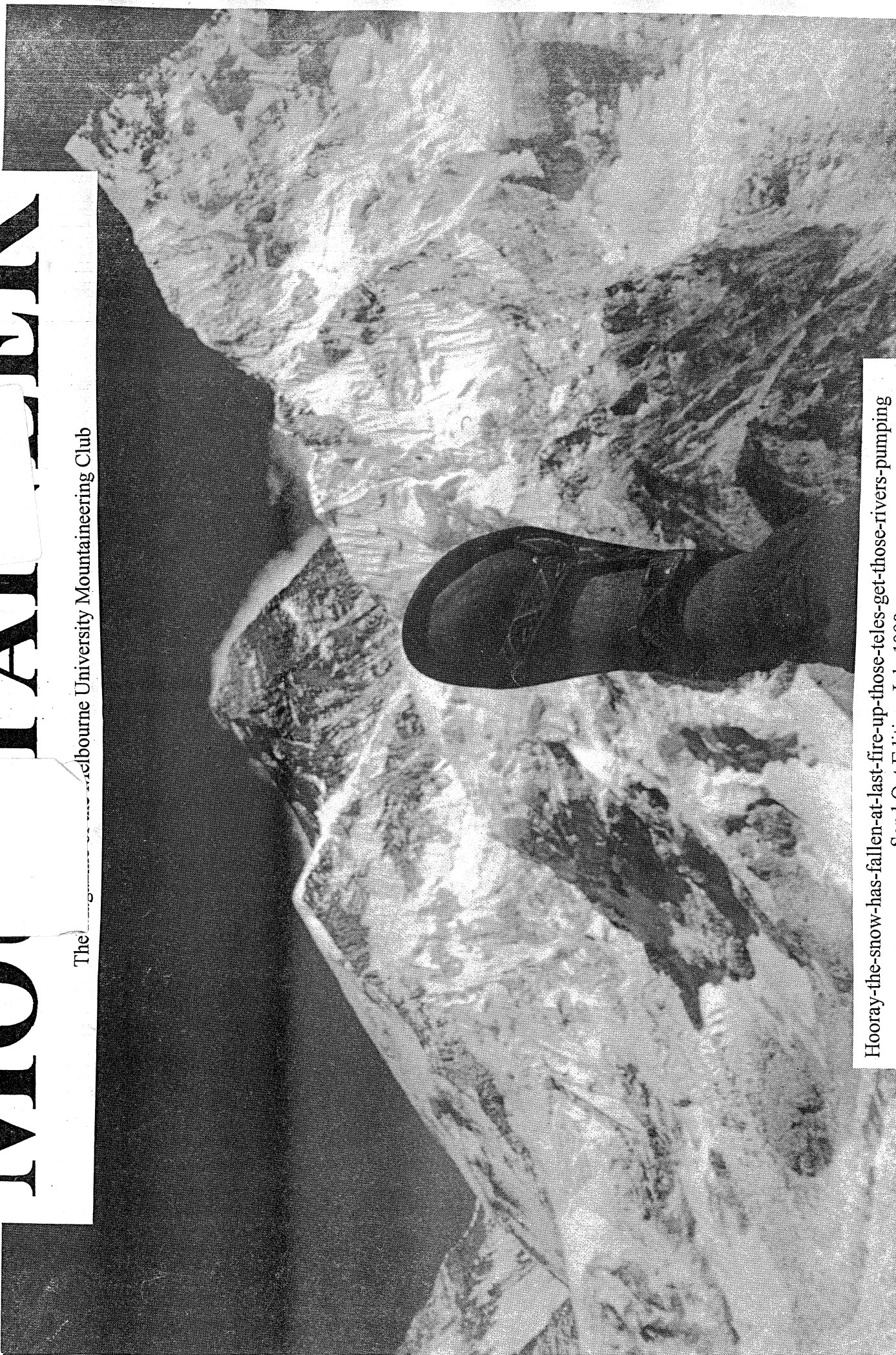


# MOUNTAIN

The Melbourne University Mountaineering Club



Hooray-the-snow-has-fallen-at-last-fire-up-those-teles-get-those-rivers-pumping  
Send-Out Edition, July 1998.

### *Editors Bit*

Welcome to another brilliant edition of the Mountaineer. This is the one for those of you too lazy to come and pick it up at the clubrooms. This is also my last Mountaineer as Editor and though the rewards are great, my organisational skills have not quite been up to scratch. With winter in full flight and everyone emerging from exams, it's great to be able to get out there and into the cold! As is always the case before the AGM, I've got a few people to thank: Firstly to Cath Kent who has done an exceedingly grouse job as President; to Marty Meyer who has leant fantastic support at crucial moments; the MUMC Committee who despite VERY long meetings and furious debate continue to talk to each other; all the other people who've contributed and even to those who haven't, thanks heaps. Don't forget that the prizes for best article and photo will be announced at the AGM, so if you've had anything published since the last AGM make sure you show up. I must apologise to Kim and friends for losing a bit of their article - sorry.

Congratulations to Marty Meyer whose name appears in lights in the latest edition of *Wild*. Also to our representatives at the people-who-came-first-place-against-other-universities-and-are-subsequently-vastly-superior-to-everyone-else dinner: Cath Kent, Jen Johnson and Scott Wiltshire. Happy birthday to all those who are having them, happy trips for all those that are taking them and have a great winter and an even better semester 2.

Tom Stringer  
Publications Officer

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## A Message from the President

### Catherine Kent

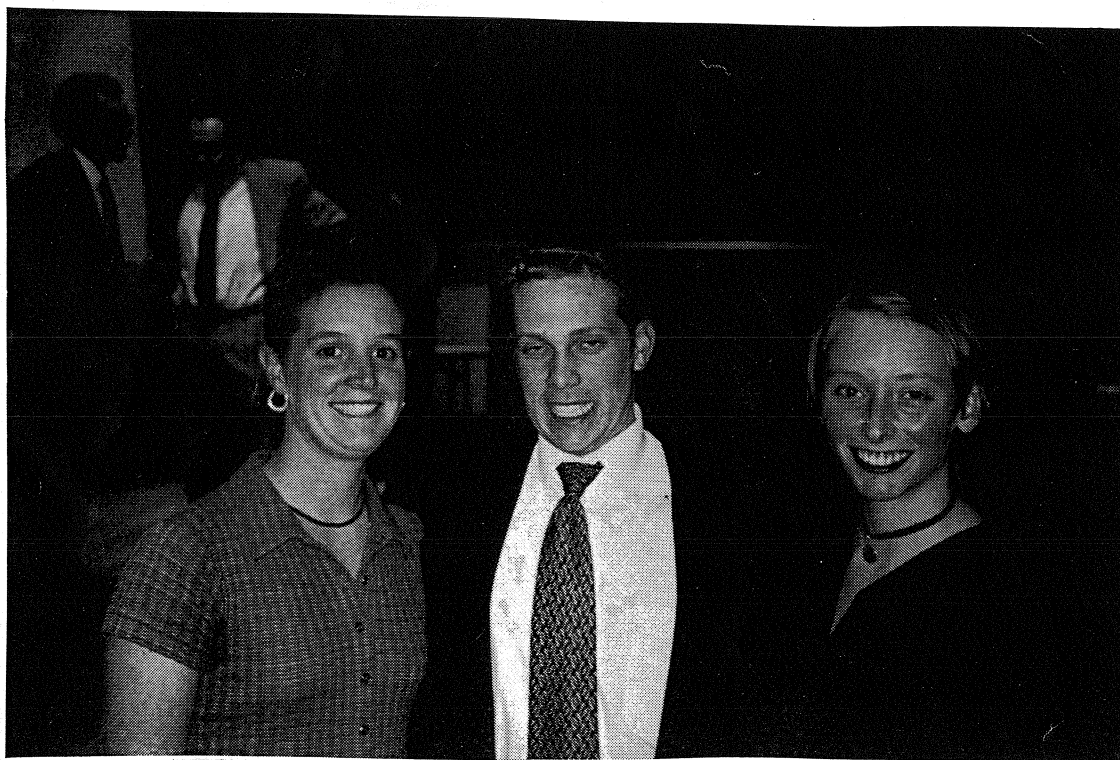
Another year of the club almost over. This year has seen MUMC members paddling, climbing, skiing, caving, walking, mountaineering or rogaining in nearly every state in Australia, as well as many overseas locations. With many enthusiastic members learning new skills and knowledge from experienced members; older members enjoying themselves on advanced trips; many weekends spent out of Melbourne and numerous social events organised closer to home, it has been a successful year for the club. For those who still want to get involved, come along to the clubrooms on Tuesday nights or lunchtimes in second semester - August is one of the busiest months in the club with plenty of opportunities for fun and adventure.

