

Mountaineer

Magazine of Melbourne University Mountaineering Club
September Edition 1998



From the Editors

Welcome all OXO enthusiasts to another year of elegant Tele's, narly rapids, remote hiking, new and impressive climbs, muddy overalls, freezing canyons and lots of 'FUCK YEAH's' (don't forget the actions).

Congrates to the new committee, and thanks to the previous, for all the hard work and marathon meetings. Great to see young faces filling the ranks! (oh Alan, you'll always look young).

You may have seen David Hogg lurking around the clubrooms. He is updating his research of MUMC's history. Thanks Carys and Andy for helping him out.

You've probably noticed some changes in the Mountaineer. (if not.....no comment) Why?

We are proposing to supply you with a more informative, bulkier and action filled publication. Something that will take more than one lunchtime sitting at the clubrooms or your two morning maths lectures and tutorial to read.

However, like a camp dinner, what you put in, you've got to read! (Requesting gourmet material only). So to all outdoor adreanlin addicts and armchair enthusiast, let us know you tales, epic experiences, ideas and wise or unwise knowledge. We want to hear it all!

Cheers

Kath and Jack who live outback
in a shack
and own quack quacks.

(photo not supplied due to complications that may arise from the publication of this magazine)

Contents

Page	Article	Author
1.	From the Editors	
2.	Presidents Report	Alan Daley
3.	Committee Page	
5.	The Big BM's	Andy-Selby-Smith, Jackie Hickey
8.	No Map No Compass	Lizzy and Calv
10.	Northern Exposure	Andrea Kneen, Caroline Haupt
12.	MUMC Fail on Everest Attempt	Amber Mullens
15.	Snow Thrills	Richard La Nauze
16.	Midnight Ascent Lift-out	
	Rak's kayaking guide to Victoria	Richard Kjar
18.	The Warrambungles	Chris Clifton
20.	Skiing Back-Country	Kath Hammond
22.	OXO overseas	Dylan Shuttleworth
23.	History of Kayaking	Prof. Andrew Lean
25.	Bridge Building Report	Andrea Kneen
26.	Bronze Medelling	
27.	Gourmet Cooking with MUMC	
28.	Slush	
29.	Horoscopes	Dan Troppe

President's Report

Welcome to the 98/99 *Mountaineer* series. The Editors and Committee have vowed to produce more frequent *Mountaineers*, which means that - among other things - you will have the pleasure of hearing from me more often!!! MUMC's 98/99 Committee is also endeavouring to make the Club more accessible and more inclusive than ever before, and to this end, the club e-mail list and web-page are being used even more. So, if you have changed your e-mail address, or if you did not supply it on your original membership form, please let our Secretary, Carys, know (mumc@ariel.ucs.unimelb.edu.au)!!!



The Club is a dynamic democracy, and as such, occasionally controversies arise. Some of these are minor problems, some of them are large philosophical differences. Debate should be vigorously encouraged both in official fora - committee meetings, GMs - and also in the more relaxed atmospheres on sunny afternoons outside the clubrooms, or Tuesday nights in the Clyde. This way, we hopefully retain some perspective on the issues, and we can get on with going on trips!! If there is something you need to discuss, please do bring it up with any committee member, (even via e-mail to mumc@ariel). If need be, it can be put on the committee meeting agenda in the glass noticeboard in the clubrooms.

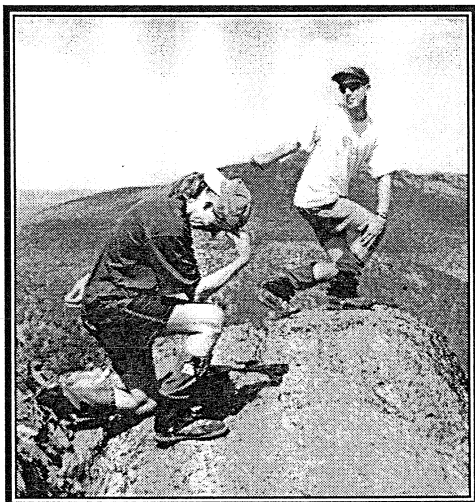
One item of business of which the Committee must notify its members follows:

The Melbourne University Mountaineering Club has terminated its sponsorship arrangement with Mountain Designs. The Committee perceived a conflict of interest between our constitutional Aims and Mountain Design's prolific promotion of Hotham/Falls Creek in its Melbourne front windows. The display has now been removed, but MDs has indicated their stance and MUMC has disassociated itself from it. Hotham/Falls Creek is linked to dubious environmental practices, including: helicopter flights over the adjoining Alpine National Park; lift pylons within 2 metres of the ANP boundary at Mt Loch; the intended jet airstrip at Dinner Plain, and; the annexation from the ANP of Mt McKay for recently announced construction of further lifts.

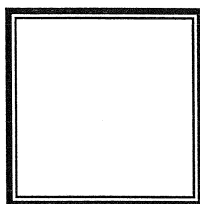
However, the Committee's accessibility and any of the issues we deal with are just administrative matters. The Club is about members getting into the outdoors, learning new skills and extending themselves to meet new challenges. It is also about providing a release and escape from the stress of the city, and an opportunity to appreciate the serenity of our Wild Places in these very Wild Times.

Vote carefully, Alan Daley (a.daley1@student.unimelb.edu.au)

Your Committee

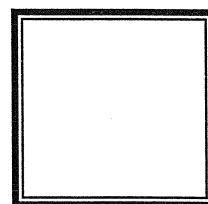


Top: President Alan Daley,
Experienced Arts Student, Great Cook,
mostly seen skiing and bushwalking
Bottom: Vice President Joel Bartley.
Extremely fast walker. Known for
getting trashed at Midnight Ascents



Treasurer Marcelle Gannon.

Bushwalker and computer whiz. Photo: Whereabouts unknown...also the bankbook.



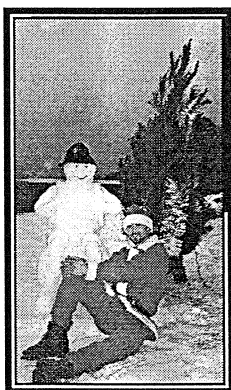
Assist. Treasurer Katrine Wilson.

Photo: Thought to be travelling with the Treasurer.



Secretary Carys Evans.

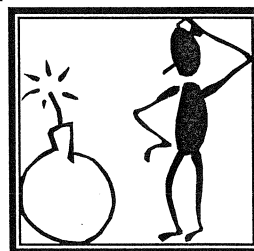
Currently holds the MUMC record for the least no. of committee meetings attendance



General Member Andy Stevens
Climber,
bushwalker and
photographer.
Sarcastic character.

Safety Convenor Dimitri.

Photo: See the climbing notice board in the clubrooms. Known for his hairy back



Conservation Convenor Alex Chapman.

Enjoys a good game of Vikings, Aliens and Rabbits.
Active in the fight for our wilderness



Publication Officer

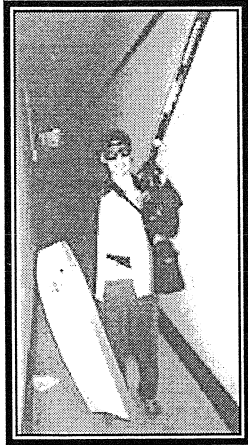
Kath (Hawke-eye) Hammond.

Always willing to try new things.

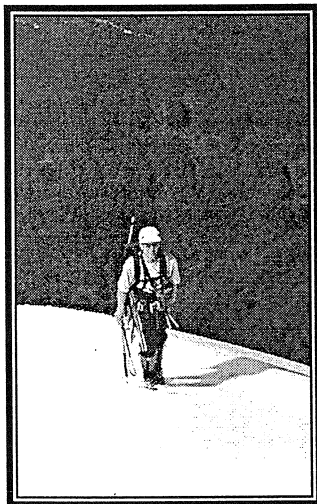
Identity withheld due to personal safety reason associated with this publication

Gear Store Officer Alice Ewing

Currently running sign language classes on Wed 6.30pm for club members



Above: Skiing Convenor Tom (Action-man) Stringer.
NOTE: Did not make the annual sacrifice to the snow gods hence no snow!

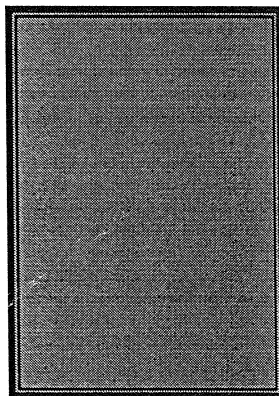


Canoe Polo Convenor Jackie Hickey
Identity withheld due to personal safety associated with this publication.



Above: Climbing Convenor Andy Selby Smith.
Known for long mountaineer articles.

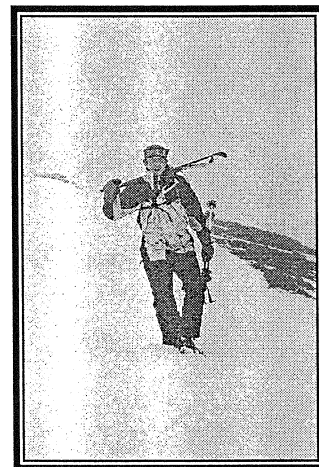
Rogaining Convenor Matt Thomas
Identity withheld.
Currently seeking mental treatment for the addiction to the sport



Left: Mountaineering Convenor Dave Kneen
Drinks Peach Snapps and listens to classical music



Above: Bushwalking Convenor Andrea Kneen
See Slush



Above: Kayaking Convenor Richard LaNauze
Loves quite nights at home watching romantic movies

Left: Caving Convenor Sophie Brown
Has an affinity with ducks
Photo: Soph in a tight squeeze in Centipede, Buchan

*** All information on this pages may bare no resemblance to the true. The Editors hold no responsibility for the implications that this magazine may infer.

The Big BM's

Trip: Canyoning, Blue Mountains, NSW
Culprits: Tom Muller, Kath, Stu R., Niiige, Laurence,
Andrea Kneen, Jack, Katrine, Andy-Selby.

Dates: 9-14 April



From the very beginning it was an epic! The gear and the people didn't all fit into the car so a toss up was made on who or what to tie to the roof! 'Let's put Selby up there in a silver jumpsuit!' Unfortunately he didn't agree and a compromise was made with his pack instead. Well, the trip up the Hume was unexciting (maybe for you Andy who slept the whole way!), apart from us all demonstrating our freeloading abilities by stopping at every Operation Coffee Break for free tea and Kit Kats, even those of us who weren't driving and listening to Stu's marvellous CD collection!

(Hint, never travel in Kath's car if you can help it, it's only got an AM radio)

(Oh, good, I'm travelling with Kath next time! - Andy)

After a 2 hour kip in Albury at Jackie's place (What do you do for a good time in Albury on a Friday night? Leave Albury...(ha, very funny Andy!)) it was on again for the BM's in order to do a canyon on Friday. However, we needn't have bothered, as we arrived to torrential rain, and spent the rest of the afternoon demonstrating our pool incompetence in the Katoomba pub! A fair bit of poring over ONE map and a shitty guidebook was done, and it was decided that we would split into two groups to do Raynon and Thunder canyons the next day.

Friday night was a night of alcohol, a campfire, practicing prussiking whilst under the influence, degrogratory discussion and Nigel going to bed with his favourite harness. The crack of dawn was louder than usual and our enthusiastic spirits were kind-a low. A quick fix, Do a canyon for 15 hours. And that is exactly what we did! We squirmed our way into rubber; zipped, checked we could breathe, and began the descent into the canyon

(one group with a map and the other without. (Something to try, bush bashing in a wetsuit!))

