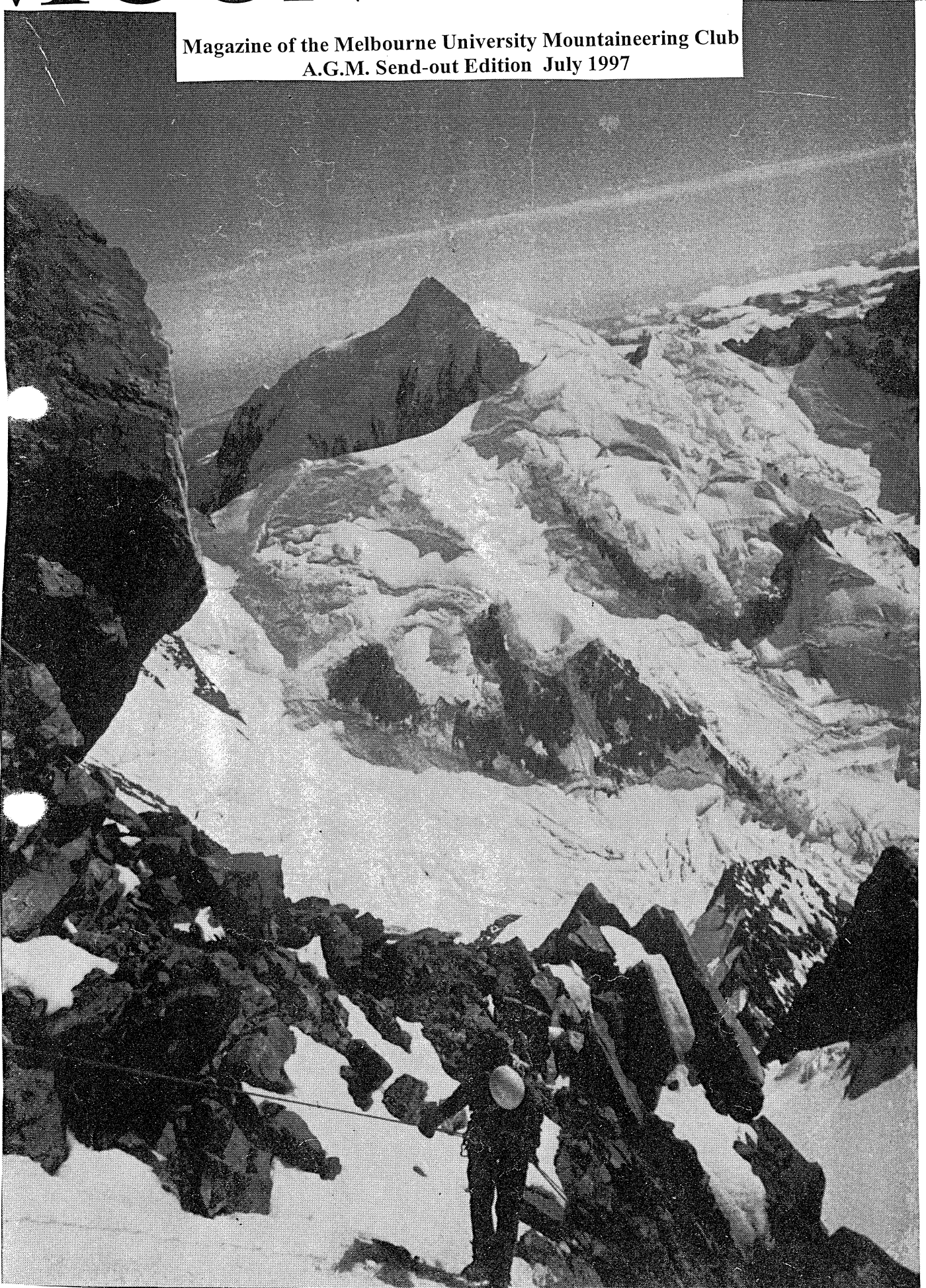


MOUNTAINEER

Magazine of the Melbourne University Mountaineering Club
A.G.M. Send-out Edition July 1997



Editorial

Hi All. I really hope its snowing by the time this is printed, or you'll probably all have committed suicide off the Redmond Barry Building and won't be reading this anyway. This issue is our mega once-a-year sendout, and my very last edition for the year. **August 5th is our Annual General Meeting** where a completely new committee is elected for the next 12 months. In the clubrooms you will find nomination forms for all the positions on the committee. All you have to do is find two people to nominate you for a position, them stick it in the box in the clubrooms. Each person nominated for a position will have the chance to tell everyone why they think they should hold that position, and then we vote for our new committee. So if you are even the slightest bit interested in how the club works, get in on the act and nominate someone or get nominated and come along to the AGM and vote. The post-AGM pub night is always huge, in fact so huge we have to go to Naughtons, so they'll let us back into the Clyde.

If you're thinking of going for Publications Officer, it's a great position, a lot of work, but heaps of fun. I've enjoyed putting out each issue, and a huge thankyou to all those people who wrote articles, gave me photos and helped out in the production process. A special thanks to my darkroom pal, Alex, and my assistant-ed, Scott E. Couldn't have done it without you!!! Thanks to Andy G. for his help with this edition.

For anyone else considering a position on the committee, it's a great way to get to know how the club runs. Besides, it gives you an excuse to go to the Clyde for drinkies.

Good Luck To the next committee: buy lots of gear, go on lots of trips, look after our environment, and keep up the good work. See you on the slopes (possibly on grass skis, the way our winter is going).

