


MOUNTAINEER



The Magazine of the Melbourne University Mountaineering Club

October Edition, 1997.

Editorial

Finally the long awaited edition is out. It's been almost three months since the AGM, send-out edition in July and a lot has happened since then. Apart from the big events such as I.V. (Paddling AND Rogaining), a change of Committee and Midnight Ascent, these past few months have seen some extensive Oxoing both officially and non-officially.

All competitors in this years Australian Universities Canoeing Championships at Goolang Creek in July should be proud of our fantastic effort falling only half a point behind arch-rivals and victors, Sydney University. While some still think some creative doctoring of the results might actually have us in front, the second place was a great effort from all involved.

Midnight Ascent has again been a great success and I take the opportunity to thank all those who arranged for the snow to fall that weekend.

Congratulations go to the MUMC-novice polo team who struggled valiantly to win their Semi-final against Whitehorse in a desperate, sudden-death effort, only to be narrowly beaten by the Australian Army in the Grand Final [*Ed.- only slight bias involved*].

The new Committee, ably led by our esteemed Prez, Cath Kent, is into the swing of things exploring issues both of interest and otherwise and preparing for some serious end-of-year party going and, oh yeah, the O-Week thing.

Happy Birthday to all those who've had them and all those who will have them before March '98 and good luck to all Oxoers, may your summer be fruitful and full of adventure. Enjoy your mag, and until O-Week, keep the Oxo name flying.

Tom Stringer
Publications Officer

INDEX

1. Editorial	page 1
2. President's Report *	2
3. Scroggin	3
4. <i>Mountaineer</i> Competition Details	4
5. Upcoming Trips	5
6. Letter of Dissent (to naughty "Smartie" makers) : Marcelle Gannon and others	6
7. "Debunking the East Kiewa" : Richard Kjar	7 - 8
8. "Endangered Wilderness" : Alex Chapman	9 - 12
9. "The I.V. Memory Games" : Ben Patrick (courtesy of "Deep Fried")	15 - 16
10. "The Snowy Bludge Trip" : Dimitri Papaioannou and Marcelle Gannon	17 - 19
11. "Cornice Jumping, The Immortal Art" : Richard LaNauze and Tom Stringer	20 - 21
12. Rock Climbing Report, '96 & '97 : Stu Holloway	22 - 23
13. "How to Tail Stand Like a True Hellboater" : Scott Wiltshire	24 - 25
14. SLUSH	26

Front: MUMC totem Pole, Mt. Bullfight.

Back: Could we have a rival to Mr Comfort Slacks? That's class! 1971.

President's Report

Catherine Kent

Well the new committee is now two and a half months old and there are trips in every folder. The year promises to be busy with enthusiastic convenors and committee members.

The first issue the committee was face with was one of patience, waiting for dinner at the "Outgoing and Incoming Combined Committee Dinner". Although with drinks such as "cock-sucking cowboys" on the menu, how could we not have a good time?

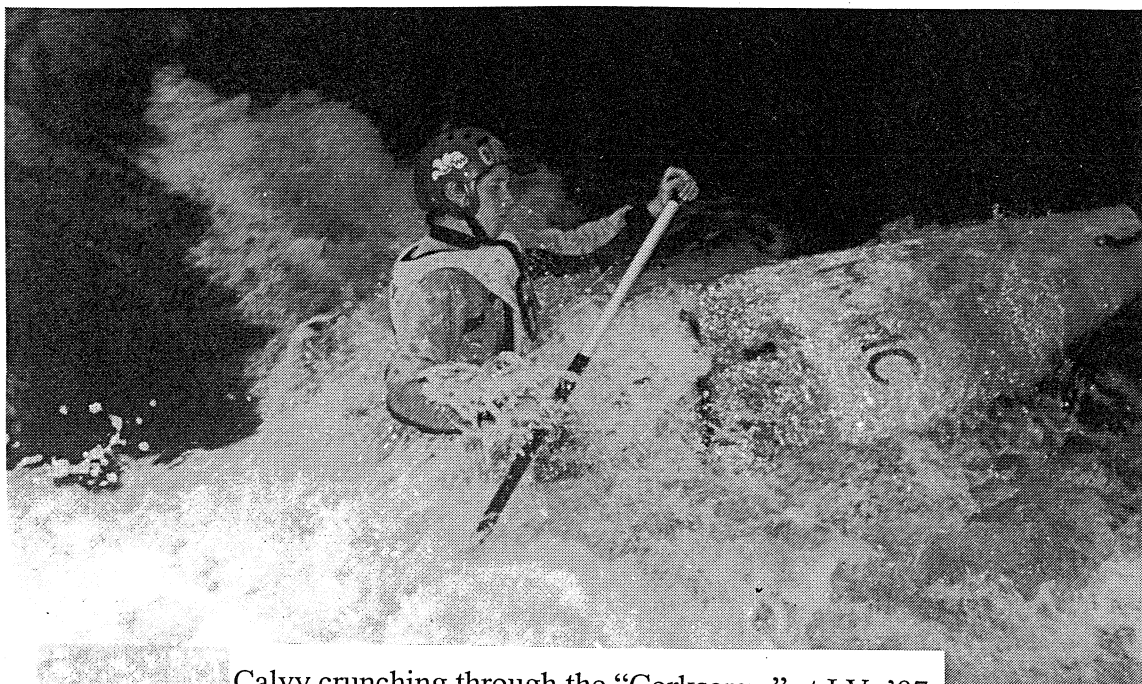
The weekends in August were all full, with many searchees practicing rescue techniques at Mt Baw Baw (and learning how to get free rides on the lifts). Search and Rescue was followed by another successful Midnight Ascent. Thanks must go to Enmoore and her helpers for the terrific job of organising everything, including organising for a fresh dump of that beautiful white, powder stuff that we had almost forgotten existed. Although thanks to ski convenor, Richard La Schnoz, and past convenors Sam and Alan, who made amends with the God of Snow, we have been guaranteed snow for the next three years [*Ed. - at least we get to see something good out of that little exhibition.*] Despite a smaller turnout, the Girlie Ski weekend was again a success, thanks to Ruth for organising the weekend, although we missed out on Ivan as our instructor. No matter how hard he tried, a name like Peter just does not conjure up the same images. I also hear the Monash thermal ball was again a successful but sweaty, event, with a large contingent from Melbourne holding up the MUMC reputation.

There are plenty more events and trips coming up, thanks to Matt and Marcelle for the slide night and the Pubgaine (that we know nothing about). There are lots of trips in the folders, try something new, or encourage a new member to get active. Most importantly - keep Oxo-ing!

Happy birthday to Joel, Simon, Marty and whoever else I've forgotten!!!!

Inspirational quote of the month:

"The journey of a thousand miles begins with one step...
(Just don't think of the next 1 600 000 steps)"



Calvy crunching through the "Corkscrew" at I.V. '97.

SCROGGIN

Current Club Matters:

** The Committee has decided to run a re-print of the "Wild Places, Wild Times" T-shirts from 1995. The re-prints will be available for \$15. The current Club T-shirt (pale blue, orange and green) will be sold separately for \$10 or together with the new one for \$20.

** The Club is currently assessing the notion of purchasing long-range distress beacons for use on more remote Club trips. However, largely due to their considerable cost, the matter is not yet finalized.

** Thanks largely to the efforts of Marcelle Gannon and Dan Tropp, the **Club's web page** is now being regularly maintained. It is situated at:

ariel.its.unimelb.edu.au/~mumc/mumc.html

The site now has a full **contact list** of Committee members. **Trips are listed** under the "Calendar" icon and it is now possible for trips to be entered by simply visiting the web page and following step by step instructions. Also on the page is **information on each of the Club's main activities** including photographs and contact points for the respective Convenors. **Email** can be sent to the club at:

mumc@ariel.its.unimelb.edu.au

** **Congratulations** to Ross Waller, David Kneen and Marty Meyer who have been added to the **Search and Rescue** list.

** The **Clubrooms will be open on Tuesday nights** during summer if you want to contact people or just say hello. Times will be posted on the door so check just in case.

** The **Climbing Code** is currently **under revision** with the relevant people wanting to create a more user-friendly version for the climbers in the Club. Other Convenors have been encouraged to review their codes also.

** The location for the **O-Week beginners camp** is being debated. **The Cathedral Ranges** have been suggested as a possible **replacement** for the **Wilson's Prom** option.

** Ruth Paterson is currently involved in a project to examine the **Club archives** and assist the production of a version of the Mountaineering Club history. It has been decided that **the Club should retain full sets of the Mountaineer** and other important historical documentation rather than hand them over to the University archives for storage. It is believed that such a move would take much of the history of the Club away from the direct contact of Members.

