

Crapon

AUTUMN 2002

Hello All. Welcome to our Autumn edition of Crapon for 2002. In this Crapon you will be able to read all the Trip Reports that have been written for this year. We've had trips on nearly every weekend since the start of the Semester, but unfortunately not every trip has had a trip report written for it, so we don't know all the goss that has happened from those trips.

If you have anything that you wish to have printed, be it photo's, trip reports etc please send it to us and we'll happily include it in Crapon (provided of course that it's not too crude, rude or generally disgusting).

By the way, all of the enclosed photo's in this edition of Crapon are from Come and Try, taken by/with Alex Cohen's camera.

I hope to see you all on a trip soon.

Penny.



Kiss the Mountain Air We Breathe

By Cheryl Friebus

Liarbirds, and echidna's, and wombat's, oh my! 35 LUMC member's turned up for the annual come and try weekend held in the midst of the Cathedral Mountain Range. The weekend was filled with fun activities and new friendships, and all the rough and tough camping a girl could only dream of.

Late Friday evening, the La Trobe caravan of cars pulled in the campground. Using only the stars and a few lanterns as their guides, everyone attempted to set up the tents that they would call home for the entire weekend. It was a small feat, and after one last glimpse of the bright, star-filled sky, the last tent was zipped, I think, so all could rest for the upcoming day.

“Wake up everyone!! Wake up!! Wake up! I will never forget the energy that Penny has and desires to spread to all at 7AM on a Saturday morning. It was nice to wake up from camping to a table filled with fresh fruit, milk, cereals, and bread. During breakfast, our wonderful, courageous leaders split us up into three groups so we could rotate between all of the rock climbing, river rafting, kayaking, and bush walking. It was to be an event filled weekend!

For the next two days, all members were encouraged to “come and try” heaps of mountain sports. The club provided all of the equipment, instructions, and support so it was easy for everyone to relax and let their true mountain spirits shine through. The club is an excellent place for the beginners and experienced alike to meet and share skills, stories, and a great time.

The weekend was more than just fun and games, and I am positive everyone in attendance got a great workout. The bush turned out to be far different from my expectations, as I perceive walking to mean flat bush lands. Far from flat, the

three different expeditions to summit peaks turned out to be steep and tiring. It was all worth it in the end because it makes you feel great and the views are amazing. In two days, LUMC hiked to the tops of the North and South Jawbones, and Ned's Peak. Along the way everyone got to see a variety of native flora and fauna.

Forget about walking, lets skip to the exciting river rafting, kayaking, and rock climbing expeditions. For those who had never tried rock climbing or repelling before, it was a real treat. All your troubles are set free when it is just you and the rock. It is always nice to get away from everyday life and spend some time in nature. So we had our water as well. The club provided huge rafts and kayaks and the water was warm and deep for swimming. After a long day climbing and swimming, we all met back to camp where dinner was being prepared and a campfire was close at mind.

First a barbie, then a beer- cheers to my friends so near! The final night was spent around the campfire, roasting marsh-mellows and telling ghost stories.

In all, it was a great weekend. We endured the elements of water, rock, and fire, and survived to tell tales of our adventures. Along the way, we made new friends and even learned new things about ourselves.

The 2002 “Come and Try” weekend was a huge success with heaps more LUMC adventures to come. See you there!

Rain is very wet and sometimes cold :

The Annual L.U.M.C ‘President’s Surprise’ Bushwalk.

(12th – 14th April 2002)

As the party assembled at car-park six, much anticipation was felt towards the imminent revelation of the weekend destination and the hint that a ‘thunderstorm’ could also add to the

surprise. But, this did not deter the faithful and the fearless L.U.M.C President, Gatsby, soon surprised (some of) the party by proclaiming that this weekend there would be an attempt at Mt Baw Baw... without oxygen!

After the customary late departure and criticism of the upstanding citizens of Moe en route, the party arrived at Mt Erica car-park, already having witnessed significant rainfall. All that remained this night was a '1km' hop-skip and jump to the camp site... The Petzls being strong and true and the welkin clear and crisp, the party made their way up the hill in high spirits. The rain obliged long enough to pitch camp and it wasn't long before Katya's UNO cards were brought out. Did I mention that there were really big rocks at our camp site? Bigger than any that I have seen around Melbourne.