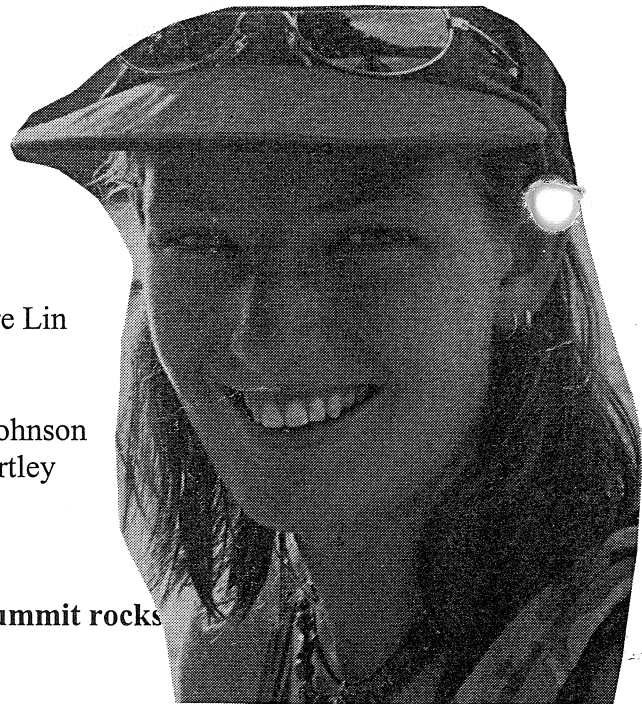
Lisa Flew
Publications Officer

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FRONT COVER: Stu Holloway abseiling down the summit rocks
on Mt Cook.

BACK COVER: MUMC Manpower.



President's Report Amber Mullens

Yay! Last President's Report. The AGM is but a month away and it is time to decide whether you want to be nominated for the 97/98 MUMC committee. Please do not take this decision lightly as it involves hard work and you rarely get any thanks until the end of the year.

For 1996/97 - Thankyou to...

- * All committee members who did lots of good work.

- * As usual, most special thanks must go to Andy Gaff who plugged on despite the obstructions. When Sam and I headed overseas, it was left to Andy to deal with T-Shirt sagas and possible club-room moves. You did a great job and I hope people see what they missed for not voting for you in elections long gone.

- * Next most special thanks goes to Alan Daley who is the best treasurer I have ever known. MUMC would have been totally lost without him. I hope all the books balance for you Alan.

- * Sam Maffett - a great Vice President who got up to plenty of things that left us envious. Cool photo too.

- * Cath Kent who has had to deal with two IVs, and this one will be RAKless. Thankyous also to Richard Kjar, Stuart Richardson and Andy Lean. I enjoyed all the stories.

- * Carys Evans did a fantastic job organising Wilson's Prom, helping at O-week and being the unofficial 'meet and greet' person in the clubrooms. No thanks for that frigging tent.

- * Cuan Petheram and Jill Fagan who organised the abseiling for O-week when it wasn't their job

- * To everyone else who helped during O-week - there will be a dinner or something I promise.

- * Andrew Selby-Smith for carrying that tent up the Fainters for us to shower in.

- * Kate Bradshaw for advice on how to tune out.

- * Joel Bartley and all who helped with MUMC hut maintenance. The toilet is a work of art.

- * Jen Johnson who put in lots of work toward Mt Stirling and getting a grant for Mt Feathertop. Great job.

- * I would have thanked Marty Meyer but he has been seriously remiss in forgetting to order the snow for this season. Where is the bloody snow Marty? Also thanks to the girls on THE Girlie Skiing Extravaganza - Enmoore, Ruth, Lisa, Kim, Carys, Jen, Cath and Soph (and thanks to Ivan!!). Pity we have forgotten how to tele already and will need a refresher trip - all expenses paid of course (including Ivan).

- * Rohan Schaap, Bec Starling and Russell Smith who got dragged off to a Lao disco and had to drink Chinese Champagne for Christmas. The Lao lao Khao khao cam was better.

- * And finally Lisa Flew who has the incredibly hard job ahead of her now to get this Mountaineer out. Happy editing.

Good luck to the kayakers who are off to Goolang Creek for IV. Hopefully they'll have no trouble winning again. And good luck to the rogainers who are heading to SA for their first IV. Don't get lost Laurence.

This year has also seen death return to MUMC when old member Deb Rossell was killed riding her bike. I find it so absurdly tragic that she died that way after all her epic feats, and her death has reinforced that we should all live our lives to the maximum. Some of the activities that the club does are very dangerous, but I don't believe for one second that we should stop doing them.

Anyway, it has been great knowing you all and I wish you the best of luck and the best of weather for whatever you do in the future.



Bushwalking Convenor's Report

Walking, hiking, tramping...whatever you want to call it, bushwalking looks like it will be extraordinarily active this winter. The dreadful performance from the Snow God has meant that ski trips have been 'morphing into delightful winter walks. Despite being restricted by commitments to hut maintenance, there has been lots of bushwalking this year.

