

# MEMBERSHIP





MOBSLIC NO. 16 AUGUST 1976.

Mountaineering  
Orienteering  
Bushwalking  
Skiing  
Abseiling  
Climbing/Canoeing

Journal of the Mountaineering  
and Bushwalking Clubs of the  
University of New South Wales.

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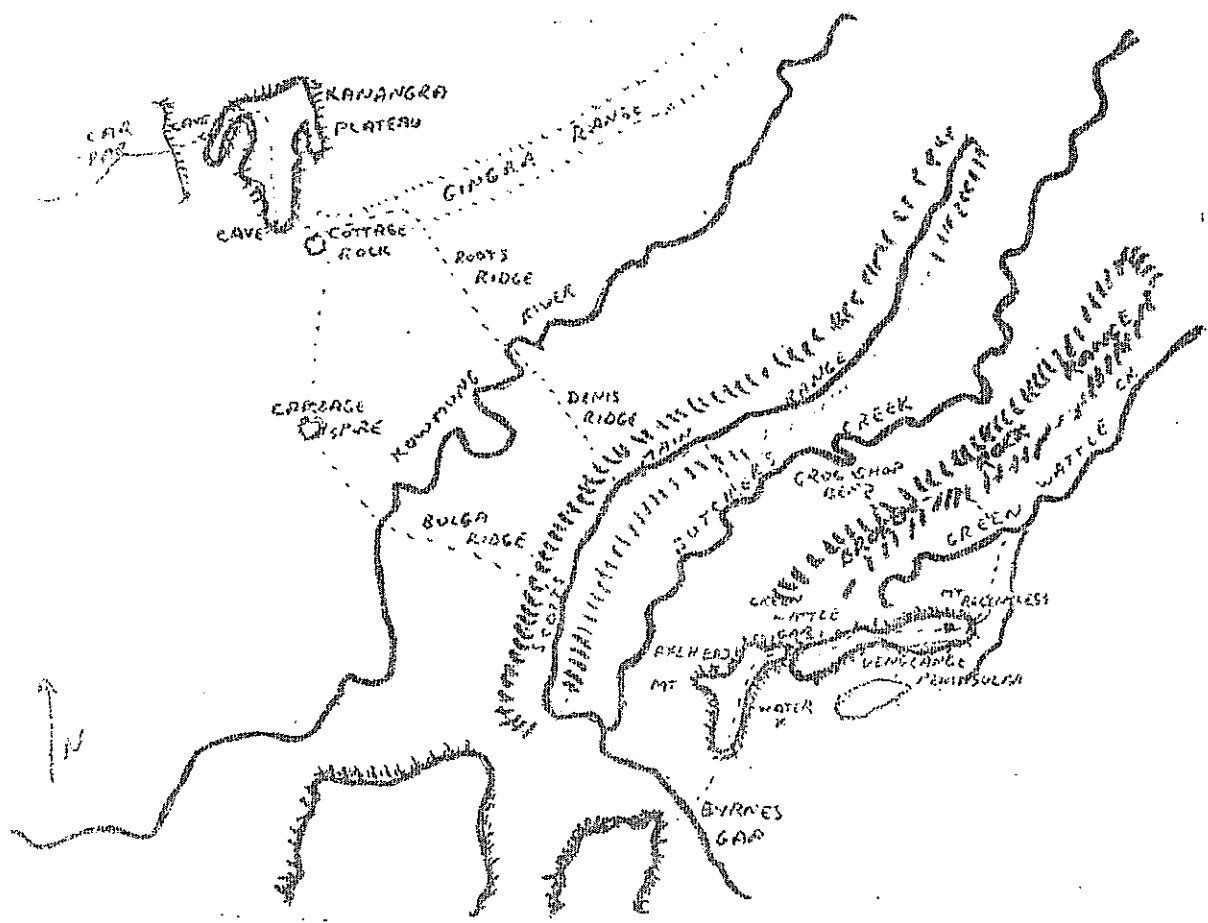
U.N.S.W.M.C.  
C/- Sports Association  
KENSINGTON 2033

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EDITOR FOR THIS ISSUE - D. Lynn Thompson.

