

*LA TROBE UNIVERSITY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB*

# **CRAPON**

***SECOND EDITON 2005***



Welcome to the spring edition of Crapon! Everyone's been getting out and about lately, with plenty of climbing, caving, biking, skiing, paddling, and hiking activity. This issue offers a great read, packed full of tales from trips to Buffalo, Stirling, the old Ada Tramway, Nowra and more. Live vicariously through Megan in her Red Rocks climbing adventure, the feature article of this edition.

Crapon is for *you*, the people of LUMC. Only *you* can turn it into a great and relevant read, so send in trip reports, pictures and anything else you think this magazine needs. Being published was never this easy!

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## Presidents Report

By Sarah Osbourne

Hey everyone, I would firstly like to extend a warm welcome to all of our new members who joined at the start of this semester!!!! I hope you all have a great semester at Uni and with the mountaineering club. To all of our existing members, welcome back!

### VSU (Voluntary Student Unionism)

LUMC, and myself, have been strongly involved in the fight against VSU. I am sure you have will be familiar with the debate, and the effects that VSU will have on university life and activities. Student services will no longer receive funding and as a result union services will struggle and most likely, cease to exist. SARA will lose its funding, and therefore LUMC will also. So you can imagine this debate is extremely important and relevant to LUMC and its members. The committee and I have been working on fundraising ideas and strategies to maintain LUMC in the likely event that this devastating legislation passes.

### Trips

Although I have not managed to go on many trips lately, there have been some amazing trips, and more to come. I encourage you all to get involved! The slow start to the ski season lead to anxious wait for snow, but when it finally began to fall we started getting out there. There was also a hugely successful climbing trip to Nowra which Jackie (our Crapon editor) and Catherine (our treasurer and social secretary) were involved in. Having traveled and climbed in Nowra the year before I would recommend it to everyone; not only is it a sports climbing mecca, but there are fantastic side trips to be had and it is not too far from Sydney. Paddling has also been extremely active in the past few months, with the Snowy River and Mitchell Trips and Tuesday night paddling, even throughout the holidays.



**Above:** Sarah packed up and ready at Mt Stirling. See trip report page 20 by Shaggy

Best wishes to everyone with their studies this semester, stay safe.

Sarah Osbourne  
2005 President  
La Trobe University Mountaineering Club

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*Come **kayaking** in the SARA Pool on Tuesday nights from 8pm. There's no cost involved and it's a great chance to improve your paddling skills in a more controlled environment. Learn to Eskimo roll and massage your competitive nature in an energetic polo match. If you are keen you can also train for inter-university kayak polo competitions.*

## The 2006 LUMC Committee

At the AGM in August, a new committee was elected for 2006. Big thanks to all the 2005 committee on behalf of all LUMC members for a huge and successful year. Particularly, big thanks to the 2005 president Sarah, for your huge commitment and for bringing LUMC administratively back up to speed. The new brains behind LUMC are listed below, and will be introduced in the next edition of Crapon.

President:	Alicia Crisp
Vice President:	David Wyndham
Treasurer:	Catherine de Vaus
Secretary:	Michael Harding
Snow activities:	Alicia Crisp
Bushwalking:	Alicia Crisp
Caving:	David Wyndham
Mountain Biking:	Alex Cohen
Paddle sports:	Michael Harding
Rock Climbing:	Catherine de Vaus and Jackie Bernardi
Crapon Editor:	Jackie Bernardi
Gear Store Manager:	Alex Cohen
Social & Fundraising:	Robyn Seymor
Mascot:	Shaggy and Russell the Moose

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## Activities report

### **Kayaking** *By Michael Harding*

The semester holidays provided an opportune time for some fantastic interstate paddling. Along with Monash and Melbourne Uni members, David and myself headed up to the



**Above:** Mikey paddles lap after lap on the Penrith white water course

Penrith White Water course for a few days to play on the man-made fun park. The course is equivalent to a kayaker's skate park, with rapids around Grade III. A conveyor belt-style traveller links the horseshoe-shaped route, making for a blissful day of paddling without leaving the cockpit or enduring long stretches of flat water.

In July, the combined University contingent descended on the Mitchell River. Check the LUMC website for photos of the beginner carnage, as well as the weir drop heroics of some of our more enthusiastic comrades. Before the rivers began flowing, the surf at Phillip Island provided a challenge. Notable performances include: Heidi braving the swell,

German Alex performing a graceful deep water rescue, and Dave surfing waves that were too big for the rest of us. The progress of LUMC kayakers attending pool sessions since the start of the year is significant, waddling from the pool, to the Yarra, then the Goulburn, and now with enough confidence and skill for surfing at the beach.

The lack of complete boats for canoe polo encouraged us to tackle some ambitious fibreglass repair on two of the retired tubs. The 2005 Polo convener, Paul, is heading overseas, and so we've postponed his world record rolling attempt. In his absence, his full court goals will become mythical, and his comradery fondly remembered.

David is in the process of reviewing the year's film footage and immortalising our adventures on celluloid. Begin your white water career by attending one of the clubs pool sessions at SARA Tuesdays 8pm. You'll be paddling, rolling, surfing and boofing in no time.



**Above:** LUMC hosts Inter-university polo with Monash and Melbourne outdoors clubs, September 2005

**Below:** Biking at the Commonwealth Games circuit, Lysterfield, winter 2005.

### **Bushwalking** *By David Wynham*

Dedicating convener time to bushwalking, mountain biking and caving, has meant I haven't been able to throw myself into as many activities. This year so far, bushwalking has been rather quiet however activity is looking to increase over summer. Walkers explored the Ada Tramway (see trip report page six), enjoying beautiful scenery and overgrown walking tracks. The Wilson's Prom trip had to be postponed, due to car troubles and the bushfire earlier this year. But as the weather improves it will again be bushwalking season. Alicia is now in charge of the Bushwalking activities, but I will still be helping and attending some

walks. If you have ideas for bushwalking or want to help run a trip, contact Alicia.



### **Mountain Biking** *By David Wynham*

There have been a couple of Mountain Biking trips this year, and the action is set to start heating up again. At Mt Buller, when the snow lifts and skiers go home, the place is opened up to downhill bikers. Last March LUMC mountain bikers took on the slopes with a huge weekend of downhill adventuring. Further

summer alpine adventures are being planned for when lifts re-open for bikes.

More recently we headed out to Lysterfield with some Monash Uni students to play on the newly created Commonwealth Games circuit. This was a great morning's ride, with the only casualty being the rear derailleur hanger on my bike. Coming up in November is the annual Gravity 12hr, so get training and see you there. The new convener is Alex, so if you have any ideas for Mountain Bike activities, get in contact with Alex.



### **Caving** *By David Wynham*

With club trips to Labertouche, Buchan, Jenolan and Britannia Creek, 2005 has been a good year for underground exploration. Combined caving trips with Melbourne University Mountaineering Club and Sydney University Speleological Society have enabled more activity. All manner of caves have been explored, from muddy granite mazes to spectacular stalactite filled limestone caverns. We are looking into the possibility of single rope technique (SRT) training, and taking on some vertical caving action.