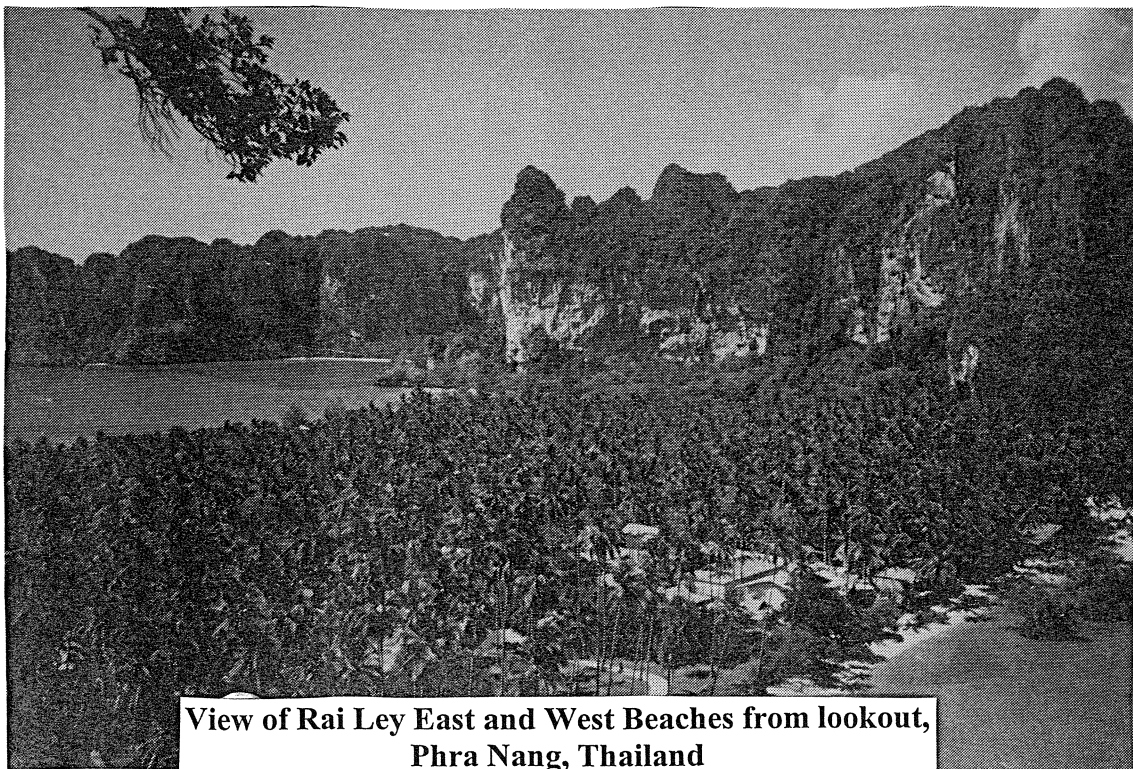
The summer break, once again, saw the annual trek down to Tassie, ensuring that the state's logbooks remain filled with OXOs. Several groups lazed around Freycinet, wandered along the Overland track and ventured into the rugged Southwest wilderness in unusually dry weather (scums!). Summer also saw trips to New Zealand, Lao Lao Land, Thailand and even walks into the mountains and forests of Victoria.

We have had numerous beginners and more advanced walks all over Victoria, including to Mt Feathertop, Mt Torbreck, the Cobberas Wilderness and of course, Steve Curtain's annual pilgrimage up to the Big B., Mt Bogong. Thank you to Carolyn Haupt, Anton Weller, Alan Daley and Steve for leading them. Also, many thanks to everybody who helped out on the Leadership Weekend, where we (hopefully) inspired the up and coming leaders to run their own trips.

Other than skiing-turned-bushwalking trips, over the winter break, there is a trip to Snowy Bluff and a pre-Intervarsity Rogaine walk in the warm, sunny Flinders Ranges. The Midnight Ascent is coming up in August, where we get to eat, drink and be merry in the newly renovated MUMC Hut on Mt Feathertop. Joel has plans to provide a chicken and champagne brunch (good luck carrying all that up!) for anybody who helped on the Hut Maintenance trips.

If you want to come on any trips, sign up and get into it! Better yet, those more experienced should consider leading a trip themselves.

Enmoore Lin



**View of Rai Ley East and West Beaches from lookout,
Phra Nang, Thailand**

Kayaking - Paddling - Canoeing

Catherine Kent

The past year has seen some awesome paddling by some of the older and more experienced (but less sane) club members and seen the birth of the new generation of up-and-coming kayakers.

I was thrown into the deep end at the start of my term as kayaking convener - organising the Australian Universities Canoeing Championships at the King River, only to be met with a river in flood, and rising. It was not just a flooded river but the highest anyone from MUMC has ever seen it - the perfect opportunity to begin the new term with some awesome paddling. The river was paddled at 2.3 metres, the highest ever paddled by MUMC; a combined-University expedition was mounted to the Upper King by MUMC members - the first known descent of this part of the river. And thanks to Richard Kjar, the AUCC Convener, the Championships were relocated and continued. Once more, Melbourne University came home with the Aggregate Trophy. The team leaving next week for this year's Championships have a lot to live up to, to make it the fourth consecutive win.

