

# THE MOUNTAINEER

Magazine of The Melbourne University Mountaineering Club

October 1996



# EDITORIAL

Hi All. Welcome to a new season of the Mountaineer. I've finally got my first issue out. A huge thankyou to my assistant editor and collator and organiser, Scott E. (please note, I am not responsible for all of those rude comments in your articles). Also thanks to Carys who kept me company in the dark room with the bromider.

First things first, congrats to Kath and RAK and all their helpers for a hugely successful IV. Everyone I've spoken to had a huge time (literally) and Marty was overjoyed when he won a brand new kayak. It's a shame he doesn't paddle !!

Listen out for a Christmas Party date. It will be a BBQ and piss-up near the clubrooms and dancing later on. It should be sometime in mid-December so keep your ears to the ground. Don't miss out because it's always a huge night.

With exams and holidays creeping up on us, the clubrooms won't be open much at lunchtimes, but will still be open on Tuesdays from 7-8pm. Hopefully there will also be a notice on the door advising on upcoming trips etc.

Good luck to all those with exams and essays and stuff.

See you soon  
Lisa Flew.



**Ms Ed. with a former bushwalking convenor fondly known to many as Shammy the Asshishtant Shecretary**



**A slightly more debaucerous Midnight Ascent where Steve Bird showed off his latest lingerie collection.**



We dug a snow cave for 6 as soon as we returned to the saddle from the summit, taking 3 hours to dig it. Despite being the first cave any of us had ever dug, with a couple of design errors (sorry, that's the Engie in me speaking!), it turned out to be warm and comfortable, with plenty of room to cook & sleep. An OXO man mural was constructed on the LH entrance wall to let visitors know who was responsible for the masterpiece!

Our plans for the morning had been to rise early in order to witness the sunrise from the summit, but as usual Murphy's Law and typical High Plains weather struck, and we woke to whiteout. We stayed in the cave until about 10, practicing doing nothing - very easy in a decent 900 gram down fill Macpac Sapphire Reflex covered sleeping bag. (ed- ho hum yawn yawn- get a Mont Dryloft, you loser) (subed- no, get a One Planet Dryloft) (Will Macpac give me any freebies for this shameless product endorsement?!) (ed- No !) We left at 11, went straight out to the hut, and then down the Tom Kneen track to the Trout Farm by about 3.

It was a fantastically happy trip - my car was talking (ed- hmmm, talking cars, get off those drugs Andy!) all the way back to Melbourne, which is something I've never seen on a club trip before. I guess we were lucky in having such a homogeneous group of people (ed- yeah, a car full of mixed up college kids!!!).

Now for Alpine Instruction II. It was in a similar vein to AI 1, but with more people (10). The trip consisted of Joel Bartley, Anton Weller, Chris D##k, Jill Fagan, James (Not the) Dean, Lyndon Main, Bryn Davidson, Matthew ?, Ross ?, and myself. When we got up to the Hut, we had a clear sky overhead, and so the two postgrads (Ross & James) & I planned to go direct to the summit to catch the sunrise, while the others vanished into their bags, mumbling something about idiotic engineers and botanists that we didn't quite catch.

However, the weather intervened and it clouded over completely by the time we were ready to leave, and so we aborted and followed the others into the bags (ed- it must be cosy in there by now, typical MUMC trip). Next morning we went back up to the saddle for self and T-stake construction, with the usual "testing" involving tying in to the anchor with "a bit" of slack and then running at full tilt downhill until a faceplant struck. We didn't go to the summit, due to the whiteout conditions, so we got started on digging the snow caves.

Finding sites was difficult, but made easier by testing snow depth with a tent pole. Several hours later, we had 3 snowcaves for 10 people, and tucked in for another comfortable night. Jill commented that she was more comfortable in the snowcave than she had been at the hut. (Maybe she was trying to say that it's leaking a bit !?) (ed- is this a hint to the hut warden ?) A plan to summit for sunrise had to be aborted again due to our friend the whiteout, and after it took threats to smash the roof in to get yours truly out of his bag (I didn't know almost everyone else was up), we roped up for the walk back to the hut, and after a long lunch we blasted back out down the Tom Kneen.

(ed- at this point ASS went into a diatribe about caving & mud & filth etc etc. Please limit your stories to one activity so as not to perplex the science (and engineering) students. See next article for ASS's thoughts on mud wallowing and farting in squeezes. )

## Inside the muddled mind of Andy Selby Smith

Since then I've been caving at Labertouche, which I haven't done before. I can't think of any other MUMC activities I haven't done at least a little of - rogaining, climbing, mountaineering, bushwalking, caving, paddling, skiing, partying...Oh, yes, I haven't been canyoning (subed- and you haven't drunk Ouzo and got naked with Cuan). I found that I didn't get claustrophobic caving as I had feared I might, mainly because it was so similar to trad climbing - grunt, squeeze, elbowjam, kneejam, shoulderjam, handjam, footjam, headjam, etc. Aaah, I love a bit of decent trad (even if it is underground and horizontal rather than vertical.)