As the 2006 caving convener I am now able to devote my time to this passion. There will be plenty more to come in caving adventures later this year, please contact me if you are interested.

### **Rock Climbing** *By Jackie Bernardi*

Climbers have been getting out and caressing real rock regularly. The mid year trip to Nowra was fantastic; in attendance and representing LUMC was Cath, Alex, Mikey, and myself.



Along with climbing friends from all over the country, we spent the Queens Birthday weekend relaxing in the Nowra Climber's Mansion and attacking the local sandstone delights. The infamous Mansion was a hit...throw in thirty fun loving climber sorts, a pool, spa, sauna, steam room, table tennis, five huge bedrooms, three lounge rooms, a hallway that doubled as an exercise hall...the party absolutely rocked! Hangers on *couldn't* leave, so we and turned it into a climbers institution and kicked on for a further month. See Cath's trip report on page 19.

**Top:** Alex mountain biking at Lysterfield  
**Above:** Get excited about climbing in Thailand. View from Burnt Offerings, 7a+, Tonsai Beach, Krabi  
**Next Page:** Skiing at Mt Feathertop

Members have expressed interest for an outdoor climbing trip for beginners. If you are interested in

outdoor climbing with the club, it is essential you get along to indoor sessions. Here you can learn basic climbing safety and gain experience with belaying, knots and other essential rope work. Emails about indoor climbing are sent to the club list regularly. If you are keen, contact the person organising the night, or the climbing conveners.

This Christmas and New Years, Cath and myself are heading off to Thailand, and we welcome anyone keen to join us. Climbing in Thailand is absolutely spectacular, a trip of a lifetime. Climbers from all over the world flock to Tonsai Beach paradise near Krabi, Southern Thailand, spending days, weeks or months throwing themselves at the featured limestone cliffs, relaxing, enjoying fine cuisine and discovering what life is really about. If you are interested in adventuring with us, you *must* be autonomous and experienced. It's not too late to get the necessary experience now, express your interest to Cath and start attending indoor gym sessions.

### **Snow Stuff** *By Alex Cohen*

The 2005 winter season was relatively lackluster as far as the quantity of snow went. Despite that, a number of trips were run to various places. The majority of weekend trips took place at Falls Creek, mainly for resort telemarking or skating on the groomed cross country trails. Due to the limited conditions, there hasn't been much activity in the way of backcountry, however three weekend trips to Mt Stirling gave members a taste of snow camping (at least when we weren't being slack and staying in the huts!). More lifted skiing and boarding took place with a few day trips to Mt Buller. Only one club trip to Lake Mountain was managed, when there was actually some snow for cross country introduction. Unfortunately the planned extended trip to Mt Howitt never eventuated this year, so its on the "to do" list for next year.

For 2006 Alicia is now looking after the Snow Sports division so get in contact with her if you have any ideas for what to do for next Winter.



## Anzac Weekend Hiking the Ada Tramway

By David Wyndham

Over the Anzac day long weekend I decided to run a trip to the Old Ada Tramway, a walk I enjoyed eight years earlier. The plan was simple; meet at La Trobe at 10am Sunday morning, drive one and a half hours to Warburton, and hike the old Ada tramway. Engaging my memory and the map, we estimated the walk to be an easy 12km both days. I figured this would be a good introduction for inexperienced hikers, a nice simple trip that would allow us to get back to Melbourne at a decent time on Monday, as Tom needed to be home by 6pm. The reality was a little different.

The first set back occurred before we even left. Expecting a group of seven people, I was concerned to arrive at car park six to find just one person waiting for me. Delays on public transport caused most to be late, and one person pulled out due to illness. The crew consisted of Thomas Dieing, Björn Maatz, Nikolas Groß, Andrew Goldstein, Soren Eriksen and myself. By 11am we had all arrived, and headed off.

I had to pick up an SD card for my new digital camera, so we were had to take the slower route through the Eastern Suburbs to Warburton. The earlier transport delays, coupled with the impact of the slower route, meant that it was already lunchtime at the time we planned to stop and buy food for the trip. We pulled into Chirnside Park and sat down for a while to eat lunch and get our strength up.



**Above:** The crew setting out  
**Below left:** Relics along the old tramway

Finding the start of the hike was problematic! I had a *fairly* good idea of where I was going, but I didn't know where to turn off the Warburton Highway. A quick stop past the Warburton tourist information set us straight. We reached the start of the trail at 2:30, and we still had a car shuffle to do. Tom and myself told the rest of the group that we would be back in around 20 minutes, and headed off to drop his car at the end. Unfortunately we had overestimated the condition of the roads, and the shuffle took 45 minutes. The



conditions were terrible, and at one stage I was carrying too much speed and spun around, losing control into a slippery corner. Everything was ok, we just had to take it slow.

We started out at 3:20, the six of us heading briskly off towards Starling's Gap and hoping to arrive before nightfall. Meeting a family at the start, they informed us the walk had taken them three hours. Nightfall was due at six. It would be tight.

The scenery was fantastic. Along the

way we encountered several relics of the old tramway. There were parts of rail, old tram engines, and one 20m high pile of sawdust. The path wasn't quite as easy as I had anticipated. Over the last few years the maintenance of the trail has been neglected, there were many fallen logs and debris over the path. Sunset arrived as we emerged at Starling's Gap. Walking into the campsite we met two families camping and four wheel driving for the long weekend. They so kindly offered us the use of their campfire and frypans to cook dinner, and breakfast the next morning. That night we sat up playing 500 and eating Anzac biscuits by torchlight.

As the walk on Sunday only took us two and a half hours, we anticipated a nice sleep in and didn't head off until 11:30. This was a mistake, as the path on the second half of the



**Above:** Ruins along the Ada Tramway

walk was in much worse condition than the first. There were many more fallen trees and the path was narrow and overgrown with bracken regrowth. We had to navigate several slippery creek crossings. Leeches sucked on our legs at every opportunity.

Again we came across many relics of the old tramway, including an abandoned mill-site with some ruined huts. Near the end we stopped to marvel the Ada tree. Once an estimated 120m tall it would have been the world's tallest tree, but a lightning strike split the top off a few years back. It still stood an impressive

76m. By this point we were exhausted, and a time check revealed we were running around an hour late. With the car still a half hour away, we pressed on.

Tom had to be home by 6pm, and at this stage we feared that wasn't to be. We reached the first car, swung past to collect the other car and then started back to Melbourne. Estimating the trip home to take maybe two hours, with a quick petrol stop, we eagerly predicted that Tom might only be 30 minutes late. However with Fate against us, we encountered a flat tyre near the end of the Warburton Highway. Despite all this, we arrived home at only slightly late, at 6:45.

