

# The Mountaineer



MUMC hut, photo by Markus Voegel

<b>THE MOUNTAINEER.....</b>	<b>1</b>
PRESIDENT'S REPORT .....	3
IMPORTANT DATES.....	4
DOWNSTREAM DRIFT JUNKIES – WE'RE SANE, HONEST! .....	4
PIE AND SLIDE NIGHT 2000: A NIGHT WORTH REMEMBERING! .....	6
COOKING FOR QUDOS.....	7
4 RECIPES FOR FUELING YOUR CLIMBING FIRE. ....	7
<i>Whose House? Jackie's House!</i> .....	8
<i>Whose House? Tim and Anna's House</i> .....	8
<i>Whose House? Patrick's House!</i> .....	8
<i>Whose House? Stu's House!</i> .....	9
A PADDLING ARTICLE .....	9
CAR-YARD RUN, MARIBYRNONG RIVER .....	10
AN ARTICLE ON CANYONING .....	12
CONFESSIONS OF A CLIMBER .....	14
WEEKEND IN THE GRAMPPIANS.....	15
CAPILENE OR NEOPRENE? .....	16
SLUSHHHHH.....	19
SOME THINGS I COULDN'T KEEP QUIET ABOUT .....	19



## **Editor's Bit**

This is my first Mountaineer, so it's a bit of a mess. I'm sure every other person who's tried to do one has had exactly the same problems as me – but they've all made it through. I'm the one who had to worry about it this time. Thanks to everyone for their help, their photos, their articles and their thick skins.

To anyone new to the club, if you enjoyed this magazine, think about contributing. You have no idea how tough it can be to get someone to write stuff down. For me, this edition is all about distances. Many of the people I joined the club with have gone on to do other things. Many people in the club have been overseas having adventures I can only imagine. It's amazing what ordinary people can go out and do when they put their minds to it. So, to everyone out there taking a look into the distance, have a good year.

-Tennessee

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## ***President's Report***

I know what you did last summer...

I love summer, time for epic New Zealand wilderness adventures, punishing altitude in South America, kayaking on bony rivers and fantastic surf, beautiful sunsets following scorching Tassie bushwalks, swimming in the river after a day on the rock, dry(ish) caves, warm(ish) canyons and long, hot nights.

What a big year 2000 was for the Mountaineering Club – thanks to the good work of Alan and diligent sacrifice of countless neophytes, we had one of the best ski seasons in years. With big dumps throughout the snowfields, Kosciusko saw some of the most epic undersnow camping I've ever known. Bogong provided endless days of perfect XCD – it's a cruel world, however, given that Midnight Ascent provided seemingly endless (bottomless?) snow for the walk in, yet failed dismally to live up to the promise of endless tele's. Telefest at Thredbo made up for that.

Somewhere in the transition between winter and spring came the Winter Classic – one of Australia's best multisport events, which saw heaps of friendly competition and an excellent result for Jacqui and Rich in the mixed pairs category. If you ever want to make outdoor sports competitive – this is one not to miss in 2001.

The snow finally melted, and the coming of spring brought with it many fantastic weekends paddling – the Mitta Mitta saw numerous trips, as did the King, Goulbourn and Thompson Rivers. Later on there were descents of the popular sewer Gardiner's Creek (look out for shopping trolley strainers!) and a high water afternoon on the fantastic Deep Creek section of the Maribynong. While I'm talking about paddling, it was a good year for polo too, with all teams performing well, and the IV team coming back with some good results.

Walking trips have gone all over the state and beyond to Tassie, numerous teams have competed in various rogaines, and cavers have spent many muddy hours underground at Buchan and Bungonia trying to tap Brad's brain before he left. This year saw the inclusion of many active new members to the club, which has been great to see, with new

cavers, walkers, climbers, paddlers etc all rapidly learning the game. There's been a lot of activity on the social side of things as well, with many thanks going to Deanna for an awesome Pie and Slide night, amongst other events.

As if Australia weren't providing enough fun, this year has also seen record numbers of overseas trips, with Oxo's liberally spread all over the globe. Phil, Stu, Rich and Nick had a couple of weeks in Nepal, climbing Lobuje East (6119m) and Island Peak (Imja tse, 6189m), but had access problems on other intended routes. Stu Holloway also qualified this year as a Mountain Guide through the NZMGA. A couple of successful trips have been to South America, including the Turi/Tori dynamic duo, Marc with a couple of epic ascents to his name, Stu Dobie and Enmoore, Laurence, Vic, Marty...the list goes on. Jill and Chris returned from a year of high adventure throughout Asia and America, Rich made us all jealous telemarking in Canada, and Cam is working his magic on the penguins way down south.

A couple of Hut Maintenance trips have seen the Memorial Hut undergo some urgent repairs, with a couple more trips to come to replace the stairs – look out for these trips if you want to help out.

