on the road to Wanaka. We arrived at about 3am. Ange and I fought for the bed above the cabin. Ange won.



Amber Mullens skiing at Cardrona.



By the next morning, it was obvious that I was the real winner. While she might find the little alcove cosy, big Dave Wilson is just not meant to sleep in a space 1 x 1 metre. We headed off to Treble Cone (T.C. in the lingo), where we spent the next few days skiing. I found it quite a hard place to ski at. My telemarks were not up to it and I definitely wasted time and money by skiing there first. Sure, we had free lift tickets, but since we'd flown from Australia, free lift tickets do not equate to free skiing. On the first day, I broke the cable bindings on the Morrotos and had to ski on my downhill. A very weird feeling. I also discovered Keas. Any bird that enjoys ripping the rubber out of roof racks and chair-lifts, is a bird to be in awe of. Keas live above the snow line during winter - insulated from the cold by enormous mounds of perpetually accumulated vulcanised rubber.

While at TC, we also noticed several things about NZ. Snowboarding is HUGE. There are heaps of Japanese and they wear the most hideous clothes. I never realised that lame, velvet and sequins were good wet weather gear. (While we were there, a Japanese snowboarder was lost overnight in "just a cotton top". We knew this was a lie as no Japanese would dream of being seen in something so ordinary. She lived, so gaudy appears to be a real life-saver. Let's trade the gortex in for crushed spandex with a touch of beading.) Another thing, is that the NZers can't handle bad weather. At the slightest hint of a cold front, the locals pile in their cars and leave, even if they have just bought lift tickets. The chairlift shut early on the second day because a pair of skis blew off the ski rack next to the cafe. I kid you not. Now, NZ may have higher mountains, better snow etc, etc, but they can not work out a simple way to load people onto lifts to save themselves. I've been to Buller. I've seen how Grollo maximises his profits by making sure everyone has an equal wait for the lifts. Not so in NZ. Some towie has to choose you randomly from up to 12 waiting stations. This may be a reason for the elaborate Japanese ski-wear - the towies are unable to take their eyes off the gaudy ski-wear and so they are picked to catch the next lift.

We next headed to Cardrona, also near Wanaka. This place was ace for what I wanted. Long wide slopes with a mixture of hard and easy bits. Good fresh snow with a firm base underneath. We had to fit chains to the daggy van in order to make it up the mountain. By now, I was missing trees to ski amongst. While there are runs that have names in NZ, they generally don't mean much as you can ski anywhere. No wombats either, but they have all these nice puppy dogs sitting about. Oh, they are to dig the bodies out of avalanches. Nice touch. We had to buy lift tickets at Cardrona. The price of lift tickets is only a bit cheaper than at home, but the good thing is that they offer discounts for students (A\$30) and also reductions for bad weather (which isn't really bad weather).

The decision was made to head over the pass to Queenstown the following day. While Ange returned her skis at Wanaka, Rohan, Chris and I settled into the very comfortable surrounds of the Cardrona Pub. The gluhwein at Midnight Ascent is one thing, but the mulled wine at this place was phenomenal. Chris asked the barmaid what was in it after he had picked himself off the floor. The answer, "Alcohol". Thanks for the tip, we'll remember that next time. We finally decided it was wine not mulled wine. Everything became hilarious - skidoo tours, a cross country ski race for sheep farmers who claimed sheep did no environmental damage and a man who kept walking around us looking like something out of the wild-west - sheriffs badge, leather vest, bandanna, big leather tasselled boots, and even a six-shooter on the hip. I tell you, this drink's a wonder. Dave and Ange returned and wanted to know who rode Hi Ho Silver tied up out the front of the pub. Maybe we weren't so drunk after all. We piled into the Maui for the apparently dangerous, icy trip across the highest point on any New Zealand major (read 'dirt') road.

Luckily, we had drunk enough for the road ahead, but we had a few extra just in case, while Dave navigated the funky buggy up the mountain. Yes, it is possible to get one of these things totally airborne, believe it or not. Everything went everywhere except the glasses of Baileys which were gallantly and courageously saved.



Richard Kjar at Australian Universities Kayaking Championship.

Queenstown, Gold Coast of New Zealand. Apparently, it is quite a nice town in summer. Maybe the teenage girls staggering and vomiting down the main street didn't do much for me? (Bad memories of Southern Comfort?). Maybe it was just the ridiculously overpriced pasta from a tin at one of the leading restaurants? Who knows, but I thought Queenstown was a hole.

Next stop for the Bongo van was Coronet Peak (CP of course). This is one of the three major resorts in New Zealand with the ticket prices but not lifts to match. Why would anyone have a double access lift to two quads? Half an hour after buying our tickets, the weather turned nasty and naturally, the lifts all closed. Stirling on a sort of bad day is much worse. We skied back to the ticket office and threw a collective tantrum, telling them that we were quite happy to continue skiing. In the end, the manager threw our money back at us just to get rid of us. We all got a 100% refund. It is definitely worth kicking up a stink. One lift started again, but by this time we were happily ensconced in the funbug guzzling away. Unfortunately, Chris was still skiing, so we had to wait as the weather got worse and worse. Without the other Maui's providing shelter, things got a bit hairy as the wind buffeted us around. Finally, the silly downhill skier returned and we headed back, minus the Baileys and the Kahlua.

We returned to the laid-back atmosphere and bakeries of Wanaka for a few more days skiing and kea molesting. One night was spent outside the Cardrona pub after too many beers. We saw the wild west man while we were relatively sober. He called himself 'The Sheriff' and told us about a ghost that lived at the pub. We switched to beer when we worried that dressing in cowboy suits may be the long term effect of the wine-mull on the brain. This sleep anywhere aspect of the Maui was a winner and saved us heaps of money.

Mt. Hutt was the last ski stop for the Skiwi Cruiser. We stayed the night at the quaint village of Methven, or so Rohan described it. Hmmm. Find somewhere else. Mt Hutt is another of the big resorts, the other being The Remarkables near Queenstown which we didn't bother to go to. Mt Hutt really is a spectacular spot, they just need to fix the queuing system. It was icy while we were there, but with powder, it would have been pretty damn good indeed. Really long runs of all standards and good facilities.

Anyway, with the alcohol about to run dry (except the virgin Southern Comfort), it was time to head home with more duty free. In summary, would I go to New Zealand skiing again? Yes, but then I would go anywhere for a ski. At no stage did I find better snow than I found at Mt Feathertop for Midnight Ascent. It is usually windy in NZ. People say this is because the resorts are higher, however, this is generally not the case. The lifts and lift loading systems are archaic, but most of the ski areas are just club run ones with not much money. It seems that the big enticer is that the snow is more 'consistent' in New Zealand than at home and it isn't that much more expensive to get there and ski for a week and a bit. Also, chocolate bars in cafes located at the end of obscure ski runs cost only \$1, the same price as in NZ service stations. Why then, does it cost \$2 for a chocolate at Buller? Bastards.



Nigel Prior Comes to a quick stop. The Fainters.

Canoe Polo.

Yes, 1995 was another triumphant season for M.U.M.C. with "D" grade winning the grand final! (Rivals Monash, had three teams in this grade and none of them even made the semi's). There was also a large number of new M.U.M.C. members playing last season, with Novice, "E" grade and "C" grade teams!!! All of whom did very well.

Unfortunately, the season for 1996 has already started, so any new members this year wanting to try this sport will have to wait until next season. This will give you all plenty of time to get a team together, come to training nights (at the moment it is Tuesday nights at the Pool), which are basically learn how to "Eskimo roll" nights. This is also a great opportunity for all those keen kayakers to learn some basic skills, to be ready for the big white water in winter!

So come along, meet some people, or if you don't like water come along to the pub after training nights to make sure you are all getting enough carbohydrates (beer and nachos are full of them!)

See you at the pool.

Marcel Geelan.