The AGM is fast approaching and I would like to take this opportunity to thank all of the committee for their efforts they have contributed to the club and for the time we have spent in the clubrooms sitting through some epic committee meetings. You're all ace!! In particular, thanks goes to:

- ◆ Marty Meyer, Vice President, for his help and for attending all those sports association meetings. Thanks also to the U.B.C. who have accepted Marty, meaning we might get some snow in Australia!
- ◆ Andy S.S. for all the work he has put in to being secretary, sponsorship, his enthusiasm to do anything to help and his encouraging email messages.
- ◆ Alan Daley, who has once again done a tremendous job as Treasurer, and for the help he has given me, as I would have been lost without his knowledge and support throughout the year, and for the fond memories of epic cheque signing sessions.
- ◆ Marcelle Gannon, who as Assistant Secretary/Treasurer, has managed to perform both roles as well as being the club computer technician.
- ◆ The conveners for the time and effort they have put into running trips, teaching beginners, looking after the gear and spending all their allocations: Jill Fagan, Scott Wiltshire, Kath Hammond, Joel Bartley, Richard La Nauze, Stu Holloway, Dimitri Papaioannou, Andrea Kneen and Danny Tropp.
- ◆ Tom Stringer for the excellent Mountaineers, for not publishing any slush from me and for putting the vacuum cleaner to some good use.
- ◆ Carys Evans for organising another epic but successful Wilson's Prom trip.
- ◆ Laurence O'Neill for organising Search and Rescue and the rogaining I.V. - Congratulations on a successful win with the best result possible - two firsts and a second.
- ◆ Ross Waller and all who helped with hut maintenance.
- ◆ Richard Kjar for all the RAK Designs gear, and Jen for advice and for listening to my latest saga.
- ◆ The Ewing St household for being the club contact and hosts of numerous parties.
- ◆ All those who helped at O'week, (for those who don't know - we won most innovative stall at O'Week) especially Joel who turned up at 9am every morning and Jill for getting heaps of people abseiling down the Redmond Barry building.

As this report has not been written in the back of the car, on the way home from a trip, with Tom waiting back in Melbourne with a threatening look on his face and armed with a pen and paper demanding a report, I'm running out of space. There are many more individuals I haven't been able to thank. Without the efforts of everyone who has contributed their time and efforts to the club we would not be the most active club on campus. If anyone is considering running for a position on the committee, give it some serious thought and talk it over with the previous position-holder. Good luck and best oxo's to the next committee!

Keep going on trips, paddle hard, climb cliffs and mountains, squeeze through muddy holes, ice down the slopes, walk in the wilderness, run around in the bush for 24 hours, build a bungalow, or whatever takes your fancy. Most importantly, be active in your club, look for adventure, spend as many weekends as you can out of the city, try a new sport, pass on your knowledge to new members, be a hellman or women, get your adrenalin going, do something that scares you...



Above(L-R): Cath Kent, Scott Wiltshire, Jen Johnson; Our Glorious Victors at the Glorious Victors dinner. No wonder Scott did well.



South West Tasmania is not the place to go if you're after Queensland's temperatures or Sydney's congestion. As the authors discovered, while this is one of the wettest, coldest and most miserable corners of the earth, it is also one of the most unique and spectacular. I must apologise however, as somewhere along the line, part of this report got lost.

## **FEDERATION PEAK**

### *MUMC expedition, February 1998.*

By Kim Hazeldine, Enmoore Lin,  
Cameron Quinn and Brad Dent.

#### **Tuesday, February 17<sup>th</sup>, 1998**

*MUMC tent 84, upper platform, Goon Moor, Eastern Arthur Range, S.W. National Park, Tasmania 7999.*

Day 3 in our new home and its still windy, rainy, cold and misty. Our German neighbours moved out yesterday in search of greener pastures, milder climes and an electric blanket. Its very quiet now without our two surrogate mums and their stories of carrying 23 yr old grandson's gear while walking the 5<sup>th</sup> Coast track and unsuccessfully attempting the Western Arthurs 5 times, only to be knocked back by snow and flood. Such an inspiration!

This suburb is not tame. The "family" three doors down (on the bottom platform) were airlifted to hospital last Sunday with a knee injury. We have heard stories that the previous tenant was last seen disappearing over the edge of the moor wearing nothing but undies, leaving his worldly possessions scattered across the cushion plants in his wake. Currently one of our few remaining neighbours (a lone asian guy once found wandering on the moors clutching his mobile phone) spends all his time sitting "at home" reading his plane ticket, dreaming about airline food and departure lounges. Whenever he ventures from his tent he invariably loses himself wherever he goes.

Other neighbours are more annoying. The crime rate is rising. This morning 2 houses had been broken into. Food was missing from one and household equipment damaged. The suspect has been described as having a slight build, short brown hair, pointy nose, bushy moustache and a long tail. Believed to be hiding in the bushes by the moor but a thorough search of the area has been hampered by continuing strong winds and poor visibility.

As residents we are becoming increasingly agitated having walked three days across plains and through thigh-deep mud to this temporary accommodation. Occasionally our preferred home at Federation Peak is glimpsed through the mist. Access currently cannot be gained due to dangerous roads and bad weather.

The resident's association is staging a walkout if conditions do not improve in the next 48hrs. Whilst Goon Moor is adequate, we are looking forward to the comfort of a more permanent home.

Perhaps future residents will have greater opportunity to fully appreciate the awesome rugged peaks, glacial lakes and ancient vegetation that may be found in this neighborhood, although populations are predicted to remain low due to a reputation for cool temperatures and high rainfall.

#### **Wednesday, February 18<sup>th</sup>, 1998.**

*Federation Peak.*

In the penthouse apartment! We are finding it fairly breezy but are more than satisfied with our 360° views of the surrounding countryside. Access is challenging; the "stairs" certainly do not meet safety standards and there is no lift! Only the brave or insane will visit us here.

The residents association are pleased with what they see and are discussing the feasibility of making this our permanent home.

# Kalaallit Nunaat

By Dan Colborne

Sipping Icelandic hot chocolate without marshmallows in Mal à Menning bookstore on Laugarvegur, Reykjavik's main drag, some friends asked me what I was doing for Easter.

"Dunno, the weather looks pretty average, why?" I replied.

"We're leaving for Greenland for five days tomorrow, do you want to come?"

24 hours and a Visa Card credit limit later, I stood on the little promontory watching the Bell 222 LongRanger Helicopter thud its way off back to Kulusuk "International" Airport. (a road crosses the runway...) The fjord was frozen and icebergs littered the horizon stuck fast in a cracked white sheet. Other parts of the sheet ice were parting in the spring thaw, leaving a black abyss. Unclimbed snow coated peaks soared into the blue expanse overhead. The sun wandered on its lazy path across the southern sky. Blues, whites and blacks, and all shades thereof. Breathless, I almost cried.