Thanks MUMC, for the year 2000. We're all keens to make 2001 even better, so come along, get involved, enjoy yourselves and play in this great country of ours. If you're unsure where to start – come to Wilson's Prom at the end of week 2 and meet a whole bunch of us, then go from there.

See you out there,

**Dave**

President, 2000/2001

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### ***Important Dates***

10-11th March - Arapiles beginner's climbing trip (including VCC working bee on the Saturday)

17-18th March - Wilson's Prom – all sports – a BIG TRIP

30-31st March - Northern Grampians (Summerday Valley) beginner climbing trip

13-15th April - Arapiles beginner climbing trip (EASTER!!)

### ***Downstream drift junkies – we're sane, honest!***

Cam

Life is hectic!

One weekend it's warm sun and sand with the sound of crashing water and little brightly coloured boats dancing in the waves. The next its a gushing river surrounded by untouched bush and vibrant sunlight sparkling off white foam. The same little coloured boats dancing and twirling in the wake.

Great fun!

Unfortunately, when I try to explain this to a non-paddler they mumble something that sounds like “iceberg”...or is it “ice breaker”...

Boy, are they missing out!

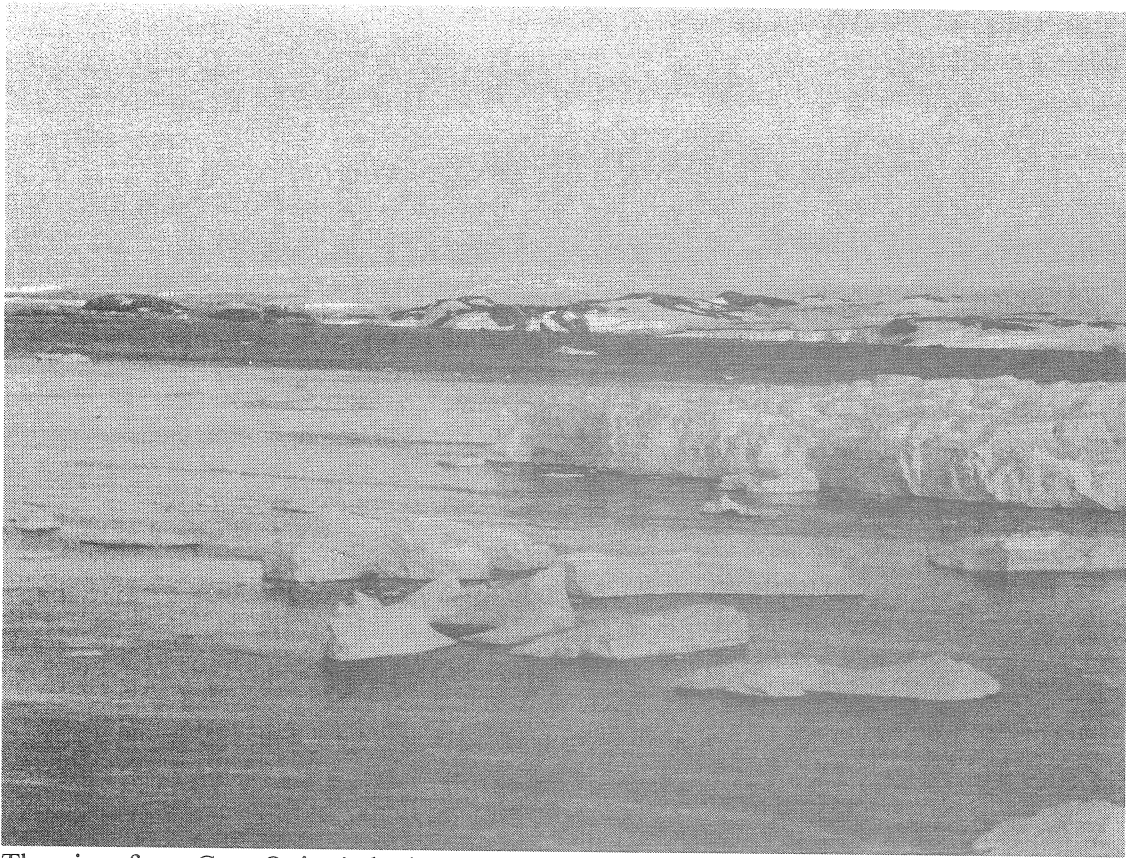
Whenever I think about paddling down a river (during most lectures), I imagine the sound of a stream rushing through bright green bush. I see people in colourful little boats laughing and playing in the bubbling waves. They are all watching Pete and are enthralled as he launches his little green boat skywards in another acrobatic cartwheel and finishes up bobbing along with his nose pointing towards the sky.

