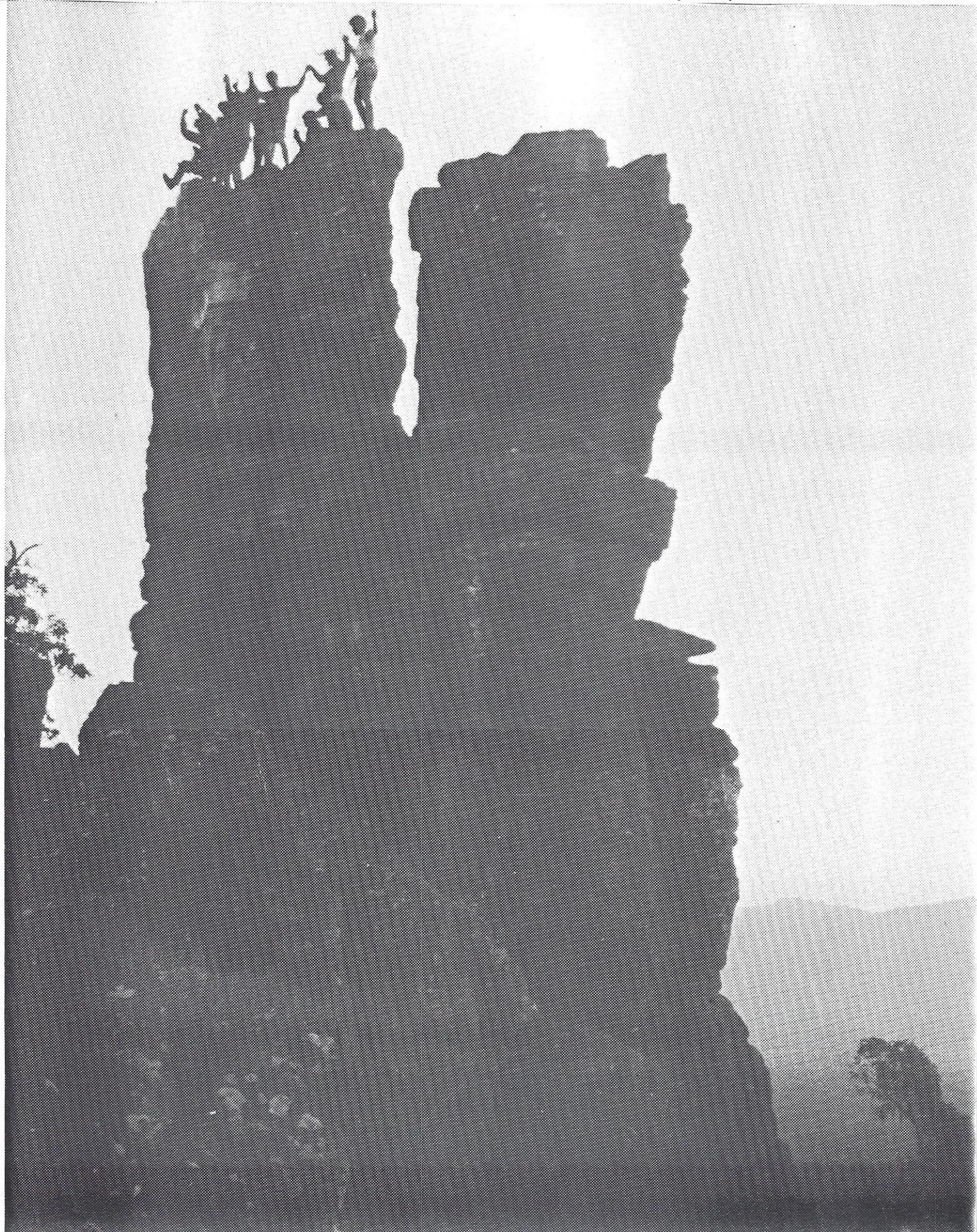



# MOUNTAINEER

April 1988

"Registered by Australia Post — Publication No. VBH0633"







Map? I thought  
you had the map!

# The 24 hour walk

JUST when you thought it was safe to go back into the bush... the 24 hour walk is less than a month away on April 30 and May 1.

Yes, it's the annual MUMC masochism epic, except there's a few changes this year which result in it being less of an epic and makes the masochism entirely optional.

WHAT IS IT? You've heard of rogaining? The first MUMC 24 hour walk, held over 40 years ago, was the forerunner of the modern sport of rogaining. You haven't heard of rogaining? Basically, it's navigating your way through the bush to a series of checkpoints within a set length of time, in this case 24 hours or eight hours. Each checkpoint is worth a number of points and the winning team is the one that makes it back with the highest score in the least amount of time.

DOESN'T THAT INVOLVE A LOT OF PAIN? Not if you don't want it to. If you want to get a good score you're going to have to move quickly and find some tricky checkpoints that'll make you curse the day we were born (and we know, we set them) but the course this year is set in one of the most scenic sections of the High Country, so it's worth going for the view even if you don't intend being up with the front runners.

WON'T THIS INVOLVE WALKING IN THE DARK? About half of both the eight hour and 24 hour events will be held at night but we've scheduled the 24 hour walk for the full moon so there'll be enough light to get around, even if you drop and break your torch, like we did on last year's eight hour event. Besides, the night part's half the fun.

WHAT IF MY NAVIGATION ISN'T VERY GOOD? No problem. There'll be a navigation evening for anyone who's interested in learning more about maps and compasses between now and the event. And if you're not doing the course ultra-competitively, the major checkpoints are on obvious landforms such as mountaintops, saddles or waterfalls and you can get around 90 percent of them on well defined tracks.



