

mountaineer

August 2006





Dear Kate

I took the photos myself on 35 mm slides with a Kodak Retinette 1A. I now realize the date would have been 1964, not 1965. I think the fellow on the right, in the ski goggles was named Hogg, Dave Hogg? And he worked with Kraft and was an expert in cheese technology. It was a pleasant hike, from Mt. Erica to Mt. Baw Baw. A few had skis but most tramped through the snow.

Kind regards

Tim Falkiner

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Front Cover: Grant boofing on the Behana - *Pete Lockett*

Back Cover: Overseas Landscape - *Sarah Neumann*



President's Report

Alison Thompson

This year is almost certainly the calm before the VSU storm. Discussing the impact of what will be a dramatic funding cut for MUMC has affirmed for me that MUMC's greatest asset is not money, or equipment, but the experience of our members.

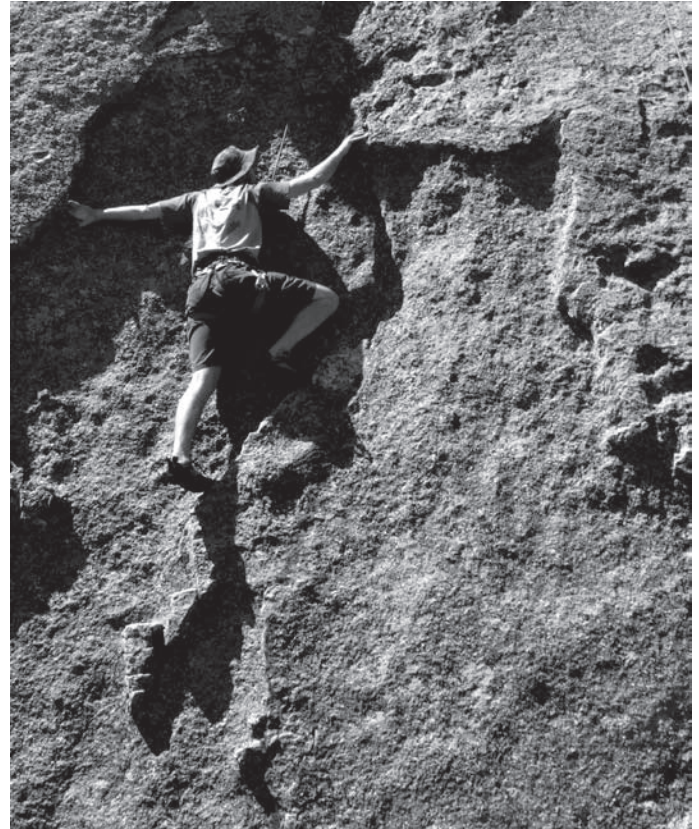
Since we are over 60 years old and have some decent money invested, with careful financial management we will be able to adjust to the new funding arrangements. What money cannot buy is the knowledge of a secret cave entrance, the best line down a particular rapid, or the right size cam to protect the crux of a climb. Only experience, coupled with a willingness to share it, gives club members access to these things. You cannot purchase inside information about the best gullies in the back country, or a hidden camp site with an amazing view. Happily, VSU does not threaten any of this.

On a more individual level, some people start climbing with MUMC because they need our equipment, they want to save money, or they are sourcing eligible members of the opposite sex. If these were my only criteria, I could have jumped ship ages ago. Maybe (though it's debatable) if I had focussed solely on my own climbing agenda I would on sight a grade or two harder. But who really cares? The numbers involved are unimportant (and this from a mathematician!).

I think that many of MUMC's most experienced members share these sentiments. Whilst we have our own outdoor projects, for us the ultimate goal is more collaborative. We want the amazing opportunities that were offered to us through the club to be there for others in the future. To go back to the financial theme, preserving these opportunities requires wise investing across a range of portfolios... kayaking, skiing, walking and so on. If you are a keen beginner or intermediate that the club is currently "investing" in, I hope when your time comes (and it could be here already!) that you will give MUMC a good return by sharing your enthusiasm with others.

In the past people have fished me out of rivers when I swam, belayed me with unfathomable patience, and helped me up when I fell on my arse in the snow (with a pack) and lay there like a turtle. Such moments of unspoken friendship are precious to me. A brief smile of understanding, a few words of encouragement - things that cost nothing but can have great value. Often a five minute explanation can make an enormous difference and greatly empower the recipient - better technique for sweep strokes, how to do a hand jam, or the correct adjustment of a pack. If we as a club make a commitment to sharing things like this, over time (think compound interest) the rewards will grow exponentially.

To all of you who have come on an MUMC trip this year, from eager beginners to seasoned old farts, and everyone in between, thank you for your contribution to our club. Collectively we possess a great wealth of outdoor skills, insight and experience and we should aim to distribute this as widely as we can amongst our members. In each of the club's activities, we want the number of enthusiastic members to grow and keep on growing. And these are the numbers that are important.



Lincoln styles it up - Simon McKenzie

Treasurer's Report

Lincoln Smith

Once again the clarion call to write Mountaineer articles has sounded. Once again I've intimated that I could write an article, and have then run off to find as many other excuse-providing, club-related chores as possible. This time, however, something feels different. The guilt feels different, and no matter how much chocolate I eat, the guilt continues to grow and probably not helped by the gluttonous consumption of chocolate.

No one really wants to read a treasurer's report, but I'll write it nonetheless. It won't take long, so there will be no victims in this crime. We have enough money that I've considered trying to run away with it. That said, I'm not above petty thievery, so that may not be as glowing an endorsement as it first sounds. With VSU due to arrive, I may be moving to greener pastures before long.

That about does it. If your financial cravings remain unsated, all the financial nitty gritty and pecuniary peccadilloes will be on display at the AGM, so come along! Details are somewhere in this issue.

Kayaking

Grant Schuster

Since o'week Victorian rivers have mostly got drier and drier. With June being the driest winter for one hundred and forty something years, we have to wait for all that snow to melt before we get rivers going... hmmm... ok, so we need the snow first! That being said, Eastern Vic did get hammered with 40cms of rain in two weeks back in May and four of us all made our way there for some excellent big water river running/ creeking (and tree bashing as required). Easter was also busy with a crew of 7, 9 or 11 (depending the time of the trip) going up to Far North Queensland for some Hurricane Larry fall-out and some Katrina excitement while we were there. Although some items were lost (by yours truly!) a great trip was had and some awesome photos snapped up. In addition, another group caught up with some Brisbane locals (luckily only for a short while) for some Nymboida action over the Easter weekend. So, other than a couple of Penrith whitewater stadium (think concrete man-made drain with massive water pumps) trips and a few beach and pool sessions, we are sitting around assembling head cameras, talking 'padding out' boats or just enjoying the party months of May and June. Fear not - August will come around, water will fall and Spring will be prime for boating. Just huck it!

Climbing

Simon McKenzie (acting climbing convener)

It's been busy since O'Week, with highlights trips including the very popular Cathedrals introductory trip, where many new members received their first taste of top roping, with more experienced members having a go at multipitching. In spite of poor weather, Easter Arapiles was also great success, with every member going on a multipitch and doing some top roping.

Climbing through the semester has been very regular, with trips going to Arapiles on most weekends, with a few trips to Buffalo, Black Ians, Teneriffe, The You Yangs and Ben Cairn thrown in for good measure. It slowed down a little around exams, but a number of day trips ran to nearby crags, including Black Hill, Mount Beckworth, Werribee Gorge and Camel's Hump.

We've seen the arrival of some new members from overseas, with Olivier and Lars stitching up a number of Arapiles' harder classics. Many members have started leading, these include Michelle, Alice, David, Kate A, Paul, Kathryn, Ben, Jason and Kate H. The June-July week-long Arapiles trip allowed a number of our new leaders to consolidate their new skills.

I'd like to thank the body of climbing leaders for their excellent work in arranging trips and taking out beginners, particularly Lachlan (our climbing convener), Alison, Lincoln, Dale, Stu, and Ian. It's been a great season!

Pie & slide winner (Action Photo) 2005 - Grant Schuster



Mountaineering

Dale Thistlethwaite

The last few months have seen the sport of mountaineering occupy more news space than usual. As unfortunate stories of ascents and tragedies on Mt. Everest unfold in the media many people have asked me, and other mountaineering enthusiasts, “Why would anyone want to go mountaineering?” Strangely enough recent events have highlighted for me several of the things I most value about mountaineering.

Alpine climbing is about personal achievement, no question. But at its best it’s also about so much more. It’s about human connection, it’s about choice and it’s about consequence.

My personal experience of mountaineering has led me to believe that it fosters some of the strongest and most basic human connections. Sharing cramped living space, enduring cold, hunger, fatigue, and pain together bonds people; so too, does the joy of the summit, the disappointment of



Mark trying his best to kill himself (again) - Leah Jackson

and making decisions. The scale might be bigger in the Himalaya and the consequences graver, but the decisions are the same. Is our weather window big enough to do this route? Are we well enough and making good enough time to achieve our goal? Does that front look bad enough or quick enough that we should turn around? Choices in mountaineering are significant because of their immediacy and their gravity. While in life you often have to wait for the consequences of your choices to become completely apparent, mountaineering requires no such patience. The best mountaineers I’ve met are those that try constantly to be aware of the choices they make and the factors contributing to them, they resist allowing ignorance, personal ambition or investment to make choices for them, and when they do, they know.

Walking past a dying man 200m above camp 3 on Mt. Everest is a choice, nobody can make it for you, but you can’t deny you made it. In the end you’re responsible for your choices, so be honest about them. What so upset people about the death of David Sharpe on Mt. Everest is that those mountaineers who passed him on their way up chose their opportunity to reach the summit over attempting to save his life. Maybe he still wouldn’t have lived, but he also wouldn’t have died alone. Why is this so shocking? Aren’t humans often ruthless? The answer is yes, but in a sport that has so often brought us stories about the best of humanity, heroic sacrifice and survival against all odds, in a sport with a strong tradition of sacrifice and rescue, this act seems so alien. The choice those climbers made represents, to many people, a severing of their connection to humanity as a whole, and stands in opposition to the fundamental human bonds of alpine partnerships.

In a recent 60 Minutes interview Peter Harvey asked Mark Inglis, one of the many climbers who passed Sharpe on his ascent of Everest,

“Was it worth it?” Inglis’ response was,

“Stand on the summit of Everest and find out.”

Now apart from pointing out the obvious, that Peter might have got a different answer if he’d asked the question of David Sharpe, how can anyone respond?

Personally, I don’t imagine I’ll have either the ability or



Sunrise on Marcel Col - Matty Doyle

retreat, and recalling your adventures over a beer, safe in Mt. Cook village, or perhaps “summit mousse” in Pioneer Hut. On a grander scale, some of the most powerful stories of human connection ever told come from alpine climbing. In 1953, an American K2 team famously abandoned their attempt to summit to try to rescue fellow climber Art Gilkey. Their teamwork and concern for one another during the struggle for survival that ensued is legendary. More recently in 1996 Andy Harris, posthumous recipient of the New Zealand Bravery Star, reascended Mt. Everest, refusing to leave a climber to die alone, even though he knew it almost certainly meant dying himself.

This brings me to the second reason mountaineering so captivates me.

It doesn’t matter if you’re Sir Edmund Hillary or a novice on your first trip in the hills, climbing is about choices. You are constantly assessing situations, weighing options

the opportunity to climb Everest.

But if that means I never find out how it feels to be one of those climbers who walked past Sharpe, I think I can live with that.

After all, we all make our choices.

Back at the Clubrooms...

The last few months have been a bit of an administrative time as we approach the AGM. If you look really closely you'll hopefully notice a couple of changes in mountaineering. The first is that the mountaineering gear, which has long been pushed from pillar to post between the climbing and skiing stores, has taken up full time residence sharing the caving store. The extra space in the caving store has enabled the gear to be stored in a more functional fashion i.e. not a giant pile. The second is that several mountaineering resource booklets have appeared in the club rooms. These provide a range of info about gear, clothing, instruction, climbing areas etc. They are not exhaustive and are aimed at novice climbers focussing on NZ, but should be a useful resource nonetheless. Despite recent media representation there is much mountaineering that is challenging, fun, affordable and relatively safe. If you want any more info about getting into mountaineering come into the clubrooms and have a chat. The MUMC currently has many active mountaineers and we're always looking for new masochists to recruit. Coming up later in the year there will be an information evening and skills trips for those interested.



Matty climbs the campground - Simon McKenzie



The put in - Peter Lockett

WWF (White Water Fun) – The Indi Murray Gates vs Leatherbarrel Creek

Jasmine Rickards (Indi)
and Grant Schuster (Leatherbarrel)

As far as WWF goes this match was shaping up to be a good one. My email inbox was overflowing, cars had been reshuffled several billion times, boats had been begged, borrowed and were soon to be broken, and people were biting each others heads off. The five of us squashed in Grant's tank were treated to DVDs, being ambushed by wallabies in the fog, and once being overtaken by a wombat ambling up a hill, at which point Jimbo wound down his window and told it to "get off the bloody road." A long drive, not much sleep, a bright sunny day: the stage was set, hardcore creeking stupidity vs big bouncy river.

Ding Ding Ding.