Behind me stood the village of Qernertivaritvit, the literal translation of which reads "The place of the huge always black ones." The mind boggles. In the village are three houses, a shed and a fish drying rack. And thirty chained sled dogs. Asleep on the snow, or howling incessantly.

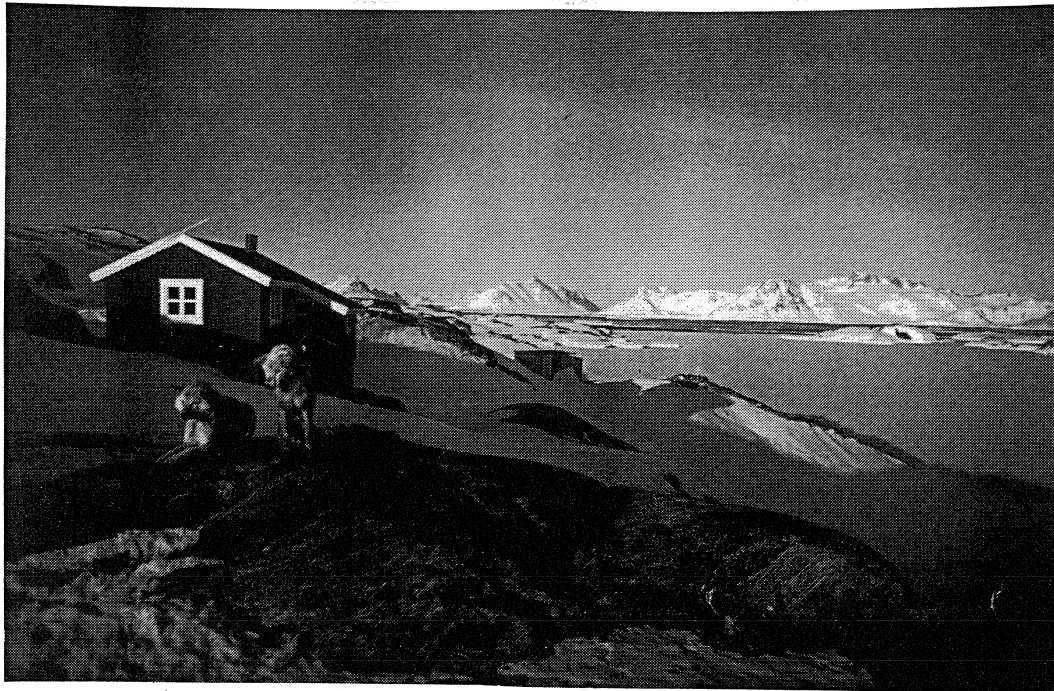
Still exhausted from the scenery I turned around at the sound of something behind me. Two sleddog teams glided effortlessly up and over snowbanks and through icy gullies. Mum and dad were driving the larger one, and the kids, barely 10 years old, were driving the smaller one with fewer dogs. The sleddogs in a simple fan formation panted and yelped incessantly, obviously knowing that they would be sharing the seals on the back of the sled with the Inuit family. And us.

The dogs howled.

Being only fluent in East Greenlandic, communication with the family was rather difficult, but they offered us some seal meat for dinner. As we walked back down to the promontory to our tents with our meal, the soft setting sun painted a surreal glow on all the peaks. Shadows crept across the flat ice, and slowly ascended other rugged peaks, transforming into colours and hues which belong solely to their own genre: Arctic Light. Raw, the seal meat was very fatty, smelling rather like fish, but with the consistency of butter in my mouth where after a minute it completely melted into oil. Cooked up with some gravy and mashed potatoes it made for a memorable, (not to mention energy rich!) meal. In the cold the internal warmth is a necessity. Dessert was Harðufiskur - Icelandic dried haddock smeared in butter.

After dark I popped out of the tent to see the Aurora Borealis. The green sweep of light flickered joyously around the horizon. Then a green curtain shimmered as if blown by a gentle breeze on a hot summer night. The ice crunched under my feet. Inuits say that the Aurora are the spirits of unborn children playing in the heavens. Astrophysicists say they are caused by energy given off as light when ions in the solar

wind collide with the atmosphere. From a Greenland fjord, with sled dogs howling, white peaks piercing the night sky and ice glimmering from the moon's glowing orb which surfaced above the icebergs during dinner, astrophysics could go to hell. The green curtain quivered, then morphed into a long curl, which flickered mischeviously. Listening very intently, I could here the laughter and cackles of the children.



above: "Oh Yeah, not bad"

Despite my intenal combustion engine of seal fat, the  $-10^{\circ}\text{C}$  cold penetrated my clothes so I bade farewell to the children's spirits and crawled into the tent to join the others in slumber. This lasted until about 3.00am when all the sled dogs howled ferociously. The fact that it might have been a polar bear was universally agreed upon, and we happily decided that, being the middle tent of three, it would attack the outer tents first. At this we rolled over to sleep, with a slightly higher pulse rate every time the tent fluttered in a breath of wind. The high powered shotgun was the other tent so we were powerless to act. And it was nice and warm in our sleeping bags, with frost lining the inside of the tent.

After a breakfast of hot chocolate and Harðufiskur we climbed gingerly off the rocks onto the 2 inch thick sea ice to continue our ski journey up the fjord. The only casualty was one wet foot breaking through into the seawater beneath. A poignant reminder of the relationship between beauty and peril in Kalaallit Nunaat - the Land of the People

# *The Easter Bilby did come!*

Already, I've had an exciting year in terms of being a member of MUMC, as a first year student it was pretty bewildering starting at a new institution, especially one as large as Melbourne University. But I had one thing going for me, there was a club which would really satisfy my yearning to be in the great outdoors! This organisation was called the Melbourne University Mountaineering Club.

Here, I'm going to tell an Easter tale of how nine of us Oxo people traversed the Kosciuszko National Park wilderness to Mt. Jagungal and back!

At an early rendezvous at MUMC Clubrooms at 0630 hours on Good Friday, we double-checked that all of the troop were in one piece, then headed off in the rain, piled into the trusty vehicles belonging to Alan and Cameron.

We drove, and drove and drove..... and finally after many hours, we reached a very busy bakery in Ned Kelly 'infested' Beechworth for an early lunch, then we headed off to Khancoban to obtain National Park Passes to enter Kosciuszko National Park. As we wound our way into the park, we speculated how the next four days would turn out.

Upon arriving to a scree-littered car-park, we filled in the overnight log-book, and rigged out in gaiters and hoisted full packs on our unsuspecting backs. It was an easy 'warm-up' 2km stroll to Round Hill Hut, where we erected our tents and started to get to know each other in card-playing terms in the candle and Petzl-lit hut! Playing a warped version of 'Uno' adhering to Joel's rules added humour to the evening, which was also warmed by a little port from Matt's 2L cask.

The next day was a relatively relaxed trek amidst tundra-like scenery and clumps of alpine foliage, then it became a little more challenging as we went off the track into the direction of the mighty Mt. Jagungal, standing at 2061 metres. (Higher than Mt. Bogong at 1986m, and only 167m short of Mt. Kosciuszko itself.) We climbed to the ridge, dumped our packs and grabbed warm clothes, cameras and scroggin to scale the peak and catch the sunset. The much sought after Easter eve sunset was disappointing, disappearing behind clouds, but to behold this, in the east a near-full moon was rising, in clear skies, making up for the rather dismal sunset. Again, another night of cards and port! This time, squashing into Alan and Joel's two-man tent to play several spirited rounds of 'Scumbags'.