COMPETITION

As the new editor of the *Mountaineer*, I am proud to announce the re-establishment of an old Club tradition. In the past, prizes have been awarded for the **best articles** and **photographs** published in the Club's magazine for each year. Well, its back! That's right, any article submitted and published in the *Mountaineer*, including the current issue, now has a chance to win a gift voucher from *Mountain Designs*.

There are 4 categories that will receive prizes: Best Trip article; Best Information article; Best Photograph and; Best Miscellaneous article.

While the details are not yet finalised, there will be a prize for at least 1st place in each of the categories and possibly 2nd place for several of them.

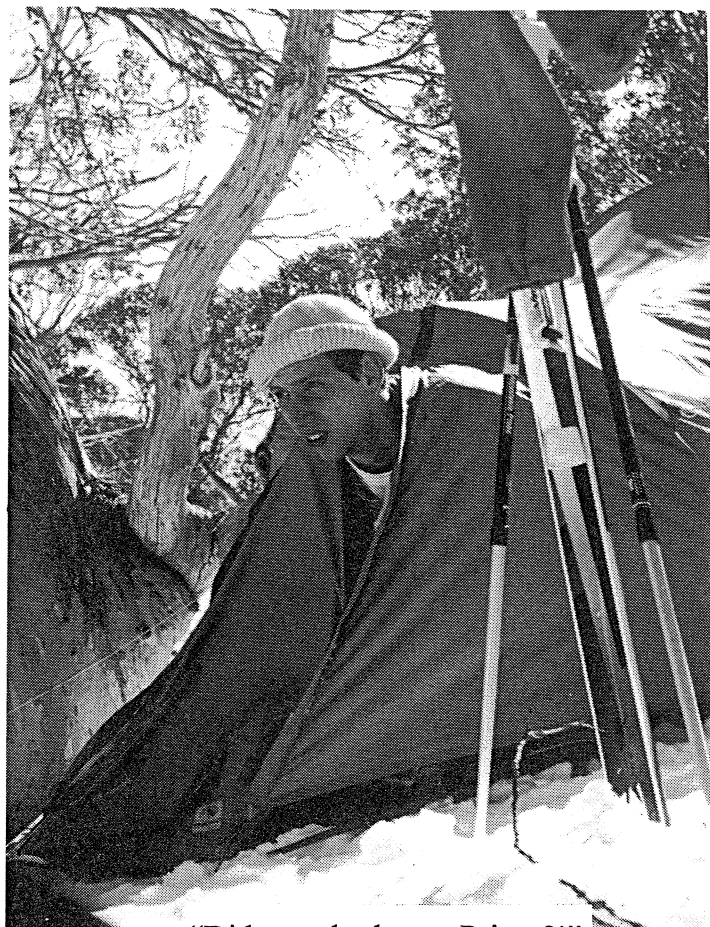
The placement of articles in categories and the final judging of the articles and photos will be done by the Publications Officer [*me!*], the President (Cath Kent) and the Vice-president (Marty Meyer) [*Ed.- all bribes are welcome*].

Prizes will be awarded annually at the Annual General Meeting, traditionally held in or around August.

All articles published between AGMs are eligible for the competition.

So there you have it. Maybe this will encourage you to get in there and actually contribute.

Articles for the O-Week edition are needed desperately. You've got all summer to write them so get to it and win those prizes. Please drop any completed articles in my folder ON DISK (I'm not a secretary), any time during the break.



"Did somebody say Prizes?!"

Trips Trips Trips Trips Trips Trips Trips

Walking

**** Summer Walking.** High Country Victoria. Trips will be run all through summer of various standards and areas. **All standards** welcome. Call Joel: 03 542 83066, or come into the clubrooms ASAP.

**** Summer Bushwalking.** Tasmania. **All standards**, planning trips. *Meeting was on the 21st (Oct)*, but you can contact Joel if still interested.

**** January-February Tough walking.** Tasmania. Federation, Franklin Range, Precipitous Bluff. **Advanced**, off track walking. *Meeting was on the 21st (Oct)*, but contact Lawrence: 9380-6992 if still interested.

Paddling

**** 29th/30th November (or 6th/7th December) Beginner's Refresher Course.** Dights' Falls. Stroke skills and correction, practice on flat, moving and more difficult water. **Beginner - Intermediate**. Limit = 15, car \$15 + \$5 other. Call Scott Wiltshire: 9347-5537, confirm by phone.

**** 9th November, Yarra Series Slalom.** Dight's Falls. **All Standards** welcome. \$5, call Scott W.

**** First week January, Australian Slalom and Whitewater Championships.** Nymboida - Goolang Creek, Nrthn NSW. **Intermediate - Advanced**. \$150, call Scott W.

Climbing

**** 26th October, Climb and BBQ.** Beckworth. Grades 13-22, **Intermediate - Advanced**. *Meeting: Wed 22nd Oct, 7:30*. \$10, call Stu Dobbie: 041 758 8142 if you miss the meeting.

**** 23rd October, Mountaineering Info Night.** NZ climbing, slides, rope techniques, terrain analysis etc. Call Stu Holloway: 9460-6489 to confirm.

**** 1st and 2nd November, Climbing.** Mt. Buffalo. *Meeting: 28th Oct, 7:30*. **Intermediate - Advanced**. Contact Stu Dobbie: 041 758 8142.

**** 19th-30th November, Canyoning/Climbing.** Blue Mtns. **Intermediate - Advanced** (must be largely self-sufficient). *Meeting 11th Nov (?)*. \$100, call Stu: 9460-6489.

Other Stuff 6th Dec, Cyclogaine.** Rogaining on wheels. **FUN! All Standards** welcome (Mtn. bike would be advisable). *No meeting set*. Call Dylan: 9849-0546.

SEVERE TRAUMA

The following letter was drafted in the car on the way home from Cape Otway, at the conclusion of a weekend excursion. It was actually sent to Nestle Corporation upon our return. All of the feelings and emotions conveyed in this piece of writing are real.

Dear Nestles,

We are writing to you concerning our recent experience with a package of Smarties™. A group of seven of us sampled a large packet of your apparently improved Smarties. To our dismay, we were shocked, angered and traumatised to discover that the appearance and quality of the product was well below our past experiences and expectations.

It seems to us that you have increased the size and flattened the Smartie, resulting in a loss of the traditional shape. As a result, we felt that we could taste more shell than previously and also that we were getting less chocolate. The shell was also thicker and too crunchy. And, the chocolate was not up to your usual high standards.

This was particularly devastating as we were trying to impress our American friends by showing that your product is better than any American counterpart. While admiring the view and passing the Smarties around, we had wished that we bought M&Ms.

This loss of face completely disrupted our three day outdoor experience in the Otways as chocolate is essential for a full appreciation of the bush.

We hope that you are as concerned about this matter as we are. We hungrily await your reply.

Sincerely yours,
Marcelle Gannon
Mathieu Vallee
Michael Meade
Frank Masci
Andrew Stevens
Matt Thomas
Dan Weiser

P.S. Can you please inquire as to whether your design department has modified the taste of the red and brown colours?

P.P.S. Was question number one's answer "his daughter"?

The same letter, with some minor adjustments, was sent out to M&Ms/Mars Corporation. Although not all the facts were true in this case, we are eager to examine how the two companies handle this situation!

Debunking the Kiewa

Richard Kjar

The river had a reputation.

'Don't do it without Boris'.

How many times had we heard paddlers say that.

'You'll die without Boris'.

This fuelled our enthusiasm to make a descent of the upper East Kiewa river; without the river's first descendent, crazy man raft guide, Boris. The river is what is known in kayaking circles as a 'steep creek'. Low in volume, short in distance but high in gradient - 60m/km. This is in comparison to the Yarra, which has a gradient of about 2m/km at Warrandyte.

A quick consult of the Victorian Rivers Guidebook confirmed our suspicions.

'....the Pretty Valley Branch of the East Kiewa is uncanoeable. It looks good from the road, but it contains many cataracts and waterfalls.'

We had to do it.

So armed with an attitude, two meaningless e-mail messages and the map, Sam Maffet, Stu Richardson, Andy Lean and Rich Kjar set off to paddle the East Kiewa, to make a 'second' descent of this amazing river. Accompanying us was Stu Coleman, our professional photographer who followed us intrepidly to capture it all on film.

Disaster struck early whilst at Glenrowan McDonalds. Stu R. quietly informed us that he had forgotten his sleeping bag. Luckily we had anticipated a cold weekend and after a quick calculation we figured that we had enough fleece to keep an elephant warm in Antarctica. Our destination was reached late that night, and Stu and I spent the night cuddled together under the one sleeping bag.