The best thing about bushbashing in a wetsuit is the full body protection. A rubber wetsuit is the ultimate body length gaiter. Run screaming through the blackberries. Have no fear of snakes (they'll never get their fangs through all that rubber). Another bonus is that wetsuits are leech proof. Totally leech proof. Most importantly of all, the smell goes very nicely with a well used thermal when the time comes to peel them off...

Well, after following what looked like very vague and unpromising gullies down through the scrub, we finally came upon a creek that went deeper and deeper as we went on, like a late night discussion around a campfire. Hmm. Things were looking up, or, rather, down. Shortly afterwards, we came to the first abseil, down a slimy waterfall... and Katrina got a chance to try out the pleasures of the rack. After that the fun began. Splashing through small pools, the occasional rappel or downclimb, all the time the walls climbing higher and higher. The canyon was now inescapable (well, almost); and we were committed to the fun!

A few more turns and splashes later, we passed a corner where we met the others abseiling in from the right, having missed their canyon and stumbled on until they ran into Raynon! And they had the map... Didn't you people on the Alpine-walking Track learn to navigate? I'm not naming Names, but will we see the likes of Kath, Laurence, and Andrea attending a few navigational practice sessions?

After chocolate for lunch and Niige telling us that chocolate is a sex substitute we pressed on. It was 3pm it was time to start thinking about how to get out. WRONG! This is where the canyon starts. We turned the corner to hear Stu exclaim

'Fuck man! This is fucking full on!'

The watercourse dropped down into a dark keyhole, no longer any greenery, only centuries old carved smooth rock. We heard the rope drop down the black hole into the chilling water below. It was then that we knew we weren't getting out before sunset!

Well, I didn't actually hear Stu say that, but my impression on looking down was *gulp*. We found the rap point, and descended for a swim in a *VERY* cold pool. Try getting your rap device off the rope in a cold pool! Then there was a clamber and another short rap, and then a nerve-racking rope pull, expecting it to jam all the while. Another rap and a swim, and then we were back in something more vaguely resembling a walkable canyon.

Shortly after that, the canyon closed in to form an amazing constriction, only ten or so metres wide, but with daylight a narrow band of white high overhead. Sensational, really sensational! I was getting a bit fazed about the time, so I was hassling people to go faster. I needn't have bothered. We were going to have fun in the dark no matter how fast we went at that point.

Eventually we ended up swimming through black ponds (absolute bliss!!) in the dark, the only lights the ones on our headtorches floating just 15 cm above the water, and the eerie blue light of the glow worms. Finally, about 7pm, everyone feeling like they've had enough fun for the day (night? - Andy), we reached the spot where the guidebook says to start climbing out....was that meant literally?

I think we did considerably well as we didn't have a map and darkness prevented us from seeing the towering cliffs overhead. The path out seemed to consist mostly of scrambling on all fours and using the person's head behind you as a great foothold. Then the semi-track branched into 2. Mmmm.... do we take the high road or the low road? Well no one particularly wanted to go back down into another canyon, as the low path seemed to suggest, so up we went until we reached an overhang and a dead end. The only

direction left for us to go was straight up or straight down or back the way we came. I don't know about you but when it is late (say around 9pm) it's dark, you're cold and tired, retracing your steps seems well.... It suxs, so we didn't.

The overhang had a manhole at the side in the wall that Andy went to investigate.

The overhang was the roof of a cave, and yes, it had a hole up one end that went through to the cliff face. I had a quick look around, and couldn't see any other way up and out. The only option left was this interesting hole! I decided to have a quick look through, to see if it offered any possibilities for escape. After squirming through it to the cliff face, the first look down revealed inky blackness below, the ground invisible in the dark.

Upon turning over, however, and looking up, it didn't look so bad. The top was only twenty or so metres up, clearly visible against the sky. So, I had Nige put me on belay and I led it, glad

to be getting close to the top of this seemingly interminable cliff. Once the belay was set up, I spent three hours sitting on belay, bringing up the others. Thank god it was a comfortable belay seat, that it wasn't a cold night, and that my wetsuit was reasonably warm! The view, despite the lack daylight, was pretty good! (At this stage it is important NOT to mention Andy's climbing situation) (Oh, yeah, the actual climb was a bit hairy - static rope/instant exposure/shitty belay/shit rock/crappy shoes/wetsuit/dark/crappy pro but the less said the better)

The other group took forever to reach the cave, and as a result came up pretty slowly, especially Laurence, who had a hunk of cliff fall on him. Thank God for helmets! (That's why I love my brain bucket. Grey matter insurance! - Andy) It was well past midnight before we finally dismantled the anchor and set off back up again, bound for the cars and dinner. Dinner (Dinckfast? Andy) was served at 4am.

End of day 1

A summary of the rest of the trip:

- fucking freezing water
- alcohol
- tricky abseiling
- awesome canyons
- Whitlams
- More alcohol
- and little sleep

Yeah, that evaluation is right on. The best bit was waking up to warm port wafting under my nostrils after I had fallen asleep on someone's shoulder half way through a communal mug session! Oh, yes, the other two canyons were pretty good too! Galah Canyon, the last one, was fantastic, and a really rewarding experience - difficult abseils, cold water, a spot of climbing to get out, difficult navigation to get out - this one had it all, and Team Galahs (Nige, Stu, Jackie, Katrina, me) came through with flying colours!

Let's do it all again sometime.

No Map, No Compass and No Idea (or Lizzy and Calvi go bushwalking)

"Do you think we're trying to do too much?" asked Calv on the second day in Tassie. "Well, we've been off the boat for 31 hours and have navigated our way through Tassie, done our sightseeing, paddled 3 sections of river, run the car shuffles and slept for 12 hours. Nah, what more can we squeeze in?"

"Okay, it's 32 kilometres to the start of the track, we're got an empty tank of gas, half a map of the area (the wrong half), a cave to get through, it's freezing and we're not wearing sunglasses."

"Hit it!"



The next morning:

"One compass?"

"Nope"

"One Trangia burner?"

"Nope"

"One map?"

"Yes! Oh, not of the right area"

"But we look like real bushwalkers with our shorts over our thermals, and that's what counts."

"Do you think we'll get to the snowline?"

"How far exactly is it until we get there?"

"How do we know when we get 'there'?"

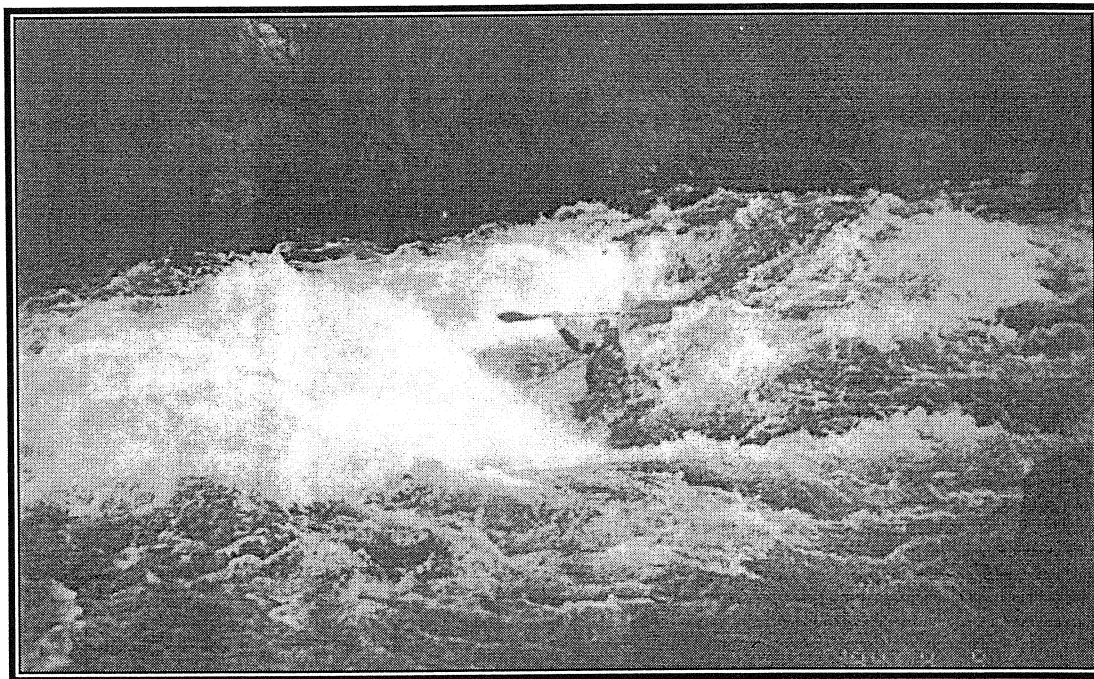
And so we find ourselves in a tent in the snow, somewhere in the Walls of Jerusalem, eating Vita-weats for dinner. Ready for bed at 8pm, we dreamt of the rivers we'd paddled and the spectacular scenery surrounding us.

Part 2:

After an intense week at the Student's and Sustainability conference, we headed off again in the search of water. We were told Brady's Lake, a man-made slalom course was flowing. A little dubious due to its name, we drove in that direction. Much to our surprise we discovered it was nothing like the Goulburn, the Victorian man-made slalom course. Lizzy was introduced to the joys of being munched in a hole and we

found plenty to occupy ourselves with in the few hundred metres of whitewater between the two lakes.

Which brings us to this beautiful campsite on the shores of Lake St Clair, with the light of the full moon shimmering on the surface of the much calmer waters. We'd had holes and haystacks, waves and whitewater, beaches and beauty, a shower and a steak, red wine and ribena. We were content.



Lizzy about to get munched in a hole. Bradys Lakes, Tasmania.

Pie and Slide Night

Tuesday 15th September

7pm Lazar Room

All Welcome

See and show great slides of awesome places and have the chance to win something.

Catogories: Action, People in the wilderness, Flora and Fauna, Landscapes

After party venue: The Clyde Hotel

Northern Exposure: Walking in North Queensland

By Carolyn Haupt and Andrea Kneen

"One hundred!" Laurence's jubilant yell from further down the slope was muffled by mist and seemed to bounce off all the moss-covered trees. I looked down and flicked off two more of the blood suckers - it was better not to think about what was under my socks. Ahh Queensland - beautiful one day...

After stopping for a supply of fresh tropical fruits from a roadside stall, we picked up our packs to ascend Mt. Bartle Frere, Queensland's highest peak. The low clouds added to the humidity of the rainforest and after ten minutes of walking we were all dripping with sweat. That was when I looked down and flicked the first two leeches off my leg. By the time we reached Majuba Creek half an hour into our walk, the tally had already begun: Laurence 10, Carolyn 9, Leanne 6 and Andrea 1. (Andrea: Suckers!!)

We dumped packs (except Leanne, who was in training for the World Rogaining Championships) and climbed up Broken Nose, a knoll on the side of Bartle Frere, only to admire the swirling white cloud where the view should have been. Lunchtime was spent on the edge of a 50m cliff, teaching leeches how to fly. After descending 500m back down to the packs, we realized that:

3.30pm x 1000m ascent x 5km horizontal distance = bloody steep climb and pitch camp in the dark.