Nigel Prior, Russell Smith, Johnno Wells, Marcel Geelan and Melissa Thomas.



A canoe Polo game in action.



New and Old Route Fever in MUMC Rockclimbing

By Scott Edwards

Over the summer, MUMC climbers searched far and wide for unclimbed rock in which to create their own five minutes of fame. Many of the climbs will be enshrined in print in official climbing guides and promptly forgotten (one would hope!).

Mt Erica - Mushroom Rocks Baw Baw Nat. Park

A fantastic little area with lots of cute tors littered throughout a Myrtle Beech forest. Soft, luscious grassy camping spots abound, it is easy to just kick back and forget why you came. Despite the distractions, Lisa and I managed to drag ourselves up a few of the classic climbs. A good introduction to the place is Mortein Rocks at the far end of the boulder field. BE LIKE THE ELEPHANT (19) is short but good for a laugh. There are no holds to speak of so you have to keep on frictioning up on your feet. If you stop in the one spot too long you will inevitably slide back down to the bottom. The best thing about Mt Erica slabs is that you don't know what's keeping you on the rock so it is no surprise at all to suddenly find yourself hurtling downwards. We also managed to put up some new routes on some of the overlooked walls. After much wirebrushing

and weeding, a great little flake climb appeared and was christened LITTLE THOR'S PISSWEAK BROTHER (11) in honour of the Arapiles classic. We also bagged a couple of other new routes in the Marquis Boulder area, one of the better ones being a frictional arete, CURSE OF LONO (19). Further downhill, Lisa put up a cute mini-route called DAMN, IT'S A JAM (11) on a pinnacle that bears a vague resemblance to D-minor pinnacle at Araps (well, sort of, we named it D-miniature pinnacle anyway).

Serra and Victoria Ranges Southern Grampians

Hoping to rekindle the spirit of MUMC adventure, Alex, Deb and I set off for the Southern Grampians. Unfortunately, the rain decided to visit the ranges at the same time so scrabble, crosswords and bitching were the order of the day. Anyway, the climbing bit. We checked out a new crag called Seclusion wall on the back of Mt Frederick in the Serra range. Alex and Deb managed to put up a couple of poxy new choss routes (destined for great obscurity) until the rain washed us off the crag. There are still new routes to be done in this area.



Alex Zdziarski bouldering on the Lake Bellfield Memorial Dam Boulder, Halls Gap.

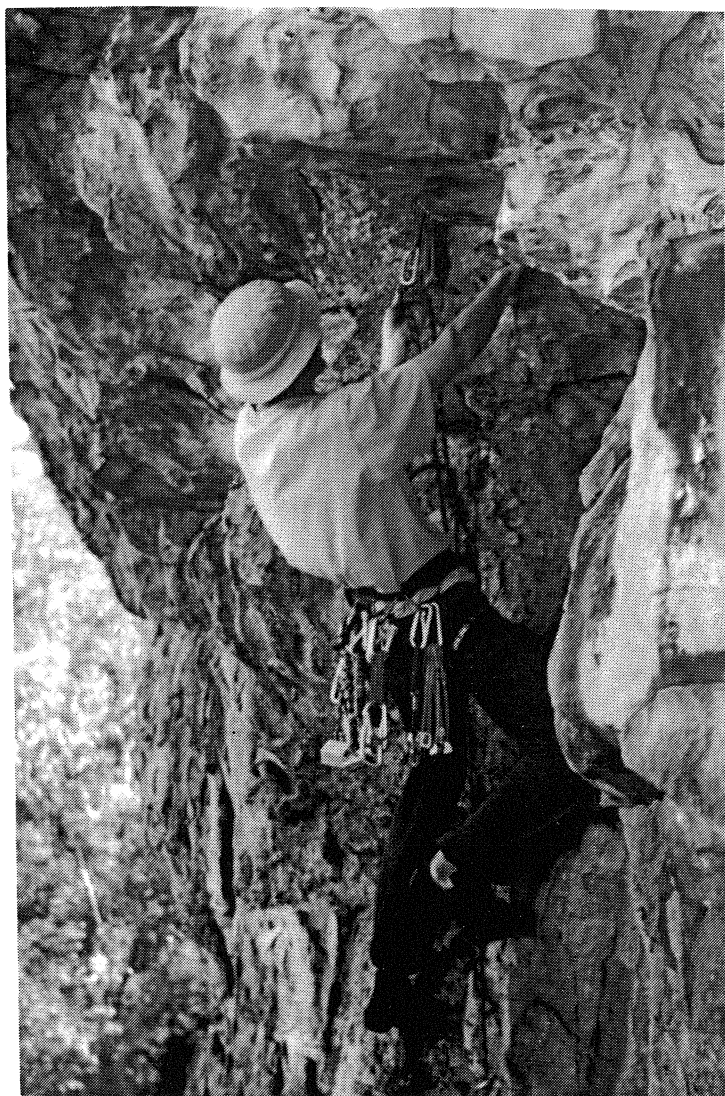
Perusal of ROCK Magazine back issues persuaded us to search for Water Race Wall in the southern Victoria Range. This small crag has 5 excellent climbs in the mid to late teens on superb rock. Alex managed to squeeze a new route in by following some intermittent cracks to make a nice grade 18. We found a crag behind Water Race and named it Wavecrest wall because of its rising headwall. Two prominent unclimbed lines beckoned, Deb took the left one which went at 17 on good rock. The right hand line was a little fragile but went more easily to me at 16. Behind this wall, Alex put up JAWS (18), a mini-route that took a little work (he fell) but he got it on his second try.

Further up the hill, on the skyline there is a larger collection of buttresses which we named Peregrine Cavern. To the right of the actual cavern, Deb put up a long 40 metre route on good rock and called it VAGRANT

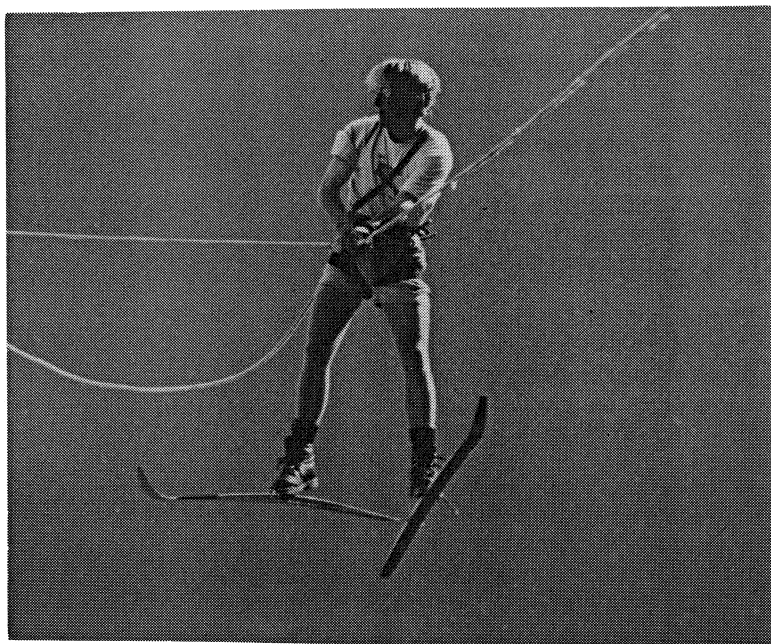
(13). I left Deb and Alex to their climb and found a wall below the cavern where I soloed a diagonal route, SHORT ECSTASY (14) and a short face, POINTLESS (11). There is still some potential for more new climbs but bolts are probably necessary. The routes we put up are to the best of our knowledge, first ascents (We checked guidebooks and updates and could find no record of them).

We also visited some of the more established cliffs during our adventures. The only thing worth mentioning was our day trip to Black lans' Rocks (Nth Grampians). Deb amused us no end by repeatedly taking wingers (bumbly translation - big falls) on popping gear (bumbly trans. - the metal things fell out) on CALL THE NEXT WITNESS (18).