WHAT WILL I NEED TO BRING? Because you're going to be out there for either 24 or eight hours, you'll need to be self sufficient with food and shelter. In other words, each team has to carry enough food, water and tents in case something goes wrong (or in case you're having too good a time and don't want to return). You can hire just about everything you need from the club.

WHAT WORLDLY TREASURES CAN I EXPECT IF MY TEAM WINS? A bottle of half-decent port and possibly a therapeutic backrub.

AND IF WE DON'T WIN? Getting the backrub will depend on your own skills of negotiation but at the end of each event, there'll be a barbecue of semi-biblical proportions, with vegetarians catered for.

HOW MUCH WILL IT COST? Hardly anything. The \$7 entry fee (\$10 for non-members) includes the barbecue at the end of the event, and for an extra \$10 you can go up by a very heavily subsidised bus.

OK, YOU'VE CONVINCED ME. HOW DO I ENTER? Easier still, just fill in the entry form in this Mountaineer. If you need more details, tackle a committee member in the clubrooms at lunchtime or phone John Henzell on 300 1200 (W) 387 8203 (H) or Antony Harvey on 861 5882.

### ENTRY FORM

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

First named is team contact

Phone No.	Age	Surname First name	Address P CODE	Event fee	Bus fee	Late fee	Total	Admin.
1.								
2.								
3.								
4.								
5.								

Total:

24 hour event ☐

8 hour event ☐

- \* Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope for return of final instructions
- \* Note late fee
- \* Cheques to be made payable to Melbourne University Mountaineering Club Inc.

Circle appropriate team section

24 Hour:                      Men                      Women                      Mixed

8 Hour:                      Men                      Women                      Mixed

## RANDOM OXO NOTES

MUMC paddlers had a successful day at the VCC slalom event on Sunday, with a swag of victories.

In particular the Women Were Doing It For Themselves with Leesa Carson picking up first place in the open womens C1 event, 3rd in the novice womens K1, 3rd in the open mixed C2 with Torsten Krebbs and 3rd in the womens open C2 with Kate Smallwood. Kate also picked up 4th in the novice K1. Julie Chaplin won that event, as well as a 2nd in the open womens C2 and 2nd in the mixed C2.

By all accounts it was a great day, except for Dave Arnold attempting to hit every gate on his inaugural C1 run (and succeeding!) and Jenny Martin, who did a beautiful clear run down the course only to find the clock had stopped during her run and she had to go down again.

Warren Elms added to the fun by deciding to throw his own boat off the car.

Thanks to Torsten 'man of few words' Krebbs.

Kate Smallwood

The T Shirts and windcheaters have arrived! Come in and find one that's your size and colour (T shirts \$8 and windcheaters \$20) but if you can't find anything you like, don't forget you can order one specifically for you by using the order pad in the petty cash box. Put an OXO on your chest.

The search and rescue weekend at Buchan came two weeks early, with Razor and Honeycomb caves veteran Fiona 'Hopalong' Robertson coming to grief at the exit to Wilsons cave. Cave rescue techniques were practised for the full 25m between where she fell and where the infamous Steve Henzell rent-an-ambulance was standing by to take her to East Gippsland Hospital in Bairnsdale. Torn ankle ligaments were diagnosed and, at last report, the patient was responding well to intensive port therapy.

To counter all the bludge trips indulged in by the club recently, Antony Harvey, Adam Leavesly and David Rogers have announced plans for a winter ascent of Federation Peak.

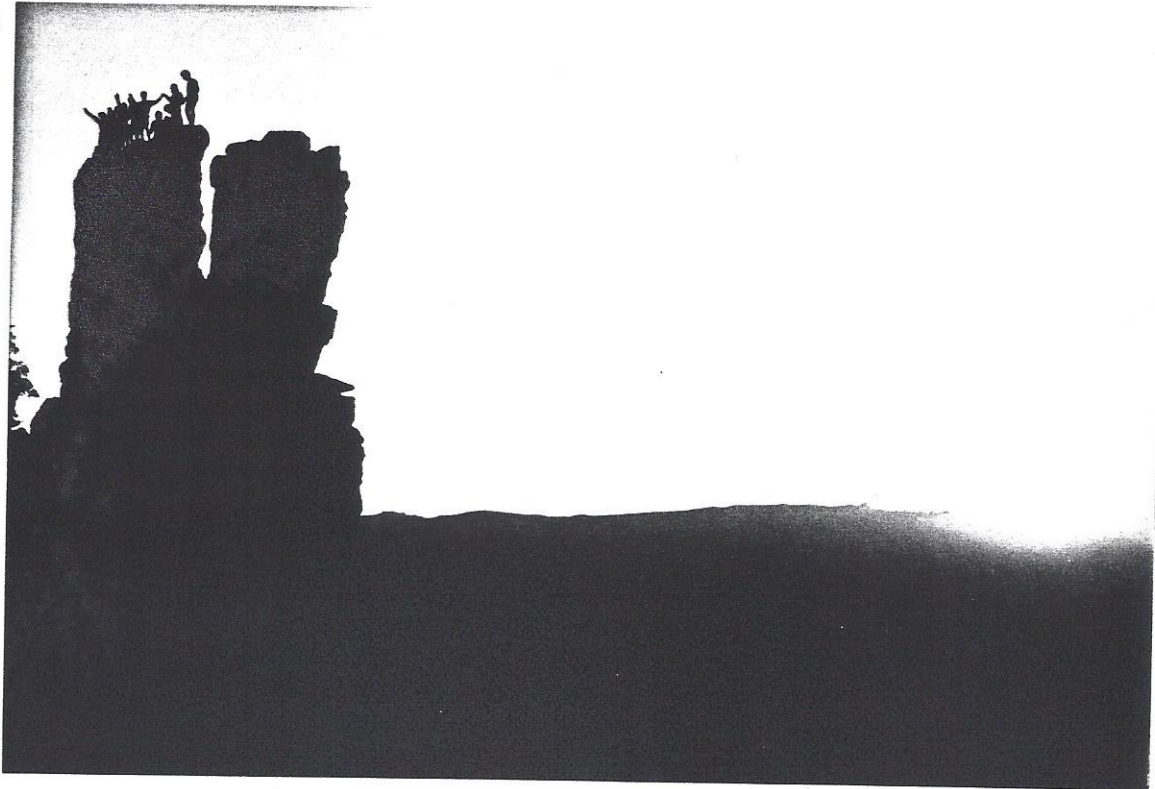
## COMING EVENTS:

