

JOURNEY TO THE SOURCE OF FALLS CREEK

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The 'F' term consisted of Doug 'early riser' Forrester who was our energetic leader, Bill 'baked beans' Provan, our unofficial 2nd in command, Kay 'ace navigator' Hickey, Michael 'mole' Phillips, & myself, Rhonda 'are we near the top yet' Robinson.

Our trip was to the glacial lake which feeds Falls Creek, which took us about 6 hours - 3 of which were straight up, 1 of which was bush hashing, & a couple of hours of boulder hopping. Apart from scratches & bruises there were no injuries, rather a shame really since there were 2 leaders, a nurse & a physiotherapist in the party - Michael said he felt very safe; just as well as he spent most of the time falling down holes, and it soon became good form to walk behind him so's to avoid obstacles! Walking behind me was a bit of a trial for the rest of the party as I had my super insect repellent on, guaranteed to keep sand-flies away for a 1/2 mile radius.

Doug soon showed us why he's leader-material - he's so tough he sleeps suspended from a 6" nail behind the door. That's probably why he thought our campsite was luxurious, while the rest of us had a sleepless night trying to accomodate our bodies around the hard lumps in the ground, (me thinking fondly of my waterbed & certain others thinking of those they mysteriously had access to.) Doug was awakened to the concept of healthy eating by the rest of the party & spent the rest of the trip reading the ingredients off the food wrappings to everyone, just so's we'd realise how much goodness there was in f'instance the 2 cheesecakes we managed to eat for tea.

Bill, being unofficially with us, came with food supplies of: one loaf of raisin bread & a cheesecake, which is why we let him along, though funnily enough everyone refused his supply of vintage chocolate (have you ever seen a flat Moro bar with the caramel on the outside!

Despite having Bill along, it didn't rain, & everyone was so keen (or was it just Doug) that having 3 hours to wait on the bus on Sunday we took off up to view Lake Marion. The 1 1/2 hours' climb was made well worthwhile by the view, & upon descending to the road again we found the bus driver had thoughtfully come to meet us, maybe to congratulate us on our heroic efforts?