Sometimes I get confused when I talk about how much fun it is to dart and dodge through the foaming maelstrom of distant rivers and people stutter something like: “when do you sleep?”

Time to escape the city and have fun. The Beachboys blare from an open car window as we find somewhere to begin our next adventure. So long as we remember to warn the grumpy trolls before driving over their cattle grids, all will be well as we glide across the waves and shoot through the rapids.

Of course if we get bored of lush meandering streams, there are always 10m waterfalls...

*Awesome* – come and join us.



The view from Cam Quinn's bedroom window, photo by Cam Quinn

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### ***Pie and Slide Night 2000: A night worth remembering!***

Deanna Stevens

Preparations supposedly started well in advance with the "Email List" to advertise the Annual Event. Despite copious amounts of "undeliverable messages" the message obviously reached a few (well realistically about 70) "Who is MUMC?" "Why do they want book a room?" Could you believe that in the process of booking the Lazer Room such questions were asked. Establishing our identity was easy...the tasks after this seemed achievable yet sometimes frustrating. Writing letters and hassling shops eventually resulted in an abundant amount of fantastic prizes. Supermarket shopping was a breeze compared to locating and contacting the pie shop. Several no 19 tram rides later and phone calls to several bakeries the order was supposedly in place. Indecisiveness and further deliberating at a committee meeting resulted in the order being changed again. 3 days before the night and few prizes for a lot of categories. HELP! At the committee meeting I seemed organized...really? Persistence over the next 3 days combined with chaos made this night a challenge. An e-mail from Dave the night before titled "Prize Bonanza" was a comfort. 3 hours before the night preparations were still happening. Coloured card stolen from work assisted with some signs. Made it to the Lazer room after loading up the car to find no-one around except a full yoga class. Minutes of slight panic, but then visions of committee members who had come to assist! Although the

night didn't begin on time (but after all, it's a club event) everyone pitched in to get it up and running. Soon pies and pasties were cooking and drinks were chilling on ice. The slide show eventually began, Deanna took a few breaths and a great night was enjoyed by all....



Ruth, lost in the weeds. Photo by Marcelle Gannon

### ***Cooking for Qudos***

#### ***4 recipes for fuelling your climbing fire.***

A lot of people ask me, "Stu, how can I become a hardcore trad climber... just like you?" The answer lies in three things.

1) Determination

2) Excessive amounts of sex appeal

3) Good nutrition

While the first two are well recognised in climbing circles, the third vital ingredient to climbing success is often ignored. As a result we see many Oxos scurrying home, tired and anaemic after less than a weekend's climbing. To correct this problem I present four classic recipes from my last trip, so that more people can spank and crank their way up the crags.

## **Whose House? Jackie's House!**

Our time away would not have been possible without the scavenging skills of Jackie. Although only planning to feed herself for four days, Jackie brought enough for three of us for the whole week. Like a little squirrel, she would scurry up any climb you could throw her at, and then at night reveal yet another hoard of nuts. Here is just one of her tasty visions.

### *Plum Delight*

Noodles

Garlic and Onion

Stir fry vegetables, including (but not limited to) broccoli, red and green capsicum, mushrooms, carrot, celery

Cashew Nuts

Sesame seeds

Special plum sauce (create at home using left over plum sauce, tomato sauce, soy sauce, ginger and pepper)

Oil or butter for frying

Chop up all vegetables, garlic and onion. Add noodles to boiling water and when half cooked add the carrots. Fry up garlic and onion, and then add remaining vegetables. Continue to stir fry for 5 - 10 minutes adding the sauce to taste. Drain water off noodles and add vegetables. Garnish with cashews and sesame seeds. Enjoy.

## **Whose House? Tim and Anna's House**

If Jackie was a squirrel, then these two were tigers. Show us your claws guys...

### *Rogan Josh with Most Perfect Fluffy Rice*

Stir fry vegies, Garlic and Onion  
Canned Tomatoes  
Rogan Josh Curry Paste  
Rice

For most perfect fluffy rice, first make sure Stu is standing well away from the MSR, to avoid spontaneous human combustion. Second, bring equal parts rice and water to the boil and then simmer gently for fifteen minutes. Finally remove from heat and let stand for a further fifteen minutes. Cook stir fry vegies as before, adding tomatoes and curry to taste. When cooked bring rice and vegies together and enjoy with Dilma tea. Magic.

## **Whose House? Patrick's House!**

Patrick brings his own unique international style and American flare to both cooking and climbing. Through the week he spanked many stellar routes, from the gut wrenching Watch Tower Crack, to the awesome Kachooong. What makes a man this hard? The ability to dig deep when the going gets tough. Which is why, when the breakfast supplies ran low, we turned to Patrick to come up with the goods...