Get out there and get your name in a guidebook today !

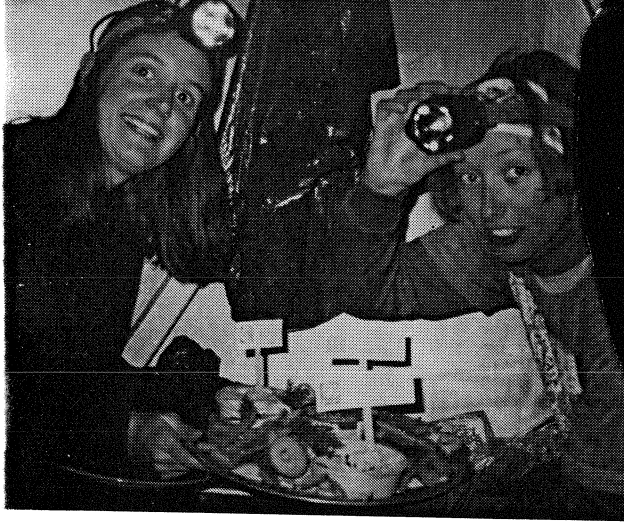
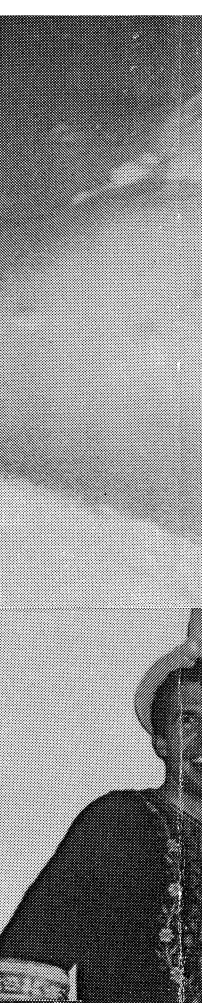
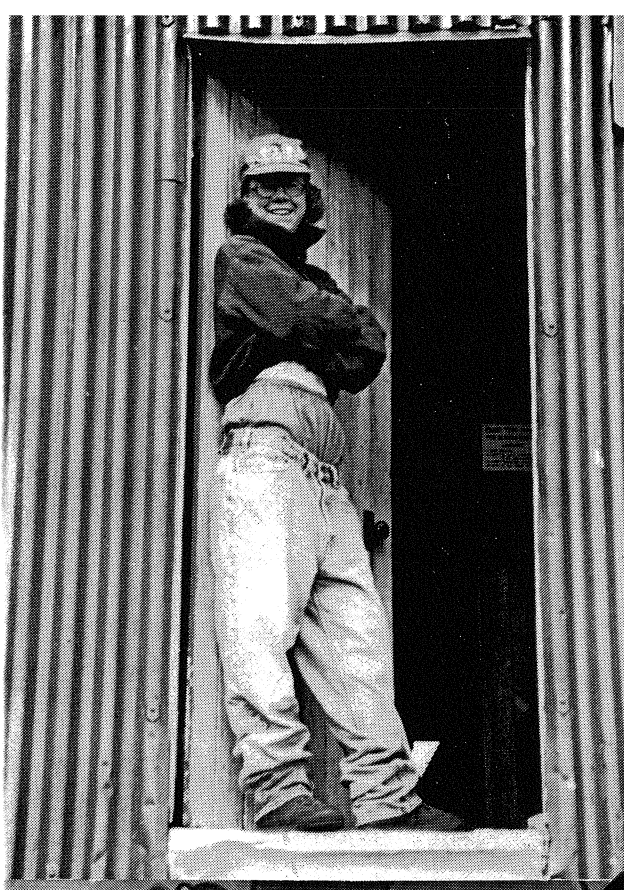


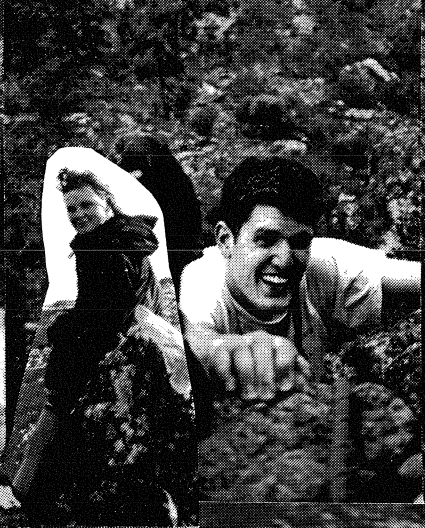
Simon Collins, Mt. Arapiles.



* abseiling during O-Week.









How To Look Like You Know What You Are Doing, When You Haven't Really Got A Clue.

You have joined the club. You have made it to the clubrooms. You have looked in one of the folders for a trip you want to go on - let's say a bushwalk. You have signed your name on the sheet and you have even turned up at the compulsory trip meeting which decides who can go and who can't. You are going. But what the hell do you take on this trip with you? You have never even been bushwalking before. It is just so scary. Fear not! We've all been in that situation, so here's a few tips;

Boots

The club has most of the gear you will need for any activity. What you will need, are some walking boots and the old adage applies - generally, you get what you pay for. The good news is that many walks at the start of the year are suitable for sand shoes, so you can find out if you like walking before you start handing out cash (or Visa cards). (The club does have ski boots and some friction boot available to hire.)

Clothes

In terms of clothing, you will also need to have your own thermal top and pants. You can borrow these from people, but thermals have an annoying habit of keeping all body odours, and people generally prefer they smelt of their own B.O. rather than someone else's. Cotton skivvies and T-shirts are not thermals. Everyone owns their own woolly jumpers, shorts, T-shirts, undies etc; so we don't need to worry about them here (although having multiple matching bra and undie sets seems to be very important in some other clubs). You will also need a gortex coat, which the club can lend to you. Don't leave home without one. A gortex coat is not the same as a pseudo Country Road quilted anorak. Generally, a gortex is the next expensive thing people buy after they get boots. In winter, you will need to have over-pants, but don't worry about those gorgeous fashion accessories until then.

Once you are into the swing of things, you will notice that polar-fleeces are the way to go. You will need to buy one in every colour and style if you are to get any measure of respect within the club. Gaiters are a great idea to have. They stop mud, snow, thorns, snakes and nettles, although, if worn with shorts, you are liable to get a nasty case of 'gaiter tan' across the knee which will clash badly with the Teva tan on your feet. Always carry a warm hat, a sun hat, sun screen and

sun glasses. Most people also like to have another pair of shoes with them - usually Tevas or runners. These are just worn around the camp site for comfort. By the way, never wear outside shoes in any tent except your own.

Gear

Gear now. You can never have enough, but firstly, you have to have something to carry it in. The club hires out day-packs and back-packs. For a day walk, any day-pack will do. Overnight walks mean a bigger pack. Try on a few until you find one that feels OK. Take it home and hide it in your cupboard. Very Naughty. Do not do that.

The most important thing for you to carry is a water bottle. Buy a plastic one from Safeway, or a super-duper aluminium one from the gear stores. It needs to hold 1lt. and make sure the lid doesn't drip. Many people carry empty wine cask bladders with them that they fill with water at each camp site. We don't advocate drinking cask wine - only using the inner.

Next of all, you need a tent and a sleeping bag. Along with a pack, owning these items is what everyone aspires to. (Naturally, by the time you do own them, there are a million more things to buy. A gear freak never has everything.) For your sleeping bag, always grab an inner sheet as well (they keep you warmer and protect the sleeping bag), and you'll need a thermarest or closed cell mattress to sleep on. Gear freaks need a thermarest pillow for sweet dreams, but you can get by with clothes in a pile or in a stuff sack. To equip your tent, you'll need a stove of some sort and a torch. I also carry a candle lantern, it's cheaper to run for extended periods than my petzl head torch. Everyone has to start the walk with their own sleeping bags (whether or not they use them themselves or later decide to share is entirely up to them), but of course not everyone needs their own stove and tent. Your leader will organise for you to share with someone you'll end up blaming for the whole trip turning into a complete nightmare. Your stove needs fuel. Don't forget this.

