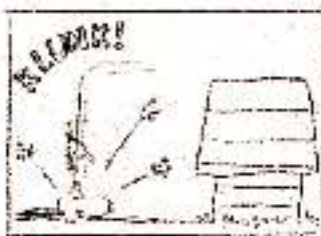
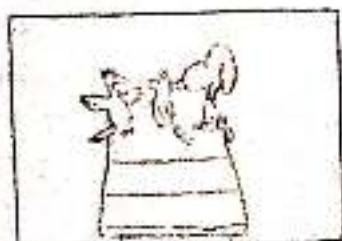


MOBSAC

A COMBINED EFFORT OF



THE UNSW
MOUNTAINEERING
CLUB



THE UNSW
BUSHWALKING
CLUB



NOTIFICATION IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE FIRST MEETING OF THE NEW YEAR FOR THE MOUNTAINERRING CLUB WILL BE ON THE 8th MARCH, AT 7.30p.m. IN MEETING ROOMS 1 and 2, STAGE III.

NOTIFICATION IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE NEXT MEETING OF THE BUSWALKING CLUB WILL BE ON THE 1st MARCH, AT 7.30p.m., PROBABLY IN THE SANDRACKHILL PAVILLION.

1972 Annual Report of the Mountaineering Club.

Introduction.

This year has been highlighted by the introduction of canoeing as part of the clubs activities. This has been made possible by a generous allocation of funds from the Sports Assoc to finance the making of a kayak mould and a canadian canoe. The introduction of canoeing has greatly helped in the attraction of new members, and hopefully with the addition of a couple more canoes this aspect of the clubs activities should become even more popular.

Another very pleasing aspect of the club this year has been the increased activity of the members of the club. The usual format has been for at least two trips to be on any weekend. There has been an unprecedented usage of the clubs gear.

At present there are about 45 members of the club, with a hard core of about 30 that go away most weekends.

The Climbing Scene.

Two climbing instructional weekends were held at Mt Boyce this year, one in each session. Both proved popular with about 15 people turning up at each. There was also an instructional at Lindfield early in the first session with ten people present. Apart from these weekends, beginners were encouraged to join other trips.

Trips have been far afield, to Blue Lake, the Warabungles, Shoal Bay near Newcastle and the Blue Mountains. Two one day trips to Shoal bay were highly successful with four new climbs being put up on the seacliffs.

Two snow and ice climbing trips were held in the Snowy Mountains, the first during the August break to Watsons Crags. Unfortunately the road to Verandah camp was closed necessitating a long days walk into and out of the crags. Also the lack of good frosts at night led to poor snow conditions for climbing. The other to Blue lake, on the October long weekend, found the lake still frozen over and a good cover on the ice and snow on the cliffs and gullies. The weather was excellent, good frosts allowing for a highly successful weekend of ice climbing and ski touring.

This christmas looks like being even more successful than previous years with club members off to Tasmania, Western Aust, and the largest group to New Zealand.

Two minor climbing accidents occurred during the season, neither serious as both parties were wearing climbing helmets.

Canoeing.

This new activity initiated a major upsurge of interest in the club. The first canoeing intervasity, held at Wyangala during the May break, was hosted by Macquarie Uni. The three day weekend was highly successful, with UNSW taking a 2nd, 3rd and two 4th's in individual events and 4th overall. In all, nine uni's were represented, the venue being won by the hosts.

At present the club owns a KW7 kayak mould and a canadian canoe. The mould has been very popular, with 23 boats being made to date. A special mention must be given to Stu McDonnell and Lyn Brown for the amount of work they have put into the mould and kayaks made.

There have been a number of canoe trips over the last six months, including two down the upper Kangaroo River, one when the river was in flood. This was rather diasterous, one kayak being lost and a canoeist suffering injuries. A number of outings to the Woronora River and the surf have proved popular, because of accessibility.

We are hosting Intervasity canoeing for 1973 and hope to be holding it at Childowla, on the Murrumbidgee River, below Burrinjuck Dam. ALL HANDS WELCOME.

Orienteering.

IV orienteering was held at Armidale in '72, during the August break. We fielded both a mens and womens team, being one of the few uni's to do so. The womens team took third, and the mens, despite a sprained ankle and sickness took fifth.

Monash will host in '73.

The club usually holds an orienteering contest during second session, but this year it was cancelled due to the petrol strike. Orienteering is becoming more popular in Sydney, with at least one contest being run every second weekend by EOC (Benlong Occasional Orienteers). A number of club members have participated in these contests and it is hoped for a better showing at this years IV.

Other Activities.

During '72 the club joined the N.S.W. Federation of Bushwalkers, an organization which controls and coordinates Search and Rescue, including Rock Rescue. Club members in the past have always taken part in search and rescue operations and organised practices.

During the year several club members went on bushwalking, ski-touring and canyoneering trips with members of the Bushwalking club. With both clubs jointly putting out MOBACC and combining trip programs, it is hoped that both clubs will benefit.

The Treasury.

The clubs present bank balance is \$70.77. The main source of income has been club membership fees and the hire of the kayak mould. The main basis of expenditure has been for equipment for kayak building.

Yours in Mobaccing,

Mike Swain.

Canyoneering

OR

How to Freeze in Summer.

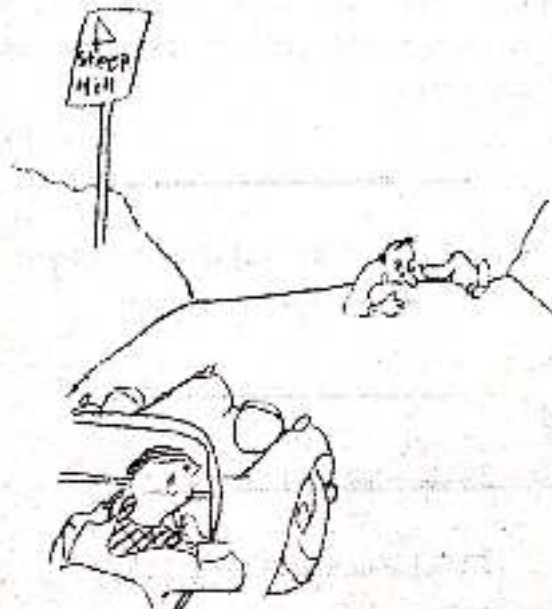
Talk to any canyoner and he will instantly conjure images of misery, suffering, cold, heat, exhilaration and excitement. The joys of plunging down dark slots in the ground, with freezing water, or abseiling down 70' with water thundering past, or reaching a patch of sunlight to warm up in, and the sense of achievement of having confronted nature at its worst, and beating it, are something to be experienced.

A canyon is a narrow slot in the ground between two feet and five yards wide, and about 50 to 200' deep. Because of the depth, it is always dark, unless the sun is directly overhead. At the bottom a creek runs, and quite often the sides drop sheer into the water, and swimming becomes the order of the day. Other times a drop of fifty to a hundred feet occurs, and ropework is involved. Other times small drops of 5 to 10', culminating in a pool are encountered, and jumping becomes necessary: or natural tunnels—swim again.

Most canyons are within easy reach of Sydney, and may be done as day trips: the most important areas being near Mt Wilson. There, such beaut canyons as Dumbaro, Wollongambe, Claustal and Thunder are found. Other areas include Kanagga and Katoomba.

So to enjoy a sight and experience something different, then —..... anyhow, have a canyon.

(N.B.)

Cross-Country Skiing

OR

How to go Three Miles out of Your Way for the Convenience of a "GENTS" in the Snow.

It was midnight --- Gathega --- destination, Illawong Lodge. Four valiant skiers, set out into slushy snow and mud, only to be stopped by a rushing body of water. Fortunately there happened to

be a quaint old flying fox so the day was saved. Much slushing later the lodge loomed out of the blackness. Minutes later a discordant concert of snores began.