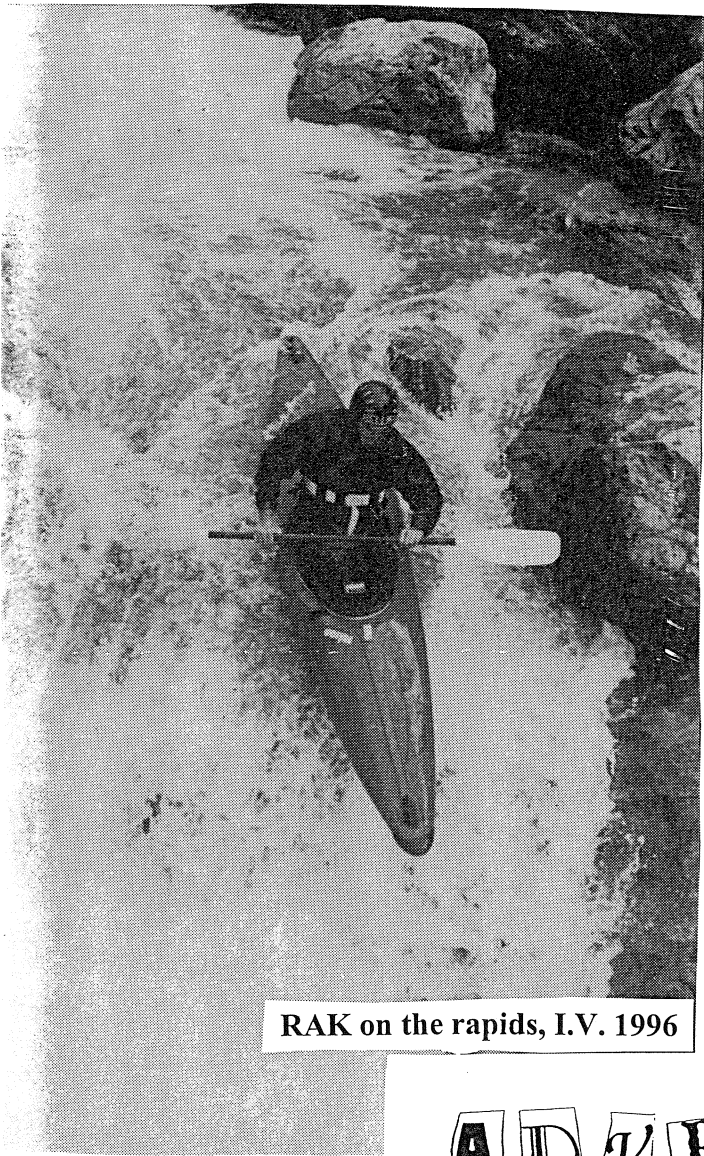
The summer saw some epic paddling trips. Hellman and Iceman (alias Richard and Sam) completed some awesome descents in New Zealand. Stuck in Australia, Scott, Stu and myself made the most of our summer exploring the rivers of the Snowy Mountains - including the Eucumbene, Upper Snowy (Munyang), Indi and Goobagandra Rivers. Many great rapids were paddled and one lesson learnt the hard way - do not drink the water from the Goobagandra!

The Snowy Mountains fired us up for some serious paddling and in March we made the epic 16 hour trip to the Gwydir River in NSW for the long weekend. Although we spent more hours in the car than on the water, the trip was definately worth it for this river. It was the first time the water had been turned on in five years, it may be another 5 beofre there is enough water to paddle it again. The river certainly lives up to its description and warnings in the guide book - the first rapids being Double Trouble, More Trouble and then if they didn't get you warmed up - Real Trouble. We also got the best kayaking footage I have ever seen - ask Scott how he enjoyed Umbrella Falls.

Easter had a very impressive paddling turn out, with a contingent of nine MUMC paddlers making the drive north again to the Nymboida. With nine awesome play boats on the river, and nine awesome paddlers pulling off nine awesome moves, we made an impressive Club!

Canoe Polo has also had a busy year, with twenty five people playing in four teams and more learning to roll or play on Tuesday night training sessions.

Thanks to all the people who ran trips, helped at beginners trips, taught people on Tuesday nights, fixed boats or rearranged the boatsheds. Good luck to the next converner, I hope it is another fantastic year.



RAK on the rapids, I.V. 1996

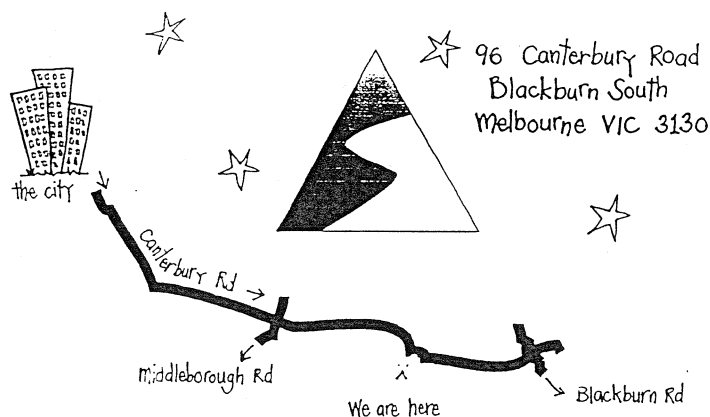
Kath accepting the
Aggregate Trophy for Melbourne University
I.V. 1996



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An open letter to all those aspiring (and incurable) ski bums out there

I would like to begin by making a personal plea that by the time this article reaches publication the hills are white, yes WHITE, no not greeny brown, I want them WHITE. I want them so white that even a albino dove bathed in napsan, scrubbed with Maclean's and rinsed under a shower of domestos would feel dirty in comparison.

My reason for making this plea is that at the present time (the fourth day of the SECOND month of winter) there is a distinct absence of snow. A fact which has lead to an acute sense of despair pervading the general skiing community. Symptoms of this desperation are becoming increasingly evident, with the snow depths over the past week, for instance, being measured in half units (the report for Falls Creek yesterday stood at 2.5cm), which either means that the resorts have recently purchased a number of laser guided groomers (such as recently observed hooning around in the paddock outside our clubrooms), or are vainly trying to convince themselves that there is snow to burn (having 2.5cm rather than a paltry 2cm). However even this optimistic reporting has now been replaced by the somewhat more realistic "patchy".

But how was this allowed to happen? SOMEONE must be to blame. Indeed I feel the moment is ripe for unreserved recriminations. Now I know that as skiing convenor there may be some (I will not mention any names) who may be inclined to point the finger at me, claiming that perhaps by some inconceivable oversight I forgot to place an order for the vast quantities of the white stuff, hence accounting for why none has yet arrived. I haste to point out however, that despite my feverish attempts to assure a good season nothing in our modern society comes for free, and so I would like to shift all blame to those in control of the club's purse strings, who appear to have forgotten to sign the cheque. This, however, is a problem that will have hopefully been rectified by the time you read this article.