Happy Campers: The Kosciuszko Gang



Setting off early after the Easter Bilby (in several forms) exchanged eggs, we descended to the foot of Mt. Jagungal and set up camp in order to have light packs for a challenging walk to Strawberry Hill. As we ascended Jagungal yet once again, the weather worsened, the wind reaching gale force and rain reaching a degree near horizontal, we trudged through spongy undergrowth and tough alpine ground-cover we reached the peak of a knoll pretty bedraggled and short of time, so we turned back in search of a 4WD track, only to find some kind of ill-maintained foot track, which at times was misleading, but eventually drew us closer to a more viable track, which we walked along back towards camp. Still raining heavily, the group split in half to have lunch in two tents, which then led onto dinner and countless games of cards, the hours accumulating to a rather long stretch in a single tent. The last drop of the port was tasted tonight! The end of a wet Easter Sunday.

The morn of Easter Monday fared a little better, still with rain and blustery conditions. We set off on a fire-track towards O'Keefe's Hut, with a downscaled head-on collision with another MUMC troop. After warming up at O'Keefe's and with care, relieving oneself on a very mobile thunderbox, we jotted a proud second MUMC entry into the visitors log-book in the hut. Then we trudged along slippery tracks, sliding our way down mountains and practising our uphill "cross-country skiing" up mountains passing Bogong Creek towards the Tumut River, nestled in glacier-raked valleys. It was here when we finally stopped for a late lunch, but not prior to crossing the river itself. After a short lunch in a brief spurt of sunshine it was an uphill trek to Round Hill Hut for our last night. Finally, we had a lovely sunset, which captured Mt. Jagungal in its dying hues of golden orange light. Sharing the hut with several other adventurers, we managed to cook our dinner on the floor, with two children sleeping on the bunks. To continue our tradition, we played cards again, but this time...a silent version, using newly acquired signs from myself, the colours, numbers and several other useful signs. It was great fun, and a good change to the routine. After a couple of 'Uno' hours, we crawled into Alan and Joel's long-suffering tent once more, to play 'Scumbags'. It was so, that when we exited from the tent (before midnight!) there were crystal-like glints coming from every visible surface in the moonlight, and tent flaps almost as solid as boards.

The next morning was greeted with thick, crunchy frost (and icicles at the stream) as we all sluggishly woke up to the last day. Frozen boots reluctantly placed on our plastic-bag clad feet rustled a storm as we thawed them out, scraping Oxoman in the ice on the tent fly we souvenired this 'freeze-over' in the form of a photo. After an enjoyable last meal as a group and a group photo we headed up to the car-park, exchanging phone numbers, addresses and the fast becoming popular e-mails before departing for dear Melbourne.

For those in Cameron's car, it was a direct route home, whereas those present in Alan's went to the winery district of Rutherglen to do some discreet tasting. Along with some red wine at Chambers Vineyard, Alan cooked up some emergency Spaghetti Carbonara for a memorable lunch. In wine cellars here and there we tasted many an alcoholic beverage, most notably, a vintage 21 year old Port at Stanton and Killeen's.

Ten minutes drive after the last winery, it just so happened that our renewed trip home was hampered by a flat tyre, and a flat spare tyre! After an hour of repacking and playing a game of '500', Alan returns to the scene in a hay-laden farmer's ute with a functional tyre. Only then did we continue our epic journey, arriving at the MUMC Clubrooms, in the rain yet again at the ripe time of 2110 hours. It was the end to a great Easter in the mountains. Thanks to all the great people; Alan, Matt, Marcelle, Kim, Cameron, Kana, Rick and Joel, may we have such fun again!

ALICE D. EWING, APRIL 1998.

# Victorian Championships 24 Hour Rogaine

## Misery Creek (Enfield State Forest)

By Joel Bartley

The drizzle has been persistent for the last few hours. We are soaked from the undergrowth. The very thick undergrowth that is draining our strength as we try to push through it. The terrain is flattening out which is a curse in rogaining as there are no features to navigate off. Debate continues over whether the last thick patch of scrub was a creek, streamlet, gully or nothing at all and whether the slight rise is the knoll on the map. No wonder the place is called Misery Creek.

MUMC had a strong showing at the Victorian championships (14-15 March) with ten people in four teams. Being sensible rogainers we all caught the bus to the rogain site. Once at the Hash House the preparation routine started with the squabbling over coloured textas to highlight checkpoints producing techno-coloured spotty guides to the forest which needed covering with contact. A simple task for most but not all. Andrea managed to make the topography three-dimensional after much cursing and shuffling about her tent.

At noon Saturday as the drizzle got heavier the event started. Initially conditions were difficult on our chosen route but by late afternoon the rain had stopped only to be replaced by even thicker scrub. By nightfall it was quite mild but thick cloud cover blocked the full moon. At least we were collecting checkpoints at a steady rate with only a few navigational mishaps. The bush was full of surprising holes and drop-offs. In the darkness we came across the dry Misery Creek. The thick scrub suddenly vanished into a three metre loose embankment which was no joy trying to negotiate. The area was randomly scattered with open deep disused mine shafts. We frequently came across these deep voids which you could not see the bottom with a petzel.

By two o'clock Matt and I had done all we could on the western half of the course when we called into Hash House. A meal, two hours sleep and change of socks was reviving. We were back at it by 4.30 am. The eastern half of the course was flat but less scrubby. Daylight came as we entered the pine forest. With the trees blocking out a lot of light and the howling of local farm dogs the forest had a spooky feel. With a bit of jogging we made it back to the Hash House at seven minutes to midday.

Other teams did well but unfortunately Laurence and Matt had to finish at two o'clock due to a knee injury. Andrea, Andy, Jackie and Kath went all night with no sleep. Andy managed to find the only dam on the course and fall in it. Initial laughter at his mishap turned into concern as he sunk shoulder deep into the mud.

Though conditions were testing at the start, the Rogaine turned out to be quiet pleasant with all teams getting great results. This is encouraging for the Australian Championships, which will be held in Queensland in May.

### Results

<i>Team</i>	<i>Overall</i>	<i>Class</i>
Matt, Joel	10	5 Mens
Andrea, Andy, Kath, Jackie	21	10 Mixed
Marcelle, Katrina	27	2 Womens
Lawrence, Matt	26	14 Mens

# **THE ART OF BUSHWALKING**

By Joel Bartley

Is there an art to bushwalking? Is it not just as simple as one foot in front of the other? Walking is something that we do every day so why should it be any different when we are out in the bush. I want to tell you how to be comfortable and get the most out of bushwalking.

Sore feet and shoulders do not have to be the result of overweight packs at the end of long gruelling days. Many simple things can contribute to you feeling great and relaxed after a day of bushwalking  
*How to walk.*

Bushwalking usually occurs on tracks that are not in the best of conditions. Rutted, slippery, steep, rocks and roots provide obstacles that need to be negotiated. It will become tedious if you are always staring at the track to avoid obstacles. Trust your balance, (and good boots help) and don't look at the ground. You are in the bush to see the scenery so look around. Appreciate the environment and take in all that is around you and your feet will go forwards with out too much attention.

Walking at a steady pace is better than walking in quick burst then resting. This is especially true for step climbs. Do not walk for too long with out a break. A five minute break every hour for water and a snack is good. During breaks you should take your pack off.

*Your feet.*

You should always pay attention to keeping your feet in good condition. At the first signs of blisters tape them up and if possible adjust boots to prevent more. Learn where your boots rub and take

precautions before you start to walk. When you start the days walking, after a short while stop and readjust your laces as their tension may have changed. This is important when your boots are frosted from a cold night.

A note on boots is that a proper ankle-covering boot is usually the best foot wear. It gives support and reduces strains on the legs and joints if you do stumble. A stiff sole reduces fatigue on your feet make them feel better at the end of the day.