The walk was great, the scenery was lovely, and the old tramway parts made it an interesting historical journey. Next time, we may leave earlier on the first day, check that the track has been cleared, and allow a little more time. Despite this, overall it was a great weekend.



Did you know that LUMC **climbs** regularly on Wednesday nights at Hardrock Nunawading? We have a standing arrangement with Hardrock; on presentation of your LUMC card you get \$14 entry. This includes unlimited climbing and hire of a harness and shoes. For more info email Cath [catherine.devaus@telstra.com](mailto:catherine.devaus@telstra.com)

## A Midsummer Buffalo Experience

By Corey Putkunz

Two days after Christmas our trio set off from the farmlands of Beechworth to the home of some of Australia's most spectacular and exciting granite climbing, Mount Buffalo. Having never climbed there before, our first date was with a classic called "The Pintle." Three pitches of relatively low grade climbing which meandered up to Mount Buffalo's highest point at the Horn area. My companions were my good friend Jackie, a fearless climbing partner and the head chef, specialising in various curried things containing "Bologne" (yeah, I think it looks like dog food from a can too...) and other goodies. I was pleased to have Steve along with us too, spiritual advisor and all round great guy. When we left home there was a bit of cloud, though by the time we reached the Buffalo plateau things looked quite grey and gloomy.



**Above:** Sorting and racking up at the Ranch. Corey's brother Jordy learns all about climbing gear.

For me climbing is a passion, it pushes me to think and feel things that lay hidden in other parts of my life, and changes the way I take on the challenges of the "real world" back in the big smoke. As amazing as it is though, there is often days when I wonder what on earth I just got myself into, today was going to be one of those days, though it remains one of my most amazing and exciting climbing adventures yet, and something I will never regret.

We hiked it up to the tourist lookout at the top of the Horn, what a view! Using the tourist rail we rapped down a water washed face past a climb called "Peroxide Blonde", then further into the gully we got off rope and scrambled around to the start of the first pitch of the climb. I was super keen to try my hands (literally!) at a bit more crack climbing, so I headed up the pleasant first pitch, setting up belay under a small ledge and bringing Jackie and Stevo up. By that time it was getting pretty damn cold, the sky was getting darker but rock covered the direction the weather was coming from. We huddled up to keep warm and contemplated the situation when an odd mist rolled in. No, that wasn't mist, it was snow! Snow, two days after xmas, in the middle of summer! I couldn't believe it was actually snowing on us, the longer we sat there the more it came in, blowing right up the cliff at us. Small piles of the sweet white stuff settled in crevices near us, and the chill deepened.

When I was a kid I remember coming up to the Horn in spring. The tree's and the grass were so green and a beautiful little stream ran across the summit, now it looked like something from Mordor in Lord of the Rings. Most of the snow gums remain burnt and lifeless from fires that affected the area many years ago, which along with their naturally twisted appearance makes them look quite evil in the grey mist and snow which hid any hint of colour on the plateau. I guess I would say there was a haunting beauty to the place at the moment.

For a climb that was described as "pleasant" in the guide book, it was looking to be everything but from here on in. Jackie racked up as we all shuffled about on the now sub-zero snow covered little ledge and eyed off the next pitch. She faced a move that

consisted of a six foot leap into a snow filled razor sharp off-width crack, we envied her just looking at it. See there is basically two types of granite, there is the granite exposed to the elements, often found on slabs which is quite rough and offers a lot of friction, then there's the granite that consists of millions of big, sharp, spiky crystals that do all sorts of damage so your hands, arms, legs, and anything else you put near it. The later is what Jackie was about to jump into, basically a cheese grater... After some umming and aaring about whether or not we we're on the right route, along with my encouraging words: "Jackie, think about the great story we can tell!", she went for it, and stuck it! As she slid down into the constriction of the crack I could almost feel the granite scraping any part of her skin that wasn't covered by layers of jumpers and pants!



**Above:** A goblin huddling on the belay ledge amidst the surreal snow mist

I remember her motivational words like it was this morning, "holy f\*\*\* I'm going to f\*\*\*ing die, this is the worst f\*\*\*ing climb I've ever f\*\*\*ing done in my life, I swear I'm going to die, f\*\*\* this s\*\*\*...", she certainly did swear. I didn't understand at all why she thought she was going to die though, she just jumped into a upwards flaring crack and was now wedged there! She crammed her first piece of gear deep in the crack, and clipped, now probably the safest of all of us, albeit bleeding from the granite,

freezing cold, and getting snowed on, "Think about the story Jac!". It took five minutes of awesome effort to work herself

free and wiggle up, poetry all the way and in fine form, she made it and was now out of sight up above. Steve and I now sat there simultaneously smiling and laughing while chattering our teeth. I was thanking my creator for remembering to put on two jumpers, two pairs of paints and socks on under my climbing shoes when it looked like being cold up here. Jackie made it up and we followed suite.

Numb to the bone we all stood the base of the last pitch turning in little circles crouched down like you tend to do when your freezing cold and waiting for someone else to offer to lead. Jackie was a bit over it, I stepped forward, it was getting way too cold to be standing around, besides, "think about the story we can tell!". The final pitch was a nice finger crack with some solid slab moves for your feet. By a nice crack I mean gorgeous, with the snow beginning to melt and turn to trickling icy water, and by solid I mean it felt like was trying to run up a water slide. I remember completely slipping off the rock at one stage and grabbing for any hint of a hold, just managing to step around to the corner to catch my breath and get some of that courage back. (*Ed – Corey cut loose on a slab! A sight never before seen (often) on a grade 12 granite slab, and only possible in snow!*) There were some "choice" words coming from me after that little episode. It got to the stage of stopping mid climb and putting hands under shirts to get some feeling back in them. Climbing with numb fingers is the weirdest feeling, the holds feel so solid because you can't feel anything slipping, at least the granite wasn't hurting (yet!).

I remember stepping over the top of the climb and reaching the railing of the tourist lookout, I sat there and thanked myself it was done. At that very moment I noticed it had stopped snowing, in fact the clouds had thinned towards the setting sun and shards of sunlight gave life to everything on the plateau. People talk about perfect moments, this was one of them. I smiled on the inside and felt butterflies, like I was in love with life and

the world around me.

I wish I could have sat longer to enjoy but there were two freezing kids down below and I'm sure they weren't sitting there enjoying the geological oddities of granite. Maybe they were thinking what I was thinking, about how bad frost bite had to be before they amputated your fingers! I set up anchor and Steve and Jackie headed up, in much finer form that I just showed, I might add.

There were smiles all around once we were safe and heading back to the car for some well deserved munchies (jelly snakes in bread rolls, as I remember). Our original plan was to stay up here for a few days, though we decided to head back to the chalet to re-evaluate and try and get warm, I think that was the best idea we had all day! The three of us stood huddled around one of the column heaters in the chalet hallway looking like a few bums around a fire drum, where the staff informed us it had been a bizarre weather day, and had dropped well below zero (yeah we could have told them that).

