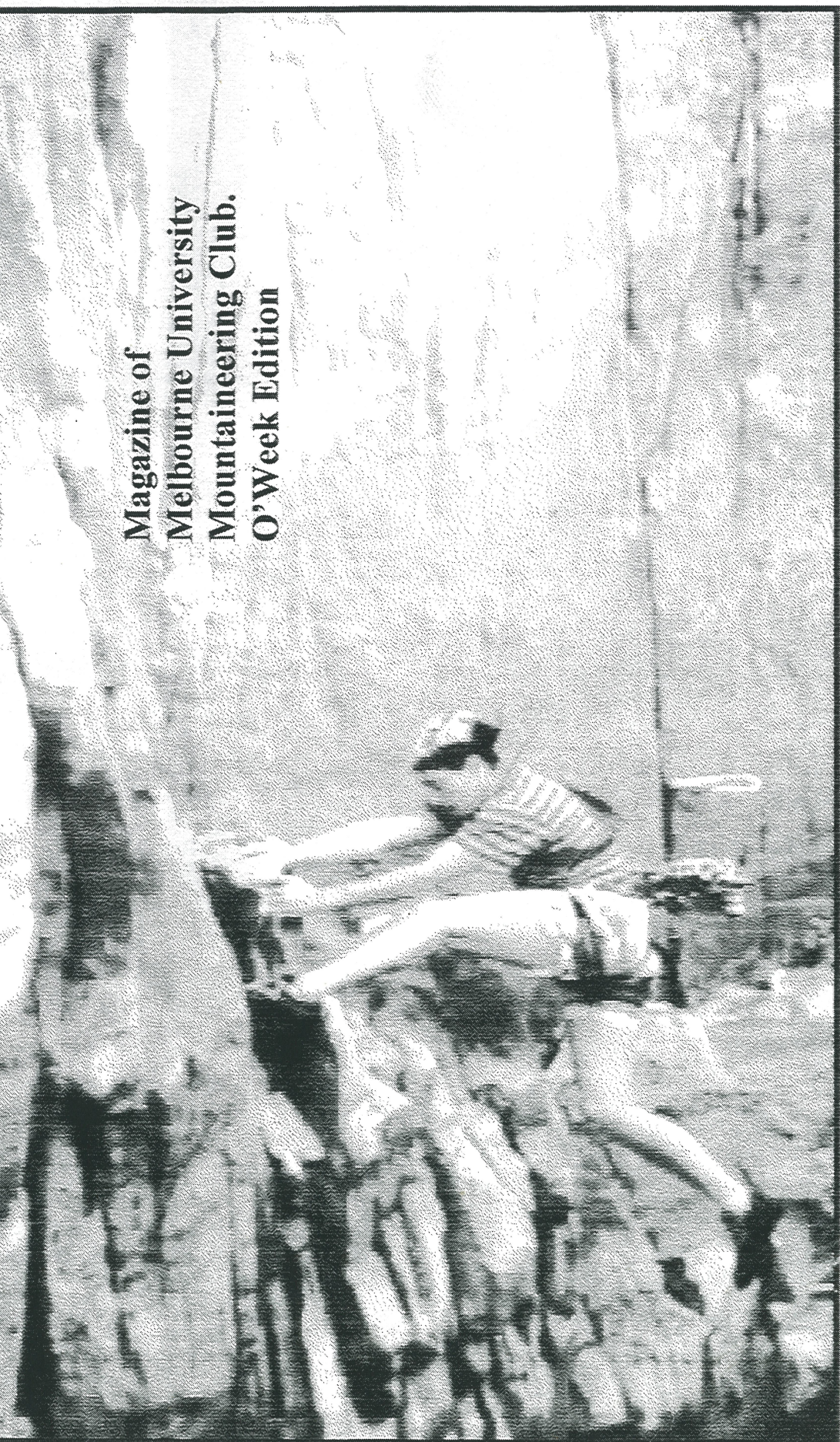


Mountaineer

Magazine of
Melbourne University
Mountaineering Club.
O'Week Edition



1999 MUMC COPY
DO NOT REMOVE FROM ROOMS

Editors' Bit

Well, we've just had a really 'funky' summer in opposite extremes from each other. Yes, Kath and Jack (who moved out of the Shack) decided to explore the nether regions of the world. Kath going into the depths of muddy Tasmania and Jacks in the Pristine crystallized brilliance of Mt Cook, NZ. But I guess that's just bragging.

Welcome to another year that is to be filled with all the things we are addicted to (climbing, kayaking, walking, canyoning, caving, partying, skiing, drinking...). As this is the last year in the 20th Century, make it the most memorable. Cram every minute of your day with exhilarating, soul challenging experiences. We have predicted that the rivers will flood continuously and the backcountry will be carpeted in 8m depth of powder snow, so there is NO excuse! Crazy places means crazy times!

Wilson's Prom weekend is coming up and a great opportunity to meet others and experience a handful of sports our club offers. So to all newcomers, our words of wisdom: get involved, be active and share a mug of port with us.

(Our Web page is at mumc@ariel.ucl.unimelb.edu.au)

Now read on, be inspired, go on a trip and then write us an article.

Your Funky Editors

Contents

Page Article

Author

- | | |
|--|-------------------------|
| 1. Editors Bit | |
| 2. Presidents Report | <i>Alan Daley</i> |
| 3. Now you're a MUMC member, what next | <i>Tom Stringer</i> |
| 5. Homosapien Kayaker | <i>Richard LaNauze</i> |
| 6. Bushwalking | <i>Andrea Kneen</i> |
| 8. The Classic MUMC Trip | <i>Alan Daley</i> |
| 11. Feature Article: | |
| Snowy Mountains Kayaking | <i>Dr. Richard Kjar</i> |
| 18. First Timers | <i>Kylie and Sarah</i> |
| 19. Grampians National Park Fire | <i>Megan Hewett</i> |
| 20. Three's Company | <i>Ruth P.</i> |
| 23. Friends | <i>Dr. Richard Kjar</i> |
| 25. When trips just don't happen | <i>Anonymous</i> |
| 27. Frenchman's Cap | <i>Kath Hammond</i> |
| 28. Recipes | <i>Special Recipe</i> |
| 29. Slush | |

Front Cover: Dale Cooper on A Taste of Honey (21) Mt Arapiles. Back cover: Sam Maffet Providence Portal, Eucumbene



Presidents Report

Welcome, new and old members, to MUMC 1999. Hopefully, your copy of the O'WEEK MOUNTAINEER will be just the start of a long and inspirational involvement with MUMC. Whilst I realise not every member will want to spend every weekend, lunchtime and Tuesday night with the club – diverse as the people may be – I do urge each of you to take advantage of the opportunities the club presents: to learn new skills; to meet life-long friends; and to venture into the outdoors away from this manic city. The club is active in ten outdoor pursuits, so make a resolution to take your chances and GO on a trip THIS SEMESTER. I'll see you out there.

Alan



Now you're a MUMC member, what next?

So you've taken the leap, given your \$15 to the polartec wearing, hiking boot clad MUMC veterans behind the table during O'Week, maybe abseiled down the Redmond Barry, admired the photos, seen the slide show and videos and you've decided that this is your year as far as the outdoors are concerned. For about 60% of the 500 people that join the Melbourne University Mountaineering Club each year during O'Week, this is where their involvement stops. As an introduction to the club, I am going to try to show you why you should avoid being one of the 60%.

Not only is the Melbourne University Mountaineering Club one of the largest clubs on campus, it is also one of the most active. Trips are run every weekend in most activities and early in the year there will be plenty of opportunity for beginners to be taught the skills that will help later on. Whether it be climbing, caving or paddling, every trip is led by competent, experienced leaders who can guide you through the sometimes nerve-wracking uncertainties of doing something new. And that's what it's all about. MUMC can introduce you to the sort of sports most people only ever admire from the safety of their lounge chairs. If you've ever seen a skier kicking out turns in the back-country or watched cavers exploring incredible underground worlds, if you've ever admired the photos of a stunning sunset on Mt. Feathertop or wanted to be the gnarly paddler icing the big drop, then here is your big chance. Even if you've never been in a kayak before, even if the closest thing you've ever come to climbing is the ladder to the back-yard tree house, we can teach you how and send you on adventures of your own.