Vegemite Surprise  
(who says he isn't aussie)

Weetbix  
powdered milk  
eggs  
garlic  
oil for frying  
vegemite

Mix Weetbix, eggs, powdered milk and water into a porridge



consistency. Add garlic and heat up oil in a pan. Fry mixture and add vegemite to taste. Insert one large spoonful into mouth, suddenly you don't feel hungry anymore.

### **Whose House? Stu's House!**

Staying at Araps for a week has the special ability to impress even those climbers that can crank up twice your grade. When you really want to ram home just how truly ace you are, cook them up a bowl full of these...

#### *Stu's Spicy Wedges*

Potatoes



Millennium Man Stu Walsh defending against the invading Mexicans.

Oil  
Cajun spice mix (home made of course)  
Oregano  
Salt  
Toilet paper

Chop potatoes into wedge size chunks and half boil for approx. 3 minutes. Sprinkle with spices. Heat up enough oil to cover one to two layers of wedges. When oil sizzles when wedges are dipped, add enough so that the oil is just covering them. Fry for 5 to 10 minutes and then remove to drain on toilet paper(which was brought from home - not the local bog hole). Sprinkle with salt and pass around. Impress your friends!

### ***A Paddling Article***

Dave Kneen

NEWSFLASH!

Wednesday's Age brought to notice an issue of vital importance to all Victorian paddlers. The following is an excerpt from the page 4 article, "**Angling for a couple for a couple of car-free rivers**".

*"In recent years, the Yarra and Maribyrnong rivers have played silent witness to crimes that include car fraud and theft. But last July the police search and rescue squad decided to make the two rivers yield their hidden booty by searching a 40-kilometre stretch of river beds with sonar equipment. Yesterday the squad's divers started a week-long car-recovery exercise called Operation River Sweep.*

*But what they saw on the river bed ... prompted Sergeant James to remark: "We've been overawed with the gravity of what we've seen. We located eight cars there on the sonar equipment 10 months ago. Now we've located another 24 cars. It's getting out of hand."*

*The original estimate was that each river held about 40 cars. But now Sergeant James has had to revise that estimate to at least 100 cars in the Maribyrnong alone."*

"What", I hear you ask, "does this have to do with me???"

For a number of years now, one of Melbourne's best kept paddling secrets has been the infamous 'Car-yard' run on the Maribyrnong, renowned for its superb urban scenery and stunning class four/five white water (brown water?) only 20 minutes from Central Melbourne. Seeing that this section may soon be removed, I have decided to let the cat out of the bag, so to speak, and give you all a chance to run this unforgettable section. What follows is an excerpt from an unpublished guide...

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### **Car-yard Run, Maribyrnong River**

**Class:** IV+/V

**Level:** Class IV+: 15-45 cumecs

Class V: 45+ cumecs

**Gauge:** Visual – just upstream from the put in is an orange Torana – minimum flow (15 cumecs) covers the tyres, but the optimum level for a fun trip is just lapping at the rear windows. Best run just after an advertisement break in the Pat Rafter match, when many of the local bathrooms add to the flow.

**Length:** 3.5 km

**Gradient:** 12 m/km

**Time:** 45 min – 4 hours

**Put in:** Bridge at Arundel Rd, Keilor. Drive down to the river on the northern side in a car you wish to claim insurance on. Jump in your boat on the roof, then seal launch the entire vehicle (remove fingerprints first) by releasing the handbrake with a paddle.

**Take out:** EJ Whitten Bridge, Sunshine North

**Shuttle:** About 400m east of the take out are the head offices of RACV's vehicle insurance department. Saunter in, explain that your vehicle was stolen and claim your courtesy car.

**Maps:** Melways, 1982 edition or later/ UBD equivalent

**Character:** Urban playboating supreme – take a nose plug!

The scene of an epic first descent in fibreglass slalom boats in the early 80's, this run has grown considerably more difficult over recent years as the number of 4WD's increased. The first 200m are bumpy class II+ water leading into the initial difficulties, **Calder Park** and **Speedway**. A good boof hard right at the initial Volkswagon should see you right on line, followed by a fast eddy frenzy crossing left between the Datsun Sunny and an undercut Corona to the consistently good play wave below.