Saturday morning dawned with beautiful weather and we decided to paddle the lower section of river. It was meant to be easier than the Upper section but had 2 definite portages. We launched onto the river to be surprised by the amazing gradient. Something that looked flat from the bridge above was actually quite steep. We slowly twisted our way down the freezing river, avoiding the icicles that had formed and the ice covered boulders.

It did not take long till we reached a rapid that looked like we should inspect it. We hopped out of our boats and slithered down the rocks to take a look at the rapid. The rapid was divided into two sections, the first looked paddleable but hard, the second was a little more dicey. We paddled the first section fine, then tackled the second part. Despite some minor scares we all survived this rapid.

Later I re-read the first e-mail message;

'The river then does a tight right hand bend with the flow constricted in a small rocky channel in solid rock slabs. This is the drowning pool....be careful.'

We had paddled the first portage. We seem to be making a habit of paddling portages.

The rest of the river was paddled without incident, with some great creek moves, an icy portage over a landslide, and a relaxing lunch at the end in the sun.

We spent the afternoon exploring the ins and outs of the creeks in the area, psyching ourselves out for the main (upper) section tomorrow. True to form we dashed off to Mt Beauty to buy some scotch, always necessary before a good days paddling.

The next night was just as freezing without Stu's sleeping bag. The following morning we set off up the road to the put in. Merely getting to the river involved dragging our boats 500m down an SEC access track then bush bashing 200m down the side of an extremely steep hill. The vegetation was all frozen and clumps of snow still remained in the hollows.

We reached the river at 10.30am. It began similarly to the day before, quite steep but manageable without having to get out too often to scout the rapids. However the gradient then began to drop away and soon we were confronted with our first 'horizon line'. A horizon line is where the river drops suddenly so all you see is a line across the river and nothing else. This horizon line hid a 4m waterfall, one of about 10 on the trip. Sam probed successfully and we all followed, only to realise afterwards that the line to take had about 10cm leeway to either side. If you missed you probably would have broken both your legs.

Rapid after rapid ensued, too numerable to remember even half of them. At the end I was trying to make a description of the river. I volunteered the idea that the river had 100 rapids on it. The others disagreed. They felt it had just 1 continuous rapid. There were rapids of all types, from huge rock slides, to clean 5m waterfalls to a 30cm wide gutter that dropped 10m in about 20m distance. The rapids never dropped below Grade 4+ and there were many Grade 5s.

It was steep, continuous and never ending. Rapids flowed into rapids, adrenaline was flowing out of our ears. It was unbelievable that such kayaking existed in Victoria. We paddled solidly for 6 1/2 hours, becoming increasingly concerned that we would run out of daylight. At 5.00pm we paddled (unbeknownst to us) the last rapid. We paddled around the corner to the take out....

'Fuck Yeaaaaaaaaaahhhhhh!'

resounded around the mountains. We had paddled the East Kiewa. We hugged each other, we shook each other's hands, we laughed, we were stoked.

We had debunked the myth of the East Kiewa.

Below: The Kiewa Men.



ENDANGERED WILDERNESS

By Alex Chapman

As members of MUMC, everyone of us carries within the hidden memory of being touched by the beauty of our planet. Whether it be a sunrise from Feathertop, the night sky of Wilson's Prom, or the Mountain Ash of Errinundra, it is an experience that cannot be described. However, the chance of future generations sharing the same experience is being taken away.

Over the summer I traveled to the Errinundra Plateau and spent half a day walking through the spectacular old-growth forest. On the upper slopes were tall, wet eucalypt forests housing huge Shinning Gum, Cuttail and Messmate Stringybark trees towering over a lush green understorey of wattles, ferns and numerous other plant species. Along the creeks were patches of rainforest. Scientists have assessed some of these trees at around 400 years old and some of the tree ferns close to 1000 years. Walking a little further brought me to a road gouged out of the hillside. Across the road was a logging coupe around 100 hectares. What was once impressive and rolling forest looked almost humiliated. Clear-felling has stripped the hillsides bare. Virgin old growth forest on one side, torn and scarified on the other. It looked like the aftermath of a war.



Enmoore and Calv in some serious snow, Midnight Ascent.

Prior to European settlement forests covered over 90% of Victoria. Now less than 30% is forested, with most of the remainder severely modified by logging, agriculture and other human impacts. Only 19% of this *remaining* forest is under secure long-term conservation status. In Victoria 14 000 hectares of native forest is clearfelled each year. A further 16 000 hectares are selectively logged or 'thinned'. For those of you unaware, clearfell logging is a process where an entire area is cleared using chainsaws, bulldozers and cable loggers. The area is then burnt to encourage regrowth. This controversial technique destroys both the trees and the undergrowth. It is used to provide woodchips for export and local paper manufacture. Forestry Industries originally claimed that woodchipping was simply putting the waste left over from logging to use. However, recent government reports have found that 80-90% of wood taken from forests ends up as woodchips. The timber industry no longer dispute this.

Numerous independent and government department scientific reports over the years have attributed clearfell logging to the following problems:

- Elimination of ecological structure and direct disruption of the food chain.
- Loss of animal life from destruction of habitat, especially tree hollows for endangered owls, possums and gliders found only in old-growth trees 200+ years old.
- Compaction of soil by heavy machinery increases bulk density, affecting water absorption and nutrient release.
- Soil erosion from machinery and rain.
- Exposed soil in logging coupes and roads is washed into streams. This muddies the water, killing marine life and effects water quality in catchments.
- Loss of biodiversity due to extinction of animal and plant species.
- Leaves the area prone to colonisation of exotic plants and feral animals.
- Outbreak of plant diseases brought in by machinery.
- Failed regeneration of forest ecology.
- Regrowth forest often lacks the diversity or structure originally existing, as dominant species adapted to logging take over.
- Carbon dioxide emissions are increased due to decreased level of photosynthesis, carbon stored in wood is released from burning, and decomposition of the manufactured material after use.

In 1993 a report by the Victorian Auditor-General found that the government made a \$13 million net loss during the 1991-92 financial year from timber operations in native forests. A similar report published in 1995 by La Trobe University economist Dr Andrew Dragun for the year 1993-94 has shown that the government spends at least \$2.25 for each dollar of timber royalty recovered, and the direct government subsidy to logging in Victoria is at least \$50 million annually. Dr Dragun also estimates that indirect costs, meaning losses to other values and industries from logging, which include loss of water quantity and quality, loss of agricultural and fishery productivity due to land and water degradation, and loss of forest based tourism revenue could total more than \$350 million per year. The Department of Natural Resources and Environment refuses to allow public access to their monthly forestry accounts, stating that they are 'confidential cabinet documents'.

Most of our remaining native forests occur on public land owned by Australians and managed by governments. These governments have a duty to make decisions based on the views of the majority of the public. However in June 1996 a Roy Morgan Poll showed that 97% of Australians believe we have a duty to protect our remaining wilderness areas. 85% of people believe that wilderness areas should be protected for their own sake and free from roads at all costs. Finally, 88% disagree that economic development is more important than conserving wilderness areas. In late 1994, an independent Newspoll showed that more than 80% of Australians disapproved of trees being felled for export woodchips. A similar poll in early 1995 by The Age newspaper found that 63% were opposed to the logging of any native forests that had never been logged.

Hopefully by now you must be wondering why this industry is allowed to continue? Well the answer is political persuasion. For woodchipping companies such as Amcor, Boral, Daishowa and North Forest Products, it is far more economical to continue clearing Australia's forests with the huge subsidies supplied by State governments, than fully utilise their existing plantations. This way they have the security of knowing their plantations are sitting there ready for harvest at any time. When the federal liberal government got into power in 1996, four woodchipping companies gave donations totaling \$625 000 to the liberal party and \$205 000 to labour. Conservation groups cannot financially compete with this so they attempt to influence government by informing the public. In the 80s and early 90s both Hawke and Keating promised a phase out of woodchipping by the year 2000, but both caved in to intense lobbying by the timber industry.

So what is the solution? Australia now has more than one million hectares of plantations. These plantations already supply 65% of Australia's wood products and raw materials for paper manufacture. By the year 2000 the amount of wood supplied from plantations is expected to double, creating around 15000 new jobs. At the present time these plantations are not being fully utilised. If they were there would be no need to destroy our natural heritage. Rather, protection of such areas have the potential to bring long term wealth to surrounding communities through eco-tourism. The problem is that at a time when plantations are taking over, rather than seeing a phase out of native forest logging, we are seeing the biggest licenses ever given. In East Gippsland for example the average area in the past subject to clearfelling was 5500 ha per year. The Howard Government has increased this to over 8000 ha. All of the woodchips taken in East Gippsland are taken to the 100% Japanese owned Daishowa mill in Orbost and exported to Japan for as low as \$60 per tonne. Is it worth it to gut our beautiful natural heritage so that Japan can have paper. Furthermore, Australian paper manufacturers such as Amcor refuse to produce a 100% post consumer waste recycled paper. Instead they make paper using forests from Victoria's central highlands and Strzelecki Ranges.

