Summer has well and truly arrived and the ANUMCers have definitely started to make the most of it with all of the summer activities well underway.

This edition, I'd like to introduce you all to Adam Samuelson who has joined me on the editing team. Adam has made a great effort contributing to a number of articles throughout the Epic. Included in these are recent reports from bushwalking and snow shoeing trips, some great shots from the recent trip to Arapiles and of course the best pics from the annual Cocktails on the Castle trip. Also, make sure that you check out the winning photos from the 2009 photo competition and the winners of the 2009 ANUMC awards.

I hope that we've provided you with some light summer reading and wish you a happy holiday. So safe travelling (and other outdoor adventures!) and see you in 2010 with more adventures to read in the EPIC.

Lauren Bartsch
EPIC Editor

As always we'll be looking for new inclusions to the EPIC, so if you have an idea for a column, have put up a new climbing route, would like to share your favourite back country recipes or have a trip report, be sure to contact us.

So, when you're off on your next trip, keep in mind sending in a contribution for the next edition of EPIC!
The Sentinel in Two Seasons

NICK BAKKER

After an early Canberra start a small group of Nick Bakker, Mika Kontiainen and Jenn Zhu made tracks to the Snowy Mountains with the intent of reaching the formidable Sentinel on the Western Side of the Main Range. Following obligatory Jindabyne rest breaks at Nuggets Crossing, the white caps of Perisher and eventually Guthega got closer. I have never realised the parking congestion of the Guthega Ski Area and figured out over-nighters are obliged to park as far from the start of any reasonable snow as possible! Although I had walked in and around Guthega on numerous occasions in the summer, under snow it becomes a little bit trickier. None the less we eventually found our way out of the ‘urban fringe’ of the village and onto some more distinct trails. Our good progress was however soon to be halted at the metal gate bridge that would test any good rock climber with ascender skills! Those that know the bridge can possibly vouch for its awkwardness and after watching a xc skier almost topple head first into the icy waters below my thoughts were confirmed. Shoes were strapped tight to our packs as we walked in and out of visibility poorer. By the time we reached the summit, we were in white out. It gets extremely daunting when you are in such an inhospitable place and your mind starts playing tricks on you. Walking three abreast we managed to compass it out, much to my pleas of let’s check it with the GPS Mika! It fell on deaf ears, and I was glad we did leave it alone when we emerged unscathed out of the cloud right in front of our campsite! After setting up camp, we scooted up to watch the sunset over the Sentinel on the last day of Winter 09.

Morning, and the first day of Spring, although it was still very much Winter in the Alps. The air was deathly still and silent, and the light amazing. I got up early to watch the light change the snow from blues to white to pinks. Slowly the other two arose and we enjoyed a little bit of ice climbing practice before trying out the real thing to the Sentinel. With the thoughts of a certain Victorian minister’s fall from grace fresh in our minds, and although we were equipped with all the right gear, we ended up admiring the sharp spur leading along the Sentinels ridgeline, from afar and decided it
might be best tackling it again with some crampons, ice axes and ropes. (and who said real mountaineering never happens in Australia!)

Slowly we made it back to the camp, packed up then sidled back around Mt Twynam. The weather was superb and the views over the Main Range, magnificent. On the descent, the thorned top of Mt Gudgenby was visible, a mountain wholly in the ACT and clear on the horizon. I was soon cheering when we rounded the massive overhang we had lunched upon yesterday and spotted my glove at the base of a small ‘avalanche’ (and who said we don’t have real avalanches in Australia!) Once again we lunched nearby this memorable sight, then slowly made our way back down to the banks of the Snowy River, over the bridge, off with the shoes and then the pleasant walk through alpine heath back to Guthega.

For a weekend out on snow shoes, reliant on good weather, this area is ideal for a short trip to some spectacular back country wilderness. The summit of the Sentinel has eluded me once more, might try again this summer! Watch this space.
I have fascination for the little creatures which scurry away as we walk through the bush, especially the frogs, the lizards and the dragons. Often their presence is attested to only by the sound of hurried scurrying or the quick disappearance of a tail into a log hollow. If you keep your group small, and keep your noise down, you may just increase your chances of spotting these creatures before they run away; the experience is likely to bring about a new appreciation for the little ones of the bush.