Seven o'clock --- sunshine --- To the intrepid skiers the way forward was clearly marked. One member realised that he had left his sunglasses at Guthega. Off to Guthega and back while the rest of the party frolicked in the snow. Nine o'clock and no returning skier. Ten o'clock --- a black dot rapidly growing.

Finally we were to such exotic places as Mt Tate, Blue Lake and Lake Albino. After lunch the lodge appeared on the mountain side facing Kosciusko. Thoughts of warmth and comfortable beds were in our minds as we entered the porch but were quickly dispelled by finding thirty six people in the twelve bed lodge. Obviously we could not stay so a quick ski brought us to Seaman's Hut where we spent the night.

After we had a beaut tea and the hut was warmed, the sun had set, the wind increased and the snow iced up and we felt like going to the "loo". If you have never been to snow country you must realise that sitting above a hole dug in the snow with no shelter in a forty knot wind is not exactly the most ideal position to be in. So we had to ski back under the moonlit sky to Lake Albina lodge in order to enjoy the conveniences offered. After waiting in the queue (thirty six people do place a strain on the system) a quick getaway to Seaman's was made.

During the night the wind had increased in strength and one had only to point the skis downward in order to rapidly cover the return distance. Soon the miles were rolling by, a quick visit to the Chalet, down its slopes and back to the cars at Guthega to finish a beaut weekend trip.

Nick Bendeili.

What is the hardest part of milking a mouse?
Getting the bucket under it.

Question: Why Walk?

Answer: The Philosophy of Walking
or
Rationalised Masochism.

-an attempt to explain that strange race of people, "bushwalkers", who, for reasons unknown even to themselves, leave the comforts of their homes and struggle through bush, over mountains, carrying heavy loads and travelling in circles back to their cars: doing nothing and going nowhere.

This is an analysis, after a years walking, of what it holds for me.

To be completely honest I must admit that there are short periods when for some unknown reason, bushwalking suddenly losses

all its charms I wonder what on earth I ever saw in it. This occurs regularly whenever I have to get up at 5 a.m. on a winters Sunday morning, to be in the mountains by 8.00. My only defence, is to take hold of myself and say firmly: "I've spent well over \$100 on equipment to make bushwalking enjoyable, so I've gotta go out and get my money's worth!" The depression hasn't yet followed me beyond the front door. By the time I'm 'on route', I wonder why I ever felt depressed about it at all.

Anyway, why I walk...



"By the way, some of us have begun to feel that 'Because its there' isn't reason enough."

To many non-walkers bushwalking seems to hold only discomfort, which brings me immediately to my first reason for walking (if you can call it a reason as it sounds distinctly unreasonable). Bushwalking always involves a certain amount of suffering: therefore I walk so that I can stop. If you think that sounds like the chap who was banging his head against a brick wall because it was so nice when he stopped, then you are right. Because of this, bushwalking has often been defined as a subtle form of masochism, but there is also a strong streak of hedonism (are we all schizoid?). Consider some of the joys that only a bushwalker knows: dropping to the ground and relaxing completely after an exhausting 1000m climb, reveling in the knowledge that only descents lie ahead: an icy pint of fresh mountain creek water after 3 hot hours and several miles of anticipation with a dry water bottle: plunging one's feet into the same icy water (downstream, of course) after the same hot humid hours and miles; soaking up the warm morning sun after a cold restless night on stony ground: or the relief of reaching one's base camp and

pack, with all their necessities, late in the afternoon, leaving behind the frightening prospect of being caught by night, completely unprepared, at the bottom of a spectacular but deep, dark, cold, wet, slimy and totally inhospitable canyon. To anyone who hasn't experienced them, some of these pleasures may seem a little hard to understand. In fact, looking back on them, I'm not quite sure that I understand them myself, but be assured that at the time they're exquisite. These are what a walker remembers-- not the discomforts. And it's your memories that count--if you remember only the discomforts you won't go walking again.

In general, like most things bushwalking experiences can be divided into two classes, as those that can be enjoyed, and those that have to be endured. Unfortunately, many new walkers, particularly those who have been pressed into it, never get further than their first walk, apparently because although they suffered no more than anybody else, they simply failed to find or appreciate the other pleasant side of walking. This failure could be due either due to the fact that they expected not to like it and of course didn't, or the fact that they simply don't possess the right mentality to appreciate harsh beauty and painful pleasures (those terms are not self-contradictory if the degree of harshness and pain is slight--maybe that's the masochist in me coming out again).

Anyway, the point is that to enjoy walking you have to look harder on the bright side than the dark. Admittedly, there are trips when even the bright side can be pretty hard to find:::

"Yeah, it's handy, but I still say the old challenge is gone!"



A weekend can go completely to schedule, nothing may go wrong, it may have no more, or even less, discomfort than usual, but if there are no compensating pleasures, it's a bad trip—miserable (but even the worst trip has the pleasure of finally arriving home again to be anticipated and enjoyed). For example, a wet trip to, say Terranderie (a deserted mining town now cut off by Lake Burrigorang): wet bush can be beautiful, browns browner and greens greener—then a luxurious night in a deserted house, although one would at first think that a wet walk would be utter misery.

Anyway, enough of the suffering, and more reasons for walking: I like the independence—to have everything that you need on your back. In this way walking is an escape—in fact a complete, if temporary, escape from the routine of normal life. You can go where you like, when you like, and not have to be anywhere in particular.

Independence and isolation bring in other factors—one is entirely dependent on oneself—you can't afford to twist an ankle or fail to navigate correctly. The danger is slight, but it adds spice. Then again, if all goes according to plan—your compass work was spot on, you find the easiest ridge, the right creek, the best campsite, you have the satisfaction of having done everything correctly, of having successfully used your skill; of having beaten nature's attempts to delay you, mislead you, or send you back the way you came—a minor triumph of man over nature.

"Just two insignificant men
against a mountain!"



The walkers conquest goes only as far as overcoming the opposition of the bush to his presence, without physically changing the environment. In fact, this conquest is defeat not so much of the bush as of the personal limitations which prevent the inexperienced from living and travelling in the bush. This overcoming of limitations takes several forms, firstly in acquiring knowledge and skills such as navigational abilities. Secondly there is selfconquest in the physical sense of walking further or faster than one previously could—this reaches its logical conclusion in "tiger" walking, where trips of 50km in a day or 100km in a

weekend (including 1000m climbs and descents) are done by the keenest (or maddest) walkers. And finally there is self conquest-- ranging perhaps from overcoming misgivings about night in the bush, to abseiling over waterfalls, to walking backwards, or worse forwards over the edge of a 50m cliff takes some control to say the least. Here the thrill of slight but ever present danger comes again. Of course one doesn't have to be a master of bushcraft, a champion tiger walker, or a winner of a medal for bravery to enjoy the bush, but every walker has to have at least a little knowledge, willpower and courage.

One of the major reasons for walking is to see new things and places. Most people like a nice view, but none appreciates it more than a walker who has just climbed 700m to see it.....



"By Golly--it IS
a maraschino
cherry!!!"

I have expressed the opinion that in walking discomfort and pleasure are complementary. I will extend that by saying that the suffering endured (provided that it is not too severe) actually makes the pleasures so much more enjoyable. The pleasures experienced by the tourist ('tourist' when used by the bushwalker is a swearword) who looks at the view from the inside of his airconditioned car just doesn't compare with that felt by the walker who has just walked across the country now visible below him and who can point at the horizon and say "I was right over there x hours ago". For the walker a view grows, appearing tantalisingly from behind the trees, changing gradually, and disappears, narrowing the world again. To me, the relationship between this and the tourists 'instant panorama' is even poorer than that between his

instant panorama and the photos seen at home by his friends who were not there and to whom the pictures mean little more than nothing. And the walker, of course, sees many more views than the tourist anyway.

This is enjoyment of the country on a large scale. Just as important are the details--the flowers, trees, rocks, wildlife....