Map and compass? Pffff, who bothers with them. Hopefully your leader does and can even use them (although in hindsight, it has been found that this is not always the case) and you can learn to use them as you go

along. You can get all these things from the club anyway.

First Aid. You should carry stuff for blisters. First Aid packs are available from the clubrooms, or see Andrew Selby-Smith for more information.

Toilet Paper

These things must be mentioned. You will need to bring toilet paper. This is important and people have had to do desperate things with Jackie Collins novels when they didn't have any. Also, a plastic trowel is a good idea, but again the leader will organise this. There are lots of rules for going to the toilet, for example, make sure you are a long way from water. Check out the pamphlets in the clubrooms if you are unsure. Already, many New Zealand lakes and quite a few Australian ones have been polluted due to people crapping too closely to them. Do not be one of these people, there are NO excuses.

Food

One of the most important things to carry is food. This is where most new-comers get into trouble. You can munch on 2 min noodles if you want to. You can bring any of those dried pasta dishes or Vesta meals. They are perfectly acceptable and very light. You can even go up-market and snap up some special freeze dried meals from the gear stores. For an overnight or few nights walk, you can get away with a bit of extra weight. I like a risotto with fresh mushrooms, or a green Thai curry. Naturally, my party will have snacked on dips and cheeses before this, maybe followed by a cup-a-soup, all why sipping a well aged cask port. Dessert is a problem. How do you ram in that cheesecake or chocolate mousse when you still have a packet of Tim Tams to suck port through to go? Breakfast can be cereal with powdered milk (there is a reason why some

powdered milks are more expensive - it's called taste), however, at least one club member eats a round of brie cheese followed by a block of chocolate. You are only limited by how much you can carry and the weather. Chicken fillets will not last in a hot pack, but if skiing, just whack them in the snow. Try not to carry anything in cans or bottles. Remember all rubbish must be carried out. Also, wrap things that might leak, and remember no amount of protection will prevent a cask of port from leaking if you jump up and down on the pack.

Scroggin. No, it's not something seen in naughty magazines. It's the bag of yummys you take to munch on during the trip. Guard it.

On the walk, if your boots are hurting, stop immediately and put on more bandaids or second skin. Many people need to dress their ankles before they begin the walk. If the pace is too fast for you, do not be ashamed to tell the leader. There are many reasons for different walking paces. Some people, no matter how fit, are naturally slow walkers. You should only worry if you are slowing your party down because you are carrying a portable stereo, a slab of beer and a hairdryer.

Finally, an item that is not necessary, but will make you very popular. A car. If you have a car, the chances are you will be able to go on any trip you desire.

So there you have it. Well, some of it anyway. At least enough to get you started. It is different being at university, but basically we are nice guys who will help you. As with all things at university, it is up to you to make the effort. Do it.



Derek Fable mountaineering in Antarctica.

Mountaineering in New Zealand.

Andrew Selby-Smith

2/1. Walked out the door at 12.24pm bound for NZ, loaded down with 33kg of gear. My feelings of trepidation were not helped by a 1.5 hour delay in the flight to Sydney.

The weather at Sydney is wet, dark and dismal. The baggage handlers outside are having fun skidding the small jeeplike transports around. They are good at it. They must do it a lot.

I am now aboard the plane to New Zealand. Our speed, distance from departure, altitude and outside air temp are shown on screens on the bulkheads - the perfect thing to indulge my boyish fascination (Ed. Why does this need to be "boyish"? I was not aware that, as a female, I am not allowed to find these things interesting).

All my feelings of trepidation are gone now and I am now totally committed. There is no going back. As in climbing, any situation of total commitment sharpens the mind and focuses all one's mental and physical power on the next few moves (Ed. and you don't think this happens in skiing or kayaking?). The quiet whirr of the engines warming up creates a strong feeling of expectation. I am about to leave Australia for the first time in 14 years. Here Goes!

I am now in air space somewhere above the Tasman, racing along at over 1,000 km per hr at a height of 9000m. The air temperature is 30 below. I am now in the death zone - the region above 7000m. If I were outside, I would pass out from lack of oxygen within 30 seconds and die soon after. But I am wearing trackies and a T-shirt and writing in complete comfort.

3/1 2.42 am. I am now in Christchurch after having to dig my tent out of my pack in customs. I was told the airport ATM was locked in the domestic terminal (shit!). Woke up again at 7.30. The country appears to be almost identical to Australia, except for the extra difficulty in understanding people. I had better be careful I don't make any erroneous assumptions. My mind is now focused on the challenges and excitement to come. Met Dylan Shuttleworth at the arranged meeting place OK. Went shopping, but Dylan cannot pull money out of walls because the machines don't accept his card. Luckily he has enough traveller's cheques to last a while, so he should be able to come up with a solution by the time they run out. Over dinner we were laughing about Rappelling, "Auckland latest off the wall craze". The article in the newspaper says "Imagine standing on the 10th floor of the Novotel Hotel and being asked to jump off face first... The rope are specially made, have minimal stretch and a three way braking system (?). The jumps last between 10-15 min". If it is 10 floors and takes 10 - 15 min, it's not a jump, it's shit boring! It looks exactly the same as the Redmond Barry abseiling and they charge \$50!! What a rip off.

4/1 Got up at 6.50 for the bus to Mt. Cook. The weather is wet, foggy and dismal. Very little of interest to see except two cars in a head on collision which seemed to rebound 20m after the accident. Pretty horrifying. Finally saw my first NZ hills after the flatness of Christchurch, mysterious things rearing steeply into the clouds. Finally arrived at Murwin at 11pm. A cloud bank has hovered 200-300m above our heads all day, coming down to 50m at night. The local hills, especially behind the hut, look very spectacular.



Dylan Shuttleworth and Andrew Selby-Smith (and others) mountaineering in Aotearoa.

5/1. Today was "Interesting". We caught a chopper from the airport to the Tasman Saddle Hut after waiting several hours for the clouds to clear. In the ride up, we had stunning views of the massive East Face of Cook and close up views of the ridges on the RHS of the Tasman Glacier. The rock looks very rotten, scree slopes everywhere. There were several small crevasses on the walk to the hut, only 10 -20 cm wide, although I did go in a hidden one up to my hip when walking to the hut- an unpleasant surprise. The hut is pretty good. It is bolted down to an outcrop above the glacier which is 100m below. Hochstetter Dome (Ed. Why is there a mountain named after a character from Hogan's Heroes?) is above us and Mt. Darwin faces us across the glacier. The entire environment here is very spectacular, massive peaks all around, huge rock buttresses, hanging glaciers, crevasses all over the place etc. The weather forecast for tomorrow is good, hopefully we'll have more luck than Phil Towler and Geoff Sinclair. They had five straight days of storm on a 10 day course. The outside toilet is a nice one, compared to Dan Colborne's Pioneer Hut toilet. This toilet has a long stick with a round piece of plywood on the end. On one side of the handle is inscribed 'poo pusher stick' and on the other 'instructions for use - use your imagination'. Pretty funny. There are seven people in the hut including us.

6/1. Up at 6.45 and then off to Mt Aylmer in whiteout conditions but no air movement. I had to wear crampons for the first time. Unfortunately there was no view from the summit. Did some top-roping on the way down to practise steep climbing, however, it was difficult and frustrating due to rotten ice buried under deep snow. I am looking forward to the hard ice - far easier and more secure. Callum, our guide, is pretty quiet, but competent and knowledgeable. My boots are performing well, completely dry and no sore spots at all.