Round 1

10:30am Indi: Put in locked gate: "So what's the best way of carrying this thing"

"You can use the cam straps, or take apart your backpack."

"Or you can just put it on your shoulder."

"This thing weighs a tonne, can't really feel my right arm."

"You look like a penguin."

"Well you look like bananas in pyjamas."

The reward is the mighty Indi. We slump on the grass in the warm sun fiddling with foot pegs and foam. Our small group; Sarah, Jimbo, Kylie and I set out for adventure, the river is BIG, and the boat I'm paddling drives like a truck. The first rapid is a big wave train and I grin as I charge through the waves and get blinded by water smacking me in the face. There are no rocks, just big waves and holes, and white water everywhere. We all paddle hard and make the eddy at the bottom easily.

8:30am Leather: Tom Groggin (on the Indi) - Take-out: "Meet Fraser and paddling buddy at the take-out before 8:30am on Saturday" was the call on Friday night.

“What? We never get up before 9am.”

“But we have a 6-8 hr paddle, with the chance of unplanned night out.”

OK, so we were up early and on the way. Both Fraser and the Melbourne old farts crew (Knuckle Grinder Pete, Angus the Pom, Simon “Donga” Wood, Inverted Grant) rocked up almost simultaneously and we charged off up the hill to the put-in. And let me add, that it was 450m up vertical to the put in! No carry systems needed for us though... put in was under the road as the creek went under it. I guess our only issue was the amount of water, or lack thereof.

“Shall we go paddle the Thredbo?” asked Fraser.

“Nah, we can float our boats and you don’t get many opportunities to try the Leather,” Grant replied.

So we were off paddling (pushing our boats over numerous rocks) down this steep creek (“water slide,” as Pete described it) by 10am. Oh, by the way we had six people and the online guide said maximum of 4 for this river...

Round 2

3:30pm Indi: Lunchtime: “That’s the end of the hard stuff! Go team!” Woo hoo. Still a bit of sun, the rocks we are sitting on are sharp but warm.

“That was so cool! My favourite rapid was the one that you started left and got pushed all the way across to the right.”

“Did you see that massive hole? I’m so glad I didn’t end up in there!”

“Did you see me get surfed backwards?”

“Who wants chocolate?”

“I can’t believe I swam in almost the only eddy in the whole river!”

“Whoever introduced blackberries to Australia should be shot, I’ve got holes in my dry top and they’ve even stabbed me through my wetboots.”

Now it’s just a nice easy paddle back to the car that’s been left for us at the bottom. Absolutely awesome day, we’ve all got big grins on our faces.

3:30pm – 4:30pm Leather: Portage: Oh, the online river description also said there was a one hour portage around the strainers and unrunnable drops. Well, at about this time we felt like we were standing on a lookout and every drop and rapid was full of wood. Usually river descriptions over state the time it takes to do portages, but we weren’t so lucky. About 4:00pm we’d been carrying 20+kgs on our shoulders on 45 degree scree slopes covered with fallen wood along the river bank for half an hour and it only seemed to get more choked and steeper. Angus scouted the next couple of hundred metres and returned with the bad news that it was to be an hour portage. Lunch was called, food was rapidly prepared (bite a bit off the cheese, spit it out into the roll, repeat with cucumber, tomatoes and mushrooms, pour some dip in, scoff down). Ten minutes later, washed down with crystal clear Leathery liquid, boats were back on our shoulders and we continued on

scrambling.

Round 3

9:00pm Indi: Khancoban country club: The huge hunk of steak and chips on my plate finishes off a fantastic day. It is raining outside on the car. I try and explain to the lady at the bar that I haven’t brought any shoes because they wouldn’t fit in my boat. Kylie is looking extremely stylish in her soggy wetboots and Sarah’s thermal pants.

“You do realise that if the cops pull us over none of us have our licences on us, we don’t have any P plates, and we don’t even know the name of the person who owns this car?”

“Hey look, awesome, they left us jelly snakes! Simon’s girlfriend rocks!”

“I’m going to sleep like a log! Wonder if the others are back?”

6:00pm Leather: Sundown, still on the ‘Barrel: Let’s start a little earlier... and remind you of the time of year – August! That is right, the sun sets about now. Although us guys thought we looked good in leather earlier in the day, we now felt Cody could have the title back. We found ourselves upping the ante to get out of this ditch that we were all feeling some (or a fuck load of) animosity towards, when the sides got steep and the river narrow. We were in a gorge with some big drops and rapids!

At one point in the gorge Knuckle Grinder gets out to scout on river right above 3m drop, with a dogleg and a lot more water than most of the leather. “Go Left” is the call to Fraser, who does so, gets flipped at the bottom, flushes and rolls. All good thinks Pete, but tries “Head Left” to Angus, who repeats Fraser’s end result. Finally Pete gives the “Start Right, Head Left” call, by which stage Chris is asking, “Can we portage?” With a laugh toward Chris (remember the steep walls of the gorge), I eddy out, start right, aiming left. About 3m from the edge, staring at a rock wall straight ahead which I was sure I would slam into, I turn my head to Pete and ask “Are you sure?” To which I get a “Yes, head hard left.” Two hard strokes, a ride on the big cushion mid-air, sub-out, come up upright, “Whoohoo” with a fist punch and I was down. Pete turned to the others, sent them down and then followed.

Extreme race time... “If we can make it to the Indi by dark, that is probably grade II, III max, so we can probably paddle out in the dark,” Angus informed us. So it was we were running grade III-IV blind with not much light for the next 20 or so minutes. That was until we found ourselves with five people in boats stuck on various parts of a river wide strainer. Somehow all six of us got passed it and didn’t loose anything. “Can I borrow your sponge,” Pete asked, “I’ve managed to put a hole in the CFS.” Excellent, a leaky boat! After another scary 15 minutes, going a bit slower, but only being able to vaguely see the paddle blades, helmet or boat (depending on which was white or

yellow) of the people in front, we met the confluence of Leather on Indi. Pull into eddy, Pete empties boat, time check: 6:30pm and almost pitch black!

OK, time to test Angus' theory – he leads off down the first bend... up, down, up, down (hmmm, that's a big wave train), ohhh there's white ahead, paddle hard left (hmmm, that hole on my right was quite big), it keeps going (fuck where's an eddy, let alone everyone else), makes an eddy on the NSW side (packing darkies time now).

"Ok, let's put it to a democratic vote, who wants to get off the river and spent a night out?"

"I'm fucking getting off!" I forcefully vote, quite ready to go postal.

Fraser and Angus agree and the others follow without opposition.

After emptying my boat (which took about 5 minutes as I had managed to put a 30cm split in my boat as well) I scrambled up the steep riverbank to find the others had already started a fire and found our humble dwellings for the evening.

Round 4

9:00am Indi: Geehi campground: Another beautiful day. Snow covered mountains in the background. Relaxed breakfast in the picnic shelter. Still no sign of the others. "Maybe we should go to the take out to meet them."

We try to dismantle Angus's tent but it doesn't like that



idea so we chuck the whole mess in the back of the ute.

6:00am Leather: NSW side, confluence of Leather and Indi: Ah light is upon us. Crawl out from under the, now wet from condensation, space blanket and off the spray deck and rescue vest (bedding of choice), stoke the fire a bit more, joke that there is more light now than there was at 6pm last night, and pack the gear up. On the river by 6:50am! What the hell was with this weekend, usually the hangover makes you get up to go add to the water in the catchment at this time, not bloody well get on a river. But so we did, with 10kms of the Indi to paddle out.

Just an hour and 10 minutes later and we were at Tom Groggin and Angus' car. Off the river by 8:00am on Sunday and our weekend was over. We were well and truly exhausted. Shuffle cars, drive back to camp and admire the spectacle of Angus's tent in the back of the ute...

Mop up

Geehi campground: After lounging in the sun, swapping stories and stuffing our faces with bacon, baked beans, sausages, eggs and everything else that can be eaten we shuffle the cars so that in each someone has had a decent nights sleep and head off back to Melbourne.

"It was awesome."

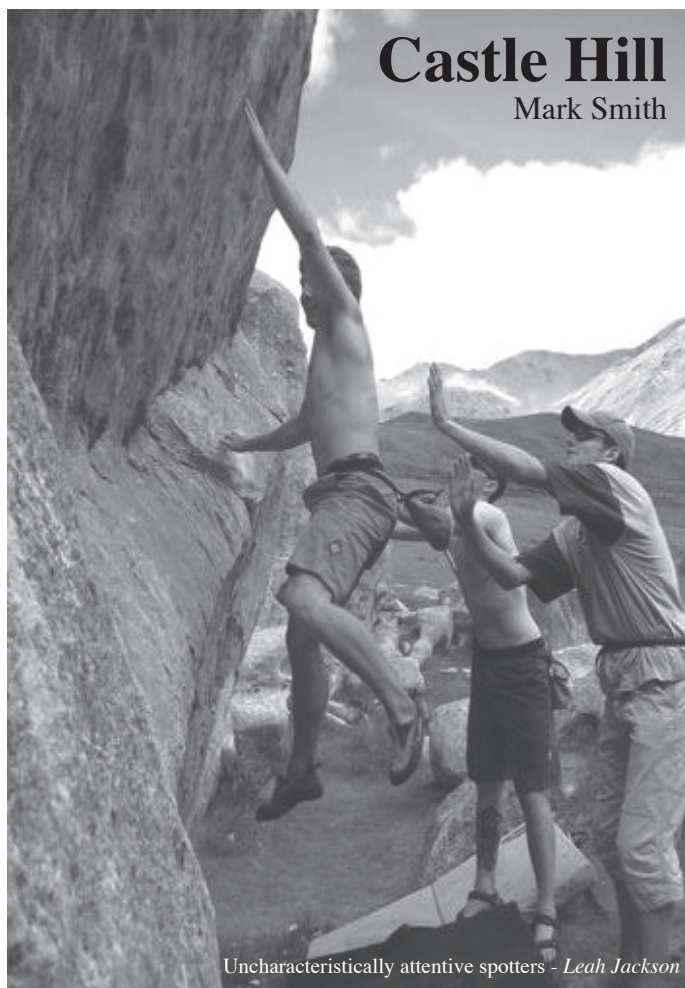
"It was an adventure but all adventures aren't necessarily fun."

"What? Just like fun only different?"

"It's a bit further than I'd like for a day trip..."



Leatherbarrel with complimentary logs - Grant Schuster



Castle Hill

Mark Smith

Uncharacteristically attentive spotters - Leah Jackson

On a warm December morning four impeccable specimens of athleticism got on a plane- destination Castle Hill, New Zealand. A few hours later Luke, Matty, Leah and myself (Canadian Mark) get on another flight to the same place. Needless to say we are all excited to go to the world-renowned bouldering Mecca. The plane lands safely and after some curt 'debate' we are off to Cocker's, a poorly named hostel. Once we all stop giggling about the name we head to the Try n Save. I get excited about pineapple and frighten a geriatric in the process. We take our 10 kg bag of rice and get down to the dirty work- looking for a cheap shit-box (aka a car).

Yadda, yadda, yadda we buy a station wagon from the sketchiest mechanic we can find. Prison tattoos aside he looks like a trustworthy chap so we hand over our hard earned cash. After repeated assurances that she was "bulletproof" we nervously drive away from Christchurch hoping the brakes work. From that moment on the beast was known as Bertha. We still don't know what was so funny, but the mechanic and his greasy retinue couldn't stop pointing and laughing as we drove away, but I digress. More on that later.

Sheep, more sheep, wow, a dog, oops no that was a sheep..... BAM! Boulder country. Like a mirage on the horizon a seemingly infinite amount of beautiful boulders appear before our eyes. It takes all our strength to keep Luke from jumping out of Bertha's window in euphoric hysteria. To say it is a climber's paradise does not give it

justice. Once we wiped the drool from our awed faces we quickly pack up for a brief session before sunset.

If there is anything you should learn from this rather pretentiously written article it is that Castle Hill is bloody hard work. I thought it was going to be like a Club trip where you sit down near boulders, look at the boulders and maybe even talk about what you would do on the boulders, but never did I dream that I would break a sweat and actually boulder. I guess we can thank Luke for that. Anyhoo, that's what we do until our muscles ache and fingers bleed. That night we quietly drive home, childish smiles on our tired faces.

The next morning we start to scratch the surface of what Castle Hill has to offer. Hundreds, even thousands of sloper, crimper and even slab problems strewn across several boulder fields- all without feet of course (I would even suggest not bringing climbing shoes because you don't really need them). Seriously though every movement, every style, every original hold can be seen out here. There are so many memorable routes in Castle Hill that I won't even begin to list any (except for Beautiful Edges). Plus most of the memorable climbs are out of our collective bouldering ability- barring Captain America of course. Regardless, even if you only boulder V1 or V2 I would suggest you come to this sanctuary and play around for as little or as long as you can.

Back to my hilarious narrative. There is a nice, free campsite 15 kms down the road from the hill which we stay at every night we are in the neighbourhood. Nice views, nice company, but most importantly nice price. We all hit the sack after the first night and are fast asleep dreaming about Quantum Mechanics when we are all woken up by obnoxious Matty.

"Get the f*ck off that you bastard," he yells.