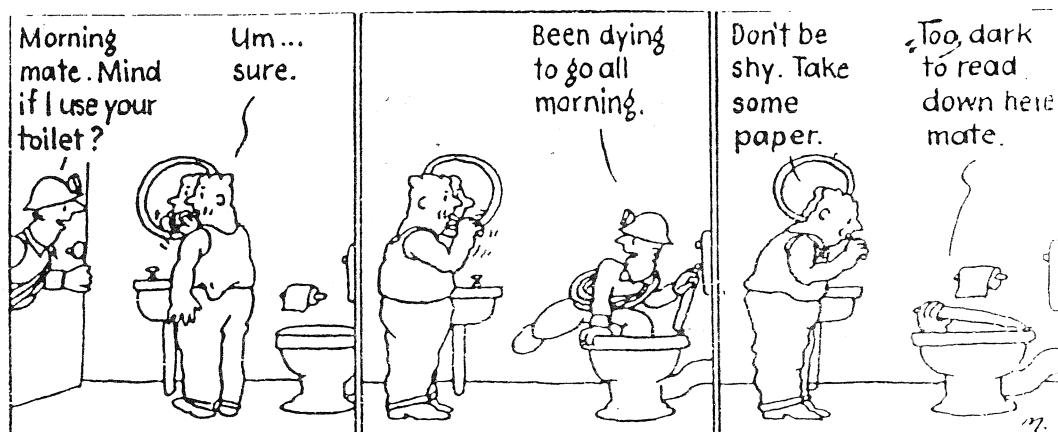
There are several rules to caving, though.

- 1) Don't fart, particularly in squeezes, unless you want to be the most unpopular person in the Club.
- 2) Be prepared to get extremely filthy. We went in wearing suits in a range of colours - white, blue, brown, khaki and they came out in another range, brown, brown, and brown.
- 3) Bugger this, its 3am and I want some sleep.



A muddied MUMC caver at Labertouche.

## The problem with caving is that it becomes an obsession



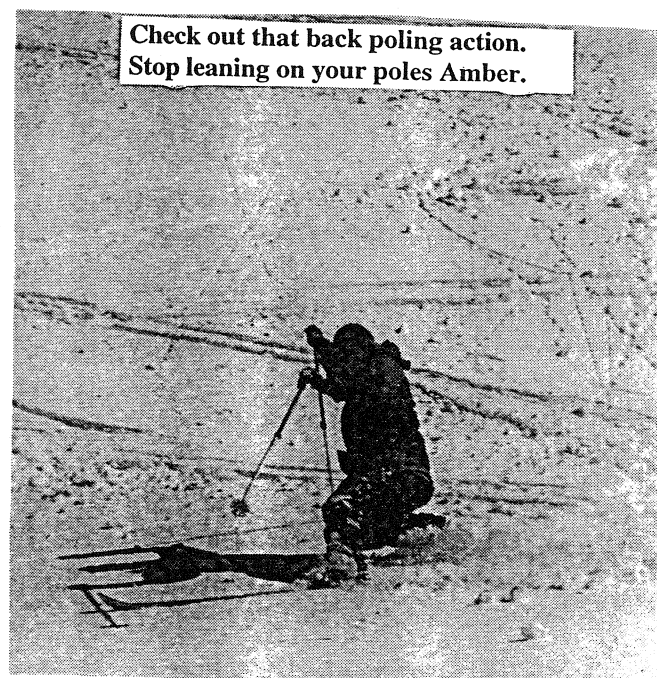
# President's Report.

The only difference between this Mountaineer and the last one is that I get to crap on about wombats and marsupials that look like rats on page 2 instead of page 1 (ed-sorry, you've been demoted to page 3) . And I get to piss off the editor by not using any punctuation and not doing a spell check. Fantastic.

ed- Amber had a paragraph in here asking for help with IV. Instead, she would like to congratulate our organizers Kath and RAK, along with their numerous helpers. Thanks to everyone who paddled, drank, won prizes or just had a huge time.



El Presidente somewhere at Jagungal.  
Nice hat Amber.



Check out that back poling action.  
Stop leaning on your poles Amber.

Elsewhere in Oxoland, things have been going along just fine. The Girlies are back from their ~~holiday~~ very demanding telemark classes at Mt Buller. Noone can telemark (ed-speak for yourself ski bumbly) , but boy are we good at "The Dog" and cleaning the lodge at midnight. I then went on a 9 day XCD trip to Jagungal and Vice President Sam, Richard Kjar and Steve Curtain have also headed there for a ski tour through to Thredbo this week. There are still plenty of ski trips coming up (ed- next year perhaps ?), so check the folders.

Midnight Ascent was again a great success and thanks to Kim Hazeldine for organising it. I hear a certain Vice President faces a massive drycleaning bill when he returns from skiing. Nasty.

Well, better get to the clubrooms - See you there.

Amber Mullens.