"That's all very well," you may be saying, "but I don't have any of the gear." Firstly, outdoor adventuring is not about the gear (though some may argue otherwise), it's about getting out there and doing it. However, I must concede that having the latest tents, the newest rainwear, the most cutting-edge boats and the best climbing protection certainly helps. So just in case you're wondering where your \$15 is going, there's the answer. For those of you studying Arts, 500 people at \$15 a head comes to a total of \$7500. Add to this MUMC's annual budget of \$10,000 and you can see why the Mountaineering Club is not only one of the largest clubs on campus but arguably the best equipped. Whether you're interested in walking the high plains or carving telemarks off the back of Kosciusko, this club has the selection of gear to suit everyone, from the rank beginner to the expert and everything in between. As a member you will have access to all this gear at very low hire rates (max. \$10 a weekend for all gear combined) available for any club trip.

O.K., now that we've cleared that up, what you need to do is get involved. With such a high number of members every year, we can't be expected to chase you up individually. The next step is up to you. When you've got a spare twenty minutes during lunch or on a Tuesday night, grab some friends and head up to the MUMC Clubrooms (North end of the Uni Cricket oval). This is where all the adventures begin. First of all find yourself the folder appropriate to the sport you want to launch into, then find a trip you like the look of. Fill in your name and the other bits of information and make sure you can come to the trip meeting (the time will be set out on the trip sheet). If you've got any problems or queries get in touch with the trip leader (whose name and contact point should be on the sheet) and

in no time at all you'll be in the middle of the photos and the envy of all your lazier friends.

To put it simply, the Melbourne University Mountaineering Club is clearly one of the best on Campus. Not only do we have one of the highest number of members, we also have the best gear, the best locations and easily the most fun of anything you'll do at University. Don't let the opportunity slip for us to walk away with your \$15, make the most of it and get involved. The Club runs trips in Bushwalking, Caving, Climbing, Whitewater Kayaking and Canoeing, Cross-country Touring and Backcountry Telemarking, and Mountaineering. We also field teams in the Victorian Canoe Polo Association Competitions and the State and National Rogaine Titles. MUMC is active in Conservation and prides itself on its history and the pursuit of maintaining our Parks and the Wildlife that lives in them.

If you only get active in one club in '99, make it the Melbourne University Mountaineering Club, and have the time of your life.



Clara and Kuba welcome you all to MUMC from the West Wall, Three Sisters, Blue Mountains NSW.

Homosapien kayaker

The *Homosapien kayaker*, more commonly known as a Hellboater, is a wild and ferocious breed. They are sparsely scattered around Melbourne, sometimes found living in a burrow of three or four. This is largely due to their obnoxious, egocentric behaviour and their odorous smell that tends to repel all others. Conversation tends to revolve around sex, chicks, waterfalls and boat designs. The Hellboater's staple diet includes Berghs, shapes, steak sandwiches and scotch and coke.

The Hellboater has strange behaviours that are not yet fully understood. It has been observed that on a Friday night they leave the safety of their burrow, carrying a moulded plastic shell and copious amounts of scotch. They then pile into a car and head off with the sounds of Cake or The Eagles blasting through the windows. The destination is erratic but it is always a gnarly river. One reported sighting was a carload of Hellboaters drove for thirteen hours non-stop. There must be some inner urge driving these creatures to perform such feats.

It is only when you observe the *Homosapien kayaker* in its true habitat, that you can appreciate why it does such things. After arousing mid-Saturday morning, recovering from a slumber on scotch and coke, the Hellboater cooks a breakfast of bacon and eggs. For some, this is too much and they sit there feeling green. These feelings are quickly numbed by the icy water. Before going in search of a gnarly rapid, these creatures put on many layers of putrid thermal underwear, smelly wetsuit booties and a full life support system.

Once in a boat, *Homosapien kayaker*, is in its true habitat and you can see why it gets its common name of Hellboater. They tend to congregate around water features such as munchy holes, waves and waterfalls. Here they take it in turns to manoeuvre their boats around the tricky waters while trying to impress and outdo all the other Hellboaters watching. The Hellboater cry of "Wahoo" and "Fuck yeah" can be heard echoing all over the valley. Be careful not to distract them when they are displaying this sort of behaviour.



If you would like to catch a glimpse of these elusive creatures, put your name on one of the many kayaking trips being organised in the next few weeks or see them behind glass in the uni pool on a Tuesday night after 8pm.

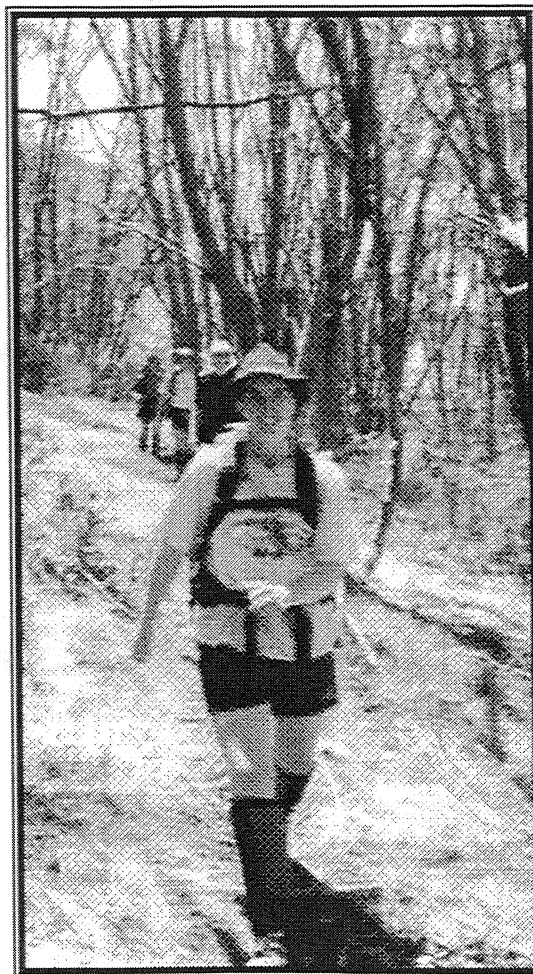
Bushwalking

A note from our Bushwalking convenor (fax machines are wonderful aren't they?)

Greetings to all new and returned bushwalkers at the start of another busy year. Bushwalking has been very active over summer, with many members walking in Victoria, New Zealand and Tasmania. We want to see as many OXO's as possible out in the wilderness; walking near the Wongungurra, hiking on the high plains, bushbashing in the Budawangs and tramping down south. Bushwalking is a great chance to get out into the bush, share good food and company, and take good photos and slides.

If you have never been bushwalking before – don't worry – it's fun. The best thing to do is to go on a trip and experience it for yourself. Trips are run most weekends and holidays, varying in standard from beginners to advance. If you would like to go on a trip, come over to the MUMC clubrooms one lunchtime and have a look in the bushwalking folder. This lists all the upcoming trips with information about them. It is wise to check the folders frequently. Once you have signed up for a trip, come along to the trip meeting. The trip leader should be able to answer any questions you have, and you will be able to hire most necessary gear from the club. For more experienced walkers, there is a leadership weekend coming up that aims to provide participants with skills and knowledge that will be invaluable in running many successful and enjoyable MUMC trips.