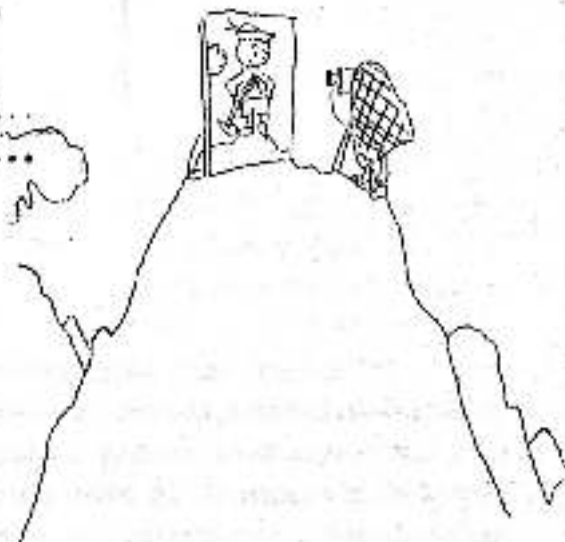
All these can be fascinating to the casual observer; to those with a particular interest the bush is an endless source of entertainment. There is a great deal of satisfaction in saying, "Aha! A 'Banksia ericifolia' right up there!" or "Look at the colour of that Devonian quartzite!" corny as it may seem.

Talking of seeing things and places, many walkers are keen photographers...

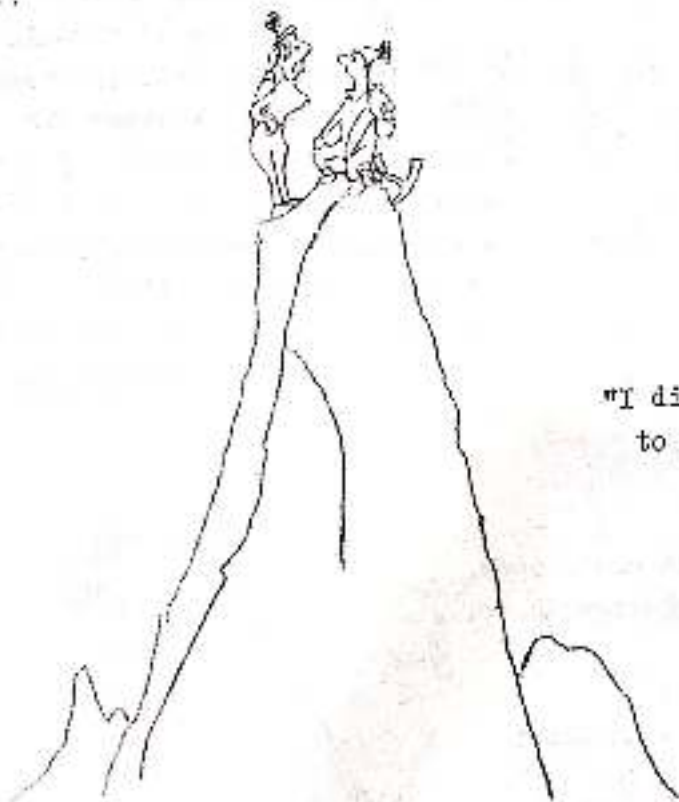
Some apparently walk almost solely for the photographic opportunities presented to them--and these are unlimited.

The choice range from 360° panoramas to single exotic flowers; from people sitting or sleeping, to people leaping out over overhangs while abseiling. Unfortunately photos mean little to people who weren't there but to those who were, they can be a magnificent record of a trip, good or bad (and even a bad trip is fun to reminisce about).

Yet another appeal of walking lies in going where few or no people have been before. There are no new continents to discover, but there is a lot of bush, even quite near Sydney, that although mapped by aerial photography, is very rarely visited. There is no one to tell you what it is like, and the only way to find out is to explore it yourself. This type of country is a challenge, and there is much satisfaction in returning home knowing a new area thoroughly. Even in very popular walking areas familiar to perhaps hundreds of walkers, these hundreds are negligible compared to the millions in the city, and you can feel yourself one of a privileged few to whom that country is theirs--unknown and impenetrable to all non-walkers. There is always an indefinable pleasure in walking onto a train with your pack, tired, bush dirty and smelly, but satisfied (for a day or two anyway) with having done something different.



Bushwalking is also a social activity—only fools or those with the death wish walk alone. In a small party you come to know people better in a weekend than in weeks of normal contact. The result is that it's an ideal way to meet people, particularly if you tend to be on the shy side—you just can't be there and say nothing for a whole weekend....



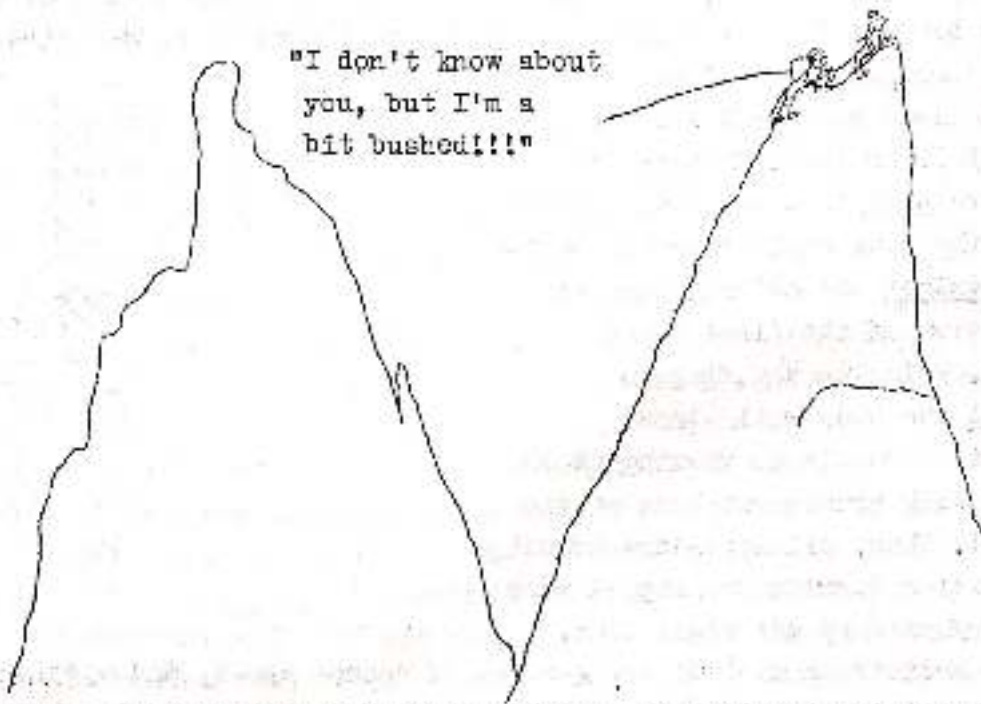
"I didn't come up here just to start an argument!"

Connected with this is another of the major pleasures of walking--the traditional evening campfires and singing. There is nothing worse than trying to sing when knowbody knows any songs, but when a songbook is available 3 hours can pass without being noticed. Some may prefer to just talk, or tell (dirty) jokes, or even (heaven forbid) go straight to bed. I prefer singing--traditional, political, satirical, folk, pop or nonsense songs--anything at all. Also connected with the social side of walking is the fact that once you have a little experience of straight out walking, the people you meet will introduce you to a whole field of associated "rucksack" sports and activities, some of which you may not like, and others which you will take up ardently. The range extends from tiger walking and orienteering through ski-touring, rockclimbing and canyoning to canoeing, with additional specializations within each of those activities.

Even sleeping in the bush can be delightful--particularly in the open (provided that your sleeping bag is warm, the ground is smooth and the dew negligible). To wake every now and then, drowsily aware of a brilliant moon, like a searchlight traversing the sky, silhouetting the trees and hills, finally to wake the last time, realizing that the details have appeared within the silhouettes and that the night is over, is my idea of an ideal way to rest. Of course, not all nights in the bush are like that, but

those that are, are well worth remembering.