Apparently, so Matty says, the Keas like eating bivy sacks, but we all know he's desperate for attention. Ok they DO



Leah Jackson

eat everything, including spondonacles, Jurlique products and pretty much anything you don't want to be eaten. We did, however, come up with an ingenious deterrent: big rocks. They can't eat those- stupid Keas.

I'm running out of words so I will get to the point. We decide to head down the west coast to Wanaka. Apparently New Zealand is meant to be beautiful - no one sees anything to validate this hypothesis. The only thing that lines the highways in NZ are big green mountains, waterfalls, glaciers, and the women's Swedish Netball team, but honestly who is into those things really. Wanaka is a quaint, chilled out lakeside town surrounded by mountains with the worlds most chossy climbing.

Hard Core! One for the carnage board - *Matty Doyle*



We head to the Tombstone climbing area and all get sheepish once we see the rock. Of course Luke 'scends a nice overhung 24 without breaking a sweat- and everyone is content. On the bright side I trade a bracelet I found for an Elton John and Paul Kelly tape (seemed like a good idea at the time), only to learn our tape deck doesn't work. Eventually I learn that Kelly's love is bigger than a Cadillac. What a poet!

All the pretty people in Wanaka make us sick so we decide to head back to Castle Hill, only to move on to Paynes Ford up in the North. We roll into the Hangdog campsite late and head to bed hoping we will wake to uglier people. After mingling with our cool neighbours we head to a crag. Deep in the forest we encounter awesome cliffs unlike any other we have climbed here. We hit the river at the end of each session which gives us a much needed respite from the gruellingly hot days. Leah, with her Bobby Sherman good looks, makes friends with some of the local surfers while Luke and Matty splash around in the water hole. Rain settles in the area so we head south for Castle once again.

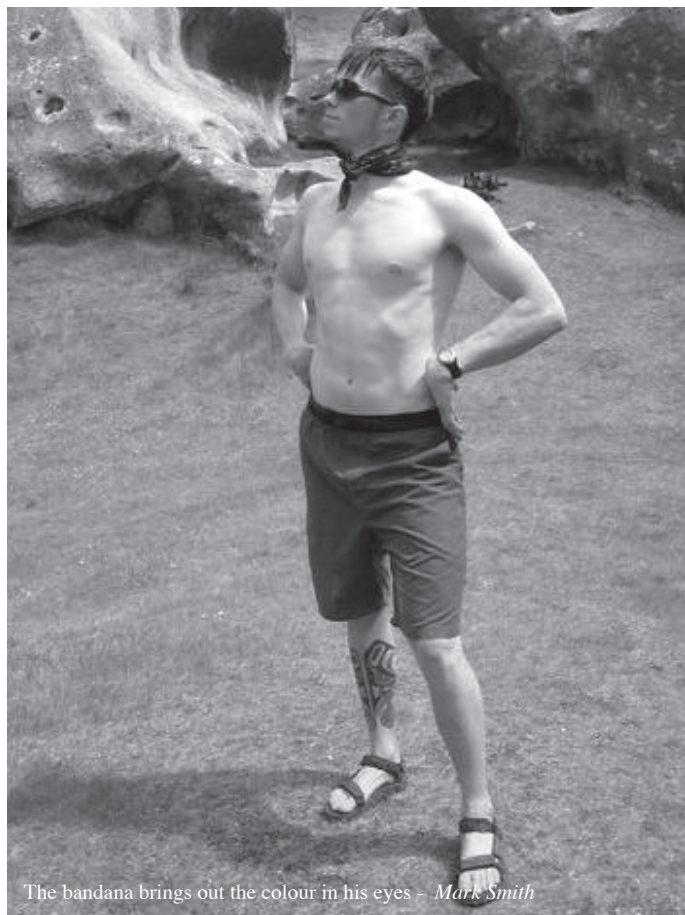
Nelson, which is by far the coolest town in New Zealand, seems an ideal place to try and kill Leah with Hokey Pok-ey. Matty tries but all he can do is make her cry. We trade pancakes for the location of a hidden hot-pool and cruise back to the Castle. The hot-pools are both relaxing and educational; Matty learns that bug repellent should NOT go in your mouth. I get excited about chocolate-covered marshmallow and make a gas attendant lady wet herself.

On the way back one of us (who shall remain nameless- Luke) makes the executive decision not to put water in the radiator. Ooops. For some strange reason our engine overheats. Bye-bye car, bye-bye. Oh, so that was why the mechanic was laughing at us. I crack the sads and take it out on everyone. Eventually everyone stops crying and we hit the local mechanic and buy ourselves a turbo diesel Corolla. With sore bums, after getting screwed and all, we say goodbye to our old car and to Luke (back to the US) and mosey on back to Castle Hill.

With our resident soup-nazi gone we relax a little, but on the down side it takes us about 3 hours to buy groceries. Upon our return to Castle we hike to the top of the nearest mountain and have a romantic supper a trios. Like all our dinners I end up with shaving cream on my face and embarrass us all.

We continue to enjoy ourselves bouldering, 'scending heaps of memorable routes, but alas, all must come to an end. The trip unravels as Leah's time to leave us has arrived. The adventures of Matty and Mark continue, but that is another story for another day.

I want to thank all three of you: Jukebox that is a timeless tie and vest combo; Space Cadet I am always impressed at how you can stare at things for an exorbitant amount of time (even if they are uninteresting); and Captain America, the only guy I know who can choose a pasta sauce days in advance. In the paraphrased words of Comic Book guy, best road trip ever! I'll never forget that time in New Zealand...you know the one, and the pineapple.



The bandana brings out the colour in his eyes - *Mark Smith*

MITTA MITTA RIVER UNI PADDLING COMP

When? Friday 29th September

to

Sunday 01st October

Where? The Mitta Mitta River

Why? Uni paddling events are fun.

As we all know, the Mitta Mitta River, nestled in the Victorian Highcountry, a long way from anywhere, is the primo grade 2 – 3 river in the **STATE!** There are a few sections of river of differing difficulty, the scenery is mountain-like and the rapids...rapid-like. Classics such as *the Waterfall*, *Gobbler* and *dislocation* generally raise the heart rate of neophytes and the pub is adjacent to the campsite....

Whats the plan?

- get a whole bunch of uni paddlers....
- slalom on the 'Pinball' Rapid (grade 2+) (this is where you paddle down through 'gates' like in the Olympics) .
- novelty events
- an **extreme** grade 4 slalom race (see photo) for those who are so inclined.
- river trips down 'the gorge' and other sections of the Mitta & surrounding rivers
- social events – the pub is 50meters walk from the campsite



The purpose of this event will be fun, and should cater for anyone who has been paddling a few times.

How do I get there?

From Melbourne: Drive out on the Princes Highway till you get to Bairnsdale (280km). Follow the signs to Omeo (120km). When you get to the T intersection in Omeo, resist the temptation to turn left towards Mount Hotham and turn right, keep driving (24km) till you get to Anglers rest.

From anywhere else: get a map.

More details & confirmation will be provided closer to the date

Expressions of interest / questions? tim.wallace@rch.org.au

Cape Schank Capers

Marina Carpinelli

Pie & slide contender 2005 - *Unknown*

Thirteen people attending this bushwalk met at the clubrooms at 6:30am on a Saturday morning and left in four cars. In an hour all the cars and people were at the seaside village of Seaford, 40 km south of Melbourne, where bakery products and caffeinated drinks were consumed. We planned to walk 24 km from Sorrento to Cape Schank along the ocean side of the Mornington Peninsula. I had previously mentioned the possibility of splitting into two groups and walking in opposite directions, thus negating the need for a car shuffle. This possibility was brought up for discussion in Seaford so I decided to do the democratic thing and have a vote. However, when the majority wanted to split into two groups I decided that we would walk as one group anyway.

The reason we had four cars for thirteen people was that I would not be driving back to Melbourne after the walk as I was staying in Seaford with my parents. Therefore two cars continued to Cape Schank while Callum's and my car to drove to my parent's house, five minutes from Seaford shopping centre, and to leave one car there. This was planned to be Callum's car as it was leaking radiator fluid onto the road at an alarmingly fast rate. We were almost at my parent's house when we realised that we had six people in the two cars and only five seats in my car. This necessitated calling Felix (luckily I had his correct phone number, not the version with one incorrect digit which he handed when leading a previous bushwalk) and asking his driver, Christine, to wait for us. They didn't know where they were and we didn't know where they were but they knew they were near Two Bays Road so we eventually found them at Mooroduc Coolstores and left Callum's car there.

The three remaining cars then met up at an ocean beach near Sorrento. The weather was cold and drizzly. Ten people were left in the shelterless carpark for an hour, with the Saturday Age for entertainment, while Christine, Victor and I completed the car shuffle. When we were returning to the group in Victor's car I was amused to note a very large general store, with chairs and tables inside, just up the road and out of site from the cold, wet carpark where the others were waiting.

We began walking at about 11:30am, five hours after meeting at the clubrooms. We met no people on the walk, probably because of the weather. The scenery consisted of small rocky bays, coastal cliffs, coastal scrub, sand dunes and long sections of beach. We lost the track a few times, the most memorable of which when we emerged from the coastal scrub into a suburban street. The nearest house had a large orange driveway and for some reason we thought this might be the track so we walked down it into the back garden, where it stopped. We then backtracked to the street but we wondered what the person we could see through the window thought of the thirteen people in bushwalking gear walking around their backyard.

Other interesting features of this walk included dead seals and penguins on the beach, Jack whipping those walking at the back with kelp to increase their walking pace, a sand arch we all walked through, the sewage outlet at Gunnamatta beach and Callum dive-catching a bouquet of sponges that I threw back over my head as a mock bride.

It was dark by the time we reached the cars at Cape Schank, and still drizzling. Victor, Christine and Felix left to do the car shuffle and I now found myself to be one of the people waiting in a cold, wet, shelterless carpark. However the hour passed quickly as we amused ourselves by changing my semi-flat back tyre (later discovered to have a nail in it) in record time (about four minutes) and seeing how many people would fit in my volvo sedan. We managed to fit all ten of us in with the doors closed and this not only enabled us to get out of the rain but it was very warm in there as well. We were all in there when the car shufflers returned and we quickly organised petrol money and headed back to Melbourne (even Callum's car made it back). Meanwhile I drove to my parents' place in Seaford for a hot dinner and a long shower.

I received lots of good feedback after this walk, despite leaving the group in the drizzle for one hour at either end of it, losing the track a few times and being dictatorial. Thanks everyone for coming and see you all on a daywalk soon!!!!



Abseiling Anchors

Stu Holloway



It is standard advice never to abseil off a single piece anchor. “Never abseil off a one-piece anchor.” There. I said it. I hope I sounded convincing. Unfortunately, like stretching the truth, illicit drug use, sex before marriage and binge drinking it is something we are probably going to do, despite the advice of our elders and betters. I abseil off one piece anchors routinely. (The rest of my life is probably less exciting.)

Abseiling is dangerous. Many factors contribute to this danger but they can be summarised by the following two acknowledgments. Firstly, that when abseiling we are reliant on several components in a system, the failure of any one of which is likely to be catastrophic, and secondly that people make mistakes.

There are a range of strategies available to us to minimise the dangers associated with abseiling in the general course of events. Sometimes, however, circumstance forces us to accept reduced safety margins. What follows is some strategies that may help reduce your chances of being made into blood custard when things have gone a bit pear-shaped.

Since you leave them behind, abseil anchors tend to be the cheapest thing you can kid yourself will do the job. There is, however, no point saving money if you are about to die (people with parents entering retirement might not want to leave this article around the house) so remember that it takes about a day to earn enough to buy a new camming device, or less if you

use gear from the former soviet republics, whereas your funeral will cost thousands and severely curtail your earning potential. Whatever it takes, you must get good anchors.

Once you have built the abseil anchor and arranged the rope in it, construct a backup anchor that is clipped, unweighted, to one strand of the rappel rope. Next, one person abseils and the other watches the anchor. If the abseil anchor fails, the falling rope will be caught by the backup anchor, so don't leave too much slack. If the abseil anchor holds the first person, it will probably hold the last, so you can pull out the backup anchor and abseil with reasonable confidence (this is why you need the backup to be slack – otherwise you won't know that the abseil anchor held the load on its own). You should do this for all abseils, but you won't. Presumably a trapezoid is what you get when you start cutting corners. At least do it for abseils where there might be some question about the anchor (a one-piece anchor tends to make you ask some questions). This backup process lets you make cheap abseils with confidence.

There is little in climbing that is more awful than abseiling off anchors of dubious integrity. Very rarely you may find that you can't get anything solid. This is scary and you are in trouble. Look harder. Look around, go back up the rope to find something, pendulum around the corner, see if you can down-climb to a better position. If you have extra rope you could leave it fixed to the anchor above and abseil off it.

When you do have to abseil off bad anchors you should aim to minimise the forces on the anchor. Rappel smoothly – don't bounce or jerk - and down-climb, taking weight on your feet and spare hand, as much as possible. Should you find any decent protection as you head down, place it and clip it to one strand of the rope – it gives you some more chance of staying connected to the mountain.