After a lovely hot meal in the shelter near the Buffalo George at about 11pm we decided that a warm bed and a good rest was in order. So with some beautiful memories of a great adventure and the taste of Mother Earth's unpredictability, we headed back home to the farm near Beechworth, smiles all the way.

**Continued...**  
**by Jackie Bernardi**

A few months later, Corey and myself returned to Mt Buffalo and enjoyed a sunny, carefree, and relatively straightforward ascent of *The Pintle*! See our picture story below.

**Below:** Midsummer climbing at Buffalo; Corey and Jackie huddle for warmth and watch the snow come in on the second belay of *The Pintle*, Mt Buffalo

**Right:** Its all sun and smiles, experiencing *The Pintle* the following March



***The end!***

## Red Rocks, Nevada

By Megan Dunn

*Megan, our US correspondent, is undertaking some intensive reconnaissance for the potential world trippers among us. Based in Washington, and apparently working and finalising her thesis, she's been mingling with locals and exploring the rock talent.*

I'd been hanging out for the Red Rocks trip since I'd booked my flight (\$98 return, bargain) five weeks beforehand, and then talked Ben into coming up from Mexico. But then a couple of weeks before the trip, I managed to either partially tear (or strain?) a tendon in my left ring finger. Whatever I'd done, it hurt, and there was to be no hard climbing for me. So, some long easy tradding was planned...

### DISCLAIMER

The Red Rocks Trip Report by Megan is a work of fiction. Any references to real people, living or dead; and real events, businesses, organizations, and locales are intended only to give the fiction a sense of reality and authenticity. All names, characters, places and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and their resemblance, if any, to real-life counterparts is entirely coincidental...and it's also very long.

### THURSDAY – In transit

I had arrived in Vegas and was greeted by bright lights, rows of pokie machines, and some scary scary people. I panicked, and started playing Australian music on my Ipod. After wandering around the terminal aimlessly for a while, I received directives to Oscar, Mr. "What happens in Vegas stays in Vegas". I commenced a thorough search of the airport, and found him in one of the bars, surrounded by girls, holding a huge wad of cash he'd already won, and drinking two beers at once (how he managed that with only two hands I never managed to work out). With difficulty and despite the protestations of the girls, I dragged him outside. Once out, we were soon rescued by Vegas (this is where it gets complicated - one of my friends nicknames is also Vegas - I'll leave it up to reader discretion to know when I'm referring to the climber, and when to the city) and Tammy in the magical hire car, and we then set off to find Ben at the International Terminal. After watching people gradually trickle out of customs, Ben finally came out, and we headed back to the hotel. There was a marked lack of hijinks, as we all collapsed into bed, thinking we were exhausted – it was nothing to what was to come.



**Above:** Ben walking into the Black Corridor

## FRIDAY – “It's this colour, except brow”

We opened the hotel windows to views over Las Vegas, with the rocks off in the distance. Excited (well, I was anyway), we headed off to the car, on a mission to meet up with the others at Starbucks. We scoped out potential chapels to get married in along the way, and discovered that meeting at Starbucks when in Vegas is a bit like meeting at the casino. Eventually the right Starbucks was found, assisted by Oscar's special tingling Starbucks spider-senses. Vegas, Tammy, Ming, Todd, Suzy and Mike were located in the carpark, and after hauling everyone away from the coffee, we headed off to the rocks – to the First Pullout. The mission - the Black Canyon, and bolt clipping.



**Above:** Morning in the back corridor  
**Next Page:** Desert views; the walkout from the Second Pullout

After an uneventful walkin, we got to the canyon, people climbed things. The climbing was pleasant and cool, except for that hour when the sun was overhead, which caused everyone to mysteriously start removing all their clothes. Vegas impressed everyone with his skills when he caught his contact lens during a lead fall, and proceeded to lower, replace the contact, then keep climbing. As the day wore on, a few of us wandered to the end of the canyon and started trying to stick our head in a hole (yes, it really didn't make much sense), and throw rocks in another hole, while the hardcore climbers climbed on. James and Julie wandered over towards the end of the day, but decided to keep on climbing, as we all headed off to book into the time share.

As we drove back into town, Ming and Opie became alarmingly over-excited in the car in front, and impressed us in the rear car with their funky dance moves. After booking in, we hit the timeshare, and the showering process of 10 dirty climbers began, as Crazy Gil and the minivan arrived. An enormous esky of beer and soft drinks materialised in

the kitchen, courtesy of James (and his work). We start making a dint in it. Meanwhile in the lounge area, trouble was brewing as Ming, Opie and Ben formed the Universal Tasting Society. They concurred initially on the tastes of some chocolates, and then Tim-Tams, and from then there was no stopping them.

We were all getting pretty for a dinner at Sensi, in the Bellagio, where Oscar had lined us up with a private room, courtesy of his pastry chef friend, Kenny. Later that night, we were all to fall in love with Kenny. But first there was wine, and delicious food, and then falling asleep. And then the desserts came. We ended up with one of everything, and restraint was needed as we all shared between the 12 of us. The soufflé, the crepe, .... oh, the goodness of the food. But time for sleep and bed, home we went.

Quote of the day, courtesy of **Tammy** (pointing at her pale green top) - “It's this colour except brown.”



## **SATURDAY - "I concur"**

We attempted to rise early. Some people succeeded. Other people rose in a zombie state, ate breakfast, and returned to bed, unable to process the noises coming from other peoples mouths. A crew of enthusiastic happy climbers headed off to Panty Wall. Vegas wandered off to check his email, while the rest of us slumped in bed, attempting to pretend the world didn't exist.

Eventually we managed to drag ourselves to a state resembling consciousness. Ben and I played the traditional "fit yourself in stupid small spaces into which you couldn't possibly fit" game, followed by an impromptu wrestling match. We were all awake by then, so we headed off to Panty Wall to join the others.

We didn't anticipate that on the way to the rock we were going to be waylaid by a gearstore though. Ben needs new climbing shoes. Ming's climbing shoes hurt his feet... maybe he should buy new shoes too? And Vegas can't resist trying on some approach shoes... they all walk away with a new pair of shoes. And I get startled by the pet rat that lives in the store, as it was running around on the counter. No, Mr. Shopkeeper man, I'm not afraid of rats, I just wasn't particularly expecting one to be running around on your counter. They're not exactly a common fixture in stores.

As we arrive at Panty Wall, I noticed there seemed to be a suspicious number of people huddling under the tree by the cliff (the only shade available) rather than climbing. The enthusiastic new arrivals got harnessed up and started climbing. I top roped a 5.7, then

had my arm twisted by Julie (well, sort of) into leading a 5.8, which was fun, and didn't really require any moves with my injured left fingers. A crew moved to the upper wall and started playing on the silly slab climbs, including Ben's friend Susan, and her friend Gabe. I watched Ben and Susan trying to lead up the hard 5.10c *Party-Mime* on the left, and Vegas cursing slab climbs while top roping the 5.10 *Victoria's Secret* on the right.

