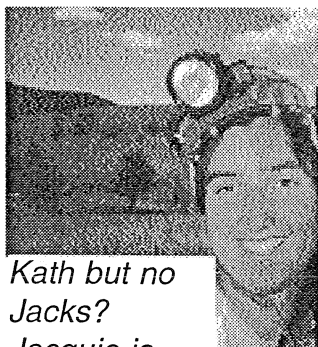




MOUNTAINEER

Magazine of the Melbourne University Mountaineering Club.
April 1999.

From the Editor(s).



*Kath but no
Jacks?
Jacquie is
strangly
absent from
the picture,
the word
around is that
she has been
seen study-
ing.*

Welcome to the pre-snow edition of the Mountaineer! With the start of the new semester people have been active in all the areas of the club. It is great to see heaps of new active members busily experimenting with all M.U.M.C. activities. As the weather cools down, exams begin to loom and you test your procrastination techniques do not forget those awe-inspiring things we do that make your lives exciting!

Those who need reminding please set yourselves up in a comfy chair, hot chocolate in hand, and allow yourselves the pleasure of reading this fine edition.

Although remember, you could be out there now having these adventures, but if this won't fit into your schedual, plan it in! Mid-year break should be huge with yet another year of plentiful snow (judging by the sacrifices I've seen) !

Have a great time in those "Wild Places" and tell me about it for the Send out Edition.

Kath.

Page Story

Contents

<u>1</u>	From the editors
<u>2</u>	Presidents Report
<u>4</u>	Bumming across the Arthurs- Andrea Kneen
<u>7</u>	The High Delight of the Airborne Young- Dale Cooper
<u>11</u>	New Zealand Mountaineering- Richard Salmons
<u>13</u>	Strange Creatures to watch out for on Club Trips- Kylie
<u>14</u>	The Tarkine- Tasmania's Northwest- Alex Chapman
<u>16</u>	The Nibooda- Lizzy Skinner
<u>18</u>	Easter at Araps- Suze Reed
<u>19</u>	Ski Mountaineering- Richard Salmons
<u>21</u>	The Wrongungara- Matt Thomas
<u>24</u>	M.U.M.C. Songwords.
<u>25</u>	Recipes
<u>26</u>	Slush

Front cover: "Moving house Presidential style." Alan moving campsite in the Dennison Ranges Tasmania. (Notice the Lack of Gaiters) Feb '99.

Backcover: "Garbage-bag Fashion." Katrine preparing for a river crossing in the Tarkine, Tasmania. Feb '99.

President's Report

First, my most sincere and abject apologies to Kath for being so late with these words!!

Secondly, all students have probably been badgered into either apathy or despair regarding anti-student union legislation, but I believe there are a few words the Club ought to say to its members on this matter. The legislation will prohibit the compulsory collection of fees from students for any purpose other than tuition and materials essential thereto. Thus, to join MUMC, students would then have to join the Sports Union first. The cost will probably be higher even than the \$125 non-students currently pay, and definitely higher than the \$89 portion that the Sports Centre currently receives out of your \$320 A&S fee.

Alternatively, it has been suggested that the University is likely to continue funding extra-curricular activities from its own funds, but recover this through higher HECS charges. This is especially true of the University's expensive sports facilities, which it would be crazy to allow to fall into disuse.

If you feel passionately about the ASU legislation, I suggest the following courses of action:

- (1) write a letter to your MP; to Natasha Stott Despoja; and to David Kemp: at least one of these three might have enjoyed themselves at uni and might understand what you're saying;
- (2) contribute constructively to the "Education Action Collective," perhaps with the idea that there is more to this fight than a continuation of a class struggle against an oppressive corporate conspiracy;
- (3) take a few MUMC people, plus an MUMC banner to one of the rallies. If such legislation goes through, MUMC will still exist, but we shall have less funding and more people trying to use diminishing resources.

Thirdly, there is a **BUSHDANCE** at the **MILL** on **22nd MAY**. Get involved, help organize this and the event will **GO OFF!** Last year's attendance from other unis was a little disappointing, but our network is more carefully built this time, to the extent that their social secretaries knew more about what was happening than most of MUMC!! Cost is \$10, and \$12 for non-students / students who are non-mountaineering-type-club members.

Fourthly, I have started a new position at TNT that prevents me coming to the clubrooms on Tuesday evenings. I am sorry. Efforts are being made to make Mondays available. Adding to the confusion, the University has deleted my e-mail account despite 6 years of loyal attendance at this great institution. I'll let you know when I exist in cyberworld again.

Finally, a short word on the Club: I have heard many comments less complimentary about the direction of the Club's activities this semester. Bluntly, it is felt that the Club is not active enough, that not enough trips are run that are not already full, and that the same people are running all trips. Perhaps this is true. If it is, then it is up to each of us to write up a trip for the books **and** the web-page, even if the next opportunity is not until after exams. On the other hand, the number of trips being held may be quite consistent with previous years, but there are now more people who **want** to be active and this additional demand is not being met by any increase in members leading trips. Thus, I ask you to take the plunge, consult your convenor and **do** lead your own trip: it is a most satisfying feeling to have created a trip that people refer to for months or years as a really fun time!

MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB
AND
THE MILL INDOOR ROCKCLIMBING CENTRE
PROUDLY PRESENTS

THE MUMC BUSH-DANCE

AT THE MILL INDOOR ROCKCLIMBING CENTRE
78 OXFORD ST, COLLINGWOOD

ON SATURDAY 22ND MAY AT 8PM

TICKETS \$10 STUDENTS \$12 NON-STUDENTS/NON-MEMBERS
BARBEQUE DINNER INCLUSIVE

BUSH-DANCE, BOULDERING & DANCE PARTY!
BRING YOUR DANCING AND CLIMBING SHOES...

Bumming Across the Arthurs

The Characters!



Alex (Assiff Kebab), brother to Donner



Andrea, likes to talk to the birds, this was her third summer in Tasmania and on the Arthurs.



Kath- just another amazing wonderful brilliant person.



Katrine- this girl grew up in a freezer, that's why she will swim in the snow.



Soph- (Aka, Mc Woph burger) tends to like to point her arse at people. One tough chick!



Andy, man of many personalities; does a great "Air Guitar"

*A report of the recent full traverse of the Arthurs Range,,
Tasmania.*

By

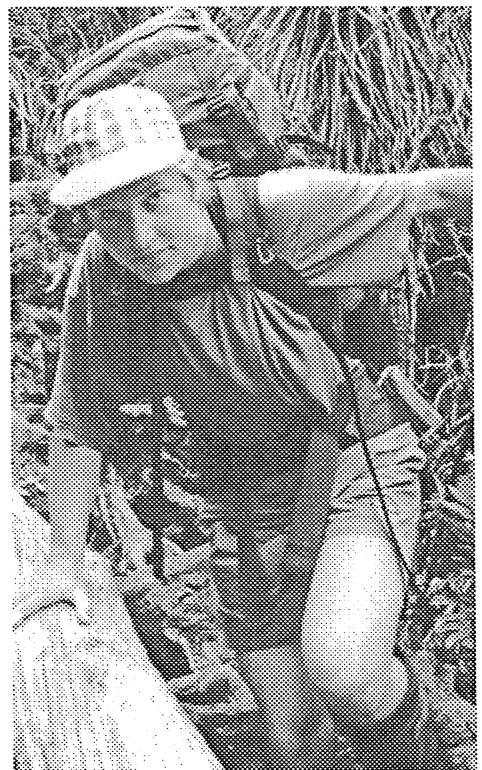
Andrea Kneen.

As we set off on our expedition to the remote Arthur Range, I detected a certain reticence in some of the party members. (ed. maybe due to the 13 hour car shuffle and being woken by drunkards driving around the campground). Therefore, an initiative exercise was devised to boost group morale. The aim of this exercise was to get six people and six packs with 14 days food to the start of the Western Arthurs track. To make it more challenging, they were provided with a car whose boot didn't open. The task was tackled with enthusiasm. Several bruises and a not inconsiderable time interval later, we arrived. However, the exercise had obviously been of benefit, as there was a general feeling of achievement, not to mention relief, among the group.

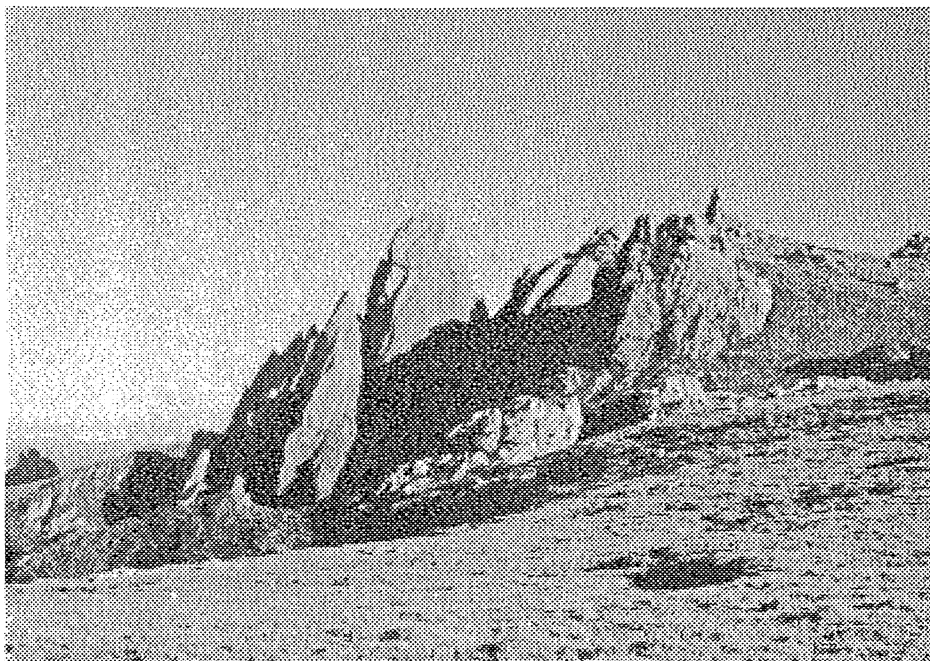
After several days of trudging in the adverse weather conditions which prevail in that area, group morale was again in danger. To rectify this situation, we carried out a

group challenge, the aim of which was to determine the number of different ways to fit six people into an Olympus. I am pleased to report that such small diversions can (ed. generally) have very positive effects, not the least of which is the incredible warmth generated. (ed. amongst other things!) From then on, group dynamics remained at a high level. Andy and Alex made the most outstanding contributions to this field, never tiring of pointing out the route.

The importance of gear on any trip cannot be underes-



Soph the Walker???



Federation Peak an unusually clear view from Thwaites Plateau.

timated. If you don't look good in the photos, then it was a waste of time. (ed. See above character photos) With this in mind, all members had been instructed to present themselves in suitable attire. The prime example of style was Soph, whose extent of colour coordination included shorts, t-shirt, cap, two pairs of socks, boots and pack. She also ensured that the washing line would be picturesque with the addition of satin underwear. With no fewer than four t-shirts, Andy could never fail to please. The major exception to the rule was Katrine, who attired herself in a garish mixture of pink and red, surely violating the better taste of the more civilized persons present. However, this is apparently perfectly acceptable in Norway.

Weight is of the utmost importance on a bushwalk, where each member of the party must carry everything they will need for the duration of the trip. I am pleased to report that this issue was

taken very seriously by our party. It was no doubt this consideration that caused Kath to take only one Teva for the trip. A noble effort and an example for all of us. (ed. "Thank-you, it's is good to know that the time and effort is appreciated") Kath is well known for her contributions to weight in the past, and it was good to see that she has rectified her ways. The novice bushwalker Soph, however, did not fare so well, carrying zippo lighters with no fuel. No doubt she will learn with more experience.