- April 16: Bushwalking at Powelltown with Natalie Stavovy ("Tramways, gold mines, beautiful forests and fantastic people - bush bashing available but people bashing preferable"). Beginners to intermediate standard.
- April 16: Yarra slalom competition with Torsten Krebbs.
- April 16/17: Bushwalking on the Baw Baw plateau with Rohan Schaap and Mel Lambourne. 'Very very easy' standard. Come and see where you'll be skiing in a few months' time!
- April 16/17: Caving at Buchan with Mike McBain. Beginners standard - Melbourne Uni contact is Merran Matthews ("for some naked caving").
- April 17: Downriver race, with Torsten Krebbs.
- April 17: Abseiling off the Redmond Barry building (the tall one!) for the benefit of the Expo Uni crowds.
- April 17: Yarra paddling trip with Jenny Bailey. Beginners standard.
- April 19: Tuesday night pool session for budding paddlers, with Sally Doyle and Jocelyn Allen.
- Anzac Day weekend: Bushwalking at Mt Feathertop with Ben Dyer. Easy to intermediate standard.
- Anzac Day weekend: Bushwalking in the northern section ("Fantastic beaches!") of Wilsons Prom with Frank Zgoznic.
- Anzac Day weekend: Mitchell paddling trip with Rob Taylor. Intermediate standard.
- May 14/15: Caving at Buchan with Mike McBain. Beginners standard. Melbourne Uni contact is Kate Harper.
- ????: Post Easter slide and cocktail night. Stay tuned for further details.



THE GRAMPIANS  
SUNSET  
EASTER TRIP

ON Thursday night the 12 of us who had decided to sacrifice days of sleeping in, hours of study, Easter at home and the first round of the footy, to climb cliffs instead, met at the club-rooms.

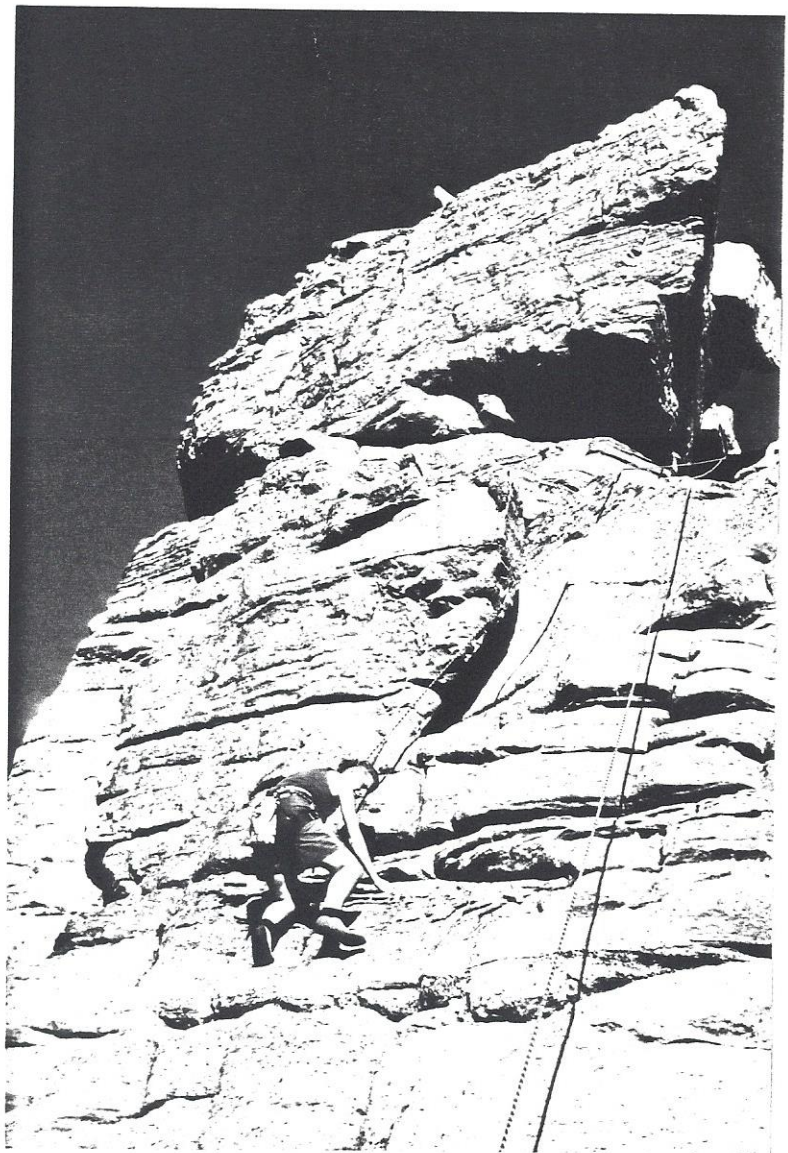


After the initial hassle of trying to jam four packs and a guitar into the boot of an Escort, the trip to Halls Gap was stress free with surprisingly little traffic for Easter. A short drive and a walk later and we were at the start of the track up to Bundaleer.