Finally, although you generally want to be clipped to the anchors at rappel stations, if the anchor might fail, you probably should just stand to one side; that way you have a chance to climb out or hope for a rescue.



AGM!!!

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the Annual General Meeting of Melbourne University Mountaineering Club Inc. will be held on Tuesday 15th August 2006 at 6:30pm in the Pavilion at Melbourne University, (near the Clubrooms, on the north side of the Oval).

THERE ARE no special motions to be attended to. Any Business other than ORDINARY BUSINESS to be included on the Agenda must be given IN WRITING to the SECRETARY via the Mountaineering mailbox in the Sports Centre, or BY EMAIL (below), NO LATER THAN 7 days prior to the meeting, (ie. before 7pm, Tuesday 8th August).

NOMINATIONS ARE HEREBY CALLED for all voting positions on the Incorporation's COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT. Nominations must be SIGNED by the PROPOSER, SECONDER and the NOMINEE, and must be placed in the nomination box in the Clubrooms, or handed to the RETURNING OFFICER, WE NEED SOMEONE! before 4pm on Monday 7th August. If you would like more information regarding any position, please consult the current holder of that position, or the SECRETARY via email: secretary@mumc.org.au.

"One would be stupid to sit in the chair." A1 - [Matty Doyle](#)



Bumming it up in NZ: A travel diary

Jasmine Rickards

"If it's not one thing, it's another... if it's not another, it's one thing."

Pie & slide contender 2005 - Sarah Neumann

Note: All this stuff is made up, I don't condone any of it, any reference to real people or events is purely coincidental, please don't tell my mum J.

On the way to go rock climbing Castle Hill – Porters Pass

Click click

"Do you hear that noise? I might pull ov..... Sh*\$%^t I knew we should have got AA roadside assistance before driving out here... And we don't have phone reception... We'll have to push it around. Hopefully we don't hit the barrier."

Screeeeech

"Err..."

"Just keep pushing."

"So what about if we hitch into Springfield, join AA, hitch up to Castle Hill, go climbing for our 24h wait period, hitch back, call them up, tell them we've broken down and get it towed back to the service station in Springfield?"

"Then we can't leave the car here, we'll have to roll it back down the road to the picnic area."

"It's like 5 k's! We'll need heaps of speed coming into that last uphill bit... so you're going to have to take that corner really fast... Do you think we're going to die?"

"Maybe"

"Ok...let's do it..."

The eerie silence among the boulders was broken by a busload of American kids hopping their way over the rocks.

"You know man if I had a parachute I'd jump!"

"I think it'd take a while to deploy," said his mate.

"I don't wanna hear your stupid logic."

"Do you think we'll need a new engine?"

"Yep"

"Are we going to be able to get one in Springfield?"

"Do you feel like selling one of your kidneys?"

"You know when I joined up AA they had this cheap upgrade thing where you could get towed all the way back to Christchurch."

"Did you get it?"

"Nope."

"So if we hitched into Castle Hill township, called AA, upgraded, hitched back, climbed for another 24h, then hitched back to Springfield..."

"So you are saying there are no public phones in Castle hill? Could we use your home phone? Oh you don't have the phone-line connected. How about the Bed and Breakfast? We just need to join AA. Oh you can't join after 5 anyway..."

“So how about we hitch back to Christchurch, sort out a mechanic, get this funky upgrade thing, hitch back to Springfield, call AA, clear out the cobwebs, sleep in the van and then get towed back to Christchurch the next morning?”

Kawarau river Queenstown

We were sitting in the sun, drinking beer out of 2L brown plastic bottles after a satisfying run down Roaring Megs which included Shell almost being cleaned up by a jetboat. A hedgehog came tearing out of the bushes. Anthony, who drives the bus for the rafting company, came crashing after it yelling “Stop him! He’s nicking my avocado!” The rafting company van and trailer started rolling backwards into the river. Luckily it jack-knifed and crashed into a tree.

“Hey Anthony I think you forgot the handbrake.”

“Bugger! That damn hedgehog better not eat any of the other food out of my tent.”

“Hey don’t worry we’ve got a rat in our car that’s eating all ours.”

“What’s with the tent next to yours Anthony?”

“Dunno, think it’s deserted, haven’t seen anyone in it for all the time I’ve been here.”

“What’s in it anyway?”

“Dunno.”

“You mean you’ve had a tent next to you for a whole week and you haven’t even looked inside? What if someone’s died in there?”

Inside the tent was a lilo, a crummy sleeping bag, and a porn magazine.

“I think it’s his wanking tent...”

“Do you reckon anyone’d notice if we took it?”

“What?” said Kate, “You’d actually sleep in the dead man’s wanking tent?”

Milford Sound Fiordland

Sven tried to chop his thumb off instead of the pumpkin. It rained all night. The tent leaked.

The next morning we were standing on Moraine Creek Bridge in our paddling gear.

“Looks kinda tight and bony....”

“Not too many eddies....”

“Looks like you go left of the big rock, avoid the log, straight, right a bit, left a bit, rock slide, left, straight, left, straight, can’t see past that bit, between the two big rocks, right, right, don’t go upside down or get sideways. Seems pretty straight forward! Oh yeah, and remember we have to portage there and there because there’s rocks and strainers at the bottom of the drops.”

“Uh huh.....” I said, peeing my pants.

In a fantastic display of paddling style I then proceeded to get sideways, spin around, hit almost every rock, add some scratches to my helmet by running the rockslide upside down, get into an eddy that I couldn’t turn around in and had to back out of upstream, and get totally worked for about 5 minutes in the most miniscule hole I have ever

seen in my life whilst Derek and Sven laughed in disbelief.

We arrived in Milford Sound. 8:30pm. No gas in the stove, no fuel in the car, nowhere to camp. Ace. “Hey doesn’t that dude we went paddling with on the west coast work for the sea kayaking company down here?”

“Blake....Mate...”

20 minutes later we had a spare caravan to sleep in, a stove to cook on, and were exploring Milford Sound by sea cycle courtesy of a fisherman called Stoney who opened his beer can with pliers so he didn’t waste a drop.

Bungaree Beach Stewart Island

The violent hailstorm subsided and the deer carcasses swung on the veranda in the glorious sunshine. Sven was balanced on top of the highest sand dune he could find waving his mobile phone above his head.

“What are you doing?”

“I’m trying to do a job interview. It’s not working very well.”

The clouds raced across the sky and the rain started pelting down again. Julie had gone for a swim. The water was freezing. We sheltered in the cave.

“Did you find any penguins?”

“Nah just lots of poo and regurgitated fish. I jumped into the mud, landed on a root, and sprained my ankle. Did you get to go out on the boat fishing with Russell?”

“Yep. I hooked this huge blue cod but it snapped my line. Then I used one of the other guys lines and you’d never believe it I caught the same fish again! It still had a bit of orange line hanging out of its mouth. So at least I got my hook and sinker back. Then we were cruising round the point and Vaughn saw a deer so Russ shot it from the boat. Looks like we’ll be having a feast tonight.”

Sefton Bivvy Mt Cook National Park

5:00am I was wading waist deep in snow. We hadn’t even crossed the glacier yet. We could see the lights from Mount Cook village down in the valley. The sun was about to come up.

“This is crap, if it’s like this the rest of the way we’re not going to make it to the Eugenie glacier let alone up the footstool.”

“Well you know the freeze is bad when your ice-axe falls over in the night cos the snow melts so much.”

“When the others ask us how it went we can say, Fantastic! The other people in the hut gave us cake, easter eggs, and carbon monoxide poisoning! It was wicked! Sven had a splitting headache and I was about to chuck my guts up.”

“Hey, at least we weren’t sharing a sleeping mat, sleeping bag, and bivvy bag in the pouring rain like Matt and Tim would have been.”

“And if those were Matt’s gloves left in Wyn Erwin hut

then they would have been sharing gloves as well. Wonder how that would have gone... ‘Hey Tim I’m gonna move my right hand now, you ready? Nah man, the other right hand...’”

Highlights and lowlives

The best bits of travelling around New Zealand have been:

Climbing, kayaking, mountain biking, tramping and mountaineering, being able to drive wherever you like and then crawl into the back of the van and fall asleep, hitchhiking and meeting crazy people, finding free stuff like a tent, 5c, a sachet of tomato sauce, apple trees dripping with ripe apples on the side of the road, free Spanish courses that make us fulltime students, student job search urgent jobs, free student bank accounts that give you MP3 players, and

free backpacker food, learning how to drive a tractor at the pumpkin farmers place, and seeing penguins, albatross, dolphins and seals, especially the one that chased a German tourist 500m down the beach.

The worst bits about travelling around New Zealand have been: Having the van so full of junk you can hardly move. Having everything filthy or wet or not being able to find it or get to it without pulling out everything else. Having to hitchhike cos something’s broken on the van again. Not catching a pumpkin that is chucked at your head. Having to find free stuff cos you’re broke. Having an autumn leaf fight only to find that the leaves were covered in dog poo. Dropping your dinner on the ground. Finding out that something in the free food bin at the backpackers was off because you are throwing up all down the side of the van in the middle of the night.



Huw’s shopping for two, Easter Araps

Breakfast	Who
Weetbix	Both
Milk (2 x 1L UHT)	Kate
Tin fruit	Huw
Lunch	
Bread	Huw
Tomato (also for dinner so lots)	Kate
Salami	Huw
Cheese	Kate
Olives	Huw
Humus	Kate
Dinner	
Pasta	Huw
Tuna	Kate
Sauce	Huw
Mushrooms	Kate
Lettuce	Kate
Avacado	Kate
Mince (500g ish?)	Kate
Buritto wrappers	Huw
Taco sauce powder	Huw
Salsa	Huw
Other	
Batteries for headtorch	Huw
Museli bars	Kate
Carrots	Huw
Fried crap	Both
Gatorade	Kate
Cous cous meal	Kate
Beer	Both

Figure 1: Food Plans

Beginner Intensive Course - The Goulburn

Jen Sheridan

For those of us who had enjoyed kayaking on the Cathedrals Introductory Trip, or for those who had just decided that kayaking was going to be their thing, the Beginners' Intensive Course on the Goulburn River at the start of March was the perfect follow-up/ beginning. This was the first time that the club had run such a trip, and judging by everyone's responses, it was very well received. The aim of the weekend was for the more advanced kayakers in the club to pass on some basic skills in order to give new kayakers confidence in the water and prepare them for more paddling.

Our first task on the Saturday morning was to split into two groups: swimmers and throwers. The swimmers were taught how to swim safely in white water, and the throwers learned to pack and throw a throw bag with varying degrees of success. This was then transferred to the main rapid, conveniently located right next to the campsite! Basically the swimmers would jump in at the top of the rapid, and then the throwers would attempt to rescue them at the bottom. This led to some reasonably amusing scenarios, as occasionally four throwers would attempt to rescue a swimmer, none of us hitting the mark, at which point one of the leaders would have to rescue them. However, by the end of the session most of us had the hang of it (although some of us just aren't cut

out for ball sports – little did I know that kayaking would involve throwing things). We swapped roles, and by lunchtime we all felt much more comfortable swimming in the rapid as well, which took a lot of the fear factor out of falling out of our boats, which in turn meant that we could push ourselves to try that slightly harder skill; one catch phrase heard with regularity over the weekend was, "If you're not swimming, you're not trying hard enough!" I must have been trying pretty bloody hard.

After this we got into our boats and started learning skills such as paddling our boats on edge, which involved using our hips and legs to hold our boats angled out of the water, with one side dipped in. We also practised sweep strokes for turning, doing countless figures of eight, and breaking in and out of eddies, which was a main focus of the weekend. From memory we only ran the main rapid once on the Saturday, as the leaders were really focussing on our boat control before unleashing us – probably with the hope that there'd be less of us to fish out if we had a few more skills under our belts before attempting 'The Gnar'.

We then moved on to ferry gliding. This is where you 'ferry' across a river from one eddy to another without moving downstream thanks to some nifty angling and edging of your boat. I was interested in learning this skill, after hearing all the leaders talking about "fairy gliding" the week before at the



Camp site and kayaks - Terrence



Yarra – although as soon as I received my info sheet about what we were learning over the weekend the penny dropped that it was about ferrying rather than anything to do with light little fairy strokes, the only reason I could think of for naming something after fairies. I think I managed to conceal my disappointment pretty well. This is actually a pretty good example of one of the really beneficial things about the weekend; learning all these basic skills means that when we attempt a harder river and someone yells at us to ferry glide we'll know what they mean and will have some idea of how to do it, rather than misinterpreting the instruction in some bizarre way.