*Where to go.*

Make sure that you walk within your abilities. Climbing a near vertical slope with an over sized and weighted pack is a shock to the system if you have never done it before. It always takes more effort to walk off track where there is undergrowth and many more obstacles. Beginner trips are nearly always on track and don't involve too much strenuous gradients. The first time you carry a full weight pack you may feel that you will collapse under it's mass. With time and experience you will get use to it and may later think nothing of it.

Experience goes a long way with enjoying a bushwalk. With every trip you will learn something that will make your experience in the wilderness more pleasurable next time. Remember next time your feet are hurting and the trail is never ending, to look around at the bush and remember why you are really there.

## INTRODUCTION

By the Editor

For those of you who haven't done much climbing, and even for those of you who have, this article requires some introduction. Andy SS is one of the most highly respected members of this club and, by his own admission, profoundly deaf. Ozymandias, by all accounts, is one of the biggest and most unforgiving walls in the country. Few people manage to climb it in a group and those who do, find it an amazing experience. This is an account of how Andy, abandoned at the last minute by his partner, chose to do this classic Australian wall on his own; aid climbing solo. This decision meant that every pitch would have to be climbed or repelled at least three times, he was responsible for his own belay, the placement of his protection, the retrieval of his gear and supervision of all necessary safety (and other) procedures. He had little contact with other people and any situations he got into he would have to get himself out of with no help from outside. I've heard some pretty impressive stories in this club but this is up there with the best of them. I'm sure you'll agree with me at the end (if you don't already), that Andy is an inspiration to all aspiring oxo-persons and that if anyone deserves the title, surely Selbs is the true "Oxo-Man". With that, I hand over to the man himself with:

## *Ozymandias Direct* Aid Solo

By Andy Selby Smith

I had been planning to climb Ozymandias Direct for most of January and February, having acquired some new toys - a brand new set of etriers and daisy chains! My climbing partner pulled out for various reasons, and no others were to hand. Stuff it. Let's go solo.

Solo aiding is basically aid climbing on your own, with a self-belay. One is still roped, so it is not unroped climbing. That is, if you fall, you get caught by the rope, as in normal climbing. The big difference is the rope management techniques, and the fact that the soloist has to do everything, and without supervision. There isn't sufficient space to explain aid solo technique within the span of this article, so I won't go into it in painful depth. [Ed.-THANKYOU Andy!!!] (although it's very tempting...)

Back to the tale.

The descent of Comet Ramp late in the afternoon went OK, although the amount of gear I had would have kept Little Bourke Street stocked for a little while, and the rack alone would have done justice to Dale on Arachnus. (he took the number five cam...!) [Ed.-WOW!] The gear included 150 metres of rope, a huge aid rack, ten litres of water, and a haul bag (no, it wasn't called Elvis, Jill). True to form and bloodymindedness, the rope jammed on the first rappel, necessitating a time consuming double rope prussik to reascend to reset the anchor! Aah, nothing like a decent prussik to get the lungs working...

At seven the next morning after a surprisingly good night's sleep, the real fun started. Watchtower Crack need have no fear that the grade 16 free climbing moves into the corner will bump off Watchtower Crack's classic status. Once the aiding proper started, it was just a matter of getting down to the fun business of playing with my nuts [Ed.-Say no more].

The annoying thing about solo aiding is having to do three laps of every pitch - lead it, set up the anchor, rappel and clean the pitch, reascend the rappel rope back to the anchor, then set up for the next pitch. Does make it a bit slow, but it keeps you fit doing laps. The worst bit, though, is jumaring with the haul bag hanging off the harness!!!



The second pitch went in about three hours total, although much to my annoyance, I took a short fall when the overcammed cam I was on popped from deep behind an exfoliating flake [*Ed.-Not an exfoliating Flake!?*]. That proved to be the only fall on the entire route, and the fixing of the Smiley nut that I fell onto wasn't too harsh a price to pay! I gave the nut such a hammering with the hex and nut key when I tried to remove it, later, that I concluded that even if I did get it out, I'd have to retire it anyway. The side of the nut looked like someone had been having a go at it with a machinegun at close range.

Smiley nuts are softer than Wild Country Rocks. Take my word for it.

The third pitch went in a relatively similar vein, being more thin crack climbing and a few awkward moves near bolts and pitons. Anton's camhooks proved themselves to be utterly lovely pieces of equipment, working like a dream in the deep Ozymandias pin scars that refused to take good nuts. Pitch four was a formality, shoving limp diks (flexi cams!) [*Ed.-I bet*] into what could have been a nice hand crack (with several layers of protective tape on the hands!), to reach Big Grassy. Back down to clean, back up, set up the rope for the 100-metre rappel back to ground level, and then down again... More up and down than a bride's nightie, as Don Whillans would have said. This was getting boring.

Still, there was some fun to come. Walking out of the Gorge by the South Side, in the dark, that night, after 12 hours of aiding, for more water! Well, it's a perverted definition, I guess. The rangers had told me there was water in the Gorge the day I'd gone in, but there's more water in the Todd in the Dry, I'm afraid (three fifths bugger all, to use a favourite Australianism.) As a result I had taken 10 litres instead of 16 down Comet Ramp, so I had to go out for more.

A bit of cramp, and darkness, persuaded me to bivvy that night at Lake Catani, rather than redescend the Gorge in the dark. I walked back in again the next morning, and jumared to Big Grassy with the haul bags hanging off my harness. I'd rather carry Jill up for Midnight Ascent - besides, Jill makes for marginally better company...

I got to Big Grassy eventually though, and was content to sit quietly for several minutes, breathing quietly after the exertion of the struggle with the haul bag. The rest of the day was spent doing the next two pitches, reasonably good fun and enjoyable, with no mistakes at all, apart from a camhook that decides to go walkies at an inopportune moment - fortunately it didn't walk all the way, to send me for another bit of flying practice.

The bit on pitch six, just before going into the roof, was a bit hairy. Two flaring offset HB nut placements took me to a first bolt, and after that it was a matter of going from bolt to bolt with a quick bit of hooking practice on a small ledge. I learned to loathe HB offset placements, when cleaning the things lifted out under virtually no force. It was a pleasure to rappel back to Big Grassy from the end of that pitch, well before a perfect sunset, to sit quietly in the bivvy bag, feeling warm, tired, and comfortable, confident that the rest of the route would send.

Next morning, after my morning jog, (Kiwi accent) the roof pitch was astounding, although hanging from my etriers a metre below the roof and spinning gently 150 metres off the deck was a little disconcerting! The exposure of the hanging corner following was stupendous. The only thing visible below the corner was the Gorge floor, the belay being out of sight. The bolts at the end of that pitch were a bit worrying, most being Ajax carrot bolts (that's your company, Dimitri!) but one was a 3/16 inch bolt with fixed hanger...

Pitch eight; the "slot" pitch was awkward, but not hard to lead, and just as awkward to clean. Jugging the pitch to the belay, I dropped the backup rope, which unclipped itself

from the 'biner on the haul bag, and landed square in the middle of Big Grassy ... 100 metres below. I lost 3/4 of an hour rappelling all the way to Big Grassy on my other two ropes, and then jumaring back up, most of the jumar being free hanging. Still, things were going well.