My conscience clear it is time to end this absurd hypothesising and get down to business. Despite all the gloom and doom the season so far has in actual fact not been all bad, with a group of intrepid enthusiasts hurtling up to Mt Baw Baw upon hearing that a 37cm dump had hit the mountain just before the end of semester. Intent on improving our telemark techniques we pulled balaclavas over our heads, adopted French accents and bought lift tickets (the shame!), an act that latter drove us to pull in at the Noojee pub and confess our sins over beer and chips. Needless to say a fantastic day was had, with all feeling a sense of accomplishment as we drove (slid) our way back to Melbourne. Slid? well only a little bit, but I would hasten to remind everyone of the importance of snow chains, and that if you are at all in doubt about the conditions fit them, as it saves any regret further down the track.

So what's happening this season? Heaps! If the number of ski trips currently in the folder is anything to go by the year is going to be one to remember. The following is a current list of what is on offer in the snow department:



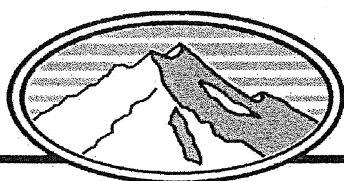
11-13 July, Mt Loch, Phone Brendon Eishold 9687 9298
16-19 July, Mt Stirling/Mt Loch, Phone Richard La Nauze 9889 1266
25-27 July, Bogong High Plains, Phone Enmoore Lin 9571 7080
2 August, Lake Mountain, Phone Tom Stringer 9890 3332
2 August, Mt Baw Baw, Phone Alan Daley 9372 3070
2-5 August, Mt Bogong, Phone Ralph Gailis 9817 5679
2-3 or 9-10 August Women's XC Weekend, Phone Ruth Patterson 9349 7225
2-3 or 9-10 August Snow Skills Weekend, Phone Martin Meyer 9818 8629
16-17 August, S&R Weekend Mt Baw Baw, Phone Laurence O'Neill 9380 6992
23-24 August, Midnight Ascent! Phone Enmoore Lin 9571 7078

Remember if you are interested in coming on any of these trips the first step is to come up to the clubrooms and put your name down on the trip sheet (first in first served), or for those trips occurring during the hols: call the trip leader. Note that above should not be taken as gospel with the only thing that can be taken for certain is that where there's snow the oxo's will come to graze. Now if you're sitting out there reading this in some comfy chair thinking, hmm, I wouldn't mind giving this snow biz a burl - seize the opportunity and come along! No experience is required (you don't have to be qualified to do a head plant) and the club can have you fitted out in all the clobber for the price of a small pizza (now where have I heard that expression before...?). Skiing does not need to be horrendously expensive, as after all the back country is FREE, with no accommodation costs and no lift tickets. So whether you're a raw beginner, a dabbler or a red hot tele carver, come up to the clubrooms and put your name down for one of the upcoming trips. In case you have forgotten (or perhaps never even been!) the clubrooms are located in the eastern end of the green buildings at the top of the new cricket oval, just in front of the colleges.

See you on the slopes,

Martin Meyer
Skiing Convenor

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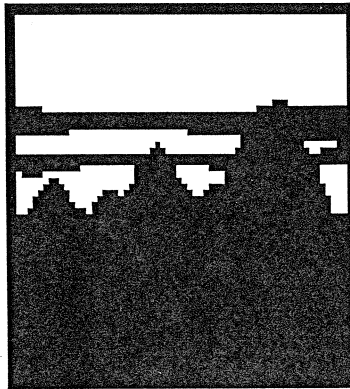
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CONVENOR'S REPORT

CONSERVATION

Jenny Johnson

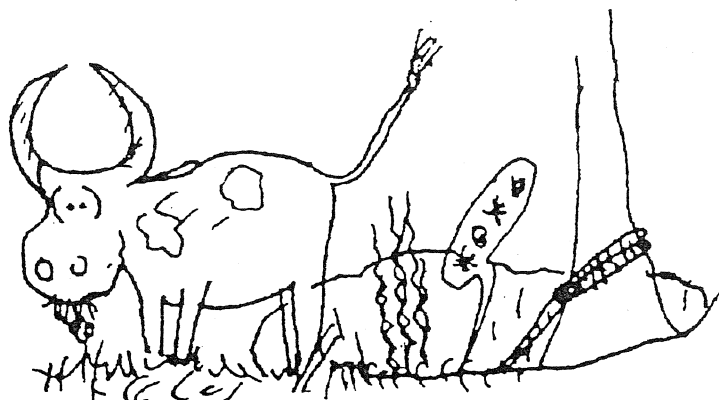
I do not have my own gear store, nor do I have people pleading with me to include them in up and coming trips. I do however, have my own folder which sits in the clubrooms (feeling a little neglected at times) and a job which I think is extremely important. How could we ski, climb, kayak or bushwalk without the natural wilderness that we so often take for granted?

The battle to save Mt Stirling was the first big issue the club became involved with. Mt Stirling is a designated alpine resort, valued as a diverse all-year-round recreational destination, especially for cross-country skiing and bushwalking catering to all skills. It is less than three hours drive from Melbourne and is valued by many for its undeveloped and natural character. Last year, the mountain's future as a relatively undisturbed environment was threatened by controversial development proposals, including one for downhill ski lifts and resort. As Mt Stirling is often used and highly valued by the club, many members felt that as a group we should fight this proposal. Written and oral submissions were made to the appointed panel, "Save Mt Stirling" t-shirts were worn and early this year it was announced that Mt Stirling was no longer an option for downhill alpine skiing. We had saved Mt Stirling!!! (for now - Ed)

The Conservation Grant is now the big focus. Our club was allocated a grant of \$9,900 by the government, under the Conservation Grants Program 1996/97 to construct a footbridge on Bon Accord Walking Track. This project will be carried out by YOU late this year or early next year. It is a great achievement for the club to have been acknowledged by the government as capable of undertaking such a project.