The fun soon began as we attempted to find the camping caves that were alleged to exist in the area. They are in fact there (up the track to the base of the cliffs then to the LEFT, Antony) but are significantly easier to find before sunset than after midnight.

The Throneroom, where we camped, was an excellent site. IE: it had a huge overhang, sandy floor and fireplace, and easily accommodated the whole group. Similar caves extended further around the base of the cliffs and water was collected from the creek which crossed the track about 1km beyond the track.

After the sun woke us on Friday morning (so much more relaxing than a clock radio) we spent most the day







climbing the rock near where the walking track joins the cliff. These climbs were challenging but not impossible, even for us mortals, which set the standard for the trip.

We met only one small family group on this day (which included my 1987 philosophy lecturer) and we decided to keep as far apart as possible.

This was a good move as after dinner the guitar came out and David B entertained us for hours with his repertoire of Beatles, Pink Floyd, Beatles, Pink Floyd etc. (Know any Cat Stevens, Dave?) Those of us who could sing accompanied him and those of us who couldn't did the same.

Later that morning we drove to Mt Rosea, stopping to collect water at the amazing disappearing Silverband Falls. A steep but short walk led to the top of the cliffs, where we enjoyed lunch and the view while the top ropes were being set up.

Climbing here was more difficult and unorthodox methods were occasionally employed to reach the top. Theories of minimal impact climbing were workshopped as chunks of the cliff were sent crashing down.

An interesting abseil/climb was set up in the narrow gorge which split the cliff, and some exciting swinging and photography were indulged in.

At about this point, Buck, Nat and Rob left and Lana, Bridget and David arrived.

We returned to the cave at almost sunset. After dinner, we had another performance, which was surprisingly similar to the previous night's. Ideas for a new club songbook were thrown about (contributions please!) and other songs were spontaneously composed and almost immediately forgotten, which is not entirely a bad thing. A perfect full moon illuminated the scene for us.

Sunday morning and our faith in the easter Bunny was restored (thanx John). Most of us packed completely and loaded the cars, then set off for Tower Hill carrying only climbing equipment and lunch.

There was a spectacular view from the base of the rock and the afternoon was spent tackling the three interesting climbs. As with previous days, the less experienced climbers, like myself, surprised ourselves with what we could achieve with determination and encouragement, even if our success rate was not 100 per cent.

The trip ended on a high as ten of us assembled on the peak of Tower Hill for a group photo silhouetted against the setting sun. Dead silence as the star boiled away into space behind the distant ranges. Everything was so perfect that we were all quite sure that something terrible was about to happen.

It didn't, and we all abseiled down safely, then walked back to the cars as the HPS students (Adam and David) told us what was what and why in the sky above us. Seven of us left for Melbourne via the almost all night cafe in Ararat, leaving Chris, Lana, Frank, Bridget and David to enjoy some extra days walking and to finish the port.

The co-operation and relaxed attitude of all members of the group combined to make the trip highly enjoyable and rewarding. Special thanks must go to John, for leading the trip so efficiently that we hardly noticed it was being led, and to Adam, Frank, Rob and Buck for sharing their skill and enthusiasm.

Excellent trip \*\*\*\*

Tim West



7

SLUSH: If you've put your foot in your mouth on a trip over the past few weeks, this is your column. Slanderous and defamatory comments are particularly welcome.

"Frank, what happens if I slip while I'm doing this" - A concerned walker, who was about to embark on a marginal hand and foot traverse half way up a 100m cliff, in central Tasmania two days walk from the nearest help.

"That's it" - Frank.



"Go home and have a good sleep - have it on me" - one bushwalker to another on Tuesday afternoon after a succession of sleepless nights.

"Stay away from them. They're evil women" - good advice given to a first year in the Sleazadrome who'd gained confidence from overconsumption of Dept of Geology brand gin.

"Normally I'm pretty good with dogs" - amorous prolific leader.

"Is it better to have a higher ratio of beginners to experienced climbers and have the code open to question or to have a lower ratio and risk exceeding that occasionally. We're talking about relative arse covering here" - rockclimbers discussing what should be in the Rockclimbing Activity Code.

"I went back to my tent one night and discovered two black snakes there" - walker # 1.

"I saw a bluetongue near my tent once" - walker # 2.

"Well, that's comparable" - walker # 3.

"Just call me stud" - hyper prominent committee member.

"The reason he doesn't wear his electric blue lycra tights is he'd wear through the knees in them when he climbs" - deflating comment about climbing legend.

"Would I be able to borrow your car? Don't worry, I know that road upside down" - a less than reassuring comment from a 24 Hour Walk organiser who'd rolled his last car.

"It was not sleazy! I was just trying to facilitate empathy and harmony within the group!" - beach walker's comment.

"By the way, do you have the first aid kit handy" - ominous words preceding an almost exciting cave rescue.

"Hang on and I'll get my camera - I have to finish off the film anyway" - camera buff seeking to delay the evacuation of previously mentioned cave victim by recording the event for posterity.

"I just hope you realise how much you've inconvenienced us!" - soothing comment to allay aforementioned victim's concerns.

"I'm here to please!"

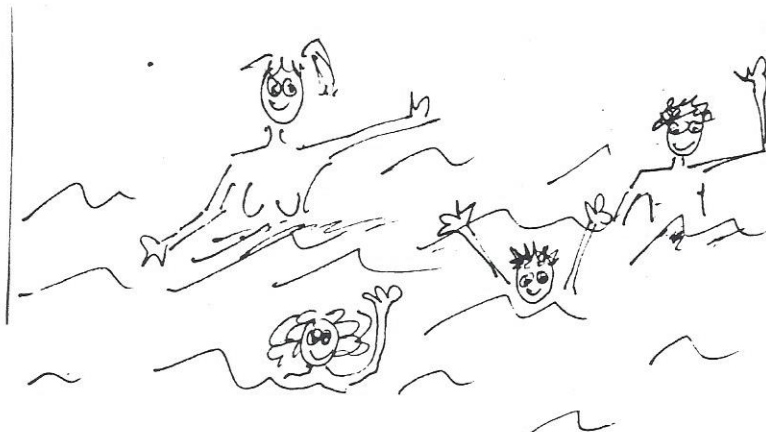


## THE 'JOHN, I'M HERE TO PLEASE' EPIC BEACH TREK

OUR immortal leader had promised us an epic from the beginning and for some of those involved, even getting to Apollo Bay proved to be an expedition in itself.