The fact is that wilderness provides society with oxygen, clean water, biodiversity, scientific and historical knowledge, recreation, income through tourism, and unparalleled beauty. With human impact continuously depleting the amount in existence, it is vital that

we protect all of the few areas remaining. The current governments are not acting in the public's best interest, and the only way we can change this is to tell them.

SO WHAT CAN YOU DO?

Write letters!!! It doesn't take much time and it does make a difference.

If you need information contact a conservation group or me. Nearly all of them have offices in the city and they will gladly give you information. Don't worry, they won't expect you to stand in front of a bulldozer. Here are some addresses:

Marie Tehan
Minister for Environment
Parliament House
Melbourne Vic. 3000

Senator Robert Hill MP
Minister for Environment
Parliament House
Canberra ACT 2600

OR
Your Local
Member of
Parliament
(State or Federal)

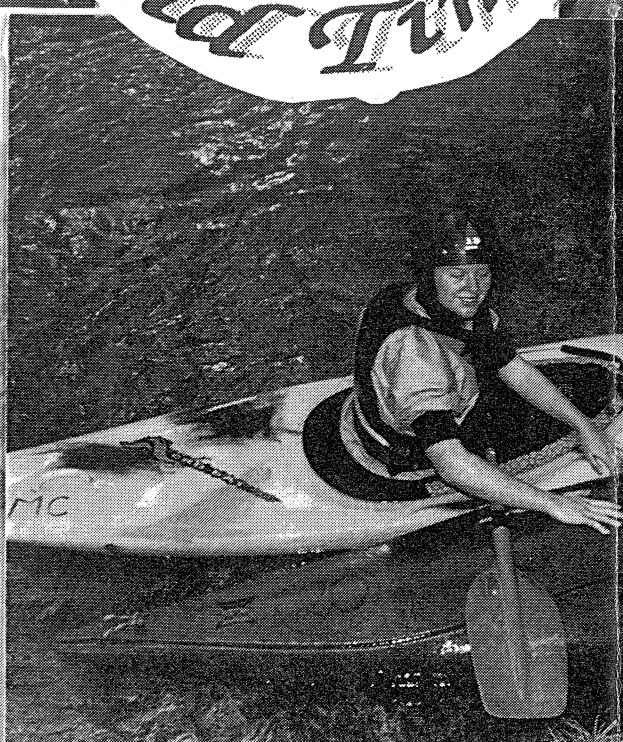
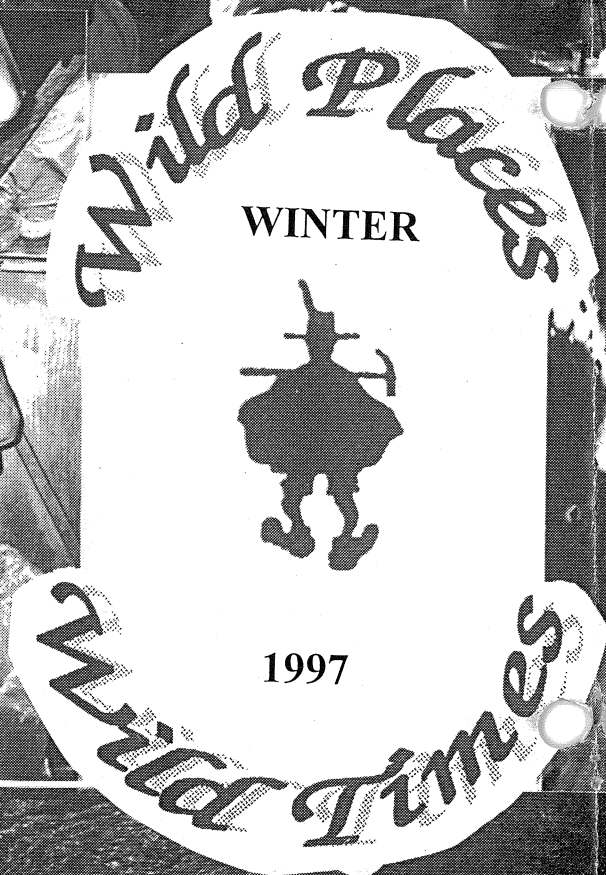
AND BOYCOTT THE FOLLOWING PRODUCTS:

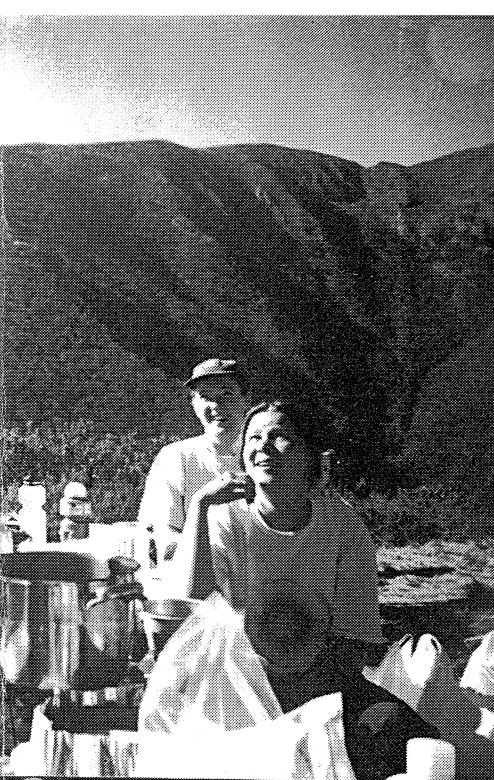
Reflex Paper, Copyright Paper, Australian Paper, Boral Products, Kleenex Tissues and Toilet Paper

USE ALTERNATIVES:

Cannon 100, Datacopy, Cyclus, Nautilus, Handkerchiefs, 100% Recycled Unbleached Toilet Paper.







THE IV MEMORY GAMES

By Pat BenRick

It is really more of an endurance event than a collection of innocent races. Dedication, persistence, hard work and a sense of humour are vital to be successful in this peculiar competition. The winner is never certain, no matter what the trophy at the end says. The points collected on the way are of equal value to the pints consumed, the scores are of equal value to the scores, the speed of your boat equal to the speed of your boat races, and the thunderous cheers of victory are equal to the stripyness of thermals. What is this competition?

To be the most remembered of IV 97. To be the person whom everyone looks forward to bagging at the next IV. To be in the group that did the most outrageous thing in the competition. Bugger who won the polo, the slalom, the DR, but what really matters is who won the boat race? Bugger who missed the most gates, or who swam in the rapid sprints, but who was that ugly dude who ran naked around the camp-ground?

In previous years the Tasmanians have been highly successful at this amazingly skilful and tactical game, owing greatly to their speed and volume of consumption of

alcohol. They even had a new recruit, Spud, who looked like he was a star import. The reigning champions had a season plagued with misfortune however, with Newt being under a significant handicap by having to impress his girlfriend with his maturity and poise. Even Booga was morose, with a national drought severely restricting the number of wild rivers available to conquer. They had even left their slalom boats back in Tassie.

This left the field wide open. There was talk of maybe even the paddling being the first priority this year, with other activities taking the back seat. The first few days were certainly unusual in their casualness. The downriver went off with most people paddling down with some vague idea of doing something for their uni. Tim and Scott had an even clearer goal in mind: Victory!

With some dirty underhand play by Milne and Pat, this dream was cruelly scuttled as the boat sprung some unfortunate leaks in previous runs. The slight damage to the boat made a mid-race pause necessary dashing any hope of glory. There was little chance of this anyway, with a slight accident at corkscrew resulting in Tim and Scott somehow underneath their boat. In a

I think that Ben Patricia, started writing this article - but I fear that Pat Benrick, may have sneaked in + stolen the show. Consequently not all of it was printable, + it's been slightly abridged due to spacial constraints. Pat.

* to next page

* From page 16.

was a large crowd that persisted all day, and despite the pool's oppressive humidity provided great atmosphere. An extraordinary sight presented itself in the Adelaide team: an extraordinarily large pair of arms on a very skilful polo player. Instantly the crowd took a disliking to him, as he was simply too good. Chop those tall poppies down, y'all good Aussies! The final was preceded by a fantastic display of submarine tactics by the Tasmanians, who decided that playing by their rules it was better to be swimming than be tipped over.