With the growing awareness of how valuable our natural environment is, conservation issues have gained more and more importance. MUMC members appreciate true wilderness, isolation and freedom from development. I am glad to have been representing the club in an area that is so relevant to what we're all about. I've enjoyed having my own folder and maybe one day we will have our very own conservation gear store full of spades, mattocks and maybe even a tree or two.

Hazards of Buchan Caving



MUMC HUT

Joel Bartley,
Hut Warden

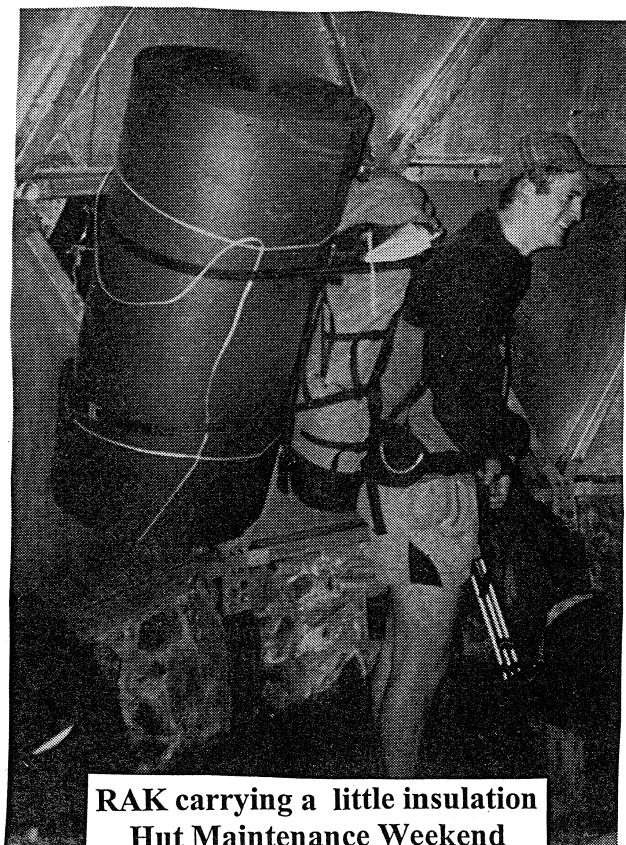
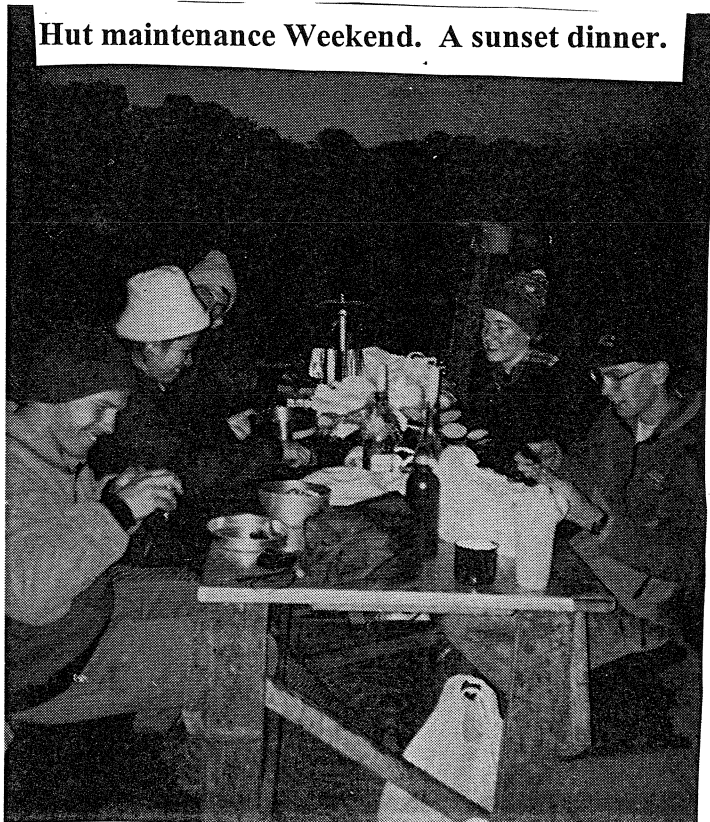
This year has seen the resumption of maintenance trips to MUMC hut. Two successful trips so far this year have meant that many urgent jobs have been carried out. Some of the important work done is:

- Insulating the roof. Much of the old insulation was in a decaying state. It has been removed and replaced with sofion insulation. Much glue sniffing was involved in installing the new material. The beams still require coving.
- Varnishing the floor. The floor was showing signs of wear and tear so it has been revarnished. Much time was spent on the dusty task of sanding back and preparing the floor. There were problems with the drying so it is to be seen how the new varnish will last.
- Repairs to the toilet. There were fears that the toilet would need replacing this year but this has been avoided. The loo now has a fresh coat of paint and the hole in the bowl covered over. In the future a composting toilet may be installed.
- Odd jobs. Many small things around the hut were fixed up including installing more food hooks into the roof, securing the grill so it cannot be broken into, removal of the old wood bin, collecting of rubbish from around and under the hut and weather sealing some windows.
- Replacing floor boards in the entrance. A temporary repair has been made to the entrance with new boards installed but some time in the future larger structural repairs will be needed.

The hut is set to survive another winter but work must continue in the summer. Please spare a few days to help maintain the hut. Future jobs may include: Repairing the entrance, painting the outside, clearing out the basement, fixing the steps and many more tasks. If you feel that anything at the hut needs attention please let me know.

I would like to thank everyone who took part in the maintenance weekends, or helped with preliminary work. I hope to see interest and participation in hut maintenance continue into the future.

Hut maintenance Weekend. A sunset dinner.



**RAK carrying a little insulation
Hut Maintenance Weekend**

Ozymandias.