7/1 Got up at 5.30 for the usual breakfast of tough toast and roasted muesli. Headed for the 9144 glacier for self arrest practise and T-slot anchor construction. We planned to ascend Mt Abel by the east ridge, but it was out of the question due to the shittiness of the rock. We descended to the bottom of the main buttress on the northern side and climbed up that. It was rather exposed and there was loose rock everywhere. We amused ourselves on the summit by throwing rocks down the steep snow. Great fun and very childish/boyish. Back at the glacier, we constructed T-slot anchors for prussiking practice. We put our packs and gear on to mimic a real crevasse rescue. Callum told me to jump into the crevasse. I thought I would be lowered in, so it was quite a while before I could convince myself to slide off the edge, trusting totally to the security of my T-stake anchor. A few minutes later, Dylan joined me in the crevasse. I had fallen 7m, further than Callum had expected due to the rope cutting into the crevasse lip. I was only 1m above the floor. I didn't like jumping in but prussiking out was great fun!

8/1. Oh god, what a fucking awful climb. More tomorrow.

9/1. OK, about yesterday. Left the hut at 4am on a good freeze under a clear sky, bound for the north face of Annan (grade 4). The climb started well on good rock, but after that, there was a lot of exposed scrambling on terrifyingly loose rock. A slip would have meant a nasty fall. We roped up for 4 pitches of very hard climbing on vaguely acceptable rock. Reached the top of the second step at 1pm. By 4pm, we were below a roof. Callum attempted to aid it, before backing off amidst a lot of frantic swearing. In the end, he aided under, out and around the overhanging roof. We then made it to a rock arete formed by 2-3kg rocks. It was fantastically exposed and fantastically scary. I have never experienced anything like it and I hope I never will again. A lot more scrambling later, we arrived at a snow arete leading to the summit ridge. The true summit was 50m to our right, but along really bad rock and time was running out (it was 7pm), so we began the descent. We arrived back at the hut at 10pm, after 18 hrs on the go - only 6 short of a rogaine.

Today we woke at 9. A couple that are sharing the hut (Adrian and Claire) are not back and we are getting worried. Spent a lot of the day searching for them on the north face of Mt. Darwin. A rescue chopper searched for them later in the day and found them on the summit ridge. They must have signalled they were OK because the chopper returned to the village. It is now 10pm and they will probably have to bivvy again. They have been on the mountain for 39hrs and we know that the batteries in their head torches are low and their sleeping bags are in the hut.

10/1 Adrian and Claire got back at 6am, OK but tired. We practised Z-pulleys on the glacier. We also learnt some prussik knots and a rather clever prussiking technique. Climbers can ask me for a demo on my return. Non-climbers who found the above incomprehensible needn't worry, you haven't missed much (Ed. too right they haven't, I deleted most of it!).

11/1 Boring day. Foggy and drizzly. Tomorrow's forecast is worse. Gale force winds and a shitload of rain. Hut life is very frustrating as I do not know the other people well enough to understand them when they are speaking. There is lots of laughter am I'm not in it.





12/1 Today we walked out from Tasman Saddle Hut to the road, about 24km and 10hrs. Bed and shower were a real luxury.

13/1 The last days of the course are not amounting to much. Today was spent shopping and washing. Found a new climbing partner though, Rob from the US. He is a quiet bloke but very fit. We are planning to spend two weeks climbing. Dylan has been trying to contact Dan Colborne to climb with him as he is now looking for a climbing partner - I wish him luck.

14/1 Went rockclimbing with Dylan and Callum. Also found out that my Aussie Eftpos card doesn't work. I now owe lots of people money.

15/1 Spent 9 hours carrying all our gear plus 10 days food to De La Breche Hut. No-one else is at the hut. No solar lights though, so back to head torches.

16/1 Today is the rest day to recover from yesterday and prepare for tomorrow. Very frustrating as the conditions are perfect.

17/1 Left the hut at 4am and made it to 2500m by 9am, when strong winds and ugly clouds came over the main divide and convinced us to turn back. An hour later, the sky was clear, but it was too late to go back. I feel pissed off, but given the weather conditions at 2500m, I feel we made the right call. There are now 13 people in a hut that sleeps 6, and at least 5 more on the bivvy rock below. I will have to be tolerant, but it was known yesterday that there would be at least 12 people here. I am pissed off that so many climbers must have been aware of this and yet been too lazy to walk straight out to Ball Shelter in one go.

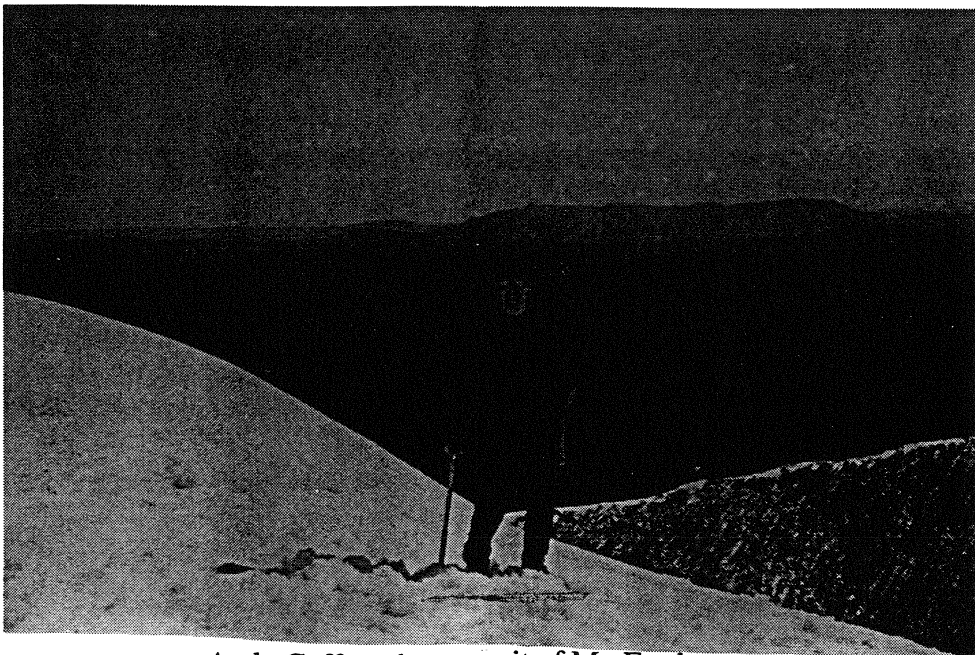
18/1 Left the hut at 7.45 due to Rob sleeping through his alarm. there was no way we were going to spend the day hut bumming, so we decided to make an attempt on the Minarets anyway. This time we reached 2500m at 10.40am and that was the last of the easy stuff. After lots of scary stuff, we summited the highest peak at 5pm. Awesome views from my first 3000m peak - no wind or clouds. On the descent through the snow basin, I dropped the ice hammer - Bugger. Now I need two, one for myself and one for Dylan. Had to jump across a big crevasse - a three metre jump with a 2m drop to the lip. Got back at midnight. Rob had to sleep outside due to lack of space, poor sod.

19/1 Thank god all the hut bums left this morning, although some sod stole our bread and honey. Spend the day recovering.

20/1 Left the hut to walk to Tasman Saddle Hut, which is empty and there is lots of food for us to scrounge. We can probably stay another week (Ed. and wouldn't the sub-editor love that!).

21/1 Attempted Elie de Beaumont, but were unsuccessful due to seracs blocking the way. Practiced some ice climbing instead.

22/1 Foul weather. Spent the day indoors playing cricket, hacky sack and 500. Going to the toilet is a scary experience in the wind, especially having to wait for a lull in the wind before the door can be pushed open to leave it. I have a stomach virus or something at the moment, but I should be able to shake it before the good weather arrives.



Andy Gaff on the summit of Mt. Feathertop.