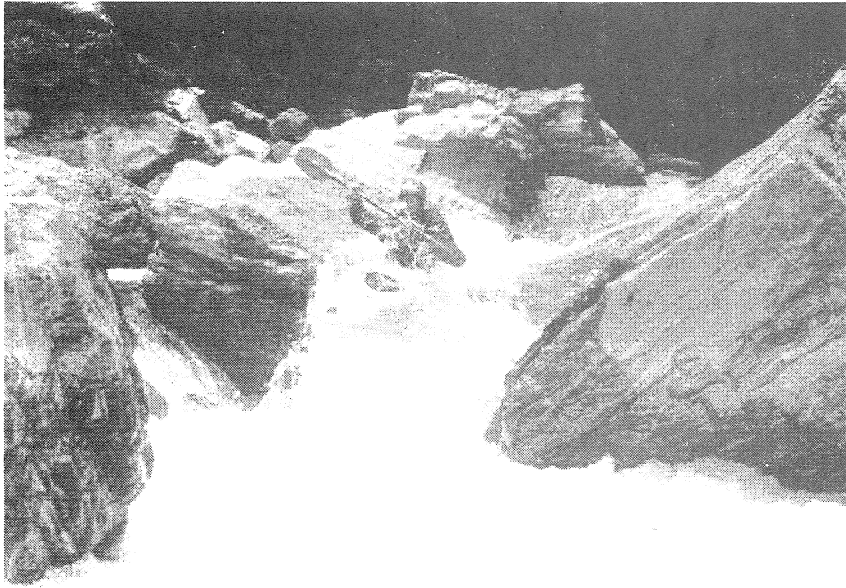
From here **Commodore Country** will keep the weenies guessing – eddy out behind the VC on river right to scout (portage on right). 50 metres downstream was the site of the once fearsome **Traffic Stopper** – now an ugly strainer ever since the windscreen of the V8 Falcon below collapsed in '91. This has been the scene of at least one resuscitation when Pieter Van der Googlebland of Scandinavia became pinned trying to remove the 'perfectly good' alternator.

Nearing Brimbank Park, head-to-head Pajero's form a powerful hydraulic, which has been run at all levels with mixed results, before a white Jaguar signals the lead-in to the crux rapid, **Greased Lightning**. Scout the initial drop on the left, and avoid the large hole by the yellow panel van unless you are having a good week. From here class III/III+ water gets you to the take-out, with plenty of good playspots. Look out for the splat Merc 75 metres upstream of Whitten Bridge.

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Well folks, there you have it – a run to be sorely missed once removed, and it won't be around for much longer.

Cheers,  
'Downtime Dave'



THIS COULD BE YOU!

(Some information contained in this account may be inaccurate, incorrect or just plain fictional)

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## ***An Article on Canyoning***

Alison Thompson

There is no doubt about it, canyoning is the sexiest sport MUMC has to offer. Where else do you get to wear a climbing harness over a wetsuit?! What follows is just a tiny glimpse into...

### **CANYONING: THE SEX GOD SPORT!**

**1<sup>st</sup> Abseil, Claustral Canyon.** Kylie lowers herself carefully over the rocky lip and down into the waterfall. I am alone at the top of three consecutive abseils, unable to communicate with my companions because of the roaring water around me. I finger my prussiks, rehearsing in my mind what I would do if the rope jammed, knowing that my prussiks could save my life. I don't hear Kylie call "off rope" but she flicks it to let me know she is down. I shoulder my backpack, take a deep breath, and clip into the rope. I check that the figure of 8 is correctly threaded. I check the screwgate is done up. I check my harness is doubled back. The familiar routine is comforting. Deep breath. One last tap on the screwgate...

The water pounds on my back, icy, powerful and insistent, as I descend. Once down, it is a struggle to unclip as I float on my back in a frigid pool. Finally the rope is

free and I pull it down hurriedly, anxious to escape the freezing water. Gratefully I grasp the ends and swim over to the others, where Iain has prepared the next abseil. Bridging above the water is hardly the most comfortable place to wait, but at least I stop shivering.

Halfway down the second abseil, I lock off the rope and gaze at my surroundings in awe. The canyon is entirely roofed over, and the water cascades down with astonishing force. It is pure and clear, and sparkles like liquid crystal. But the mossy rocks before me demand my attention and I continue my descent, careful not to let my feet slip.

The final abseil takes us through the “Black Hole of Calcutta”, which has been previously decorated with a fine assortment of slings. As I scramble through the hole and over the edge, I marvel at the odd formation. Another breathtaking descent in the midst of a waterfall. My senses are saturated – water splashing on my face, the smell of wet, rotting wood, a roaring waterfall in my ears, the dazzling light as the canyon opens out again.

I feel true exhilaration, and I know I am alive.

### **The Cave, Hole in the Wall Canyon.**

Minutes before, the canyon was a gentle pebbled creek, but a rocky scramble leads into a forbidding cave. I step into pitch darkness and frigid knee deep water.

“There’s a bit of a squeeze here” reports Joel from the blackness ahead.

“Kath, where are you?” I call cautiously.

“I’m here. There’s a sort of beach, then you have to swim.”

The squeeze is tricky to negotiate, so I let my eyes wander around the cave, hoping they will adjust to the darkness for the swim ahead. It is only then that I notice my new companions. A myriad of glow worms surround me; like tiny blue stars, or fluorescent gemstones, they glitter on the ceiling, too many to count. I am so awestruck, I barely notice the freezing swim, and I re-emerge into the sunshine, reluctant to leave such a magical sight.