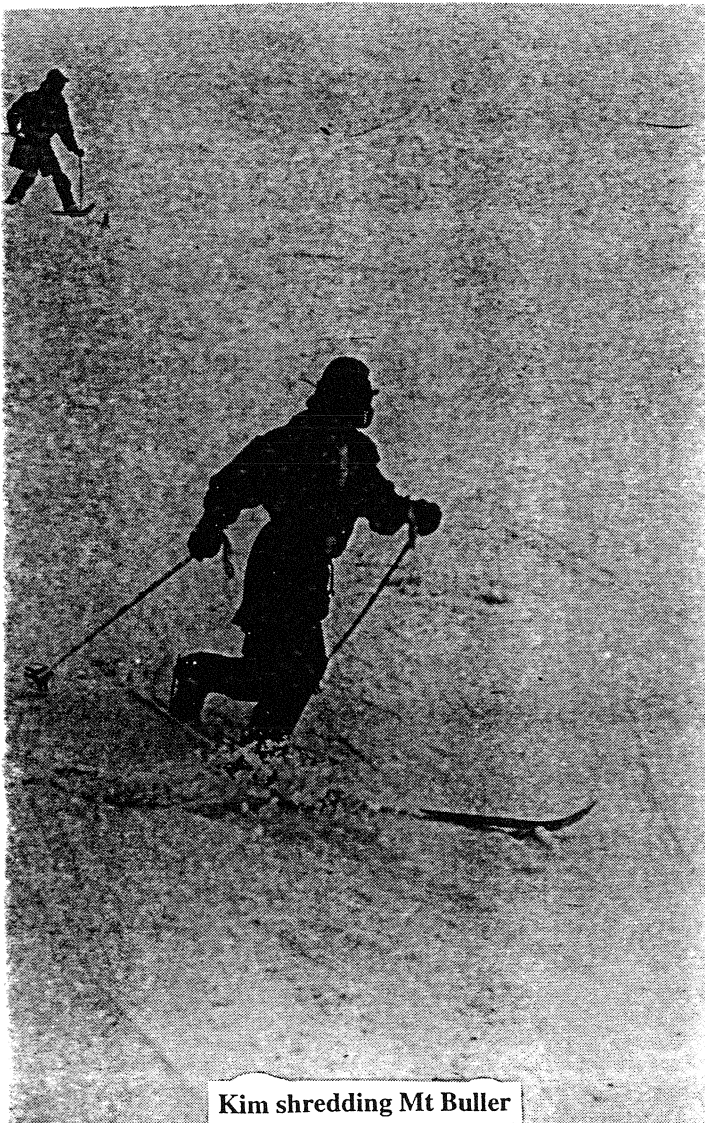
# G-STRINGS AND BRAS

(OTHERWISE KNOWN AS THE GIRLIES WEEK AT MT. BULLER)

While sitting comfortably in large soft armchairs, watching the snow fall outside and sipping gin and tonics in a wonderfully mellow sort of way, we decided that we had definitely grown out of snow camping. This was the life. We were warm, we were dry, we were pissed. What more could you want?...

For those of you who don't know, the "Girlies Skiing Trip" was organised by Amber Mullens. It was generously funded by the Sports Union through their Gender Balance Program, enabling nine girls to be sent up to Mt. Buller for three days of fun and frivolity ... and to learn how to telemark. The girlies were: Amber, Lisa, Kim E., Enmoore, Ruth, Carys, Cath, Soph and Jenny. And what fun we were to have.

We had barely seen the snow before we were on it, but we lost sight of the snow when we gazed into the eyes of our tall, dark, handsome, tanned, sexy Slovakian ski instructor, Ivan (ed- tall??). Our group was divided into two: the really awesome telemarkers and the not quite so awesome but still really good telemarkers. Each day we would devote ourselves to ravishing Ivan for a few hours and then go and hit the slopes - literally. The first day we completely forgot everything we had just learnt and skied as many runs as we could, as fast as we could. However, come the second day we were tele-ing till our legs ached. But if we learnt one thing during our three snow-filled days at Buller, it was that lifts are not just for fat, lazy down-hill skiers but are actually damn good things (subed- they are also good for fat, lazy female telemarkers).



Kim shredding Mt Buller

After returning to the lodge, discarding our wet gear in the drying room, and delighting in a luxurious, hot shower to loosen our tight muscles, we sat back to enjoy the finer things in life: a bottle of gin, a bottle of vodka, a bottle of midori, a bottle of kahlua, bottles of beer, bottles of wine, bottles of baileys and fine company. After the 'usual' girlies chit-chat of bras, undies and periods, we moved on to more depth conversations about ... I can't remember what ... I'm sure it must have been mind bogglingly fascinating though.

Not wanting to limit ourselves we moved on to other gastronomical delights. We all demonstrated our culinary skills in a kitchen that had every utensil known to woman. Creations included snowpea and sundried tomato risotto, toasted cheese sandwiches, meat and vegetarian lasagnes, toasted ham sandwiches, pancakes, cheese platters, dips and toasted vegemite sandwiches.

And this definitely wouldn't have been complete without a few glasses of Baileys poured over freshly shovelled ice (but next time Amber, try and get the ice without the fresh cigarette butt.)

Both nights we somehow managed to clear the lounge room of all other guests - I wonder why? Perhaps they felt intimidated by nine such ravishing females talking about Cath's thermal G-strings that she could wear 4 different ways (ed- can you wear g-strings back to front though??) (subed - depends on your anatomy) over 4 consecutive days to minimise the need for washing and minimize weight(!). Or perhaps it was our game of Pictionary which was great - except none of us can remember much about that either. Its probably a good thing...

There was one drawback to staying in the lodge: Bobby, the "lodge mistress", enforced lodge duties on each room. Being particularly on the ball, we decided to do all our duties at midnight, so that we would be able to have a full day of skiing on our last day (and because no one was in the bathrooms at that hour). Running around with mops and detergents and toilet brushes seemed fun to us at the time, but apparently the other guests didn't seem to think so. Neither did Bobby... (ed- as you can probably imagine, 9 rather drunk girlies trying to be quiet are not very quiet at all)

Despite appreciating wholeheartedly all that Mt. Buller had to offer during our three fun-filled days at the snow, the MUMC girls made one final stand against the expenses of a down-hill resort. Demonstrating our outdoor skills to the other woosy Mt. Buller patrons, we donned our packs, picked up our skis and walked the 1.5 km down the road to the car park, thereby saving ourselves the \$8 taxi ride (each). After discarding the extra luggage (ie. Soph) in Mansfield we headed back to Melbourne to start packing for our weekend trips.