Wandering back down to the lower wall, Boer had arrived. He and a crew of enthusiastic people decided to head off to the Magic Bus and get some more climbing in. I decided to join the slacklining crew (Suzy, Mike, Todd and his son, Calder, and Vegas), but first had to get in a quick lead of the other 5.8. I flew up that, then Vegas and I headed off to play on the slackline in the park.

The grass under the slackline was green, and soft to land on. Which was convenient, as we were falling off quite a lot. The In N Out Burger was calling though... we pack up, and head for showers, then meet the other guys there. We were served by Michelle, who pulls some moves on Ben, forever impressing the rest of the crew.

Some of us head home for some sleep (getting up at 5am the next day for a multi-pitch will do that to you), while the others hit the town.

## **SUNDAY – Where we discover the goodness of the shrimp brownie**

The new arrivals had pushed the number in the 2 bedroom timeshare up to 14. This made creeping out at 5am a bit interesting, as for some reason FIVE people were on the floor in the master bedroom. Nonetheless Boer and I manage to sneak out with our gear, and get to the park in time to queue for a 6am entrance (how hardcore are we!). The race was on once we got into the park, and as we pulled up at the Pine Creek Canyon pull-off, there was only one car ahead of us. Trying to be subtle, I enquired as to what climb they were planning to head up. It wasn't Cat In The Hat. Phew. We headed off to Mescalito South, where the 5.6 trad multipitch classic Cat In The Hat was located. After a few wrong turns, which I prefer to think of as 'alternate directioning', we were at the base of the climb. Boer racked up to run the first couple of pitches together, while I found a cute mouse with large ears, that ate half of one of my cashews (ok, fine, I fed the mouse a cashew, I'm one of those evil people that feed wildlife. At least it wasn't an m&m).

The climbing on the first pitch was nice, then the climb turned into a set of ledges, that we scrambled up to get to the next point where it was worth belaying. As a result I ended up with a short third pitch lead, that seemed like it was over before it began. Boer headed up pitch four, while I continued to find rodent wildlife – this one was



**Above:** Megan seconding up pitch two of *Cat in the Hat*

small and furry, with some stripes on its head and a furry tail. Boer was greeted by the call of “Oh Boer, I can see a thingy!” (I’m sure he was excited as I was). Half way up the fourth pitch is a new and shiny DMM booty cam. I spend nearly half an hour standing there trying to wiggle the damn thing out. Change stance, wiggle cam, poke with nut tool, pull at lobes. Change stance. Wiggle cam. Repeat. I had to leave it there in the end :(

Pitch Five was mine, and a short traverse. Damn it, why am I getting all the boring pitches? I take this back as I hit the runout slabby section on the sixth and final pitch, with a fair chunk of rope drag to make life even more fun. There are some swallows around that seemed to be taking pleasure in whooshing past me noisily at full speed, as I try and stay attached to the rock. Then we’re both at the top – and we haven’t come across anyone else on the climb! Apparently this is highly unusual. We rappel down carefully, far too aware of all the horror stories we’ve heard of stuck ropes on this climb. The rope graveyard of all those old and faded tags of rope sticking out of cracks on the way down



**Above:** Megan rappelling down

makes us even more careful. As we get down to the top of the fourth pitch, we run into some other climbers – Canadians. We wish them luck trying to get the booty cam out, and head on down.

After most of the day spent in the sun, we head for the creek. There is talk about doing another climb, or at least the first pitch or two of another climb. But time flies as we lie on warm rocks in a creek full of cold snow melt, and in the end we walk out and head straight back to the timeshare. Showers are had, some of the guys hit the hot tub, then we head out for all-you-can-eat sushi. Things are relatively quiet as plates are stacked with food, and starving climbers are satiated.

After the initial starvation pangs had disappeared, somehow, and I’m not really sure how, Ben and I come up with the concept of sushi brownie. We were thinking of using salmon, but when Ming offers to eat our creation, he showed a preference for shrimp... sooo, shrimp brownie it is. Ben and I headed off, and created our food masterpiece

– Ben was keen on adding some Wasabi, but I was pretty sure that the delicate flavours of the shrimp brownie are probably quite enough on their own. Ming went through with it and ate our masterpiece. And although I’m not entirely sure what sort of score it would have received from UTS, it was acclaimed as a brilliant fusion, a transitional dish between the main course and dessert. Ben and I retired from our roles as culinary geniuses – there was no way we could have beaten the high point we had reached.

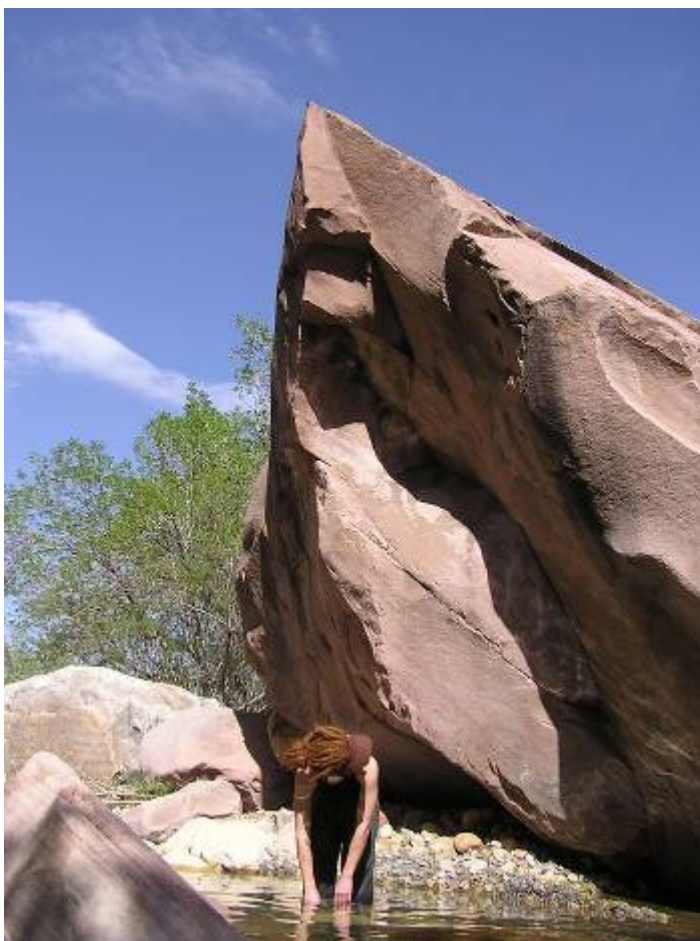
By then, the tiredness was kicking in again, and everyone was beginning to find everything unusually funny. Silly conversations abounded. Following dinner, the piker-crew (aka. the Monday multi-pitch crew, of Megan, Boer and Ben) headed off with Vegas to drop off Oscar at the airport, then go to bed. The others head out onto the strip, to do their crazy thing again.