Duly arriving sometime after a magnificent sunset, we began an epic but ultimately successful quest for water (how far can 300m be?). Eventually finding it, we started to prepare dinner. It was at this

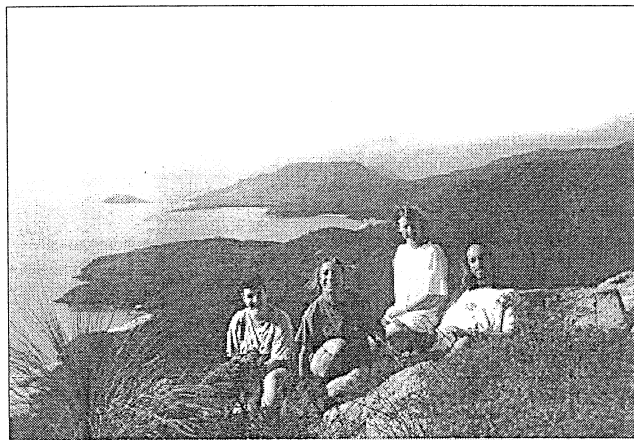
point that we made a startling discovery: paw paws do not appreciate bush - walking.

The next morning we scrambled up rocks to the summit, got no view due to white-out conditions and gave in to the lure of the bakeries far

below us.

However, Mt Bartle Frere was only a taste of Queensland, and we were ready for more. So the next day we set off for Hinchinbrook Island. We were dropped off in the middle of a mangrove swamp, and told to follow the creek upstream, until we arrived at an old plane wreck just below the summit of Mt. Straloch. Bob the boatman assured us that it could be done. Really.

Four hours later and I was losing faith. We were soaked, sweaty and dirty. We were climbing steeply up the sides, and sometimes the centres, of waterfalls, with little grip but plenty of air below. And then



there were the wonderful stinging vines they have in Queensland. Lawyer vines. How apt.

We knew we were running out of time but we had to go just a little bit further. And we were rewarded. All of a sudden, there was wreckage beside the creek. We followed it up and up. So many bits for one little plane. A machine gun sitting on a rock in the creek. At last we arrived at a memorial cross, with the summit just above us and a magnificent view back across the mangroves and Hinchinbrook Channel. A brief pause before we headed back down to Bob.

The next day we began the traverse of the island. Only forty people are allowed on the island at any time, and we soon discovered that, thanks to our decision to walk the Thorsborne Track in the unusual South-to-North direction, we were destined to meet the full complement of walkers, several times over, during our stay.

We began walking along a wide, flat beach, with jagged and imposing mountains to our left and the sea sparkling at our right. Leaving the beach, we found ourselves in

cool damp rainforest, until we arrived suddenly at the idyllic Mulligan's Falls. Realizing we had only 1km to go to our campsite, we spent a pleasant couple of hours relaxing after a strenuous morning's activity. That night, we played beach volleyball (with a record 169 hits!), before cooking dinner and camping out on the beach. As we stretched out on the sand, stars-expert Carolyn pointed out a few of the lesser-known constellations.

We settled easily into this pattern over the next few days, thanks to the many conveniently-located waterfalls, until all too soon we were climbing the last hill and it was almost over. From the top of Nina Peak we were surrounded by magnificent views, with the lofty cloud-covered mountains behind us and Ramsay Beach, our destination, in bright sunshine ahead of us. We scrambled down, and arrived quickly, with just enough time for a swim before the boat arrived. As the boat eased out through the mangroves, we reflected on our time on the island. Sure, it had been hot and there were mozzies. But the beaches were great, the scenery was amazing, everyone was friendly and relaxed. And we had done some spectacular walking.

“To BEacon or not to Beacon”

The hot issue at recent committee meetings has been whether to invest in Safety Beacons. If you're interested more information can be found at this address.

ref:<http://www.worldserver.pipex.com/cospas-sarsat>
There are 2 types of beacon technology: 121MHz and 406MHz. The 406MHz are newer and are serviced by a more accurate technology via low-altitude polar-orbit satellites.

A 121MHz average model will transmit for 48hrs and a 406MHz for 96hrs.

Being interested in a worst-case analysis.... We, in Australia, are serviced by some Russian Satellites, 2 of which have 406MHz units. One is known to give dodgy positions in the Southern Hemisphere, and so you could be waiting for 12 hours until the 'good' satellite is above (an ideal, flat) horizon to receive your position. There is replacement satellite scheduled for launch this year, though it ain't there yet. There are more satellites

available with 121MHz technology, though 2 satellite passes are|may be necessary for an 'accurate' position. These satellites pass pretty much above the Eastern Australian states. There is a proposal for some satellites in Equatorial orbits to be added to the system.

A 406MHz unit in a satellite can track 80 beacons, a 121MHz unit many less. There are many false-alarms from planes having hard landings, though the number of real alarms is > 1000/year (> 3/day)

There were 36 incidents in 1996 where people were rescued through their use of land-based PLB (personal locator beacons).

Even though an EPIRB/PLB can work (contact a satellite) anywhere in the world, in many places (Africa less Algeria, Central America, Argentina, Central, Eastern and Southern Europe, Middle East, parts of South-Eastern Asia) the emergency services are not equipped/prepared to search for these devices.

MUMC FAIL ON EVEREST ATTEMPT

By Amber Mullens

Everyone serious about outdoor activities should make a trip to Everest/Chomolungma at some stage in their life, even if they have little interest in mountaineering. For many people, myself included, this trip is akin to some sort of religious pilgrimage. You feel that you should now be able to add a prefix to your surname to let others know that you have completed the journey, something like Muslims do after visiting Mecca, maybe Amber Mt Mullens. Anyway, Russell Smith, Rohan Schaap and myself headed to Everest over the summer holidays and loved it.

Naturally, being good mountaineering children, and because we were there, we made an attempt on the summit. The fact that it was Nepalese midwinter did not daunt us. We even decided that oxygen was unnecessary. Ropes too were superfluous. Ditto crampons. And ice axes. In fact, anything that other expeditions find useful, we viewed as extraneous. We were carrying one piece of vital gear though. A Teva and camera for the ultimate Teva photo to show Alan Daley. Ultimately, the summit attempt failed when we were unable to cross the glacier to get in. Apparently, you need a team of Yaks at this time of the year and Russ was still suffering from severe Yak phobia owing to an almost unfortunate accident involving a part of the male anatomy and a very sharp horn. For all those who believe I am exaggerating this part of the story, Russ still has the pants he was wearing with their torn pocket. Nasty.

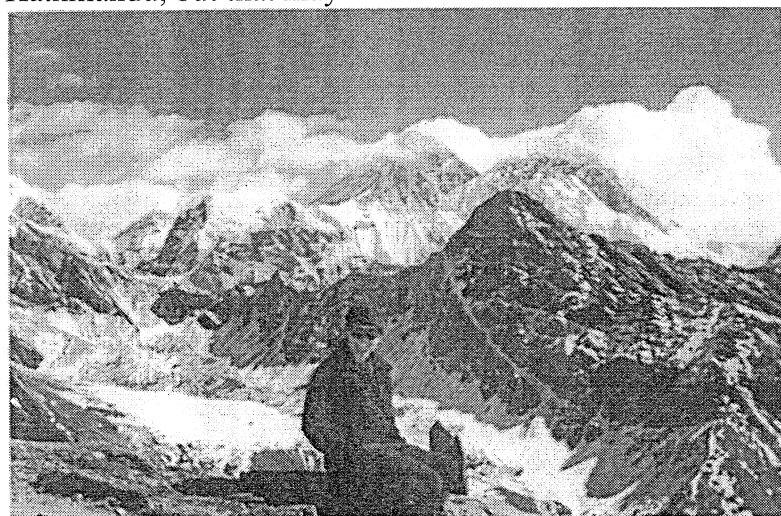
Anyway, this article is not about rehashing the entire walk we did. Instead, it is written to prove that any of you can make it to the bottom of Everest and so I'll tell you about the problems that faced us.

The first is fitness. I certainly didn't have it and I was not about to embark on a fitness campaign in Bangkok (where I was working for a month beforehand). No one in their right mind jogs in that heat and besides, the food is too good to start a diet. I had read all these things about people travelling to Everest as part of a guided tour where they implied you had to be some sort of super human fitness freak. Training schedules included marathons, running up stairs, and other activities that Andrew Selby-Smith would approve of. This approach is a total load of crap. You should dismiss it out of hand. If you are exceptionally fit, then this will be a benefit because you will be able to cover more ground per day. However, the best spots to stop walking for the night in Nepal are conveniently spaced apart at exactly the distance a lazy person can walk in a day before collapsing, so there is no real need to go any further per day. A perfect fitness test for Nepal is Feathertop. If can you carry a pack up the Tom Kneen Spur to MUMC Hut and back down in a day – move onto Everest. No – Go on more trips. That is all you need to get to Everest.

This may surprise a lot of people. It is not the level of fitness that is important. The crucial component that will separate the masses is 'the pack'. Now I'm not talking gear freak things here, macpac vs Berghaus, although I do recommend the macpac cascade in teal and purple, especially with co-ordinated gaiters. No, I'm talking pure pack hauling

muscles that most of you have secretly built up over the trips and which you take for granted everytime you heave that back on. This of course assumes you have gone on trips in the past, so the jury is still out as to whether Gaffster has these special muscles. Remember that a lot of people going to Everest have never even seen a pack before in their life. Most of them never will either as they hire porters to carry them.

We walked in from the roadhead at Jiri. Each day is basically like this. Walk up Mt Feathertop. Have potatoes while looking at the spectacular view. Walk down Mt Feathertop and decide which guesthouse you will dine on potatoes at for dinner. No tents, no stoves, no washing up. You might have picked up that potatoes are a bit of a problem. There is other food available but potatoes are the winner. It's pretty hard to stuff them up. Potatoes come boiled, fried, chipped, pancaked and mashed. They will get you to Everest, however, you will be unable to look at potatoes at Safers for some time afterwards. None of us got sick from eating anything on the walk. Russ was sick in Kathmandu, but that may have ad more to do with Indian train food or all those donuts.



A lot of people fear Nepal because it is a third world country and they will get sick and spend their time viewing the squat toilet rather than the mountains. Let me assure you that there are third world countries and there are third world countries and then there is Bangladesh, complete nightmare of a country. Nepal is a breeze. Once you

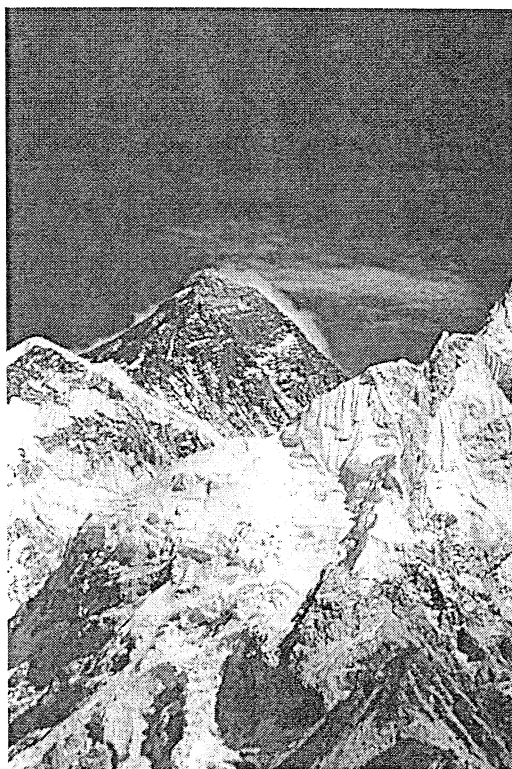
leave Kathmandu, imagine that each night you are going to sleep at somewhere like Cleve Cole Hut on Bogong. Beds, kitchen, fire, outdoor toilet and there may or may not be electricity depending on whether the Bogong Club has arrived with the key. Exactly the same in Nepal except that wanker with the rabid hound is unlikely to turn up and spoil your day.