I’ve written about Kanangra many times before as a bushwalkers’ paradise, now let me turn to some of the creatures whose acquaintance I have had the pleasure of making.

For a bit of trivia, there are about sixty-five dragon lizards in Australia, but only four species are found in the Blue Mountains. They are the Jacky lizard, the mountain dragon, the Eastern water dragon, and the bearded dragon (the latter of which I still haven’t met!).

Instead of sunning itself on logs, the mountain dragon likes to camouflage itself amongst little pebbles and stones. As such, you may find yourself coming close to almost stepping on one as you cross a stony patch! They are very camera shy, and you will need to tread softly to avoid scaring it away.

Skinks are very common in Kanangra, with White’s skink being more common in log hollows on the dry slopes. You are bound to see many of these little fellows on your next walk!

If you enjoy canyoning in Kanangra or walking in the creeks and rivers you will certainly have met the Eastern water skink. They are well known for their apparent ability to run on water, though always in the opposite direction to the hoard of smelly bushwalkers!

The Eastern water dragons are a common sight around the creeks and rivers, always basking in a nice sunny spot. Though when a predator

Of Dragons and Frogs
TOM GLEESON

Jacky lizard
(Amphibolurus muricatus)

The Jacky lizard is commonly found on the dry slopes of Kanangra’s ridges and spurs. They like to live in log hollows and you will have to keep quiet when approaching them or they will run back into the log quicker than you can say “Dunlop Volleys!”

The mountain dragon is a lot more difficult to spot than the Jacky lizard.

Mountain dragon (Tympanocryptis diemensis)

White’s skink (Egernia whitii)

Eastern water skink (Eulamprus quoyii)
approaches they are able to go for a swim and hold their breath under water for up to ninety minutes! Back on land, the dominant males may be observed to gather a harem of females inside the best riverside territories.

At the end of the day it is the little frogs which I enjoy seeing the most. In particular is Peron’s tree frog which lives (among other places in the Blue Mountains) in the spray of the mighty Carrabeanga Falls. They hide under bark and in tree hollows during the day, but after sunset you can listen for their distinctive, loud cackle and search them out.

So next time you are bushwalking, whether it be in Kanangra or elsewhere in the mountains, stay keen and alert and you may just meet some of the little bush creatures.

Happy walking!

Tom

All photos courtesy of Tom Gleeson
There’s something about the rock, the way that like a sponge is soaks you in, body and soul, the way the aretes break out in reefs of stone as you climb joyously on. The way you can spend a week exploring new nooks and crannies, and still not see every character the stone has to offer; slabs shallow and steep, overhanging faces that undulate like sand dunes, vertical ladders lined with the most amazing rock handles, cracks that start at less than a fingers width, and range through to gut wrenching voids, many meters across, epic roofs, traverses, both leisurely and terrifying; in fact, just about any kind of terrain one could desire, at any level of experience, from absolute beginner to monkey-man (or woman) climbing-guru. Even upside down squeezes through cracks in boulders, worthy only of use as a bizarre initiation rite, can be found (yes, you too can be a member of the secret stone-squeezers society).

There’s something about the looks, the way it rises above the quilt-work of the Victorian countryside, like one imagines heaven rising above a sea of cloud. Indeed, the way that millions of years ago these cliffs were carved by the waters of inland sea. The way islands of rock rise apart from the main cliff-lines, while magnificent buttresses and flakes the size of football fields signpost the myriad walls.
There’s something about the adventure, the way you can leave camp in the morning and a few hours later be enjoying the cool shade of a gargantuan chimney, a lost world where ferns cluster behind the belay ledges and lizards idly watch you as you contemplate the massive chock stone hanging above. The way that bracing three meters out on a legendary roof, stepping with joy and terror across a wide chimney crowning nothing but empty space below, or musing in the flower beds, the sun on your face, about the next six pitch marvel all seem commonplace.