We finished off the weekend by spending some time on the main rapid, practising whatever skills we'd learnt over the weekend, and generally having a ball. This was when we could see how far we'd all come and there was a definite sense of achievement for most of us. It was a great environment to try everything in, because there were so many leaders who we knew were looking out for us, keeping us safe, and who were able to give us tips about why we had swum – again! The leaders had a pretty tough job over the weekend, dragging us all to the edge and chasing our boats and paddles whenever we swam, and everyone appreciated the effort they put in, particularly from Sarah, whose pet project the weekend was. We all had a lot of fun getting to know everyone else who was at the same level of kayaking as we were, and also getting to know a fair few of the more advanced paddlers. A good way to keep up any skills learnt on the beginners' weekend, and add to

them, has been the pool sessions on Thursday nights. Obviously some skills can only really be done in moving water, but it's been great to learn some other skills (such as rolling) that are much harder to teach in a river, and to practise things like paddling in a straight line, which were pretty elusive for me when I started. It's also a good way to keep in touch with the other kayakers, and get a bit of a heads up if any trips are being planned. So while the beginners' weekend was great fun and very helpful with paddling, if you missed out then the pool sessions are an awesome way to meet many of those involved and to improve your paddling skills. 🐼



Nice Van! - *Derek*

Multi-pitching at Speigal's Overhang: A fresher's experience

Grace Phang

"Have you done a bit of rock-climbing before? Do you know how to belay? Yes? Then you're coming multi-pitching with us." After getting all the gear sorted out, a few of us split up with the rest of the Cathedrals group, and off we headed to the almighty Jawbones.

I was really pumped up and excited for some adventure after the long summer break of bumming around. I had absolutely no idea what multi-pitching meant at that time, but it sounded really cool. I thought that it was some sort of top-roping, just a higher rock-face. 120m I was told, I had no idea how high that was.

It was a pretty long hike up (and man, those ropes are pretty heavy) to the base of the climb – Speigal's Overhang, but with Lachlan and his most random stories ever, our spirits were kept high. When we reached the bottom of the rock-face, the first thing that crossed my mind was, "where the hack is the top?" "Well, probably just behind that rock jutting out over that ridge," I thought. The rock-face looked pretty alright, though it did seem to lack a few foot-holes. I wasn't sure if I would make it up to the top (at this point I still had no idea how high was 'top').

After setting up the ropes, Lachlan started lead-climbing with Sean belaying him at the bottom. He was lugging up a couple of ropes and a huge bag of gear with him. I was really impressed at his agility and how he made the climb look so easy. Pretty soon he disappeared out of sight. After some shouting between Lachlan and Sean, it was now my turn to start climbing.

I started the climb with Carlos, this chap from Barcelona who had been on quite a couple of climbing trips before. As I was used to top-ropes, the feeling of not having a belayer at the bottom, and one at the top which I couldn't see, felt really weird. About 15 meters into the climb, there was no foot-holes in sight. I tried searching for one but instead fell about a meter back down. At this point, I thought I was going to fall all the way to the ground. As I slid down, I felt a sudden tug at the rope. Phew!

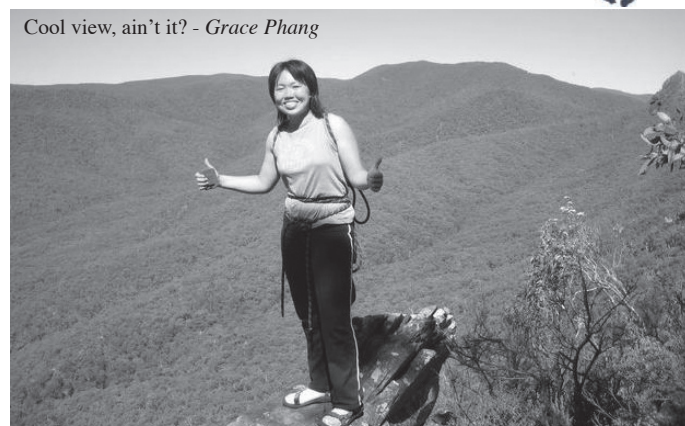
I was really close to giving up at this point, but as Lachlan was belaying both Carlos and I at the same time, I knew giving up would mean Carlos would have to come all the way back down as well. Not wanting to disappoint anyone, I scrambled upwards, jabbing my fingers into whatever tiny hole in the rock-face that I could find. Every time there was a bit of slack in the rope, I gripped on as hard as I could onto the rocks, fearing that I would fall back down. It was really a nail-biting experience, trying hard to focus on climbing, and at the same time trying not to think about the ground below.

After much perseverance, I finally made it to where Lachlan was, perched on this tiny tree in the middle of the massive rock-face. I was sweating really hard and probably shaking quite bit as well. Lachlan asked me a couple of times if I was alright and all I could do was nod uncertainly. He told me that it was alright to fear as it would make a person more careful and less likely to make mistakes. It was something that I probably heard a dozen times before on any other climbing session, but somehow, it was just the perfect phrase at that time.

Here I was, just having put my life into the hands of this guy whom I initially thought was "nuts" (he had pink nail-polish on his toes!), hanging off a tiny tree some 40m above the ground. It was really squishy up there, and while waiting for the others to climb up, I soon began to gain full trust in the rope and camming device (which I currently think is the coolest device in the world: it's such a wonder how such a small thing can hold so much weight!) that I was hanging on to. I was also amazed at the way Lachlan skillfully handled the ropes and belaying devices. "I talk a lot, but I really take my climbing seriously," Lachlan said. He really gained my full respect and trust and was my trip hero that weekend.

Anyway, at this point we were only a third of our way up the cliff. As I looked up to the top, there was one part of me saying that I was crazy for doing this and there was no way I would make it. But there was this even stronger urge to prove my fears wrong and put in the courage to conquer the cliff. There were points when there were these massive boulders which I thought I would never make my way over. But I knew that there was only one way, and that was upwards. After a series of pitches, some more in-the-middle-of-nowhere trees, and more scrambling, I finally conquered the cliff. The feeling of reaching the top and grabbing hold of that last rock was a true sense of accomplishment.

Multi-pitching was truly an eye-opener (minus the sore muscles and the massive sunburn – note: don't ever forget your sunscreen!) It was something that I thought only professionals on television do, and it never crossed my mind that I would be given the opportunity to partake in. It has definitely got me all pumped up for more climbing trips to come. A big thank you to Sean and Lachlan!



Weekend paddling at Jen's

Kate Heskett

Heading for Airey's Inlet. After many many attempts at organising (Tuesday nights, emails, the pool) we think we've got it pegged. Go to Huw's mum's house in Nth Melb, raid his car for paddling booty; boats, gear and cheat straps, drive for two hours including a dinner stop at Subway with a manager who'll tell us she eats cucumber sticks and Nutella (and who'll check that I eat every last scrap of the extra cucumber I ask for) and at eight o'clock try and find Jen's unit from a possible two addresses she's given us. Simple.

Sure enough at eight o'clock, with an eighty percent chance of being in the right place, our return message reads, 'We're still in Melbourne.' Awesome.

When everyone does arrive and we're let in (after a fruitless search of the surrounding town's for anywhere open on a Friday night with coffee) the rest of the night is dedicated to the top two paddler fetishes: gear and porn. Though not the gear you'd expect. It appears today's hardcore MUMC paddlers are obsessed not with gnarly rivers or shiny boats, rather, how best they can capture and load them into their laptops. That's right. Kayaking is now an electrical sport. Stock take: four peli cases (to the uninitiated, a 'pelican' case is a chunky, waterproof, rapid proof, should-float-in-theory, camera container,) three video cameras, one digital SLR and a laptop. Add sufficient cordage between devices and whoa! Instant porn.

After scouting two beaches on Saturday morning we hit the surf at about eleven-thirty. Pip leaves us to look for a pottery (instead finding a winery, and returning much cheerier than when she left.) I would have chosen the surf at the point, which was, perhaps not small, but...cosy. Alas, the surf in front of me is shit scary (read bigger than cosy) but I comfort myself with the knowledge that at least there are no trees to get stuck on. Nobody is in the water. Grant's busy setting up his head cam, complete with microphone, having already spent half an hour fiddling with the set up at breakfast. Sarah has set up her new camera on a fence post and I'm finding plenty of ways to procrastinate without my camera. A brief surf (less than an hour) and we're all standing around waiting for Pip, official shuttle bunny, to return from her 'antique shopping'. Over lunch we watch the footage just taken. First the stuff from the beach, Sarah's technique is improving, then the head cam footage, where the gurgling from the microphone as Grant spends time under water proving most exciting. Seeing a trend? Sitting around in front of an enthusiastic fire the MUMC paddlers are talking picture resolution, special functions, rule of thirds (see the photo tips article,) digital versus manual zoom and how many ways to shoot a lighthouse. Paddling? Well, it's 3 o'clock already, and the batteries' have just finished charging, and I really should time-stripe that tape before we go, so...



Sample Email

- >
- > Right, figured that since most of us are leaving for the beach tonight I
- > should make some attempt at organisation.
- > As far as I can tell, I'm driving down tonight taking Sarah with two free
- > car spots, Grant & Pip are driving down tonight and coming back early Sunday
- > morning, Nic & Kate may drive down or may be driven by Grant and Pip, Huw is
- > driving down late Saturday, possibly with Emilio, possibly bringing back
- > Kate & Nic, Dave might be doing a day trip on Saturday, and there are a few
- > others popping in here and there throughout the weekend.
- >
- > So, if you see a car that suits your timing, get in touch. If anyone need
- > a lift tonight, like I said, I've got 2 spots, feel free to call on 0438 015
- > 560. If you feel confused just reading this email, so do I.
- >
- > Oh, and I may have got my own address wrong. It may be 5/5 not 5/7 Hartley
- > St. I'm sure you'll find it somehow. Other original directions still stand.
- > Oh, and there is bed space for ten people, so if you think you won't be in
- > the first ten perhaps bring something to sleep on.
- >
- > Cheers, Jen.



Pie & slide contender 2005 - Grant Schuster



Pie & Slide Winner (Aus Landscape) 2005 - *Leah Jackson*

Don't forget to submit your photos, short films, and cheat-worthy stills from short films, for Pie & Slide night 2006. Categories often include Best Action, Humour, Flora and Fauna and Landscape. Stay tuned for details...

Stu's Guide to Black Ian

Stu Holloway

Stuart on beyond reasonable doubt (22, 1st ascent)
- Dale Thistlethwaite

Black Ian's Rocks is the northern-most crag in the Black Range, an outlier between the Grampians and Arapiles. It is Arapilesian, with very hard, red and grey quartzose sandstone. The cliff is ten – twenty-five metres high, leans a little bit either side of vertical and the routes are named for courtroom jargon. The great features are strong crack and corner lines offering fun, traditional climbing with excellent protection, and fingery, intricate climbing up the impressive faces.

The really great features of the crag for the winter though, are the sun-drenched, full northern aspect, the well equipped camping shelter, lots of fire-wood and the one minute walk in from the car. It is such a great location, especially in winter, that we have visited a few times in the past term. Sitting by the fire in front of the shelter, which, along with the table, toilet, water tank, access road and camping area has been provided by the landowner, Barry Bell (three cheers!!) we drink our wine and watch the stars blaze across the Wimmera, living privileged lives.

The face routes at Black Ian's rely on small wires and Rps in seams, micro-cams in shallow breaks and the occasional bolt. These climbs are fun but we have also found lots of space for development of new routes on these blank faces. There is apparently a bolting moratorium in place at the crag and bolting is hard work so we have been using a grit-stone headpointing ethic in establishing a string of highly engaging new routes. These days it's hard to find blanks on the map but there is still plenty of space for adventures.

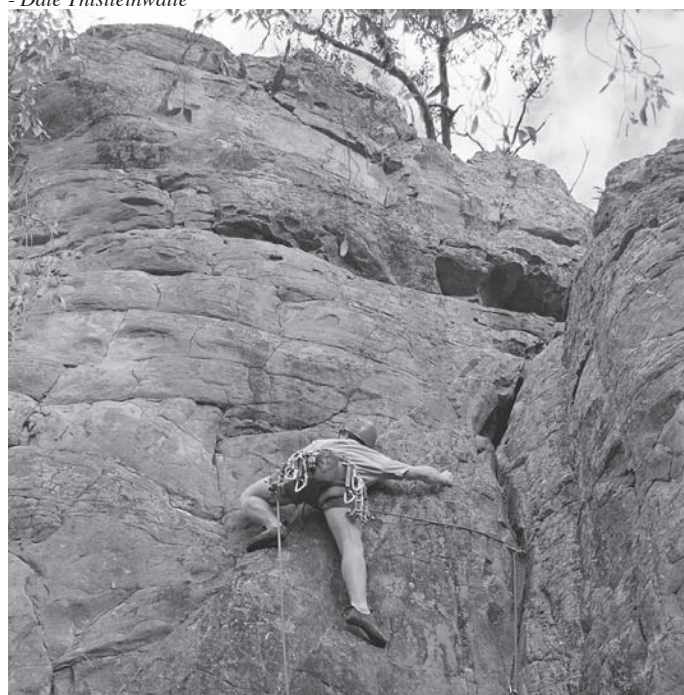
Some routes, such as leading the *witness* (21), a minor

variant on *call the next witness* (18), have been done with minimal inspection. On *advantage by deception* (23) the advantage was gained by seeing a hold while abseiling past the climb after doing another climb. The deception was that it turned out to be too hard and technical moves well above the nest of Rps and flaring cams to reach it. I top roped *conjugal visit* (22) twice before leading it. Lachie said it was great fun but you wouldn't want to get performance anxiety as there only two bits of protection and it includes some dramatic deadpoints. I tried to go ground up on the beautiful hanging arête left of *malicious intent* (21), but couldn't sort out the crux until I rehearsed it on a top rope to make the technical runout beyond *reasonable doubt* (22). We did the direct start to *scumbags of all sorts* (23) kind of onsight, using the protection and bolt of the original route. So we could go and try *a better class of scum* (24/5) in better style, but we'll probably want to rehearse it because the gear is bad; Rps to half height and then an easing runout to the top.