In the final, Sydney v Adelaide, Sydney produced an enormous crowd with makeshift bongo drums and screaming fans, all rooting for their uni and slagging off Mr Big Biceps Who Can Get Goals From The Other End Of The Pool. It was an awesome game, with a two all draw before half time. Going into extra time the crowd went wild, and Sydney just popped one in to defeat Mr Biceps and his cronies. Everyone went back and prepared for the big event that night: the final dinner.

Some people went to enormous lengths with their costumes, with some

interesting characters in drag, in jumpsuits and other curious drappings. It turned out to be a bit of a fizzer, as you had to pay for your grog, and although the food was good, there were no opportunities for spectacular acts of stupidity. The raffle prizes were all incredibly dodgy, with UNE being pulled from the hat an amazing number of times, winning two boats and a great deal of scepticism about the "luckiness" of the process. It certainly looked fair, but you never can tell, eh?

So now to the decision: who wins the prize? Who was in the thick of it when it counted, and put his hand up and said, "Look at me!" Who else but Timmy Trout. We have to give him credit, he did only swim once, but he wore night vision goggles, lost his paddle in the DR, almost lost a bet over the C1 teams, was a star performer in many skits.

~~_____~~ and was generally most noticeable all week, especially while playing "ball" with young children.

But all my congratulations must go to UNE for the great organisation and casual atmosphere the entire event was run in. The whole week went almost without a hitch and it has certainly inspired me to return next year, if just to see the display of thermal wearers turn out. Keep up the good work, and here's to Tassie doing as good a job next year.

separate incident, Tim was later seen wading through the river, mid race, looking for a misplaced C1 paddle, adding insult to injury.

The glory of the day could have been taken by either Piers Christianson or Andy Stamp who both performed admirably in the athletic side of the event, but these reclusive characters did not capitalise on their opportunities.

The emotional impact of the slalom event was tempered somewhat by the incredible task the compliers had set themselves, and show of admirable disinterest in the performance of this task. The course was designed to make their job as torrendous as possible, with scores averaging about 500, not including the swimmers. Nad Milne had a marvellous opportunity for renown which was squandered with results not known until the next day.

Several unknown females from Sydney University placed themselves firmly on the map with matching rainbow coloured helmets from beanie to leggings. There were so many thermals around there were no really specially eye-catching ones, as they were extraordinarily rampant.

That night the Tasmanians made their move in their retention of the title with an amazing tactical display to put themselves in the front of the queue for dinner and desert. With careful table selection and well placed coats, their timing and execution were almost perfect. Straight in the exit door with plates and forks pre-organised, saliva already prepared. It was a delight to watch.

The trivia night was completely forgettable, and I don't even know who won, except that it was crap and the questions sucked and I left early. (which probably explains why I don't know who won)

With the week having had a slow start, and tiredness beginning to build, it was becoming a case of now or never. The

to come to make a move. The teams even won, and Barff Road was on, giving plenty of opportunity for shennanigans and playful immaturity to assert themselves.

The rush for porridge in the morning was a competitive affair, promising much for the day ahead. University co-ordinators dressed as pirates were (rushing) wandering around vaguely looking for C2's to plunder to enable a C2 team to compete. But all of a sudden, out of the blue, with a supersonic boom announcing them, the Melbourne Uni K1 team stormed down the course with a troupe of photographers and supporters sprinting down behind to grab everybody's attention and a moment of glory. The author was unfortunately a part of this team, denying a slightly balding goof his rightful spot in his team, for which he apologises for and is sincerely sorry.

The next eye-catching moment was watching a Sydney University C2 team making complete fools out of themselves by getting everything wrong before their run had even started. They had to swap boats, decks and hold everyone up by about 5 minutes, and then one of their paddles snapped in gate 2, requiring a replacement to be thrown from the opposite bank. The finished upright, incredibly, and even went back for seconds.

The most highly contested event of the day was the C1 teams, with Melbourne and Tassie uni's both feeling slightly cocky about their chances. With a six pack and a bottle of port riding on the result, yours truly duly disrighted myself and was somehow ejected from my boat, resulting in a disgraceful loss of face and alcohol. With nothing to lose we charged back up for a second run muttering, "double or nothing, double or nothing," to the jeers of the crowd. What happened to the results we'll never know, as I don't think the compilers ever

made it to our event, but the alcohol was drunk regardless.

* If anyone was expecting to return to a dull and dreary campsite they received a large shock on arriving back to their tents. A secret supply of port had been smuggled into the area and was creating havoc. The doors to some tents had mysteriously disappeared, with the perpetrators laughing merrily in places one shouldn't go if one values ones safety. The problem was, the perpetrators hadn't stopped at one. Random raids were made, and skits of various qualities were performed to unreceptive audiences.

The next day took a little while to warm up, with people a little unsteady on their feet, let alone in their boats. However the rodeo gained a great deal of exposure, with Tim and Jen winning another bottle of port for their marvellous display, and Scott Wiltshire only getting a black eye for his trouble.

Everyone trooped across the great dividing range to Armidale, where it was incredibly cold. The trip along dark and windy roads proved too much for couple of boats, which slipped of the back of a trailer unnoticed. By the time the unfortunate event had been pointed out, the car was several kilometres further down the road, joyfully navigating the serpentine road, and another car had already picked the boats up.

This could have been the most interesting car story of the week, if it wasn't for someone putting the Tasmanian's car in its proper place: in toilet paper. Some clever fellows had raided the dunnys and wrapped the whole car in the inferior quality paper provided in public toilets. When the RAC man arrived to see what was wrong with the

car (the alternator was cactus) it didn't take him long to work out that the car was really a piece of poop.

The polo was the final event, and all of a sudden the tables were turned. Adelaide took on a vicious streak that wasn't present on whitewater, and Sydney and Monash presented teams of incredible calibre. There



THE SNOWY 'BLUDGE' TRIP

10th - 13th July 1997

by Marcelle Gannon and Dimitri Papaioannou

Trip Leader: Matt Thomas (dolphin murderer and illustrious leader)
Sarah Castle (owner of Trangia teapot)
Alex Chapman (ardent conservationist)
Marcelle Gannon (card playing enthusiast)
Kath Hammond (pizza legend)
Jackie Hickey (Gabriel Gaté scholar)
Dimitri Papaioannou (stratagem theorist & pseudo-philosopher)
Tom Reid (Heyfield Pub patron)
Matthew Turner (Heyfield Pub patron)

After an hour's discussion at the trip meeting, we had chosen our trip route : walking from Horseyard Flat to Moroka Gorge, Shanty Hollow, Mt. Dawson, Snowy Bluff and Higgins' Yard Ruins, finishing at Doolan's Plain. All up, approximately 45 km. This optimistic route was somewhat far removed from the route we actually pursued : parking at Doolan's Plain, walking to the Snowy Bluff Creek waterfalls, taking a day trip up to Snowy Bluff, camping again at the waterfalls, walking to Higgins' Yard, then walking out to Doolan's Plain. All up, about 30 km. One might almost have called it the Snowy Bludge trip (only kidding!).

Following a fairly uneventful trip up to Bennison's Lookout, about 35km from Licola, we decided to camp at Doolan's Plain due to an abundance of snow and a shortage of petrol in Matt's car. As we couldn't find Doolan's Plain amongst all the snow, we camped instead at Clover Leaf Plain, which turned out to be about 4km from our intended campsite.

Walking on the Thursday morning commenced with nourishing capricciosa and bacon double cheeseburger pizza thanks to Kath Hammond, Pizza Hut manager and chef extraordinaire. We walked along the snow-clad Moroka River 4WD track and descended about 1000m to arrive at the Moroka River- which had to be forded. It was at

this point that the Moroka claimed its first victim. Marcelle saw it happen, Kath saw it happen, Matt denied that it ever happened, and by the time anyone came to their senses, the Thermarest was lost forever to the mighty Moroka. Matt was not concerned about his own sleeping arrangements, being more worried about potentially endangering the lives of rare oceanic mammals. After contending with prickles and broken branches in bare feet, we picnicked by the side of the river. We then pushed on along the side of Snowy Bluff Creek, passed the implied knoll, then walked along an implied track to reach our intended destination, the implied waterfall (all 2 metres of it!).

The sun had gone down and once the tents were up, it was time for the first dinner of the trip.

While Jackie struggled with various vegetarian dishes from her Gabriel Gaté cookbook, Matthew and Tom prepared the first of their meat-eating feasts - spaghetti bolognaise, with real mince - still on the supermarket tray, followed by a tinned chocolate pudding which they cooked for 25 minutes in their Trangia. This was the start of a food epic - but more about that later. Dimitri's contribution to the gastronomical state of the group was Astronaut freeze-dried ice cream, which progressed from powdering stuff that evening to real ice-cream the following morning. Meanwhile, Alex struggled to appreciate the intricacies of Alan's recipes and gourmet ingredients.