Andrew and his three travelling companions set out with great expectations but were nearly destined to spend their weekend trekking the scenic plains of Corio. Thankfully they were rescued by a friendly radiator repair man (a full on good bloke) who soon had the doomed companions right back on track.

Once the group was successfully united, most went to their respective tents (some more respective than others) while a few, under the pretense of star gazing, decided to leave their tents unerected - actually a few were left unerected for the entire weekend.



The next day, by the time most of the party were awake Adam and Nat had not only already completed the trek planned for that morning but had also managed to go for a swim and then walk back. After a compulsory spoonful of John's muesli (chaff?) we were equipped to spend the morning wafting across the Arabian sands towards the shore.

We lunched beside limestone waterfalls and it was there John revealed all to his companions - in his pack, that is. Laid on the beach were just a few of the items he had carried - three honeydew melons, a wok, several casks of port, a grater...

Although this was an official MUMC bushwalk, we found plenty of time to participate in antics such as pyramid building, a group photo in a tree, reenacting the Toyota ad off sand dunes, scaring the local surfers with stark bodies and encouraging Alex to display his fishing skills.

After our trecherous(?) walk, dinner around the campfire was a welcome prospect. Most managed to cook something at least vaguely edible, although Sandy only succeeded in spilling her dinner into the campfire (perhaps it was the effect of too many pre-dinner ports) and Mel once again was able to eat everyone else's food and not have to cook.

The suggestion of a communal after dinner massage was met with enthusiasm, especially by those not accustomed to such lengthy walking. Several people plucked up the courage for a midnight swim, or had their courage forcibly plucked up for them.

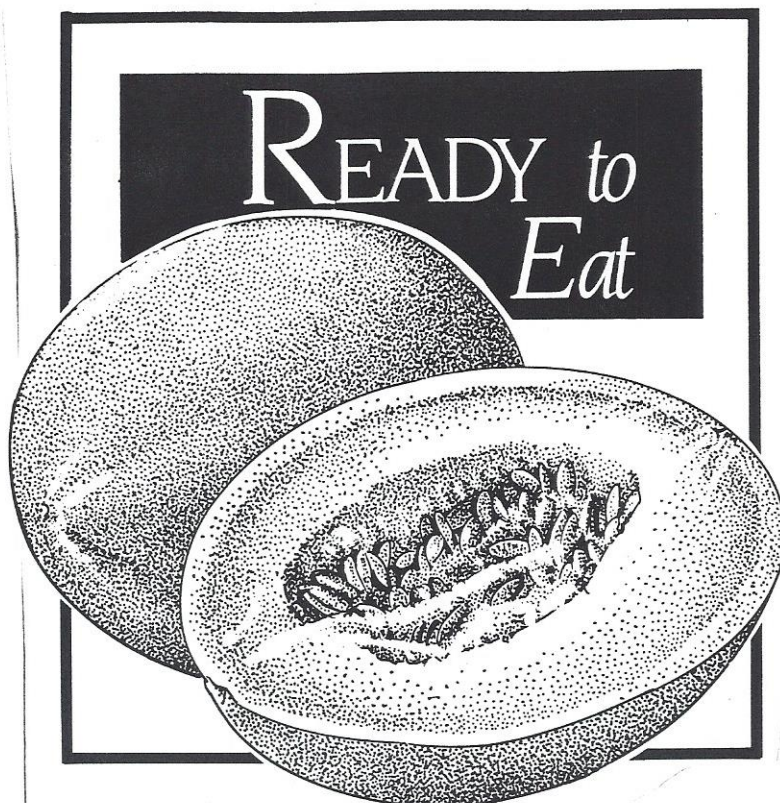




From our meteorology expert Mel, we were all assured that our slumber on the sands would not be interrupted by rain. However, at 5.30am the beach became alive with bodies scurrying around desperately putting up tents before the rain really set in.

After a breakfast of yet more indigestible muesli, the sun came out and a leisurely morning was spent playing frisbee (minus any dogs with other intentions), exploring the dunes, swimming and giving advice to Rohan on finding a woman.

The party divided for the return journey to Castle Cove, with Mel leading a hardened group over rugged rocks. The more sedentary bunch explored the paddocks and participated in the newly formed sport of organic caving in the scrub on the headlands. The latter probably proved to be the most difficult option,



HONEYDEW MELON

although the last of the honeydew melons and a competition to see who had the most fatal and impressive wounds inspired us to meet back with the others.

Reunited, the aspiring mountaineers relaxed by indulging in yet more port, with a few taking well-earned swims.

On reflection, the weekend was very successful despite certain members becoming stranded yet again on the way home (this time due to petrol) and Alex managing to lose his pack in the boot of Glen's car. Those who partook in the (soon-to-be) infamous beach bludge epic were Adam, Andrew, Chris, Rohan, Glen, the other Chris, Sandy, Nat, Fiona, Antony, Debbie, Alex, John, Smell, Caroline and Karen.



Karen Elliot and  
Caroline Tehan



## EASTER BUSHWALKING March 30 to April 4.

AT 5.30pm (approximately) the most laid back of the Easter walking trips departed the club rooms. We were bound (along with what seemed to be the entire population of Melbourne) for Mansfield and the High Country to the east.