THIS ISSUE WAS PRINTED WITH MUCH CARE AND ATTENTION BY  
WILLIAMS.



## KNOWING COUNTRY IN WINTER

Some of the best weather for walking in the Blue Mountains occurs during the winter months. The days are clear and crisp and the weather is more stable than during summer. I had 3 days off work a few weeks ago and for once they coincided with Meg's days off so we decided to do a traverse of Axhead Mt. - Vengance Peninsular Range. This range is in the area known as the Blue Breaks and is directly opposite the Post Office at Yerranderie, across the Tonalli River. When viewed from the north west from Kanangra it looks like a long Mt Solitary with an obvious "Axehead" at the Western end.

We left Sydney at lunchtime on Wednesday and arrived at Kanangra Walls at 4.00 p.m. after ruining one brand new radial tyre on the Kanangra Road which had apparently just been graded. We spent a cold, windy night in the cave just below the carpark where for many years the local farmers and miners held their dances. However there is a better cave with plenty of water at the southern end of Kanangra Plateau under Murrarang Head about one hour from the cars which we didn't know about and which would have been a much shorter.

Up at 6.30 the following morning and it was freezing. However it was a beautiful - no wind and not a cloud in sight - so by the time we reached Cottage Rock at the beginning of the Vengance Range we had shed our jumpers and long johns and were able to walk in shorts and T-shirts for the rest of the day. The air was cool and crisp, even at lunch time and there was no haze so the views were marvellous. Boots Ridge, down to the Kowmung, was quite straightforward and relatively scrub free with a good view of the river from Rainbow Bluff. We had an early lunch basking on the rocks next to the river.

To reach Scotts Main Range we climbed Reilly's Spur up to Denis Ridge as it was the closest and also there is now a fire trail along Denis Ridge which makes for quicker walking. We were hoping to get to Green Wattle Creek that night.

There were quite a few birds around, particularly Lyre birds who we heard calling to each other constantly. At one point on the climb out of Kowmung we saw two black cockatoos with brilliant orange under their wings. I took a photo of them as they flew away but I'm sure all I got was a few blurred leaves. On the fire road there was a dead cow which looked as though it had had its stomach ripped open by a snake. We saw a few closed range fire Road.

We followed the main fire road north for about a mile and then dropped off into Butcher's Creek. This is a beautiful creek, very peaceful and secluded and quite easy to follow. Unfortunately there didn't seem to be many camp sites. At 3.30 p.m. we reached Grog Shop bed where 3 pinnacles of slate rise above the creek. As the route from Grog Shop over the Broken Rock Range and into Green Wattle Creek required some navigating skill and we weren't too confident in ours, we decided to camp. Megs, typically, had a bath in the creek, even though the sun had long since disappeared over the ridge.

The next morning we were off at 7.30 a.m. up the ridge to the Broken Rock Range and the sun. It was fairly tricky navigating along the ridge as it was very wide and flat and heavily wooded. We had a bit of difficulty in deciding which ridge to take down to Green Wattle Creek and so to the Spur leading up on to Mt Relentless. It was possible to take a bearing off Mt. Relentless but we were too eager and so turned off too soon as did the person whose broken twig trail we followed. After a bit of rucking

about with cliffs and gulleys and scrub we reached the creek which wasn't as pleasant to follow as Butchers Creek. We had taken 3 hours to get here so we were lucky we hadn't tried it yesterday as it got dark at about 5.30 p.m. The ridge up on to Vengeance Peninsular was hard work - very scrubby and it was very hot. We had lunch on top overlooking Green Wattle Creek with views across the Kowmung to Kanangra, Cloudmaker, Mt. Solitary and Narrowrech in the distance.

Over Mt. Relentless wasn't very nice - scrubby and no views. However the next section was very exciting. The whole peninsular narrows down to a rock rib about 3 feet wide with a 200ft drop on one side and a 60foot drop on the other. Technically it wasn't hard but it looked intimidating.

Over Full Island was easy but coming down the other side into Green Wattle Gap was hard work. It was very steep and loose and much care had to be taken. Although it was only 3.00 p.m. we were pretty buggered and not sure whether we would get to Byrnes Gap by dark so we decided to camp. The situation was superb. In one direction was the Tonalli Basin, the ruins and mines of Yerranderie, the Woolandilly River with Bonnum Pic. in the distance and in the other direction Kowmung Country and the lights of the Mountains.