I'm heading back next weekend to finish my new project. On the tallest blankest wall at the crag I have failed to cleanly toprope the line despite four attempts. An unprotected dyno leads to strenuous, technical moves past a dubious #2Rp. A good Rp, marginal cams and a bit of a rest help you recover for a diagonal dyno off bad crimps. Here there is an old bolt from a route that traversed the face and a powerful sequence to a good microcam and several more metres of sustained climbing. If I 'cend it will be a *premeditated act* (25-7). If I fall it will hopefully be not too far.

Great crag really. You're never more than two minutes from the car, or lunch, so I love it. There are so many great routes for people to do. Ben struggled up *prosecutor* (18) but cruised *mitigating circumstances* (20). Lachie took fall after fall before becoming the *legal eagle* (24). Get to the crag yourself, or at least ask Dale about *doing time* (21).

Stuart on advantage by deception (23, 1st ascent)
- Dale Thistlethwaite



Kayakers out for a Splashing Time!

Grace, Giri, Alex and Lindsay

Another day. Another weekend. What more could we do? 9 courageous persons decided to brave the cold autumn winds of ruthless Victoria to take a wild and “dangerous” expedition down the mighty Goulburn River. Last Saturday, these intrepid people did the unthinkable. They got up at 6:45am!!! An hour later, with kayaks, spray decks, paddles, life jackets and helmets all loaded into/ onto the convoy of cars, we finally headed out to our destination. After a brief stop at Healesville for food supplies (the most important thing), we reached the river. Woo Hoo!!

We were all excited and looked rather stylish donned in our stripy and colourful thermals. For some, it was a first experience while for the others it was a great time to polish their kayaking skills. The newcomers were forced to pass a brutal and mentally demanding initiation test: wet-



Paddle...Paddle - Grace Phang

Angle! Speed! Lean!

These key weapons managed to keep most of us upright. At first, the rapids were non-existent. Then they became mild, and finally, mammoth. But this did not phase us! Paddling hard and bracing ourselves for the sharp rocks and massive waves, we went head on into the challenging rapids. At this point, CK, Allison and Eugenie flipped before a spectacular crowd of sexy, colourful kayakers. Throw ropes were flung out to rescue them. After a break for lunch, accompanied by the merciless winds of the mountain ranges, the more hard core and insane of us, aka Grace, Lindsay and Hui Ling, returned to the rapids. While the rest of us watched in clean warm jumpers, these kayakers had a splashing time running the major rapids. We also watched an amazing display of skilful tricks as the leaders practised their play-boating. We capped off the day by carrying our heavy kayaks 800m back to the car, tired but happy. After packing up, we made our two and a half hour journey back to civilisation. Back at home, a warm shower, four pizzas, and four packs of mi goring later, we are all sitting here writing this experience in anticipation of future heart-pumping and exhilarating trips to come. And last but not least, a big thank you to all the leaders – Grant, Martin, Huw, Dave, Emelio, Callum and Nic. Rock on, MUMC!!!!!!!



The Aftermath - Grace Phang



Our heros - Grace Phang

exiting the kayak. Brr, was the water cold. And I mean cold. At this point, Giri was too shocked from the cold and decided to opt out of the adventure. (He has since vowed to be a True Master of the KAYAK in one year! That's the spirit!) We split into two groups and set off down the long, winding river in search of wild rapids and lots of crazy fun. Zhen Hong, being a first-timer, was a little disoriented and a little freaked out at the start. After some personal coaching from one of the leaders, Emelio, he was soon paddling confidently downstream (and he didn't flip. Good job, mate!). The not-so-beginners, Grace, Lindsay, Hui Ling, Alex and CK, practised their skills breaking in and out of eddies with useful tips and advice from the awesome and ever-so-patient leaders.



Mount Jagungal

Jeremy Knox

While the rest of MUMC were rock climbing at Arapiles over Easter, 12 adventurous bush-walkers left Melbourne on the last day of term just before Easter to climb Mount Jagungal, the only 2000+ metre mountain in Australia not in the Kosciusko Plateau. It was a mixed bunch of undergraduates, exchange students, postgrads, relatives and ex Melbourne Uni students who were more involved a few years ago.

The first task was to pick up Wendy's brother George at Melbourne Airport and Marty at Tallangatta in North-east Victoria. The drive continued through the middle of the night until we finally arrived at Round Mountain car park at 3 in the morning. A couple of people already camped there

How many people can fit on the trig point? - *Jeremy Knox*

weren't happy when we arrived, as they had been woken at 3:30 in the morning but then what would a MUMC trip be without annoying others.

After a decent but short night's sleep the group headed south on a fairly flat track, so good progress was on Good Friday. The track was on a plain west of Jagungal so as we walked we could see Jagungal straight ahead, then too our left and then behind us. There was rain coming that night and possibly the next day so we tried to get as far as possible that day. It was an overcast day, but not cold and it didn't really look like raining. We had only about 5 km left to walk (out of 23 km) to arrive at Grey Mare Hut, when the rain started coming down and there was nothing to do except keep walking, getting wet and just think of the fire that was awaiting us at the hut. We had to go over after a couple of hills and cross a valley, across which we could see the hut through the rain. Despite the group being divided up into couple of groups, everyone made to the hut safely. Thankfully a few other people, who arrived before the rain started, had made a great fire. Some of our group set up tents and then cooked but others including myself stayed in the hut that night on wooden bunks. With the warm fire in the hut the evening was fun with a good dinner, a couple of card games and Matthew's port.

The next day everyone woke up late as we didn't need to go early and caught up sleep from Thursday's night drive. When I emerged from the freezing hut (with the fire having gone out and the cold air come in) there was a fire



Joel climbing the unofficial weather station - *Jeremy Knox*

going outside, but it was also snowing! There wasn't any on the ground, but it snowed very lightly for an hour or so. We left in three groups making our way down a valley and then towards Valentines Falls. We crossed the Geehi River and lunched on a ridge. Crossing Valentine Creek was a slight struggle across slippery rocks and then we climbed the steep hill beside the creek and the waterfall. There were some great views of the waterfall, the Geehi River and most the walk we'd done that day. Our destination, Valentines hut was then just over the top of the hill and when we arrived there was the option of going on to camp on the plains near Jagungal. But with a hut that had a great pot belly stove, it wasn't a contest. A short day's walk in distance (5-6 km) had taken a few hours so we arrived about 4pm wanting dinner sooner rather than later. Matt and Andy had a go at chopping wood for the wood pile in the twilight before dinner. The hut was fantastic, the stove made the hut very warm if not hot and there was plenty of room. There were some other groups there and we got on well with them for an enjoyable evening. Along with stories desserts, and a really warm hut, Hannes had brought a cloth backgammon and checkers board, so we played a few games involving both novices and experienced players.

The next day, Easter Sunday, was a beautiful, with blue

Rudolph in front of Valentine Falls - *Jeremy Knox*



sky, sun and not a cloud. This had meant a very cold night, with frost on the grass. There were also fantastic ice crystals on the path where the frozen ground water had expanded and pushed other water up and out of the ground. This had made the ground about a centimetre or two higher, as there were these vertical ice crystals everywhere, but they snapped underfoot very easily. The morning's walk was an easy track walk and then on the high plains, where Jagungal towered over the rest of the region. There were views back towards Mt Bogong and "Kozzie", which had a dusting of snow on top (it melted by lunchtime). We came across ponds which had frozen over and despite the freezing water Pete had a dip in one of the creeks. There were also patches of snow under rocks and away from the sun as we climbed higher. We continued over the small hills to the foot of Jagungal, making excellent progress.



Ice came out from the ground overnight as crystals - *Jeremy Knox*

The group split as some of the guys charged up the mountain and had lunch on the top while others lunched halfway up. The ascent was quite steep towards the end and the need to be some scrambling to 'bag' this mountain. Finally everyone made it up to the trig point about 3pm, where three people managed to fit on the concrete block. Having carried a lightweight kite the whole walk, I flew it in the strong breeze for a good twenty minutes until Matt decided that we needed to get going again, as the intended camp site was a good two hours walk down on Farm Ridge.

Going down, the group were all over the place but couldn't get lost as we followed a creek down to a strange building. It seemed to be some sort of very dodgy weather station with an old milk can for a rain gauge and metal flapping against a centre pole for the wind monitor. It was there, so it needed to be climbed and Joel completed the task before making lots of noise up the top with the flapping metal to disrupt the possibly listening device inside. The rest of the walk passed uneventfully, and we all set up camp in old farm paddocks on Farm Ridge (original name!). Dinner time was made more interesting by a cook off between the MSR pyros, who were challenging each other and the standard time to boil a litre of water. Matt was the fastest, but wasn't anywhere near the supposed standard. My Trangia had ten minutes head start, but ran out of fuel. That's fairly normal for those unfortunate to have the far inferior, but less violent stoves.

That night was again cold and clear so there was again frost on the grass and ice coming out the ground on the



Andy having a go at using an axe - *Jeremy Knox*

path. Our journey that day took us along the ridge east of the Tumut River. The group again split, this time purposefully though, as some of the guys headed straight down to the river and along the valley. My group stayed on the track on the ridge and then dropped down 200 metres to the river, the far quicker and easier route. Everyone then had to climb up the other side of the steep valley and we met each other at the Round Mountain hut at lunch time. From there it was a quick walk back to car park.

After packing up, sorting out changed tents, and finishing off lunch, we headed off for Melbourne, stopping again to drop off Marty and then meeting the other cars at Glenrowan pub for dinner. For some reason there were less people on staff that night, even though it was a public holiday. The service was shocking, with some dinners came an hour after others. However, that was the only negative of the whole trip. It was a fantastic time, and Mount Jagungal is a great place to walk. Everyone should go to Valentine's Hut and read the story of the pot belly stove and then enjoy it warmth.



Toilet with a great view of the Big J - *Jeremy Knox*



Bent Bananas and Brown Water: Kayaking in North Queensland

Jimbo Anderson



Jimbo meets the locals at Mossman Gorge - *Angus Boud*

Why is it that we head to the mountains in late winter and early spring to brave frosty mornings and snowmelt in the name of good kayaking? It's not always fun and it's always cold, but we continue to do it anyway. Then along comes a trip to make it all worthwhile. All those cold weekends honing our skills and gaining experience allowed us the opportunity to capitalize on some chunky North Queensland white water. Grant and I teamed up with ex-MUMC old farts Dave and Pete plus other random paddlers for an appointment with the Rain Gods and a 12 day tropical paddling safari.

Flying into Cairns, our first paddle was a quick visit to the Barron River. The Barron looked more like a chocolate milkshake spilling down the gorge instead of the usual scant release from the power station. Quick check of gear: dry top – don't need, thermals – don't need, any other warm gear – absolutely not! Air temperature: 30 degrees, water temperature: 25 degrees, rainfall: dumping cats and dogs with 100mm the day before our arrival. A nice warm up, but with just a couple of workings to keep the group honest.

But how long will the rain last? Expecting the rivers to drop we had to go and try some rivers and creeks that were too low on our first visit 2 years earlier. Next up we entertained spectators with a run down Mossman Gorge. Here, tourists gathered on the rainforest boardwalk that overlooks the river to watch us negotiate the pinball boulder garden rapids.

Local sources then directed out attention to Crystal Cascades, only 25 minutes out of Cairns. The sun was breaking through the clouds, and again an audience beckoned. Walking up the tourist trail the creek became narrower and steeper and soon became a series of grade 5+ drops. Hmmm, not much point scouting these for paddling but they were a spectacle worthy of closer inspection. So we started with a seal launch into the plunge pool below the last big rapid. Once on the water we were immediately confronted by a horizon line that no one except me paid much attention to when we walked in.

"Start right then go with the flow" I exclaimed, having noted that it was a clean line to take.

This was met with dubious looks and eventually a reply of "well you go first then!"

So I went first.

The rapid was short but steep and finished with 2 drops of 5 foot each, all of which was obscured from above. I quickly got a little out of shape on the 2 drops, (hmm this is where you remember that rapids always look smaller from the distance of a walking track,) but it was all good. Next up was Fraser, and his didn't look any more controlled than my effort. This procession was repeated by all, as no one managed to boof either drop, and continued to entertain all who had run the rapid while those yet to have a go remained ignorant of what was taking place. Last up was Grant who did it best, he completely submerged on the first drop only to resurface on the lip of the second drop to submerge yet again and resurface only to get nailed against a rock wall. As the creek descended further we soon found other punters on the river making the most of the sunny Sunday. These were not tourists but the Cairns locals cooling off by running the creek with or without rubber tyre tubes. Needless to say we felt a little over prepared with kayaks, elbow pads, helmets, buoyancy vests and rescue gear, but I can report we had an incident free run down the remainder of Crystal Cascades.