We spent the first night near the base of Kings Spur. The road in was rough and made even worse by Dave's erratic driving, which meant his car managed to find every pot hole and rock along the way.

Still, we made it in one piece, except for Dave's car, which seemed to be falling into many pieces.

The next morning we set off up Kings Spur. The guide book describes the route as 'a hard climb soon after breakfast' however the guide book does not allow for parties such as ours which did not even reach the base of the climb until shortly before lunch. But they were correct in describing the climb as steep!

Our group was soon overtaken by the MUMC Rambo Party, a group consisting of Lachlan, Ben and Paul. Didn't they realise this was a holiday?

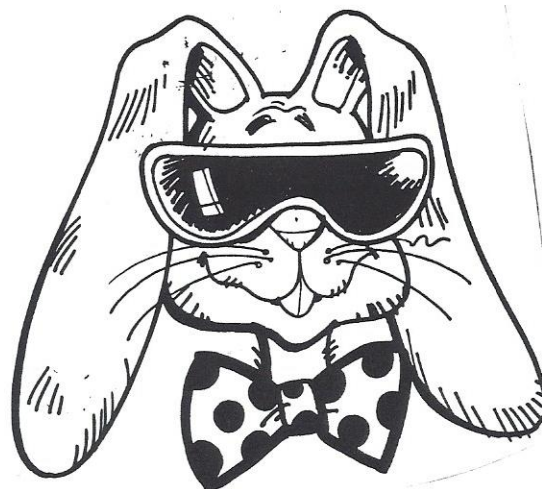
Shortly after lunch we hit the cliffs which occur just before the summit of Koonika. Anna showed the correct way to climb with her good climbing skills which allowed her to be first to the top. Kevin, our leader, showed us how not to climb by nearly taking a fall.

Despite the small problems of the cliffs, we all made it to the summit and thence continued on to Mt Speculation for camp.

At camp we Afound the Rambo Party, who had set up camp, lit the fire and cooked us soup. Being last has its advantages.

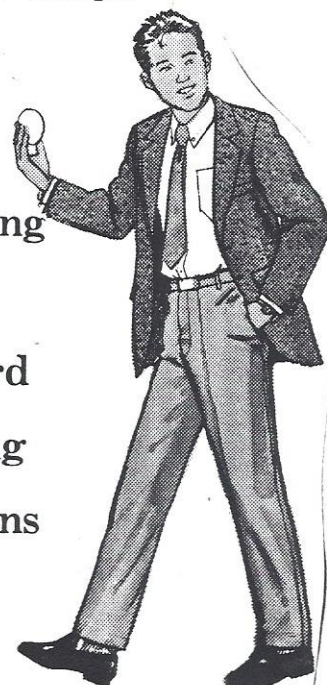
After a night trip to the summit of Mt Speculation, we settled in for some port drinking and a bit of partying. Unfortunately the people from the other camp, annoyed at not being invited to such a rage, protested and the party finished early.

Next day we were up for an early start (about 10am) and cross cut saw to Mt Howitt. This involved a climb up Mt Buggery, which most of us decided was well named. Dave, however, was not happy with the name and wanted it changed to Mt Fucking Awful Climb - typical of Dave.



Easter means elegance and  
sophistication that marks the beginning  
of a whole season of spring style.

These are suits of distinction to afford  
you the quality, comfort and tailoring  
that you like...in fabrics and selections  
that you especially appreciate.







We reached the camp near the summit of Mt Howitt about 3.30pm and, after fetching water from Macalister Springs, we made a dash up Mt Howitt for a superb sunset.

Unfortunately the water from Macalister Springs has lots of parasitic worms in it, which the med students (Phil and Rosie) had great pleasure in telling us about. Rosie was especially helpful in telling us about a girl who had a six metre worm taken from her liver, just as we were about to take our first sip of water.

From Macalister Springs, we walked to King Billy where we camped again. This was a pleasant camp, especially because of Rosie's port and Easter eggs. With a nice fire and plenty of decent food we all had a good time. It's moments like these (sitting around a campfire, drinking someone else's port) which make bushwalking such an enjoyable and relaxing holiday.

The next day we walked down an unnamed spur from King Billy to where the cars were parked. We later christened the spur MUMC spur following the fact that two MUMC parties had both gone down it mistaking it for helicopter spur.

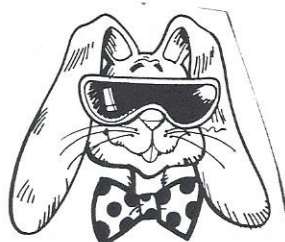
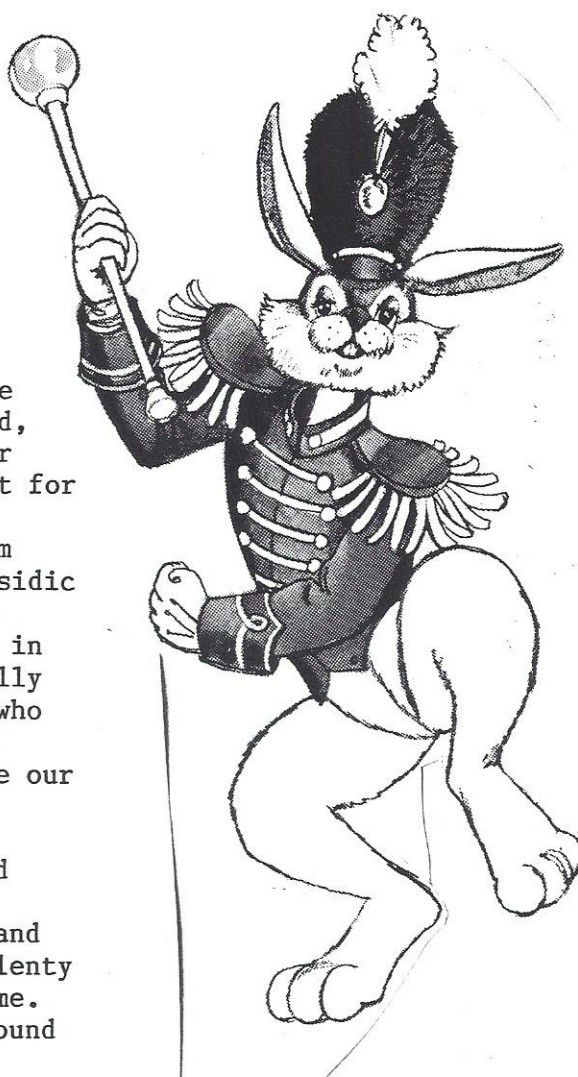
We then hit the pub for the traditional end to the trip.