Someone had told us water could be found if we dropped off the Gap towards the Tonalli so down we went with a billy and 2 water buckets. After battling through thick scrub for an hour we came at last to a few pools of water which were being used by the local bird community for washing. We filled up and by keeping high on the right managed to get back to the Gap reasonably easily..

We abdulled the tent looking east so that the sunrise would wake us. Hags amused herself by whistling back to the lyre birds who were immediately struck dumb - what was the new creature? She had them fooled for quite a while.

We awoke the next morning to a beautiful sunrise and a perfectly still day. We were able to walk along the very top of the ridge in a lot of places it was quite flat and there was no scrub to block the views. We would have liked to have spent more time here just lying in the sun taking in the view but we had to be home that night. We reached Byrnes Gap at 11.00am where we met the Water Board Ranger in his land rover. He was a nice bloke and talked to us for an hour about floods and bush fires he had seen in the area.

It was now lunch time and we still had a lot of ground to cover before it got dark at 5.30 p.m. The moon would be almost full that night so we were counting on being able to follow the track over the Kanangra Plateau by moonlight. The Bulga Ridge (bloody awful - scrubby and very steep near the end) took us down to the Kowmung where we had a quick lunch. We started up the Combage Spire track at 2.30 p.m. and as it was a good track all the way and well marked we were able to reach Cottage Rock just on dark.

The track along the tops was easy to follow because the white sand showed up well in the moonlight. It was really good walking along in the dark with the huge expanse of sky all around us filled with millions of stars and everything silent - no birds, no wind, nothing. Looking back south, where we had been earlier, we saw a solitary campfire belonging no doubt to walkers who had started out that morning Saturday. We reached the car at 7.00 p.m., our only worry now being that we didn't get another puncture on the way out as we had no spare tyre now. However we reached Sydney safe and sound after one of the best trips, weatherwise and scenerywise, we had both had.

We only needed two maps on the trip - the Gundungara sketch map ("furry grubs map") for place names, routes etc. and the Lands Department 2" to 1 mile "Yerranderie" map for navigating. The book "Gundungara is also very useful giving route descriptions, history of the area etc.

GRIHME WURTH

A GROWING ACHIEVEMENT

The opportunity had come along. Finally the walls of Mt. Banks were to be visited after an absence, from humans for nearly eight years. The day was fine, the temperature right, the camaraderie great and the scrub even thicker than I thought. But the idea of warm and scrub free rock kept us going, so on we went.

Mt. Banks has up to 800' high walls divided horizontally into two ledge systems. One can very easily walk along these ledges. Water, firewood and campsites can be found. Climbers became interested in the area in the early '50's, a few routes were attempted, bivvy sites were constructed. The way in was via the Blue Gum Forest.

We finally arrived at the newly-found "walk-down gully". It consisted of a hole which connected the Mt. Banks plateau with the lower ledge system. In, down we went, we walked along until we reached the bivouac site.

The early climbers built a bivvy site on each ledge. The lower bivvy was the more elaborate. It consisted of a horizontal 3' high chimney in the walls. A room was built, consisting of rocks set in dried mud. A window, a door, ferns on the floor, made it a comfortable home. The view was (and still is) superb. The Grose, Hat hill, Perry's Blue Gum, Evan's, Lockley's were seen in their magnificent grandeur.

After a restful night, the climb started. Our objective was Coronation Crack. Reports on it were vague. All we knew was that it consisted of a h.v. diff crack which led to the top. We started on it. It proved to be only dampened by the pouring rain. Onwards and upwards we climbed. Progress was good. Occasionally the mist parted and we could see our exposure. This continued, until the last fifty feet, to the upper ledge.

The reports on the climb indicated that it was a h.v. diff. How difficult it was no one knew. But we were certain it could not be too difficult.