"The Girlies" (except Soph who took the photo)



Nice style Jen



Lean, Lisa, Lean



No we didn't really scull the french dressing.

# **‘THE ART OF CLIMBING’ - A RESPONSE**

Andy Gaff

In the last edition of the *Mountaineer* an esteemed member of the Mountaineering/Rockclimbing/Skiing/Bushwalking/.../All-Round-Adonis<sup>1</sup> sections of the club wrote a very informative article providing great tips for the climbing enthusiast. There were a number of points that concerned me, however I will not gripe too much about such obvious things as the fact that looking down when climbing does NOT provide a greater sense of security regarding one's footholds. Don't be fooled, looking down actually tends to make one's hands sweaty, lubricating them and making it far more difficult to hang on. In addition, though related, attention to the footholds is usually lost as the distance between your footholds and the ground increases: the knees become a little more wobbly and the footholds consequently less secure (especially since you are not looking at them anyway, remember you are now looking at the receding, swirling and generally nauseatingly distant ground).

No, I'm too discrete to mention such things. Instead I will only refer to the wildest claim the esteemed author has made, that:

Despite the incredible variety of the climbing spectrum, the aim of climbing is pretty simple - *to get to the top*. (Italics added)

The author then goes on to assert that "The whole history of climbing on this planet can be explained by those simple words". Let's ignore people climbing gaol walls to *escape* just for the moment (if they could climb to a gap in the walls they would - bugger the top). Instead, let's look at the way this limits the enjoyment of climbing by limiting the form of climbing available to the climber. For a sport whose enthusiasts are often heard to talk in a fashion that should parody 'thrillseekers' about the experience of being 'up there'<sup>2</sup> it is surprising to read someone wanting to limit the reasons why people should be up there. 'To get to the top', purgh! Knowing some of the people in the climbing community it's probably just to impress someone down below (who is probably chatting to the belayer about what a try-hard the climber is). And why shouldn't their climbing be a reflection of their libido? Sure, they might look like an idiot, but that's life in MUMC, isn't it.

Despite rumours to the contrary, it is this hegemony of peak-bagging that exists in rock-climbing has been the greatest deterrent to me climbing (ignore any rumours to the contrary) (ed- I've heard that Andy's sweaty palms and shaky knees have something to do with it.). There is considerable mention of 'crux-moves', the defining feature of climbs and usually determining the grade of the whole climb. If the crux-move is the centrepiece then why bother with the rest of the climb? 'Done that, now for lunch' - that's climbing, especially if lunch is accompanied with a good bottle of wine. For me climbs themselves have never appeared to be the focus, instead it is the climbing. 'Climb until you don't feel inclined to continue', I say. What matter reaching the top?

---

<sup>1</sup> if you are interested in finding out more about the Adonis section of the club, then I recommend you speak to Cath K, who seems to be the expert.

<sup>2</sup> for more of this sort of talk see 'California Dreaming' in the May *Mountaineer*. The author of this may be offended for being singled out - please don't be, your article was nearest to hand. You were unlucky, that's all. There are plenty of other examples in the literature



Do that on a day when you feel like it. I am sure that many of you have already mentally responded that it is the challenge that counts. Well, if it is the challenge that counts then getting off some climbs before reaching the top may just be your cup of tea, if tea is your thing. Wine is my thing and I would rather be drinking it than climbing when I feel I've had enough<sup>3</sup>.

There are gear benefits to this new approach. That is, I'm sure that special gear could be developed (very expensive and very shiny, of course) to make this style of climbing more popular. Indeed even climbers of the old school can benefit from the merchandise potential of this change. They could wear t-shirts with tacky slogans like "I Go All the Way"<sup>4</sup>. No longer should climbers feel locked into only one mode of climbing. The top is somewhere from which you can admire the view, there is no real obligation to reach it. Don't hesitate to stamp your foot and throw a tantrum if anyone suggests you should go on when you don't feel like it. Remember the bottle of wine, breathing even now, it's yours for the taking.



**Scott proving that climbing is really about growing your hair long.**

---

<sup>3</sup> be warned, going to climb after having 'enough' wine is not a good idea. Not all good points are such good ideas when reversed.

<sup>4</sup> there are numerous other possibilities, however I won't go on with this. Enough MUMC'ers have good minds for tacky things to generate their own.