Thanks to Kevin for leading such an enjoyable trip. Also thanks to the party of Caroline, David, Phillip, Mike, David, Jill, Anna and Rosie for being such good company.

It is not often one finds a group which is prepared to compliment me so much and I found the group's unanimous decision that I was a nice, good looking and intelligent person quite touching.

Good Walking.

Rohan Schaap





## THE 'BEGINNERS' BUSHWALK. March 6

WITH heart pounding and legs screaming out for mercy, I cursed myself for being so unfit and wondered how I'd ever survive the day.

When I decided to go bushwalking for the day in the Cathedral Range near Healesville, I thought I'd be participating in a fairly gentle walk along a well beaten path. Instead I felt like I was pushing into a new and unexplored interior - places nobody had ever been before.

However after ascending the range between the North and South Jawbone, we were privileged to share some spectacular views of far off farmlands and neighboring mountain ranges.

The subsequent walk along the ridge to the Sugarloaf peak which the rockclimbers had inhabited made the effort worthwhile, with picture postcard scenery and greeting us on all sides.

The day had been broken up by frequent stops for drinks and munchies. Even chocolate, which we had told ourselves was good energy food, was consumed without a thread of guilt. The highlight of our culinary enjoyment of the day came, though, when we stopped on Sugarloaf and John produced a honeydew of which we all greedily partook.

Reaching the climbers about 4pm, we all clambered through an amazing cave formed by huge slabs of rock which lean against the mountainside, Jenny Craig weight loss program graduates only were admitted though - in one section the cave isn't more than 50cm wide.

I decided to end my day on a high note and tried a bit of rock climbing. Although I was too tense to really enjoy it, it was an unreal feeling and I'd like to try it again sometime.

I think everyone on the trip really enjoyed themselves. The leaders were excellent and I thoroughly enjoyed meeting and making friends with the down to earth bunch that is the mountaineering club.

Dianne Collins

## INTRO ROCKCLIMBING DAY. March 6.

THE group of about 30 or so arrived at the Cathedral Ranges late in the morning. About half of that lot were rockclimbers, or would be by the end of the day.

The climbers set off under the guide of David 'Buck' Rogers who led us up to the rock face (a 10-15 minute walk and scramble) after he was told which way to lead us.

Buck gave us a rundown on all the gear then gave a demonstration lead climb and a demonstration lead fall... he obviously has confidence in his protection! For what remained of the day each member of the party did two or three climbs up the lichen covered rocks.

The climbs were not at all difficult, especially in comparison to getting down, once you had climbed up. I found it quite an enjoyable way to fill in time between climbs - scrambling along the top of the mountain, the occasional panoramic view from a rock outcrop, the magnificent flora, the hungry bullants...

However you can get too much of a good thing, as Lara certainly discovered. We were all sitting around the bottom of the cliff when, from far off in the forest a faint cry could be heard on the wind. "Help!"

After the initial surprise, a rescue team of two set off and and returned some time later with a slightly embarrassed but otherwise unharmed rockclimber turned trekker.

At about 4pm the hiking mob returned. A couple had a quick climb on a top rope which had at long last been set up thanks to the valiant efforts of the Pres and Co.

Following a salute to a pair of Kookaburras, with a couple of rounds of 'Kookaburra sits in the old gum tree' we all climbed into cars and proceeded to a pub before making the reluctant return to the smoke.

Don Driscoll

Please forgive me for omitting most of the names - I'm new around here.



## A GOULBURN RIVER ROMP March 20

A CONVOY of top-heavy MUMC members' cars sailed happily down the Maroondah Highway into the countryside for a fun Sunday with plenty of spills and laughs.

Our first sight of the Goulburn was of a wall of white froth, thundering down from the weir not far from Thornton; a preview to illustrate the power of moving water. Some of us were destined for much clearer illustrations.

Like colourful bouncing butterflies, darting from shady eddies into the streams of sunflecked foam, the leaders demonstrated techniques and some important principles. We all practised 'breaking in', 'breaking out' and, on several unexpected occasions, 'falling out'!

Hanging upside down in the water was not a big terror. It was surfacing to the view of trees and branches flashing past in a blur of speed that caused panic to set in.

The shock of the icy water that had been at the bottom of Eildon Dam, hiding from the sun, seemed to seize the breath from tense lungs. Forgotten paddles and kayaks hurtled down the rapids, until the hallowed rescuers arrived to deliver us from perillous currents.

How elusive was the art of Ferry Gliding... or is it Fairy Gliding? If I've ever felt less like a fairy...!

"Nose at an angle... sweep stroke! Lean to the right... now sit up, you're in an eddy! Good! No, don't lean upstre--"

"Aaagh!"

Splash. Bubbles. Gulp. Gasp.

"Swimmer!"