Andrea



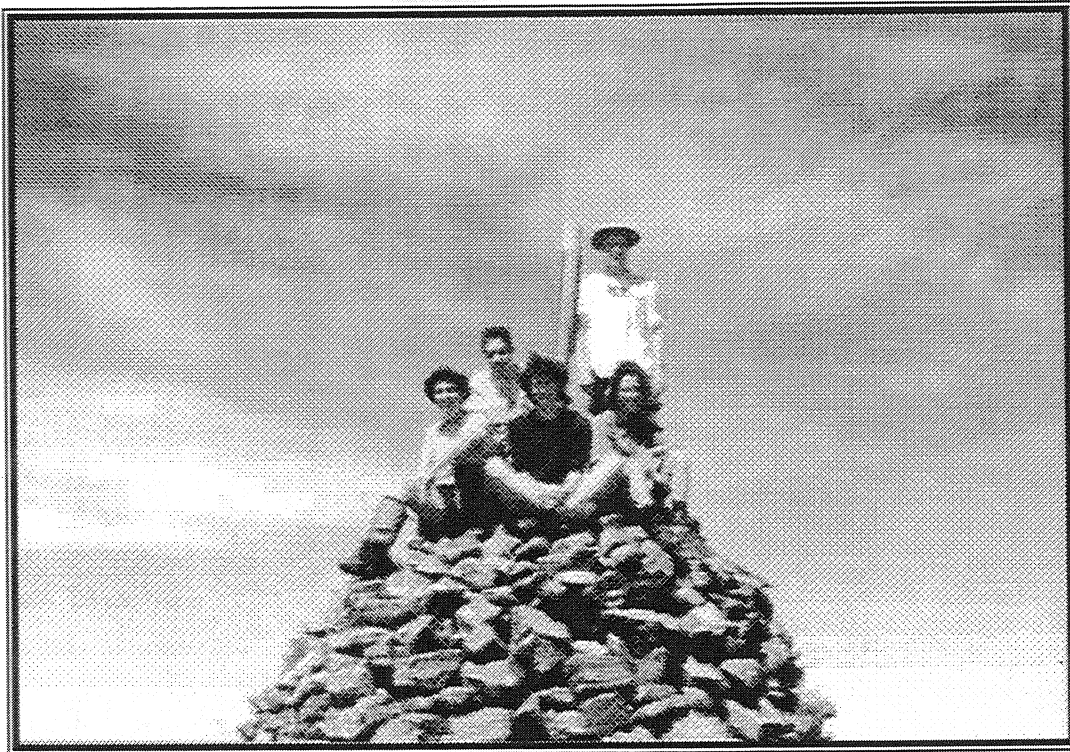
Hammond somewhere awesome.



MOUNTAIN COOK

Calv and
Jacks
Adventures in
Mt Cook. Stay
tuned for the
next issue...

The CLASSIC MUMC Trip



MUMC on top of the world – Mt Bogong, Victoria
Kath, Matt, Joel, Andrea and Dan.

Starting One

Get an Idea. Run with it. Anyone may run a trip provided it has been cleared with the convenor of the activity. The safety codes give more information and you should read them; they may be found in the trip folders and the secretary's file. Put the trip on the web-page so more people can see it, and so the club can boast of how it has embraced cutting-edge multi-media technologies. Sometime, ideas are best discussed and nurtured over amber fluids on Tuesday nights at the Clyde.

Getting ready for One

On beginner's trips, the leader should hand out a list of what to bring. Fiddly, expensive, technical items, (like boats) can be hired very cheaply from the Club, and you will need to leave your Student Card as a deposit. If you pack the night before, you'll be able to get to the Clubrooms well before anyone else. Plus, you can spend all the following day realizing what you've left at home in Glen Waverley or Eltham. Unfortunately, you might not be able to retrieve this gear!!! If leaving on Friday, try to organise to leave your gear at the Clubrooms either in the morning or at lunchtime, although this often detracts from the fun of wandering into lectures wielding ice-axes, skis and a full rack (simultaneously). Debates over the relative merits of different brands and pieces of gear are frequent at the Clyde on Tuesday nights.

Going on One

The leader will be late. You're getting into a car. You're leaving Melbourne. If you are taking ("your") (how post-modern is THAT??) car, it is appreciated if you take the rubbish out first, (do not discard the car!), check you have spare fluids and tyre, and that you vaguely know how the things works. Defensive driving courses are great, but try not to get in the situation where these skills are necessary. Get to the destination alive, not fast. Furthermore, no matter what your folks say (especially about insurance, which is only money), it is much better to ask someone else to drive if you are tired. Falling asleep is an effective way of testing out that insurance, but it could hurt. Finally, take particular care with the station your radio is tuned to. It's all very well to blame your brother or sister for setting it to TT, but the preset memory of FOX, Gold and MMM will give the game away. If it is not your car, bring along a small selection of CLEARLY NAMED tapes (you will inevitably leave one behind). Friday nights = 3 HOURS OF POOP on JJJ, and other reputable stations fade after about an hour.

Sleeping on One

On arrival, quickly reserve the best tenet site and give it to the trip leader when they rock up an hour late. A massage is also usually appreciated at this time. You may now wish to go to sleep. Fear not, people in the Club do realise that there is a mountain of difference between sharing a tent and a sleeping bag. If you have any problems, do talk to the trip leader, for once again, their telepathy may be switched off momentarily. The Clyde is NOT a good place to sort out these problems.

Eating on One

Breakfast is just the start of the demonstration of your gourmet skills. Be inventive with food – almost anything is possible if you're willing to give it a go. For some really good ideas, come to the Clyde on a Tuesday night and seek out some of the Club's Adventure Chefs over a quiet ale.

Returning from One

The car expenses (fuel, park fees and 10-12c/km maintenance levy) settled, fatty fast food consumed and rubbish ceremoniously dumped at Mc Donald's (WITHOUT PURCHASES), you will sadly have to head back to Melbourne. If you need to call your folks immediately on exit from "wilderness", please just ask the driver. Often, it is possible to organize a lift to your door. Having dried out your club gear, having cleaned out the pots, return your gear quickly to the Clubrooms, (open lunchtimes 1-2pm and Tuesday evenings about 7-8 or later). So that it can go on the next trip. Then, write your article for the Mountaineer, tell your friends about the fantastic time you had, and come down to the Clyde on a Tuesday night to plan your nest trip!

Poxy Saying

Your openness to new people, new skills and new ideas will make your trip more enjoyable. Isn't that nice?

Alan D.

A vertical sequence of six stylized, abstract black and white shapes. The shapes are interconnected and resemble a face or a series of connected forms. The top shape has a large, rounded, black upper portion with a white rectangular cutout. Below it is a narrow, vertical black bar with a white rectangular cutout. The third shape is a solid black vertical bar. The fourth shape is a black, elongated, and slightly curved form with a white, triangular cutout. The fifth shape is a black, elongated, and slightly curved form with two white, vertical, oval cutouts. The bottom shape is a large, rounded, black form with a white rectangular cutout.

THIS IS THE LONG ANDER
ISNT IT?" KATHI
LOOKS UP HOPEFULLY

KATH GETTING INTIMATE
WITH THE CAVE, AS
SIL AND NATH "CLEANS"
LADWIN WATCH ON WITH
INTEREST.

"AH GUYS - YOU SAID A FOOT
DEEP NOT 4 M DROP"

Round, Round, Get Around Part 2
Iceman and Hellman's Adventures continue.
Snowy Mountains Kayaking
Richard Kjar



Friday 16th October

Dear Diary,

I am really looking forward to this trip, having just finished my final exams, I am now free to focus on having fun. It has been a long year, continual pressure to perform, Jen going away, my grandad very sick. To go boating, get totally focused on running the river, risking my life again; it is such a release of energy and frustration

We are starting the trip by heading east from Melbourne, with Sam (the Iceman), my long time boating partner (see Round Round Get Around Part 1), Bec, my housemate and Russ, veteran boater and scotch fanatic. The drive is long and boring and before long we have listened to all the CDs worth listening too and it is back to good old conversation; talking of trips long gone, girls we wish we had, waterfalls and kayak designs.