Suddenly the ramp/crack ended. Above was a blank wall, slightly overhanging. We were trapped. It was raining. We could not go right or left. Bolts? Pitons? Nuts? Retreat? We waited a while, whilst Warwick wandered upwards. How he overcame the wall is a wonder. Someone was now at the top. Ropes were thrown. Packhauling, prussicking, jumaring started. The feeling of exposure became extreme as you dangled in mid air off 3mm over a 600' drop, whilst looking at the Grose 1500' below. It was quite a relief to touch trees and sticks again, and to brew a cuppa. We comfortably sat on a wide ledge and watched the sun and rain play chasings.

Historically we cannot reconcile how the early climbers could have graded it h.v. diff, when we had such a problem. Were we off route? We don't think so. So what is the answer?.

From the upper ledge, getting to the plateau was a breeze. Several easy routes were available, and we chose a juggy wall to keep in spirit with the climb. In the end we succeeded in the crowning achievement of being one of the few parties to have climbed Coronation Crack.

PARTY:- W. Williams, D. L. Thompson, B. Blunt, S. Kurrle, N. Bendeli.

ROUTE:- On the lower ledge proceed right, past the bivvy until the ledge peters out. Near there, a steep ramp/crack juts out from the wall. Follow ramp to its top (grade 8). Up wall to upper ledge system (crux, grade?). Go right, then up obvious easy wall (grade 8). NICK BENDILI

AN EXCELLENT ALTERNATIVE : THREE JOHNS HUT

WHERE: Head of the MUELLER GLACIER , on Barron Saddle on the boundary of the Mount Cook National Park (WSW of Hermitage).

REFERENCES:

- \* Mt. Cook Guide
- \* Map of Mount Cook and Westland National Parks (available readily from Mountain Equipment Sydney; Alp Sport CHCH, or Mt Cook Park Board).

ACCESS:

- \* Walk in via Mueller Glacier
- \* Walk in via high level traverse through Sladden Saddle from Mueller hut or from Mr. Sebastapol.
- \* Fly with Mt. Cook Airlines.  
1975-6 cost was \$NZ 33 per plane. With luck they will take 4 people plus gear making cost per person \$8.38. (compare with cost to Tasman Saddle of \$14.50)

THE HUT:

- \* CMC hut, now run by Park Board
- \* Cost per night \$2.00 payable at Mt Cook Park Board (MCPB)
- \* Takes 6 comfortably. 8 bunks.
- \* Fuel stove; radio contact to MCPB
- \* Hut may require airing on arrival if fine weather (ie mattress etc.) because is less frequently visited and has a tendency to become damp. (for this reason, please burn all rubbish on departure and leave hut tidy)
- \* Hut has many blankets
- \* No grot had been constructed in 1976 and nor was the toilet area easy to identify. To help keep the area clean. please check with MCPB before going in about this detail.

The Hut is magnificently situated on the ridge near Barron Saddle and has fantastic views down the Mueller and also into the Dobson towards Lake Ohou.

CLIMBING POTENTIALS: (see Mt. Cook Guide)

Darby  
Scissors  
Montgomery  
Watch Tower  
Mt. Burns.

On way out (if go out via Sladden Saddle can readily climb.

Darby	Sealy	} Magnificent traverse Extremely pleasant trip Good climbs on which to gain experience.
Marie	Annette	
Jean	Sebastapol	
Jeanette		

OTHER ROUTES OUT INCLUDE:

- = down the Mueller
- out via the Dobson to Lake Ohau
- return to Mt. Cook via Jamieson Saddle.

If more information required contact MCPB. or ask Warwick Williams, Ross Vining or myself.

D. Lynn. Thompson



SOME THOUGHTS ON NEW ZEALAND

Cloudy,

The Sky is dark and grey and cloudy;  
 Sometimes I think its hanging down on me;  
 Then its hitch-hike a hundred miles,  
 I'm a ragamuffin child,  
 With a finger-painted smile,  
 I left my shadow waiting down the road for me a while:  
 Cloudy,  
 My thoughts are scattered and they'r cloudy;  
 They have no borders, no boundaries;  
 They echo and they swell,  
 From Tolstoy to Tunkerbell,  
 Down from Berkeley to Carnell,  
 Got some pictures in my pocket and a lot of time to kill,  
 Hey sunshine!  
 I haven't seen you in a long time,  
 Why don't you show your face, and bend my mind!  
 Things can't stick to the sky,  
 Like a floating question why, they'll linger there to die;  
 They don't know where the're going but they'll learn to prophesy,  
 My thoughts ar like the sky,  
 They remain cloudy.