And then the rain came. Saturday saw the striking of a moist camp, but still undeterred, the party moved onward and upward, having it's ranks strengthened by the arrival of Darren that very morning. By Mt Erica it started getting 'a bit chilly' and a nice mist had developed, setting off the eeriness of the local Snow Gums. After much trudging through muddy forest and exposed alpine heaths, the company arrived and pitched camp, using a very helpful window of relative clear weather. This did not last and after a visit to nearby Mt St Gwinear, the rains returned to help with the cooking. Much adaptive culinary skill was demonstrated as per normal and Alex and Mark's pancakes proved popular alongside Darren's endless supply of Army Rations. The party was forced to call an early night as the weather persisted.

The final day of the epic journey saw the weather improving and the group made its way to Mt St Phillack en route to Mt Baw Baw where it was hoped that beer and log fires would be primed at a mythical Pub that we never did find. We did manage to accidentally explore many of the cross country ski trails before eventually summit-ting Baw Baw. After celebrating *in* the very cool summit cairn, the group

made off for camp, discussing movie stars and simultaneously solving the world's problems Miriam and Martin added anthropological and sociological depth to the trip through their animated trail talking. Camp was struck, lunch was had and the trip had a fitting finale with an increasingly misty, and very nice, descent back to the cars. And I only fell over once! Debriefing soon occurred at the Erica Pub, where there was also enthusiastic discussion on future trips and general cheer as everyone re-hydrated through various methods.

The conditions were conducive to both exasperated smiles and laughs and quiet contemplation of the beauty of the higher Snow Gum forests enclosed in their native mist. The large, commanding rocks lower down were also an interesting highlight... Miriam, hailing from Arizona, was impressed by the different perspective provided by the 'aquatic' landscape and encompassing Australian forests. Everyone agreed that it was great weekend and thanks Gatsby for the wet, but very cool, Surprise.

CLIMBING TRIP (24th March, 2002)

Some climbing trips are known for the climbing, some are going to be memorable for totally non-climbing reasons: Gatsby's 'grades below 10 close to Melbourne' is doomed to be such a trip. It probably wasn't an auspicious start that no one had heard of the climbing wall known as Coral Reef, but that didn't stop two car loads of people (Gatsby, Nathan, Martin, Han, Nat, Erling) doing it anyway, even though the last three kilometres was described as 'four wheel drive only'.

However, for future warning, do not bother with this (Coral Reef) climbing area: its shit. Why, I hear you ask? In short, it's a great big pile of scanky rock, with so much mank (moss) on it that it would be more suited to gardening than climbing (take a spade if intending to climb). The fact that the whole joint is a

pile of rubbish didn't stop us doing a couple of short, easy climbs, just to justify the drive. It's not like all the warning signs weren't there if the guide had of been read properly. How does one expect there to be a half descent 79 m multipitch climb in an area with no other climbs beyond 10 m. It's not like they haven't joined three 10 m manky, substandard cliffs, with three stretches of walking through scrub to get the piece of crab referred to as 'Death Star Out of Petrol' (climb best referred to as mixed climbing: rock and dirt).

Lunch came, and it was clearly time to find some worth climbing rock; hence, to Werribee Gorge. Obviously, given the fact that everything else had been done half-arsed through out the day, so was the trip to Werribee Gorge (incidentally vert near Bacchus Marsh, but nowhere near Werribee) also half arsed. We could have taken the easy way out (ie the way we came in), or the other way (ie the way that appeared to go to a dead end on the map, but appeared to go in the right general direction). Of course Gatsby and Nathan decided to bet double or nothing on the outcome, and took the other, much dodgier way. It seemed like a good idea at the time, but, as with all short cuts, it was the longest way we could have possibly taken. Nevertheless, it was outrageously funny at the time. Perhaps a Barina shouldn't have been on a 'four wheel drive only' track in the first place.

Werribee Gorge, real rock! Time was had for everyone to play on SPQR (10), and (16) . It was clearly obvious to everyone that it would have been a better place to have started in the morning, as nobody struggled with the increase in grades.