A stop in Bairnsdale attracts the attention of the local policeman, a boater himself, and he tells us the Mitta is running at a nice level. We are inspired and excited that night as we find a campsite on the side of the road. The weather is clear, so Sam and I just bed down under the stars.

Saturday 17th October

Dear Diary,

The day dawns clear and fresh, but unfortunately daylight savings is still a day away, so Sam is up and making cups of tea at 5am. I am eager to get on the water, it has been too long at the books, stressing about exams and dreaming of a girl not here. We get to the top, to find RMIT and Latrobe boaters there. They have stories to tell of driving over the High Plains, taking all night and having to abandon a sick car on the way. We shake our heads, glad it is not us.

The water level is moderate, perfect for the warm up we want this river to be. The day is spectacular, blue skies, bright and sunny. A perfect gourmet lunch on a grassy bank tops it off. The boating is exciting but not difficult, and everyone is enjoying themselves. I am unwinding, relaxed and carefree, nothing to do but boat for a week.

We get off the river early afternoon and Sam and I have decided that a tiny tributary of the Mitta, known as Middle Creek warrants exploration. This creek has been on my mind for over a year now. I had spent a great deal of time, when I should of been studying, poring over maps, searching for the ideal creek to notch up a first descent. This creek looked good, it had gradient, good geology, just enough water. I had previously checked it out on a earlier trip to the Mitta last year, now the flow was high enough.

Bec and Russ drove us to the top and bade us farewell. We were on our own now and would be for the rest of the week. We scurried across some farmland. It was 4pm and it would be dark by 6pm. We had about 4km of unpaddled creek between us and the car. The creek was initially very tight and low volume, but only Grade 2/3. We passed through some scenic gorges and were amazed by the lack of trees blocking the river. After 3km of frenetic paddling the first decent rapids appeared. Scouting and running rapids that have never been run is an exciting experience. You have no idea what is around the corner or at the bottom of that drop. There are two options, one, scout everything in meticulous detail, or two, just run it all and hope. Taking a combination of the two approaches we luckily survived, running three or four Grade 3/4 rapids in this style. We finished the creek before dark and jubilation set in. It is such a good feeling to have run this river for the first time, to have discovered it and then explored it.

The day was not over, we still had to drive to our next destination, Jindabyne. It has been a long drive, spiced up by running out of petrol half way up the Alpine Way, and having to use the so-called 'emergency tank' I keep in the back of the car. Sam carefully coasted down all the hills to Jindy in an effort to conserve the precious few drops of fuel we had left. We have arrived safely at our luxurious cabin at the Snowline Caravan Park.

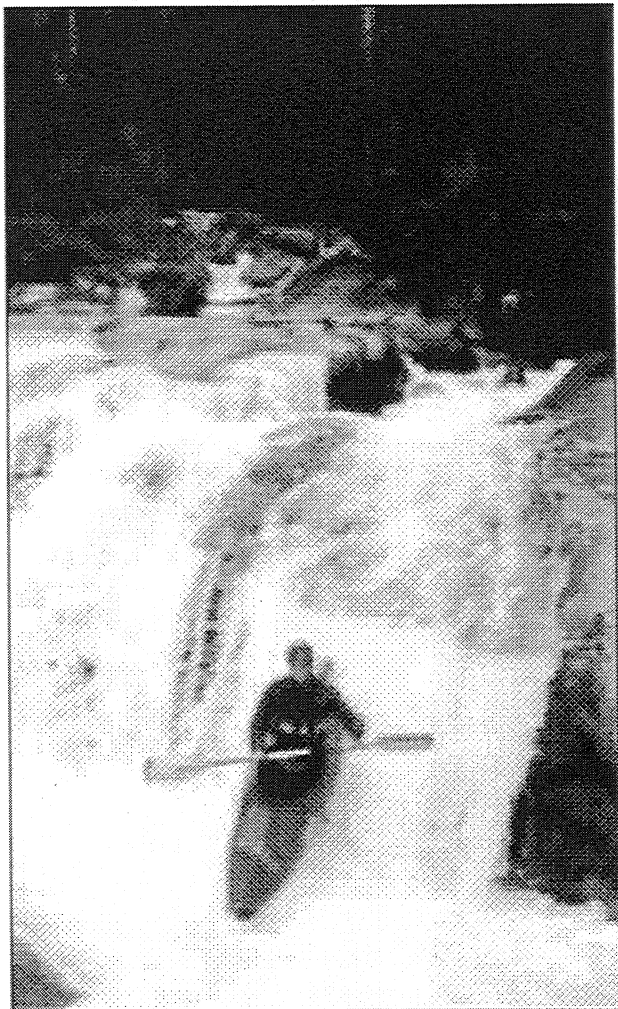
Sunday 17th October

Dear Diary,

It looks like it has been raining quite a bit here, water in the paddocks and still a constant drizzle. We have decided to run three sections of the Thredbo together today and are on our way up. We have left the bikes at the bottom for our shuffle. Those bacon and eggs I had for breakfast is really making my guts churn.

What a day, phееееwwweeeee! My mind is circling with adrenaline. We took it to the edge today, perhaps a bit beyond and then luckily pulled back. The day started on the Upper Upper

Section of the Thredbo, above the village. It had really been raining overnight and the river was full with water and pumpy. It was full on creeking, with mega volume. There was no room to get out and inspect, boat scouting was about the only option. As we neared the village Sam rolled under some brushy trees, lost his paddle. It was tense for a moment, but he flushed out then later came his paddle. Little did we know what we had in store for us.



Rak. Rocky Valley Creek.

Starting the next section, we recited what we had memorised from the guide, 'very technical Grade 3' and 'known as Afternoon Delight'. I would be very interested what happens in the evening with this guide book writer. The rain had swollen the river immensely, technical maybe, but not a rock in sight, just dodging holes, strainers, enormous drops, solid Grade 4/5 boating, much of it sight unseen. We were fully pumped, adrenaline working overtime, our bodies jittery with a combination of fear and excitement. Survival became a priority. We reached the end of the section and discussed our options. The bikes were still a section away, the river was getting harder and bigger as we descended. We had some soup and decided to press on. The first rapid was only around the corner and was supposedly 'a fun 2m drop'. Scouting carefully, we concluded; Grade 6 death run. We carried our boats back to our lunch spot and started thinking of how to get home. Sam tried hitching, whilst I jogged the 5km back the bikes and began riding. It was not long before Sam caught up with me, having quickly got a lift and we retreated to the safety of the Snowline Caravan Park sauna and spa.

We have just checked the gauge and it reads something, 0.8, 1.8, 2.8??? Who knows. The guide says >1.4 is high. We think maybe 1.8 or 2.8. Scary concepts. (Later on return to the gauge we worked out it had been 1.8)

Monday 18th October

Dear Diary,

Our run yesterday has made us much more wary today. We want to do the Eucumbene, but are concerned there may be too much water. Who knows. As we drive there, it looks like there is not much water on the ground, a good sign. We have dropped the bikes at the bottom and are now headed for the top. We have decided to shorten the run, and run only the gorge,

as the ride to do the first part involves an enormous hill. This is a wise idea for my untrained legs.

The boating is beautiful, but definitely alpine. We began the paddle though snow plains, the wind whipping across the river, freezing our hands and faces. Then, suddenly, the river drops away into a gorge. Good fun Grade 3/4 technical boating, drops, boofs, reverse ferryglides, the full repertoire of fun boating. The river is beautiful, the water clean and the level not too high. We stopped for a snack and Sam had could not resist a seal launch off the neighbouring boulder. I had to follow. Reaching the end, I realise the day is only half over - we still have to ride to the top. I have pledged with myself that I will do everything Sam does (except swim or get trashed). Riding is a foreign sport to me and he soon peddles away from me. I struggle up the enormous hill, sweating and cursing, but the ride back down to the car is really fun and refreshing.