Finally there is the sheer physical pleasure of walking itself. This is not always there, but occasionally...



..... on easy ground or a good track, one gets into a quick stride or rhythm that is really enjoyable in itself. It can become almost a game not to disturb the rhythm in the slightest while negotiating obstacles. There must always be a rhythm in walking, or it can become a jolting nightmare, but at times like these it becomes quite dominant, and whole body is fully aware of it, rather than letting it be subordinate and beneath consciousness. As for exhilaration, nothing beats running flat out, preferably with a light pack or none at all, down the steepest hill consistent with safety, along a twisting track or rockhopping down a creek—leaping from rock to log to ground again, dodging bushes in mid-air, grabbing trees, saplings, bushes, to slow yourself if necessary, and finally sliding, braking or bouncing off a rock to a panting halt. Running along a road just doesn't compare with it.

Before I started to write this article, anyone who asked me just why I walk would not have received a very satisfactory answer—I would probably have mumbled vaguely about how I liked being out in the bush, getting away from it all and all that. However now, much to my own astonishment, a little thought has provided with no less, perhaps more, than seventeen good reasons for walking. In summary: so I can stop: independence: escape: thrill of danger: triumph over nature: self conquest: views: the bush itself: photography: exploration: going where few go: doing something different: companionship: campfires: other activities: sleeping: and walking itself. Some of those may unfortunately sound a little corny, because they are generally scorned upon. But that makes them none the less real.

Peter Luft.

The William C. Plummet Thumb-Brake Rappel.

In keeping with the current trend towards streamlining climbing (caving) technique and using simple gear adaptable to a variety of situations, the inventor offers this modification of the brake bar abseil to eliminate the cumbersome brake bar. See figure 1.

Proper orientation of the thumb against rappel line is of utmost importance. Keeping the fingers AWAY from the body insures that the rope will always be working against the natural bending direction of the first thumb joint. Pointing the fingers toward the body will almost certainly result in flexing at the joint with consequent loss of the rappel. Thus, all necessary manual activities during the rappel must be performed by the right hand.

These activities include the control of decent speed, the cutting of the shirt tail when jammed in the karabiner, and the adjustment of various constricting undergarments in the case of the female climber.

Two spare time exercises are recommended for developing control and strenght in the left thumb. The first consists of fanning out the fingers of the left hand and placing the tip of the thumb against the nose. The second is performed by rolling the fingers into the palm and extending the thumb outward and downward. See figures two and three. Many oportunities to perform these simple exercises will present themselves every day: when watching T.V. commercials; while at the arena; and especially when perusing the lattest collection of exchange grotto pubs.

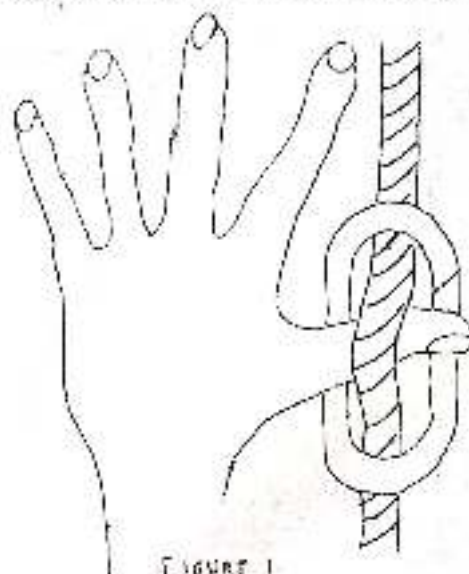


FIGURE 1

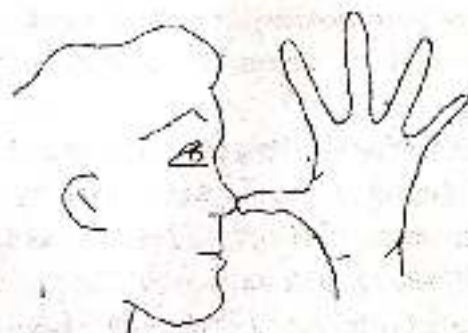


FIGURE 2

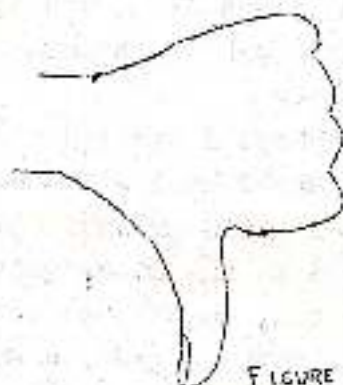


FIGURE 3

Knots in this class always lend themselves to rather simple mathematical analysis! It is obvious that the rate of descent by the rappel at S.T.P. is given by:

$$A = -2 \int \sqrt{a^2 + F \left(W + \frac{mV^2}{K} \right) D} \, D$$

where

$A = \sqrt{G}$ $G =$ gravitational acceleration = 32 ft/sec²
 $F =$ coeff of friction between thumb and rope

W = body weight

C = speed of light

K = constant depending on the rope material.

If, now, one assumed $F=0$, the rate of descent becomes:

$$A = -32 \text{ ft/sec}^2$$

The minus sign indicates the direction to be downwards.

From the above discussion, the following advantages of the rappel may be listed:

- 1 The direction of rappel will always be downward.
- 2 The descent will always be fast enough to suit the fastest rappeller.
- 3 The brake bar can never be misplaced or lost.

To evaluate this new technique, the inventor chose to tackle Neff's Canyon cave in Utah. This cave, 1100 ft deep, is the supreme test of any rappel scheme. As a precaution in this initial test, a belay safety was used, as was a band-aid on the left thumb to account for any errors in the $f=0$ assumption. Performance was as predicted; the inventor descended in the downward direction at a great deal of speed and did not lose the brake bar afterward.* The bandaid became only slightly warm and could be dispensed with hereafter.

The "Plummet Thumb-Brake Rappel" is well worth trying.
Why don't you Plummet into your next come-pit?

* This test was criticised on the grounds that too tight a safety line was used.

W.E. Russell

/33_2'()?'/33_2'()?

POETRY CORNER:

Heights and Depths.

The arc of a rope,
The feel of a hold,
The tightness that comes
Out here in the cold.

Softness of carpet,
Whiteness of walls,
The air of a kitchen,
All feeling that pall.

The gorge in the moonlight,
The soaring of skies,
The rush of the wind,
The feeling that dies.

Warmth under blankets
In a stranger's room,
Ham et and patterns
Gone too soon.

The green of the valley,
The grey of a rock,
The curve of a hammock,
The light that mocks.

Folders of study
The varies of dress,
The feel o f your hair,
The losing of loss.

Where Do you (as a girl) Fit Into The Bushwalking Club.

Analysse yourself using the folling criteria, then read on to find the activity to fit your personality...

ATHLETIC TYPE

- * Track suit always on hand.
- * Advocate of the old shape up or ship out routine.
- * Welcomes physical exertion as proof of the inner substance.
- * Eats the right foods but doesn't object to the occasional chinese dinner.

NATURE GIRL

- * You never get burnt - just nicely golden.
- * Have n ever dabbled in the make-up pot and positively stumshoes.
- * You like to walk about unimpeded by conventional clothing.
- * You live on a diet of fruit, nuts, muesli and yogart.

TOMBOY UNDER THE FRILLS

- * You like to create the "right image" but deep down you hanker for adventure.
- * You were never allowed to climb trees or hit little boys when you were young but have a strong desire to release your inhibitions NOW.
- * You enjoy a round of social activity equally as well as an exploration round the river bend.
- * Your'e looking for something a little more rugged than the typical sunday picnic.

SWEET YOUNG THING

- * You're petite, naive and unashamedly innocent - about bushwalking anyway.
- * You have never seen a pack, let alone hauled one half way around the Blue Mountains.
- * You simply adore the idea of a rugged activity such as walking - what a novelty!
- * You rather fancy the social side of life and couldn't possibly get along without all those adoring males that just happen to cross your path.