Taken from Simon & Garfunkle.

Donated by G.G.

FEDERATION IN JULY

It sounds trite to say but Warwick (W2) looked a sad and lonely figure crossing the hill behind Junction Creek on his way bact to Scotts Peak. However his deep bronclial coughs and build up of flem seemed to indicate the flu was becoming well entrenched.

Martin Hendy, Mike McMalion, Ralph Pickering and I continued to Cracroft Crossing Shelter. With some ingenuity in the dark. Ralph and I collected wood at Cracroft shile Martin and Mike did a 15 minute return trip to the river for water. Next morning they realised a small stream flowed within 15 feet of the shelter.

Despite our intentions we were never able to get an early start on the trip. The late sunrise, cold and often the rain put paid to the best resolutions and hasty breakfasts of raw oats. We reached the bottom of Luckman's Head in just over two hours from Cracroft and by 2.00 p.m. had reached the head an ascent of some 600 metres. The usial wind, rain and mist accompanied us on our trudge through the slush and scrub on Luckman's and we ended up camping where we had lunch. The probability of not being able to make Goon Moor in time to establish a decent camp and a surprising abundance of dead wood was enough to curb our desire to push on. Bliss turned out to be standing in mud around a warm fire listening to the drone of rain on our parkas and to the wind howling through the small saddle.

(cont).../6

After fourteen hours in Ralph's 3 man tent and me wishing Warwick was there with his tent we did the ups and down through Stuart Saddle to Goon Moor for lunch and on to Thwaites to camp. With much patience and blowing for 2 hours Mike kept a small fire going on wood I had collected in near dark. It is no exaggeration to say that we were able to wring the water out of this wood.

The next morning we walked up to the Saddle between Federation and Hanging Lake with the mist opening and closing around us. However not once were we able to get an inkling of Federation. After some misdirection wandering Mike found the cairns leading out along the arête to Federation. We struck our first snow on the ground at this point. However it was old snow and only a light covering. A lot of water was pouring off the side of Federation and this and the snow covered ledges made for a slippery and scary ascent.

The view from the top was magnificent. The mist cleared just as we got to the top and the weather was clear for the rest of the day and was the best weather we had on the trip. Warm sun, white chocolate and a piece of fruit cake smuggled in by Martin make us all smile - fulfilled is the word.

The return traverse back to Cracroft took in 2 days in the usual rain and mist. However the first day was extremely windy and we staggered along like a bunch of old corks. The crossing of the fast flowing Cracroft river on the suspension bridge added interest to the repetitive trick along the yo-yo track. Having been very badly damaged in floods (mind you the bridge is 15 to 20 feet above the river) the bridge has been repaired with a few strands of cord. I can't say I enjoyed the crossing.

It was a trip with good experiences and good companions. Not much suffering because of the wild winter. A word for a sponsor? Well I was able to test out a beaut "Ultimate" parka for Paddy's. It had excellent proofing and was roomy and well pocketed. Too bulky for real climbing but excellent for Tassie trips. For the gourmets - forget dehydrated stews. We took macaroni's, dried vegetables, cheese and a large piece of smoked bacon. The bacon was delicious and could be eaten cold if necessary. Menu available from DLT - well recommended.

#### GREG CAVE

"A strong and well constituted man digests his experiences (deeds & misdeeds) just as he digests his meats, even when he has some tough morsels to swallow"

#### NILTZSCHE

"Running after women never hurt anybody, its the catching em that does the damage".

#### JACK DAVIES C1913

#### THE OUTDOOR CHIEF

Well it has been quite some time since an article appeared, however after being coerced into it, here is the result. You may think what else could I write about? How about a sweet change from ordinary recipies and suggestions and talk about desserts. JUNKETS. They can easily be made nutritious and wholesome. And even better, they taste good.

AIM: To make junket given unfavourable conditions.