We return to the boats and argue about lunch, I think we should find somewhere else, Sam wants to stay put. We push on to a place called Providence Portal. It is a dump; cold, windy and desolate. I force Sam to drive to the Portal entrance, where a tunnel exits into Lake Eucumbene. He curses and swears at me, but when we arrive we are amazed - there is a surf hole in the lake - from the water coming out of the tunnel. We scoff down lunch and get dressed again. Sam jumps in the hole and tests it out, it looks good. I follow, surprised to find the water warm. The eddies are the lake. Fishermen, looking annoyed soon scatter, keeping well away from our antics. The hole is good for 360s, but is very fast. Unfortunately it is too shallow for vertical moves with our boats. We take photos, but soon tire and head for home. Sam demands a stop for a pie on the way home. Will he ever lose the taste for those things.

Tuesday 19th October

Dear Diary

A new day has dawned, and we off to explore some more whitewater. We are headed to the Snowy River, right up at its source, but are not sure which section to do. There are a few considerations. The two sections are called Charlottes Pass and Munyang. Munyang is dam controlled, so if it runs we want to take advantage of that. But the weather is good, despite the fact it snowed up here last night. The Charlottes section is all above the treeline, so we want the good weather. We decided to do Munyang and after driving around in circles at the takeout, we leave the bikes there and head to the top. Sam and I had stories of this section from Stu, another of my housemates and from Calvi and Scoota, other MUMC boaters. Stories of horror surfs and swims abounded. The river flows out of Guthega Power Station and can run at three levels, one turbine, two turbines or two plus a bit more turbines. We had a look at the tailrace and could only see one turbine running. We put in and soon began relishing the big water and fun rapids. The rapids were hard but fun, but no horror swims or holes.

Reaching the so called portage rapid, we decided to run it. It was a marginal line down one side and my ego was the better of me. I knew Stu had run it and I was keen to do it as well. I entered the river, made the first few moves easily. Unfortunately things came unstuck as I tried to dodge a small tree and took a line that landed me right on a pile of rocks. I could do nothing but step out of my boat and fume angrily. Sam decided to run the rapid and did so, not without taking the last drop upside down. I was pissed off and avoided Sam as we threaded our way down the subsequent Grade 4 rapid. It can be quite difficult to eddy hop a Grade 4, without using any of the same eddies as your boating partner.

The rest of the run was uneventful, the sun magnificent and the water cold. We reached the bottom and then rode back to the top. The hill out was big, but I made it and you could see the river in the valley below almost the whole way. Screaming down the hill into the power station (literally through the front door), we noticed that two turbines were running. Sam quizzed the operators and we worked out that it was probably at two turbines for most of the time down the river.



Sam at Charlottes Pass, Snowy River

It was early afternoon when we got to Jindy, so Sam pulled out the fifth method of transportation for the trip, the blades. We were soon at the Jindabyne half pipe, Sam dropping in off the top, with Rich floundering around the bottom. I soon realised my pledge - must do as Sam does - and tried the almighty drop in. Much to my surprise it was actually quite easy and soon was dropping in without a care in the world. Definitely more fun than perving at the girls along St Kilda beach.

Wednesday 20th October

Dear Diary

We are running out of choices of river to run. We have only the Charlottes Section of the Snowy and two sections of the Thredbo. We are still scared of the Thredbo, despite our daily checks of the gauge, which shows it is now down to manageable levels. So, the weather looks OK and we are off to the Snowy. The section starts at the end of the road at Charlottes Pass, over 1700m high, finishes at Guthega Village. Although only 6km by river, it is a 21km shuffle and the road is lonely, it will be a hard ride.

We have arrived at the top, it is snowing and the only people here are some NPWS workers who look at us strangely as we don wetsuits, thermals, fleece, drytops and cags in a vain attempt to keep warm. It is a struggle to motivate myself, the weather is horrid. The walk down to the river is like a driveway, nicely paved for the hundreds of summer tourists and handful of crazy boaters. We reach the river, avoiding the snow drifts on the banks and push off. Soon we are in a tight gorge, the rapids are very technical and there are a few mandatory portages around block ups. It is hard work and requires you to be always thinking. We make good time however, our team of two is very well practiced. The river starts to gather more volume and becomes more river like. There are some fun rapids and some difficult ones. Towards the end I become vertically pinned upside down. I am thinking this is the end, but luckily wash out quickly and laugh it off. The Prijon Hurricane feels too long for these tiny creeks, frequently my boat struggles to make moves because it is just too long, Sam's Fly, 40cm shorter is more suited to the task.

I start dreaming of a new boat, but realise I have no money. The end soon comes and Sam is whining about the up coming ride back to the car. I, unbelievably, am looking forward to it, and suggest to him that he can sit around and freeze to death whilst I do it. That is enough to motivate him and soon he is peddling off into the snow and sleet. I furiously try to keep up, my paddle mitts on my bike handlebars trying to keep my hands warm. Luckily they do. I reach the car, and Sam is there, camera in hand, looking refreshed and invigorated. Sam and I remember how two years earlier, in the grips of a winter ski tour we arrived at this same place, almost dead from exhaustion and hypothermia.

All the exercise is taking its toll, and as I cook tea, I crack the shits at Sam. I am tired and irrational, but luckily my apology is accepted and we are back to talking.

Thursday 21st October

Dear Diary,

We have only one day left, before we return to the big smoke, me to head overseas to my beloved, Sam back to the job he despises so much. But, we have one more river to paddle and so the focus stays on the river ahead. Two sections of the Thredbo, including the one we backed out of earlier in the week. We checked the gauge that one last time, it looked a lot better than a few days earlier, locked our bikes up and motored off to the top.

Our nervous anticipation is unwarranted, the two metre fall is a fun rapid, nothing like the Grade 6 death run we had witnessed earlier. The river then steepens up and we portage and paddle some more. Before long this short section is over and we arrive at the Ski Tube, the start of the next section. Slowly the rapids steepen up before a portage. The boating is fun and we are well practiced. We come across a solid Grade 4 rapid, numerous technical moves, the water is pushy and complex. Sam decides to explore some of the rapid from below the waterline, but makes it up before the crux move. It is a long day and we keep paddling, we want to get to Melbourne tonight. More rapids and we are searching for the second portage. We spy the features the guide tells us to look for at least three times before the real thing eventuates. The portage is not too bad and we sit back having lunch, watching the water drive itself underground.

Thinking the hard stuff is almost over we relax, ready to cruise to the end. Quickly, our minds are changed as a technical and tricky section is upon us and we are back to concentrating, thinking moves, making moves, working out lines and then taking them. As we approach the end of this section, Sam and my eyes are caught by a yellow object in the bushes - we soon realise it is a paddle and both furiously paddle to claim it. On closer inspection we find it is a friend's paddle that he lost 3 weeks earlier. A lucky find.

We paddle to the end and soon have cycled back to the caravan park. We take turns at trying to hitch back to the car, eventually I get a lift with a guy in an enormous Jaguar - what comfort. I retrieve the car, Sam, the bikes and the boats and we head off home.

The sun is setting and Sam and I are discussing our perfect day. More adventures lie just around the corner, I'm off to the French Pyrenees with my Dad then to Canada to visit Jen. But for now, an adventure completed, a partnership in paddling extreme rivers continued. I am relaxed and ready for anything.

Hellman.



First Timers

Hi folks, we're Kylie and Sarah and we've just survived first year. If you're a new member reading this, we are about to tell you how we felt in your shoes exactly a year ago and about our first year in MUMC.



I've never felt more daunted than when I started uni. There were so many clubs to join and I did join lots. I went to Wilson's Promontory with MUMC the weekend after O'week and suddenly realised that there was more to being at uni than studying. The prom trip allowed me to sample a taste of all the activities that MUMC has to offer, including alcohol consumption and nakedness (both optional activities).

After that weekend I was undecided as to which activities I liked most. So by Easter I had spent eight of my twelve weekends away on caving, paddling, walking and climbing trips. I had met heaps of people and couldn't remember any names, perhaps this was alcohol induced memory loss.