THE BORN EXPLORER TYPE

- * Your greatest ambition in life is to track through unknown lands with your pack on your back and your hat low on your rugged head.
- * You live for the bush, the bugs and the leeches.
- * Boys, bocks, ballet, or bars couldn't beckon you from the bush.

Have you reached a decision? YES? Well read on!

THE ATHLETIC TYPE

What better way to develop those physical potentialities than by bushwalking. Strengthen the lege, tone up the muscles,

wh little inches off the waist. Even the eye muscles develop after squinting all day at the sun.

Don't just settle for an agile body, develop mental discipline through perseverance-TRY ONE OF OUR TIGER WALKS?- guaranteed to make you ache no matter how good your intial condition.

By the way, the chinese diner usually relieves the long drive home on Sunday night.

You haven't a pack?? Borrow one from the club.

NATURE GIRE

You're tired of the beach and are looking for another way to recieve your weekend quota of fresh air. No need to discard your bikini. Come and try a canyon trip, floating down a lazy river on a lilo (air mattress) watching nature drift by.

Skiing, in winter, would no doubt appeal to you. If you cann't ski join up on one of those instructional weekends. The drive to and from the mountains, enjoying the company of fellow walkers, is a delight.

TOMEBOY UNDERNEATH THE FRILLS

Anything goes for you, from the scenic walks in Kuringgai, to the weekend ski trips to Kosci.

A bit of bush bashing or an occasional wade through a swamp elps to alleviate inner aggression, while it feels great to arrive home sunday night looking a fright(just watch the expression on your parents' faces).

Perhaps you could try a bit of abseiling??? descending a rock face or overhang using a rope, thereby dangling 100' above the ground - more dramatic than climbing a tree in the backyard.

Social activities that may interest you include wine tasting on trips to the Hunter valley, or the job of turning the sheep on the open fire at the next bar-b-que.

SWEET YOUNG THING

You would certainly prove an asset to the club. Plenty of scope for you on the social side, with theatre parties, B-E-Q's, and suppers after the monthly meetings, or adding perspective to the landscape for the club photographers.

I suggest for you at first, a walk of the less demanding varisty, say a day in National Park, a weekend of trout fishing at Oberon, a lazy weekend at Durras camping on the beach, or a visit to the Limestone Caves in the Blue Mountains. With time you could graduate to the more demanding activities of carrying a pack, climbing a 2000' mountain, or dangling by ropes over a cliff.

Take a hat, and the aerogard, and you're sure to "avagoodweegend!"

BORN EXPLORER

You are a true adventuress and the bushes welcome you, "oh rare one!". You won't hold the boys back, but will spur them on to greater thrills of adventure. Or ientecring, canyoneering, abseiling and nordic skiing all cater for your courageous spirit. You will be seen in the most respectable bushwalking places

such as Kanangra Walls, Valley of the Monoliths, Top of Kosci,
 Shrouded Gods, Rogey Hole Creek and Murdering gully.
 Enquiries, contact Linda-349-4425
 1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-

Overheard at a campfire at Kanangra Walls-
 discussion on all the horrible diseases you could catch, and
 the awful things that could happen to you, when Reddal was heard
 to say::::: "Really, you're lucky if you can get out of this
 world alive!*"\$\$??\$?"

*"/\$&_&'()??)(?_&_&/"**"/&_&'()??)(?&

BADGERY 'S CROSSING TO THE NEVER-NEVER

For those Lucky people who know what it is to walk down
 from Badgery's Lookout to Badgery's crossing this article is so
 dedicated, in that they may see that they were not so unfortunate
 in just lugging a pack down the track.

My story began with a dubious invitation to go for a canoeing
 trip down the Shoalhaven river for the weekend, and considering
 this as a new river to myself (then a naive learner) I made such
 a rash answer as YES! Oh, 'tres grande bungle'.

Much preparation and some four days later, I finally,
 great horrors, found out just what I let myself in for...

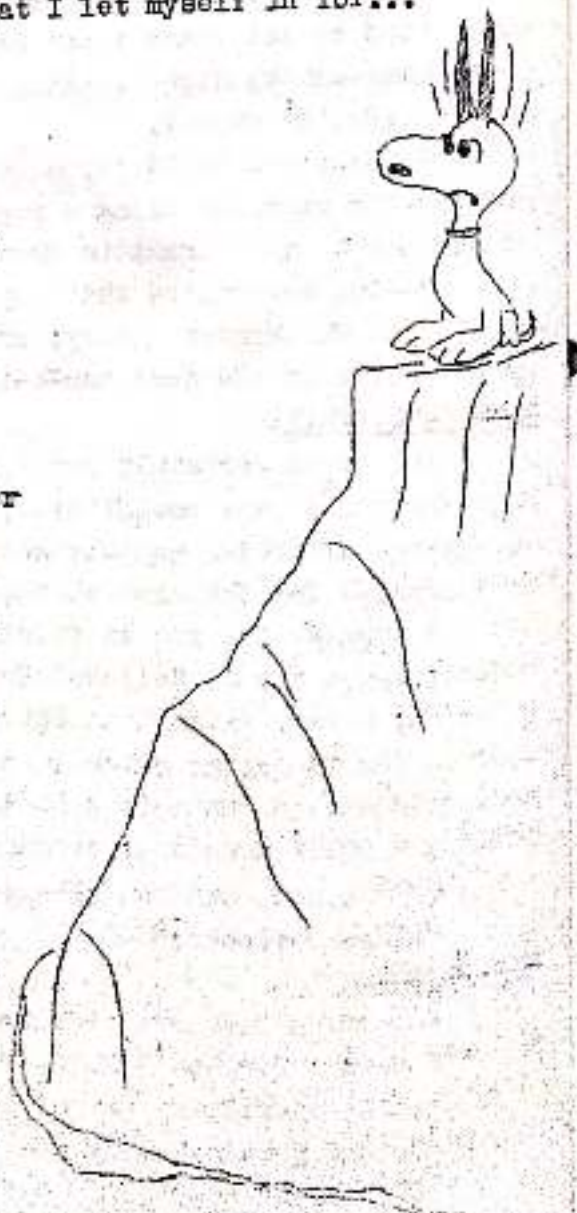
Well, 1,800' isn't quite
 so bad if all you're doing is
 walking, on Sunday afternoon,
 but try it carrying 125lbs of
 touring Canadian?? No, it wasn't
 my back man, but that's the
 type of canoe. As it was, I may
 as well have carried him down
 as well too; it wouldn't have
 made much difference. Back to
 facts--- well, maybe I had better
 just give you some---and with
 this canoe, we also carried
 three days provisions for two,
 with canoeing gear, and a large
 repair kit, should anything
 go wrong.

"Where's the track go?"