The evening was capped off with a tent-warming party for the new Olympus tent, which was only slightly worse for wear after many a round of emperors and scumbags. The English language was also slightly worse for wear with the overuse of Dimitri's card-playing "stratagems" (which were employed most successfully in usurping the throne from Kath! D.P.)

With a long day ahead on Friday, we thought it prudent that we start walking at 10:30am. We had planned a day trip to Mt Dawson and back, via Snowy Bluff, a distance of 15 km. After an hour and a half of climbing up a spur, we realised that it would be very late by the time we got back and so changed our plans to climb the eastern and western peaks of Snowy Bluff, stopping for lunch on a hill overlooking Snowy Bluff. Matthew and Tom started work on the first of three salami they had brought.

After lunch we walked across the saddle to the eastern peak of Snowy Bluff for fantastic views of Happy Valley and the White Ladies. We could also make out several snow-capped peaks in the distance, including Mt Feathertop and Mt Hotham. We practiced our GBD (Garbage Bag Downhill) skills on the side of Snowy Bluff, carving a toboggan run out of the side of the hill. At 3:30pm, we finally attained our objective, the West Peak of Snowy Bluff. Though not having the breathtaking prospects of the lower peak, reading the log book was reward enough for the effort. Notable entries included many MUMC entries from the mid-70's and an explanation provided for the missing 10 pages at the end of the log book. Making it back to camp (at night), we set about preparing for tea. If we were astounded by Matthew and Tom's bolognaise sauce the previous night, we were absolutely incredulous at what they had prepared for tonight ... sausages (boiled beforehand of course), and more pudding.

Day Three we were to walk all of 4 km to Higgins' Yard ruins. Sitting on a rock overlooking the valley and absorbing the sun, we were debating whether to have lunch before we left the campsite. We decided to walk first, leaving at 11:30am and arriving at our destination at about 3:30pm, after crossing the Moroka River again (unfortunately not finding the Thermarest!). So it wasn't a hard day's walk, but the hard part of the day was still to come - enduring the arguments and debates that were to follow.

The argument stemmed from the fact that there was a fireplace at the campsite. A question was asked : "Should we light a campfire?" and the debate began ... Five minutes later it had deteriorated from a discussion on the effect of deliberately lit fires on the ecosystem into an argument about how many years ago the last fire had been through the area. With each parry and thrust of the debate, the argument degenerated into something approaching triviality, reaching its lowest point when Alex triumphantly produced an ace from up his sleeve : a young tree with a charred stem, as undeniable justification of the validity of his argument; equally triumphantly rebutted by Matthew who pointed out the said tree's proximity to a 4WD track. The discussion continued away from the preparations for the fire. The rest of the night was spent warming our hands and drying our shoes around the object of contention. Dimitri's contribution to the night's entertainment was drinking half a litre of port, then making a profound philosophical comment that no one could remember in the morning. (I don't remember a bloody thing! D.P.)

On the last morning we began walking at the ungodly hour of 9 am, embarking on the longest and hardest leg of the entire trip, covering about the same distance that we had managed on the previous two days. Allegedly following McMillan's walking track up a steep spur, enjoying Mars® bars provided by Matt and Tom, we eventually found that we were nowhere near the saddle: our provisional destination for the morning. Rather, we found that by mid-afternoon we were making our slow ways around apparently logged trees still looking for the saddle. Before any argument ensued, though, as to the precise date of deforestation, Alex 'twigged' that we may have walked into public land and consequently right past the saddle. We pushed on and stumbled over a logging trail after a kilometre or so. We followed this for about 300 metres and found ourselves back on McMillan's walking track, only a couple of kilometres from the road. After a group photo and a bit of lunch (at about 4:00pm) we walked out to the cars, to be greeted by a five-day-old piece of pizza still frozen in the boot.

Dimitri had walked ahead a little and was building a snow fort when we arrived. To his dismay he became the target of a three-pronged snow attack, against which his fort provided no defence. We drove back to Heyfield, narrowly missing wandering cows and sheep. Matthew and Tom decided that it was time for a bit of a drink at Heyfield pub, and continued with a six-pack for the drive home.

THE IMMORTAL CORNICE JUMP

(The long lost chapter of "How to ski like an CXO man or woman")

History of Cornice Jumping

So, you have made it this far. You have mastered the telemark and the slopes are a mess with your signature. If you are looking for something new, something a little bit crazy then this is the chapter for you. Cornice jumping history goes way back to the greats such as Mëßrhçøm Balæšâðµhz who was once heard saying "Fuck yeah" as he sailed over the lip of a ten meter bone crusher. These pioneering few had to struggle with boots strapped to wooden skis, woolen beanies, A-frame tents and damn ugly clothes. They were not out there for the extreme photo to show their mates, they wanted to become one with the snow. This is where it all began, back in the days when a good dump meant digging down to clear the hut chimneys and carbon fibre was something being played with in a lab somewhere in Austria.

Thankfully (sought of) those days are gone. With the advent of decent skis, pretty Gore-tex and point'n'shoot cameras, the art of cornice jumping has become a little less of a spiritual experience and a little more of an adrenaline pumping display of blatant exhibitionism.

Finding a Cornice

Finding the right cornice can take days of agonising scrutiny. The cornice must be assessed from below, from the side (for the right photo angle), and from the top. The lip is prodded and jumped on just to make sure it won't give way. Any cornice with cracks wider than the length of your stocks should be seriously considered a tad dangerous. Try to avoid those without any snow at the bottom (though a spectacular fall through rocks can really increase the sexiness of a photo!) and as a general rule, make sure you know how to get back after you've gone plummeting downwards for several metres.

Light is very important. As any would-be "I'm-a-god-at-taking-action-shots" club photographer will tell you, there's no point in risking broken bones and a damn good jump if you can't be seen for lack of, or too much light. Another point to consider is spectator vantage points. Once again, there's little point in cornice jumping if no-one can see it to tell you how good you were (yes, it may sound like something Totti Goldsmith would say but "Sex Life" and cornice jumping are quite closely linked). Make sure the lip tapers off nicely at the side for admirers to easily position themselves for the jump. Background scenery is another consideration. The rockier the backdrop the better. If it's possible to get awe-struck onlookers into a position where they can be seen, without compromising the unskiable appearance of the drop, then feel free to do so.

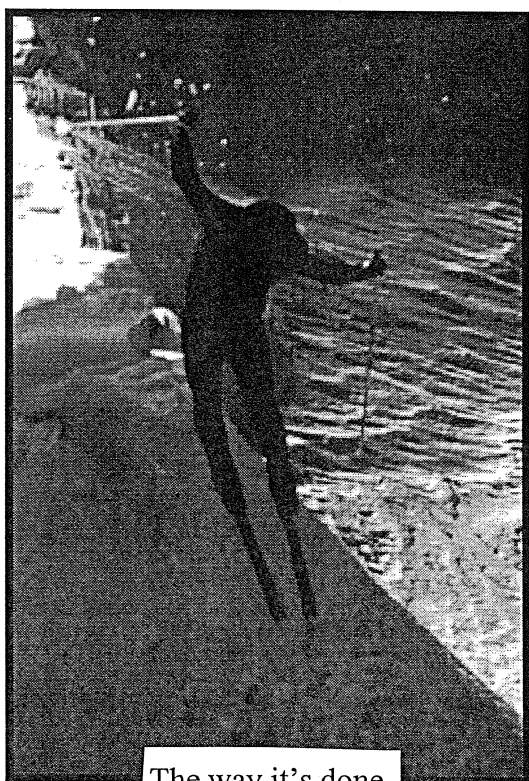
Executing the jump

Mental preparation at the top is essential. Even the most experienced of Oxo skiers is prone to nervousness before a jump. Many are the times when a prospective hell-man or

woman will stand at the top, the view of the distant hills the only thing to be seen above the sharp white line of the drop ahead, only to change their mind at the last possible instant, a move that requires a complete re-start of the psyching-up process and some fast-talking to keep your cold photographer happy. Finally you decide to go, or more accurately, you pass the point of no return. There are two ways you can tackle the approach: 1) the less convincing but far more attention grabbing technique is to shout something heroic just before you hit the air, something like "woo hoo" ("Blur" style) should suffice. This way, you instantly grab the attention of all onlookers within a considerable radius, including your cameraman or woman (preferably both) who will thank you later. 2) The technique of the true professional. Stand, skis set stylishly against the slope, at the top of the approach. Do a few blatant psyching exercises (loud breathing, ski slapping, arm waving etc.), then push off with a nice skating move. In this case, there is no warning - the photographer has to be positioned at all times. Style is everything. As illustrated, the arms need to be pointing up, the poles outwards, straight body and parallel skis. Anything different will result in a photo that you will want to burn. The whole jump must be performed with strict vocal silence being observed, any cry, any gargled scream and the moment will be lost.