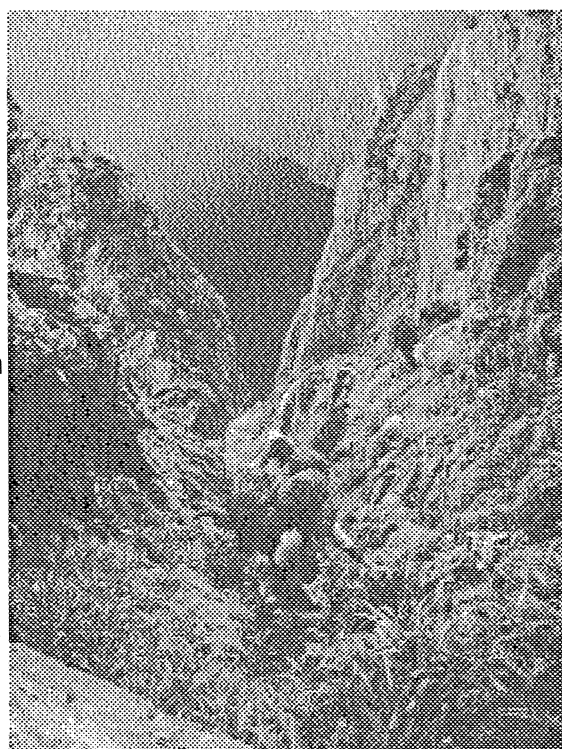
Towards the end of the expedition, Federation Peak was climbed. This should have been a high point in the trip, but there was marked lassitude among some members. At this point, fearing a lack of Vitamin D in our diet, we felt it best to ensure adequate intake through natural sources. Each person was instructed to

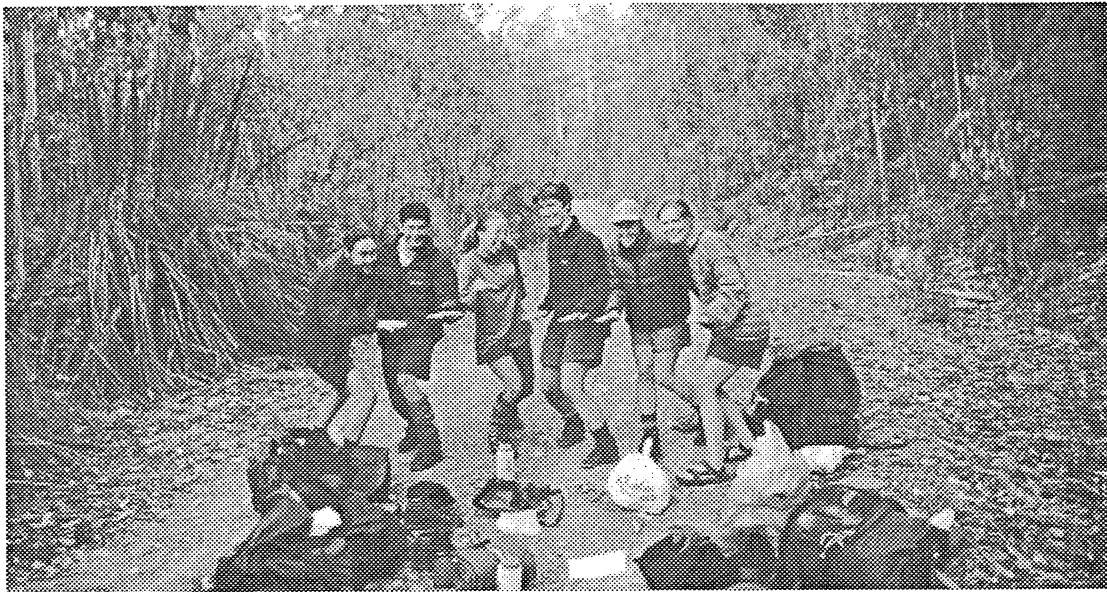
remove all clothing and expose themselves for 5 minutes. The immediate effects of this treatment were striking, with the most common symptom being intense euphoria. In the event that the importance of this cure be overlooked upon our return, we took the precaution to document it with photographs showing the correct method. (due to a technical hitch these were unavailable at the time of

printing) In the future, we hope that this simple but effective treatment will be recognized for what it is.

Andy had a momentary relapse into his school days when we incouncted a group from Geelong College. They were climbing Federation for the 50th Anniversary of it's first ascent. These people knew how to carry excessive gear with their brand new Macpac XPG tents and Mountaineering stoves.

Yes this is a track! On the Southern Traverse under Fed.

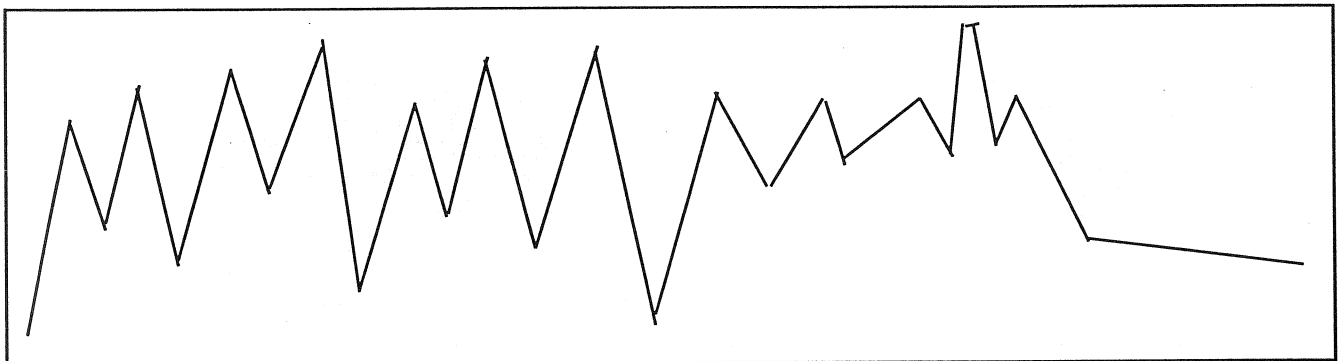




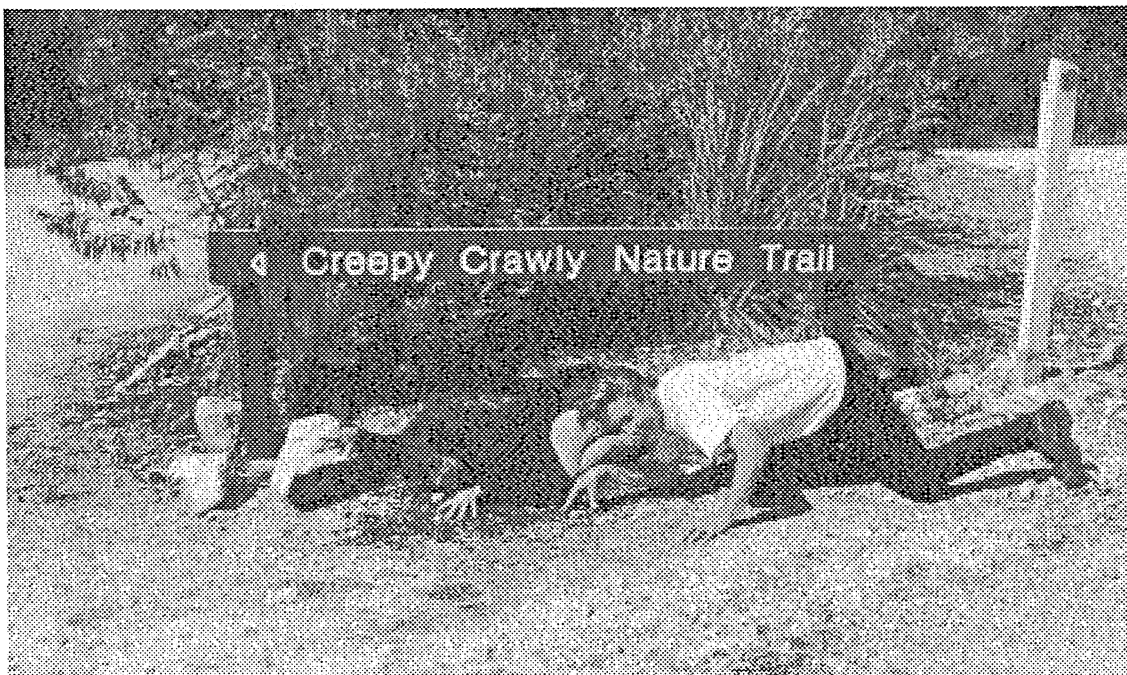
Alex: *After 14 days we won't need to walk anymore.*

Kath: *Nah! we'll just "hover."*

In concluding such a report, it is important to acknowledge that all the above gives absolutely no information on where we went or what we did. However, rest assured that it was worthwhile, and do it yourself one day!!



*Unrealistic interpretation of the vertical challenges met on the course of this walk.
Basically it just goes up or down NEVER horizontal!*



Soph and Kath
16 hours into
the car shuffle:
the effects of
returning to
civilization
after 14 days in
the wild.

"The High Delight of the Airbourne Young"

By

**Prof. Dale P.
Cooper**

I noticed that despite the awe-inspiring front cover of the O'Week edition of the Mountaineer, rock-climbing was sadly under-represented within. My initial outrage turned to quiet thought, followed by a few beers and a nudey run, but that's jumping ahead. I've no doubt that those responsible for this fine publication would run climbing stories if they actually received any. As much as I would like to shift the blame, climbers are at fault. Look back through the last few Mountaineers you have lying around. Tales of walking, plenty, paddling and skiing, sure, caving and mountaineering, bucket-loads - but lovely-jubbly dissertations on rock-climbing? Only a handful. Is rock-climbing unnewsworthy? By golly no! Are there no practitioners in the club who cannot also swing a pencil? Again no, but less resoundingly so; we are climbers after all. A full summer of rock-climbing and what has the O'Week Mountaineer to say about it? Not a sausage. Well, it's got my pen a'twitchin'. My pen is twitching. (I put that last sentence in hoping for an amusing

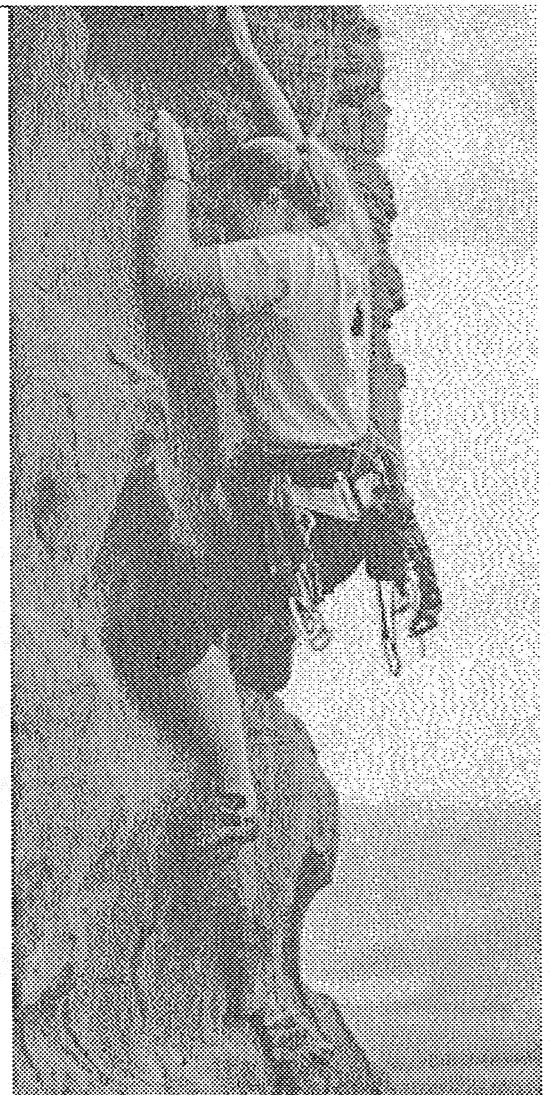
typo). Anyhow, here, in some small way, to redress the balance of Mountaineer climbing reports is "Rock-climbing Dale P Cooper Was Involved With Over Summer". It is by no means a definitive account and any lies, impropriety or downright slander on behalf of the author is intended to cause harm and/or humiliation to mostly innocent targets. So here's to you Turi, you two-bit hussy.