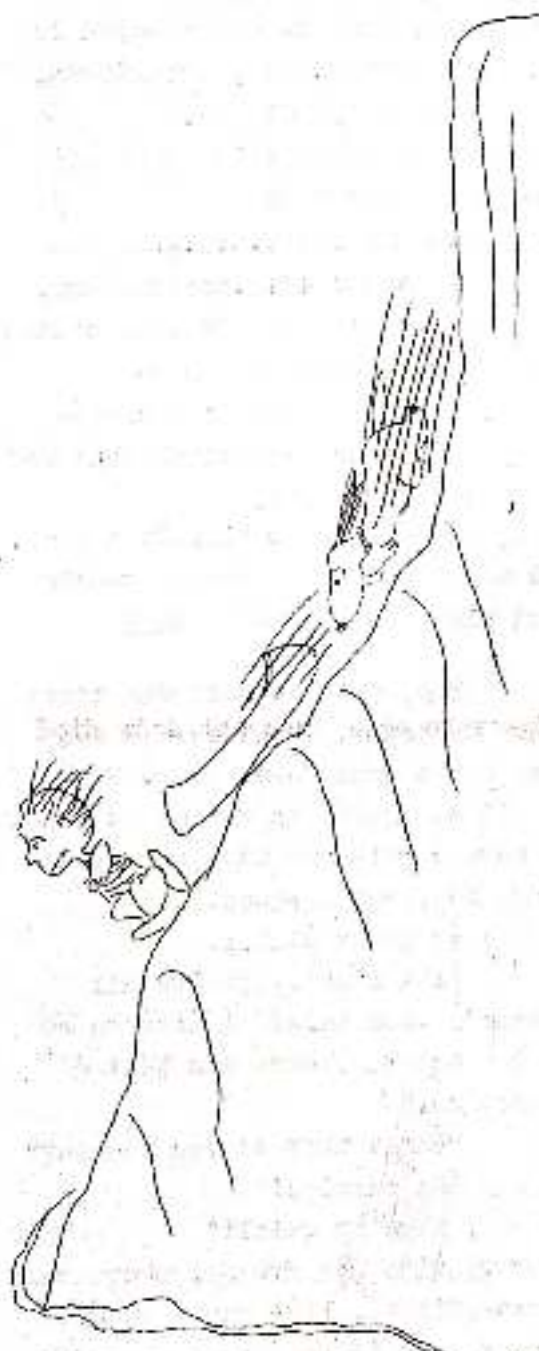
"Down stupid!!!"

After that help, it was
 all for one and one for all---
 yea, me for us, and my back man
 for himself. Humph!

Well, inventiveness
 brought to us the idea of towing
 the canoe behind us on a slide,
 then a wheelbarrow arrangement:



Both with the same type of result:::::



You may not think that 125 pounds sounds like much, but try it down badgery's, especially when that 125lbs is some 15' long and 2½' wide--doesn't follow the bends to well.

To think that we didn't start down until about 10.30a.m., we thought that we had done well to be at the "flat" patch" by lunch time, until, while sitting and devouring several cran ges and pints of water, we spotted this figure approaching—from down the hill—he was coming up???

"What goes?"

"Just going up to help my other kid to bring his kayak down."

"You don't mean that you've already been down once before?"

"Nops!"

"Oh, camp down there?"

"Nops!"

"Ugh!"

"Been down twice so far?"

Well, 15 minutes later when we came around again—such shocks are NOT good for the system, specially when so tired—we started on our marathon effort again.

Some time later...rustling in the bushes behind us...jig-jog-

jig-jog—straight past us—jig-jog-jig-jog—...they fade out of range...K K K R R A SSSHH...BUT BUT, YOU CANN't run AND carry a kayak, down a hill;;;you cann't.

"Look out, it gets a bit stee.e.g.p here...hold on to —
Hmm, how far do you reckon it'll go before it stops?"

Well, we were luckier than one group, our canoe got caught in bushes only 30 or 40' further on, but one couple (man and wife) had their brand new slalom canadian holded and torn when it careered some 200-250' down the last section of the hill:: then again, any wife mean enough to drag her husband down something like that place, deserves to have her canadian damaged...poetic justice. Though it was a bit alarming when it charged past us at about 30m.p.h., being followed by its prospective paddlers doing some 2 or 3m.p.h. less.

By the time we finally made it to the bottom:::a valiant last

coming in at about 5.45p.m., we had put more scratches and scrapes in the bottom of the boat (and ourselves), than we had managed in the 12 months that we had been paddling together. Now, considering what we had put in it in that time, we had a good day.

Besides those 'injuries', we managed to shear the gear out of the boat at two different points on the way down.

Happiness was us on our arrival at the river, only to realize that we had to cross it before we could stop for the day. A quick paddle, a couple of swims and a good meal latter, we settled down for the evening—to resin and glass to help mend those canoes that had come out somewhat worse off from the trek down—which amounted to most. That was justice... those canadians that had got down quickest also had the most holes and tears.

Talk of sleep under the stars, well...we didn't...in a tent. Even if we had, I don't think there would have been anyone among us who would have seen them. Oh, but sleep was so sweet that night.

BOY!! AM I TIRED.



Boy, did the next day start a day to early...well even a few more hours would have done. Pack it all up again, this time at least to have a relaxing days slow paddling. Boy, was I wrong.

At about 8a.m.;

"All right...you've all unwound...now three minutes to be on the water...leave you behind otherwise."

"Humm: what do you reckon?"

"No worries!"

"Well, we miscalculated that one; make it quick!"

Much paddling later we caught up with the others, where our leisurely paddle began...with some exceptions...like about every second rapid after that when we were forced (for reasons of self-preservation) to pay attention and actually use up what little energy remained in our arms.

Enough whinging, down to details. Well the water and the rapids were good, with the river about 6" higher than normal.

The rapids ranged widely from gravel races down to flat water, and up to short and very windy rapids, to long and large ones. One in particular was only about 30yds long, but in that length did about four or five U turns, including one that was followed immediately by a squeeze between two rocks. Most of us got down in one piece, the exception being one slalom canadian, that was torn for about 18" just below the water line.

This canoe presented a problem...how to fix in about 5min so as not to hold us up. Well, the ingredients are: one large fire; two pounds of resin; approx 1lb of hardner (people who have built canoes will appreciate the proportions: one fruit tin; one stick.

Mixing::: heat boat gently i.e. place about nomore than 5" from the fire: mix resin and hardner in tin with stick: spread some on and around the tear, and slap the glass on: soak liberally with the resin left over and again heat gently. When the boat started to make crackling noises, well it took a quick swim, releasing a rather large cloud of steam with the heat. Quite a few of us still on the water took swims ourselves, with our vigourous laughing at the steaming hot canadian.

Suprisingly, the patch held on for the rest of the weekend.

For a weekend that started so badly, it burned out to be a really worthwhile weekend, but the moral is not to try it with touring canadians, but perhaps with light weight kayaks.

The Editor.

1234567890-0987654321

Firewater and Paddling
Don't Mix



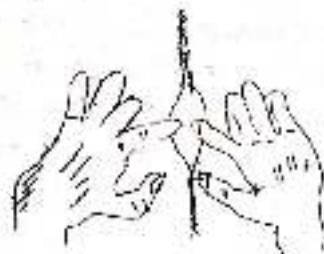
09876543210-1234567890

MICRO-CLIMBING TECHNIQUES.

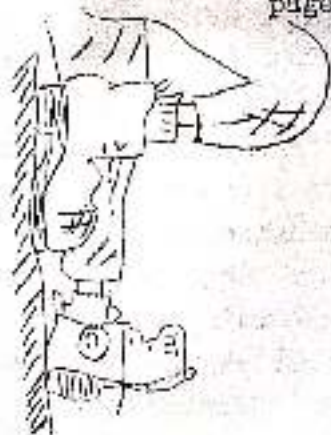
Under certain conditions, one can find oneself in certain awkward situations in a cave or on a cliff. Sometimes one needs a little knowledge of technique to extricate one's self. The following little known climbing holds and stances are, therefore, offered in the interests of climbing safety. These climbing methods are almost unknown, in spite of their great worth,—primarily, I suppose, because they are so little practiced. Thus, lack of practice has caused the few who have tried them to fail. However, if you insist on a tracersse without a belay, you MAY find them invaluable.



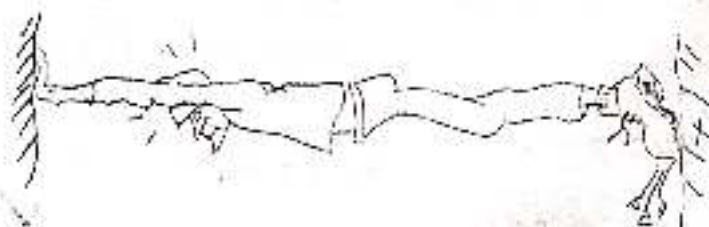
STANCE ONE: The Two-Shoe Stance. HOLD ONE: Fingernail Hold.