Porters, group treks, and guides? Simple answer. Don't bother. I go by the philosophy that if you are going to do it, do it yourself. Make no mistake, it is bloody hard going up there. It's tiring, painful, you get blisters, sore knees and mostly you are eating potatoes. Do you really want to listen to seven other people who you don't really know, or like, whinge about that too? The tracks are relatively easy to follow and you are unlikely to lose them, however, a few people known for their exceptional navigational ability do occasionally get lost, so a good map is a great idea. Also, in case you get lost, make sure you are carrying a can each of beer, coke and pepsi, a few different chocolate bars, some Bergs and have lots of gear labels showing. That way, when you are rescued, you have all the potential sponsorship deals covered. People write in books how a guide will greatly help you fit into the local culture and explain special insights and all that. Most

lodge owners earn their money from being high altitude porters or technical guides on mountaineering expeditions or from being guides or porters themselves to group treks. Therefore, these people all speak enough English for your requirements and they will explain things, provide helpful hints, and make you a stiff hot lemon. Most individual trekkers or private groups that hire guides and porters end up hating them because you are forced to stop at places your guide likes. There are places in Nepal where guides are needed. Everest is not one of them

Altitude sickness is a problem. There is nothing like being at altitude and unless you have been there and suffered or were lucky enough to watch others doing the suffering, you can not imagine simple things. In the 5550m but it was getting there and along the way. My lungs ached and my medicine for these On that occasion, it the top and then to this, I did get I did go down to the you recover, you can again.

Altitude easy to deal with. and go down if they you are in any doubt. there who is sick must altitude sickness. The While we were there, noticed another group of a guesthouse at temperature was about



how hard it is to do end, I made it to damn hard work many tears were shed head was hurting, my vision was blurry. The symptoms is descent. was a quick trip up to down. However, prior headaches, nausea, and village below. Once try the higher altitude sickness is relatively Know the symptoms continue, get worse or Basically, anyone up be assumed to have horror stories abound. a group of walkers sitting in the sunroom 4200m. The inside 15oC. They then

noticed a guy from the second party lying in a corner. They were told not to worry, this other person just (!) had hypothermia. Concerned that he wasn't getting any heat, they went to help him and found him unconscious due to altitude sickness. You have about an hour to live by this stage. They raced him down the mountain and saved his life. It is highly likely that the other people in the group were also affected.

Luckily, not everyone gets sick from the altitude. Rohan and Russ didn't seem to have too many problems. In fact, Russell managed to climb Kalar Pattar twice and was looking to be a sure thing for Everest until that bloody glacier got in the way. Yeah, yeah, yeah, Everest may not be a doddle to climb compared to the other 8000m peaks, and it may not be the most spectacular, we've all heard that. However, it is the highest and you should check it out. Awesome.

Snowing Skilfully

By Richard LaNauze

“Right, Snow skills is cancelled - It’s snowing!” - Alan Daley

Small flakes turned to bigger flakes. Seventeen of us huddled underneath the information shelter at Mt St Gwinear carpark. (It would have been eighteen if Hock had woken up.) We conducted a quick scientific experiment, proving that M&M’s do melt in your hand when it is snowing, and then set off up the dirt track to the snow.

Lesson 1: Snow is a scarce commodity in Australia, so be prepared to walk many kilometres with your skis strapped to your pack like a storm-trooper before you reach skiable snow.

Skiing with a pack on can be quite hard, ski bindings do not always fit your boot, sometimes we take two left skis from the ski store (Yes - Tom “The Ski convenor” Stringer) and touch football with a pig is a fun pastime. (Please explain! Ed) All in a hard day’s work of a Snow Skiller.

Lesson 2: Skiing without stocks while trying to catch a pig is difficult and could result in serious injury.

Next for the skiing lessons. The afternoon was spent learning the finer points of skiing. For those who could not stop, it was the snow-plough. For those who could, Alan introduced a new breed of oxos to the telemark. While some thought it was boring to do either and chose to break the land speed record, skiing straight down the hill and over a jump.

Snowman making, water collecting (watch that yellow snow!), cooking in the snow were all tested. The snowman did not pass the oxoman look-a-like test, resembling something much more sinister. We all retired, tired to the snow falling on our tents.

Lesson 3: Snow tents are designed to withstand a heavy snow fall. Be prepared to have a tent collapse if you insist on taking something else.

Lesson 3 was proved to be true. A few people had a epic night after five centimetres of snow fell. Remind me to never take a DMH Trendsetter tent to the snow. We had fresh snow and a day to make fresh tracks in it.

Over Mt St Gwinear, around a little, a bit of an introduction to XCDing, (as much as Mt St Gwinear had to offer), and back again. Ski touring at its best. The day went quickly and before we knew it Snow Skills was over and we were back at the cars.

Lesson 4: Snow driving can be dangerous. Mountain roads can be icy. Travelling sideways around a corner is fun if you do not hit a tree.

We did make it sideways (sorry...safely) down the mountain. Boel had a little chat to some cows and then we all headed home to go to sleep.

A Christmas MIDNIGHT ASCENT.

The Morning after Christmas and all through the hut....

It's the day after Christmas, and I sit on a deck chair basking in the sun. It feels like some sort of demented beach resort where the sand is a bit whiter and only the crazy wear bikinis. Come to think of it, I'm surprised I didn't see one...

Above me the energetic are attending the Boxing Day test just below the summit of Mt Feathertop before carving lines through the untouched snow with Snowboards, skis



or thermal covered butts. Upon seeing the bloodied elbows of those practicing self-arrest, I'm glad I took the lazy option. Behind me is a mess. A hut scattered with tinsel and empty bottles and discarded treasures from Santa's sack. All manner of magic came from the man in red, from windproof lighters and Mr. Men books to irritating noise makers and fridge magnets, placed with care under the Christmas tree hijacked from Myrtleford on Christmas eve. The husk of a once healthy turkey, the congealing trifle and

other leftover type materials are a monument to the feast had by all the little bunnies, Vikings and aliens the night before. All the empty bottles are a monument to something else entirely.

As I stare out at the view, I consider taking a picture of the breathtaking view with my cute little point-and-shoot camera, but decide not to bother as the heavenly blue of the sky and the magical colours of the snow covered mountains wouldn't be done justice. And besides, film could never catch the peaceful moment we enjoy away from the everyday chaos of the city. I lie there and suddenly my breathless promises of "I'm NEVER" *puff puff* "going bushwalking" *ouch* "Again!! You huggies" *Oh Goddammit* "are all out of your bloody minds" *puff puff puff* seem to fade away like so many drunken comments made at the Clyde on an average Tuesday night.

A Merry Christmas to all and to all a goodnight.

By Santa's Little Helper.

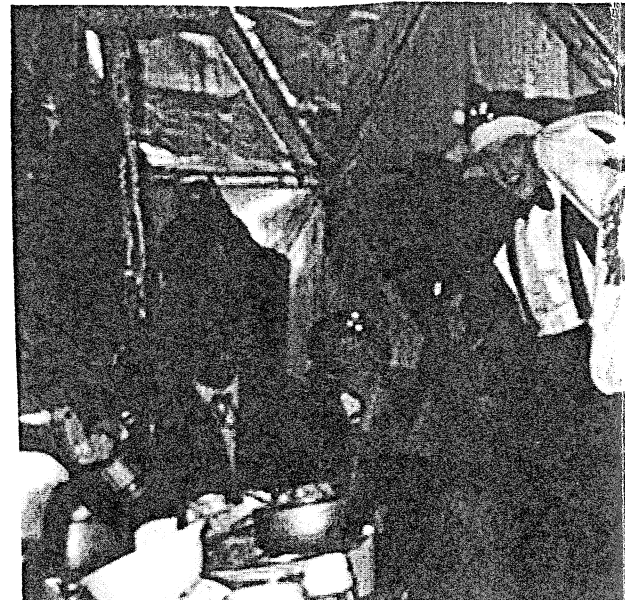
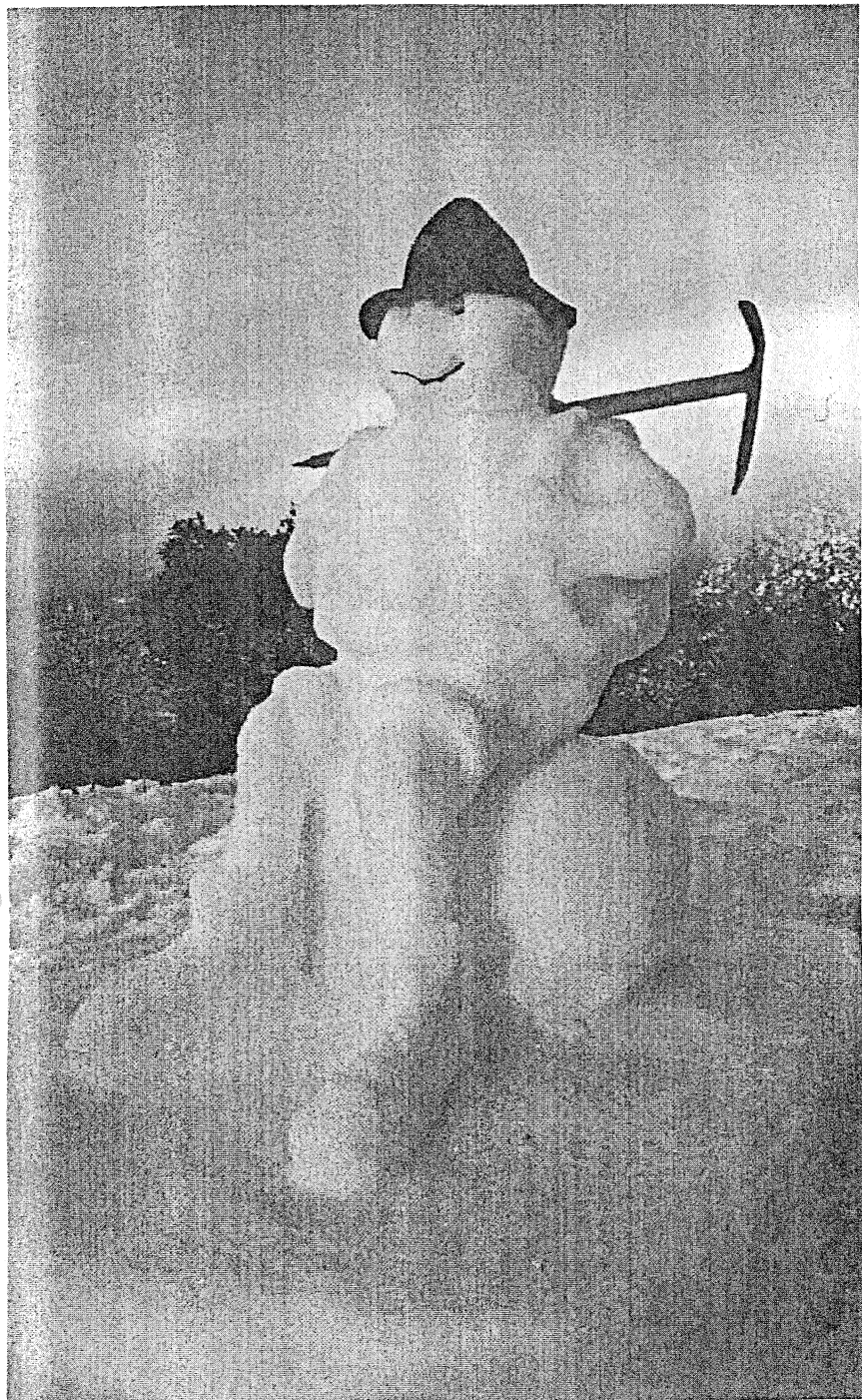