Canberra: In late November, two carloads of MUMC climbers headed up to see what Canberra had to offer. We got petrol, went to the toilet, then moved on. That's not actually what happened but it's surprising more visitors don't have an itinerary like that for Canberra. At any rate we arrived at Cuan's ACT doorstep quite late, which happens when you leave Melbourne 4 hours later than planned. There's no use attributing blame but I've never been very quick to pick up on things like that - it was Simon Collins' fault. Cuan welcomed us warmly and his housemates awoke the next

morning to 7 MUMC members crowding the floor of their lounge.

Having spent the year in Canberra and managed to become the new ANUMC climbing convenor, Cuan was our source of local knowledge and took us to Gibraltar rocks just outside Australia's capital city. A collection of featureless, sharp, grey-granite boulders, less than 20m high. "What a

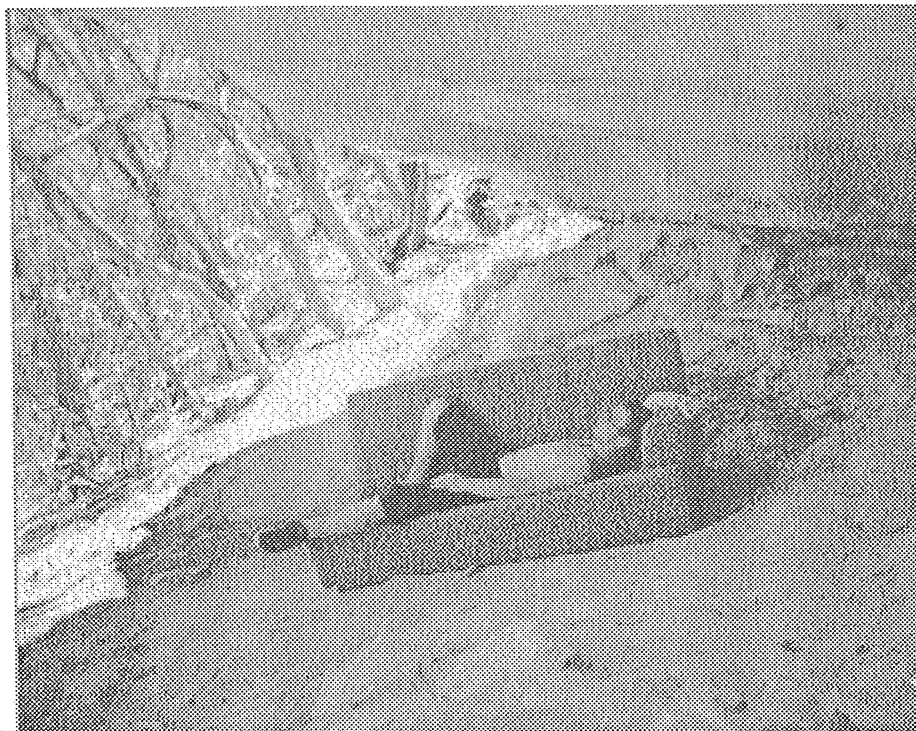
Turi juggling up the wall.



treat!" I cried and looked at Cuan with delight, tinged only by the jealousy I felt at the enviable access he had to this treasure. Kuba, every the naysayer, called it a load of bollocks - "We drove 8 hours for this?!!". I laid a steady hand on his shoulder and told him to open his mind and maybe he'd get something out of it. Lucky I was there.

We spent the day climbing Canberra granite, which I think would just take a little getting use to, much like some of the short, slabby stuff of Buffalo. However, it was just for the day. We spent a second and final night at Cuan's, mostly sipping tea and talking about relationships and social issues until about 10:30pm when we all agreed it was time to hit the hay. We had a big day ahead of us; we were headed for the Blueys.

Blue Mountains: We made it to Mt. York campground on a Sunday afternoon and I think we got lucky as the place was thankfully free of guided tours and school groups. After an initial foray into the wilderness proved fruitless, we decided to look in the guidebook for directions. You'd think that sort of thing would come first. I'd get "Look in the guidebook first" tattooed on my hand, but then I'd have to get "Look at your other hand" done on my other hand, just to be sure. Assuming I'll remember for next time just doesn't seem to cut it. We managed to locate the climbs which were a collection of single pitch routes on OK to dubious sandstone. One of the first things I noticed



Kuba Chillin'; yet another piece of furniture taken climbing.

about the Blueys was the amount of bolting that has gone on. Nearly everything I came across has a bolt on it somewhere, the majority of which were manky, ugly carrots or rusty home-made fixed hangers. Yucko.

Recently, rock-climbing has been banned on the West Wall of the Three Sisters, one of the major tourist attractions of the Blue Mountains. However, we were there when things were still hunky-dory and managed to get on it. The West Wall is a 290m, three star grade 12, which gets done more for length, atmosphere and views than the physical climbing. Having once again neglected to read the route description, my partner for the endeavour, Simon, and I spent over an hour bashing through uncharted territory until I sat down and demanded Simon read the guide before he led us any further astray. He did and then looked at me sheepishly before admitting we were way off track

and that he, and only he was to blame. "It's my fault Dale", were his exact words and under my watchful eye we finally made it to the base of the climb. Anything you hear from Simon, or for that matter anyone else on the trip, that contradicts this account of our attack on the 3 sisters is a filthy lie created to besmirch the otherwise impeccable reputation of the author. Despite Simon and I bagging first place the night before, Andy Stephens and Paul Bowden were by this stage 3 pitches up, and at the start of the 2nd pitch were Kuba, Clara and Turi. Boy had Simon cocked up! None-the-less, the climb was fantastic and only took a couple of hours once we got on our way.

A finishing route, The Mantelshelf, a three star grade 13, goes to the top of the first sister in front of the tourist lookout. Despite having to answer layperson's questions the whole time you're climbing, the route is heaps of fun and in an

awesome position. You'll probably turn up in a hundred photo albums around the globe too, which can't be a bad thing.

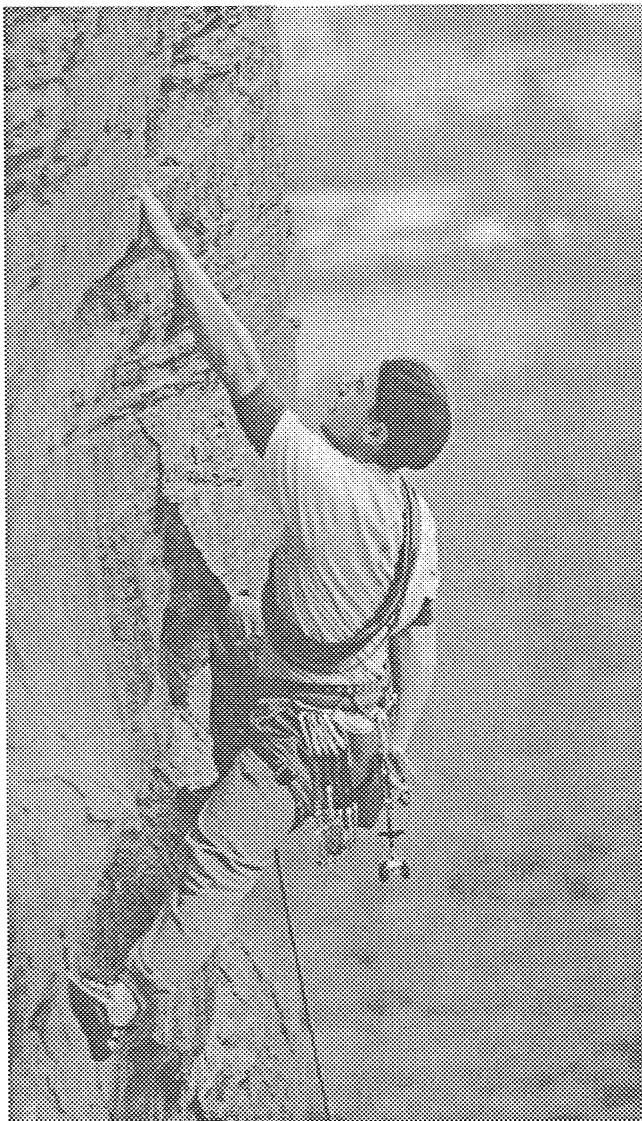
You really have to have transport to get around the Blueys, but some places are well worth the drive.

We'd lost Simon and Clara to "I've got to get back to Melbourne and work" but they were dead weight anyhow and the newly energised crew headed out to the Dams Cliff. It's an awesome crag, part of which rises, funnily enough, out of a dam. The water is deep and free of back-breaking submerged obstacles. A sheer face of rock stands another 12-15m above the water, with the crux move around 7-8m. A number of us had a shot at climbing straight up the face but it spat all of us off. We accepted our watery defeat with good grace. I figured if you ballsed up the crux move, you might slice off your nipples on the way down. Technology and medicine how it is these

days, I might need mine at some stage. You can walk to the top and safely dive off, which we forced Paul and Andy to do. Those boys sure know how to smell when they put their minds and a few shower-free days to it. Next to the dam were a few short, steep, sport routes which kept us entertained for the remainder of the day.

Mt. Piddington is another

area with some great routes, even if the walk from the carpark is hellish. Two of the most fun crack climbs I've done are there: Flake Crack (17) and Eternity (19). Don't believe the guide when it says it's a rare



Dale, quite the fashionable climber.

example of sandstone being totally friendly, some of it's just as bodgy as other areas in the Blueys.