THEORY: The action of the enzyme renin upon milk, congeals the milk.

APPARATUS: Milk powder, junket, water, sugar, a container, a spoon, a sleeping bag.

METHOD: Dilute sugar and more than enough milk powder in water. Warm water to no more than blood heat ( / 40 degrees C). Dissolve junket tablets in a small quantity of cold water. Mix the cold water in the sugared warm milk. Mix thoroughly. Pour into lidless container. Place container in sleeping bag to keep warm let stand for 15-30 minutes till congealed. Let stand in cool place until ready to eat.

RESULTS: The milk has congealed and the mixture looks appetising

CONCLUSION: Miiiam. Slurp, Slurp.

NO HOT PILLS



NICK B.

"The difference between the ancients and the moderns is that the ancients asked what what have we experienced, and moderns ask what can we experience".

A.N. Whitehead (1933)

#### WINDY PLACES

The Labyrinth is a lake covered plateau in the south of Cradle Mountain - Lake St Clair National Park, which is often missed by people who walk into Pine Valley Hut, spend a day climbing the Acropolis and then walk out again. Both times I have visited it I have met no-one else, which adds to its attraction, especially as Cradle Mountain - Lake St. Clair is rather crowded these days. The walk described below is one I was taken on by Donn Groom as part of a Tassie walking tour organized by Binna Burra Lodge in Lamington National Park, Queensland.

On the first day we started from Narcissus Hut on Lake St. Clair having taken the boat up the Lake the night before. As we walked up the plains, the Acropolis loomed before us, with its line of dolerite pillars that looked like the ruins of a great building on the summit. We had lunch at Pine Valley Hut, (which is a beautiful place to stay for a few days if yor're a lazy bum) and climbed about 1,000 feet up onto the plateau.

(cont) .../8

On our right was the Parthenon, which we scrambled up to get a view right down Lake St. Clair. We came down and sidled round the base onto the plateau proper. The rocky skeleton of this land shows through a threadbare covering of low, tough bushes. There are some short twisted trees, stunted by the high winds that often blow across from the west. The Labyrinth was a favourite haunt for Lake Pedder before his death in the Gorges of the Gordon river. He would wander alone across the bare hillocks, coming across the small glacial lakes scattered all over the plateau. One of his most beautiful photographs is of a small lake with a rocky islet in the middle rim. There is no middle ground visible until Walled Mountain rises in the distance.

The track winds across the plateau until it comes to the largest lake, Elysia, where there is a marvellous campsite (if you don't mind occasional high winds). We camped there for the night, with the memory of the setting sun painting with orange the mighty wall of the Acropolis, standing on its reflection in the lake. The next day we dropped down into the Cephissus river Valley. As we came to the bottom of the scree chute that made the final part of the descent, we entered a completely different world. A dark beech forest, full of moisture and ferns and the smell of earth. The Cephissus river wound its way secretly through the roots of the forest, its banks hard, rounded and covered with moss so that nothing but green was visible. We camped at Geryon campsite, which is used as a base camp by climbers (of Mt. Geryon). We spent a couple of days there, while Donn took us the easy way up two of the three peaks of Geryon (he was a climber himself). But the best (if not the most comfortable) campsite was ahead. The next day we climbed the scree chute on the other side of the valley (larger than the one we had come down) for the third time (much larger). This took us to the base of Geryon. We sidled round to the saddle and across to the Acropolis. We stopped for lunch on the steep side while Donn tried to remember which gully would take us to the top. He made his choice and started up. The wall turned out not to be vertical rock as appeared from the Labyrinth; the gully was quite easy. Near the top we came across a small spring in the rock. (There's water even on top of the mountains in Tasmania). Then we came to the broad flat top of the Acropolis, rocky with stunted bushes like the Labyrinth, but on a much grander and more primitive scale. We walked across to the north east corner of the table top, where the true summit lies. It is the first of the line of pillars of rubble. It is level with and about 10 feet out from the slab of rock where Donn pitched his tent. Near its base starts the 100 foot drop to the valley below. Looking east we can see the gigantic wall of Geryon, so much more impressive on this side than on the other. In all directions the view is unimpeded and extends for miles. South we look down on the Labyrinth, its lakes shining brilliantly in the sun.