There’s something about the history, the way that you feel like this was where Climbing happened, whereas anywhere else it was merely climbing. The way that some of the hardest routes in the world were climbed here, by some of the most peculiar personalities. Like Mike “the Claw” Law, who half way up what might have been the first ascent of Boy Racer, watched his not-properly-tied-in rope fall away from his harness — and then miraculously down-climbed a grade 22 roof to safety. Or Jon Muir, who’s passion for soloing saw him ascend most of the grade 24s established at the time, unfettered by encumbrances such as a rope, harness or any safety gear whatsoever. The way that, for a time, Arapiles hosted the world’s hardest climb, the once-graded-32-now-a-measely-31 Punks in the Gym.

There’s something about the atmosphere, the way that everyone at the Pines camp site is so friendly and relaxed. The way everyone is always wearing a smile. The way that each evening we would gather together for dinner, recounting stories and joking, exhausted from today, yet invigorated about tomorrow. The way that everyone agreed that it was one of the best trips of the year.

This year Georgia Pulsford, Gen Dronsmith, Sam Margerison, Dane Evans, Kylie Mulligan, Mel Stamell, David Anderson-smith, George Bills, Eric Chan, Andrew Gough, Matt Yager and the author were lucky enough to discover and rediscover just the way that Arapiles is.

Will it be you next year?

Far left: Arapiles towering over the surrounding land.
Left: Georgia abseing.
Below: Gen and Georgia.
I like mountain biking. It's the best thing to do around Canberra. I can roll out of bed and be on some fine single track in 5 minutes (actual results may vary). I can ride before uni or work and now that I have lights I can ride at night. After riding I go out for a beer with friends we are all covered in dirt and sweat but with huge smiles. I've ridden some things that used to scare the pants off me. I've crashed and I've got up again. I'm signing up for the next 24 hour mountain bike 6 months away. I'm dreaming of getting horizontal on the berms, of flying through pine forest, of gaps jumps and log rolls that I might someday conquer. Now I want to buy a bike that is more expensive than my car. You should be careful, mountain biking is addictive. Here is how it happened to me:

The first time
It just looked like a nice winding track in the forest. It was fun! Stupid single track lulled me into a false sense of security with some nice little rolling bumps, flowing corners and soft pine needles and then BAM! Now me, and my bike with the sticker that says 'not to be used off road' are at the top of this crazy gully with rocks and roots sticking out. My so called friends are on the other side saying all kinds of rubbish “look at this”, “don't look at that”, “stand up”, “sit down”, “brake”, “don't brake”. WHAT THE!
I am so going to crash. I think I'll walk my bike it seems a lot safer. “Boo...Ride it ride it.” Someone else rides it. Ok that didn't look so bad. Well here goes nothing. Eeek.
Yes that embarrassing little squeaking sound was me. Bump rattle. Down one side. Woohoo. Yeahaa. U the other side. Stop.
Oops.
I jump off! Ha ha. I kind of made it. And I didn't die. Brilliant this mountain biking thing might be ok after all.

Disc brakes, suspension, and clipless pedals
“When are you getting a new bike?”
“Nah, I'm not a good enough rider to need a new bike.”
I've been riding for a while, but I'm still a chicken. I don't like to go too fast in case I come to something nasty and I can't stop in time, I don't like riding down steep rocky bits, my head shakes around so much I can hardly see, and I don't like going too fast over the rolling bumps in case my feet come off the pedals and they whack me in the shins.
THAT HURTS!!!
I'll let you in on a couple of secrets. I didn't think it would make much difference, but I LOVE my new bike. Disc brakes are awesome. The problem with them is stopping too fast or braking too much. They work when it's raining, you can use them with one finger, and they will probably send you over the handbars if you find the front brake by accident. Good front suspension is great too. The other day I was distracted and rode straight into a kerb at full pelt without looking. Instead
of breaking my nose I just checked that no-one was watching and carried on my way.

Clipless pedals are a bit different. Attaching yourself to your bike by some little pieces of metal on your feet is a leap of faith. You will be able to ride up steeper hills than ever before by pulling up as well as pushing down, and you can suddenly enter the world of bunny hops and jumps. But on the down side everyone who has ever used clipless pedals has had an embarrassing crash because they couldn't get their foot off their pedal and just fell sideways off their bike to the laughter of whoever happened to be nearby.