The MIDNIGHT

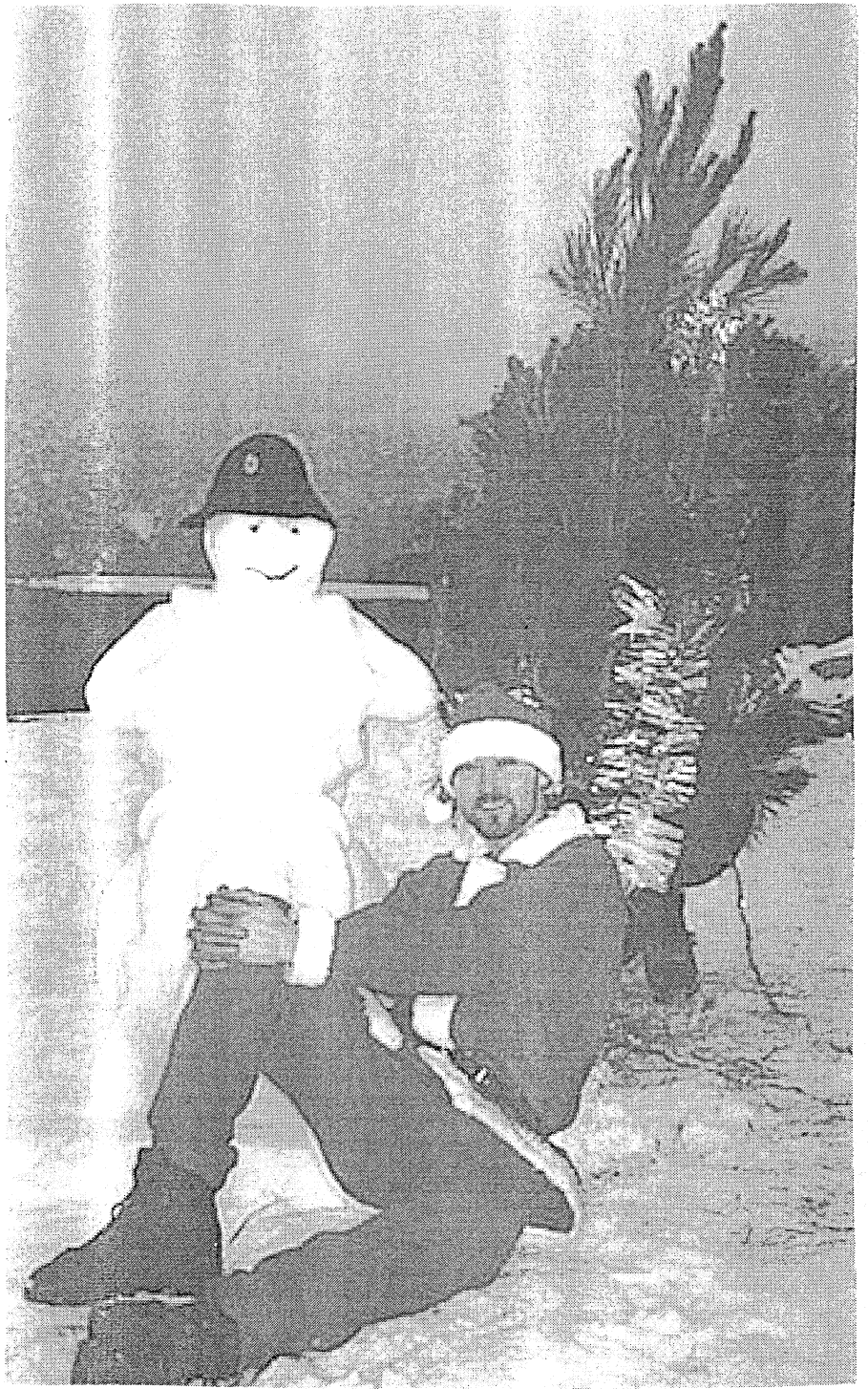
A Midwinter

CO



HT Ascent:

r Christmas.



The Race

We slowly plodded up the slope, one foot in front of the other, kicking our toes into the ice, following the steps of those in front. The weight on our backs getting heavier with every step, our mind focused on the challenge ahead.

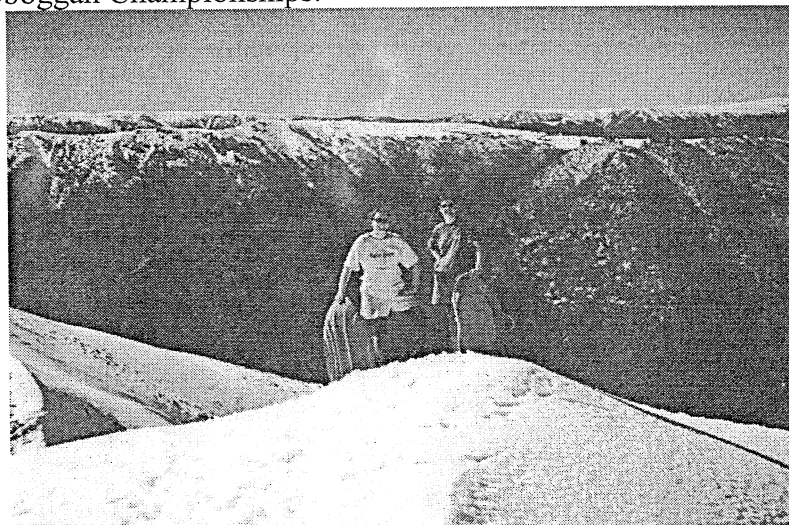
The atmosphere was tense at the top as the teams conferred and last minute preparations and tactics were discussed. We shot sideways glances at the other team. The competition was tough.

We'd been training for this, we'd had practice runs and knew we could do it. The time had come for the big race, we steadied ourselves in the start position, concentrating on the slope ahead. It was a difficult course, particularly in the icy conditions. Running through my mind was the position of the jumps we had scouted on the way up. Our weakest element, I knew if we didn't get enough air on the first jump, we wouldn't make it over the ditch behind. By the look of concentration on my partner's face, I knew she was thinking the same thing.

The crack of the starting gun pierced through the cold air. We were off - flying down the slope, quickly gathering speed, snow flying up in our faces. A slower start put us a second behind the other team but we were slowly closing the gap. The conditions were icy and fast, we were going faster than we ever had before. Carving, turning, concentrating on what was ahead. We made it over the first jump, taking the exact line we had chosen, but there wasn't any time to gloat, the second jump was almost upon us. We had just cleared the second jump when I heard the crowd roar - the other team had blundered, miscalculating what the other team member was doing and crashed, face planting in the snow. That must have hurt in the icy conditions.

We flew past the other team sprawled in the snow, carving our turns perfectly around the carnage. We were still going strong, in tune with each other, legs and feet falling into the familiar positions, getting air off the jumps, the adrenaline pumping through the body. Our speed wasn't slowing, the snow was spraying up, freezing our faces, making it impossible to see. We were moving as one, intrinsically knowing what the other was doing.

We passed the finish line with feet poised to brake. In perfect timing our heels dug in together, causing a spray of ice as we slowed. Although we wiped the snow from our faces, we couldn't wipe off the smile. We were jubilant, conquerors of the slope. Still exhilarated from the run, we looked back up the slope to see the other team halfway up, picking up the pieces. We had won the Australian Universities Downhill Toboggan Championships.



Call

RAK's brief guide to paddling in Victoria with MUMC

Richard Kjar

If you are reading this article you

- a) know everything that I am going to say, so why bother
- b) are sitting in the clubrooms on your own and need to get out there and have fun
- c) have somehow procured this magazine by mistake and now using it to avoid studying
- d) all of the above.

If you answered a) then please read no further and go to the green folder and put in a trip. If you answered b), c) or d) then please read on and inspire yourself to enjoy the rivers of Victoria.

With the advent of plastic kayaks, the ability to run steeper and more dangerous rivers has opened up some new creeks and rivers in Victoria. Melbourne University Mountaineering Club paddlers have been at the forefront of this paddling boom. The club offers all standards of trips, so if you want to learn how to become a great boater, just cruise some nice rivers or break every bone in your body, then sign up for a trip. The level of adventure is up to you.

Rivers near Melbourne

The rivers that surround Melbourne are all quite different in nature, although not in colour, a delightful brown. These rivers (except for the Goulbourn) all tend to be only good after considerable rain. The Yarra and Gardiners Creek offer the closest access to whitewater in Melbourne. The Goulbourn is an old favourite in Summer when most of Melbourne's kayaking fraternity can be found there. Recently the Campaspe has offered new and dangerous boating only 1½ hours from the major city hospitals. Ask Scott Wiltshire for further information regarding the healing time of post-waterfall-lumbar-spine-fractures. The Maribyrnong is one of the few rivers close to Melbourne that offers good whitewater. The scene of numerous epics, it is not to be underestimated, having inflicted serious injury (ie two fractured legs) to competent paddlers in the past. It flows around the back of Melbourne Airport, so the planes are always a bonus.

The Yarra has been the place that many paddlers first began their boating lives. It can be horrendously dry in summer, flooded in winter and it is always brown. There are many sections paddleable on the Yarra, but only one, Homestead Rd to Whitten's Reserve stands out for ease of access and reasonable rapids. Dight's Falls, an artificial weir in Melbourne also rates a mention as it is Melbourne's suburban paddling training ground.

North East Victoria

The rivers of North East Victoria tend to offer beautiful scenery, good rapids and freezing water, as most of them are only paddleable in late winter and spring on snowmelt flows. The King has always been a long time favourite for paddlers. It is easy enough to drag beginners down at lower levels, but provides fun and action at higher levels. The river is renowned for rising with rain or snowmelt, as happened for the 1996 Australian Universities Canoeing Championships, the river rising to a record high of 2.4m, before the gauge washed away.

The Indi River has provided many epics, debacles and classic times for generations of paddlers. It was on this river the world renown paddling quattro, Debacles International, first tasted the big water that they came to love. Two members of this group, Dave Kjar and Steve Carter managed to do this trip, leaving on a Friday night with only one car and a bike and almost be back in Melbourne for a party on Saturday night. This involved traversing the entire Alpine Way with chains fitted to the so called 'legend mobile', Dave's shitbox Nissan Bluebird, riding 15km at the end of the paddle, and then hitching back to the top to collect the

car. Other rivers to consider are the Howqua and recently Eurobin Creek has offered serious boating for the highly skilled.

Kiewa Valley

The Kiewa Valley, once given up for dead by the previous Victorian guidebook authors has been the area that has brought on the renaissance of steep creeking in Victoria, pushed forward by raft guide come creek machine, Boris. The Upper East Kiewa has been the river to paddle if you want to cut your teeth as a creek boater. It is steep, gnarly and never ending! Until recently it had only ever been paddled by a select group of paddlers lead by Boris. This changed in August 1997, with a 'second' descent by a MUMC team, armed with playboats, too much scotch and too few sleeping bags. The surrounding creeks, Rocky Valley Creek and the West Kiewa has some interesting paddling as well.