The cows and horses had some lively lunchtime entertainment as they munched lazily on the banks. We soon succumbed to hunger ourselves and dried out in the sunshine while keener toyed with the water around the 'pumpkins' (which were incidentally installed by the enterprising owner of the accompanying caravan park).

One by one they nozzled right to the tip of an eddy, then dipped forwards under the falls and bounced out backwards like jesters bowing to river kings! Behind them, miles away, forested mountains rose into a blue blue vault to watch us frisking in one of nature's challenging playgrounds.

A gentle cruise followed the midday action. While the sun made her descent of the sky, we too drifted downwards, chatting meditating... exploring willows at close range!

Suddenly the trip was a memory and we were sitting not in kayaks but in chairs, outside La Porchetta's in Rathdowne St, waiting for pizzas. And waiting and waiting.

It was discovered that it was humanly possible to stuff an entire slice of super supreme into the mouth all at once.

Congratulations Mr Porchetta, (Who knows what 'La Porchetta' means? Ha Ha!) the hot salami and chilli did wonders for the waterlogged nasal passages. And what could finish the day better than prizes from the spinning wheel? Spumanti and Fantas!

Save me a place on the next Goulburn outing! Meanwhile could one of the experienced kayakers please demonstrate the technique of making this pile of wet muddied clothes disappear from the floor of my room?

Cath John



## WERRIBEE GORGE March 12

DESPITE the relatively bad weather, 10 people arrived at the clubrooms at around eight in the morning, some having already started their thrillseeking for the day by riding bicycles with handlebars that were so loose that they had no influence on the direction of the front wheel.

When the troops had all gathered we decided to abandon the original destination of Hanging Rock in favour of the gorge because we could walk at the latter if the rain eventuated.

The weather as we arrived at the cliffs was cold and windy with intermittent drizzle but the cliffs weren't too wet and the climbing conditions weren't too bad.

The grades of climbs done (or attempted, at least) ranged from 9 to 20 (I think) which meant there was something for everyone.

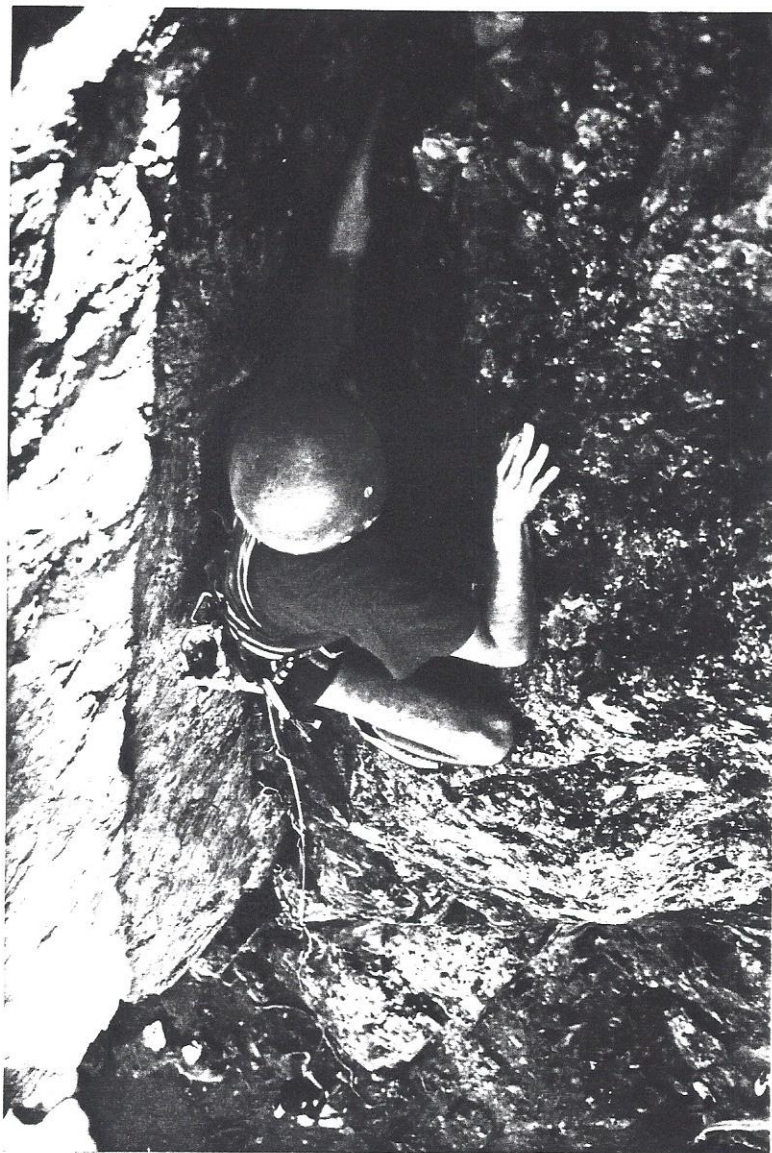
If people came up to get away from the crowds they were at the wrong place. Burke St would have seemed quiet after that because of the presence of a 20 person contingent from the Monash Bushwalking ~~Circus~~ Club as well as some individual groups of climbers, at least three dozen in all. As it is quite a short cliff, it was quite crowded.

We probably climbed until four then headed back to Melbourne detouring only for a pub in Bacchus Marsh along the way.

Little did we expect the hardest problem of the day was yet to come, sorting out travelling and petrol money.

For some reason, one person paid for some of the petrol with his mastercard and we ended up with everyone owing everyone else different amounts of money. It was so difficult it made eradicating the Australian national debt look easy.

Once that was sorted out, we headed off in our various separate directions. As the cliché goes, a great time was had by all. Thanks go to the trip leader Frank Zgoznik.



Phillip Towler  
1st year science