23/1 Got up late and wandered over to Kelman Hut. It is pretty impressive large and comfy. Everyone was out except for a guide who had hurt her back slipping down the stairs on the way to the toilet. There has been lots of snow overnight. A book called "Dianetics. The Modern Science of Mental Health" has been selected for use as the toilet paper. It is already full of shit as it is.

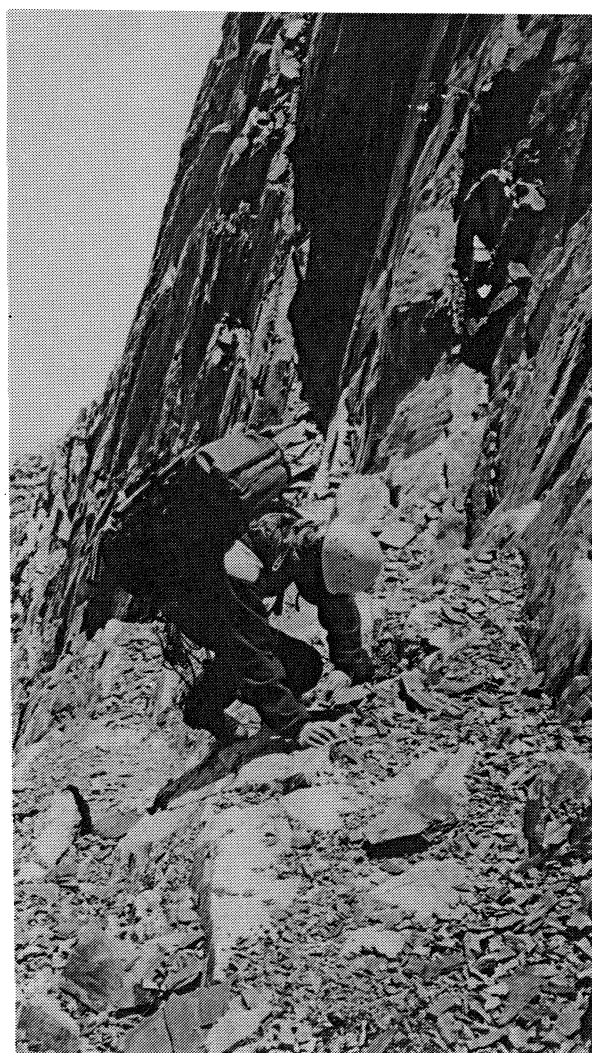
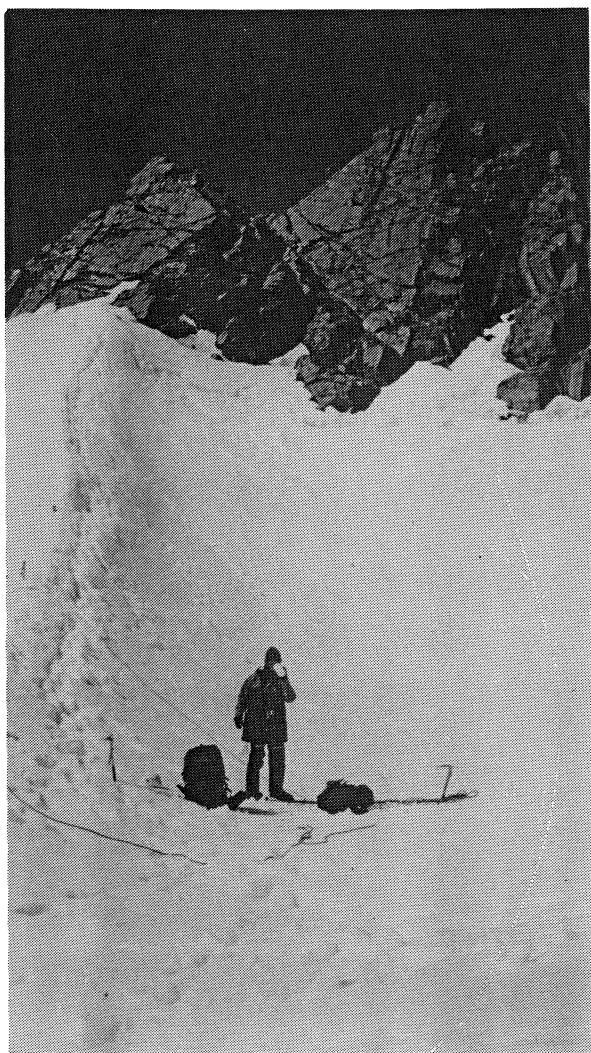
24/1 Foggy with lots of fresh snow. Spent all day playing Patience - seven Ruffle Shuffles followed by a cut really randomises the pack and makes it hard to win. I know because I played for 10 hours! The rest of my time was spent reading through my Collins Gem German Dictionary. I am up to page 20 of 300. I figured it was really good value for weight as it takes so long to read.

25/1 The peak bagging spree has began. We left on a concrete freeze and got up to the plateau between Mt Green and Mt Walter in 2 hours. The fast time enabled us to climb Mt Green, which we soloed on a hard ice covering. Then we went across the plateau and up and over Mt Walter to the saddle between it and Elie. The freeze still held so we set off up the face of Elie. Rob soloed an extremely exposed traverse and then set up a belay so I can follow on top rope. More pitches followed and then the slope leveled out for a while. We had to rope up for the final two steep pitches on hard ice to the summit. I lead ahead of Rob, but I waited for him so we could step onto the summit together. Elie de Beaumont, 3111m, my second 3000m peak and the highest I have ever been. Very mystical and almost holy. We decided not to bivvy at the saddle, but came straight down the Anna glacier. After crossing a number of hairy crevasses, we made it to the gully where we had practised our ice climbing. We had to dig a snow bollard to rap into the gully. It was now really foggy, making it very eerie walking back to the hut. Finally arrived back at 10pm.

27/1 Walked out to Unwin. It was the usual nightmare.

28/1 Rob has invited me to go paddling with him in Fjordland. I had been planning to spend all my time climbing, but it sounds like fantastic fun and I am a good little Oxo who likes trying new things!!

Not much else to say. Diary 2 will be started in Fjordland. Now, looking back up the Tasman Glacier to the Minarets and Elie de Beaumont, I feel nothing but satisfaction and happiness.



Mountaineering scenes in New Zealand.

TROG DIP EXTRAVAGANZA

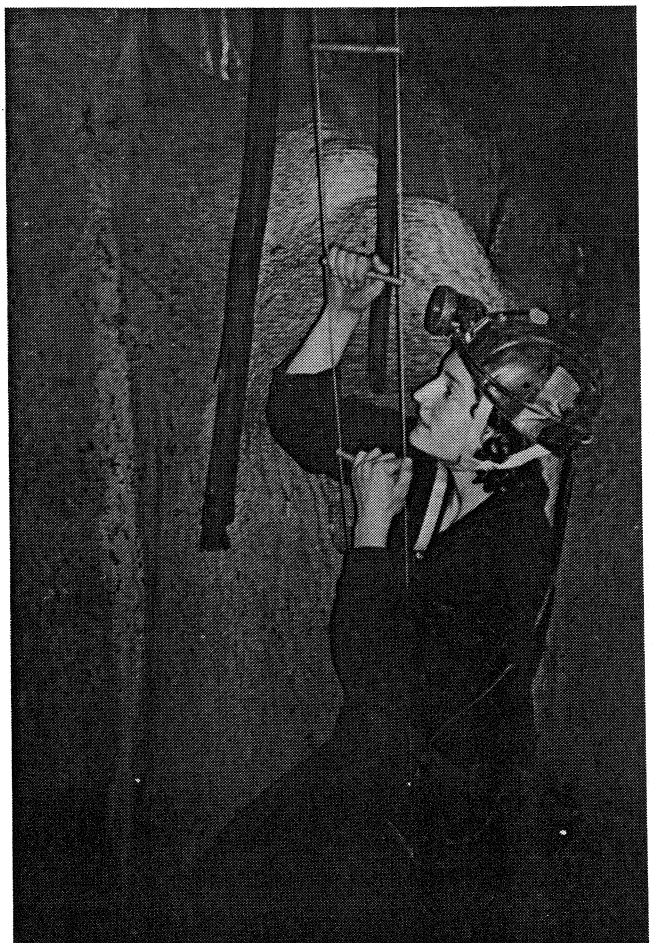
As we made our way down the river valley the increasingly thick and prickly scrub made it inevitable that we were going to get wet. Ahh, I love that feeling of cold water trickly into boots. As socks become soaked there is no longer any point in trying to stay dry. Wading further downstream the valley becomes more gorge like, with limestone cliffs plunging straight into the western side of the river. We continued down the river until a black cavernous hole in the cliff beckoned. The elusive Trog Dip ...