LORNE BUSHWALK (16th & 17th March, 2002)

Lorne was a fitting place to go for the club's first non-come-and-try bushwalk of the year (OK, purely because Wilson's Prom was chock-a-block full, but that's another story). Nevertheless, a group (Penny, Lindi, Martin, Nathan, Gatsby,

Rebecca, Alex, and Katie) headed to Lorne Friday evening, via Geelong (Pizza for tea... keep that that in mind for later), Wye River (OK, the camp site was well hidden and we over shot it), and the Great Ocean Road.

The walk started on the coast at Sheoak Creek, and proceeded to Castle Rock (an interesting climb to start the day). During the first half a k we saw what we hoped to be the only snake for the weekend, but eventually was but one of four. Other highlights of the morning were some impressive scenery, inspecting what was possibly the worst buried Telstra cable ever seen (burial depth best estimated as about suspended one metre above the ground in scrub), and watching Lindi pull out a substantial espresso pot for a brew at lunch time (commitment!). Saturday afternoon highlights were Upper and Lower Kalimna Falls, though neither could be described as gushing torrents. Camp was made at Allenvale (a lovely campsite, with perhaps the most space age drop dunny ever seen), and several in-the-know people infuriated the rest of their companions by introducing them to the 'I know' game (Katya, you have a lot to answer for that one).

Sunday, perhaps, wasn't a particularly early start (11 am ish), but then who cares. Ground (real) coffee was brewed; trees were climbed. Sunday was really little more than a waterfall crawl: visits were paid to Phantom Falls, Sheoak Falls, Won Wondah Falls and Henderson's Falls (refer to previous comments about lack of raging torrents). Special note (how not to do it) should be given to Martin, for his efforts involving a rather irate, fairly hissing Tiger Snake at Phantom Falls. Boulderling in the Canyon entertained half the group (the blokes), and severely bored/pissed off the other half (not the blokes).

Funniest (silliest effort with not dire results) effort of the weekend must go to Nathan, for eating chilli/ham pizza (Friday Nights tea) on Sunday afternoon, after it had festered in the car for two days at about 25 degrees, on a double dare. Nathan

claims no ill effects, many of us are still doubtful.

ROGAINING – Cobaw Double Cross

Saturday 20 April, 2002

Present – Alex, Megan, Gatsby, Penny, Martin, Miriam, Simon, and Thomas

The thoughts on the day from Miriam and Thomas were :

“First rogaine event was wonderful ! Good people, great area, a few was wounds....all and all an excellent day”.

“A marvellous experience. The combination of hiking, bush bashing, running (as long as we were able to) and orienteering was excellent. And all this with heaps of great views and an awesome forest.”

We organised ourselves into four teams of two people. Congratulations must go to Martin and Miriam for coming second in the novice (first Rogaine ever) section.

KINGLAKE DAY WALK

Saturday 23 March, 2002

I arrived at car park 6 for our 9am departure time. All was going beautifully, well till I got out of the car and realised we may have a problem. Sure enough, our final walker arrives a few minutes later, having been dropped off by her Mum. That’s right, a trip leaders worst nightmare had eventuated. 6 people, 1 Holden Barina. Help !

The mobile phone was pulled out, and dusted off. The sequence of calls went something like this, Home – no answer, Dad’s mobile – no answer, brother’s mobile – no answer, sister’s home – no answer, sisters mobile – number not in service message, sister’s home again – one very tired sounding sister.

After a couple of minutes of, well basically sucking up, a quick dash to

sister’s house in Bundoora was undertaken to borrow her car. Baby paraphernalia was unloaded then it was back to La Trobe Car Park 6.

The map was then studied and people were loaded into the two cars – one Holden Barina and one Ford Falcon and off to Kinglake we went. It was only an hour or so later then planned.

Only one turn off was missed on the way before we arrived at the start point for the walk.

I would like to talk of the great adventures undertaken on the walk, but well, it was a Kinglake daywalk. What more can I say ? The great discussion for the day that I recall was “is there a lake at Kinglake ?”. Well OK so that comes second to should lunch be at the top or bottom of the hill ?

Big thanks to my wonderful sister for lending me her car for the day.