Andrew Selby-Smith

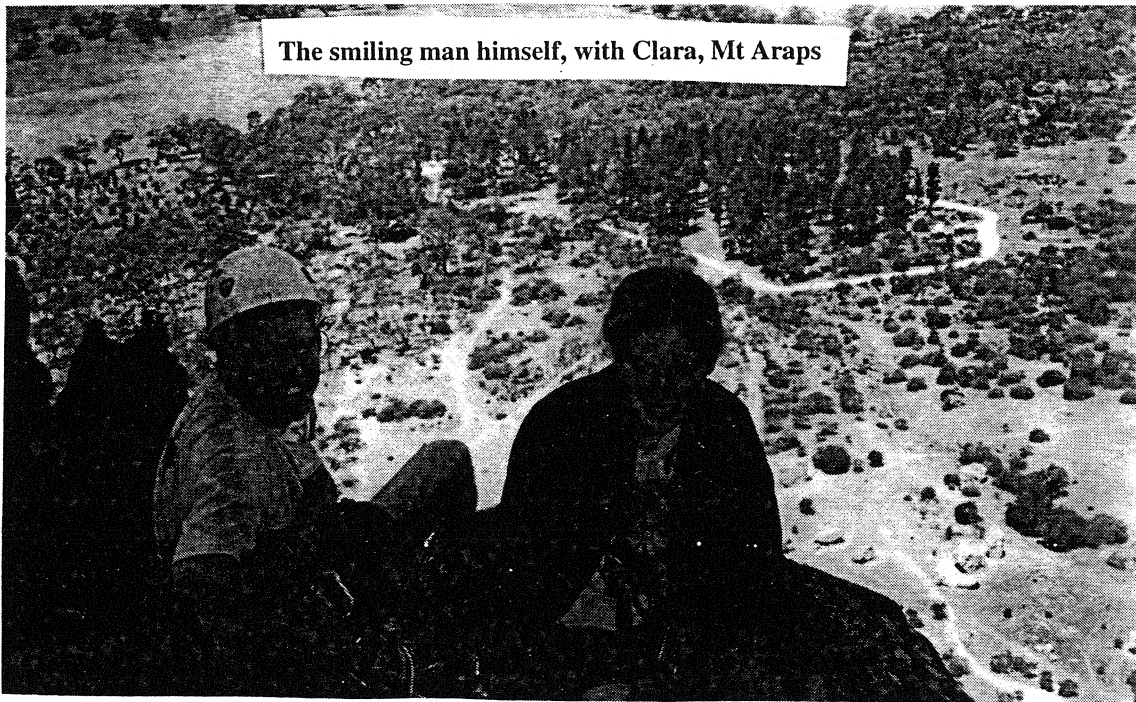
## Alpine Instruction I & II

Well. It's two thirty am, Lisa wants this article tomorrow, and I don't know where to start. I'll have a quick peek at my diary for inspiration (ed - oh goody, thanks Andy!!!) .

10/8 Sat morn 5:20 am MUMC Hut

Diary: I know, I know. It's a bloody strange time to write. But so far everything has been dreamlike - the climb up through the bush, fine water droplets swirling lazily, now crazily, and then lazily again in the beam of the headtorch ... Climbing up through the silent night, our own Universe blazing overhead in all it's glory, millions upon untold millions of fiery suns, all unimaginably far away...And the snow sparkling in the torchlight, coldly beautiful. After reaching the hut, we gazed at the rising old moon above the valley, it's dark half visible, and a bright planet below. Below, indistinct, cotton wool mist in the valley, in shades of nighttime white and grey. Around to the right, the summit slopes, defined by shadows, cut off at the ridge by a background of stars - oh so beautiful.

Well, the trip members were myself, Borsch, Huddo, and Throb (all current Queen's college residents) (ed-do all college types have silly names???), Pete (an ex Queener), and Fi (ex St Mary's) (ed- oh, they get their real names back when they leave). We took a while to get our bums into gear the next morning (subed - better than getting gear into bums), having brekky about 11. We had a clear blue sky overhead, with the summit ridge a sharp line above, shocking in the clarity of delineation of pure white and blue. We left the hut at 12:30 for the summit.



The smiling man himself, with Clara, Mt Araps

Diary: Once we got started walking, it was just so beautiful - fresh untracked powder snow, eerie mist obscuring the view of the summit. On either side, mighty ridges soared upwards, awe inspiring in the power of their lines. Trees dotted the gullies, and snow patterns abounded. We did a bit of self arrest practice, and when people could self arrest to my satisfaction, we went up to the summit. We couldn't see much due to the mist, but it was still and surreal. Dangerous, but very beautiful.

Pizza Hut all you can eat (including the infamous chocolate mousse shaving cream incident), drinking around the fire, an abortive attempt at ten pin bowling (the natives had booked it out) and, just for variety, drinking around the fire. There was also the nightly visit to the local Safeway to get stuff we had forgotten the night before.

I feel I have to mention one incident that occurred the day before we left. One man, who we shall call Mr Naked (ed- oh, you mean Cuan???), having taken up a dare the night before, ascended a rather exposed route in a rather exposed mode of dress. Whilst anybody who knows who I am referring to will not be surprised at this behaviour, (unlike the locals at the time), the willingness of a certain young female to second Mr Naked in only a skimpy bra and shorts may shock you. Anyway, considering the temperature of the rock or his natural dimensions Mr Naked apparently should be known as Mr Small.



Kuba showing that even Arapiles has sport climbs. Pilot Error, 21.

To finish, a sincere thanks to all the people who went; Cuan for his sterling leadership and organisation, Stu for his local knowledge, Anthony for his wonderful cooking, Andy for teaching us all the sign alphabet (and his spectacular lead fall), Dale for learning all the route names so well (Spinning Blades of what?), Scott for being Scott, Ian for losing the Hacky, David for redecorating the toilet, Nick for being the life of the party, Megan for catching Anthony, Richard for thrilling us all with his melodramatics (and his short visit) and Bec for listening to Richard.

Michael Cerda-Pavia



# HOW TO BE A WATERFALL / FREE-FALL HERO

by Scott Wiltshire

(The author in no way condones or recommends the activities described here.)

REQUIREMENTS: 1 kayak  
1 paddle (optional)  
intestinal fortitude  
1 video camera  
a healthy dose of stupidity

What better to do on a sunny Monday morning than to wag Uni and head off for a short excursion to Turpin Falls on the Campaspe River up Bendigo way. The intrepid trio of Rich, Sam and Scott arrived at the boatsheds at 7am with the intention of paddling a 9m waterfall before lunch and possibly taking in a few classes in the afternoon. This plan nearly worked, but needless to say a debacle ensued.