It wasn't until second semester that I found there were other attractions in the club apart from trips away. This included Tuesday nights at the Clyde, BBQs and parties, not to mention promiscuous activities with other club members!!! (Kylie found herself an MUMC boyfriend)

I now regularly go caving, climbing and walking not to mention drinking, partying and sometimes, when I really have to, studying. Hope to see you all around the traps.

Kylie

For me, joining up in O'Week was prompted by the sight of new members abseiling down the Redmond Barry building. I talked a friend into taking the plunge and haven't looked back. I was planning to get into bushwalking with MUMC but I missed the 'first-year' trip to Wilson's Prom and, determined not to miss anything else, made my way to the clubrooms one Monday lunchtime. Confronted by the sight of several members sitting around, obviously knowing what they were doing, I lingered in the doorway for several minutes before getting up the courage to approach someone.

"I'm a first year and I joined up in O'week," I said to some guy sitting down, "What do I do now?" His answer? Well, without hesitation he signed me up on the next climbing trip and said, "You're coming climbing this weekend".

That trip was an adventure, there were three of us in a VW beetle, all strangers. We got lost in Ballarat, missed the turn at Ararat, had fish and chips on a footpath in the rain and pulled into Mt Staplyton campground to see Dale (that helpful guy in the club rooms) stark naked putting up his tent! I am now great friends with those people I traveled up with.

Since then I've climbed some more but still haven't bush-walked and, somehow, I think I never will. I was the one and only first year music student in MUMC and I know that not knowing anyone else can be scary to start with. That initial insecurity soon passes and, believe me, it is well worth the effort.

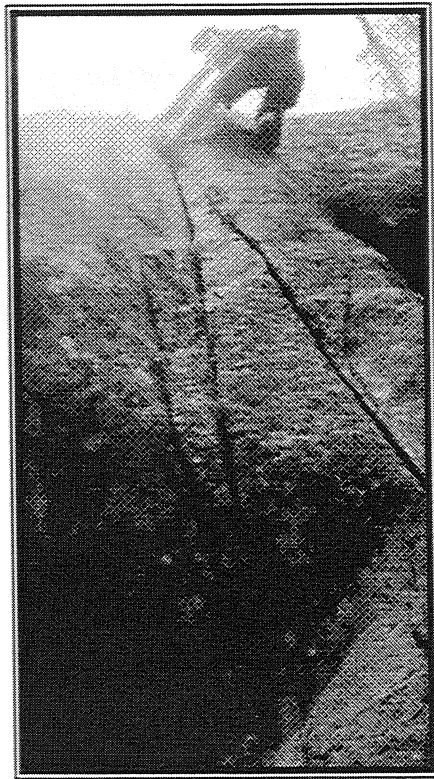
Sarah.

PS. There are also normal people in the club, or so we believe, but we just haven't met them yet.

Grampians National Park Fire

Megan Hewett

Many of you will know that in early January this year, a large area of the northern Grampians went up in smoke. What you may not know is that several of the camping grounds and climbing areas are still closed to the public and are likely to remain that way for a few weeks yet.



At the time of the fire all areas north of the Halls Gap – Zumsteins Road were closed to visitors, this has since been relaxed. However, the more badly burnt out areas remain closed. Stapylton Camp ground and the walking tracks to Mt. Stapylton are closed so that the amenities damaged by the fire can be repaired and vegetation allowed to regrow.

Looking on the bright side, Hollow Mountain Camp ground is open, along with Summerday Valley and Mt. Zero. Taipan Wall is supposed to be open but with the Mount Stapylton walking tracks closed its anybody's guess as to the true situation.

To further complicate matters, a voluntary rock climbing moratorium has been (or is being) established in the Red Rock area, south of Muline Creek, north of Red Rock Creek and west of the helipad. The aim of this moratorium is to minimise human impacts on the Brush Tailed Rock Wallaby population believed to inhabit the area. It

is thought that only 50 Brush Tailed Rock Wallabies remain in the wild in Victoria. The Grampians colony represents the only known colony outside of East Gippsland. Parks Victoria is asking that you do not climb (or walk) in the following areas: Muline Crag, Emu Rock, Wall of the West Wind, Hollywood Bowl, and Cub Wall.

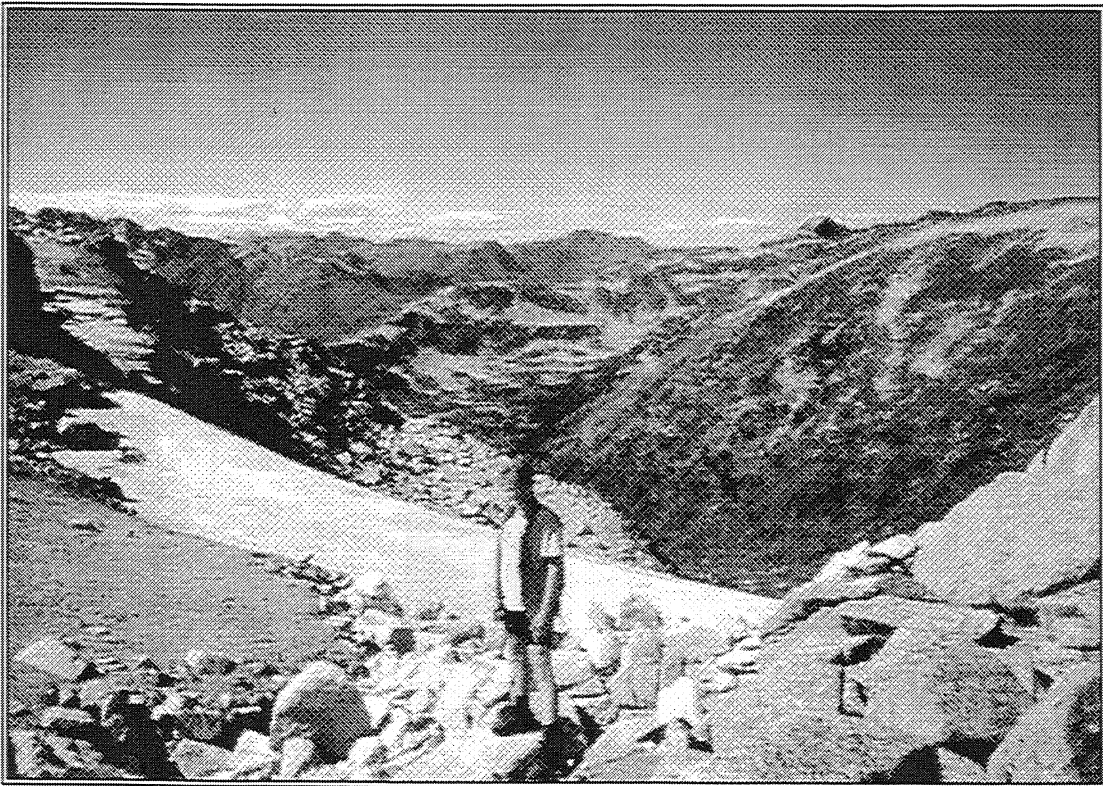
If you're planning a trip to any of the above areas in the next few weeks, contact Parks Victoria at Halls Gap on 5356 4381 beforehand to clarify the situation. For more info on the rock wallaby situation, try contacting Craig Reid (Ranger responsible for the Rock Wallaby Recovery Program) on the above phone number or e-mail at cjreid@parks.vic.gov.au.

Three's Company

or: Just how long can a trip be?