Maybe I didn't go to the right areas but I wasn't as impressed as I expected to be with the Blue Mountains. The tourist atmosphere, the bolts and some loose rock kind of put me off. We did some great climbs there, but the Grampians or Araps are much

closer and offer excellent climbing too. I'd go back and have another look but I think there's enough stuff closer to keep this puppy entertained for the moment. A lasting memory I'll have of the Blue Mountains

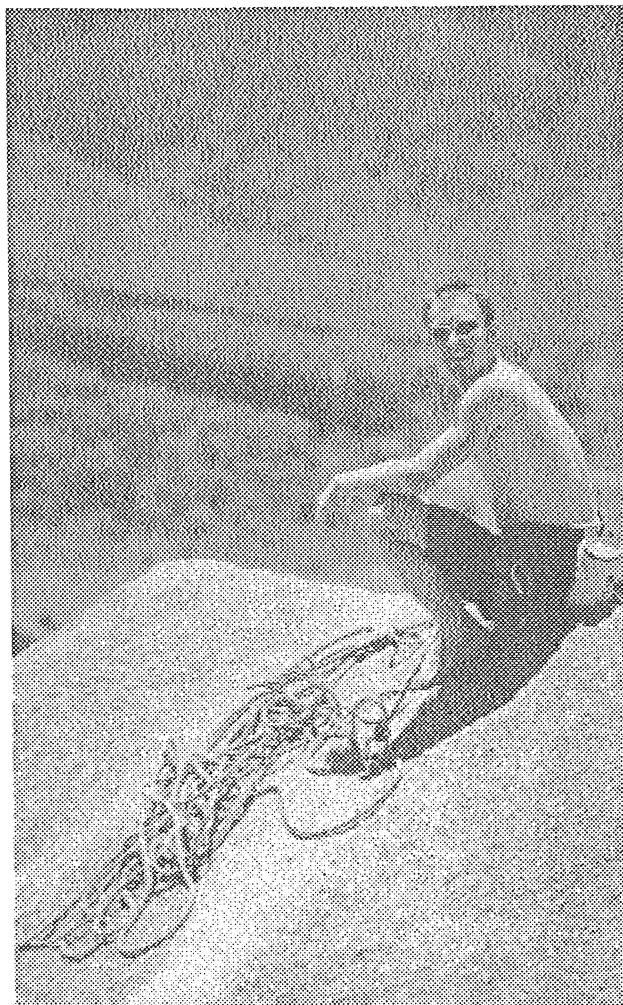
is carrying a couch that had been left at the campsite, to the top of the concrete shelter. Kuba, Paul, Turi and I (having also farewelled Andy), sat on this couch drinking beers, watching the sun go down on our last day in the Blueys. That was a special moment. Nearly as special as the virgin sacrifice afterwards. Lucky for me, Paul's aim with the knife was a little off and I live to be chaste another day.

Mt Arapiles: Just before Christmas, Phil Blunsom, Paul Bowden, Clara and the venerable Dale P Cooper spent a week at Araps. We were fortunate enough to catch up with climbing members of ANUMC. A singular collection of weirdos if ever there was. The law of averages dictates that if you get a group of people

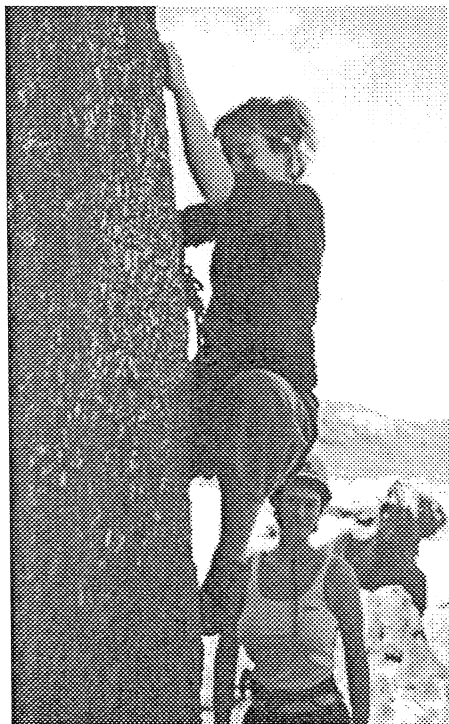
of a decent size, you'll get a mixture of those who suffer in different ways under the pressure of the human condition. I'm not saying MUMC is without it's fair share of people who hear a different drummer, but the ANUMC membership form just HAS to have a condition of entry asking that your parents must be cousins. Law of averages and normalcy be damned, these people are the

inexplicable outliers statisticians dread and invariably ignore, collected neatly into a club sanctioned and funded by an Australian university, whatever that says. Probably warming them up for governmental positions in later life. However, they did have a big tent and some chairs, so we sidled our way into their camp. I got a bit carried away with the whole weird thing just now, perhaps overstating the case. It's just that a collection of scoutmasters, married couples and bloody New Zealanders, who can tell if somebody's moved their rope by the way it's lying on the ground in the same place, who go to bed early and sober and get up early and not hungover, who chat up Cuan's 17 year old sister in the kitchen of Cuan's parent's house, seemed funny at the time.

Having spent a bit of time at Araps over the last few years, I guess I've been infected with the pace of the place. At first I was getting up early and running from climb to climb to pack as much in as possible in the time I had. Now, game plans from the night before, if we get around to making any, are invariably thrown out and replaced by indecision and lethargy. It seems now that if it's not closer than 5-10mins walk, we drive or pick another climb. In defence of ANUMC climbers, they are all quite new to climbing and as such are really driven and enthusiastic, if peculiar about it. We got a few climbs done with some notable attempts by Phil, Cuan and Paul at Spasm in a Chasm (25) and impressive shots at Strolling Right Hand Variant (26). I can't remember any epics, but I do remember having fun and going climbing which was enough for me.



Kuba: Would you trust that anchor?



Tory showing her stuff at the Prom. Let us know.

And so ends my attempt to wave pictures of naked people of your choice at the drooping pens of MUMC rock-climbers. Take your bursting forearms and rest them below the keyboard, wrap your worn fingertips around a pencil and tell us where you've been and what you've seen. The pants you've filled with terror, delicately balanced on the suggestion of a granite foothold, or run out metres above shonky gear on a viciously overhung sandstone menace. The cool aplomb with which you despatched the crag's testpiece, watched and admired by locals and overseas visitors alike. Your first lead; the first time you watched someone come up from beneath you, hoping to all hell they don't fall off and the worthless anchor you've set up whips out, sending you both to an untimely end. Rock-climbing is way cool and beats the crap out of lawn bowls, bridal gowns and gardening, all of which have volumes of information written about them. Do something about it.

Everything you wanted to know, but were too afraid to ask about...

New Zealand Mountaineering

What is New Zealand mountaineering?

By

Richard Salmons

As far as MUMC is concerned, mountaineering in New Zealand involves small groups setting out in summer to climb the high peaks of the Southern Alps, the heavily glaciated mountains of the South Island crowned by Mt Cook (3,754m).

The mountains are as steep as the European Alps or the Himalayas, so the emphasis is certainly on climbing rather

what makes New Zealand mountaineering so rewarding.

How do I sign up for a trip?

Due to the time and expense required, there are no formal club mountaineering trips. However, this year we are making a special effort to organise people into groups with common interests, skills and dates they plan to travel during the 1999/2000 summer break.

The first briefing (with slides!) will be held at the clubrooms on Tuesday April 20. Check the club rooms or contacts below for times.

What is involved in a "beginners' trip"?

A typical itinerary would see you fly to Christchurch, spend a day or two purchasing food and stove fuel, then take a bus to Mount Cook village, the jumping off point for the Mount Cook and Westland National Parks. There you can base yourself at the New Zealand Alpine Club's Unwin Hut.

Here you might meet up with the most important element in your trip: your guide. New Zealand has a strong alpine tradition and members of the New Zealand Mountain Guides Association have internationally recognised qualifications. Your group would usually hire the guide for about a week. One of the main objectives of the briefing sessions will be to line you up with appropriate guides.

The next step is to get from the village onto the glacier. Access on foot is extremely difficult, so most groups hire a ski-plane at Mount Cook airstrip to cut the journey

from two days to 20 minutes. This makes sense if you're paying a guide by the day and it lets you carry fresh food. Flight schedules are subject to the weather, but even if you are delayed a couple of days your guide can take you through rope skills and theory in the village.

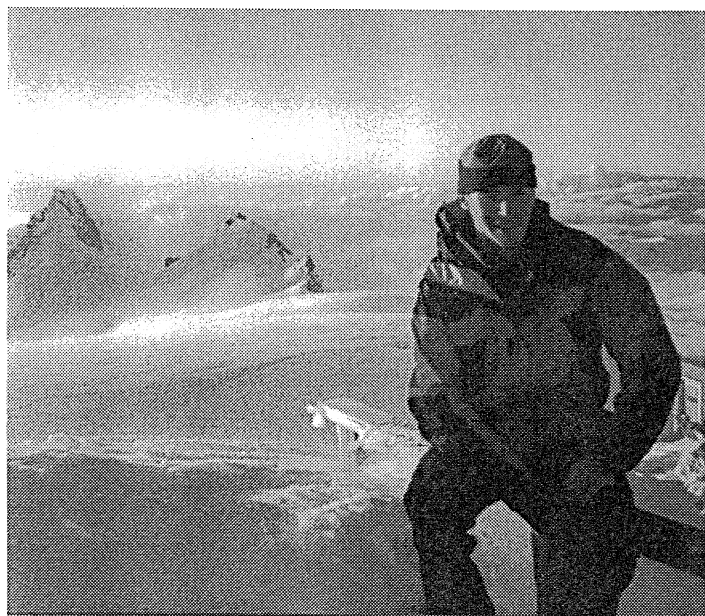
Once you're up on the glacier (and recovered from the awesome views) you carry your gear a short distance to a hut with facilities such as bunks, cooking space, toilets and a radio. You can leave heavy gear here and do most climbs in the course of a long day trip. Over the next few days your guide will take you through skills such as rescuing people from crevasses or anchors and belays on snow and ice, and hopefully you will climb a few peaks!

After your time with the guide is up you might stay in the mountains a week or two longer by yourselves, or take a mid-trip break and then head back in to another hut or push on to a different alpine area such as the Mount Aspiring National Park. Either way, another couple of weeks climbing will help consolidate your new skills.

What is the weather like? How cold is it?

New Zealand mountain weather is described as "vigorous and variable". The mountains rise ten thousand feet out of the ocean in the midst of the Roaring Forties, so the winds and storms are ferocious. Predicting the weather is difficult and it can change from uncomfortably hot to cold and wet very suddenly.

Remember you are climbing in summer. The sun is high in the sky and the concave glaci-



The author chills out high on the neve of the Fox Glacier on the balcony of luxurious Pioneer Hut [subsequently condemned and demolished -ed.]

than walking. However you do not need to climb high grades on rock and there is more to mountaineering than climbing. First, there is the chance to visit a true alpine environment as spectacular as anywhere in the world. Second, as you learn entirely new skills, such as how to cross a glacier or to climb on snow and ice, you build upon and extend all the outdoor skills you may already have. Third, there is an element of danger that can't be eliminated, thanks to the steep, exposed and constantly shifting alpine terrain. The sense of achievement from overcoming these difficulties is

er makes an excellent reflector — so you are more likely to get sunburn than frostbite. It is cold at night, but usually only a few degrees below zero at most, so normal warm clothes and a three-season sleeping bag will suffice. A greater concern is being caught in a storm and experienced climbers will always turn back rather than risk this. In practice, storms blow through every week or so. The result is that you are confined to the hut for a couple of days, but you can practice rope skills indoors and it's a good chance to rest between climbs.

How fit do I need to be?

Endurance is more important than rock-climbing strength. The Sports Union can line you up with a program involving running, cycling, swimming or other activities you prefer. I have found that jogging or walking up stairs is beneficial because it mirrors the steep slopes of the mountains.

In any event, expect to be on the move for a very long day — fifteen hours would be typical — and you must be fit enough to stay alert and anticipate safety hazards. On the other hand, you can schedule rest days after big climbs so you have the chance to recover.

What equipment do I need?

You are in luck if you already

have a set of bushwalking and climbing gear as most of it will also be good for mountaineering (as mentioned above, it is not extremely cold). If you don't, the club can lend you some items (bearing in mind that there is strong demand for equipment over summer) and most importantly, the club has a limited supply of technical mountaineering gear, such as ice axes, crampons, ropes and helmets, specifically available for NZ trips.