Arrival at Turpin Falls, 10am. Nervously we disembark and jog down to inspect the falls with churning stomachs and elevated pulse rates. A lengthy inspection follows. Sam and I agree there isn't enough water, some other day maybe. But Richard is adamant it can be done. He gets changed, psyches himself up and fetches the club's new "rpm" kayak (we believe rpm stands for ridiculous perpendicular manoeuvres), while Sam and I position the video and 2 still cameras.

Soon Richard is on the edge, then over the edge, and 9m and less than 2 sec later, down at the foot of the falls. "Fuck, fuck, fuck I don't believe he did it," mutters Sam. We know our time has come. Its time to get changed.

I get changed. I try to tell myself this is really not that stupid, this is awesome (ed- no, you were right the first time and secondly, the correct paddler term is gnarly, not awesome). The boat is adjusted for my shorter legs and I head down to the river. I take my time getting into the boat (subed- sort of like foreplay ?). A couple of deep breaths and off into the current, now there is no backing out (subed- now I wish I hadn't made the sex reference). Alarmingly soon there is no river in front of me, only a horizon line. Falling, I attempt to keep my eyes open but somewhere near the bottom they shut involuntarily. Suddenly I hit the water and roll, then I'm fine, paddling around underneath the fall. I can't believe I did that.

Now its Sam's turn, the boat is adjusted for Sam's even shorter legs and off he goes. Sam spends a long time deciding whether to launch himself into the current. Of course he does, then over he goes, perfect landing. It was over so fast I hope I timed the photo right. Sam and Rich have had their fix, but I want more, I figure, I'm changed, why not do it again? Retrospectively this was a very bad, bad decision. I grab the boat and make my way to the launching point, fewer deep breaths are required this time. I'm off speeding towards the edge, on the lip I discard the paddle skywards and plummet downwards, eyes open this time. I hit the water with a definitely less than perfect, flat landing, accompanied by incredible pain. I'm under water and I know a roll is out of the question, I bail.

After Rich and Sam realise all is not well they help me crawl back to the car where I eat 2 Panadine Fortes, horribly bitter and disgusting but better than the pain in my back. We are no longer Rich, Sam and Scott, but Hellman, Iceman and Spineo. I have a most uncomfortable ride back to Melbourne in the passenger seat -destination, Royal Melbourne Hospital emergency department. Some hours later I discover I have a crushed L1 vertebrae. The prognosis, 1 week bedrest (I can't walk anyway) then another 5 weeks minimal activity, then hopefully I'll be fine.

Am I lucky or unlucky? I don't know. I can't believe I did it -twice.  
(To see how not to paddle a waterfall see back cover photo.)



**MUMC girlies' reaction to Scotts' accident.**

# **BUSH BASH BONANZA BESIDE BEAUTIFUL BABBLING BROOKS BEYOND BAW BAW BRAVING BLIZZARDS (BONUS BEEF BILLET)**

(subed - you missed out bum !)

Joel Bartley

**The winter bushwalkers : Joel, Anton, Amy and Niko.**

I arrived home from my last exam to find a message that Anton needs a car. This was very convenient as I needed to get away, but unfortunately the car had had problems in the morning. So it was off to the garage, one water pump and thermostat later the car and trip were on the road. The destination was St Gwinear car park (Baw Baw area).

On arrival there was a bright moon and clear conditions so we started walking to find a suitable campsite. As we followed the track to Mt St Gwinear there was no sign of snow but the ground was slippery and icy. We ascended the gentle slope through the snowgum forest as cloud started to fill the air creating a mystical atmosphere. Near the summit a sheltered opening in the trees was chosen to pitch the tents. Before climbing into the tents the first specks of snow fell.

The next morning we awoke to a fresh covering of snow. The snow fall however was changing into rain that would persist in misty squalls all day. The snow brought out the brilliant color in the snowgums. Bright rich reds, greens and greys were highlighted on the wet bark. On the trail we went over the summit of Mt St Gwinear to a saddle that lead to a series of cascades. The track was constantly criss-crossed by animal tracks. Unfortunately most were rabbit tracks. At the saddle, packs were dropped and we started to tackle the wet and snow covered scrub. It was not user friendly scrub but the hard work paid off as the stream we were following started to drop down over, under and around granite snow covered boulders (ed - what is granite snow ? is it coarse ? can you climb it ? ski it ? ). Anton was in his element as the green tripod was constantly adjusted and the flowing water turned into milk. (photography with extended exposures).

We returned to the track and packs for lunch, then headed off the track again to find Sagg/Jans Hut. Crossing wet plains the mist and cloud constantly rolled past bringing more rain and changing the snow into slush. We crossed the marsh that is Mustering Flat. It was a mixture of grasses, spongy mosses and reeds all in a shallow pool of water with regular deep flowing channels. A descent through an amazing mountain ash forest lead to the "Beef Billet", the old cattleman's hut, Sagg/Jans Hut.

The huts' accommodation was poor and limited so we set the tents up. A fire was started in the run down hut fire place and wet clothing was removed to allow cold, wet, tired bodies to recover. The hut, unmarked on maps, showed a bit of its age and history in the various artefacts lying around. The evolution of kerosene lamps can be seen along with various canned meats. It was an enjoyable evening in front of the fire until a scurrying mouse prompted us to pack up the food and head for the tents.