## MONDAY – “Like climbing on a sandcastle”

I awake to Ben hurling himself on top of the bed between me and Tammy. It's not official multi-pitch time yet though, so I keep napping. Tammy and Opie tell us garbled stories of people going out on the strip and selling all of the beer (and the esky) and then gambling away all the profits in a dramatic fashion. Boer sticks his head in and tells us it's time to get up. Boo! Mean Boer! We herd all of our stuff together – it's check out today, so we need to store everything in the car. Another early morning drive out, but today we arrive at the park closer to 7am than 6.

We park at Oak Creek Canyon, and start another long hike in. The rock seems so close, but as we keep hiking it just doesn't get any closer. Some steep scrambling on loose red dirt and rock ensues, during which I manage to save Ben's life. We're at the base of the climb, and I'm incredibly disappointed as we find another party already on Johnny Vegas (the 5.7 multipitch classic choice of the day) – we have to wait, and nap in the sun. Curses. They're finally clear and out of the way, and we send Boer up to lead the first pitch. Ben and I second up after him, one on each of the double ropes. We're unimpressed by the rock quality; after losing two footholds at once and taking a fall, Ben says it's like climbing on a sandcastle. I've already lost one foothold myself, and am inclined to agree with him (the quote from one of the Grampians guide books comes to mind, about a climb so hideous that if you woke up next to it in the morning you'd chew off your own arm to get away from it). Now we're learnt the hard way what to avoid (pretty much everything), we manage to not break off any more holds. And despite the poor rock, the position is excellent, and we're not getting too hot – if anything, it's a bit cool.

Boer somehow ends up having to lead both of the next two pitches, while Ben and I sing (the Beatles, as well as various other random things – 'One Way or Another', 'My Highland Goat', 'Magical Trevor', 'Charlie the Wonderdog', that sort of thing). The third pitch provided some interest, as Boer disappears off the edge of an arête to the right of us, then reappears below us somehow. On track again, he sets straight up the face. Ben then bravely volunteers to lead the final pitch (10 metres of 5.0). He proclaims the rock and gear solid, and Boer and I head up after him in bare feet. Boer doesn't deal well with the lack of shoes – I begin to have suspicions that he isn't really hardcore at all.



**Above:** Cooling off in the cold cold snow melt

From there it's an exposed walk to the base of Solar Slab. It looks much nicer than Johnny Vegas, but we don't have time to climb it now, so we head off down the Solar Slab Gully. It's an interesting rappelling journey down – it's not what you'd call a vertical route. I think the rap was done in about 7 steps. It was scenic though. Most amusing moment (for me anyway, yes I know no-one else finds it funny), was as I was clipped into the fourth or so rap station, feeding the rope through the chains. Somehow I was blocking Ben's view of what was going on, and he got the idea in his head that I had passed the half way point in the rope, and was in fact feeding the whole rope off and down the cliff. Boer picked up on Ben getting worried, and their looks of concern, and Ben's panicked cries of "Megan, the rope!" as I flicked the end of the rope off the end of the cliff was priceless. But enough of that. We didn't get the ropes stuck (hoorah!), and got back to the car after a long long long trek.

The climbing gym was calling us to shower, so we headed there and paid the \$4 necessary to get clean, before moving on to meet the other guys at the Buffet in the Bellagio. At the Bellagio, we joined the long queue. Thankfully we got our table reasonably quickly, and descended upon the food. Oh the food, so much food. So good. At this point we were all so tired that we're laughing hysterically at everything – EVERYTHING! Except for Boer, who was looking at us all as if we'd gone mad (he claims he was too busy with the eating of the food to actually pay any attention to what we were laughing about – hah, why would you laugh, all that time spent with your mouth open, and no food going into it). Tammy can't stop laughing at mine and Ben's feeble attempts to tell our funny stories from the day. Ming was just adding a Viking hat to everything anyone said, and finding that hilarious. It really just degenerated from there, and I was laughing so hard I was crying.



**Above:** Boer and Ben walking into Oak Creek Canyon

We leave the buffet, say bye to Ben and Boer (who are going to be sleeping in the car overnight) and head to the airport. There are hoards of people crowding to get through security, and it was a relief to reach the relative sanity of our departure lounge (I say relative, as most departure lounges aren't packed with pokies – this one was. Of course, it's Las Vegas). I sit and take the yoga guard position, as Ming and Tammy sleep. Finally it's home time. We pour onto the plane, and sleep beckons. We arrive home to a DC that's beautiful and warm... mmmm, warm. What sort of reality is this? I feel obliged to skip work.

**the end**

## Winter Shenanigans – Skiing at Mount Stirling

By Shaun Kratzer (aka Shaggy)

Think back to August...middle of winter, cold, wet, generally nasty... we decided this was the perfect time to head up the mountains to ski. Six people ended up coming along, Alex, Sarah, 2 Dans, Alicia, and myself. The trip started for most people at 6am from Uni, and



**Above:** Alica carving it up in Stanleys Bowl  
**Below:** Circus tricks

when I arrived in Mansfield to meet everyone, they were waiting for me, again. So we wasted no time, hot footing (well, driving) up to Telephone Box Junction at the base of Mt Stirling and preparing our packs ready for the walk up.

With the snowline fairly high at that time, the walk up was a little further than usual. We reached the snowline after a while, threw on our skis, and humoured ourselves watching Sarah on skis for the first time (sorry Sair!). The group took off, some of us stopping at small creeks along the way to remove ski's, but overall the cover wasn't too bad.

We arrived at Bluff spur hut, had a bite to eat, stole some fire wood, then proceeded to GGS hut. We dumped all our gear and headed straight for the back bowls to get in a few turns before dark. Visibility was pretty good, the snow was all good, and we all had a sweet arvo.

Back at the hut, we cooked, we drank, Alex blew a few things up, we had a huge fire, and then we hit the hay. A long game of "name a geographical location," took place, where one has to name a city or country using the last letter of the previous persons answer. Despite Sair's obnoxious snoring we all eventually fell asleep (just jokes...)!

The morning met us with conditions less than friendly to humans outside, so we had a long casual breakfast and packed up. By the time we were ready the weather was a little less hostile, so we ventured up to the summit. I went on a solo mission to find something I forgot and left behind the day before. Back down below the tree line the



weather was a bit better, so we played around here for a while, before heading down the hill. Again we humoured ourselves, this time watching Sair in “down hill” mode! Alicia, Dan #1 and myself decided that we would try to ski down as far as possible, which required certain new acquired skills, like bush moguls, tree rail slides and tree somersaults. But in the end it was all in vein, as we had to take off our ski's and walk the rest of the way!

On our way back to Melbourne we enjoyed a brief stopover at the Delatite winery for a quick glug-glug, and then tea in Mansfield. All told, it was a bloody fun weekend. We all made great friends and learned how to become circus professionals. Thanks to every one that came along.

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## Mid-Year Nowra Climbing Adventure

By Catherine De Vaus

This year's annual Nowra climbing trip began on the Queens Birthday weekend. The plan was to rent a house for the long weekend and make it affordable by filling it with loads of climbers. After the weekend of comfort, we would take to the tents and live out the remaining days or weeks in camping style, as our bank accounts were looking a little sickly.