Gippsland

The rivers of Gippsland tend to offer long, relatively large volume rivers compared to the rest of Victoria. All the rivers in this area offer potential touring trips if that is your bent, the Mitchell can offer probably Victoria's best big volume experience at very high flows. The Snowy is a three day tour usually involving copious amounts of beer. There are many sections of the Thomson for paddlers from beginner to intermediate standard, and the consistent summer flow means they can be paddled year round. The Gorge offers a long day or easy two day trip, the Tunnel section and Upper section offer easy day trips suitable for beginners.

Mitta Mitta Valley

The Mitta Mitta Valley, tucked away in the far east of Victoria has long been a kayaking destination. Recently, however, attention is turning away from the main river and to its tributaries such as Middle Creek, the Cobungra and the Bundarra for steep creeking opportunities. Whatever your interest, the Mitta Mitta has something to offer.

The rivers of Victoria offer some excellent kayaking of all standards, especially throughout winter and spring. Trips are run nearly every weekend in second semester, so come and sign up and have a great time with some great people.

This article is taken from:

RAK's GNARLY PADDLING TRIPS
An intermediate and advanced
Whitewater Kayakers Guide
to some of the best rivers and creeks in Victoria.

which is a soon-to-be-published-up-to-date river guide. If you want further information on any of the rivers then please email me at: r.kjar@ugrad.unimelb.edu.au

See you on the river,
Richard Kjar

THE WARRUMBUNGLES

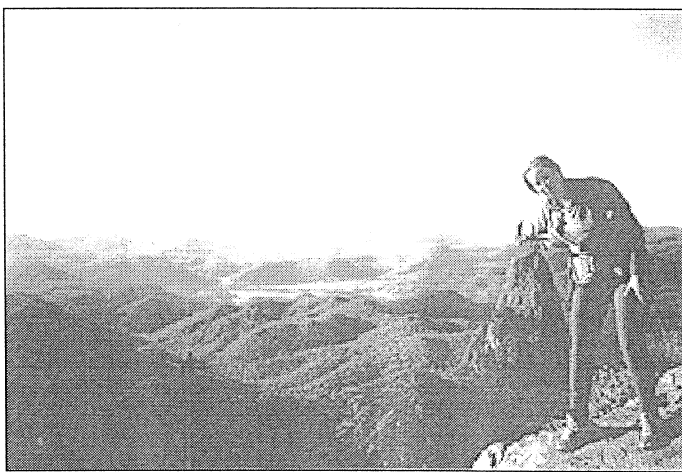
(ABORIGINAL TRANSLATION: CLIMBING ON EXPOSED, LOOSE ROCK, NO PRO AND CERTAIN DEATH DESCENTS)

BY CHRIS CLIFTON & JILL FAGAN

Picture this....You're clutching the arete during the 5th pitch 150m above the ground, your knuckles white with fear (no wait that's the cold, no, probably both) and there is still another 100m to the top. Your last piece of pro is ten metres below you, and your last piece of decent pro was yesterday. You smear off the walls rather than standing on ledges, in fear that the ledge might disappear beneath you, as it did on the previous pitch. You resort to using your prussiks in the belay as you emptied your rack on the last 50m rope-stretching pitch. More importantly, you ensure that none of the pieces in the belay are weighted as they may shift the very ledge you are on. Sound inviting?

Welcome to the Warrumbungles!

This mountain range just outside Coonabarabran has some of the most spectacular, exposed, run out climbing you'll ever find (well, this side of Frenchman's Cap anyway).



Jill adjusting her bra strap while leaning on Beloungery Spire.

Not for the inexperienced or faint hearted, this was an experience in the true sense of the word. Having just come from a week in the sport climbing mecca that is Nowra, where you are 'run out' if the last draw is at your waist, we were in for a slight change of scenery.

Five intrepid climbers (or complete idiots - one of the two) made the pilgrimage - Chris 'Stop giving me shit about my car'

Clifton, Jill 'My hair's not that straggly' Fagan, Paul 'It'll be fine' Bowden and Phil 'Light pack' Blunson & Stu 'We didn't stop at that monastery for long' Dobbie. After a 950km drive up through central NSW, passing through such towns as Orange 'The Fruit Bowl of Australia' and Bathurst 'A Tidy Town Participant' which were hard places to leave, we managed to get to our destination.

A short 6km walk later and we reached Balor Hut, which would be our base for the next week. A quick roof traverse of the hut (which incidentally, to our knowledge, was the first free ascent) and we were ready to check out what the Warrumbungles had to offer - after a quick sleep anyway. Our first climb took us to Beloungery Spire - an impressive

looking precipice peering through the mist. Vertigo, a 78m 10, was a good warm up climb - or so we thought. It was cold - very cold. So cold, that when you reached up into what you thought would be a good

pocket, it was full of ice. Chris got so cold on the belay he could not feel his hands, which isn't a good thing when you're climbing. Being on the west face we weren't going to get any sun for a while, so we did a 'sunlight traverse' to get into the sun and regain some circulation before topping out. After a descent that was harder than the climb itself, off a rusty anchor that would have been more at home on the bottom of the

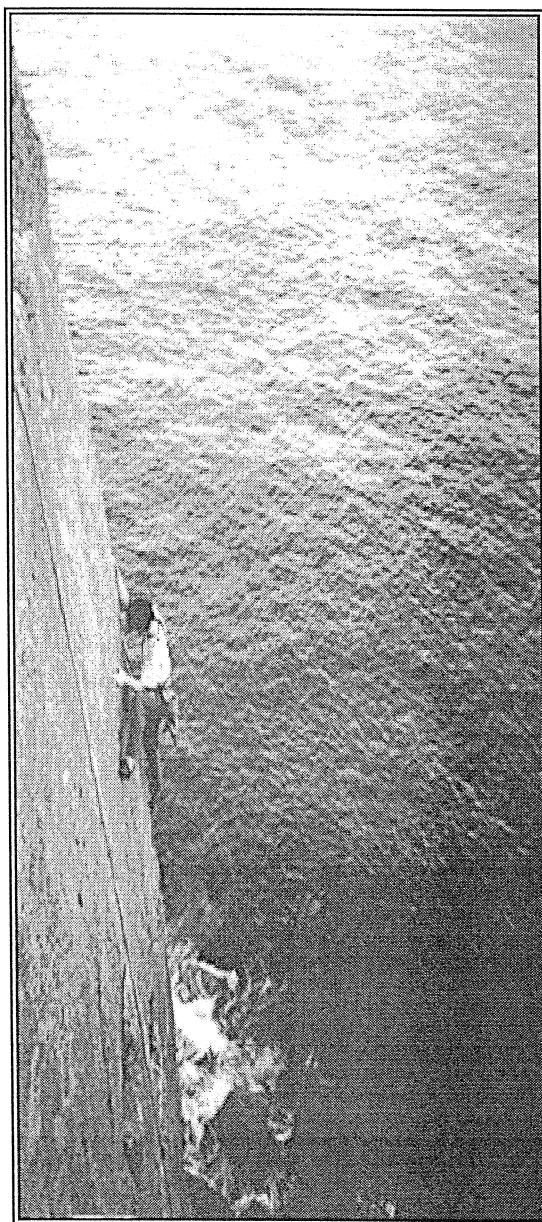
ocean, we headed back to the hut for a well earned rest.

Route Finding in the Warrumbungles is about as challenging as finding Dale's clothes after a few drinks in the Kombi. We spent at least one day before each climb checking each route, ensuring what we were looking at was actually the relatively close to the intended climb. *Out and Beyond (249m 15)* – "Start R of East Face Route under prominent pinnacle" – which would have been fine had we found the prominent pinnacle (we only spent three days looking for it, and still couldn't find it).

Next on the hit list was Cornerstone Rib – 250m up the main spur of Crater Bluff. We set off the following morning at 6am, with a 2 hour scrub bash to the base of the climb. With a rack that would have been more at home on Ozy, and Jill making me carry both that and the ropes, it was always going to be a long day. Eight pitches and 100 dodgy placements later, we made it to the top – and found the 'bush' that Phil had told us to belay off (bush being very generous, given that it had about three blades of grass to it). Now came the descent. You know if you see chalk on the descent you're in for a fun time. For the second climb in a row the descent was posing more problems than the actual climb. A rock and ferny gully (read cliff covered in mud) was the descent called for in the guidebook. (Incidentally, there was consensus among the log book entrants at the top of Crater Bluff that the editor of the guidebook should be shot – with route descriptions as vague as '*Bastion Buttress (300m, 14), pitches 2-7: 180m up.*') We scrambled down the gully to another dubious rap station. Two 50m abseils-through-a-waterfall later and we were back.

Our next climb took us to Bluff Mountain – one of the largest and most serious faces in Australia, Bastion Buttress takes "the obvious line up the slab to start". 50m up, the cloud came down and engulfed the entire mountain and we had

to back off. Jill managed to downclimb the 50m slab (an impressive effort in itself), on the way taking out the four pieces of pro she had placed, the most solid of which was a very dubious shrub. There ended our Warrumbungle experience and with a short walk back to the car (Phil again with the light pack) we packed up and headed home, consuming a mere 6 packets of Tim Tams on the way!



Paul Bowden at Point Perpendicular

SKIING OUT BACK-COUNTRY FROM FALLS

Kath Hammond.

First it was to be a walk through the high country, then we decided we would join two trips together and go for the full week. Then it dumped.

Yes we were blessed with the first dump of snow that was actually worth skiing. We couldn't wait to learn the skiing/ telemark thing, what's more we had a full week to do so.

After a very eventful drive and a sleepless night in the local tee-pee, Dimitri, Alex, Deanna, Sarah, and I hooked up with Jacks and headed backcountry. We were an impressive bunch, only 2 out of 6 had any significant amount of cross-country skiing. Not only couldn't we stay up but with packs on we couldn't get up. So over the dam wall we went, to make up our own version of ski touring.

Snow camping for the first time I got the feeling that everyone was watching everyone else to make sure they were doing everything correct. Admittedly we didn't have many clues. As social bushwalkers we naturally wanted to cook dinner as a group. This seemed to be a bad move because as much as I tried to hide from the wind behind a wall of snow I was still excruciatingly cold, wet and miserable. For dinner that night Jacks and I gave up and ate cold, half cooked tasteless veggies, (what more would you want?)

The next stop on the agenda was Edmonsons Hut. This is a great little hut nestled under Mt Nelse. The afternoon was spent playing amongst the snowgums. Some of us started promising careers in aerial skiing and others practiced for "Funniest Home Videos".

Jacks and I had once spent thirty days listening to Alex dream about "Steak" so we felt that we had to take advantage of the fridgelike temperatures that preserve food. We pulled out two huge steaks, which we marinated and cooked right under Alex's nose. Undoubtedly the temptation factor on Alex's behalf made this the best steak I have ever had. (Yes, we did give him some!)

DAY #3: Jacks and I left these 4 and headed back to Falls to met another three adventurers, Andy S.S., Alice, and Marcelle (and swap the first pair of broken skis.) After 72

hours the two of us felt invincible. We could have skied anything, anywhere. We were it and everyone else was crap. Then we saw what Andy SS could do on a pair of skis. So off we set from Falls, this time with a new set of high expectations of all we had yet to learn.