Having said this, it is fairly essential that you can invest in plastic climbing boots, which let you climb steep ice in crampons. Unfortunately they're not cheap, at around \$300 to \$400 a pair.

How much does it cost?

Here is a rough indication of prices in A\$:

Return air fare to Christchurch	\$700
Two nights accommodation	\$40
Food and stove fuel (per head)	\$150
Return bus to Mount Cook	\$50
Night at Unwin Hut	\$10
Guide (one week, per head)	\$900
Skiplane flight	\$200
20 nights in mountain huts	\$200
Accommodation on return	\$50
Miscellaneous costs	\$100
Total	\$2400

This doesn't include equipment such as plastic boots. On the other hand, if the NZ\$ exchange rate is favourable you may save on accommodation and skiplane costs.



More resort-like accommodation: Tasman Saddle Hut, the destination of many a beginner's trip (note cable tie-downs to keep hut from blowing away), with views of the glacier and Mt Cook (3,754m) directly behind.

When do I go and how do I book?

The traditional mountaineering season is November to March, but in recent years we have found it is simply too warm to enjoy mountaineering much after the New Year. It is true that the weather is more stormy earlier in the season, but we think you will have enough time on your trip to make up for this. Therefore we suggest you travel in December — perhaps including New Year's Eve, as we plan to do.

We are booking airline tickets early because so many tourists will be in New Zealand for the so-called "millennium" and ideally you would make a booking before the end of first semester.

Further information

David Kneen 9817 1398/dtk@ecr.mu.oz.au
Richard Salmons 9347 5487/
richardsalmons@yahoo.com.au

NZ Mountain Guides: www.nzmga.co.nz
NZ Alpine Club: www.nzalpine.org.nz

Strange Creatures to watch out for on Club Trips...

As discovered by
Kylie McInness.

Specimen: Verticalus Ascentus

Common Name: Rock Climber

Habitat: Usually roosts in large open dusty campgrounds, can be found by day up steep cliffs, can also be found inhabiting strange local pubs near Horsham, Victoria (Particularly if the weather is not good).

Identifying Features: Often seen wearing stripy outer layers of skin and torn t-shirts. Make strange clanking noises when they walk.

Favourite Pastimes: Sharing chips and Hanging precariously off apparently small, insignificant pieces of metal and testing their motality on steep, run out climbs.

Specimen: Gnarlus Paddleria

Common Name(s): Kayaker, Paddler

Habitat: Wherever the floods have been most recently, otherwise found playing in small groups in local waterholes and rivers such as the Yarra or Thompson.

Identifying Features: Usually wears Black rubber (Ed. "Neopreen" please) wetsuit, but often found wearing skirt-type contraption believed to attract members of the opposite sex.

Favourite pastimes: Paddling off waterfalls and generally being wet, slippery and upside down (and loosing beer boat races).

Specimen: Oilius Mudderia

Common Name: Caver

Habitat: Generally found stuck down dark muddy holes and tight squeezes.

Identifying Features: Mud, Baby oil, Overalls and a Halogen globe shining in your eyes.

Favourite Pastimes: Crawling around in holes, getting muddy, exploring holes, drinking port, getting muddy, squeezing through holes, getting wedged in holes, getting muddy, abseiling into holes to explore, climbing out of vertical holes, getting muddy...

Specimen: Walkeria Smellius

Common Name: Bushwalker.

Habitat: Anywhere any from civilisation, proba-

bly somewhere high, scrubby and wet.

Identifying Features: Strange pieces of material strapped between creature's ankles and knees are a predominant feature, as is the large backpack and the horrifying odour which seems to follow everywhere after days in the wild.

Favourite Pastimes: Walking up hills just for the hell of it, walking down hills (ditto reason), Walking up hills, drinking port, walking down hills, walking through dense scrub, walking up hills...

Specimen: Alpinist Insanus

Common Name: Mountaineer

Habitat: Vertical Ice Cliffs and steep snowy mountains in very cold places.

Identifying Features: Several layers of clothing, strangely evolved feet withspike and hands with long sharp axe-like attachments. Strange Stench generally associated with this species. (ed. is that due to not knowing which end of the poo pusher to use.)

Favourite Pastimes: Tempting death but making themselves feel better with useless snow anchors and expensive equipment; using any excuse to leave the country and fly to New Zealand.

Specimen: Telemarkia Superlia

Common Name: Cross-Country Skier

Habitat: Anyway with snow, preferably deep white powder. (ed. and no lifts.)

Identifying features: Long Flat feet and extra long skinny arms. Never seem to be able to go down hills in a straight line. Zig-Zagging seems much easier for this creature.

Favourite Pastimes: Cruising down hills of deep white powder, Telemarking in deep white powder, drinking port in deep white powder...

Specimen: Boganus Labertouchea

Common Name(s): Bazza, Dogga

Habitat: Strange public bars or Utes in Buchan, Labertouche, Ararat, and Natimuk.

Identifying Feature: Flannie, torn jeans, Mockies (often pink). Beer can usually attached to one hand.

Favourite Pastimes: Drinking, Showing their genitalia to companions in the Pub, 'Climbing on Women' and being shocked by tourists' eating habits.

A Walk in the Scrub

"The Tarkine"- Tasmania's North-West

By

Alex Chapman

(Aka Assiff Kebab.)

"I reckon we should make this trip nice and cruisey.... just a stroll in the bush", I explained to the rest of the group (Dimitri Papaioannou, Kath Hammond, Katrine Wilson and Steve Curtain). All agreed!

Having walked the Arthur Range and Frenchmans Cap in the preceding weeks we decided it was time the group had a relaxing walk. We had seven days, so our plan was to reach the coast in two days, spend three days relaxing on the beach and then cruise back in another two.



Day 2 on the Summit of Mt Edith. From here we could see the surf. Note; we were still smiling.

However, there were two factors we failed to consider in our planning, 1) we weren't Trevor Hendy 2) we forgot the chainsaw.

You see the "Tarkine" in Tasmania is a vast, remote area of wilderness with no tracks that

only a few people have walked through. In fact Bob Brown was the only person we knew of who had actually hiked through it.

After a strenuous day in Strahan sleeping, sitting, drinking coffee, farting, picking up receptionists, and arguing with park rangers, we decided it was time to conquer the Tarkine.

Day 1: Upon reaching the beginning of the walk, it became clear that there were two types of vegetation, button grass plains and scrub. It was obvious that we should keep as much as possible to the plains. After a couple of hours of walking and bashing it was lunch time. Following lunch came the climb up Mt Edith. It was twenty minutes after lunch when we stopped for a break and I said:

"I don't think we should walk too far today".

"This looks like a pretty good campsite to me" replied Katrine. And so it was decided, we would fang it to the coast tomorrow.

Day 2: After a climb to the summit of Mt Edith it was decided we would go down a 2 km long spur on the other side, cross lagoon river, climb up and over the Norfolk Range, have lunch, then walk the last 25km of flats to the coast. Bit of a long day but NO WORRIES! At the top of the spur we encountered a little scrub. A little scrub turned into a lot of scrub, and a lot of scrub turned into something

which resembled a brick wall. 8 hours later we still hadn't had lunch or reached lagoon river. It was at this stage we realised reaching the coast in two days may be a touch optimistic.

Day 3: "OK guys, today's the day we reach the sand" I boldly stated. Following another long day bashing and walking button-grass plains three things had been established:
1) We were still 15km from sand
2) Button Grass was fucked
3) Scrub was even more fucked
This was no longer a bushwalk, this was a mission!

Day 4: We encountered a new type of scrub today, coastal scrub! By this stage we had our bashing method down to an artform.

The person at the front would turn their pack to the offending flora, then launch themselves backwards through the air so that their weight with the protection of their pack would crush what ever was in the way. The others would then help the person to their feet and the process repeated. However, this method sometimes proved quite painful when the offending flora was a large tree. Furthermore I'm not sure if gouging a corridor through the vegetation constitutes 'Minimal Impact Walking'. After another days solid bashing we completed our mission, we were on sand, and only two days late.

I can only use one word to describe the feeling of reaching Tasmania's North West coast: 'SPIRITUAL', or maybe two: 'FUCKING AWESOME'. The coast with its massive dunes, roaring surf and absolutely no one, was amazing to say the least.

After a discussion of about 8 seconds we decided to take a different route to get back to the car.

This route involved camping beside lagoon river, then over the next three days walking 10 km along the beach and following an old 4wd track which would take us back inland 15km. We would then cross over Mt Sunday and take the high ground back to the car. Hopefully this would avoid a lot of scrub bashing.

Day 5: After an early start (1:00pm) we decided it was about time we attempted suicide by drowning or hypothermia while crossing the now flooded lagoon river. Had it not been for the efforts of Katrina (Ed. see back cover as to daily fashions) and Kath, we probably would have succeeded.

Day 6: Discussed the possibilities of opening up an international drug trade in

It was twenty minutes after lunch when we stopped for a break and I said:

"I don't think we should walk too far today".

"This looks like a pretty good campsite to me" replied Katrine.

Tidal erosion at Lagoon River.

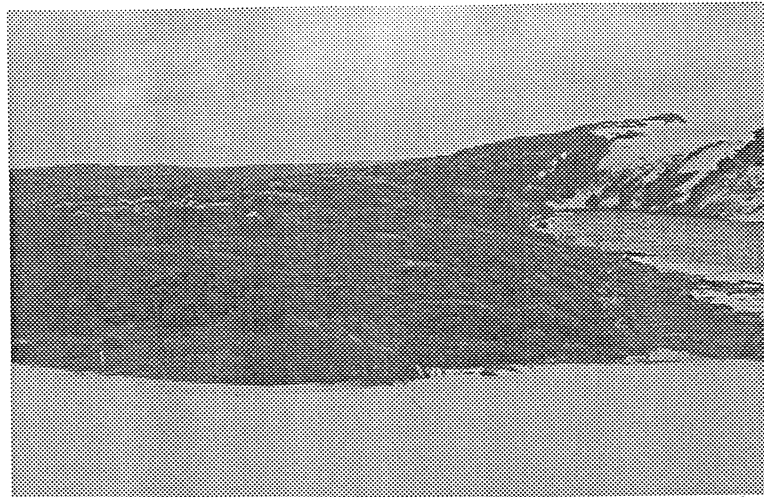


Button Grass.
TOO MUCH WALKING FOR TOO
LONG!!!

Day 7: Finally the last day of walking. Having camped at the base of Mt Sunday we knew we had a long day ahead of us, but tonight we would be at the car and tomorrow relaxing on the ship. Without a detailed map of the area, we were relying on good weather so that we could choose the best route by sight. But Mr Fog didn't see it the same way, and he decided to invite his friends Mrs Rain and Dr Wind. Needless to say, the day became one hell of a slog. After 12 hours of solid walking and bashing, we found ourselves at the top of a spur which looked similar to the one off Mt Edith that had taken us 8 hours to cover 2km. But this spur was different. Instead of having a 10 foot high wall of scrub this one had a 14 foot high wall of scrub. Four hours later (now 1:00am) we were still bashing this spur, exhausted, wet, cold, hungry and 10km from the car. A group decision was made to set up camp.

Without a detailed map of the area, we were relying on good weather so that we could choose the best route by sight. But Mr Fog didn't see it the same way, and he decided to invite his friends Mrs Rain and Dr Wind.

Have you ever tried setting up two olympus's in the middle of 14 ft dense scrub on a 45 degree slope? DON'T!!! While Steve and I slept in the fetal position in one tent, Katrine had to balance on a log running down the middle of Kath and Dimitri.