Two weeks in the Blue Mountains, with amazing people in an amazing place. Kath will be remembered for her reinvention of the climbing harness as a bra. Jimbo for his love of death defying jump-ins, and his passionate defence of Cous-Cous eaters. Joel for his enthusiastic support of CFM Tevas (useful for those reachy moves). Iain for his ridiculous dynos on the edge of the Wollongambe (a great place to solo). Kylie because of the fun we shared showing off to tourists (not to mention cute canyoning guides...)

My first canyoning trip has been fantastic. Each day as I hung up my: wetsuit, cag, two thermal tops, two thermal bottoms, shorts, harness, woollen socks, old sneakers, fleece vest, and woollen beanie (Phew!) I grinned in satisfaction.

In September 2001 we will be back. Galah Canyon, Yilean canyon, Heart Attack Canyon, and countless others beckon irresistibly. Come and join us!!

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## ***Confessions of a Climber***

Tennessee Leeuwenburg

For those of you that don't know me, I'm a climber. That means I'm bone idle, lazy, sleepy, with occasional bursts of intense and strenuous activity, surrounded on both sides by vast quantities of driving. You too, can achieve this. Also, for some reason, people respect climbers. I don't mean people in the mountaineering club – they know the truth - I mean ordinary people. I think it's mostly because of *Cliffhanger*.

Climbing was, and is, enormous fun. The idea, more or less, is to throw a lot of people together, and get them up a mountain. Eventually, some bright spark realised that all of that walking was spoiling a good set of muscle-pumping dynos, arm-bars, fistjams and mantles, and wouldn't it be easier if we could drive to that bit?

A few years and some development in safety equipment lead to modern rock-climbing. Therma-rests, cold mornings, and the night before all contributed to the social environment that we see today. There are really two places one goes climbing in Victoria – Mount Arapiles and the Grampians. Araps and The Gramps. The rough consensus is that the climbing is either too easy, too hard, or too far away at the Gramps, except Summerday Valley and we've been there. So, usually, we go to Araps. The great Orange Palace. Also known as the Ayers Rock of the Wimmera, and just sometimes the Cowpat of the Wimmera. Sporting over 2000 climbs in about as many metres, Araps has got more climbs within easy walking distance than anywhere else I know. And they're almost all great. (I'll tell you about the other two later).

Learning to climb is a wonderful experience. I have fond memories of being stuck on poxy belay ledges, bashing away at pieces of protection which the leader dutifully welded into place, swinging wildly above huge drops... I don't know how, but I can remember almost every climb I've done. Apparently, I've now climbed enough to be decent. I would strongly disagree with that, but I suppose one shouldn't try to decide these things for yourself. I guess I can tie a few knots, but I'm constantly amazed by the standard of climbing out there. I can see myself climbing, in my life, maybe, if I'm lucky and persistent, three grades harder than I do now. And there are people out there, every day, climbing that hard as a matter of course. People often rag on ranking climbs by grade of difficulty. For myself, climbing is about the athletic as much as the aesthetic. There's nothing like rambling up a climb, and taking in the view. But there's also nothing like the feeling of having your feet supporting you, as if by magic, while your rapidly tiring arms somehow make it to the next hold. Everyone has their own goals, but I guess one of the things I like is to, without real effort, wipe everything off my mind and just concentrate on *up*. Climbing well (for yourself) is exhilarating and rewarding. You can look at a climb, and say, "I did that." Even better, you can be on a climb and think, "I am spanking this." (note – spanking is a common climbing term. As in, "Spank that puppy!")

My best climbing memories are of my chaotic trip to the Grampians with a bunch of schoolfriends, the highly memorable "House of Pleasure" trip to Nowra, leading "Brolga," the unforgettable "Vanoise", and my variant on "The Eighth," a lovely rolling



climb, going doggedly over every awkward overhang between Phoenix and The Eighth. I'd grade it a 14 (not that hard), but I don't think it will ever make it into a guidebook. I'd name it "Arrow" if I could – because my terrified but exhilarated second's last name was "Aro" (spelling?!?), and it didn't go as straight as one. Sorry – I'm rambling.

In fact, this article has almost no point. I like climbing, and it's done a lot for me. I guess this is my way of saying, "Thanks, climbing, I enjoyed the company. I have to go now, but I'll come back again someday soon."

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### ***Weekend in the Grampians***

My apologies to whoever wrote this, but my computer had a fit. My email exploded, and I ended having to wrestle half-nude with the ancient God of Broken Gadgets in gladiatorial combat to get even this far. The photographic attachments, I fear, are also lost forever.