I arrived late Friday afternoon to find about nine climbers already installed in the house. Among the crew were fellow LUMCer Jackie, Rich from RMIT and lots of other climbers from overseas, Victoria, NSW and Queensland. I should probably point out that the ‘house’ we were renting is more accurately described as a mansion. It consisted of about seven bedrooms, each sleeping at least two people (but in some cases five!), huge kitchen/lounge room, double sized showers and spa sized baths. But best of all, we had a ten person outdoor heated spa, which was the scene of much mischief during our stay.

Many more people arrived over the course of the weekend, and we ended up with about thirty people in residence. The two-person sauna in the backyard was used to its full potential, with eleven people managing to squeeze in at once. A lot of time was also spent in the spa, and someone had the bright idea of tipping in a bottle of morning fresh dishwashing detergent to add some bubbly fun to the evening. There's something a bit scary about the rate at which those bubbles multiply, but at least we all sparkly clean.



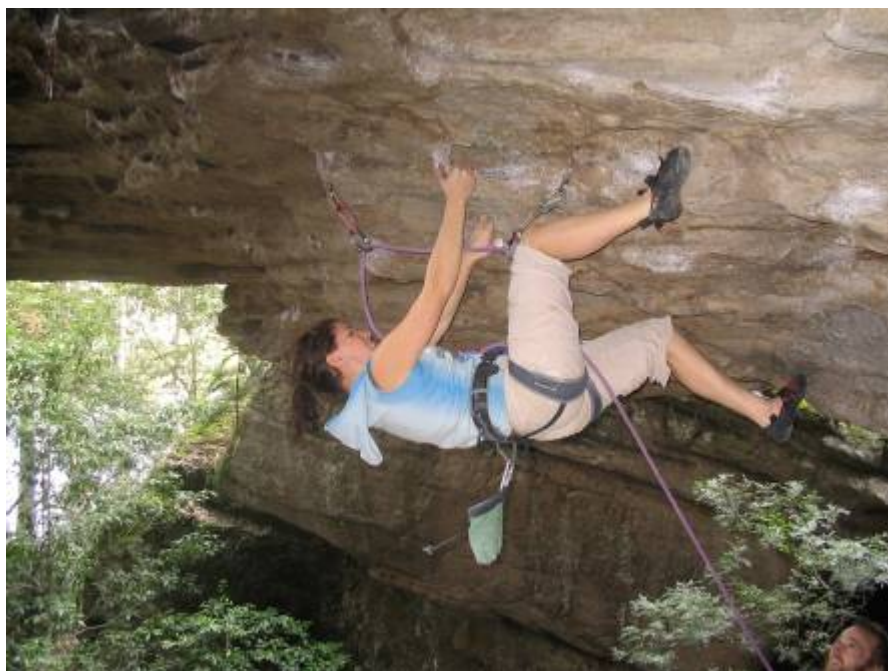
**Above:** A modern day climbing trip. The kids kicking back Saturday night at the Nowra Climbers Mansion

In the midst of all this, there was also a lot of climbing happening. Saturday was spent at Thompson's Point, an awesome crag on the banks of the Shoalhaven river, with heaps of routes from grade 11 through to 33. There were lots of speed boats shooting up and down the river, making

impossible to hear climbing calls, and it suddenly made a lot of sense why one of the routes was named 'Speedboat Wankers'.

I spent the next day at Hospital Rocks with Alex Cohen, who made it up for the weekend, and Rich Smythe (affectionately known as Canberra Rich, for obvious reasons). This was an interesting crag, with some slabby routes as well as some great steep routes, including a really nice three star grade 18.

Monday was spent at a crag called 'The Grotto', which was sensational. Jackie, Heidi and Rich enjoyed a huge and eventful day, throwing themselves at some of the finer classics. I got *spanked* on 'Spinning Blades of Steel', a grade 20 roof, causing a few tears, especially when we were still on it when it got dark, and had to get our gear back by torchlight. Certainly a memorable day.



Rich, Steve, Jackie and myself enjoyed a great rest day in Wollongong, where we found an amazing sale at the outdoors store. All four of us went home with new climbing shoes, and I picked up a rope and a pack. It was just like Christmas! Mike Harding arrived that night, as well as some other guys that heard about our house on the climbing web-forum, Chockstone. We went back to the Grotto the next day where Mike

learnt to lead belay, and did an excellent job of it. He also got up a tricky 18, which was an awesome effort considering it was one of his first outdoor climbing trips. I (being a sucker for punishment) got back on Spinning Blades, but didn't quite get it. It certainly has given me the incentive I need to get back to Nowra next year!

By this time my week was pretty much up, and I had to head back to Melbourne for Uni. The house was such a success that Jackie and Rich ended up renting it for the whole month. The word got out about the awesome "Nowra Climbers Mansion", and over the next month around fifty new faces came through the house. Certainly beats camping!



**Above:** Cath out on the roof on *Spinning Blades of Steel* (20), The Grotto, Nowra  
**Right:** Heel-hooking action going the clip

## The University Ring Road Relay By Robyn Seymour

The annual uni relay race took place Wednesday 7<sup>th</sup> September, and my, it was a fine event. Two mixed-teams of blue shirts rocked up to take out a first place in one division. We had four in each team, and each member had to run about (depending on which corners were taken) 2.7km, which takes on average about ten or twelve minutes. The winner ran in 7:38 minutes, but we just don't talk about those sort of things!



Anyway it was great, the spirit was high, or was that just the bull? And the runners ran well. The awesome LUMC members sure showed the crowd, I mean come on we were the only bunch who looked half decent and actually cheered! We put a ferocious fight against the old science lectures while being viciously attacked by a shelia in a beema... bloody 'ring-road road-rage'. All in all an enjoyable day, great supporters and lots of fun advised to be there next year!

For more pics of the day check out Alex's website at [shogun.smugmug.com](http://shogun.smugmug.com)

**Above:** From left; Alicia, Leah, Alex, Libby (front) William, Michael, Mela and Gerhard  
**Below:** Milling around before the race, the Latrobe Contingent standing out in baby blue, bottom right



## Classifieds

Buy and sell outdoorsy stuff here. Advertising is free for LUMC members. Submissions are subject to conditions and LUMC accepts no responsibility for items advertised here

### For Sale:

**Rockclimber**, made in Australia. Currently located in Mexico. Has been used, slightly soiled, but in generally good condition. Pictured here climbing at Red Rocks, Nevada. If interested, put in a request for your very own with Santa this Christmas.



### Wanted:

**Bike**; in reasonable condition. Nothing too fancy, its just for riding around town. please contact Robyn Seymor 0408 923 263

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## Tech Tip – A Beginners Guide to Buying Climbing Shoes

By Dunan MacInnis (UNSW)

So you've started climbing indoors with the club and want to get a little more serious? Before purchasing a rack, ropes, and an open plane ticket for that extended climbing trip, your best investment would be your very own first pair of climbing shoes. Naturally, every climber has their own views on buying climbing shoes, so what follows is my attempt at a more objective guide for what to consider when choosing a good first pair of shoes.

