

JANOWEN AUGUST 2007

What a great weekend. Some went up Friday night, which was apparently fairly cold. The rest of us met at the Shell Aratula for brekkie on Saturday arriving at Janowen just after 8am. After we all got set up and ready to hit the tracks Chrissy went through the trip procedure. We used numbers on our cars, which was a new idea and it worked fairly well, as we knew which vehicle we would be behind and in front of. Unfortunately due to some misunderstandings and miscommunications we ended up with no car number 5, but essentially the system worked.

We set off on the tracks, which were fairly dusty & dry, which at times made it a bit slippery. We all had a go at the tracks that Mick, our trip leader for the weekend, chose & a few had some difficult moments. Les had a little problem on the first track, but after letting his tyres down he was fine.

Since we had been at Janowen last year, for driver training, and having had the Rodeo lifted, we were more prepared to get into more difficult stuff. Kevin had trouble on one fairly difficult hill, but with better tyres, probably would have been ok.

After about 2 ½ hours of fun, we headed back to camp for lunch & found Tammy & Garth had arrived, despite Tammy having just had an operation on her knee.

After a nice break we headed back out on the tracks and again all had a great time, testing our skills. Again no mishaps as no one had to be recovered even though a few came close. Tammy, still feeling the pressure of her operation stayed back, and Les and Yvonne followed her example, remaining as well to keep Tammy company and get a head start on the rest of us for beer o'clock.



relaxed a little.

Around 4.15, we headed back to camp for beer o'clock and nibbles. We talked about the number system, which we all agreed was pretty good, with some minor changes. We all agreed that though the system worked, it would be better to not talk to the other cars as numbers, and that though for order the numbers worked, when conversing over radio names were the way to go. After this piece of feedback we all ceased the "you may come up now number 6" and

Tony Collins had earlier in the day, tried out his new chainsaw & cut up some good firewood, some of which was so big Scott had to drag it out of the creek with a chain on the back of his Suzuki. We had a great campfire after dinner, with lots of talk, which also gives great ideas and info for other trips and 4WD driving. The night was a whole lot of fun, just like the day, although some of us had trouble getting to sleep due to the cold as well as the fact that a few of us were kept awake by our neighbouring campsite, who seemed to think that 3 a.m. was a perfectly respectable hour to be up drinking and talking loudly. When some of our own were on the verge of getting out of their warm beds to go and tell the idiots to shut their mouths, put their drinks away and go to bed, our saviour came from another neighbouring campsite, who got up, went over, and told the guys (rather rudely) to ease off on the noise. The rowdy bunch went to bed soon after.

Now over to Megan for the rest of the weekend, as Kevin and myself left at lunchtime Sunday.

Kathy Hicks.

The rest of the trip was just as great as that first day, even though some of us (cough! Cough! ME! Cough! Cough,) were unpleasantly woken up by the noise of the fire alarm going off in Les and Yvonne's caravan at half past eight in the morning. Sunday morning started off in true Baysiders fashion, Bacon and Eggs anybody? And (after brekkie, trips for firewood, trips for showers and-in case they left before we got back-goodbyes to Kevin and Kathy as well as Glen and his girls who where all leaving that day) we hit the tracks. Well of course, every time you get onto the tracks it's interesting, but when does it get interesting? Well on this occasion it got interesting about . . . Well around about the first track actually.

Here Mick and Chrissy headed up a fairly easy hill, and called for Gary and Carole to follow, it all seemed simple! Until Mick announced for Gary not to come up as there was no track at the end of the hill! (Gary already being halfway up the hill of course). Now every Scientist knows this one simple rule: what goes up, must come down. And every experienced four wheel driver knows this one simple rule: just because it's easy going up, does not mean its easy coming