A hike to avoid the Grand Final, or to go walking the first weekend in spring, or just a chance to get away. We nearly didn't. Andrew's car required a jump start at the clubrooms. Not a surprise. We trundled along nicely to Ballarat, whereupon the other car decided it would only stop after maximum pressure was exerted on the brakes. This was slightly disconcerting but gave the group the chance to see the shops opening on Sturt St. Some tinkering from the RACV and we were on our way again. Car enjoying the ride so much that it (an automatic) stalled in the main street of Ararat. Luckily this was opposite the pub and just before opening, so assistance in pushing the car up the hill was offered and gratefully accepted. Some more tinkering and we decided to continue onwards. Reaching Halls Gap came as somewhat of a relief. Particularly to Adam, who was more used to left-hand-drive cars.

Lack of faith in the cars made it sensible to drop the idea of a walk in along the Boroka Track, so instead we set off mid-afternoon from Troopers' Creek with the aim of climbing Mt Difficult. In the party were Susie (New Jersey), Adrienne (Iowa), Meghan (Georgia) and Adam (Maine), and local members Caitlin, Maryann and Andrew. It was a nice walk up what looked like a steep climb, perhaps steeper than the plateau walking that had been mentioned but in any case an interesting walk. At the cliff top was there was some superb rock-slab walking with magnificent views. The wind had sprung up and rainclouds were blowing across, adding to the atmosphere. A wild place relished.

After an hour or so on top it was time to find some shelter, and forward scout Maryann found a good campsite for us. There was even a water supply on the ground a few minutes away as well as one immediately from above. The planned soup thus eventuated, and the addition of fresh vegetables was most welcome. The treat was from stateside and was pan-cooked pita pizza pockets with fresh pepperoni. Before the cooking tarp could blow away, we finished up with a healthy dessert.

A quick trip back up to the range confirmed that staying there would have been silly, so we settled down for the night. The wind roared up and over the range. It howled. It bellowed. It poured. Those who emerged from the tents sufficiently early were treated to the last of the storm clouds fleeing over the top of a stern Mt Difficult followed by a fine sunrise. Everyone else emerged eventually, nonetheless all dry. After fruit and hot cinnamon porridge, we started back down the side of the range. The fine weather afforded great views across the valley.

A stop along the way saw gorp dominating scroggin (developed from good old raisins and peanuts; the trip contributed many more such pairs to the universal English translator). A sumptuous picnic lunch at the bottom provided another new delight: peanut butter on apples. Suitably refreshed we made our way in cars to Roses Gap. Many wildflowers but not yet in profusion added colour to what was still a relatively bare landscape following the fire a couple of summers ago. A broad track was followed in as far as the beautiful oasis at Beehive falls. A long break here gave the opportunity to digest lunch (and Lindt). We concluded with a scenic drive south through to Dunkeld, pausing to observe crawling, hopping and flying wildlife. Being stopped by the police between there and Skipton and asked if we were carrying any fish added a final touch of eccentricity to the weekend. They should have Grand Finals more often.

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## ***Capilene or Neoprene?***

**What boils your potato? Do our quiz and find out!**

### **1. A dodgy anchor involves:**

- a) A reasonable cam and two sketchy wires
- b) A trench dug in the snow
- c) A small, hollow stalagmite
- d) A frayed sling around a rotten log
- e) Sex with a belayer
- f) What's an anchor?
- g) What's an anchor?
- h) What's an anchor?

### **2. Midnight Ascent is:**

- a) A waste of time: the long approach is not worth the gardening required (no climbing!)
- b) An excuse to show off expensive ice tools to bumblies
- c) An excuse to show how fast you can fit through a ladder/hole

- d) A typically nasty approach walk, but in reverse and with no canyon at the end
- e) A good excuse to get drunk, pick up and run naked through the snow
- f) No fun because all the water is frozen (carrying a boat up North-West spur is exhausting and unrewarding!)
- g) A beautiful & challenging walk through pristine bushland under a full moon
- h) A great chance to impress the climbers/paddlers/cavers with awesome telemarking off the summit

### **3. A gully is:**

- a) A useful descent route
- b) Easier to get out of than crevasse
- c) Not a doline
- d) Often the best way into a canyon

- e) Secluded but sometimes dangerously prickly
- f) Only good if it leads to a river
- g) Helpful for navigation
- h) Often where the deepest powder lies

**4. Waterfalls:**

- a) Spoil potentially good climbs
- b) Are much easier to climb when frozen
- c) Are useful to rinse mud off
- d) Are awesome to abseil
- e) Are fun to dance under when naked
- f) Waterfalls? Fuck Yeah!
- g) Are good for a shower on day seven
- h) Are great Pie and Slide Night material

**5. Canyoning is:**

- a) Soft
- b) Training for being cold, wet, moving fast and setting up dodgy abseils
- c) Another excuse for being generally dodgy
- d) A sex-god sport
- e) An excuse to dress in rubber and c.f.m. tevas
- f) A waste of a good river
- g) A challenging alternative to rogaining
- h) A bit awkward with skis