The landing

The landing, in comparison with the approach and moment of photographic exposure is not important, but the consummate professional may still want to pull off the perfect jump. Luckily, the face of a cornice is the ideal place to land having jumped several meters. The steep slope, so often a feature of the big ones allows momentum to be kept up. As a result, even an initial stack can be rectified stylishly as gravity keeps you moving. A recovery of this nature is possibly even more spectacular than the standard two feet straight down. By now your photo has been taken -you are already a hero. The face is a very efficient way of stopping before the rocks at the bottom of the slope. Now you can go home with the photos and say "I don't telemark, I cornice jump."



The way it's done.

Brendan getting high off Feathertop.



Option B.

Marty doing a not-so-good job of it on Kosi.

Rock Climbing Report, '96 & '97

By Stu Holloway

The past year has been an exciting one for MUMC. It has been particularly notable for the wide range of styles and locations visited. The early spring was marred by the torrential rains which made for excellent paddling conditions, but caused a series of washouts at Arapiles. The most significant of these saw large amounts of people, alcohol and rainwater find their way into Cuan's tent that he eventually slept (mostly) in his car, without his sleeping bag, which lay sodden in a corner under a pile of empties. Once again we were reminded that no sacrifice was too great.

Eventually it stopped raining, and at the time that was a good thing. Thereafter study was rightly neglected over subsequent weekends as small groups made the regular journey to the mountain. These trips had an intermediate emphasis, stretching personal abilities and consolidating leading experience. Around this time the brilliant, exposed and historic Seventh Pillar, with its attendant reputation for epics, sent me for a 50m ride amidst shattered rock from the last few yards. Alex and Carys subsequently cruised the route as aid climbing practice, which also took them up the Ogive, but unfortunately someone else had already gotten my gear. Doh!

The Blue Mountains were the venue for a large, end of exams, multisport trip. No one was keener to get up there than our visiting Californian off-width guru, Bryn Davidson, who was dying to go somewhere "the cracks are for climbing, not just protection" [*Ed.- sounds kinky*]. His appetite was sated when, after bouncing on the rope a bit to stretch out the 29m abseil by the waterfall into the Lower Shipley cliffs, we climbed the three pitches of overhanging hand crack up laybacks and through roofs on the brilliant Clockwork Orange. Among the vast amounts of climbing done were also a few ascents of the classic and atmospheric West Wall of the Three Sisters, and the much photographed Mantleshelf. If anyone is going to do this at night, please note that I don't know what time the floodlights are switched off (apologies to those concerned). Many canyons were also descended on this trip, a spectacular and exciting addition to the club's activities, as was the presence of many members of RMIT's Outdoor Pursuits Club, particularly Manfred, the Austrian hellman(iac) and his rope free abseiling techniques, who thankfully lived to lead the surfing tour home. It ended with much cave-dwelling and beer drinking as the heat made climbing almost unbearable, and people headed somewhere cooler to climb.

Jill, Stu Dobbie and Peter K traveled around Tasmania. An ascent of Tierray la Fronde on Frenchman's Cap was probably the highlight. Jill and Stu D. also climbed Ozymandias direct in Buffalo Gorge before he left for his world tour. Matt, the bastard, joined the list of international rock stars [*Ed.- and we're not talking music*] to visit South Africa, and although he said he didn't do much, agreed with reports that it was brilliant. No doubt he felt right at home in a place that offended everybody for years [*Ed.- is that South Africa or the company of other climbers?*]. Scott and Lisa drank cocktails, lay on the beach and went skin diving around the islands of Thailand. The climbing was also excellent, and conveniently didn't interfere with these other activities too much.

The New Year saw the return of Beginner's trips. First to Summerday Valley under the esteemed guidance of Cuan, followed by Wilson's Prom. And a couple of trips

to Arapiles. At the Prom. Climbing was largely abandoned in favour of massive hydro-engineering and sand mining works, but obviously we didn't seem too weird as there were large numbers the following weekend, and at the big, successful and late night Easter trip. Becca Barber, living in WA this year, has been climbing on Bluff Knoll and the Albany sea cliffs, which she said were outstanding. On our own sea cliff at Cape Wollamai on Phillip Island I found that rock was better than bolts (except a couple which have been replaced) were worse than the legends suggest. Dale Cooper has been out almost every weekend, and continues to raise the hacky skills in the club, whilst Nathan added a touch of drama coming away unscathed, from a great height out of Golgotha. Uncle Dan and I eventually made it up Ozymandias followed by Andy SS and Mark Rewi, with everyone reveling in the flagrant cheating involved [*Ed.- surely not!*]. Probably because of my prolonged absence across the summer and the start of semester everything ran very effectively. The fault lies, of course, with all the usual suspects, particularly the mighty and amazing Cuan. Many thanks to Jill, Carys, Anton (how do you climb so hard after taking photos all night?), Dale, MtB, Stu D., Peter, Barnaby, Uncle Dan and all others who helped and climbed during the year.

This year saw the tragic, wasteful and irretrievably sad loss of Deb Russell. Deb's family have very kindly donated her climbing equipment to the club, and we are very grateful for their generosity. Rest in peace.

Mountaineering

The profile of mountaineering should continue to rise in the club after another successful summer in New Zealand. There is a growing base of experience with a number of people who have made repeat trips into the alps, and a growing number of people who have been across to learn their way around glaciers and generally try it out, and to see the famous house-sized blocks of ice.

Ralph and Lawrence, after a Boxing Day training session at the Cathedrals, joined Sam at Kelman Hut for a course with Charlie Hobbs' SAG. Rak took a break from paddling to join them on the Tasman after their course, but the indifferent [*?*] to crappy weather was typical of the summer. One exception was an eight day spell in late January when anything was possible, and I did the East Ridge on Cook, Silberhorn and a traverse on Mt. Dixon before being joined by Andy SS, fresh from his solo North Island journey up every volcano you've ever heard of, including Tongariro (the only one I can spell), for the Bowie Ridge on Cook. The Bowie Ridge is an excellent rock climb, about 6 rope lengths of 12/14 up a buttress, followed by 7 or more rope lengths along a roughly horizontal, pinnacled arete [*Ed.- whatever that is*], in the middle of a huge snow and ice climb. We spent the night out in the fantastic Bowie bivvy site, and whilst Andy is clearly a master of bivvies and was very comfortable, not having a sleeping bag made it easier for me to want to get up at 2 in the morning. Andy capped off his big season with the classic SW ridge of Aspiring with Sam, a great climb for both of them.

The traditional Alpine instruction weekend was run the weekend after Midnight Ascent. Apart from a few visibility problems and some feral weather, it was relatively successful. Information sessions on alpine climbing (gear, costs, training, techniques, guides, saving money etc.) will be held in October, check in the clubrooms or track me down to find out when.

THE PIVOT

The Art of Vertical Kayaking

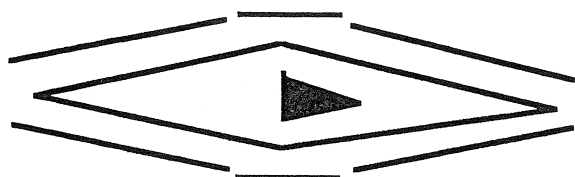
Scott Wiltshire
Canoeing Convener

Call it what you will, stern-turn, reverse-ender, sinking the tail, etc. pivoting a kayak (or a decked canoe) is great fun, and contrary to common belief not too difficult. This "how-to" article should demystify the art for young players.

One of the most essential elements to good pivots is not necessarily skill (although skill is vital) but the right boat. Pivoting requires a low volume tail with defined edges, eg. playboats such as a Super Sport, RPM, Acrobat, slalom boat or Whipit -a Dancer will never pivot no matter how good you are as it simply isn't designed for such manoeuvres.

The next thing you must have to be able to pivot is good boat control, by this I mean edging. So what is edging, edging is an essential skill for white-water where the hips are used to tilt the craft so that the edge rather than the flat of the hull is the main contact with the water (ie. leaning the boat, but not necessarily your own centre of gravity.) Before attempting to pivot be familiar with edging in all its applications such as ferry-gliding, surfing and controlling direction. Familiarity with the direction of leans on white-water is assumed as I don't have time to go into it.

It is important to think of the boat as having not just a left and right side. Divide the kayak up into six distinct edges, front, centre and back on each side. This is a key perceptual point as it is essential to know which edge you want to be using, not just while pivoting but at any time on white water. The diagram below illustrates what I mean by this.