Sunday morning was drizzling. There is no better time to be in a rain forest than when it is raining (ed - typical bushwalker, hmmph). The absence of any view, forces you to see the rich mixture of vegetation around you. You can see the intense green mosses carpeting boulders, and observe giant fern trees dwarfed by towering mountain ash. These may not be appreciated as much if the weather was fine. From the hut we bashed through the bush beside a creek, hoping to arrive at a junction of two creeks. Just as we neared our goal, we were diverted by the shocking sight of fresh logging. The ground was littered with green leaves amongst new stumps. This may have happened less than two weeks ago. We roamed around the acres of destruction for a while, then inscribed into an earth cliff what we thought of logging before heading back to the hut. The rest of the day was spent returning to Mt St Gwinear and the car. Passing Mustering Flat, I found signs of feral cattle. Memories went back to a day of similar conditions where the only sign of cattle was a frozen pat (subed - ah, those were the days). Here there were tracks, pats and broken vegetation.

During a break on the summit of Mt St Gwinear, Amy corrupted the topographical elevation by adding another 30cm to the summit cairn (ed - oh, you evil woman you). By now the summit was bare of all snow that had covered it the previous day. A short walk later and we were at the St Gwinear visitors center changing into warm clothes and so ended the trip. The adverse weather had given this walk a very different quality to my normal vista oriented walks. Small cascades and fern gullies became the highlights, which equalled any spectacular view.

(ed & subed- hmm, this is a good example of why people go paddling, climbing, caving and skiing)



Hey Joel, why don't you just go XCD skiing like Marty?

## SLUSH SLUSH SLUSH SLUSH SLUSH SLUSH SLUSH SLUSH SLUSH

From now on there will be lots of slush from Amber as she has successfully omitted any questionable comments made by her for the past two years. The only problem is, nobody can remember all her indiscretions, except these three.....

Amber: I like having big ugly things on my front.

Amber: Oh I get it, I just thrust my hips.

Amber: I've gotta learn to think with my pelvis

Miriam: "It would be good to have a big mouth as you could do so much more with it."

Andy Gaff "Gee, I'd love to know her".

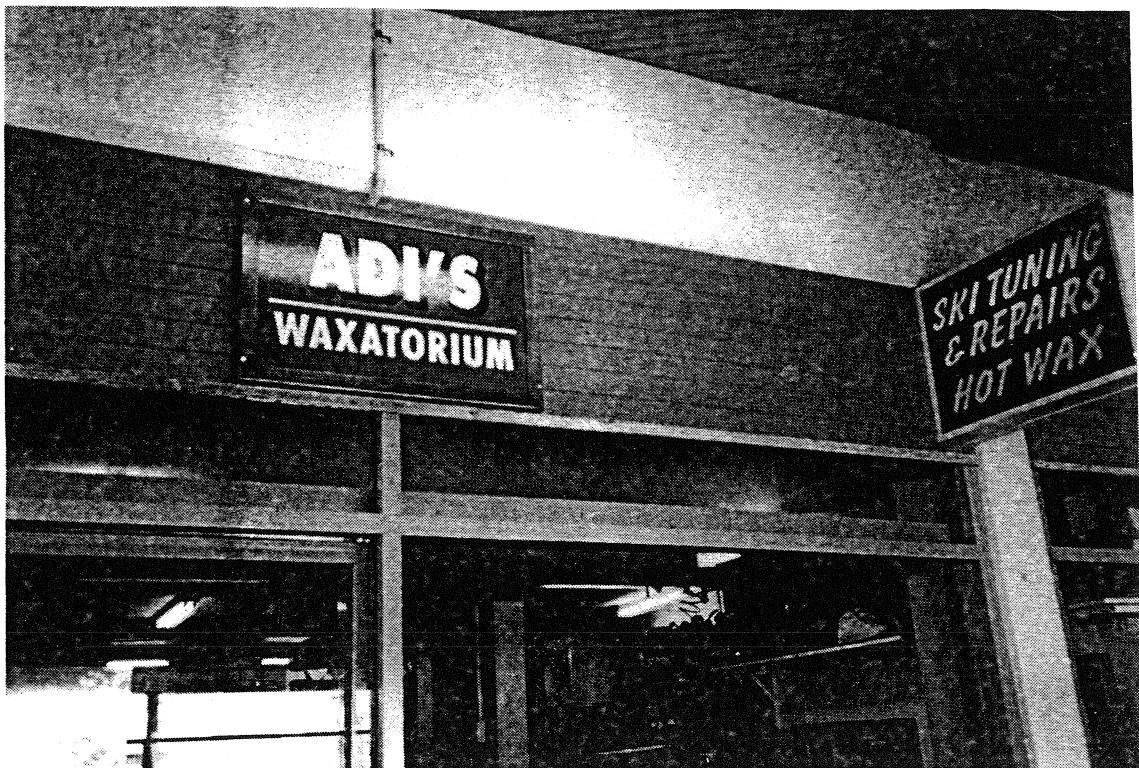
Slush has been informed by a certain Kayaking Convenor that g-strings are lighter to carry on bushwalks than normal undies / boxers. Thanks for the tip. However the comfort level of having a piece of string up your arse on long walks is still being investigated.

Who was the female who was too embarrassed to partake in the drinking of port from belly-buttons because after running around the hut naked she re-dressed rather quickly and ended up wearing her underwear like superwoman, over her thermals.