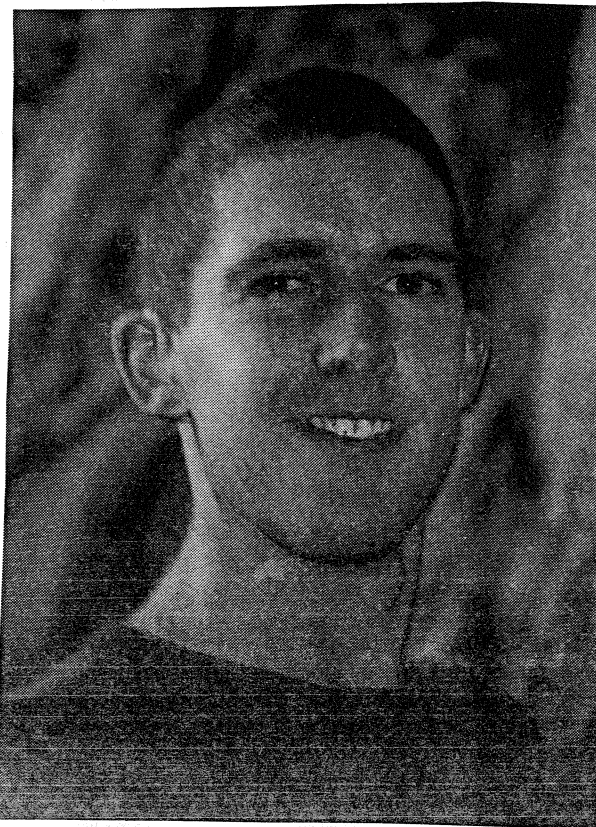
At the end of pitch nine, which was a formality, albeit with a few free climbing moves, was a plaque to Alan Gledhill, killed mountaineering in New Zealand. Kiwi mountains always scare me, they have this rather unpleasant habit of killing you [always encouraging-Ed.]. The following final crack was nothing too exceptional, just a matter of recycling all the big cams - the three point, the four, and the amazing number five! The bolts on the upper section were a relief to see, especially as the upper part of the crack only looked like it would take the crack slayer.

It was after dark and I was tired, so I didn't allow myself to "switch off" after topping out until I'd cleaned the pitch, and then rejugged it with the haul bags. I was determined not to relax until after I was completely off the wall. Once finished, though, I just shouted one huge YeeHa! into the darkness of the night, feeling a quiet satisfaction mixed with utter weariness. Hardly surprising. I think I lost at least a kilogram on route.

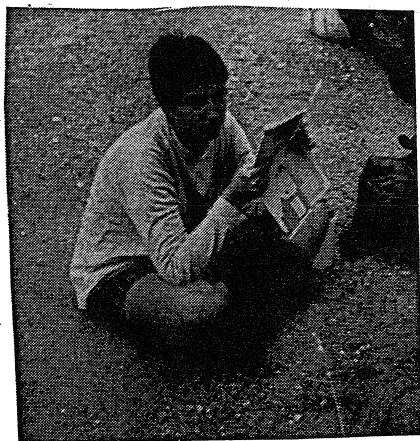
That was probably the first solo of Ozymandias Direct by a profoundly deaf person. I don't feel any particular exultation or jubilation for that though, but rather for the simple fact of having done the solo. My deafness doesn't affect my climbing ability! At the same time, it's a nice feeling, knowing I have the confidence and knowledge, and know myself and my abilities well enough, to do Ozymandias Direct, aid solo.

I don't intend to pull another aid solo for a long time, if ever. It's a big test, but it's too intense and lonely an experience, and it's not shared. Part of the fun of climbing, for me, is sharing the experience with someone else.

And, now, I've taken up paddling for a change of scene. I won't rank 'em, but both paddling and climbing are pretty cool! *[Said with more diplomacy than usual! Couldn't have put it better myself-Ed.]*



# THE ART OF BUSHWALKING PART 2



Are We Having Fun Yet?

## **YOUR EQUIPMENT.**

You should make sure that you always take the *right* equipment with you. If you are unsure what that is, ask the trip leader and they can help you. There are various checklists around that cover all the gear you may need on a trip. After a few trips you can work out what is and isn't important and form your own checklist.

Make sure that you have all group gear before leaving on a trip. Four people sleeping in one tent because someone forgot to bring another is not pleasant. All gear should be checked before leaving. Eg. Does the stove work and do you have the right fuel, are all the parts of the tent present, are the batteries in your torch ok. From experience here are some small items, which you may forget about: toilet paper and trowel, pack of cards, camera, sunscreen, large rubbish bags, money. They are important and you really notice when you forget them.

## **YOUR PACK**

A pack, when well fitted and well packed, is comfortable. If you are unsure on how to pack or fit a pack ask the trip leader. To fit a pack:

- a) With an empty pack loosen all straps.
- b) Fit and adjust the waistband to the right angle and length.
- c) Alter the shoulder strap height so there is no gap or pressure between your back and the pack.
- d) Weight the pack and make fine adjustments.

The diagram gives an outline of how weight should be distributed through the pack. Putting a fleece in last is helpful as it fills gaps, is handy if it chills off and protects and insulates your port and tim-tams. Items you need during the day should be kept near the top, eg. Water, raincoat, camera, lunch. When ever possible avoid putting items on the outside of the pack such as tent poles and sleeping mats. Always line your pack with a large garbage bag to keep the contents dry if it rains. A pack should be easily less than 20 kg. If this is not the case you are taking too much junk.

## **FOOD AND WATER**

During the day you should have a regular intake of food and water. If you don't you start to feel tired and wear out very quickly. Sometimes water sources are few and far between so you will have to take a lot with you. On the other hand if there is a regular supply (eg. going to Tarli Karn crossing the Wellington River thirteen times) there is no point carrying excessive amounts of water, it only weighs

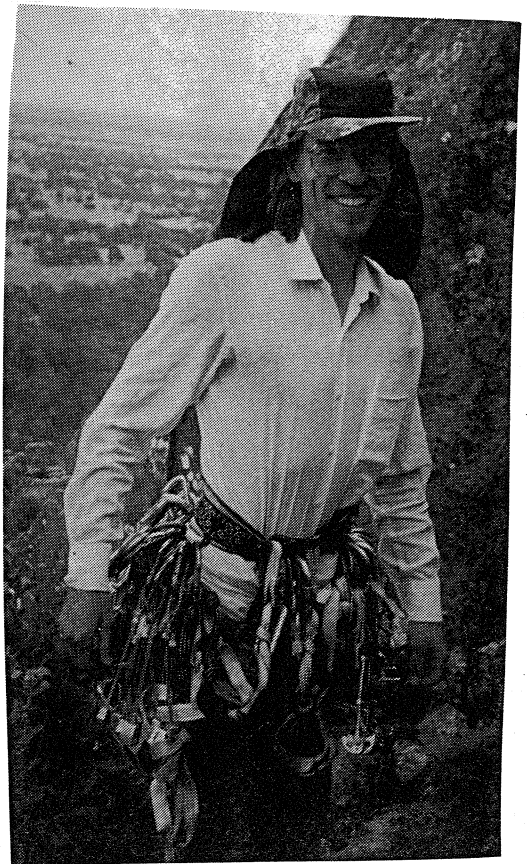
you down. Food on the trail should be something simple like muesli bars or scroggin. At camp, you can cook some fantastic meals.

Dehydrated, freeze dried, canned, highly processed foods are crap and you don't have to use them on weekend walks. Fresh vegies are fine for weekends and longer. Ask round and you can get some great meal ideas. A favourite of mine is risotto, while stir-fries and pesto always go down well.

#### **WHAT TO WEAR**

Lash out and buy some thermals. Bright stripes or boring colours, it doesn't matter. After a while they become itchy and smelly but that doesn't matter because **THEY WORK!** Thermals should be your best friend as they are light, compact and they will keep you warm. Also of importance is a raincoat. It keeps the wind and rain off you. If you are wet and in the wind you will get cold quickly which could lead to hypothermia, which will upset your trip leader and is very unpleasant for you. Another indispensable item is a beanie. Lots and lots of body heat is lost through your head so keep it covered. Gaiters are helpful as they protect your legs and keep water from entering the top of your boots. They are especially helpful in the snow.