LUMC MIDNIGHT MEANDER

27-28th April, 2002

Marty’s beach house – Somers

Meanderers: Marty, Si, Megan, Willy the Inflatable Whale, Alex, Eric, Karolina, Katya, Martin, Gatsby, Penny, Paul, Chip

The Midnight Meander was revived and came bursting back to life after a few years of absence. Twelve of us made the pilgrimage down to Somers where the beach house waited in anticipation for much laughter and junk food to be bestowed upon it. After the obligatory settling in (ie. throw bags down on bed) we set off on the two minute trek to the beach. The sun was out and so was the seaweed. This did not deter us though, the perservering meanderes that we are, we walked till we found some clearsand, and had an energetic game of Ultimate Frisbee which everyone enjoyed. Devil sticks and

a hacky sack were other toys that were brought out and played with.

In the evening after dinner it was attack of the board games. Shae and friend (sorry, forgot the name!) turned up at the door mid-evening and joined in with the games. Pictionary had a group in stitches most of the night, while the others played Cluedo, Snake and Ladders, Trouble and Perudo. Then it was time for the only purpose of the weekend...the Midnight Meander!! We adorned ourselves in all things glowing and headed off to the beach. Marty, Si, Paul, Megan, Alex and Martin took the raft out and proceeded to give those of us on the beach heart attacks everytime the glow sticks disappeared from sight! The moon was out in full force as well and provided some light for the crazy raft kids. Once that craziness had finished we ended the night with a game of Absolute Balderdash (a psychologist's dream).

We all had a sleep in and after a lazy breakfast went down to the beach again. The sun was kind enough to be shining and we were lucky enough to see a pair of dolphins swimming extremely close to shore. It was pretty funny when they were swimming around the raft and all we could see were fins. They were curious creatures, and particularly interested in Alex in his kayak, swimming up very close then zipping away again (quick, before he sees us!). More hacky and frisbee was played, and the glow sticks came out again.

Everyone played Perudo after lunch on the back verandah, then the clean-up! The amount of junk food consumed this weekend was quite astounding, but we managed to stuff all the empty packets into garbage bags and return the house to the state we found it in. A huge thank you to Marty for the use of his house, and to everyone who came! It was a fun, relaxing weekend and the Midnight Meander will definitely return again.

By Katya Stirkul

Comedy Festival Trip Review

On April 18th, the LUMC ventured from their remote mountaintops, rock surfaces, river bends, and underground caves for a night out on the town. With Katya as our fearless leader, Thomas, Eric, Gatsby, Kylie, Claire, Martin, Simon, Simon's friend, and I traded the perils of the outdoors for those of the city all in the name of comedy.

The Melbourne Comedy Festival attracted the laugh-seeking masses with its grand array of professional comedians from around the globe. And from the many acts to choose from, Katya carefully selected a group called Cream of Irish for the LUMC to see. When asked how she'd come to this decision, Katya commented, "I chose them because they were Irish." Sound logic indeed, considering the flair for comedy that the Irish possess and the acclaim that this particular group has earned from audiences within Ireland and viewers around the world. The three members of Cream of Irish entertained us with commentary on Australia, relationships, age related dilemmas, physical deficiencies, as well as a segment of hilarious improvisation. Truly, a good laugh was had by all.

The LUMC went out of the theatre feeling quite satisfied with their evening...or, should I say, *almost* satisfied. Only one element was lacking in our excursion – chocolate. We quickly sought out a cafe, which might mollify our collective need. Soon we were sitting around a large table, hot chocolates in hand, smile on faces and enjoying good conversation. And so our trip to the Comedy Festival came to a very happy end. Thanks, Katya for organizing a wonderful event!

By Miriam Salvay

Nathan !?

I wish I were a glow worm
A glow worm's never glum
How could you be unhappy
When the sun shine's out your bum

ACE BIKE RIDE

DATE: 23rd-27th November, 2002

Hey everyone! Have you ever wanted to go on a really good bike ride? So good that it's ace? So good that afterwards you would turn to the person next to you and say, 'wow, that was the absolute cycling experience, that was ACE!' well you don't have to wait much longer as it is happening at the end of final exams. Put the date in your diary, yes it's a long way away but this way you can make sure you don't organise anything else for that time.

The route is still to be decided, however it will most likely be in the Alpine-ish area (think Mansfield, Bright). If some of you are thinking, 'but there's hills up there, I can't do that'...rubbish! Of course you can. Despite being ace, this is not a race, you take things at your pace.