back down. And this hill was no exception. Billowing dust everywhere, the pair of cars made their way down the hill, a feat which could be described by the people inside the car, as terrifying at the least. And though some people go a little crazy in stressful situations like these, Chrissy did not. In fact she seems to have found her faith on that hill, with the discovery of the "Jesus Christ!" handle bar. The rest of the outing was a bit less scary, with both the winch and the snatch strap lying there getting fatter and lazier by the minute due to lack of use. But that's not to say that there was a shortage of difficult tracks, not at all! In fact it seemed as though rolling cars and stuck tyres were only milliseconds away on more than a few tracks. This could be proven by the sight of the young and very adventurous Scott Mollison emerging from his car shaking from head to toe - a sight which recurred at least twice throughout the day, his mother, Sharon, swears that he had horrible blisters on his hands from



gripping the steering wheel so tight in his fear that he might roll. After having mucking around on the tracks and having some fun in the Quarry the group headed back to the campsite where Kevin and Kathy, Glen and the girls as well as Tammy and Yvonne where waiting for them.

Kevin, Kathy, Glen and the girls all headed of around about the same time that we settled down for lunch, at which time the conversation turned to the big trips

of next year. It was after lunch, however, that things got interesting. The games were

brought out, and the claws came out. After Sharon got her butt repeatedly kicked at Blockass

(despite everyone trying-and failing-to help her), Mick decided it was time for a new game. "Texas Poker Showdown"

It was around this point in time that Tony, Scott, Steph, Colin and Gary (all deciding that poker with Micky was not a good idea) went of to have another play on the tracks.

The afternoons entertainment consisted of hearing the group on the tracks conversation (they obviously didn't realise that we could hear exactly what they where saying) and watching Micky trying to teach me how to play Poker. I would like to point out that gambling is illegal for those under the age of eighteen, and it would've been pretty stupid of Mick to teach me this at any time, but he (unfortunately for him) chose to teach me to play on what happened to be a very good day. In fact I shocked him greatly when (in the first hand of poker I've ever played) I beat him with a very lucky (and amazing and incredible and awe inspiring etc.) straight. My little bit of glory for the weekend.

The afternoon was relaxing without a doubt, but worry was on the edge of some people's minds, as Yvonne was feeling very ill. Due to the intensity of the recent flu season, and worries that Yvonne's illness might worsen after another cold night, we all advised her that it would be best to go home and rest. So Les packed up the caravan, and the two of them headed back.

The others soon came back, but another group headed out soon after, with me, Scott, Tony, Sharon and Garth all heading out for a play in the Quarry. After a bit of a muck around, we headed back, passing Mick, Collin and Gary on the way, all of whom had headed out to find some phone reception. However after they went missing for some forty-five minutes we deduced that there was a rather large possibility that the some of the tracks would have become a little bit more torn up by the time that the boys got back

The rest of the night was basically uneventful with the guys making fun of Tammy and her walker (for her leg), her pink leg (the cream for her leg), and her green nana-ish shoes (for which we still don't know the reason). The camping groups that had surrounded us the previous night had packed up during the day leaving only ourselves behind, which added to the peacefulness of the night. The campfire conversation of that night took a very unexpected turn, with the talk becoming something unlike that of normal Baysiders talk: increasingly deep.

With Gary and Garth talking third world countries and Mick teaching myself more about Global Warming and oil deprivation (he made it sound like the end of the world was coming, I couldn't sleep all night!), anyone walking passed the campsite would've thought we were a group of Einstein's in the making. People slowly went to bed, and, under Steph's watchful eye, the last fire of the August 2007 Janowen trip died away.

Monday morning rolled around and the group packed up and headed out by eleven. Gary and Carroll went on their own, but the rest of us stopped by the pub for lunch. We capped of a great weekend with a fantastic meal in a gorgeous pub. A huge thanks to Mick and Chrissy for an amazing (if dry) weekend that'll bring smiles to the faces of the people who where a part of it for a while to come. As well as a thanks to all for coming, and to Kathy Hicks for writing the first part of this report. See you all on tracks!

Megan Mollison
(Sharon Collins Daughter)