Crashing
If you mountain bike you are going to crash. Once you start riding tricky stuff you will find that you can crash going up hill as well as down. Amazingly most of crashes don't hurt as much as you expect. I went straight into a rock and over the handle bars and I rolled and ended up covered in dirt. I did once put myself in a sling for a month and that wasn't fun. There are only two ways to avoid crashing. The first is not to ride anything scary and the second is to be good enough to be able to do it well. Unfortunately if you take the first option you will never get to try the second one.

Some tips: Watch someone else do it, try something similar that's a bit easier and work your way up, get some balls and an ambulance membership, get some coaching.

The CORC women’s camp
There's often a difference between how girls and guys learn how to mountain bike. For some reason guys like the balls and ambulance option while girls prefer to walk until they get some coaching. That's what is so cool about the CORC women's camp; I got to ride with a bunch of awesome chicks who had watched their boyfriends and mates ride crazy stuff and wanted to learn how to do it without smashing themselves. There were people who had never ridden before and had borrowed a friend's bike for the course, there were people getting ready for their first 24 hour race, and there were emus (ok so the emus didn't ride.) Our coaches were a mix of guys and girls, down hill and cross country riders, worked in bike shops, competed in the World Championships, and all of them just enjoy riding. The downside of the weekend was that we got rained hailed and snowed on. The upsides were that we had great food, learnt about nutrition, stretching, fixing our bikes, cornering, bunny hopping and I even rode my first see saw (with the help of some friendly crash mats).

Above: Jasmine
Left: Kylie
Middle: Sven the mechanic
Right: Ben
MTB addiction: The downward spiral.

The Scott 24 hour mtb race
3-4am. They call it the death hour. I should be sleeping but I’m not. I am waiting at transition for Kylie to finish her lap. There are about 10 other riders standing near me waiting for their team mates too. The race track is a 19km loop around Mount Stromlo including some sections of fire trail and some very exciting single track. In each category the winner is the team (or solo) that does the most laps in 24 hours. I am shivering since its cold and I just got out of bed. There she is! She passes over the timing chip and wishes me good luck and then I’m away. Riding at night in a race is a bit different. Having good lights really helps but the rocks have been covered by a blanket of dust by hundreds of bike tyres so it’s harder to see what I’m about to ride over. Luckily the course designers have painted some of the really nasty rocks pink. Since we are going around in circles I have to pass people and people have to pass me. We yell out “track” and then pull over to the side when there is a wide enough section. Sometimes I see the same people and we can have a chat as we ride along. Other times I am going too fast to talk.

The Scott 24 hour race was really tough. By the end my knees and legs were sore, I was exhausted, I had a guts ache and I’d used quite a bit of Vaseline to stop the chafing. Between the two of us we rode 21 laps or almost 400kms and we got to stand on the podium at the end, but you don’t have to do the Scott as a pair, you could do it as a group of 6 and then you have more time for socializing and checking out the cool bike displays and eating pancakes. I am constantly amazed how supportive everyone is out there on the track. It is a great experience and you should definitely try it.

“I’m not really addicted. I could stop any time I want. Come mountain biking... You know you want to”
In June I had the chance to go hiking in Central Asia (the collection of ‘stan countries north of Afghanistan, south of Russia and made famous by Borat) for 3 spectacular months.

After spending 6 months on exchange in Hong Kong, I was itching to get out into the wilderness. Flying into Bishkek, Kyrgyzstan I headed straight up to the mountains behind Bishkek. The scenery was second-to-none and if it hadn’t been for the Russian-speaking park ranger, I would have sworn I was in Switzerland. Lush green valleys, snow melt streams and pencil pines hugging the steep slopes of the rocky mountains. After camping with some biologist, I headed up to an abandoned meteorological station before attempting to cross a pass into the next valley. With snow still setting above 3000 metres and without crampons, the pass was well and truly closed and I was left with no option but to backtrack down the valley. A few more hikes would be stifled by unusually late snowfall but that didn’t stop me from sneaking in a few summits and treks along the Tien Shan mountain range that boarders China.