HOLD TWO: Two Hand, Finger Grab.



STANCE TWO: One-Shoe Stance.



Broad Wedge.



HOLD TWO-A: One Hand, Finger Grab.



Head Wedge.



Piton Anchor.

Bill Varmedoe.

????????????????????????????

THE EXPERIENCES OF A VIRGIN PAIR OF VOLLEY O.C.'S.

The problem was to get a pair of Volley O.C.'s experienced enough for a hard Tasmanian trip in one weekend. Various proposals, including hard walks, canyons, climbing and others were considered, but were found to be unsuitable. A stalemate was reached until Tony C. suggested: "Why not have a crack at Kalang Falls and Claustral Canyon". Both are considered long day trips. The reception was "Great", "Heaut", "fantastic", and "Why not?"

So at 4.45a.m., as the horizon was getting lighter, one could see four torches scrambling down the scree slope at Kanangra towards Kalang Falls. AHEAD of us, lay a 1500' drop, involving nine abseils of about 100' each. The first drop was negotiated by starlight, the second by half-light, and the remainder were quickly disposed of. From the bottom a quick clamber up Murdering Gully bought the party back to the cars in an average time of about 2 1/2 hours, car to car.

From Kanangra, a quick trip to Hampton for eats/drinks, then off to Mt Tomah, to tackle formidable Claustral Canyon. The trip down the canyon proved interesting with walks, wades, swims,

jumps, swims, abseils, swims, scrambles, swims, eating, swims: finally returning to the cars after six hours.

The O.C.'s were starting to show the strain. Their virgin white state had been replaced by a dusty, dirty worn in look: but they were not considered to be experienced enough, and as four hours of light remaining, off we went to climb the Three Sisters.

A nice easy climb (Tourist Traverse) on the First Sister was chosen. As tourists were there we decided to clown around. People doing face first abseils and missing Honeycomb Bridge, others exerting great faces to climb an easy rock, or else just dangling by their arms over the mantle shelf, or else getting locked in midair half way down an abseil by a suitably placed prussick knot. Comments from the mainland were: "Do you get paid for this?", "I can't bear to watch!", "You earned your steaks tonight!".

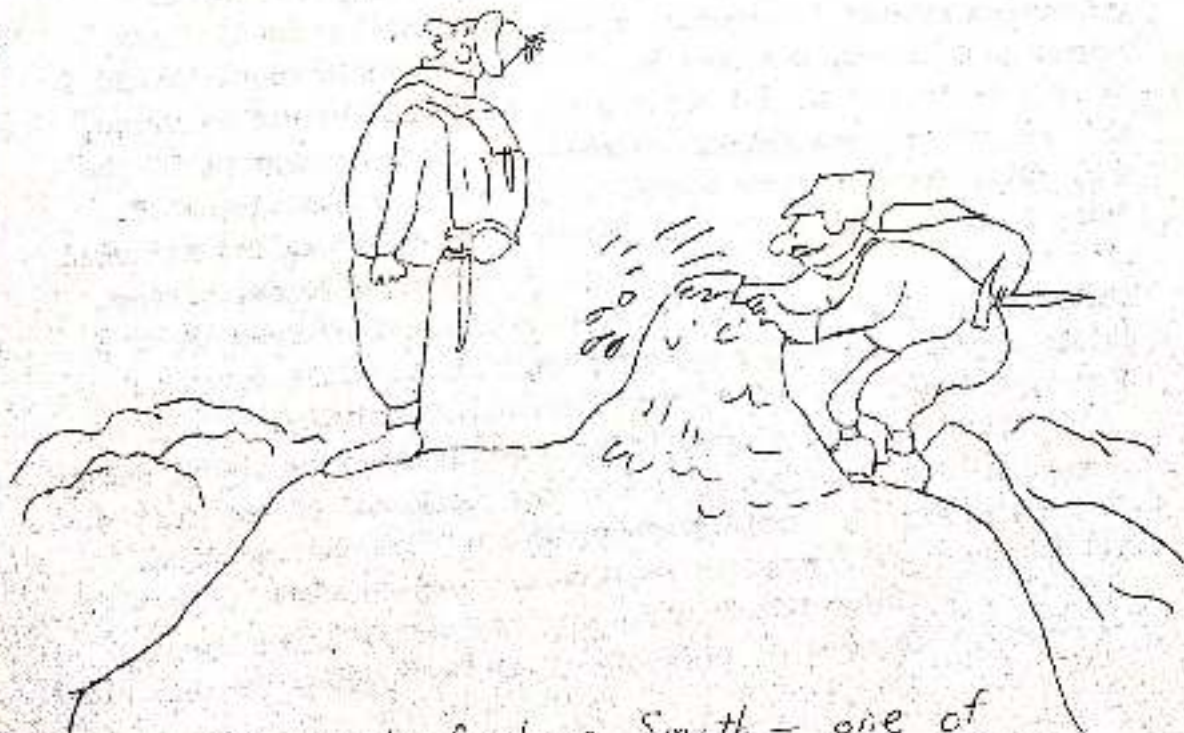
Finally after much clowning and mucking around, the day was called to an end and everybody went to their respective destinations, arriving home in time to get a few hours sleep before a climbing and abseiling instructional on the Sunday.

The instructional proved interesting, especially when some of the maniacs started jumping, diving and running down the overhangs at Wahroonga, and finally the crowning achievement of the day, a team diving effort off the overhanging lip, bringing an end to a fantastically enjoyable weekend.

Well, they were finally experienced—now off to Tasmania.

(N.B.)

????????????????????????????????
????????????????????????????????



"No hard feelings Smith - one of us had to reach the summit first!"

THE FIRST CLIMB OF A DEDICATED NON-CLIMBER.

"What! No climb! **/§"

That was the exclamation on the return of a weekend trip. So far as I thought, climbing was for the birds (feathered variety), and a few fanatics with superhuman strength in their arms. Anyway the die was set, and at half-past ten on Monday night, I found myself hustling towards Katsomba, arriving by 12. Quick bedding down on the tabletops, and sleep was pleasant.

Dawn was breaking when a rude shaking of the sleeping bag awakened me from a deep slumber. A few well chosen words promptly corrected the situation, to be shortly disillusioned when bodily thrown out of the bag. The sun was starting to show its golden orb over the horizon, a hasty breakfast and a fast trot down the path brought us to the dreaded West Wall of the Three Sisters. There, technical terms, such as belaying, anchor-point and grade: difficult to severe were quietly exchanged between my two tormentors.



At seven, we started the climb, and soon an exhilarating feeling grew inside me, as I started to become one of the birds (feathered variety) and the fanatics. Echo point truly became such. The tourists on top tried to obtain an echo, but without success. We were like flies on a wall, forever reaching up (Editor: Watchit! I've seen a lot of flies go down again too!) . All too soon the top was reached. Since time permitted, we climbed both the other sisters as well.

The start of the climb on the Third Sister looked horrifying. To my untrained eyes, a sheer blank wall with an overhanging mantle had to be overcome. To help us on our way, a group of guitarists started to strum to encourage us. The mantle came nearer and nearer, and soon the "crux" move would occur: "Would I be able to do it?" Lo and behold, the handholds proved numerous, and the overhang was quickly overcome. A quick clamber up to the top, added also the first sister to my "bag of peaks ascended". There I proudly signed my name in the visitors book, and returned with a short abseil onto the bridge at Honeyman Point, having finished the climbs by 9.30. Soon we were at the "Paragon" to obtain a sweet reward for our efforts, and then full speed to Sydney, to reach the Uni in time for a days activity.

And so it came to pass, that a dedicated non-climber became an ex-dedicated non-climber, and became convinced of the fact that climbing is for the birds (featherless variety) and fanatics.

P.S. Editor:: I see very few featherless variety birds climbing, though admittedly a lot of fanatics. How about showing me where all these featherless variety birds lurk.)

(N B)

CANOEING OLD AND NEW.