You should always make sure that you have a dry set of clothes for when you are in camp. It is extremely unpleasant to be at the end of the day cold and tired and have nothing to change into.





## WINTER 1998

Well here we are. Winter has struck in full force and as most Melbournians dive for cover, the oxo-people emerge stretching their unused limbs, ready for a season of hell-teles and awesome rivers. These are the holidays that the water and ice junkies plan for and salivate in anticipation of from the moment of their last turn or gnarly nose stand the previous year. Undoubtedly, there is action among the walkers, the cavers, and a few brave climbers, but in general, mid-semester is about getting out where the weather's vile and making the most of our short but fantastic cold season – and that usually means getting wet. If you've never carved your way through new snow in a secluded gully, or never known the kick of a grade 3 rapid, then do something about it this year! Yes it can be cold, it can be *incredibly* cold, but the colder it is, the better the snow! Don't be fooled into thinking that these are only activities for the brave or slightly stupid among us – quite the contrary. Many of the cleverest and least brave people in the club involve themselves in these magnificent pastimes (so much so that I often wonder where all the "brave" people go in winter). But there is something about the snow and ice that prompt even the most timid among us to be hurling ourselves from the lip of cornices, or running that huge grade 4 by the end of the season.

For those of you to whom the arrival of this publication has come as a bit of a shock, ask yourself these questions:

- Have I done anything truly awesome in 1998?
- Has my \$15 membership to MUMC been fruitful so far?
- Do I want to stay at home and shiver when there are others just like me carving up the slopes and shredding the big water and loving every second of it?
- Would I prefer to see the grey of the city or the scenery of the high country this winter?
- Can I live with myself if I answer yes to the last two questions?

If you answered "yes" to any of those questions then read no further, for you belong on the beach, along with all the other brave people. If you found yourself shrieking "NO!" to each of them, then there could be hope yet.

### XCD

No, its not a type of expensive shoe; it stands for "cross-country downhill" and for the uninitiated, this means the telemark. While skiers all over the world battle with heels and toes strapped securely onto their ridiculously stumpy skis, the telemarker cruises with effortless grace, heels floating freely, attached only by the front of their boots. While many a tourer will raise the ire of the resort population, the telemarker commands the utmost respect wherever he or she chooses to go, and why? because it is clearly the superior form of skiing. Telemarking is to skiing what the C1 is to paddling or soloing is to climbing.

Grab some friends, a bottle of port and a pair of the Club's latest skis and head out into the hills to find your own untouched powder bowl. There are no crowds, no blaring music, no Land-Cruisers and no resort rules, only the company of friends, limitless boundaries and some awesome snow. Even if you've never skied before,

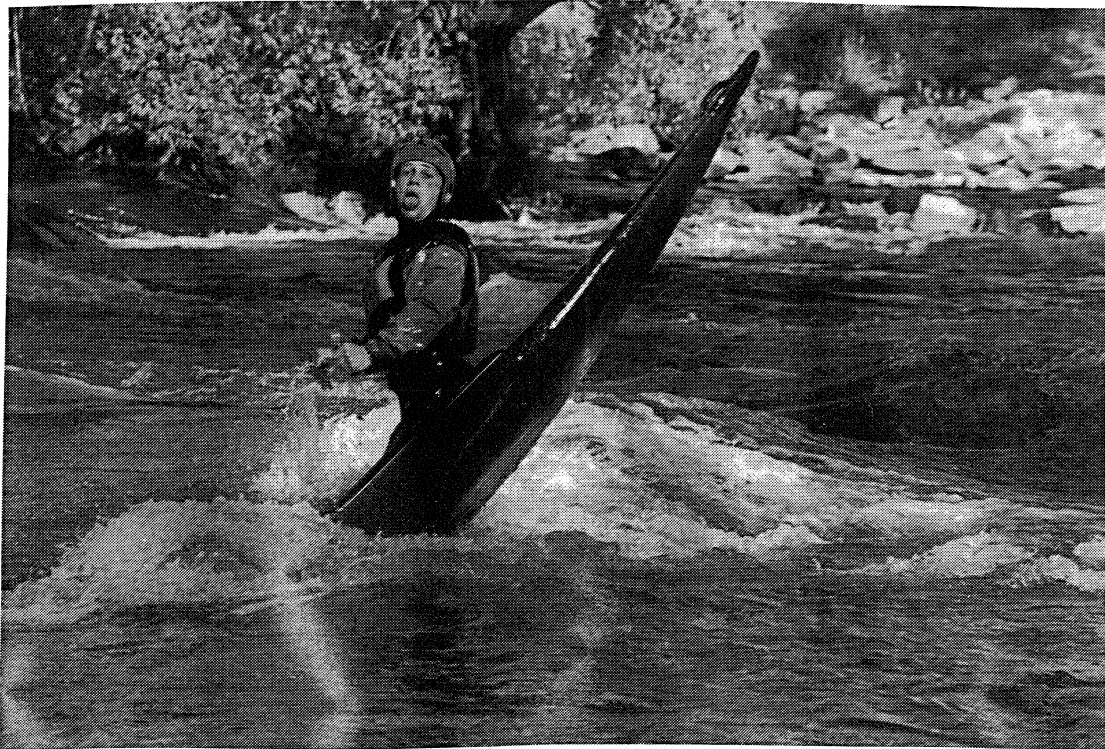
latch onto your nearest ski convenor or trip folder and get yourself into it from the start. You could be telemarking in a month!

### **PADDLING**

Yes this is the season for it! As I write this, the rain falls heavily outside and the Gippsland farmers are climbing higher and higher to escape the rising floods. Prodigious water-levels mean fewer rocks and faster moving currents. Let the water hurl you through the teeth of some big stopper, feel the wind get knocked out of you as you hit the next big wave and feel the exhilaration of it all when you pop out at the end. The pleasure of paddling a river at a *decent* level is hard to eclipse. Even though the water can be bloody cold, the rush you can gain is fantastic. Whitewater kayaking lets you fight your fear and come out the victor many times on the one river. Get into it and its an experience you'll never forget.

Once again, keep an eye open for the trips in the paddling folder and don't be afraid to give it a shot, it's certainly worth the apprehension.

This winter, if June is anything to go by, should prove a damn site better than the last few. The snow is falling, the rivers are filling and soon the oxo-people will be in among it – and loving every second!



Scooter showing us how its done (Golbourn River)

This song was mostly written on the bus on the way home from Canberra. Additional verses and footnotes (so the private jokes aren't completely meaningless) are by Marcelle. The people who went on this trip were : Alex Chapman, Marcelle Gannon, Kath Hammond, Jackie Hickey, Andrea Kneen, Laurence O'Neill, Matt Thomas and Katrine Wilson, with guest appearances by Tom Hunt, Frank Masci, Jess O'Brien, Andy Stephens and Anton Weller.

## **Cobberas to Canberra Walk Song :**

*(to the tune of 'Piano Man')*

It's 9 o'clock on a Saturday,  
everyone's still asleep.  
There's a dirty trangia sitting next to me,  
full of food that was cooked up last week.

It says 'Get up you bastards and clean me'  
as the currawongs start taking their share,  
'Or then Jackie'll take me, and hit and  
berate me,  
as her spoon rings out everywhere.'<sup>i</sup>

### **Chorus :**

*So pick up your pack you're the hiker man,  
Pick up your pack right now,  
For we've got a long walk on ahead of us,  
and somebody's broken the trowel.*

Now tomorrow we're walking to Kosci,  
to give all the tourists a scare,  
when we take a short walk up to  
Townsend,  
to show them our bums that are bare.'<sup>ii</sup>

They'll cry 'Quick can you give me  
binoculars'  
'I've got to get a better view,'  
'cos they think Townsend's higher, and  
that Strezlecki's a liar,  
a methinks that it might be true.'<sup>iii</sup>

### **Chorus :**

'To Kocsi' we cried in the morning,  
'It looks like a beautiful day'  
Then the clouds came on over the  
Ramshead Range,  
It got windy and started to hail.