Our next attempt at snow camping was much more successful. Marcelle, Andy and Alice decided that 3 to a tent meant that although you couldn't move you were warm and that was what was important. Jack and I mastered co-cooking. From the comfort of your sleeping bag you both only use your outside hand. With me being left handed and her being right handed this worked well, although handling the stove and cutting veggies became a challenge.

Moving on to Cope Hut involved our first off track skiing. Although we fell over... lots, it was great to pick our way over a plain. Those of you who have never been to Cope Hut are missing out. It is a relatively large and well-used hut, in a great location.

We awoking the next morning to a glorious blue sky and blazing sun, at about 11am. Andy had a great time carving up the slopes with his exquisitely shaped tele's. Alice, Jacks and I built an awesome Garbage Bag Downhill (GBD) slope. However for Jackie, Alice, Andy, and I Mt Cope called so off we trekked, or slid.

This was when I truly discovered my love for backcountry. Skiing the 4WD tracks is all very nice but skiing amongst the Snowgums and finding your way up a mountain on fresh uncut snow is amazing. Arriving at the top we found great views of all the snow in Victoria. (Well it felt like it!) Crashing into many trees, or simply just crashing, we went back to the hut. That night was spent praying for more good weather and dreaming up many ridiculous committee nominations, such as Dylan as Safety Convenor or Carys as Hut Warden or Jacks and I as Publications.

The Gods were listening. Our day to Mt Jim not only had great snow and great sun but also great views. It was so hot that we really didn't have to wear much at all. Lunch at Mt Jim gave us spectacular of Feathertop, Bogong and the less magnificent Hotham and Falls.

All this trip needed was a final challenge. Our route to Falls via Rocky Knob certainly gave us this. All was well, we were so close that the machine noise of Falls could be heard, however we had one last descent. 50 m's vertical, packs on, straight down while not

crashing into numerous bushes. This seemed too much for our two-day-old Telemark skills. Of course Andy wizzed down carving up some awesome Teley trails. However there we were still at the top wondering ...

%#^!%&(@



Plan #1: We could roll our packs down the hill?

Unfortunately they wouldn't role more than 2 m's.

Plan #2: We could Walk!

No Way!

Plan #3 Andy could come up and get our packs!

And not meet the challenge, Not likely!

Okay so we zigzagged down. This was most unspectacular but still a thrill. At the bottom, under the downhill slopes, we realised why we had spent time playing in the backcountry. I'm still a little confused at how people enjoy the queues, the crowds, the noise and the regulations.

Things we learnt:

Don't adjust skis and let one go sliding down hill into a creek.

Don't break Skis. Skiing is much more fun when your ski isn't held together with 6 rubberbands.

Snow camping is luxurious when done properly.

You can have fresh vegies for 7 days in the snow.

Take lots of toilet paper away skiing.

Pray to the Gods for good weather. It worked for us.

Have a blast!

OXO OverSeas.

An Occasional Guide to some big mountains.

This time by Dylan Shuttleworth

So, half-way through another pitiful Australian winter, and you're just itching to see some real snow? Do you really want to feel what forty degrees below actually does feel like? Are you hanging out to drink that legendary beer from the Columbia Brewery, Kokanee? Perhaps all this talk of Canada has just made your feet itchy. Or are you a night owl who likes the idea of an 11pm sunset. Pick your poison - ice-climbing, rock climbing, white-water, huge flat-water, awesome salty straits, powder skiing, xc, xcD, snowboarding, mountaineering, mountain bike riding, bushwalking or mushroom picking? That's right, you do want to go to Canada.

If you're still under 26ish a Canadian work permit is a fantastic way to go. It's free (or it was in '96), lasts for a year or two and is available with a photocopy of your passport and a signature. This takes about 5 weeks through the post to Melbourne. You should be in Australia to apply, but this requirement has been dodged in the past. Another path is to get an exchange to UBC, Victoria, Edmonton or Calgary Unis. McGill in Montreal has fewer interesting mountains, but a more warped cultural experience. A one-way flight on Qantas from Vancouver to Melbourne was \$800 a year ago through a funky travel agent.

Most of the Central Canadian Prairies (Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario) rival the Wimmera for flatness. BC and Western Alberta are the places to be for bumpy landscapes. On the far side, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces (Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia) are more interesting again in a Tasmanian sort of way, apparently. And then there are the Yukon and NorthWest Territories, with more Nothern stuff that old-man Dan may have a clue about.

So once you're there, and ready for some fun, a few little things need to be sorted. You have to get a Social Security Number (SSN) from Human Resources Canada to get Medicare or work, etc. (Sounds a bit too corporate, no?) After that you can get a Health Care card from a Provincial Government. A BC card will take 3 months to acquire and cost me about \$30 a month, though an Alberta one is supposed to be only a few weeks and be less expensive. This magical card is like a Medicare card, except that it covers you for 100% of the bill. The hospital in Whistler is quite accustomed to charging foreigners a lot of money. Technically, you would have to be working or studying in a place for 6+ months to qualify, or have an intention to do so.

The North American phone system is about as bad as their sewerage systems. Dunnyes are blocked the whole time and a pay-phone operator can charge what-ever they like for a long-distance call. Literally. A 3-minute, 100km call on a week-day evening cost me \$US5 in 25c pieces.

Vancouver has a couple of ferries involved in the municipal public-transport system. There are sqillions more plying the coast. Vancouver also some busses that run every 3 min in peak hour, and a fully automated train system that manages to run so often that a 15 min wait after midnight would seem a long time. The ticket system is more F(not working properly) than ours though.

Highlights:

- The Green Tortoise bus line runs infrequently up the Western US coast. A bus with folding out beds and a huge mattress area up the back is not a normal bus.
- The Inside Passage and associated archipelago is an amazing piece of nature. It is possible to take a ferry ride from the Alaskan bulge down past BC and most of Washington State without seeing or feeling the open Pacific Ocean. People go paddling there too.
- The train to Jasper from Vancouver spends a lot of time heading south up a valley, looking right at the 3km+ high North Face of Mt Robson. Robson is the highest peak in the Canadian Rockies.
- The Coastal Mountain Range. I lived there for a while. It rocks. It's got rocks and snow and avalanches, Mountain Hemlock trees and attitude. It's got amazing mountains - Wedge Mountain at 2700m is the highest in Garibaldi Provincial Park. Mt Currie (2200m) has a most wicked North Face, ending at 600m in a creek. It, like Robson, has been skied once, and only within the last 5-odd years. Currie's best feature though, is that the town of Pemberton is at it's Nothern Foot and gets a long hard look at this amazing face all day long.

And the best part about going to Canada is that you get to come back and perpetuate the abysmal "Really, have you been to Canada?" standing joke.

A History of Canoeing and Kayaking

By Historian Andrew Lean

I happened to wonder one day, as I took in the graceful lines of my kayak, why it was designed as it was, and indeed where it had come from. I don't mean where it was made, but how had it come to be so perfectly designed, for one simply didn't start with the computer. It must have started from scratch.

And scratch primitive man must have done, for back in that time when hair covered our bodies, man no doubt employed a log of some stature to transport himself over water. In some places, the larger the log and the skill with which was maneuvered, the higher rank in the tribe. But the inherent risk of riding a log, whatever the size, for any period of time meant that the humble tree trunk soon became obsolete. In his great wisdom, man recognized that by joining a number of logs together a degree of stability was achieved. The formula, more logs = more stable, was soon derived and this was met with much acclaim.

The problem of steering a raft of such weight and magnitude meant progress soon rolled it into the cupboard. Beside, by now it seemed silly to waste so many trees in the cupboard. Besides, by now it seemed silly to waste so many trees in the water, when they could be used to fuel the latest discovery. So, basically back to square one, primitive man scratched even harder and managed to hollow out the center of a log. Of course, man had already developed the art of making tools, but now, at last, he had something to try them on. With fire in the arsenal, it could be used to char the suitable tree. The charred part was then scrapped away with the tools. A canoe of desired dimensions slowly took shape. All that was left was to give it a name, and after much discussion, "dugout" seemed the most appropriate.

Of course, man was so proud of this achievement, he believed nothing could better it. So the story goes, in a little West Indian village, when Betty GotaBetterIdea, spoke kindly to her, for he realized that this women was too poorly educated to understand function came before fashion. A dugout with straight ends was unquestionably superior to the one Betty suggested with points at each ends. The Chief patiently explained that, as they had already found, the more log in contact with the water meant better stability. Yet he was impressed with the small girl's spunk so he directed a pointed craft to be built at once. Upon discovery that it was of a far higher caliber, the Chief, as legend goes, was so taken with Betty he married her that night. They feasted on the previous chief designer of dugouts, who had somehow made his way into the evening pot.

Word of the dugout spread quickly. The Eskimos took no time at all to grasp the fact that they were going to have trouble making a dugout, since they had no trees to begin with, and the ice dugout left much to be desired.

While pondering this injustice, one Eskimo happened to glance down at his animal hide clothing, and before the women had time to avert their eyes, he had it off. He rushed around until he found the largest woven basket in the village. Stretching his apparel over it, he made a discovery, which made all the Eskimos proud and brought the Eskimoetts running.

Time past, then one of the most remarkable developments in the history of canoe building was made. A birchbark canoe. The possible uses were endless, as it could carry goods, transport hunters, support fishermen and warriors were only too happy to die in it. The most common

length was 6 meters. But when the men went to war (as one warrior once remarked), they **really** built them big. Special trees were cut for the 30-meter war canoes.

On the open sea, the high incidence of drownings prompted debate as to overcome this. Although some suggested staying off the sea altogether until the plane was invented, this met fierce opposition. Again, the story of how this problem was overcome can be traced back.

Between two islands was a straight sea of considerable length. One day the people on the larger island received a smoke signal from the people on the smaller island. It read...Have heard of canoe. What is it? Please send one over. Reward. The journey would be extremely difficult. The bravest man on the large island puffed up his chest, stepped forward for the job, and said, "I will scour thy wild ocean." He would have to paddle his own canoe and somehow take the other one. But a small lad stepped forward, and before the bravest man could exclaim, "keep quiet thy young ragamuffin," he told the men that in the pond he found by linking the boats with wood it would be more stable. Thus it was duly done and met with much applause, for the hero safely made the journey.

The nineteenth century finally rolled up and a man called John McGregor built himself a lightweight decked canoe. There are reports he was slightly intoxicated at the time for he called it Rob Roy, which everyone thought was a silly name for a boat. Indeed it was so silly that no one could forget it, so the name still persists for a canoe manufactured in Europe. McGregor wrote many articles on canoeing and many people built boats similar to his, but most made up their own names. The first canoe club was formed and the sport began to grow.

The introduction of the fartboat, German for 'folding boat' came early in the 20th Century. The official line from the German's was ...disss craffft issst foor canoeisssts who doo noot live nearrr water. Initially this was scoffed at world wide because if you didn't live near water how were you going to use it? Slowly it dawned on the rest of the world that this boat would be easier to transport, but the German's were regarded with some caution, for it didn't make much sense to build the craft then brake it into two pieces.

Fiberglass came, and a revolution followed it. The simplicity and speed with which a canoe can be constructed from fiberglass meant a great boost to the popularity of the sport.