Andrew Selby Smith

The name resounds in my mind, intimidating and foreboding. "My name is Ozymandias,..." The route on the north wall of the Buffalo Gorge, is a proud, stupendous statement; a line of power and majesty.

My name is Ozyandias, king of kings: Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair! The climb is challenging, going as it does up one of the most intimidating walls in Australia. For three quarters of the year, no sun shines on the route, leaving it in gloomy shadow. Seen from the viewpoints on the south side of the Gorge, a soaring line commands the eye, a siren call for anyone with a big gear rack. For those who go to climb it, the route may demand payment for such impudence. Thirst, fear, anxiety, effort, doubt, long periods of intense concentration and exhaustion - Ozymandias can take it all.

A quarter of a kilometre high, it is necessary to see people on the cliff itself before the true scale of the wall can be grasped. The route contains nine pitches of climbing up connected corners and cracks, and then finally scrambling up through the back of a chimney to top out. One of the things about big walls, is that they are completely full on. There's no bailing out and going for a milkshake, there's no tuning out and just having fun with good friends. That's the attraction, and also the challenge.

I'd been wanting to climb it for a while, the ring of the name pulling powerfully at my heart. I wanted to prove to myself that I was capable of climbing it, because I wasn't sure I could do it. Doubt was strong, and little tendrils of fear rose in the back of my mind at the thought of being on that massive wall. I contacted a friend, asking whether he wanted to team up to attempt Ozymandias. Mark leapt at the chance. Organization took a full week, dominating my thoughts when I should have been studying!

We drove up on Thursday night with Stu and Dan, who were making a second attempt on the route. They descended the steep, scrubby, and awkward Comet Ramp to the base of the climb that night, ready for an early start the next morning. Mark and I were planning to get practice before following the others, so after a night at Lake Catani, we took turns to lead a 15 metre aid crack on the south side of the Gorge on Friday morning. As the route finished at the Disabled Lookout, we were subject to many curious onlookers; aliens from another world in jangling metal skirts. At lunchtime, Stu and Dan could be seen uncomfortably low on the route, tiny dwarfs far away on the far side of the Gorge. If they were so slow, and had already had one attempt, and also were a full day ahead of us, how were we going to go?

After a cooked lunch, with almost the solemnity of the last meal of condemned men, it was our turn to descend Comet Ramp. We spent four precious hours of the all too limited daylight descending, struggling and cursing at the continually snagging ropes and haul bags. On reaching the bottom, Mark led the first pitch of Ozymandias in the fading light, ensuring a quick start the next morning. Dan and Stu could be seen high above on pitch 3, bodies squat with foreshortening. Mark reached the first belay, while high overhead the bright star of Stu's headtorch disappeared onto Big Grassy.

Time passed. Dan's headtorch began to bob up after Stu. Below, I froze in the cold that followed the delicate pastel sunset. It took me a while to realize that a funny skittering noise was a possum stealing food from the haul bags, who was quickly despatched with a few well aimed rocks - but not before some food had been stolen!

The next morning, we jugged up the line fixed from Mark's lead the previous night, to the first belay, a tiny ledge, and I began to lead pitch two. For four hours, I stood in my etriers,

thinking, testing, considering. Concentration was absolute. The penalty for a tiny error of judgement would have been an RP plucking fall, until caught by a good placement - and these became more sparse the higher I moved. The need to keep weight close to the crack was played against the need to lean back in the constricting corner to step up in etriers. Consideration, decision, movement; over and over again for four hours, time swept away by intense concentration.

After the first access pitch, the second pitch is the best on the entire route. It goes halfway up the amazing corner that soars for seventy metres, terminating just below Big Grassy. The only placements are offered by a tiny crack in the back of the corner, many being in terrifyingly flaring pin scars. I was to spend seven painful hours in a hanging belay, while Mark jugged pitch two and led three and four to Big Grassy. He took a fall thirty metres up, almost unnoticed at my belay, due to the friction in the system! I spent the endless hours stepping around in my etriers, trying to minimise the pain to my feet and bum! Mark reached Big Grassy, eventually, and I jugged up after him. We slept comfortably that night, comfortable and happy in warm sleeping bags, on the most exposed lawn in Australia! I was no longer scared and doubtful, more quietly optimistic.

The following day we rose early, and I began my lead in the brightening light of another perfect sunrise. Slowly, pitch after pitch fell away below under our etriers and jumars, until I finished pitch seven in late afternoon. The crux traverse pitch was led in the dark by Mark, after I had dropped my belay device, which probably exploded on some rock two hundred metres below!

After much fear and undignified struggle, I followed the traverse over the inky blackness of the stupendous void. Below was two hundred metres of blank vertical granite, invisible in the darkness. I led the next pitch up through the exit chimney, a disgusting grovel where routefinding was difficult in the dark. I found a belay spot, praying I was in the right spot. I remember my feeling of extreme relief when Stu ambled down the back of the chimney, to assure me that I was in the right place and that we had finished the route! I remember being wearily dehydrated. I remember my lips being cracked and sore - not with lack of sun, for there was none on the Wall, but with lack of water. I remember relief, and disbelief. It was hard to believe that we'd ascended the line we had gazed at two days earlier, that we had actually come up that huge wall.

I met a traveller from an antique land , Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert... Near them, on the sand, Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command, Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things, The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed:
And on the pedestal these words appear: 'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings;
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!' Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare The lone and level sands stretch far away.

Percy Bysshe Shelley, 1818.

It is only now, three weeks later, that I realized the significance of the day we finished. As though a wrathful spirit of the Wall demanded a sacrifice, Deb Rossell died when we were finishing Ozymandias. It was a shock to hear of her death, and just as great a shock to realize where we had been when it happened.

I confess I did not know her well - but I knew her well enough to be amazed by her incredible enthusiasm for life. I dedicate this article to her memory - and the message of her passing: live life to the full.