**6. The club activity that I least enjoy is:**

- a) Bushwalking
- b) Caving
- c) Mountaineering
- d) Committee Meetings
- e) Being Slushed
- f) Skiing
- g) Climbing
- h) Paddling

**7. A Piton is:**

- a) A fixed piece of gear in a dodgy crack
- b) Cheaper than an ice screw
- c) Not as much fun as a stalactite
- d) An abseil device
- e) A sex toy

**f) What's a piton?**

- g) A five star bush dunny with a great view
- h) A five star bush dunny covered in snow

**8. Long drives are:**

- a) An excuse to get naked in the back of a Kombi
- b) Nothing compared to alpine starts
- c) Ideal for promoting dead wombats
- d) Par for the course
- e) Dangerous after a big night
- f) No fun unless it's on a 4WD track
- g) A good opportunity for philosophical argument
- h) Necessary if you want to see real snow

**9. Powder is:**

- a) Commonly called chalk
- b) Annoying. I prefer ice!
- c) Not as much fun as mud
- d) Applied to the nose and cheeks by Cleo readers
- e) Invigorating. Da! Da!
- f) Better when it melts in Spring
- g) Cold but pretty
- h) Begging to be carved

**10. You fantasise about:**

- a) Sex in a hanging belay
- b) Frozen waterfalls
- c) Dark muddy holes and dodgy games involving long stalactites
- d) Eight metre water jumps with deep landings and no hidden rocks
- e) Picking up 'that club member' at The Clyde on Tuesday
- f) Floods & Flatwater Cartwheels
- g) Dehydrated vegetables
- h) Acres of powder snow in Victoria

**If you answered:**

**Mostly A's:** You are a climber through and through. Mt Arapiles and the Grampians are your homes-away-from-home. Though you might like to think otherwise, you are far more likely to be found having a twelve-plus hour epic on Lamplighter than on-sighting 28's at Nowra. But don't worry, if you could climb hard, you'd be off doing that now instead of reading thrilling nonsense like this.

**Mostly B's:** You are a mountaineer at heart. You are best known for your exorbitantly large income and permanent lack of money. If you cut down on your designer Patagucci wardrobe you might have more money to buy the essentials in life (ie. food, water) but impressing bumbles with your fully equipped mobile kitchen has always seemed more important.

**Mostly C's:** You are an Underground Lover. Mud, dodginess and more mud tend to fill up your weekends. Try not to worry if your reputation precedes you, I'm sure you are not all bad, just misled.

**Mostly D's:** Canyoning is your passion, and your favourite food is Cous Cous. Neoprene is your friend and tiger snakes are invariably angry. Just don't forget to look before you leap.

**Mostly E's:** You are just plain dodgy. Report directly to the Morals Convenor. Do not pass Dan Colborne, do not collect two hundred dollars.

**Mostly F's:** You are a kayaker, though you prefer to be called a 'paddler'. Paddlers are strange water-dwelling mammals with a fetish for neoprene. You are probably the only species in the

world that is content to swim in the Yarra River.

**Mostly G's:** You are a bushwalker. In short, you should probably learn to wash more often. When you are not in the wilderness, you are taking up tables at the pub with piles of maps, pondering your next epic adventure. Just try to remember that the rest of the population have noses.

**Mostly H's:** Most often found arguing the merits of carrying large quantities of alcohol into very cold places, cross-country skiers are the only people to whom a telemark is not an elaborate piece of punctuation. If you are dreaming of a white Christmas, you might want to consider migration.

If you didn't quite finish the quiz in time or you got lost trying to find the answers, you are probably a Rogainer. Alternately, if you couldn't understand the rules or figure out what you were supposed to do in the first place, you are most suited to Canoe Polo.

## ***Slushhhhh***

This page, for those of you who don't know, is dedicated to those comments by members of the mountaineer club, made in all innocence, that are too precious to let drown in the river of time.

Brad : "I'm only buggered on special occasions"

Stu : "I don't know. Tennessee, do you have any feeling at all in your nipples?"

Alison : "How about one finger? I like one finger."

*Situation : - New Zealand Hut, Dave Kneen making desert*

Marcel :- "Dave do you want me to help?"

Dave :- "Nah, I like beating, its good for my forearms"

Iain: Her sisters are together and they rotate their mother.

Dave: You just have to be comfortable going down for a while.

Alison: Oh, stop making me feel good and screw it in.

## ***Some things I couldn't keep quiet about***

Congratulations to Dimi, Matt and Patrick for lighting that lamp.

Beer, what an anchor!

Oh my god my finger's on fire!

Stacked hexes

Passionfruit Spumante

*Back Page Photo : Cam Quinn's Office*