Heading south of Cairns we soon entered the area devastated by Cyclone Larry only a few weeks before our trip. Many horizontal banana plantations and damaged buildings, but more relevant to us is the flattened forest canopy blocking access tracks and potentially snagging up rivers and creeks. With the continuing rain our objective of getting on the Herbert River for a multi-day trip down the gorge and a revisit to the North Johnstone to settle an old score, seemed unlikely prospects. These rivers were running far too high and access near impossible due to Larry. With only a few hours of light left in the day we decided on a quick run down the Russel River. Having walked in to this river two years ago it was a contrast to see the thick rainforest reduced to bare tree trunks and a forest canopy on the ground. Fortunately the rafting companies had reopened the track since the cyclone, otherwise access would have been impossible. The river was at a nice level and we had a quick run back down to our cars, finishing on dusk. Meanwhile the rain once again intensified. Fortunately we had a picnic shelter to camp under for our first

night away from Cairns. Overnight all our cooking pots had filled to overflowing by the rain, the saucepan indicating that at least 100mm had fallen...

Excellent, the rivers are up, let's go have a look at Josephine Creek!

However, after much deliberation we agreed that there was too much water without knowing the run, not to mention the obvious hazard of trees that had fallen in. So we had a look at Pugh Creek and found it at a good level but choked with fallen trees. After spending the morning searching for a sweet creek to paddle we headed back to the Russell River which was up 1.5m from yesterday, fast and brown! Some of our group were keen for a run but I was a little dubious and considering that it was still early in the trip, there was no need to do anything reckless just yet. Meanwhile the rest of the group couldn't be bothered with the walk in to the Russell and would have a go dodging trees on Pugh Creek, while I played tourist and went sight seeing at Clamshell Falls.

Reconvening at the end of the day in Innisfail, there was a notable presence of cane toads and a notable absence of roofs from many buildings. There was also an absence from the roof of the car that went to the Russell. Oops, someone has lost a boat! Cherishing the notion of free beer as someone had obviously swum, it then became apparent that Grant had not only lost a kayak but also his video camera with all footage from the trip so far and his digital camera. Meanwhile a tropical low-pressure system

was intensifying off the coast, thus plenty more rain would come.

Tuesday and you guessed it, back to the Russell to look for the lost boat before the river rises further with the impending rain. Now that we had been made aware of the presence of crocodiles below the take out, no one was prepared to follow the example of Angus who yesterday paddled many kilometers downstream of the take out in search of the lost boat. Instead we hoped to find the boat snagged on the run. The level had dropped half a metre so was still rather chunky, but unfortunately no boat was found.

Wednesday: rain, rain, rain – cats and dogs or toads and frogs, Cyclone Monica had crossed the coast. Keen as ever to get a run in we searched for something good to paddle. Finding water was not a problem but finding water that was low enough to paddle was a new experience for many of us. We lowered our expectations and headed for a grade 2 section of the Mulgrave River only to find that we would have to leave our vehicles the wrong side of a bridge that was centimetres from going under. Realizing that the river was still rising we settled for coffee in Cairns then sightseeing on the Barron River Gorge. However, even the road to the Gorge was washed out so we couldn't even sight see, oh well, back to Innisfail to watch videos instead. In Innisfail we heard on the news that the Pacific Highway had just been cut by the Mulgrave River between Cairns and Innisfail and that up to 350mm of rain had fallen in 24 hours, just as well the coffee was bad or we would still be in Cairns.

Fraser boofing at Behana Creek - Jimbo Anderson



Thursday saw us off to try our luck at the flooded Tully River. Normally this is a grade 4 river that is full of rafters capitalizing on the year round water from the hydroelectric power station. The rafting companies were nowhere to be seen, neither was the waterfall. We didn't put in at the top due to the high water. However, the road was next to the river so we could always get on and off at any point if required. As the river was into the trees vantage points for scouting were non-existent. The waterfall rapid which has a notoriously sticky hole was instead washed out and only a large wave distinguished the fall from the wave train that now engulfed the river. No technical rapids at this river level, only Big Holes and Big Waves that only got BIGGER the further we went. Even minor rapids had holes big enough to work multiple boats simultaneously without getting in each-others way as Greg and I found out. Somehow I flushed but Greg didn't. Fortunately there were only wave trains downstream so the group was able to recover all gear without getting too scattered. The river soon cranked up again with many rapids linking up and the volume increased as the tributaries added more water. Minefield lived up to its name but the entire group found clean lines through the maze of hydraulics. Fraser then managed to get some quality surfing time on a wave that wouldn't let him over the lip while other waves were just big, clean and a green shade of brown.



Sus items: Grant and Jimbo at Millstream Creek - *Nigel Ellis*

Millstream creek up on the tablelands at 800m was a bit cooler requiring thermal tops for the first and only time on the trip. There was one good rapid plus a short grade 5 gorge that we portaged. OK, so not every creek is a winner but while up on the tablelands we managed to get a quick look at the Tully Falls in full flight. A rare spectacle since the construction of the hydro-electric scheme.

Three days after Monica, Josephine Creek had dropped and was at a good level for a first run, but it could also take some more water. Somehow we managed to lose the creek when we portaged around a fallen tree and ended up bashing our way down a minor branch that never rejoined the main flow. Fearing that we would miss the take out if we continued we decided to bush bash our way back to the creek. Our group had now managed to do the impossible, lose a river while kayaking down it, a navigational feat that could only be possible in a backward state like Queensland.



Grant with proof of shallow rocks on Behana Creek - *Jimbo Anderson*

After all the rain the Tinaroo spillway was now flowing for the first time in 5 years so we were able to paddle the upper Barron River. This is all granite bedrock making an interesting combination of rockslides, waves and shallow playspots.

The penultimate day of our trip and the Behana Creek had at last dropped to a good level to run, but still significantly higher than the previous trip. The sun was now out and the water was crystal clear, so we dragged the short run out over the whole day making the most of the change in the weather. The Behana lived up to its reputation as a sweet steep creek with a mixture of drops and technical rapids. We put in one drop higher than last time but portaged the next rapid, as it was too messy. Soon we came to the compulsory portage, however Nadege was swept down it after missing a ferry but found a way through the mess with only minor elbow damage thanks to elbow pads. Grant also managed to have a close encounter with the bedrock shedding skin from knuckles and cheek and I was lucky not to do the same after doing an inverted rockslide.

Last up was a return to Mossman Gorge. We put in a bit higher and with more water than our previous run it made for an enjoyable finish to our tropical paddling adventure. Oh, it's going to be tough readjusting to paddling in Victoria. Time to invest in some new cold weather gear before the snowmelt season arrives.



Jimbo - *Nigel Ellis*

MUMC 2005 AGM Minutes

MUMC 2005 AGM attendance list: Alison Thompson, Jeremy Knox, Nanette Schneider, Alison Tovlosos, Kat Martin, Ned Rogers, Alistair Meehan, Kate Heskett, Nic Patman, Amanda Bush, Kylie McInnes, Oliver Clark, Andrew Oppenheim, Lachlan Hick, Patrick Chork, Bronwyn Hradsky, Laura Kneen, Peter Hield, Callum Eastwood, Leah Jackson Phil Caldwell, Cam Quinn, Lincoln Smith, Shannon Crack, Claire Davy, Mac Brunckhorst, Sigrid Robinson, Dale Thistlethwaite, Mark Patterson, Simon McKenzie, Felix Dance, Mark Smith, Steve Chan, Grant Schuster, Martin Tomko, Su Li Sin, Hannah Lockie, Matt Kingston, Tim Wallace, Jane Davy, Matt Thomas, Tom Raymond, Jasmine Rickards, Matthew Adams, Tom Sobey

MP: how much is a beer?

[Nat arrives disguised as an Eskimo]

MB: welcome to AGM

GS: move to pass last years mins

DT: 2nd

Passed

SC: Sydney uni trip, spreads caving love amongst other clubs etc.

AT: several canyoning trips. Actually only one. In blue mtns. Trip to run sept break. Going to buy GPS

LH: Climbing trips lots. Many beginners. 40 taught to lead. Some came back. Lots of smaller trips. One or two longer trips. Boulder Wednesday – going good. “climbing this year has been quite successful”

AT: We should publicly thank DT and SH for being tops

DT: thanks

JD: people keep not returning/ breaking stuff. Grumble.

AT: GEAR STORE GOOD NEWS! Someone will audit 1st aid kits

GS: I hate polo. D-grade won. Kayaking trips happened, did friends of the mitta, had a few swims, TW lost & found boat. Pool sessions are cold. 9 mumc people went to NZ with MBC & RMIT. Competed in Lea race and Cataract Extreme race. Grant attempted to kill himself in Tassie in an under-boulder excursion. KM bronze medal freestyle – 3 competitors. Bought a first aid kit – its dry. Thanks to everyone who ran trips.

DT: 10 ppl went to NZ. Successful – [makes crude comment about bonking RMIT people]. Lots of ppl went back for 2nd or 3rd season. Good year in mountaineering.

LH: ...and RMIT person got it on on trip

NR: lots of trips, thanks to AO for running lots, great year. Not lots of new leaders.

LK: 4 issues of mountaineer went out. Thanks to committee for contributions. Issue of advertising came up, next committee will deal with.

JR: last season good, this season im injured. Thanks to everyone for running trips {MT, MC, HL, AT, LS etc} its snowing again.

LS: lots of rogaining. Been signing lots of cheques for rogaining.

LS: copy of treasurers report exists

DT: I want. I want.

AO: Vic champs had lots of mumc volunteer contribution

KM: thanks to Alan, brad etc

LS: not terribly much to note – fairly self explanatory, actually adds up. Stopped using petty box – much easier. Don't know what VSU will mean. Notes on financial report: SH doesn't owe club anything for guiding anymore.

Made a huge profit related to changes at sport centre level. May cause issues as a non profit organisation.

DT: point 2 – last of money stu owed to club returned.

LS: if we're smart we should be able to maintain the status quo

MartinT: are we in a risk that they will cut the subsidy if we make a profit?

LS: any decent club makes profits

DT: [words of wisdom] we could discuss at committee meeting

LS: well done Hannah with bush dance

LS: Claire re: profit for cathedrals

Here! Here!

AO: was there a pie and slide night?

MB: yes

KM: indiscrepancy with canyoning gear hire – doesn't reflect number of caving trips

LS: skiing gear hire increased

LS: doe we accept financial report?

KM: 2nd

Passed [by general apathy]

GS: why does 60th anniversary have 6K deficit

LS will chase up with AT

FL: exciting year of conservation – 2 trips – not much interest. Went to Vicwalk conservation meetings.

MB: presidents report. Good year. Lots of new kiddies.

Lots of stuff. Quite excited, im happy. Bad stuff, VSU, will root us in worst case scenario – membership/hire prices increase etc. Should still get insurance. Cathedrals, bush dance V successful. P&S very soon. Met lots of oldies at 60th, big attendance, buy a t-shirt.

President: Thank: everyone who organised 60th

Jim Newlands, Carys, Brad, Alan, Jill, Peregrine Man, Bogong Man, Kylie etc

LH: thanks Mac

AM: few highs lows, money spent was 6 times more.

Thanks LS for sending off entrees. Plugs IV comp.

HL: plugs uni IV climbing [badly]

MT: not much to say about hut. Have tendered for toilet.

Contract awarded. Hoping to have built in spring.

KatM: yeah, I guess I could talk. Been good to see club-rooms open at lunchtime – been good.

DT: thanks for cleaning up the climbing wall

AO: Have here some club circulars – from 1940s. Nial Brannon [person who started club] died last month. Outlines a brief history.

DT: need to fill other positions before next committee meeting

HL: due to no competition, the following people are elected

Alison Thomson	president
Matt Thomas	vice president
Simon McKenzie	secretary
Lincoln Smith	treasurer
Sean Griffith	assistant treasurer
Bronwyn Hradsky	conservation
Lachlan Hick	climbing
Dale Thistlethwaite	mountaineering
Shannon Crack	caving
Kate Heskitt	publications
Leah Jackson	general member
Matt Thomas	hut warden
Cam Quinn	returning officer

1st committee meeting will be notified to club

Currently unfilled:

Bushwalking

Skiing

Paddling

Polo

Gear store

Canyoning

MT: Ben Cebon probably BSAR rep

AT: outlines need for people to get involved in new committee

AH at uni and couldn't report

Meeting closed.



People - Grant Schuster

Slush!

"It couldn't have been my fault, I was too busy elephanting-it-up!"

- Stu Holloway on the approach to Mt Sealy.

"Are you going to sit on that sausage?"

- MUMC Welcome Back BBQ

"Just put your finger in the hole!"