The Lagoon River flowing off the buttongrass plains into the sand dunes. Here we were walking on untouched sand and found a secluded camp down amongst the Tea-tree by the river.

Day 8: We were due on the Spirit of Tasmania at 4pm today. We had no idea how much longer this spur would go for. The bottom of the spur was still 10km from the car and the car was a 3.5 hour drive from Devenport. We needed a break and we got one. After starting at 6am, we only just realised that we had camped just 25m from the end of the scrub and the beginning of the suddenly magnificent Button Grass Plains. Several hours later we were on the boat getting pissed.

Although the Tarkine was probably the hardest trip I have ever done, it was made an awesome experience by the group I was with.

The Tarkine, a remote and beautiful region in Tasmania's northwest, became a national concern when the former Liberal Government built a 53km road through the middle of this unique wilderness. The 350 000 hectare area containing Australia's largest cool temperate rainforest is undoubtedly of World-Heritage status, yet is largely unprotected due to logging and mining interests.

You can help by simply writing a letter to the Federal or Tasmanian Governments.

**For Information Contact
Alexander Chapman Ph 9848
2409 or alchapm@ecr.mu.oz.au**

The ocean smashing against the rocks and beach.



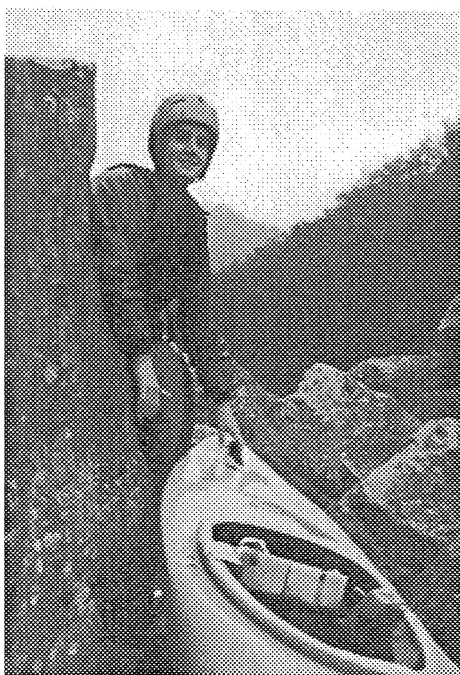
Kath: Did you have a good time at the Nymboida?

Me: Fuck yeah, it was awesome!

Kath: Well, how about writing an article about it for the Mountaineer.

THE NYMBOIDA

By
Lizzy Skinner.



Calvi, on a portage.

Truth of the matter is, I can't really remember many details about the actual river. The rapids blur together in a haze of anticipation, fear, excitement, and fun. But here goes.

After much convincing I left the house on Thursday night with mum believing that it was just a cruise up the Hume Highway to a town that I wasn't quite sure of the name of, and that the river was nothing at all - beginners trip! However, the details I left my brother were as follows:

Driving up to river called the Nymboida and camping at Platypus flat which is 50km inland from Coffs Harbor. Nearest town Dorrig. 17 hour drive so probably drive most of Thursday night, camp by the side of the road then drive all day Friday. Will be kayaking Saturday, Sunday, Monday. Drive home Monday night and all day Tuesday.

By 8.00pm there were 9 fired up paddlers, 10 awesome looking boats (we were taking one up for someone else), and enough food to last us 5 months (thanks to Nige and Marc) piled into 3 cars and ready to hit the road. We

looked so impressive driving into our first of many stops - Maccas. By the early hours of the morning we'd had enough driving and found a quiet paddock to crash in.

The next morning the fun of driving really began with the car CB radios fully utilized and connect four playoffs in full swing. 6.00pm that night we were completely bored, restoring to car games such as "guess what color the next car will be," and "guess how many kilometers till the next overtaking lane." By 9.00pm we were tired, cranky and sleepy. That is, until we hit the steep and slippery dirt roads.

I was peacefully snoozing away in the back only to be awoken



Tail stands in the playboats.

rudely by Marc skidding off the side of the road. Looking ahead I could see that

RAK had done exactly the

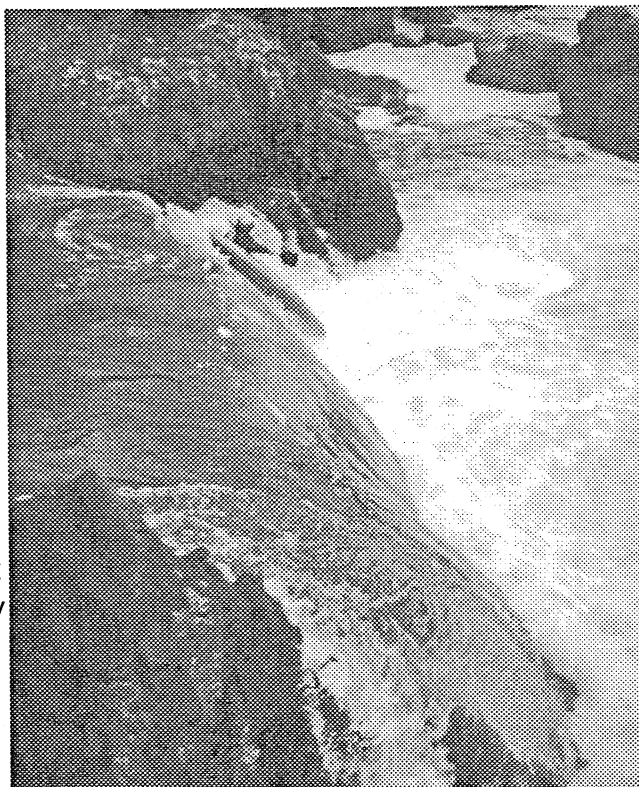
the day was quite uneventful with some really good fun grade 3/4 paddling. Everyone strutted their stuff; tail turning, cartwheeling, splatting and surfing their way down the river - stopping occasionally to admire the sub-tropical rain forest on the banks.

Sunday's paddle was much more memorable. After RAK, Nige and Scooter kindly drove the epic 3 hour car shuffle the night before, we put in where we had taken out the previous day. It was bit more serious as there were heaps of rapids, making the day long. It wasn't long just in terms of physically getting to the end, I found it also mentally challenging. The hard bit was the constant anticipation. Even when it was flat or the rapids were easy, there is always the expectations of what is coming up next - and then after that.

However, the absolute thrill of thundering down rapids makes up for any excess fear, and Sundays paddle was certainly heaps of fun. It mainly consist-

ed of drops and rock gardens. There were exiting moments for most people - its always great for the confidence watching people get trashed while waiting in the eddy for your turn. Pete even managed to break his paddle and bend the nose of his boat forward.

Through out the day it rained and on the way home it started to really pelt down, so we had to stop off at the pub until it subsided. The rain continued all night causing river levels to rise even higher. This caused problems in accessing the upper section which we intended to paddle so it was decided that we would paddle Saturdays section again. Well, everyone else did. I had a tummy bug and decided that it wasn't practical to go paddling when going to the toilet as often as I was. So I spent the morning dream-

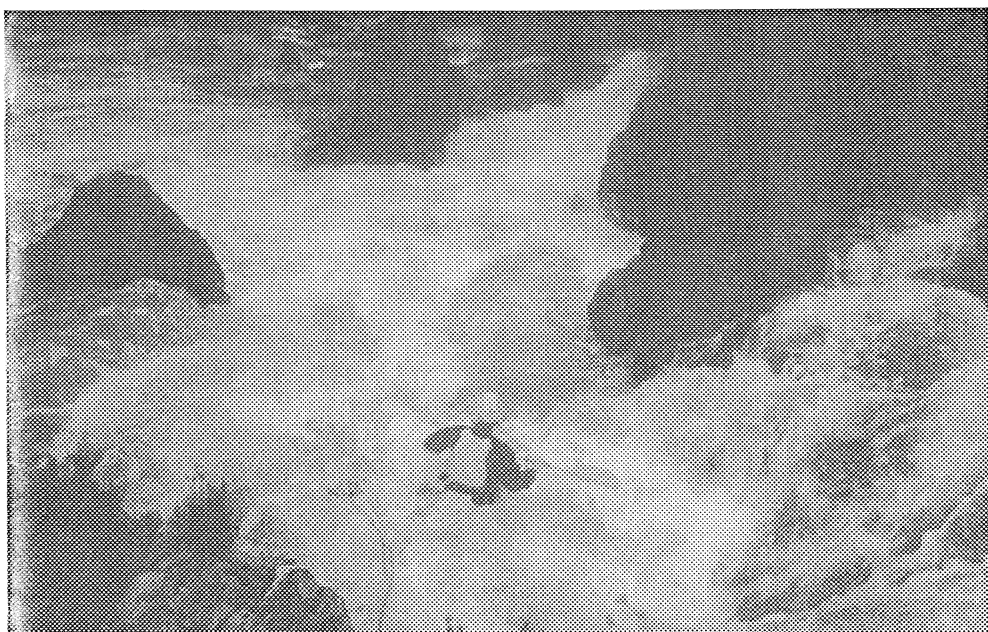


How to get Caned!

ing of paddling, either in my tent or running to the toilet. From reports, the day was much the same as Saturdays paddle but because the levels were higher it was a bit more interesting.

Well, Monday afternoon we wearily headed home stopping for flat tires, bugged alternators, toilets and a bit of sleep. It was calculated that we had driven for a total of 44 hours all for 14 hours of paddling. Some, including my mother, think it is absolutely mad, but we know that it was definitely worth it.

I told Mum to turn off the Washing Machine!



Easter at Anaps.

By
Suze Reed.

Heading off on my first climbing trip in the outdoors with a bunch of mad Mountaineering Members, excitement, anxiety and adrenaline consumed me whilst I contemplated a career in painting white lines along the Western Highway.

As the time soon approached for my first climb, excitement turned to fear and panic. Why had the guy in the car park given us such a weird look when we asked if he knew which bit of rock the Melbourne University folk were exploring. And did the other beginner on belay have any idea... or more importantly, was I mad enough to put my life in their hands.



"...did the other beginner on belay have any idea... or more importantly, was I mad enough to put my life in their hands."

After over coming the initial fear, the challenge of each climb filled me with an enormous determination. My goal was to make each climb and by the end of the first day I had decided to definitely go on more trips.

During the weekend, there were many highlights and some very interesting sights. The spotlight on Dale's arse during his midnight ascent of some rock proved so exciting for some (Sarah) that they developed a glowing, green rash.

Richard's new XGK II MSR stove also went of in a big way. Thankfully no one was hurt apart from Richard's wallet. Mind you, it's a shame the flames didn't quite make it to the nearby tent as it had a baby screaming so loudly, it made you WANT Tennessee's singing rendition of the "Ants Go Marching 2x2 Hurrah" to be louder. (C'mon, I don't really mean that).

A brief attempt at Suck 'n Blow was abandoned upon the arrival of the Monash Climbers who threw Easter eggs and yelled something about a missing pool table. (What is this all about?)

In summary the weekend was packed with plenty of sun, Easter eggs, hot cross buns, flames, climbing and made a damn good trip.



Photos thanks to Kylie.

Richard Salmons powders his nose in the Canadian Rockies...

Summits and faceplants: a traverse of the Wapta Icefields



The descent beneath Mt Saint Nicholas back to Bow Hut [photos in this article ripped off Summits & Icefields by Chic Scott, Rocky Mountain Books 1996].

By
Richard Salmons



The ski in up the Bow Canyon... character building!