CONSERVATION GRANT

Jenny Johnson

I experienced quite a nice feeling the other day when I opened a letter I had received, to find a cheque for \$9,900. This feeling rapidly faded when Alan whisked it away to one or another of his accounts at the National. But then I realized what a great achievement it was for the club to have received such a sum, even if I couldn't spend the rest of my nights buying endless jugs at The Clyde.

This cheque was made out to The Melbourne University Mountaineering Club and was the outcome of an application to Parks Victoria for a government funded conservation grant. We applied for this grant in October last year after much consultation with NRE, Bright, in particular the friendly ranger Craig Hore. We decided to concentrate on rebuilding a dangerous footbridge on Bon Accord Walking Track (near Mt. Feathertop), which would only be possible with substantial funding. Including the hiring of a helicopter (fun, fun, fun), our cost estimates came to \$9,900.

In March this year, I was informed that our application had been successful and the full amount we had requested would be ours to play with. I was happy.

It is now our job to build a bridge by July next year. We have already had one site visit with Ranger Craig. It is a beautiful little spot and rightly deserves attention. An engineer who will provide all technical drawings has designed the bridge, Ranger Craig will oversee the whole construction process, but it is WE who will actually construct the bridge. The date for this 'sure-to-be riveting adventure' will either be in early December or January/February next year (depending on when the helicopter is available). A group will go up to the site and camp there for one week to do all sorts of fun things like nailing, hammering and playing with concrete. A smaller group will also be needed to lay the concrete foundations a month or so prior to this. Anyone is more than welcome to come up (petrol costs will be subsidized) and give a hand. I think that we are very fortunate to have a government funded conservation grant and should make sure it is used effectively.

So, let the countdown begin and start working on those muscles.



The existing Bon Accord footbridge to be replaced by MUMC with the conservation grant.

Attention all climbers

I'm taking a year off next year, to go climbing in the US. I'm planning to arrive in the country in late April/ early May, and stay until late in the year. I'm currently looking for people who are interested in going for some or all of this time. Plans include big walls in the Valley, sport climbing all over the place, big easy trads in the Rockies, as well as forays into Canada and possibly even Alaska (mountaineering).

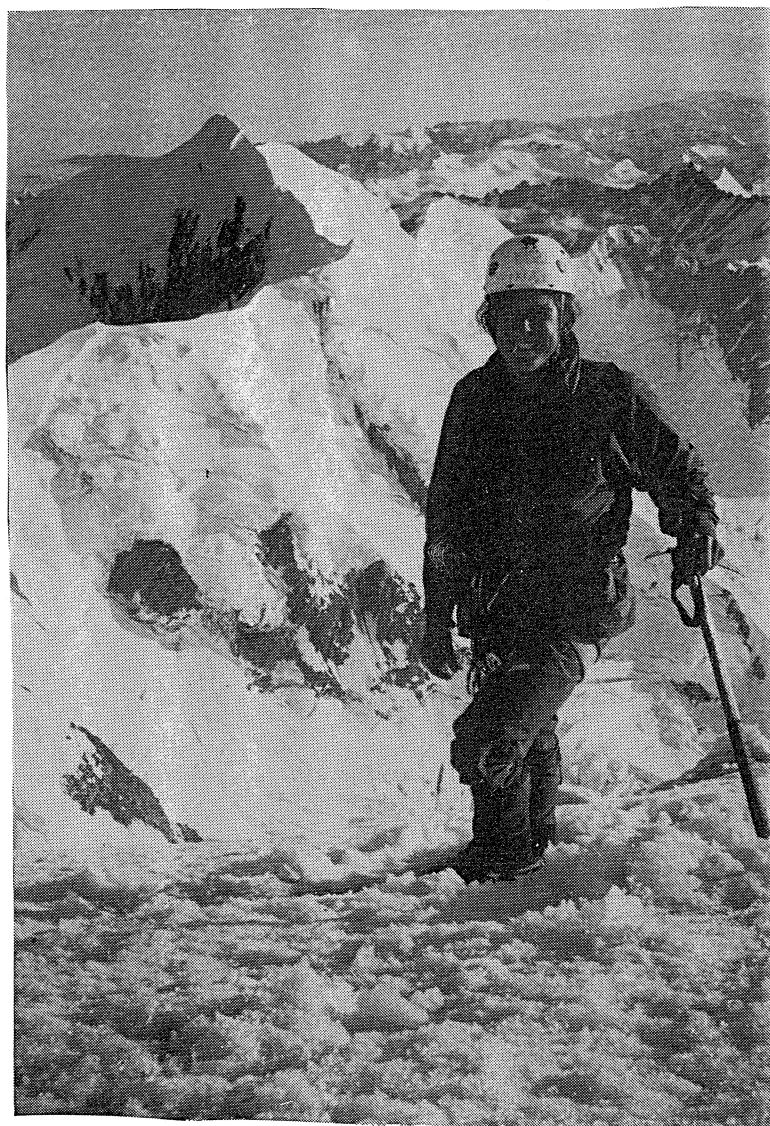
If you're interested in being in on this, give me a call.

Andy SS

Fax: 9894 4389

Pager: 016 370 506

Address: 1 Hill Street, Blackburn, 3130



Andy S.S. summitting Mt Cook,
after climbing the Bowie Ridge.

CHRISTMAS-NEW YEAR TREK

TRAVERSE THE ANNAPURNAS NEPAL HIMALAYA

Trekkers sought for
small private non-commercial trip
departing 13 December 97
returning 13 January 98

32 days Melbourne to Melbourne
including 21 days trekking
Non-standard trek using
local village trails (Siklis to Dhaulagiri)
Land cost \$US1325 plus airfare -
bookings close 10 October
(Early bookings advised)

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