We pitched tents by Lake Cootapatamba,

which is where all the strong winds do  
blow,<sup>iv</sup>  
Next day Matt on a whim said 'I'm going to  
swim'  
and returned with blood all over his nose.'<sup>v</sup>

### **Chorus :**

Cooking dinner's like taking a gamble,  
'will it taste good, will it be hot, will we  
chuck ?'  
we've got garlic salt, we've got parmesan'<sup>vi</sup>,  
so if it tastes bad we'll still be in luck.

And the cheesecake is looking fantastic,  
and the whisk'<sup>vii</sup> grates against the teflon'<sup>viii</sup>,  
but don't look the wrong way while we're  
serving it,  
or you'll find that all of it's gone.

### **Chorus :**

'It's your birthday today' we told Andrea,  
really, it wasn't last week'<sup>ix</sup>,  
we've got poppers, balloons and some  
streamers,  
and the champagne is cooling in the  
creek'<sup>x</sup>.

Now Frank's kicking arse in the Twister'<sup>xi</sup>,  
and the teddy'<sup>xii</sup> has got himself named,  
'We'll call him Townsend, and he'll be our  
new friend'  
'he'll walk now the Main Range is tamed.'

### **Chorus :**

The sign on the gate said 'No Camping'<sup>xiii</sup>  
the ranger made it all very clear,  
but we've walked 20 k's and are all in a  
daze,  
so I'll be fucked if I'm not sleeping here.

She said 'Please can you leave in the  
morning'  
'or I'll have to get all of you fined,'  
so we swam in the pool'<sup>xiv</sup> and then started  
to drool,  
when Katrine brought us food'<sup>xv</sup> and we  
dined.

### **Chorus :**

Hey look we're not that far from Canberra,  
only the Cotter Catchment area to go,  
we can swim across the dam'<sup>xvi</sup>, we can  
sleep in the sand'<sup>xvii</sup>,  
or we might sleep beside a main road'<sup>xviii</sup>.

So we walked along a road that was fractal<sup>xix</sup>,  
no scale of map could show its curves,  
and we made our way up to Canberra,  
approaching Parliament House with some nerves.

**Chorus :**

Only one thing left for us to do now,

and that's put up our tents on the lawn<sup>xx</sup>,  
and then go for a tour round the building,  
to show tourists why showers were born<sup>xxi</sup>.

Now we're homeward bound, back to Melbourne,  
and to Albury<sup>xxii</sup> and Canberra<sup>xxiii</sup> for two,  
so we can print up our pictures and tell everyone,  
why next year you should go walking too.

<sup>i</sup> Jackie had a habit of waking up really early then banging on pots to wake everyone else up.

<sup>ii</sup> Mt Townsend was the location of one of many naked photo shoots on the trip.

<sup>iii</sup> Mt Townsend is only about 20m lower than Mt Kosciuszko but much more spectacular. We were working on a theory that either Strezlecki had got it wrong, or that when the road into Kosci was built it was built to the wrong mountain, so a cover-up was instituted to save building a new road.

<sup>iv</sup> We walked through very strong wind here, at times so strong that we couldn't walk in a straight line.

<sup>v</sup> Matt hit his head on a submerged rock while swimming underwater with his eyes closed.

<sup>vi</sup> Almost every meal was garnished with garlic salt and parmesan cheese - the only seasonings we had.

<sup>vii</sup> Matt had brought along a miniature whisk.

<sup>viii</sup> We unfortunately destroyed two of Laurence's teflon pots during the trip.

<sup>ix</sup> Due to changes in our itinerary, Andrea's 21<sup>st</sup> birthday didn't fall on the day we arrived at the food drop. As she didn't know what the date was anyway, it didn't matter.

<sup>x</sup> The food drop at Horse Camp Hut was loaded with party gear.

<sup>xi</sup> The legality of most of Frank's moves was strongly disputed in this excessively long and violent Twister championship.

<sup>xii</sup> Andrea received a teddy bear wearing a Save Mt Stirling club t-shirt and Thredbo necklace for her birthday.

<sup>xiii</sup> Yarrangobilly Caves area is a day-visits only area of the national park.

<sup>xiv</sup> Yarrangobilly has a thermal pool.

<sup>xv</sup> Katrine joined us here, bringing a great lunch with her.

<sup>xvi</sup> The 'Adventure Men' and a couple of others decided that pack swimming would be fun - across Bendora Dam which is part of Canberra's water supply.

<sup>xvii</sup> We slept beside the Murrumbidge River at Cotter after being kicked out of the picnic area.

<sup>xviii</sup> We were forced to sleep beside Pipeline Road in the catchment area when we discovered that Bullock Head 'Flats' were about as flat as Pamela Anderson's chest.

<sup>xix</sup> Pipeline road contained at least 10 times as many small bends as it did large ones. We decided that the curves marked on the map were basically arbitrary, as it would have been impossible to draw any reasonable map. What was about 3 km as the crow flies was at least 10 km along the road.

<sup>xx</sup> See attached photos!

<sup>xxi</sup> Ruth Paterson, who had joined us in Canberra, commented that we really smelt bad as we went on a tour around Parliament House.

<sup>xxii</sup> Jackie

<sup>xxiii</sup> Katrine

Teddy Townsend enjoying the view





# SLUSH

Enmoore: I'm going to St. Kilda to get a 69.

\* \* \* \* \*

Joel: People ask: "what are you gonna do around the hut?" This is just a small preview, on the night it will be big.

\* \* \* \* \*

Alex: What were you wearing at Kim Hazeldine's 21<sup>st</sup>?

Kim: Nothing.

\* \* \* \* \*

Joel: suck and blow before 11:00. Nudity after 2:00.

Enmoore (sadly absent): I wouldn't know a good root if it hit me.

\* \* \* \* \*

Carys: It just got tighter and tighter

Stu: You kept pulling. My jaw dislocated.

\* \* \* \* \*

Kim: I've got wax on my hat – I've got wax all over me!

\* \* \* \* \*

Alan: Why don't you go barefoot?

Cameron: I'll get my socks wet.

## NOTICE of AGM

Notice is hereby duly given to all members of Melbourne University Mountaineering Club Inc., of the Annual General Meeting to be held at 7:30 pm in the Sports Pavilion at the north end of the University Main Oval. The Club's Financial Report will be presented, Convenors' Reports will be delivered, and all Voting Committee Positions will be declared vacant during the meeting. A nomination form for Committee positions has been included with this Mountaineer. Nominations must be correctly signed and placed in the Nomination Box by 5pm, Friday 31<sup>st</sup> July.

The Returning Officer this year is Ms Kate Bradshaw (Public Officer).

Two changes to the constitution are proposed:

Motion: That the following addition be made to section 23.4:

- a) Such a ballot shall be a secret ballot.
- b) If there are more than two candidates, members shall vote using a preferential system. A vote is recognized if at least the first preference can be determined. If the result is equal or otherwise undetermined, then another ballot shall be conducted with only the tied candidates, or those with more votes than the tied candidates, standing.

Motion: That the position of Assistant Secretary be abolished.

Motion: That the position of Assistant Treasurer be created and that the Assistant Treasurer's responsibilities be defined through the following addition to the Rules of Association:

The Assistant Treasurer shall assist the Treasurer in whatever capacity is required, except:

- a) s/he may not be a signatory to any monetary account of the Association.
- b) s/he is not ultimately responsible for the accuracy of the books referred to in sub-clause (1).



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