On the second day of the trip we left heavy gear behind and skinned onto the summit ridge of 3015m Mt Rhondda. The wind was picking up on the ridge, along with some low cloud, and our suspicions were confirmed when our guide, the semi-legendary Rob Orvik, noted a thermometer reading of minus twelve. It was about lunchtime at this point. While we were suitably motivated to descend boldly in fine telemark style, the ice on the upper slopes encouraged an undignified snowplough technique. Getting into the soft stuff, though, I lunged forward into what surely looked an excellent tele turn, and immediately inserted my head in the snow. Fortunately, it was impossible to hurt myself in the powder, and it being cold, I could brush it off with no risk of getting damp. Rob had other ideas about my tele style, and suggested I simply do parallels down the slope, and I did so without further damage to per-

son or ego.

Still, it is a fine thing to know that whether an intermediate such as myself or a rabid expert skier, in the deep, deep powder everyone has the same chance of falling over. Of course, I was tracing cautious zig-zags while the experts went straight down the fall line, but if it means the same number of face plants then it's fine by me.

All of this occurred to me while I was lucky enough to do some ski mountaineering in the Canadian Rockies earlier this year. The highlight was a traverse of the Wapta Icefields north of Lake Louise, a five day trip across the spine of the mountains from the Icefields Parkway to the Trans Canadian Highway in the south. We crossed a couple of the glaciers that make up the icefield and a 3,000m pass, while also climbing a few features and making a few turns along the way.

I knew things would be interesting when our group

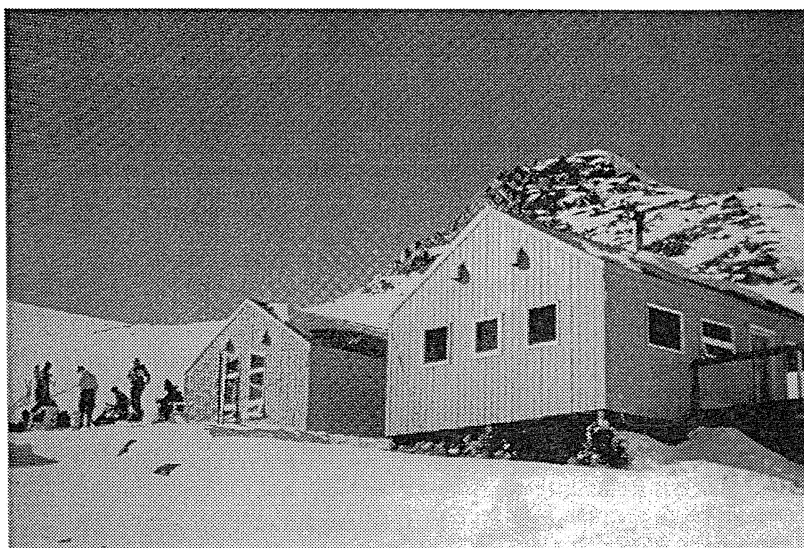
met up the night before we started out. Catherine, a police constable from exotic St Kilda station (there were also two Americans and a Canadian, plus our guide) flashed a cheery smile revealing a massive gap in her front teeth. She had been ice climbing that day and wacked her front tooth out with her hammer. (She was in the Search & Rescue Squad so like any Australian after receiving a mighty blow was mainly keen to get home and tell her mates.)

In any case, the first day saw us ski from the highway across a frozen lake and up a canyon along the course of a snowed-over stream. Some vigorous climbing under deep-blue seracs and we were on the toe of the Bow Glacier at luxurious Bow Hut. The latter featured spacious sleeping quarters and a separate dining room — complete with wood-fired stove! Given that temperatures were fairly crisp outside, this innovation was immediately popular.

On the third day we crossed to the less palatial but still comfortable Balfour Hut, and spent the afternoon doing a few runs on 3130m Mt Olive. The next morning was an early start, with the mercury at a character-building minus fifteen, as we skinned up to the 3,000m Balfour High Col. Mountaineers will be familiar with seracs and crevasses, but in contrast to New Zealand the extreme cold of the Rockies meant the exposed ice never melts. At the same time, the wind had blown much of the unconsolidated snow off the glacier at this point, so we were skinning along on a thin layer between crevasses and seracs the deepest crystal blue I've seen. Roping up on skis was also a new experience, but fortunately we only had to do it uphill.

The final day saw the temperature equally invigorating, so we pushed off at a fine pace on what was an almost entirely downhill push. We zoomed down the last big powder slope into the valley of Sherbrooke Creek. Things then became interesting as we skied out down the creek bed, involving as it did steep drops into the gully followed by a very sharp turn to run out along the flat bit. Cath, who was on alpine touring gear, seemed to do one drop-in quite nicely, until Rob calmly advised, "Don't forget your heels are still undone". Cath leaped off a little jump and fell flat on her face. I was laughing so hard I fell backwards into a powder-filled tree well and almost drowned.

Things weren't over yet as we crossed another frozen lake and then followed a hiking trail a couple of kms as it switch-backed its way down the hillside. A few hairpin bends on icy snow were just the way to ensure one's skiing skills were well consolidated at the end of the trip! Soon engine noise suggested the nearby highway, only we emerged from the trees to find ourselves skiing just across a valley from a massive goods train on the Canadian Pacific Railway. Then a couple of turns and an oncoming semi-trailer suggested we were at the end of our trip.



More great mountain huts: Bow Hut at the start of the traverse. While putting New Zealand huts to shame with the sheer indulgence of a wood-fired stove, the only drawback was leaving the heated room (right) for the freezing sleeping quarters (at left)...

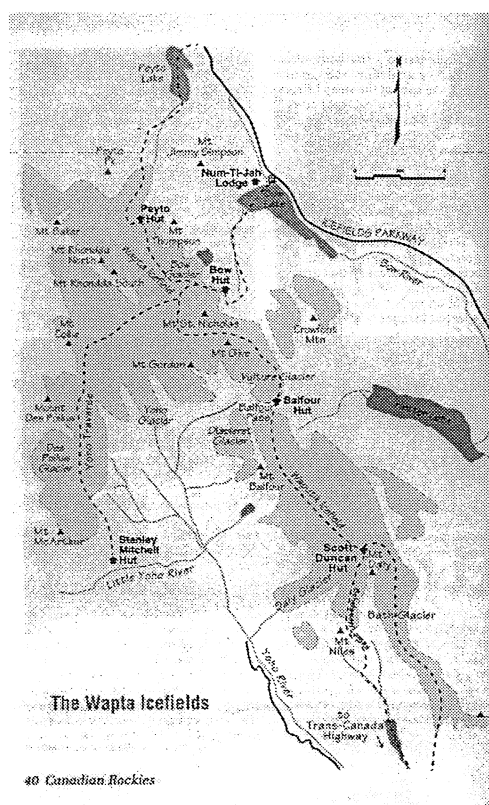
What is ski mountaineering?

Like the name suggests, ski mountaineering refers to any skiing where you're mountaineering to get onto the runs. Generally the idea is that it is too steep to use light cross-country skis so you walk, climb or use climbing skins to get up the hill, then use downhill oriented skis to descend. Either way, the emphasis is on climbing then downhill skiing, rather than touring along rolling terrain.

The equipment involves back-country skis, which are similar to downhill skis but lighter and more flexible, telemark or alpine touring boots and bindings, and climbing skins, which are long sticky things you attach to your skis to grip the snow on the way up, and peel off

before skiing down. Telemark boots let you move the heel like cross-country setups, but are bigger and heavier for downhill control. Alpine touring gear isn't usually used in Australia, but lets you move the heel on the way up and clip it in place for an alpine-ski style descent.

There is excellent ski mountaineering in Australia at places such as Feathertop, Bogong or the Main Range, while New Zealand presents some really challenging opportunities. It is possible to ski on any of the big glaciers visited for mountaineering in summer, but you would want excellent safety skills! An excellent option would be to do a ski mountaineering course there in late winter or spring.



40 Canadian Rockies

Things to do in the Rockies

The army of MUMC members doing exchanges at the University of British Columbia (Bachelor of Skiing (Hons)) will agree that Canada is just one big adventure-land like New Zealand, except with bears and silly words like "toque".

The only drawback is it's somewhat more expensive to get there than NZ, though the airfares have been a bit more reasonable lately. Having said that, the Rockies are a "big" attraction well worth considering especially if you've already been to New Zealand.

The Wapta itself is quite central, crossing the spine of the Rockies along the border between British Columbia and Alberta, and flanked by the Icefields Parkway on the east and the Trans Canadian in the south. The attraction of much of the Rockies is big mountains (similar to New Zealand) with good rock and ice climbing and easy access from roads, due to the smaller glaciers.

One option is to go in winter when the fares are cheap and do a little practice lift-serviced skiing (tickets being cheaper than here), then ski mountaineering or ice climbing. Or it is possible to go mountaineering in summer (mid-year) as an alternative to an end-of-year trip to NZ.

WRONGUNGARA

By Matt Thomas.

We had to dig deep into the archives to find this article. Many apologies to all trip members who expected to see this article in last years pre-summer edition and only saw an array of photos. This is the story you've been waiting for!

The sun shone down, scorching the already red and dry skin of us, as we sat on the steps of Cleve Cole hut. Before us stood a couple from Gippsland who had come up Granite Flat spur the previous evening. They were explaining to us what had happened in Melbourne over the past four days.

"... not much really. There was an explosion at a gas plant in Sale that killed two people and cut all gas supplies to Victoria, and Adelaide won the grand final."

"Fucking capitalist conspiracy" spat out Sarah Milne.

Too right I thought. There's no way a Melbourne based team can compete

with the financial might of a...

"They should never have privatised it." Oh, the gas. I'm there with you brother...sorry sister...(no, think cold war)...comrade.

"They didn't," came the reply. "Its always been privately owned."

The couple from Gippsland must have thought we had been sitting in the

sun too much, as we all burst into laughter at Sarah's comments.

FUCKING AWESOME

Really, I blame Alex for the outburst though. Showing all the tact of a longhaired hippie singing the lumberjack song to a bar full of loggers, he went and inflamed a debate he was having with Sarah.

(Cut to earlier that morning.)

"We should be glad that we have a superpower like the US, one that isn't interested in expansion, or controlling the affairs of other countries." Now it's best if I give a little aside here. First, the debate was about

conspiracies, which was quite appropriate as we were sitting on a grassy knoll at the time, and secondly Sarah is a lady well travelled in Central and South America. She was even planning to do here engineering Vac-work in Cuba, in the upcoming holidays (and did so). We are talking 'Red rag to a bull' stuff here.

I doubt whether we've all laughed as much as we did during and after that discussion. It was right out of the 1970's, while we were lying on a piece of paradise, at about 1700m on Horse Ridge, with the only other sound to our laughter being Cairn creek in the valley to the west, as the water, freshly melted from the snow drifts by the intense sun, tumbled down the slopes of Bogong, on its way to join that bubbling

brook that is Big river. Carolyn was right. Sometimes it's hard to find the right words to describe a situation. Best to stick to what we know. *FUCKING AWESOME.*

How was it that the Wongungarra Exploration Unit got so diverted as to be on Bogong? Admittedly it is only a quick (?) 24hr walk between the two, but already some of us were mouthing the c word.(Ed. ? oh that 'c' word) A few because they believed it, others because they hoped you would believe it,

and not think us navigationally challenged. Let's go back to the beginning. We left Melbourne at 1900hrs, planning to meet our contact at a service station outside Glenrowan. As we progressed along the Hume the radio told a sorry tale. "Severe flood warnings are issued for the Kiewa, Ovens, King and Buffalo rivers. Minor warnings are issued for 15 mile creek..." Great, that's about every river in the area. Those of us prone to conspiracy theories, would later blame it on the usual known TLA's (CIA, TPC, MH/FC and DNRE). They had heard we were coming to save the forest. Well a little rain wouldn't deter us.