Scott W : Who were the other naked females running around the hut for that matter? There was this one with this really cute.....

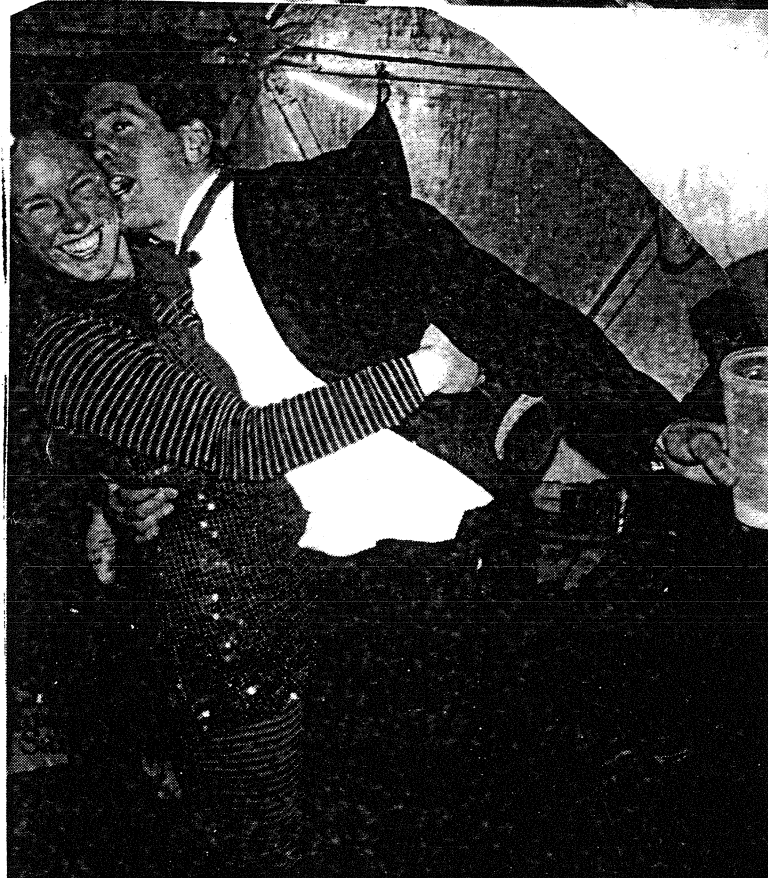
More nakedness- Apparently naked ski-jumping is no good on ice. Check out Stu's butt for evidence of this.(ed- I can see them lining up now!!) Stu: "That was one nasty rash!"

All this and Cuan wasn't even there! Mr Naked you have some serious competition. Mad Mike would be proud.



Apparently Dan has shares in this place.

1970 Midnight Ascent





## NOWRA - JUNE 1996 ( or MUMC in sportclimbing's Mecca)

It was a cold, damp Melbourne morning in July that saw us, the brave, intrepid members of MUMC, depart our wonderful city for ten days of hard rock climbing adventure in the sleepy NSW town of Nowra. Despite the early hour we were keen, excited and all fired up, feelings that survived right up to Broadmeadows where most of us went to sleep.

The finish of the ensuing eleven hour car trip saw us camped in an animal park on the banks of the beautiful Shoalhaven river, not five minutes (by boat) from Nowra's main crag (twenty minutes by car). The remaining club members arrived over the next few days to take the total number to twelve, and, in a wonderful display of MUMC's camping efficiency, nine tents were erected (and two people slept in the open).

The rock climbing (the majority of which were sports routes) was excellent, with a variety of grades on good quality (albeit cold) rock. The weather stayed close to perfect for the ten days we were there, providing the group with ample opportunity to do some "hard climbing" (ed - you know what they say; hard rock, soft ....). By the time we left, even Super Q was complaining of trashed fingers and sore forearms.



A rare shot of Super Q with his clothes on

Enough of the climbing, lets reminisce about the social side of the trip. The first few nights were quiet with the entertainment being cards with, heaven forbid, no alcohol and early to bed. Then Mr Dale the Debonair arrived (with the renowned party animal Andy SS) and the party really kicked off. Drinking games ensued with the rest of the group finding out more than we needed to know about people's past lives; including Dale's experience in the female toilet of an Albury bound train, Cuan's wayward aim and all the sordid details of Ian's romantic life. Other nights' entertainment included drinking around the fire.



A senior club member, who would like to be known as Iceman rather than Chuck, was responsible for what may become known as the Vice-Presidential Vomit on the recent Midnight Ascent. Slush recommends that all participants on next years' Midnight Ascent take a dryloft sleeping bag as vomit has a tendency to stick to goose down.

Who was that first year observed snuggling up to an Ex-Prez?  
As Pedro observed "well ones keen and the others keen for anything"

Slush would like to know the identity of the young girlie seconding Mr Naked / Mr Small in a skimpy bra and shorts in the Nowra article in this edition. A reward is offered for photographic evidence of Mr Small climbing naked?

At the recent committee dinner, our favourite caving convenor ordered Linguini Marijuana, instead of Linguini Marinara, even after spending 10 minutes practicing so he wouldn't get it wrong.

Stu H: My tongue is probing but is failing to find the green bit.

Alex Z. : Maintain a stationary position for maximum penetration. (ed- Alex claims to have been referring to the bromiding machine. That's kinky sex for you !!)

Stu H. : When you get to the humpy bit, you jump up and down on it.



Kath Kent, a regular contributor to slush, with Enmoore, Mt Buller.