-Overheard at Hard Rock, Nunawading

If you happen to say or hear anything you think could be misconstrued, commit it to memory and forward it to publications@mumc.org.au

Excerpt from the Loki Chicks Blog

Sarah Neumann

Thursday, May 25, 2006

Kat has a close call (but she's ok)

Well getting to work at the start of the week is usually pretty uneventful but this week I had an email from Kat waiting for me. She said she had concussion and a broken boat after her weekend's adventures... no more details!! Today I finally got the whole story -

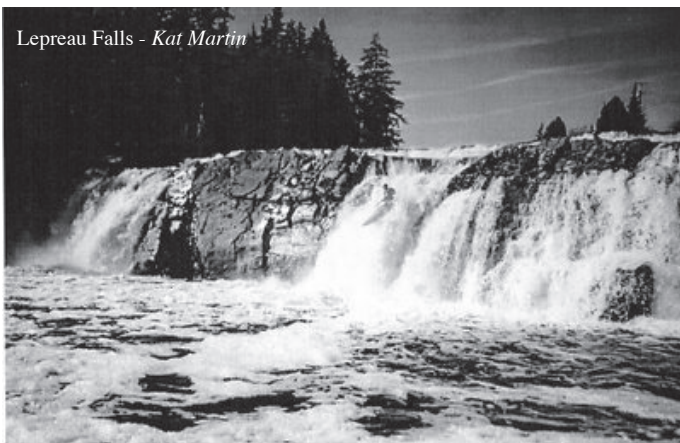
"Mmmm pretty serious carnage with a dent + hole in the nose of my playboat, broken helmet (well, it's cracked so I guess I need a new one), concussion, black eye & 3 chipped teeth for me, and I nearly lost my paddle... geez things can turn bad quickly, and I don't even have any photos to show for it! I was doing some park and huck off a 8m waterfall just by the sea which has a reputation for being safe (but not at low tide which I found out the hard way).

There was loads of water from all the rain we had so when I got caught up on a boil and couldn't make the ferry all the way across the river to run the river right line I settled for plan B (left of centre) which I'd scouted and still looked good to run... My first run was sweet, I ran it clean, made my line, nailed the landing and walked back up to run it again... Second run... All I remember was ferrying above the drop going for the same line... then waking up downstream out of my boat, I guess I was offline, hit a rock at the bottom and got thrown out of my boat (?).

*Apparently I floated down the next bit of rapid and got some downtime in a pourover. My boat had floated into an eddy upstream of where I was and Tim was pulling it out for me once he saw that I was getting myself out, so I swam to the bank and ran off downstream to find my \$\$ AT2 paddle, my vision was pretty f**ked up (seeing stars) so I nearly didn't find it (it is black)... pretty damn scary in hindsight, but the crazy thing is all I was worried about at the time was finding my paddle, I guess that's adrenalin hard at work. So off to hospital to get checked out, thankfully the doctor had done some paddling and even knew the drop so I didn't have to explain what the hell I was doing.*

I attached a pic of the drop at high tide, it's another metre or so higher at low tide with a pourover and more rapids downstream that would be in the same shot. Now I'm back in town with a sore head and thankful I was wearing a decent helmet - pity it was such a shitty end to an otherwise awesome weekend (I got 6 runs in over 3 days)" - Kat

So we're all really glad to hear that our Kat is ok. While she was off trying to kill herself we had a huge trip up to the white-water course in Penrith. It was a great weekend with Steff flying down from Brisbane and from Melbourne we had the usual crew - Kylie, Myself, Ruth, Ruthy, Kate,



Lepreau Falls - Kat Martin

Michelle, Kimmy and a couple of boys to make the group up to 10.

Due to the low water levels in the lake at Penrith the bottom drop was steep and kinda munchy which provided a fair bit of entertainment a few swims. I floated into the middle of it to see what would happen and ended up surfing for a fair while with about three power flips and rolls in there as well!

Didn't get any photos as I was too busy paddling but here's



Sarah's paddle twirl - Unknown

one from an earlier trip. (Check out that paddle twirl!). Anyway so that's all the action for now, Uganda plans are on track with six chicks signed up. Marj and Steff from Brissy have been convinced so along with Kyles, Ruth and Kat it's looking like a formidable team ;-)

:) Scarah

posted by scarah at 10:27 AM 2 comments



Kayaking Cinematography for Beginners

Grant Schuster

1. Buy video camera just because you can.
2. Buy nice waterproof, shatterproof, mumbo-jumbo-proof Pelican case. Note: check it fits into the back of your favourite boat.
3. Go paddling and either offer to run everything first so you can film from the bottom or wimp out and film from the top.
Now this is the tricky part as it depends on which will have the better position. From the bottom you can get better height perspective, but can also miss exciting bits, like holes in the middle of the rapid which can provide good entertainment with someone getting worked.
From the top you can walk down the bank and try to get a good view of the whole rapid. If it looks clean and fast then above you won't really see just how big it is and it will look like someone is on a traveller at the airport (we all know how exciting that would be filmed) - better off going to bottom. If you can get horizontal with the start, have the middle of the rapid just below you at maybe 30 degrees and see the whole way out, then you will get a good shot. If there is a nice munchy hole with greater than likely chance the boater will spend some time in there, then make sure you have the best possible view of it - even if directly above it. So if it is clean and you're not going to get munched - run it, film from the bottom, but if it is munchy - offer to film, and get the action from the top.

4. Buy a shiny laptop - edit that person getting munched and scare parents, friends and climbers, and hold your own kayaking porn nights.
5. Buy other toys to add to the game - helmet camera, digital projector, large LCD display, etc.
6. Try not to swim out of your boat and lose your video camera to the crocodiles!



Grant at Millstream Creek - Nigel Ellis



The basics of how to take a good, not-crap, won't be negatively voted, photo

Kate Heskett

For those of you who don't work, study, or otherwise procrastinate full-time, an issue has arisen regarding the MUMC website Gallery. The heated argument boils down to this: which photos deserve the opportunity to be viewed by the wider MUMC community?

Doesn't sound so interesting when I put it that way, does it? Unfortunately, the people who do care are hijacking the Galleries' photos and submitting them to relentless jests and taunts. So if your photos have come under scrutiny from these die-hard Gallery fans (and come off the worse for it) or if you don't care about the Gallery but would still like to improve your photographic technique, I have compiled a list of terms and techniques to keep in mind.

Focal Point - This is the thing that you are taking the photo of. The point of interest. The bit you want people to look at. All the following are ways to draw attention to your focal point.

Rule of Thirds - Imagine an evenly drawn noughts and crosses grid on your viewfinder that divides your photo into nine equal squares. If you're lucky enough to have a complete cheat, expensive-as, higher resolution than you and your friends' computers can handle, digital SLR, you may not have to imagine as they've done it for you and drawn it on. But do you know how to use it? Here's a tip, whatever you're looking at, don't put it in the middle square. For a traditional, fail-safe 'good' photo, the points of interest are the four corners where two lines intersect. This is where you should place your subject/ focal point. (Exceptions exist.)

Lead in lines - Roads, rivers, fences and similar can all be used to direct the attention of the viewer to the point of interest.

Interest: people vs trees - Generally speaking, trees are good, people are better. I know it's tempting to take photos of 'the view'. However, after getting back my photos of Gr 5 camp, I think my parents summed it up best with 'Where are the people? These are all boring. Why don't you put people in the photo so we've got something to look at?' Good advice. If you have to take a scenic shot, for pity's sake, at least add some people, or alternately think about the following elements such as lighting and framing.

Framing - Framing within a frame. Trees can be used as a frame! Placing a frame within your photo helps to lead the eye to the focal point, and stops people's attention from being drifting out of the photo.

Lighting - Scenic shots should be taken as close to sunrise or sunset as possible. Middle of the day light is boring.

Action shots - For sharp, frozen action use a fast shutter speed, 1/1000 or quicker. To photograph, say, a boat, that is in focus whilst the background is blurry (implying motion, like in a car race photo) use a slower shutter speed and follow your subject as they go past. This requires knowing the trajectory of the object, a steady hand, and practice. Unlikely to work first or second go, if you want to use this technique make sure there is more than one person going down the gnar. Also, make sure there is enough information in the photo for the viewer to be able to figure out what the person/ object was doing when you froze them.

Viewpoint - Straight on is not always best! Find a rock/ tree to stand on, get on your stomach, do a jump shot if you really want, a thumbs up is not a substitute for a lazy viewpoint.

Creating depth - In landscapes especially you want an object in the foreground, the middle distance and the background to maintain the interest of your subject. Say, a person or a plant in the foreground, the mountain you're on in the mid ground and the mountain range stretching into the background. The person looking at your photo will not be standing where you are so you have to create the scene for them.

Horizon line - This should generally not split the photo into two equal halves. Unless halved on purpose for a specific effect (symmetry, balance, stillness) try having either more or less than half sky.

Horizontal vs Vertical - If the composition of your shot is shit-boring, try turning your camera around. Don't clutter up your background for the sake of it! We know what the Australian bush looks like. A vertical shot can eliminate unwanted background.

Selective focussing - Get in close and focus on your object! Allow your background to be out of focus. This will eliminate tents and the like from otherwise acceptable philanthropic pics.

When submitting to the online Gallery, be selective! Use the above criteria to determine which of your photos have artistic merit, your own knowledge of the trip to decide which photos tell a story of the trip (and outline said story in a succinct comment), and your common sense to know when to rotate your pictures. If it's blurry but is otherwise a decent photo, go into photoshop, or similar, and sharpen it. If the horizon line is slightly crooked, again, use photoshop to crop your photo until the horizon line is straight. Otherwise, pick another pic!

Happy Snapping!



Matty Doyle



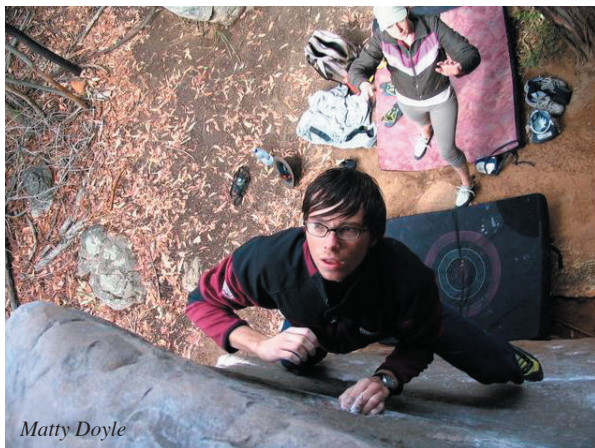
Matty Doyle

Framing - The trees provide a frame within a frame. As silhouettes they do not distract from the focal point. Also a good use of depth, with the subject in the foreground, the lake in the mid-ground and the mountains in the background.



Matty Doyle

Viewpoint - The top photo is undoubtedly stronger thanks to the different viewpoint (and the subsequent dramatic lighting.) Also, compare the inclusion of the spotter *left* to the spotter *right*. The left spotter clutters the photos, distracts from the focal point and is detrimental to the overall image. The spotter on the right adds to the photo as their gaze (where they are looking) is the entry point into the photo and draws our attention to the subject who then looks out of the photo, thus creating a sense of movement from the top down and then out to the left.



Matty Doyle



Leah Jackson

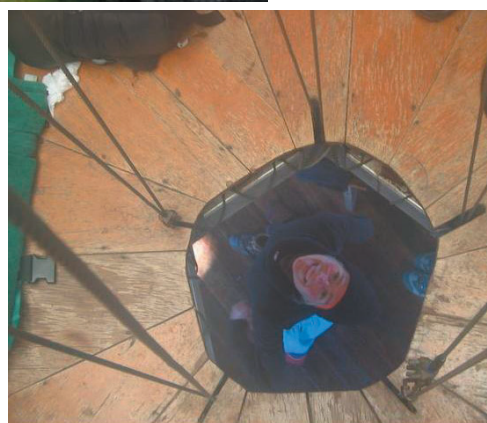
Action - A fast shutter speed has frozen Mark in mid air, whilst the rocks provide a reference point. An exception to the rule of thirds, the subject is successfully placed in the centre of the photo to create a sense of balance, thus emphasising his 'hanging in mid air.'



Matty Doyle

Lead in Lines - The 'v' of the mountains and their edges plus the additional lines on the dirt track all direct focus straight to the figure. The space the figure occupies is also the bottom left point of interest.

Framing - An excellent example of a frame within a frame. The gear in the top left gives the 'hut' context, however if the pic was intended as an art piece the gear could be removed to provide a simpler, less cluttered image.

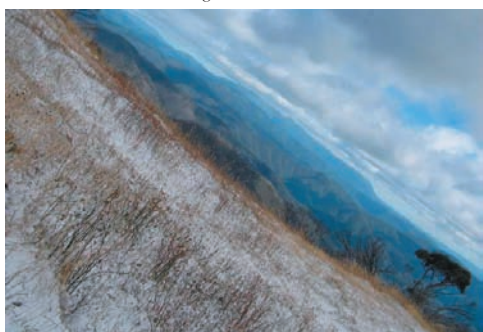


sinusg

Unknown because I saved this murdered image from the Gallery before it was deleted. Hence when I went looking for the owner I couldn't find them! If this was your image, I urge you to re-submit! This is an effective character piece. Looking at it I remember it pelting down with rain the Friday of Easter Araps this



year, Huw and Lachlan's car are in view so you know who was there, and Giri is wet and dishevelled but still smiling. This piece just needed a better caption.



Horizon Line - Here the diagonal horizon line is used to create a 'texture piece' and signals to the viewer that the photo is less about the mountain and more about the art. Diagonal horizons should be used sparingly.



Matty Doyle

Captioned 'A good photo well ruined' I can only disagree. Mark's pink dressing-gowned arm only adds to what would otherwise have been a depthless, boring, typical mountain shot.