The latest material kayaks are made from is a plastic called polyethylene. The simplicity of the manufacturing process and the incredible toughness of polyethylene has revitalized white-water kayaking. Rivers, which were once thought to be too dangerous to paddle, are being attempted. Although the risks are higher when kayaking "extreme white water" safety has improved with the new demand that the paddler makes.

And thus the new formula is:

Stronger boats = more stupid kayakers.

Canoeing has changed remarkably from its primitive beginnings. Could Betty, or the naked Eskimo or even the brave hero, have dreamt that one day their means of transport would develop into sport and noncompetitive recreation enjoyed by so many people of all ages, from all over the world? I wonder....

Tune in next edition for the 'Wonders of the Kayaking World'

How we spent \$10,000 of Government Money!

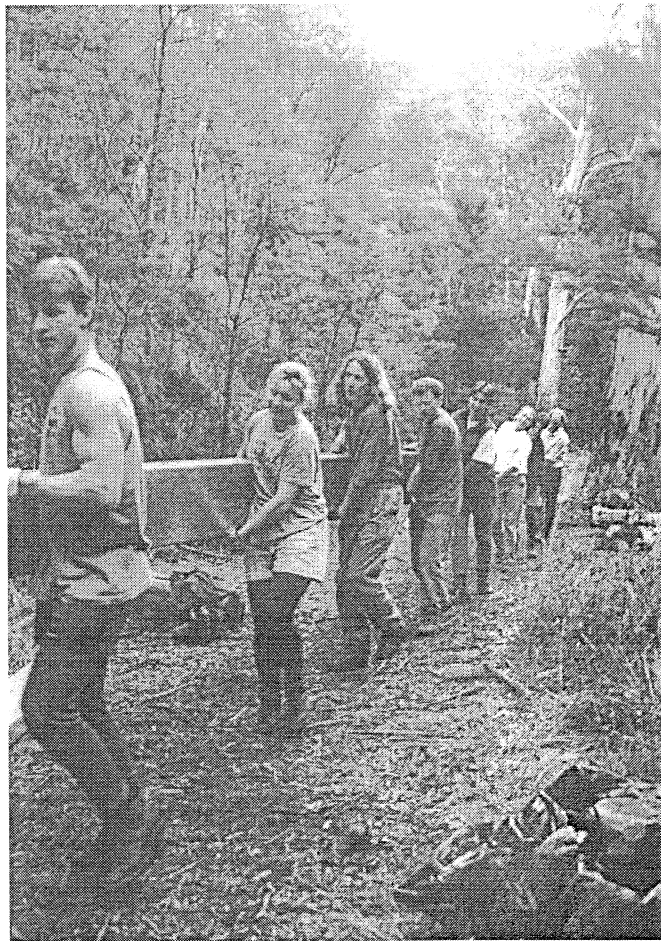
Last year, MUMC received a grant from Parks Victoria to carry out a community conservation project. Our task was to construct a footbridge on the Bon Accord Spur track near Mt. Feathertop, replacing the old log bridge which had become dangerous.

The bridge was designed by an engineer and all materials ordered for construction, which was due to begin over summer. However commencement was delayed, firstly because of the bushfires in January, and secondly because of the discovery that the helicopter ordered to carry in the materials was not actually strong enough to lift them. After being approved an additional grant to hire a larger helicopter, the materials were air-lifted in.

Over the next few months, Ranger Craig and his colleagues dug the necessary holes and laid the foundations, which must have been no small task given the rocky ground and the constant water flow.

The first work party took place in May, when eight enthusiastic oxos spent a weekend at the site. On this occasion, we lifted into position the metal beams comprising the backbone of the bridge. At 12m long and 150kg each, this required both teamwork (thanks guys) and muscle (thanks Marcel). We bolted the

beams into position, then began attaching the wooden slats. At this ensued a frenzy of hammering and sawing. As we walked back to camp that night, we were able to look back with satisfaction on a solid and recognizable bridge.



When we arrived for the second work party in June, the water level had risen substantially and we were able to see why a bridge was needed. That weekend, we finished attaching the wooden slats, and bolted everything down (requiring a lot of drilling). We then added a handrail and access steps, and stood back to admire our work.

Additional entertainment included snow (!) and a bogged car (thanks Andy).

The bridge has recently been inspected by an engineer, and opened to the public. Many thanks to everyone who helped in this worthwhile project, especially Craig. It is great to be able to put something back into the national parks that we all use.

A Weekend of Bronze Meddelling.

This course was held on a weekend in late August. The participants completed it for many reasons. Safety and supervision of canoe polo training nights came high on these lists.

.....

Graduates were: Kim Hazeldine, Lizzy Skinner, Stu Richardson, Stu Hollaway, Carys Evans, Hock Tan, Alice Ewing, Nicole Gooch, Andrea Kneen, and Kath Hammond.

STU R: It all started with Lauren introducing herself. From the boys perspective this was very impressive. Then she asked "Honk" to come to the front. He jumped up and lay down in anticipation.

HOCK: "My first hand experience". Lauren continued to demonstrate DR ABC. Having looked for the Dangers, and only finding Hock, She continued with R esponse. C O W S ____ "Can you hear me?" No response. "Open your eyes". Eyes shut. While squeezing the shoulders, "What's your name?" "Squeeze my hand." She squeezes, I squeeze, she squeezed, hey another squeeze was in order here!

KATH: Much to Hock's disappointment the long awaited mouth to mouth did not eventuate. Lauren, however, was not all she seemed. Her vindictive side was aroused when she saw us fit bunnies. Impossible tests were given that were not part of the course. Yes we did initiative exercises to meet the sinking of the Titanic.

LIZZY: During our 1/2 hour lunch break we showed our real cooking style by the side of the pool. With our tranguias, thermoses, cake, chocolate, hot chocolate, soup and pasta dishes we impressed Lauren with our exotic lunches.

ANDREA: On Saturday we indulged in a mass cross dressing session. With everyone putting on and taking off Stu's pants. Fortunately, it didn't take long to get them off. (ed. there seemed to be a quick release valve which operated as you dived into the pool.)

Obviously "the Stus" reputation had preceded them. Both were asked to strut their stuff for the lovely Andrea. (ed. ah, the wonders of role playing) To make the situations harder we had the guys cracking onto the lifesaver.

ALICE: At the conclusion of the course on Sunday..... After many horror exam stories trailing out of Lauren's mouth, we were all starting to wonder what the Tuesday exam held for us.

As it happened, the much-anticipated night went by with little drama. Well that is if you exclude Carys being asked to sexually harass Stu H. in the role play. We all realised that we knew much more than we needed to to pass this exam and now all is left is to try to remember these skills when they are really important... (ed. and no picking up isn't one of those life-saving skills.)

GOURMET COOKING WITH MUMC.

A new entry in the Mountaineer is the **Gourmet Cooking Page**. To kick this page off we have recipes from our renowned chefs, Marcelle and Alan.

Marcelle Gannon's Vegetarian Curry Laksa.

Thai green Curry Paste, Chopped Garlic, Vegetable stock, Chilli Sauce, Soy Sauce, Chopped Eggplant Cauliflower, Chopped Green Beans, Cut Cabbage, Fried Bean Curd, (optional), Coconut milk/ powder, Hokkein Noodles, Bean shoots.

Soup:

- Fry 2 tbsp of Thai green curry paste with some chopped garlic.
- Add vegetable stock.
- Add lots of water.(as much as you are going to eat)
- Add Chilli or Soy Sauce. (Tomato sauce or ground Lemongrass may be good)
- Add vegetables (you can use dehydrated Vegies too.)
- Add fried bean curd.
- Allow it to Bubble while the vegies cook.
- Add lots of Coconut milk/ powder.
- Place Noodles in the bottom of each bowl and pour boiling water over them to soften them.
- Pour the soup over the noodles in each bowl.
- Garnish with bean shoots.
- Serve with chopsticks and a spoon.

ALAN DALY'S CARBONARA

Ingredients.

1. Enough long pasta (Linguini, Spaghetti, Fettuccini) for 2-3 people.
2. 1x 250 g Nalgene container
3. 3 Slices of Prosciutto "cubed"
4. A little cracked pepper.
5. Mushrooms.

Directions.

1. Boil pasta vigorously until 'al dente.'
2. Drain water (leave a little in).
3. Half fill with freshly grated parmean cheese.
4. Quarter fill with milk powder.
5. Add in the mushrooms.
6. Mix to your heart content or until the milk powder dissolves

Serve.

Time: 15 min including boiling the water. Could be longer if trying to light an MSR stove.

SLUSH

Boel: "I've got my ear muffs on and I'll wear them to bed."

Alan (who was sharing a tent with her): "That would be advisable."

Liz: "Why do I always get tied up?"

Rik: "'cause you make the best noises."

Rik: "I want to be under Marcelle."

Marcelle: "When I loosen the straps it just gets bigger and bigger."

Carys: "I can eat it even ealier depending on what I've been doing the night before."

Cath K: "So do you just lie down and start pumping."

Dimitri: "I often have water accidents in my tent."

SLUSH PHOTO



Horoscopes

Aquarius (January 21 – February 19)

The whiteout has cleared. Clarity has finally arrived. Your earlier indecision has transformed into strength and conviction. Let loose your harness buckles and enjoy the freedom of the coming weeks. Your social calendar is fuller than usual, but with careful planning you can make anything happen.

Pisces (February 20 – March 20)

You'll know that it is special when it happens. A new friend or someone from a different country will lead you through new passionate experiences. A few sleepless nights will seem a small price to pay for the rewards that come your way by the middle of the month.

Aries (March 21 – April 20)

Moving vehicles may prove trouble around the half moon and beware of the one way streets. With Mercury moving into your sphere you may experience an identity crisis.

Taurus (April 21 – May 21)

The moon and sun from opposite sides pulls you from both directions. Caution on the full moon to hold your honor intact.

Gemini (May 22 – June 21)

Life has had its ups and downs, but next month's may see you making plans for higher ground. You may have to deal with a challenging conflict between big egos. Don't back down and next month people will see you were in the right. The phone will ring hot with invitations to get down and party.

Cancer (June 22 – July 23)

A frequent visitor may suddenly attract your attention and with Mars moving into your alignment will spark romantic encounters.

Leo (July 24 – August 23)

Strength and perseverance has pulled off a great success. But now is time to play catch-up until the middle of the month when things will feel in balance. Remember to take care of yourself – you are only human. This may mean getting more sleep, or just taking time out alone to reflect on your life.

Virgo (August 24 – September 23)

After the alignment of the planets in August another chance encounter may prove embarrassing, however the full moon brings a reminder to watch your tongue this season.

Libra (September 24 – October 23)

Your good report with people may result in *everybody* sharing their problems with you. Though you can help them, beware of taking too much on-board, and remember to keep your own goals strong. Do some research now to help with planning in December and the New Year.

Scorpio (October 24 – November 22)

You know you want it, and have for a long time – now is the time to spend the cash. Beware of intimate relationships removing you from larger social circles. You have plenty of love to go around, but it is important not to let a close friendship drift apart.

Sagittarius (Nov 23 - Dec 21)

You will sweep the lover of your dreams off their feet and if the planets align right then they could land softly in your bed of feathers.

Capricorn (December 22 – January 20)

Multi-tasking is the order of the day, and you handle the pressure well. But be careful not to let small things fall through the cracks, as they may prove to be more important next month. Your priorities are drastically changing, so remember to keep the big picture in mind.

(Horoscopes by the Metaphysical Wombat)

ARTICLES DUE (FOR NEXT ISSUE) : 16TH OCTOBER