After collecting a pocket-full of visas and permits in Bishkek, I made a dash for Tajikistan and the vast, desolate expanse of the Pamirs. After crossing the boarder, we were greeted by a Mercedes full of Kalashnikov-wielding men who warmly welcomed us to Tajikistan. My next hike was to be a 9 day hike that would cut off a corner of the Pamir Highway. (The term ‘highway’ is an attempt at irony as I discover when waiting to hitch a ride after a hike and having only 3 cars pass me in the entire day - none of which stopped...). Being slightly paranoid about getting caught-out, my pack was loaded with 16 days worth of food. By day 3 however, I had fallen victim to the amazing generosity of the nomadic herders and I was carrying more food than I started with. My pack was bursting with fresh bread and a sour cream like substance called simurtan that they use like tomato sauce. I quickly discovered that this sort of hospitality was not unique to mountain shepherds and I had many more experiences where people would open their homes, offering food and shelter while refusing to take any money (a sneaky note under the rug would appease the conscience).

My next hike was a 150km trek down the Shahk Dara past Karl Marx Peak and into the Wakhan Corridor that runs along the northern Afghan boarder. It was by far the most spectacular hikes I have ever done. As I came out of the valley I was left awe-struck by vast and imposing Hindu Kush mountain range.

After a few more less adventurous hikes I took a 29hour bus ride to Dushanbe. It was only meant to take 19 hours but the engine caught on fire and I got confused for a Chechyan terrorist that the military were looking for.

My final destination was Kazakhstan. Rather than doing long distance hiking I did a series of summits in the mountains around Almaty. Climbing with a friend of the world-class mountaineer, Denis Urubko, I managed to squeeze in 5 summits before returning to Hong Kong for another semester.

Overall, Central Asia wasn’t the easiest place to travel in. The weather is harsh, supplies are scarce and reliable maps are non-existent (I used Soviet relics from the 1970’s that were downloaded from the internet). But the unbridled hospitality of the people combined with the sheer beauty of the mountains more than made up for it!

As a side note, I was shocked when in Kyrgyzstan I talked to someone who knew not only knew where Canberra but also knew of the ANUMC.
The plan was plain and simple: drive down to Namadgi NP, bushwalk along Hospital Creek, bash our way up to the saddle and scramble across rocks until we reach the summit of Mount Gudgenby (1739m).

Subconsciously part of the plan was also (at least in my case) a spectacular view across all of Namadgi from the top of the mountain.

Well, we did drive down to Namadgi NP and we did see Mt. Gudgenby from the distance, but the rest of our plan got pretty much scattered to the four winds as soon as we began entering the snow-patched, foggy and wind-blown parts of the park above 800 m. So this would apparently not be one of those lovely wildflower walks people kept promising for late September… Instead, this is what happened. We, a group of four – Kat, Ben, Pedro (Chile) and Anneliese (Germany) –, headed south of Canberra at 7.30 in the morning, parked the car at the lower end of Naas Creek (where Sam’s Creek Fire Trail begins), and began walking up the Boboyan Valley. At this point, we thought that Mt. Gudgenby might still be doable in course of the day, but as we ascended the valley and faced continuous snowfall, strong winds and low-running fog, our ambitions for the day gradually became more humble.

In fact, we started enjoying ourselves on the safe ground of the valley bottom, walking and talking along Naas Creek, passing the old chimney of the Boboyan ruins and resting for a while at Luton’s Crutching Crutching Shed. I remember tasting some of Kat’s homemade biscuits there, which were good despite being healthy. Only occasionally did the wind desist from lashing snow into our faces, and only once or twice did the clouds clear up for a little while, but even so the gloomy scenery of the Boboyan Valley (Naas Creek valley) did have its charm and made a few camera shots worthwhile. My favourite views through the camera were the ones up-valley: the fire trail with muddy puddles in the foreground, my three waterproof companions walking some 30 metres before me, and a foggy glimpse at some of the higher slopes in the distance. Eventually, we found ourselves bashing our way through wet scrub on a small track (still along Naas Creek but after Sam’s Creek Fire Trail had taken a sharp turn to the left), now almost opposite the slopes of Mount Gudgenby and Gudgenby Saddle.