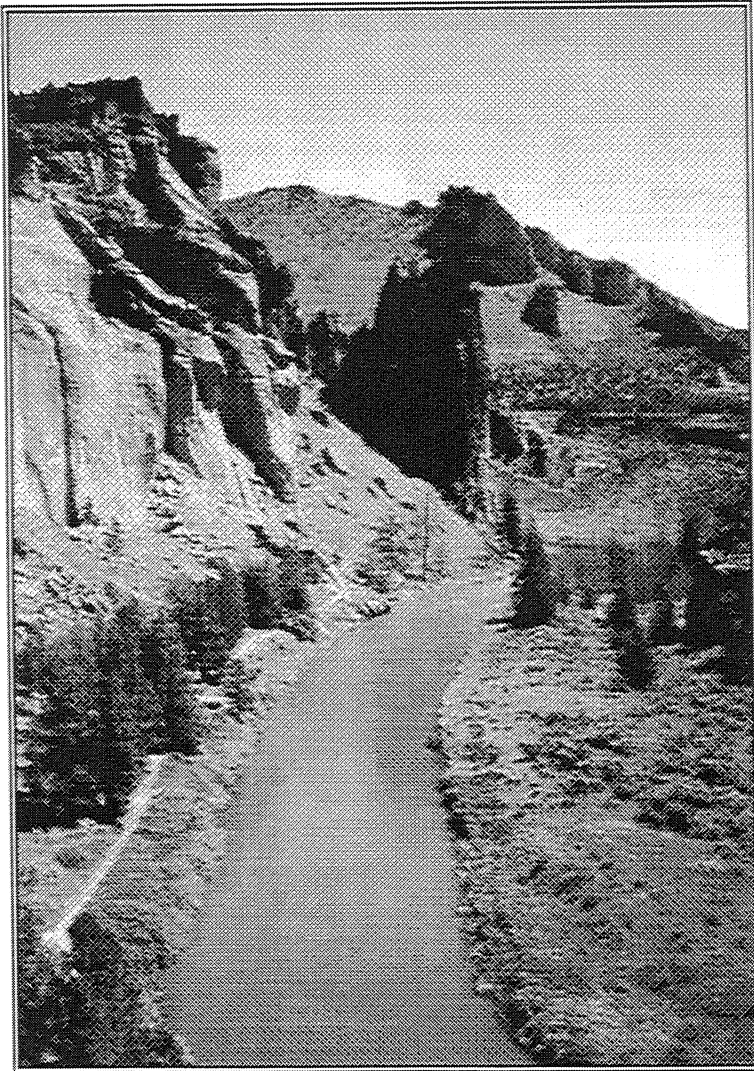
A little over a year ago I set off for Vancouver, Canada on student exchange. I was promised full credit for my courses and the University of Melbourne even shouted my plane fare. Not a bad deal really. So while most of you were kicking back and enjoying summer holidays, I landed in dark, rainy Vancouver with (as a certain Canadian friend would say) classes, essays and exams coming out my 'ying-yang.'

As the days got longer and brighter and I befriended some locals, my telemarks improved rapidly. I also learnt the art of 'dodgy essay writing' as I resented study infringing on the all important skiing time (unknown to the exchange selection panel, I was there to study 'snow science' not politics and history).



By the end of April school was over, the sun was shining and I was ready to go. As most Canadian students spend the summer working (an experience I chose to forgo), had to entertain myself. I spent early May hiking the West Coast Trail (like the South Coast Track but as busy as the Overland) with miscellaneous exchange students.

After a few days of sea-kayaking Tim and I then bought a rope and guidebook and Greyhound-bussed down to Oregon, in search of the legendary climbing at Smith Rocks. Unfortunately we hadn't thought to pack a map and the guide book's map wasn't designed with interstate navigation in mind. Smith Rocks is not a major destination. With advice from fellow passengers (the Oregon bus depot only has timetables, not maps) we bussed our way to Bend then gratefully accepted a ride to the Rocks from a true mid-West style cowboy.



Smith' surpassed our expectations. The short sport routes were great, the snowcapped peaks on the horizon inspiring and the half-priced doughnuts after 4pm very tasty. The best part was the hospitality. We met lots of great locals - from cowboys to bank managers to environmentalists - whilst hitching into town to get our doughnut fix.

Left: Smith Rocks

The rest of the summer flew by. I went to the UK to visit friends and family (and Tanja Wegelin joined me for a weekend in the Lakes

District... does anyone still remember that mad German caver/climber?). I had three weeks around British Columbia with my folks and a month working as a field assistant to a geologist, singing to scare away the bears!

But the club trip really began in September when Marty Meyer and Jen Johnson arrived. If it takes three members to make an MUMC trip, Jen, Marty and I had one of the longest, most varied trips on record (if you include physics, landscape architecture and Canadian politics). After a couple of months of hiking, paddling and mountaineering they joined me at UBC (Uni of British Columbia) and further infiltrated the VOC (Varsity Outdoors Club). The VOC is almost a hundred years old and runs more or less like ours does however their mountains are bigger and they don't drink enough. Marty gets the prize for most weekends away, Jen did lots of climbing and I did bits of everything.

The highlight may have been Long Hike - a climbing instruction weekend with 140+ people staying in the Whistler Cabin, or the hike to Brew Hut where we played (ice) hockey with ice-axes and a museli bar on a frozen lake. Then again, skiing in to a cabin surrounded by long, white alpine slopes under moonlight on my birthday was pretty special too.

Marty and I are both back in Melbourne to do honours, Jen is heading to the UK to work after some awesome paddling and touring in South America with other MUMC paddlers and other MUMC people are infiltrating clubs and universities in Sweden, Japan and Scotland.



'Pack with legs' on West Coast Trail



Friends

Richard Kjar

Perhaps it is in times of adversity that people discover and understand their friends. It is when a crisis situation occurs that real personalities pervade and instantaneous reactions may affect the rest of your life. Often these predicaments occur high on mountain tops, or down in a wild gorge, where you have only those around you to support, guide, direct and encourage you. If the weather is no more than a swirling mist or biting sleet, or the party is victim to an accident, then it these people, the few around you, that really matter.

* * *

The track that grinds up the mountainside is steep and slippery. The water pelting down from the sky stings on your scratched calves. Your pack is getting heavier, and your shoulders terminally ache. It is starting to get dark, you know that when you get to camp, sometime tonight, you must pitch your sodden tent and cook dinner in the dark. It is hell, you think, till you glance upwards and looking down at you from the top of a nearby boulder is the silhouette of your best friend, with a smile from ear to ear, yelling at you, "There is nothing better than a dawdle in the rain!". What can you do but laugh with him? You are stuck in it together, and will have to endure it. Your friends build your wall of strength, and you are a brick in theirs. As the conditions deteriorate, you are drawn closer to each other.

As the mortar sets, you begin to mould about each other. Those little idiosyncrasies, the vibration of his snoring, the way he slurps his soup no longer annoy you. They comfort you, for it those around you that you exist for. The dynamics of the group begin to change, as no one feels the need to lead, for you all understand each other, how they feel and what they believe. Things begin to just happen, decisions are almost preordained. Despite the adversity, the morale of the group rises, and as people begin to fail physically, this allows them to continue mentally, rather than collapsing completely. These people you can trust totally, they will never turn about on you, and if you ask them to do something, they will do it for you. It is irony perhaps that you would die for these people, yet with them, your chance of death is dramatically minimised. These are your true friends.

* * *

Your hands are no more than blocks of ice, cemented to your paddle by the biting cold. The feeling in your feet was lost a long time ago. The sun has not reached inside the steep sided gorge, it probably never will reach the tops of the grey cliffs. For the fourth time this morning you had an unwanted bath. Your lungs are knotted by the icy water running down your chest. From behind paddles a guy with whom you share a class with at uni. Hanging out with him is great fun and you share your homework with him all the time. "Oh gawd, this is hell, we don't have any food for lunch!". You wonder how many more lunches you will spend with him.

It is the bickering you cannot stand. The whine of voices complaining that they do not have enough food, or that the water is cold and the nights similarly. How they could not sleep, and who will be blamed for burning the last meal? These people, they slowly force each other away, dragging themselves into a cocoon, protected by a thin wall of ignorance and annoyance. They begin to hate each other. The way your tent partner packs his sleeping bag drives you insane. The attitudes of the group revert to longing, to get away, from this place, these people, everything. The dishes will never be washed, the fire never lit. Those you thought were friends, are nothing but unpleasant acquaintances. You can see that if things become worse, the group will be no more.