The anticipation of what was to come was huge. As expected, the trip so far had not been without a hiccup or two. Arrival at Buchan at 2:30 am wasn't too bad. I guess it was better to have a car break down in Melbourne than on the trip, and for the aforementioned car not to be the major form of Trog Dip transportation. The most tremendous journey of Alex, Lara, Joel, Pete and Kim continued, as narrated by Pete ... (I love finishing paragraphs with dots ... it adds a sensation of suspense don't you think ?...)

After locating Trog Dip, following many river crossings and scrub manipulation, the excitement was mounting. *(More likely the impatience, after considerable time of "Are we nearly there?, Are you sure you know where you are going, Kim?")* Three hours later, the big lead was located. This was a rather interesting tunnel which seemed *(did!)* to get smaller, wetter and muddier with the distance crawled, slid or swam. Along the way there were speliotherms (nice sparkly things) to look at. Unfortunately the water level reached the roof *(or did the roof come down to the water??)*. Kim confirmed this by only managing to go as far as a single eye and nostril would allow. This somewhat impeded our progress in the search for the elusive vaults. *(Apparently some really spectacular formation.)* A retreat to the Murrindal River and its natural spa baths was the result.

Sunday was spent exploring for, and in, some new caves (for this generation of MUMC cavers) and revisiting old faves. The first pitch of Stirlings Cave was executed most elegantly by ladder, only to discover some nice squeezey bits that will have to be returned to. Joel and Pete were introduced to the delights of the entrance to the-not-so-mysteriously named Centipede cave.

Caving has the most peculiar effect on some people. A particular example is the most graceful Madame Z, who has been seen making fashion statements with bright pink tube tape, and his obsession with the little toys that come with Milky Ways (just like a Kinder Surprise but only better, apparently). One SRT (single rope technique - ie. dropping down long vertical bits in caves on one rope, then climbing back out again), trip saw the purchase of a little box of plastic pieces in Baimsdale.



Lara Ross caving.

45 minutes later (these things are quite challenging for the average young twenty something to assemble), Percy the Patrol Man was born. Percy then proceeded to pollute this prose with his proverbial pandemonium. Percy the perverted patrolman politely persuaded the party to promptly proceed to the potholes. After passionately penetrating the paddock, we (or at least Alex) pranced primly towards Baby Pierre. After perusing and peering into the passage we plunged into the pitch blackness. (I must interrupt Percy to say that the real purpose of this trip was to go caving. Alex and Kim were led by Phil in descending over 150m during the weekend, including 2 caves that were new to all of us. The weather in Buchan was, well, typical I guess. The windscreen wipers were not amazingly effective against the sleet (or snow?!?) that splotted onto it for most of the weekend. The second pitch of Baby Pierre wasn't must of an escape from the outside elements as it was a small waterfall at the time of descent.) Upon exit we perspired and panted as we purposely prussiked up the pitch.

More queerness from Alex and his alter ego Madame Z -

"My God Phil's a sexy fellow"

Tip for the less well endowed - "Eat steroids to get a big chest"

Madame Z's fantasy #1 - A well known hairy chested climber table top dancing in a short pink skirt, with a pig-tail hair style.

Regardless of all of this crap, caving is ace. There is always something new to explore, look at, crawl through, squeeze through, manipulate through... It can be wonderfully muddy and wet (Did you know that there are at least five different individual varieties of cave mud?). [Ed. including bat shit?] There are fantastic sparkly things to gaze at. In a cave the world becomes truly 3 dimensional, sometimes like there is no gravity (Just ask a curly, twisted helictite). It is the most fun that you could ever have in a dark muddy hole in the ground!!!!

Kim Ely - Caving Convenor.



Alex Zdziarski (yes it is), Kim Ely, Pedro and Lara Ross.



Conservation Report.

Well for all those new M.U.M.C.'ers out there, here is just a quick note about what happened in the club last year with regard to conservation. Through the hard work of Anouk Fawns, the club was given a grant to fix up the Tom Kneen Track (a walking track used by the club each year to reach MUMC hut and the summit of Mt. Feathertop) in 1994. As all the money was not spent that year, we were allowed to continue working on the track in 1995. It is now in very good condition and will only need patch up work in the following years. We also had time to fix up another heavily used track to the summit, the Bungalow Spur Track, and fix up Federation Hut, which now has a new roof and new furniture!!

Below is a copy of the report we had to send off to the project grants organiser.

Dear Ms. Fowler,

RE: File Reference 94/1132.

Repairing and Preventing erosion of the Tom Kneen Track (Alpine National Park).

Objectives:

The main objective of the project was to repair existing erosion and prevent further erosion of the Stony Creek Section of the Tom Kneen Track (formerly North West Spur Track).

This was achieved by:

- Building 3 bridges across gullies and creeks,
- Benching the track,
- Adding drains to the track,
- Brush-cutting,
- Building steps on steep sections with retaining walls.

In addition, the project was extended to include work on the Bungalow Spur Track.

This included:

- Benching the track,
- Adding drains to the track,
- Brush-cutting,
- Building steps on steep sections with retaining walls,
- Re-roofing Federation Hut,
- Maintenance of the pot belly stove,
- Building chairs (have a look at them next time you're there)



The work was carried out in conjunction with the Rangers from the Bright D.C.N.R. Over the four weeks that we conducted the work, we had 105 person days on the track.

Incomplete tasks:

Due to bad weather, the work on the Bungalow Spur Track was not fully completed.

Benefits to the Community and the environment.

- Safety!
- Relieving pressure on the Bungalow Spur Track,
- Reduced erosion of the area,
- Easier access to pristine wet-sclerophyll forest.

The community was made aware of the project in a letter to The Alpine Observer on Tuesday, November 8, 1994.

Expenditure Report:

The grant was spent over two periods: December 1994 and December 1995. The following is a breakdown of the expenditure of the grant.

1994**1995**

Item	Amount	Item	Amount
Petrol/Maintenance	700.00	Petrol/Maintenance	585.00
Tools	644.00	Tools	119.00
Camping fees	270.00	Materials	458.30
Photocopying	20.30	Film & Processing	25.00
Total	1704.30	Camping Fees	64.00
Amount Remaining	1325.70	Total	1251.30
		Amount Remaining	74.40

We would like to thank you for giving us this opportunity in participating in the Project Grants Program. We look forward to future involvement in the program. We would also like to acknowledge the assistance of the D.C.N.R. in Bright, in particular, that of Craig Hore.

Yours sincerely,

Nigel Prior
Treasurer
M.U.M.C.

Marcel Geelen
Conservation Convenor
M.U.M.C.

I would like to that everyone who volunteered there time to help with the track work which was a great deal of fun.