We arrived at the rendezvous, only to find that our contact had gone missing. They must have got Steve Curtain! Either that or the poor bloke was lying helpless on the Main Range, in falling snow, only meters from his tent after he fell over attempting to snow-plow in knee deep powder snow. I for one didn't think it was likely he was already back in Melbourne, relaxing, drying off and not going on the trip. He would have let us know before we left. We almost called out search and rescue to look for the poor man.

While waiting for the no show, we struck a blow for the forces of good, seriously denting the profitability of the golden arches. We so impressed the passing trade by our cooking ability, that the proprietor was forced to shut his shop at the ridiculously early hour of 10:30 p.m. on a Wednesday night, as they found they were unable to compete with our prowess on an MSR. A quick dash off to a safe house in Beechworth, and we settled down to a peaceful sleep, after we managed to tire out our affable host. A former club member, Bob Vincent is best remembered for designing the toilet at the hut. Bob left for work at a ridiculous hour, before the sun rose, leaving us with the job of arranging breakfast. The hardest part of this was deciding on what to get from the Beechworth Bakery. Croissants were decided upon and a foraging party was sent to procure them.

The local constabulary played their part in hindering the progress of the trip. Alex and Andrea were sent on a reconnaissance mission, determined to bring back necessary information to allow us to reach our

goal. The police officers they questioned assured them that the floods had began to move downstream on the Ovens. Harrietville could be reached via Mt. Beauty, while Bright was cut off. From Harrietville, Mt. St Bernard was only a short uphill drive. Our objective was obtainable.

Yeah, try telling the goon in the orange vest at the Mt. Beauty turn off on the Ovens Highway. "The road is closed due to floodwaters." No more needed to be said. Argument was useless. You don't argue with an orange vest. Here was the hub of the conspiracy. We had seen the power that was controlling our destiny. The man in the orange vest, the controlling force, who was stopping us reaching the forests we wished to see and save. Like all great heroes we did what was needed, when it was needed. We drove back to Mt. Beauty with our tail between our legs, and changed our plans totally.

Suprisingly, from there things started to go smoothly. Yes, it was raining heavily, and the Kiewa was swollen, but the bridge to Mountain creek was still open. Mountain creek was an impressive sight, spilling out into the surrounding forest, carrying all in its path down stream, regardless of size. It seemed like a river that would prove impossible to cross. Fortunately we didn't need to, as every time it looked like we would need to cross the river, or go back to the car, another option opened. Instead of taking the 4WD track, we were able to progress along Black Cockatoo track, instead of Eskdale we used Staircase Spur. Even when it started to snow on our journey up Staircase Spur, a hut came into view. The message was unmistakable. You cannot go into the Wongungarra, that is forbidden, but Bogong is acceptable. The only glitch came when we entered the hut took off our packs and put them on top of the water bladder of a father and son who were planing to sleep in the hut. It's a bit hard to sleep in the middle of a lake. We tried to make it up to them by offering them port. The 15-year-old son refused any. Does that sound suspicious to you? They were planning to ski on Bogong. Likely story!

Although two inches fell overnight, by

lunchtime the next day, only the larger drifts remained, and they were quickly melting. What decent drifts we found, we quickly cut up quite badly, turning them into garbage bag runs, of lengths and slope found only in the best overseas resorts. One run was positioned so that it ended with a bare rock, just to encourage the person using the garbage bag to stop and give somebody else a go. To Andrea, it was incentive to start a new sport, garbage bag rock jumping. The grace at which she flew through the air when she realised she was not going to stop in time, and that it would be rather painful if she didn't launch herself over the fast approaching rock, left us all with tears of laughter in our eyes. Radha put in the last impressive run, one of nearly one hundred metres in length.

FUCKING AWESOME.

Our planned walk became one of up Staircase spur, quick visit to West Peak then down Quartz Ridge, camping right in the middle of a Helipad on a saddle. Then down to Cairn creek-Big river junction and offtrack up Granny spur to Horse ridge, and our campsite at Cleve Cole hut. Campsite on the saddle was uneventful, with no Helicopters needing to rescue anybody, and the weather behaving itself. In fact the only person not behaving themselves was Andrea who was looking for a whip. As I had left mine at home, and there were no birch trees in the area, she had to go without. Cooking was left in the more than capable hand of Radha, Sarah and Sarah, who turned simple ingredients into the most magnificent banquet. Andrea managed to whip up (Ohh!!..was that what she meant?) a few chocolate mousse cakes, but after such a filling dinner, she almost needed a whip to get

us to finish them.

Walking along the track down Quartz Ridge, had become a plod, as many walks in large groups do as they progress along clearly marked tracks. We left the Helipad, walking along a well used track, feeling that the days walk would be similar to the previous, when suddenly the track melted away. The following two hours walking saw us progress about as far as the first twenty minutes of the day, as we climbed over the giant trees blown down in storm, pushed our way through thick scrub on the ridge and tried to make sense of a map designed for those who followed the black and red lines. We eventually reached the junction of Big river and Cairn creek, only to find that Big river wasn't as small as some (who could that be?) had anticipated (in my defence I submit Mountain creek and Cairn creek, both of which were as big as Big river - I will admit Big river was impressive down stream of Cairn creek). To the north of us Granny Spur rose sharply to meet Bogong. There was no man in an orange vest telling us that this way was closed, so feeling free to go where we wished, a quick ascent of Bogong was achieved. The only difficulty encountered was the fatigue we suffered from after we began to witness one too many perfect clearances in snow gum forests, all of which would have provided perfect campsites, with the views being offered getting better as we gained height. In the end it became a chore to camp in the perfect site on Horse Ridge, where perfect views of Bogong and an argument awaited us.

FUCKING AWESOME.

M.U.M.C Songwords

Way back before some of us were born, 1973, MUMC published a song book with words for 218 songs. May of them are a variations of well known tunes. There are copies of the songbook in the MUMC Library at the back of the Clubrooms.

Gory Gory- A Cautionary Tale for Incipient Climbers #69

Can you get around the buttress? yelled the second looking scared,
The leader boldly answered yes, and going on he dared
To leap up for a handhold just to prove he wasn't scared-
And he ain't gonna climb no more.

*Gory, Gory, what a helluva way to die (3 times)
And he ain't gonna climb no more.*

The leader missed and peeled and bounced,
then slithered down the face,
Until he hit a sloping ledge that shot him into space,
A look a shock and terror was imprinted on his face
And he ain't gonna climb no more.

The second felt the rope pull taut, and braced
his legs and back,
But it jerked him from position as he felt his backbone crack.
The rope wiped 'round his wind pipe and his features all went black,
And he ain't gonna climb no more.

They hurtled from the mountainside and quickly gather pace;
The second came down faster, and it looked just like a race,
They swooped and spun and twirled and dived with movements full of grace
And they ain't gonna climb no more.

They tumbled down the lower slopes and ripped right through the trees,
An echo of a mournful cry was carried by the breeze;
It's heard again on moonlit nights- t'would make your marrow freeze-
And they ain't gonna climb no more.

They landed at the bottom at the finish of their flight,
It gave a passing Rover Scout a very nasty fright,

He told the Search and Rescue, but they said that he was "tight"-
And he ain't gonna climb no more.
One had a hammer through his skull, and the pitons through his spleen,
His arms and legs tied in a knot, the rope twined in between,
The other spitted on a branch – Oh, what a bloody scene,
And we ain't gonna climb no more.

There was blood upon the rucksack, there were brains upon the rope,
Intestines hung in festoons from the bushes on the slope.
We tried so hard to sort them out, but found there was no hope,
And we ain't gonna climb no more.

Now they're sitting in two buckets which we've labelled with their names,
But which is which and who is who of all that there remains,
Is still a pressing problem 'cos they both look just the same,
And they ain't gonna climb no more.

And now when you go climbing, just remember all this tale,
And don't go jumping up for doubtful hand-holds on the shale,
Or you'll go home to Mummy too, reclining in a pail,
And we ain't gonna climb no more.
-Elizabeth Carrol & Lindsay Milton.

Wouldn't it be Lovely.

All I want is to go South-West
that's the country that I like best,
then come home for a rest,
Oh, wouldn't it be lovely!
Lots of Dehyd for me to eat,
Lots of snow and lots of Sleet,
Cold hands, cold face, cold feet,
Oh wouldn't it be lovely!
Oh, so lovely sitting abso-bloomin-lutely still,
Tent-bound while the wind blows round all over the flamin' hill.
Lots of leaches to suck my blood,
Lots of slush and lots of mud,
And every river's in flood
Oh, wouldn't it be lovely.

Recipes

For this edition we present Alice Ewings'

Spaghetti alla Puttanesca

Spaghetti alla Puttanesca (Harlot's Spaghetti) takes after it's namesake- it's spicy, voluptuous and cheap, and it doesn't take up much time!

FRY:

400gm fresh spaghetti, or 300gm of dried Spaghetti (Spinach Fettucine is great)

100mL of olive oil

2 (or more) cloves of garlic, crushed

A pinch of chilli flakes

a small tin of anchovy fillets, drained and soaked in milk for 30 minutes.

ADD:

400gm tin of peeled (or crushed) tomatoes.

100gm sliced black (Calamata) olives, Sliced whole olives have more taste.

2 tablespoons of Capers

1-2 sprigs of fresh oregano, or a couple of teaspoons of dried oregano

1-2 sprigs of fresh parsley.

Method:

Heat oil in a large fryingpan and gently saute garlic and chilli. Drain anchovies of excess milk and add to the pan in small slices of ~0.5 cms, as you stir.

Take the tomatoes and cut to 1cm sizes, remove as many seeds as possible and drain some of the juice. The remaining juice is preserved to moisten the sauce as it is cooking. Add olives, capers and oregano-

Simmer for 10 mins (If you have the appropriate MSR)

Cook Spaghetti in boiling salted water until 'al dente';

Drain and trasfer to a warm serving dish!

Pour the sauce over the Spaghetti and toss through the parsley (a sundried tomatoes for additional gourmet status.

Slush

Eugene: "Where's the Wilsons Prom trip this year?"

Dimitri: "I didn't screw it deep enough."

Dimitri: "My tongue can reach down there."

Eugene: "Why is milk a dairy product?"

Eugene: "Look at the sheep"

Stu Walsh : (To Eugene): "Eug, they're cows"

Liz: "I have Verbal Nymphomania" (ed. Or was that oral?)

Brad: "You can get it from me for \$5.

Alex: It's nice sleeping between two womens legs"

Tori: "If I wiggle a bit you might be able to slip it in" (About a seat belt)

Alice: "We can understand each other because we know how to use our lips." (About her form of communication with Andy S.S.)

Soph: "We'll know where we are when we come to the horizontal cliffs."

Brad: (On the way to Mt Wilson) "All we need now is a Mt Hammond, Mt Brown, Mt Ewing and a Mt Dent"

Katrine Wilson: "But what about me?"

Sarah: "These are my Damart thermals."

Brad: "ooo, cleavage!"

Soph: "It can see it when I look between my legs." (whilst playing I Spy)

Alex: "I'm good in bed, Soph said I was a horse."

Andrea: "ooo, my undies are crunchy."

Sarah: (To Dave) "I'm glad I made you come"