**FIT:** The conventional 'wisdom' that climbing shoes must be tight to the point of pain is not the case with your first pair of shoes. Starting out, you will be most probably climbing long, easy outdoor routes and in the gym. A tight (and painful!) fit is sought after by experienced climbers who desire to stand on tiny rock crystals - in the early days you generally won't encounter these edges. What you need is a comfortable shoe, as chances are you will be climbing slowly and wearing it for long periods at a time.

**LINING:** Climbing shoes come lined or unlined; lined shoes do not stretch much in comparison to unlined shoes that give significantly over time. Size lined shoes on the tight side of comfortable, as they will give a little. Allow for the stretch with unlined shoes, and select an even tighter pair. Ultimately, you should end up with a comfortable snug pair of shoes that you can wear all day.

**STYLE:** My first pair of shoes were lace-ups, and I recommend these for a first shoe. They have good support, are durable, and are often designed to be worn for long periods at a time. Slippers are a softer shoe with limited support that are held on to your foot by elastic and designed for strong feet. In your first year of climbing you won't have strong feet; this comes over time as climbing specific muscles develop. Similarly, velcro shoes are designed for developed climbers feet. So despite the fact that slippers and velcro shoes are often cheaper, avoid them, as you will progress faster if you get a shoe with more support.

**BRAND:** The most important thing in a shoe is the fit; and different brands tend to suit different foot types. What suits your friend might not suit you; for example *Scarpa* shoes tend to suit narrow feet, whereas some *Anasazi* styles suit broader feet. The best bet is to try on a variety of shoes until you find a style or brand that fits you best. And it needn't be expensive. Don't base your selection on advertising, brand or colour; go for the superior fit. Your climbing will progress faster for it.

**RUBBER:** Unless you are extremely rich, you should avoid top of the range, sensitive, ultra sticky shoes. These are unnecessary because when you're getting used to foot technique you will most likely 'drag' your feet and have inaccurate technique. Ultra sticky thin rubber is great for the experienced climber standing on teeny nubbins, but learner climbers will wear through the sensitive skin in no time. Unnecessary resoles are expensive. What you need is a more durable shoe that allows you to explore and refine your technique, without all the costs of damaging pricy shoes

**THE BOTTOM LINE:** The most ideal shoe for you, is the one that fits *you* best. For a first shoe, I suggest something that is reasonably cheap, lace up and flat soled. Shop assistants should be able give you good advice, although I would be very wary of anyone trying to sell you shoes who doesn't climb themselves. Go to a specialist outdoors shop, or your local climbing gym. Good luck!

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## Club Attire

LUMC T-shirts are now available for purchase at a low low \$20. Everyone's wearing them so if you want to look the part, contact Alex [a.cohen@latrobe.edu.au](mailto:a.cohen@latrobe.edu.au)

**Right:** All smiles: Robyn, Mikey and Alica model the LUMC t-shirts at the Ring Road Relay, September 2005



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## Meetings

LUMC officially meets 1pm every Thursday in the Agora, and on Tuesdays before paddling at 7:45pm. Come say g'day and keep posted about upcoming events.

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## LUMC Forum

By David Wyndham

A new forum has been setup on the LUMC website for club members to discuss upcoming trips, comment on past trips, and generally chat about outdoorsy stuff. The longer term

goal is that this will be the main way of organising trips, with the e-mail list then reduced to weekly digests of all upcoming trips.

Basically the forum is open to the public to read, but only registered members can post. Registration is as simple as supplying an e-mail address and your name, and requires no other approval. The rules as to posting at the moment are just common sense. Don't write anything that will offend anyone, and if you are offended by anything let me or Alex know and we can remove the offending post and/or ban the user responsible. If anything gets out of hand we can also impose moderation, but that should not become necessary.

The forum can be found at <http://www.latrobe.edu.au/sara/lumc/forum> so register and read what has already been posted. Feel free to start new threads, propose any trips that you would like to see happen, let us know of cheap gear for sale, parties, whatever.

This forum has been set up after seeing how well a similar thing has worked for Monash Bushwalking & Outdoors Club. Check out their forum at <http://mboc.visualdensity.net>



**Above:** Falls Creek, June 2005



*LUMC members can climb at Cliffhanger, Altona, for reduced rates. On presentation of your LUMC card, you get \$11 entry before 5:30 each day, and Friday nights are half price entry and gear hire. For more info contact Cath [catherine.devaus@telstra.com](mailto:catherine.devaus@telstra.com)*

LUMC Events			
Regular events	Activity & details	Conditions	Contact
Tuesdays	Indoor Kayaking and polo	No experience necesary	<b>Michael Harding</b> 0416 031 509 m2harding@students.latrobe.edu.au
Wednesdays	Indoor climbing at Nunawading or Altona climbing Gyms	No experience necesary	<b>Cath de Vaus</b> Email:catherine.devaus@telstra.com
Every second or third Thursday (watch for updates)	Inter-university polo competitions	Some experiecne necessary	<b>Michael Harding</b> 0416 031 509 m2harding@students.latrobe.edu.au
Upcoming Events	Activity & details	Conditions	Contact
Oct 15th	Around the Bay in a Day	Must be fit, contact trip leader	<b>Alica Crisp</b> 04181452469 Email:ajfizzo@hotmail.com
Oct 16th	Caving, Labertouche	contact convener, no experience nec	<b>David Wyndham:</b> 0401 222 351 Email:wyndham@ppg.com
Oct 22nd	TEVA Adventure Series Challenge	contact convener	<b>Alica Crisp</b> 04181452469 Email:ajfizzo@hotmail.com
Nov 5th	Gravity 12 hr mountain bike challenge	contact convener	<b>Alex Cohen:</b> 0419 595 817 Email:A.Cohen@latrobe.edu.au
Dec 20th-Jan/Feb	Extended climbing trip to Thailand	contact convener	<b>Cath &amp; Jackie</b> Email:catherine.devaus@telstra.com Email:jackiebernardi@gmail.com
TBA	Wilsons Prom easy & chilled weekend	No experience necessary	<b>Alica Crisp</b> 04181452469 Email:ajfizzo@hotmail.com
TBA	Beach kayaking camping and day trips	Beginner to intermediate	<b>Michael Harding</b> 0416 031 509 m2harding@students.latrobe.edu.au
TBA	Kayaking trip to Penrith, NSW	Intermediate	<b>Michael Harding</b> 0416 031 509 m2harding@students.latrobe.edu.au
March 2006.	Great Western Australia Bike Ride (2 weeks bike touring WA with support)	Good level of fitness	<b>Cath &amp; David</b> Email:catherine.devaus@telstra.com Email:wyndham@ppg.com