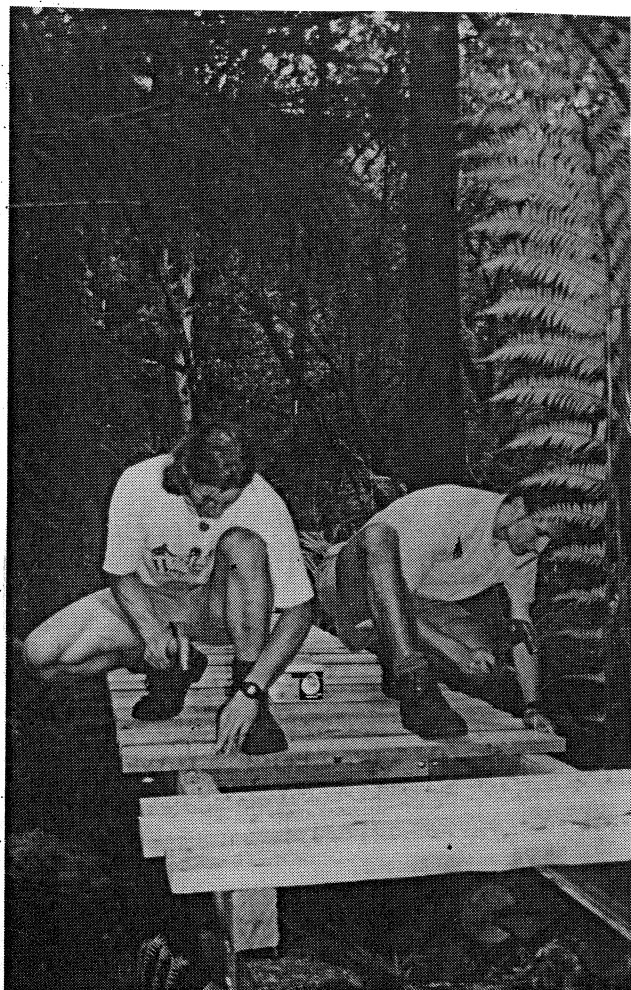
Marcel Geelan.



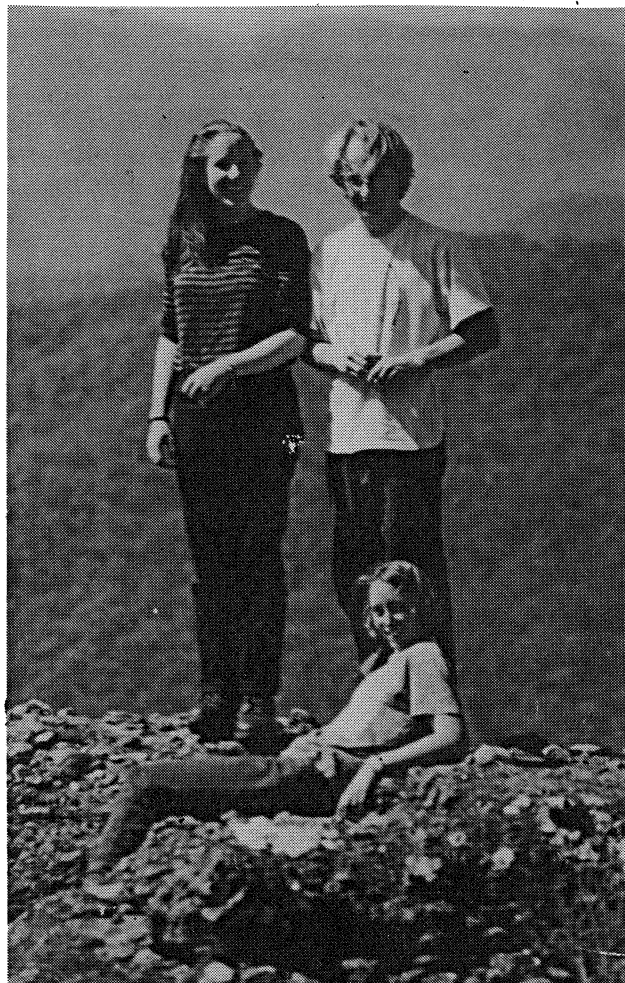
Track maintenance, Mt. Feathertop.



Mt. Feathertop Track Work.



Marcel Geelan and Stu Richardson build the new bridge on the Tom Kneen Track.



Soph, Sam and Jen, Mt. Feathertop.



The maintenance team at Federation Hut, where they put a new roof on the hut and built new furniture.

My Favourite Toilet

By Scott Edwards

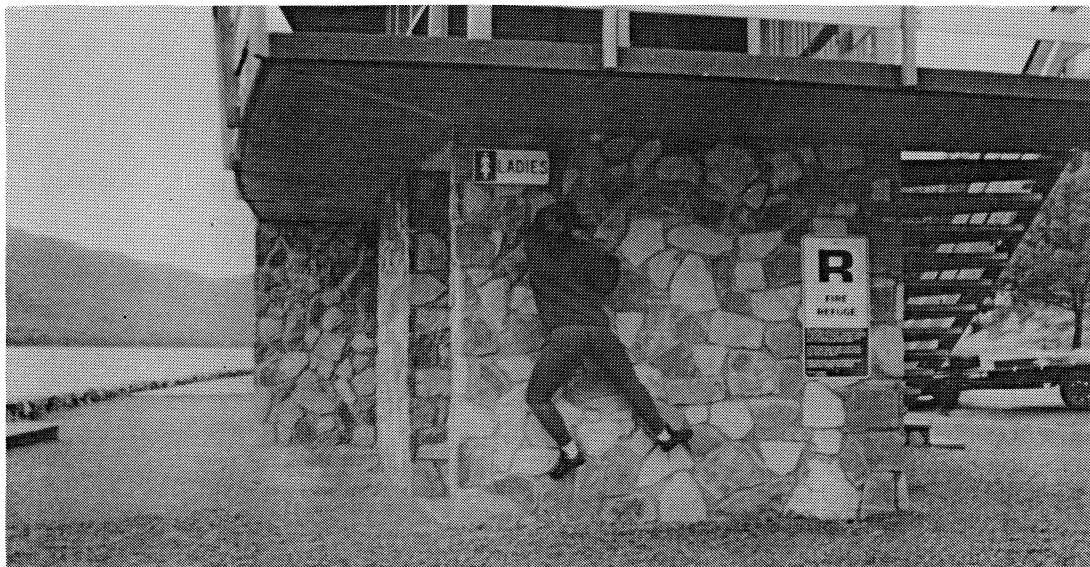
A number of great toilets came to mind when I contemplated writing this article. Some of the dunnies in Southwest Tasmania have the most amazing views and the breeze up your bum from the Mt Arapiles composting toilet is always a delight. What many of these wondrous conveniences lack is multi-functionality. A toilet should not be just a toilet. My favourite place to defecate (love that word) is obviously the Lake Bellfield toilet block and lookout. You can have a crap, walk out the door, strap your rockclimbing boots on, traverse right around the sucker and then veg out up top on the observation deck. The view overlooks the dam wall and quarry opposite but if you strain your neck to the side, the cliffs overlooking the lake are quite tantalising (but too far to walk to !). Now that's a multi-purpose building.

The traverse :

It looked like it would go easily but to our surprise the mortar fills up many of the potential fingerholds. Many of the moves are real tendon straining, fingery crimps and some of the moves are quite technical. One of the harder sections is in front of the Ladies which always amuses and perplexes the tourists (especially those wishing to use the toilet).

It should be noted that a memorial boulder to the dam is located nearby and has a couple of good boulder problems.

Boulder and Bog on to your hearts and bowels content !!!



Slush

Dan Colborne reflecting on O-week - "They get younger every year don't they. It's great! You feel like you were doing illegal things even when you weren't."

Andy Gaff- "Nigel can you please stop massaging my snake (referring to a bike tube)".

Andy Gaff- "First I thought to play chasesy in the grape vines would be fun, but I think I'll have to come back and have sex amongst them!"

Kate Bradshaw - "OK, but only if we do it in a cornflower field after that."

Anonymous quote (it was probably Phil) - "Now that we are wet and cold we may as well take our clothes off."

A choralling member of the committee was very excited about seeing the ex-first aid officer at the Midsumma Festival with another guy - remember, two's company....