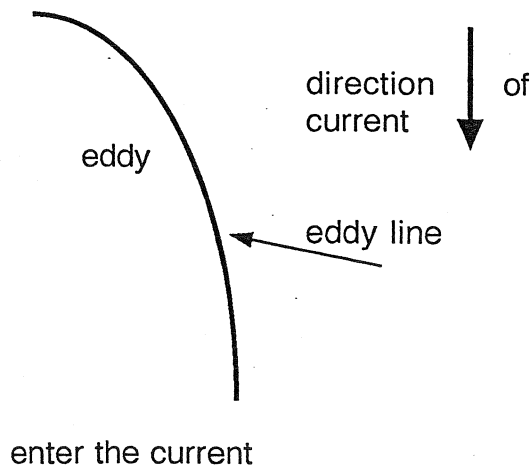


Finally: the actual strokes used during the pivot. The basic stroke used for pivoting is a reverse sweep, which may be turned into a bow draw, or if you get truly vertical may be fashioned into a support stroke or used to set up a roll. Basically a pivot is very similar to the stern-turn used in canoe polo with the extra dimension of moving water. For example to execute a right turn a reverse sweep is performed on the right hand side whilst simultaneously raising the right hip and shifting the weight backwards so as to edge the back left edge of the kayak. It may be helpful to practice stern-turning in a polo boat in the pool to get the feel for pivoting before moving onto moving water but this is not essential.

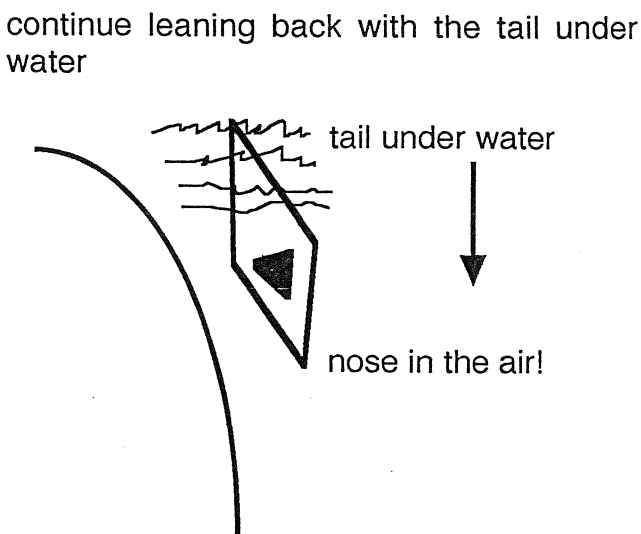
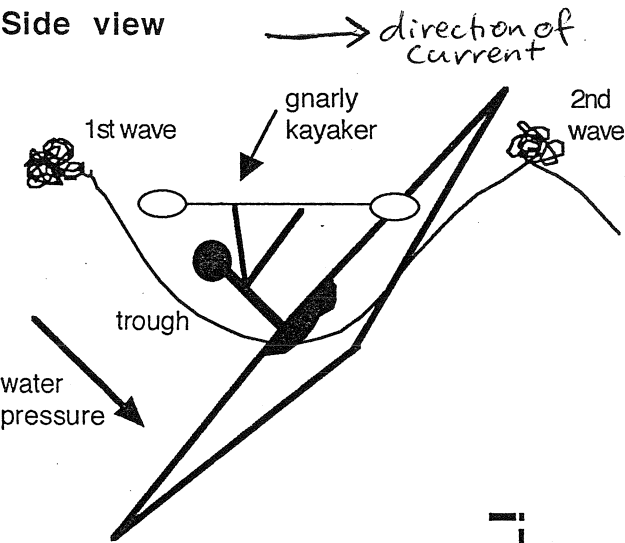
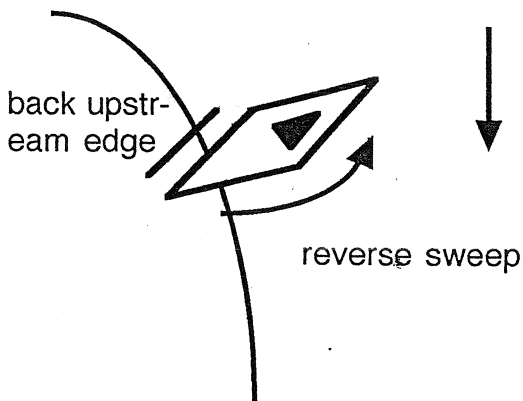
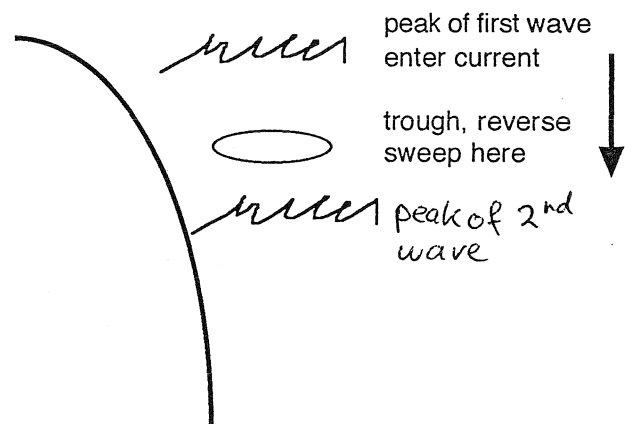
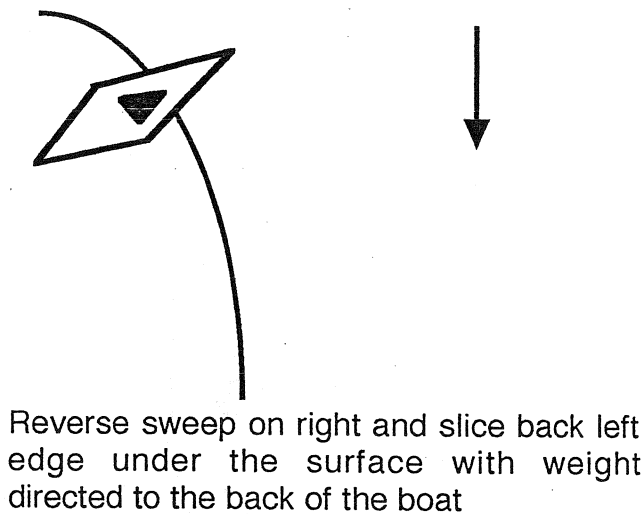
Now onto moving water. First you must be able to roll as pivoting is not the most stable way to enter the current as it involves an element of upstream lean - which as you will have been taught initially is a definite no-no for beginners, so expect to tip a couple of times.

Timing of the reverse sweep and tilting the appropriate back edge to slice it under the surface is very important as is the precision of the edging. If you lean simply to the upstream side you will go over, if you just lean backwards the boat will plane around on the hull -you may not fall in but the edge will not slice under the water allowing the current to push on the tail-deck, pushing it down and propelling the nose of the boat skywards.

Now for the final ingredient; a good defined eddy-line and a reasonably strong current. Enter the current at a broader than usual angle, close to 90 degrees. At the moment the tail begins to cross the eddy-line begin the backwards sweep and shift your weight and lean to slice the back-upstream edge under the water, continue leaning back and the current will do the rest by pushing down on the back deck. It is important not to rush the stroke, make the stroke slow and deliberate.



As you get better use river features to enhance the pivot to achieve true vertical moves. Often where the current narrows a wave train will form. The trick is to enter the current on the peak of the first wave, slide down the back of the wave horizontal to the current and commence the reverse sweep just before or upon hitting the trough of the second wave. The stern will sink under the water pushing down off the back of the first wave while the bow is lifted by the face of the second wave at the same time, don't be surprised if you go beyond vertical!



Get out there and practice and

GET VERTICAL!

SLUSH

Amber: "I love it when Cuan comes"

Jackie: "We had a really good route on the way up here"

Anton: "Yeah, in the tent"

(From the notorious Mt Bullfight walk; 5 people, 3 sleepingbags, and 1 Olympus)

* * * * *

Schnoz: "Spread your legs Cath, I'm not getting enough heat."

And just how did Jenny end up in the river while climbing that fence?

(At the Goulbourn)

* * * * *

Alan: "Kim is my slave"

Amber: "I am the box"

" " "Selby is the Dick man"

Alex Z: "There is a short-circuit between my brain and my dick"

Kath (of Stu): "I want the breasts"

Alex: "you can have the head"

Kath: "You know me, I'm going for monogamy so it must be bloody good."

Dmitri: "I thought you were going for caving convenor"

(From a recent Committee Meeting Clyde excursion)

* * * * *

Madame Z: "Is anyone lendable for about \$25 tonight?"

(unofficial Pubgaine)

* * * * *

Enmoore: "I didn't expect to be wearing my clothes for so long!" (Marty's 21st)