" Hell! stinking resin... not much more to go... that's the hull and deck laid... b' cutter's stuck to my hand... acetone... GET THE BRUSH CLEAN BEFORE IT GOES... OFF... taccoo laa,tte.... Blast.. fast hatch."

Those who have built a canoe will know these feelings well, but even I didn't realize how lucky(?) we were until reading a section out of an old outdoors reference book...

Fibreglass gained no mention!!!

Canoes were canvas, wood and metal(?).

CANVAS::: the material had to be stretched over a wooden frame, and then the stringers must have rubbing stakes to prevent undue wear of the canvas. According to the book they were easy to keep in good repair, after all, a repair kit merely required:

- 4 tubes waterproof glue,
- 2 reels of 4" wide plaster,
- 2 reels of 2" wide plaster,
- assorted small pieces of canvas for patches,
- 1 piece of fine sandpaper,
- 1 doz assorted brass screws,
- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ doz copper nails and roves and needle and thread.

METAL::: Had to be well designed and were constructed of gal iron, zincanreal or dural. These were heavy and required air-tight tanks. Repair kit::: try carting a welder with you!

WOODEN::: these could be as light as canvas. However, they had to be "periodically bathed" during times of non-use to prevent shrinkage. Try and fit your food and gear in with this repair kit:

- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb plastic wood,
- several 2-3' lengths of $\frac{1}{4}$ " planking,
- 1 small riveting hammer,
- small pair of cutting pliers,
- riveting set,
- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb copper nails - $\frac{3}{4}$ - $1\frac{1}{2}$ "
- 2oz of copper roves and
- 1 doz brass screws,

Compare this to a fibreglass repair kit, of:

- 1 yd glass,
- 2-3lb resin and 50 mls hardner.

Other differences between old and new relate most obviously to the time of trips. Down the Shoalhaven from Tallong to Nowra used to take 8-10 days (for 51 miles?), but now, even at latest, takes only 4. From Hampton Bridge to Burrier (40 miles) then took 4 days, now $1\frac{1}{2}$ -2.

Perhaps we ain't so bad off these days- at least when we make a canoe, its only one weekend, and paddling next, but then-would

Then, with trips that took that long, an ordinary weekend was useless. Now, things have changed.

So next time your cursing resin (Editor: messy stuff!), be damn glad we're not back in the "Dark" ages!!!

*****((()))*****

Saying of the Week:::

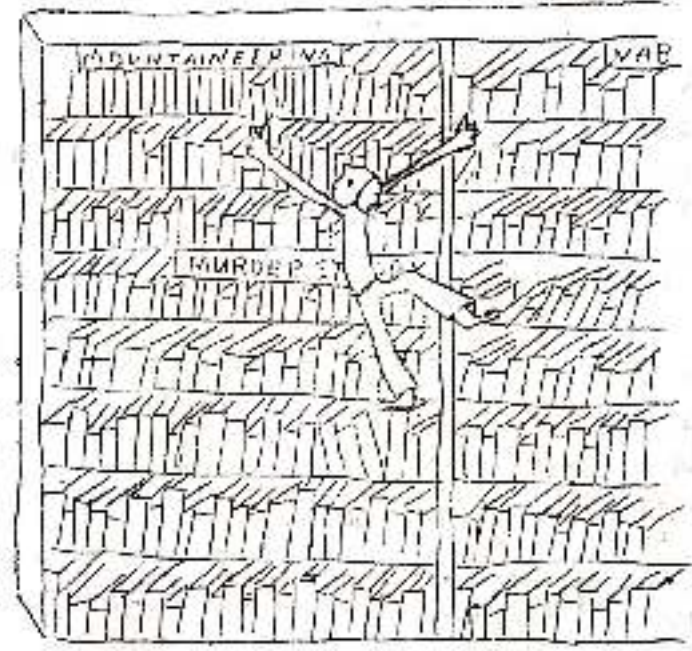
Scene: end of Thunder Canyon.

One intrepid canyoner, after opening at least 6 garbage bags, one inside the other, was heard to say:::

"Hey! It's still dry inside!!**\$\$/."

(Editor: no gambling allowed!)

11112222888899990000666622221111



ORIENTATION WEEK: VOLUNTEERS ARE REQUESTED FOR THE MAKING OF THE ORIENTATION WEEK STALL...PLEASE CONTACT

LEN - 528-6213.

OR STUART 7 521-4524

SLIDES:: slides for the orientation week showing are requested for advertising... please contribute .

MAGAZINE CONTRIBUTIONS: contributions are hoped to be plentiful. for the next production of the magazine. If response is poor, then tough!

INTERVARSITY CANOEING: ALL VOLUNTEERS FOR ANY POSITION WHATSOEVER, ARE REQUIRED, FOR THIS FUN WEEKEND IN MAY. CONDITIONS TO SUIT ALL.

Contact STUART 521-4524 or

LEN 528-6213.

THANKS TO ALL THOSE
WHO CONTRIBUTED TO
THIS, PARTICULARLY
ROSS VINING AND LYN
BROWN.

THANKS ALSO TO NICK
BENDELLI FOR HIS STORIES;
AND THE SPORT ASSOC 'N FOR
THEIR THOUSANDS OF SHEETS
OF PAPER! (3000 to be exact),

AND

A BIG BLEAH

TO ALL THOSE WHO
DIDN'T TAKE THE HINT
OF PREVIOUS ISSUES AND
GIVE CONTRIBUTIONS.

Your Editor,
Stu Mac.

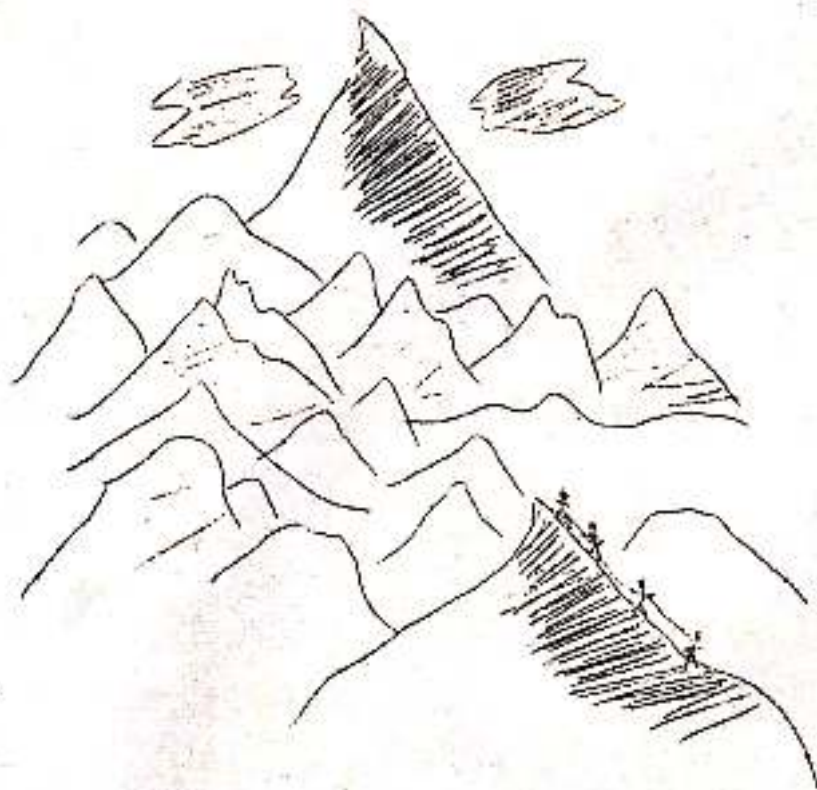
Contributions post to:
Stuart Mac DONELL,
6 Muronga Place
Kingslee 2232

MOBSACC

CLIMBING

CANOEING

ABSEILING



Well you've got to
admit, this one Looked
Like Everest.

MOUNTAINEERING

ORIENTEERING

BUSHWALKING

SKI - TOURING