At this point, we only wanted to get a good view at the summit and find a
suitable spot for our lunch break, before turning back. We were rewarded with both. Mt. Gudgenby with its solid granite top partly covered in snow and ice looked really impressive from closer distance, and a big wind-sheltered log made for a reasonable lunch setting. So far, my description has implied that we had been walking up and down a gloomy, lifeless Boboyan valley, where only humans (members of the ANUMC, more specifically) would have the time and nerve to

Luton’s Crutching Shed. Ideal for a short tea break and a good biscuit.

we first came upon them (now on our way back), they were busy digging and ploughing the muddy ground next to the trail, but they fled into the bush once they had sensed our presence. Later, as we were almost back at the car, we even saw a wild dog chasing up the slope behind the Boboyan ruins. It was also there that the late afternoon sun for once actually made her way to the ground, shining upon the to our right and the wide valley bottom to our left, on which (almost literally) hundreds of kangaroos were grazing. I think it was also here that we spotted a huge flock of magpies, who were doing their best to disrupt the peacefulness of the scene. Naturally, we started talking about swooping behaviour in magpies.

At the end of the day (we were back in Canberra at around 6.30 p.m.), we had fulfilled practically nothing of our original plan to climb Mt. Gudgenby. When my housemates (with a kind of gloating smile on their faces) asked me what the day had been like, I think I simply confirmed their expectations by saying that it had been a snowy, foggy and windy day. However, strangely enough, to me it felt as though I had been on a really good Mt. Gudgenby walk – or something like that.
The Halloween weekend saw a brave group of seven head out from Old Kiandra Goldfields to camp at Witze’s hut. The day started off well enough and we passed plenty of fishermen as we left. However, before long our wandering took us away from civilisation, with only distant brumbies to keep us company. By lunch time we were still quite cheerful, when our good mood was interrupted by a loud crash of thunder just over the horizon. We continued on throughout the afternoon heat, and were lucky that the thunder was only threatening, but never delivered on its promise of a major downpour all over us.

By mid afternoon, we made it to the hut, and proceeded to set up our tents. It seemed that mischievous Halloween spirits were out to sabotage our trip by stealing some vital pieces of one of the club tents. However, using our ingenuity we managed to overcome such obstacles.

The trip to the hut had involved a number of water crossings, so with the evening light still available we headed back to a nearby creek for a very cold swim. The fast, twisty creek was like being on a water slide, and definitely raised our spirits. As we dried ourselves off in the last of the sun’s rays, we heard the baleful howls of a large pack of wild dogs (or possibly werewolves) from the neighbouring valley. So we made our way back to the hut for a gourmet Halloween feast and some spooky stories.

As we got into our tents to sleep, the wind changed, and the foul stench of death descended upon our campsite - a curse put upon us by the dead horse which was rotting nearby, no doubt as a warning to leave the haunted campsite. Fortunately we made it through the night unscathed, and after a relaxed breakfast headed back to the cars via Boggy Plain and Mt Tantangara. We soon got a real fright when Brenda narrowly avoided stepping on a red-bellied black snake. That was the only real excitement until we reached Mt Tantangara, where we came across a couple of spooky looking horsemen. We approached with some trepidation, but were glad to discover that they weren’t headless horsemen, but just normal, friendly people. After a fairly long and relaxed lunch at the top, we headed back to the cars, where we had another quick swim. We headed home somewhat exhausted, and even the gremlins which got into the auto-electrics couldn’t stop us getting back to Canberra safely.
Cocktails on the Castle

PHOTOS by BEN DAVIES

On top of the castle, on the way to ‘party central’

Kylie all frocked up

Charlotte striking a pose

Tom, surveying the scene

Sam, adding the black tie

Steve, hat and all

Julie getting ready to party

Lawrence, looking swarve, sling for tie and all
Cocktails on the Castle

Tom and his walking group (otherwise known as his harem), Fi, Eva, Ingrid, Alana, Julie and Lauren