There is going to be an ACE volunteer crew, which means bike mechanic, first aid support, video, transport to/from the start/finish, back up vehicles (which will transport your luggage) and massage. You'll even get yourself a t-shirt, (and isn't that what it's all about?!!!)

There will be an entry fee (somewhere between \$60-\$100, cheaper for LUMC members) which will cover costs such as petrol for support vehicles, caravan park fees, breakfast and rest stop snacks, t-shirt. This is most definitely not a profit-making event, if for some reason there is money left over, it will be used for the benefit of everyone on the ride.

Just imagine the following: you're riding along next to someone, chatting away or singing, the scenery is spectacular and after a challenging hill there is an amazing downhill. You glide into the camp ground and set up your mobile home. Relax in the communal tent and play some games, have a tea or coffee. Dinner is had at the pub, where you can share stories with your fellow ACE riders about the day. A beer or two as you soak in the country air and then bed where under the stars your body drifts into a deep sleep. You awake at that

time of morning where everything is crisp and fresh, have breakfast which is provided, and pack up, ready for another fantastic day of riding.

So how about it? do yourselves a favour and make sure you come along on the first ever ACE Ride. Brochure and entry forms out in July.

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Volunteer positions are available on the ACE ride, contact me for more details.



Climbing with LUMC (copied from Autum 99 Crapon)

Climbing or the gentle art of falling up at first glance seems to fit nearly into that category of 'what the f*\$k' or alternatively 'hey lookie at that **fun!!**', depending of course on your level of personal chutzpah (Defined as the quality of a person who can murder both parents then plead for mercy , because their an orphan). Simply put the answer is that climbers are **different**; special people with special needs and drives that other mere mortals can barely comprehend much less appreciate.

All that aside climbing of course doesn't and couldn't appeal to everyone some people can just never see the point or upon trying it discover that it just doesn't do anything for them. For those however that catch the climbing bug, it tends to become a lifestyle more than anything. You can generally pick climbers in the club by just watching how they touch walls, or window frames, and stand in the middle of rooms moving their arms almost like a mime artist as they work out in their minds how this or that could be climbed.

Can I climb ?

Of course you can, there's all different flavours of climbers big, small, tall, fat, thin, male, female and ambiguous. Of course it does help to be a little on the fit side, and a miniscule amount of flexibility but hey, its mostly mental anyway so who cares what your body thinks, just pretend you're the little red and think you can (This being the little red engine that thought he could and did). Think hard enough and you can even drown out other people's laughter derisive or otherwise.

Types of climbing

Soloing, the most basic and purest of the climbing forms, one doesn't even need a rope because of course there's no need to hang oneself. One itty bitty slip and well let's just agree it's going to HURT!, a lot. Soloing involves climbing without any kind of protective gear at all, shoes are

advisable but not compulsory. To solo one must have a high chutzpah index and more than a little self confidence mixed with just a dash of INSANITY (stupidity really but insanity sounds so much more user friendly).

Top roping, this is where most of YOU come into the glorious sport of rock climbing, all the hard work is taken out and all that is required from you is a little effort to haul your rounded ass to the top. This is the mainstay of indoor climbing and introductory outdoor climbing. For the most part top roping is safe.

Lead climbing, the only way to truly claim a climb at the grade given is if one leads it. Leading is FUN!, remember that when your 40m off the deck, legs shaking and a light drizzle has just started, your last piece is 5m's down, (Being 5m above your last piece of gear equates to a 10m fall - the equivalent of a 3 storey building (included for educational purposes only) a dodgy cam, and over and over in your head the word f#%k! is being repeated.

Lead climbing is climbing whilst placing one's own protection, as much or as little as the person climbing believes they need. The protection consist of little metal thingies called wires or rocks or nuts, which are basically metal wedges that hopefully when you fall jam (wedge) into the crack you put them in. In addition to wires the other staples or protection consist of slings wrapped around things and cams, high tech devices, (this is where that derisive laughter comes in) that are great fun to play with.

Bouldering, there's some contention over whether this activity is climbing or not. Bouldering is a form of climbing where the objective is generally either to go up or across using a given sequence of moves that is generally HARD to link together. Problems are usually less than 3m in height and can be any horizontal length. No rope is involved, and as the difficulty increases the nasty fall index increases. A big rubber mat is recommended, if not a good friend to fall on.