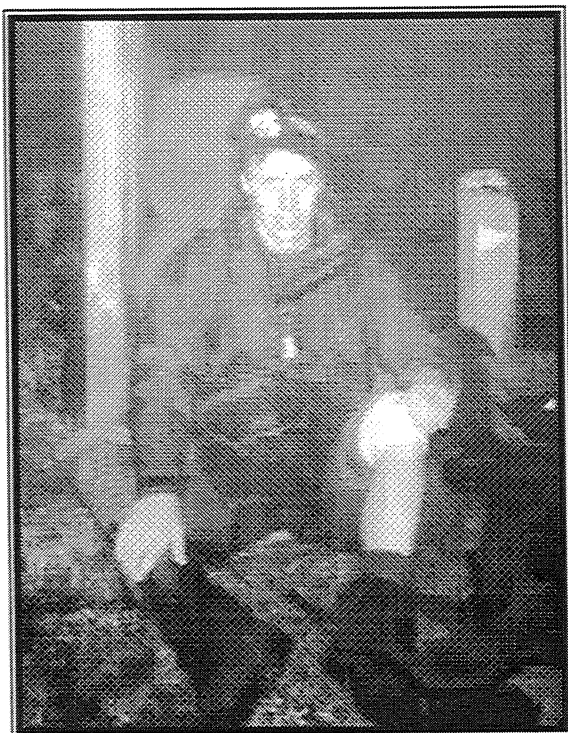
* * *

As time passes and your experiences accumulate, you can pick those who will be drawn together, and those who will fall away. It is those with whom you walk out of a ten day rainstorm, laughing raucously, who will be your friends for life. These friends become a part of you and you become a part of them. As all others fade into oblivion, your friends will always be etched in your memory, driving you on, letting you live life, for they will always be there when you need them.

“When trips just don’t happen”

As a member of MUMC it would be fair to say that a regular club person has an above average amount of “get up and go”. We are not the types to sit in front of the T.V all day and grow fat from lack of exercise. We have a zest for life and adventurous spirits that may seem crazy to some but become the norm for us. Many of us become bored when studying for exams simple because it keeps us couped up inside and separate to our beloved outdoors.

Imagine then, the enormous frustration of an injured club member, stuck at home, robbed of independence and adventure, reduced to a city life of shops and T.V. This brings me to the focus of my article - handy hints for club members to help avoid injury, and more importantly (as a reference for any injured members in the future - heaven forbid), inspiration from previously injured members as to how their boredom was relieved. All names have been withheld to prevent further loss of dignity.



Retrospective Handy Hints to Avoid Injury:

1. When paddling off waterfalls, be satisfied the first time
2. If you suspect you are hurt, don't wait months before an x-ray to confirm a break
3. Check the depth of all waters
4. If planning an injury in a remote place, be sure to have a helicopter or two strong men nearby
5. Avoid mountain biking if you value your collarbones
6. If you have ever had a relationship with a certain club member never do anything remotely adventurous in the Blue Mountains.
7. If you wear someone else's wetsuit, be sure it is an opshop one

*****Always remember that you are far more likely to be injured while crossing a city road (a good thing to tell your Mum as she stresses over your next trip!).

Boredom Relievers:

1. Explore Wilson's Prom on crutches (make sure you wear that promotional club t-shirt!)
2. Go on a Midnight Ascent and climb up through the manhole with an arm in plaster.
3. Go walking in SW Tasmania (don't worry about the pain!)
4. Nominate for a committee position and thus speak at the AGM (from a horizontal position)

5. Fob off injuries as "practical experience for my work" and keep sending off those job applications regardless
6. Go on a buying spree of CDS and become spun out by a combination of music and morphine while in hospital
7. Go climbing with your crutches and plaster
8. Attend O'week on crutches
9. Draw oxo's on your plaster
10. Get plastered at the Clyde
11. Go to a dress up cocktail party as "legless"
12. Write mountaineer articles
13. Try catching a tram on crutches (a good way to build up those arm muscles for climbing or paddling)
14. Host a housewarming
15. Ring fellow club members who have been injured and have a good whinge.

Anonymous.



Dan Tropp investigating his injuries under good light.

Frenchman's Cap

How we had an awesome bushwalk.

By Kath Hammond

Most walks have good and bad days. Somehow we managed to have six awesome days, walking. I guess you know you're a bit crazy when your group decides to walk across one of Tasmania's plains which is most renown for it's mud on the day with flood and snow forecast [Hmm.... you could call it that. Ed.]. So the fact that we couldn't see the track due to the one and a half metre swell of water gushing at us – we thought – was insignificant. Being the ultimate walkers we are, [I definitely agree. Ed] the leach in Alice's eyeball was just another obstacle to “deal” with. Finally drenched (but still having an awesome time) we arrived at one of Tasmania's greatest, warmest huts, Lake Vera.

One thing about Tassie is that you spend alot of time walking in the rain with great views of clouds. But when it finally does clear, the views are superb! You would think that standing on Frenchman's with the early morning sun filtering though the cirrus into the valley would be the highlight of the trip. However this was soon followed by a 1000m descent to the Franklin River at the Irenabyss. This decision caused some group tension. The Ranger had told us, should we attempt to cross the river, we would be swept away in the floods and die! However, our [gnarly] paddling friends had informed us that a pack crossing is possible even during flood. We wanted to do a circuit walk and unless we crossed the Franklin there, we would have to double back on ourselves. With the arrival of cloudless blue skies it was clear to us all, we would descend with packs to the river and hopefully cross, if not back up we go.

I'm sure you can imagine our relief when we got to the Franklin and met up with a rafting group who offered to ferry across our packs. The exhilaration of the 3m jump off the rocks into the gushing river; the purity of swimming in fresh water after days of walking through mud; the awe of paddling upstream into the gorge; the mellowness of drying our cool clean bodies while laying on the sun-washed rocks listening to Rarda play her whistle was what we came for.

But theoretically you can't have awesome days in amazing places continuously. So, as it is the custom with most bushwalks, we packed up camp and climbed up from the river. Only this day, we had awesome views as we walked through what John Chapman describes as “light scrub”. (I'd hate to see dense!) So you want to know the highlight of the trip? Although the views, mountains, lakes, rivers, mud, huts, off-track walking and company were great, the highlight was definitely that we had salt and the leaches didn't get me in undesirable spots.

Special Recipe Spag Bol

A meal for those who are cold, wet, tired and in the middle of the wilderness. Be sure to add lots of tenderness, as this is the 'make or break' of this meal.

1 onion
1kg premium mince
tomato paste
Can of peeled tomatoes
1 stock cube
1 bowl of tenderness
spaghetti
parmesan cheese

At home:

Dice onion. Heat oil in pan. Brown onion then add mince. Cook until meat is brown. Remove from heat and dehydrate. Mixture should become crumbly.

Our there:

Soak dehydrated meat in a bowl of water. Gently simmer. Add tomato paste and stock cube and finally tomatoes and tenderness. Serve when ready, on freshly cooked pasta. Sprinkle with parmesan cheese.

SLUSH

Andy: "Stop playing with your hole Andrea!"

Andrea: "Why? I like it."

Andrea: "I just open my mouth and in it goes"

"Watch out Andy, I'm coming up from behind"

"I deserve the big one"

Soph: "Cool! I can go at 110 and my car can vibrate itself to death"

Apologies to Kylie and Sarah. Your slush has been temporarily misplaced, but guaranteed to make next edition.

Useless Gear Articles

2 zippo (without fuel)

batteries for head-torches (what do we need light for in the Tasmanian summer)

1 Teva

2 packets of panadol

4 T-shirts (Andy)

However Alan, one should not include gaiters on this list, especially when going to Tassie off-tack walking.