Charlotte, Ainsley, David, Eva and Jenny
Almost the whole group—minus Ben our illustrious photographer—Ben

Almost the whole group—minus Ben our illustrious photographer—Ben

Ainsley, heading home
Best Personality Photo

‘Mika’ by Ben Davies
Best Action Photo
Best Landscape Photo

Kirill Talanine
ANUMC 2009 Awards

ANUMC Hall of Fame ‘The Ice-Axe’

Andrew Collins

Andrew joined the ANUMC in 1983. Andrew has been a keen climber and mountaineer. He has made a real contribution to kayaking, in particular he has helped develop sea kayaking running numerous skills sessions. Andrew’s focus on leading beginning trips has been a great boon to the club.

Outstanding Contribution to the Club

Lauren Bartsch

Lauren joined the ANUMC Exec this year taking on the role of Social Officer. In addition to bringing back monthly slide nights, Lauren organised social events such as the ANUMC bbqs, tickets to Banff Mountain Film Festival and a bus trip to Thredbo. In addition to her Epic duties, Lauren also helped organise the gear store renovation and spent her weekends hammering, sawing and sorting. And yes, she is still working on her thesis Tom!

Trip Leader of the Year

Richard Salmons

Richard spent almost every skiable weekend (from early winter to late spring) out on, or near the main range. He led ski trips that catered for all abilities. Many beginners benefited greatly from Richard’s special combination of patience and skill. We’re already looking forward to seeing more of his trips for 2010!

Up & Coming Leader of the Year

Gabriela Scheufele

Gab has displayed great enthusiasm in participating in a variety of activities, participated in club sponsored courses as well as led many trips in bushwalking, canyoning, skiing, and roping evenings. Gab has been leading mountaineering trips and skills training, climbing, canyoning, ropes courses and canyon courses and of course skiing. Gab’s also shown herself to be really supportive and helpful when things get sticky. She’s heading to NZ soon for the mountaineering skills course and on the ANUMC expedition, so we’re all looking forward to the stories from their adventures!
Beginner of the Year

Kirill Talanine

Having joined the club only this year, Kirill has thrown himself into almost all of the activities the club offers. He has been on numerous climbing trips, he learnt to ski this year and has recently been on canyoning trips. Kirill was one half of the team that was awarded the ANUMC Expedition Fund and will be heading to NZ to tackle the mountains there over Summer. Kirill has also been a reliable Gear Store officer and was a great help during the renovations. Last but not least, Kirill has presented amazing photographs at slide nights and has had many featured in the Epic (see the front cover and Arapiles in this edition).

Bandaid Award
Tom Gleeson

Tom managed to herniate two intervertebral discs on a club trip up Mt Tennent

Swamp Monster
Steve Lade

For crossing a freezing cold creek barefoot on a ski trip to Jagungal.

Back Country Cuisine
Richard Salmons

Goat’s cheese frittata, pizza and chocolate cake- need we say more!

Culinary Disaster
Amy Fletcher

2 minuter noodles, laksa mix, salami, cherry tomatoes, snow peas...what else would you want after 3 hours night skiing!

Bent Peg (for the longest fall)
Gabriella Scheufele

Gab tore her MCL on a spectacular fall off Mt Townsend, narrowly missing a crunching on a rocky outcrop.

Le Francais (contribution to lightweight skiing)
Julien Bearnu

Julien left half his trangia behind, on a ski trip up Guthega Creek.

MacGuyver Award
Nic Bendeli

For making shorts out of Rogaining flags, and all sorts of other innovations.

Lucky and not so lucky
Lin Massey & Matt Holingworth

Lin was narrowly missed by a 30m Gum tree that fell on the boat shed. Matt hit a kangaroo, picked up a man who crashed his car and I think got a flat tyre all on a club trip.

Geographical Discombobulation Award for Contributions to Navigational Excellence
Jayita Belcourt

Managed to turn up to the pretrip for Richard’s ski trip, hired gear on the Thursday, left on Friday night, camped and skied out with everyone on the sat to realise she had actually got on the wrong trip. She thought she was on Gab’s mountaineering trip…