I'll never forget the next morning when we got up into a fierce wind and a cold grey light to watch the sun rise. From horizon to horizon was a sea of mist, broken by one or two mountains in the distance. The huge dolerite pillars vanished into the mist. As the sun came up, it stirred the sea into rivers and spouts, which lifted slowly past us to eventually reveal the land below.

If you go to Tasmania, and want to have a 3 day rest between Federation Peak and the Western Arthurs, try this. Just make sure you anchor your tent well each night.

Bill McCallum.

.../9

WHAT IS IT

- \* quote " I'll eat it if you don't want it".
- \* makes tea by adding 2 leaves and boiling for half an hour.
- \* only trilingual club member
- \* quote (after  $\frac{1}{2}$  gallon icecream) " I'm not eating as much as I used to."
- \* uses his beard to strain out unwanted coffee grounds and tea leaves.
- \* always wears shorts (and when the going gets cold, simply adds long woollen underwear.)
- \* always walks up Mt. Crackenback.
- \* question to him and his girlfriend: "Did you both bring durat jackets?"  
"Mo, I brought one, and Sue brought one".

NO PRIZE FOR THE WINNER; → *NIC BENDALI P*  
EXCOMMUNICATION FROM U.N.S.W.M.C. FOR THE LOSERS.

CLUB BOOK LIST

- Books on Tasmania (incl. Lake Peddar.)
- Snowy Mountains National Park Plan of Management
- Ecos.
- Thrutch
- Mags from other clubs
- Guide Books - Wolgan , Blue Mountains Supplement, Blue Lake.
- Basic Rockcraft
- Advanced Rockcraft
- Mountain

U.N.S.W.M.C. LIBRARIAN - Available from Paul Mara  
399 9891

\* \* \* \* \*

" A good scare is worth more to a man than good advise" - ED HOWE (1853-1937)

\* \* \* \* \*

BUSHWALKERS BALL 1976

Will be held at Chatswood Civic Centre on Friday 17th September

... and mother over the coal mines,  
... of coal that is not profitable,  
... withered before the prime,  
... paved in with the lanes and streets,  
... lungs are poisoned and shoulders bowed  
... in the smothering rock of mill and mine,  
... and death stalks in on the struggling crowd  
... for he who shuns the shadow of oak and pine.

"Hessmuck" (G.W. Sears) circa 1900  
(Courtesy Hick B.)

NEW YORK

Uncle Tom 15

"Start" The crack at the left hand side of the "camp cave" below  
Kunkie Jack.

i) 40' up over hanging jamb crack (tricky) to tree belay

... out to nose and up - much exposure and protection

\*Warwick Williams

HARRY LUXFORD July 76.

### ACUTE MOUNTAIN SICKNESS

This is a little information about Acute Mountain Sickness which  
Susanna and I found in Kathmandu, Nepal. I don't know who's advice  
it is and whoever prepared my copy of the document he didn't sign it.  
Anyway this information was prepared by a doctor at the missionary  
hospital Kathmandu. You must still have your doctor check it,  
especially since you will need his prescription for the medications  
suggested.

Furthermore the problem should arise except on peaks of 3,000  
feet or more, so you will only need this advice when you head for the  
Himalayas or other. Here it is.

#### Acute Mountain Sickness in Nepal about the Disease

Acute Mountain sickness is a disease which affects some people but not  
others. We do not know why the risk is greater for some people, but  
physical fitness is not a factor. In fact, some of the most severe and  
even fatal cases have been seen in very fit young people.

Symptoms may develop at any altitude from 3,000 meters upwards, depending  
upon individual susceptibility and rate of ascent. There is, however  
a delay of up to 4 days, after arriving at the critical altitude,  
before symptoms begin.

The two main forms of the disease affect the lungs, causing breathing difficulty and blueness of lips, and the brain causing drowsiness and unconsciousness. Either form may lead to death.

### Symptoms

The first sign of the disease, for those astute enough to notice it, is the passage of reduced amounts of urine. (Non-susceptible people pass excess urine in the first few days at altitude.)

This is usually followed shortly by headache, nausea, loss of appetite, vomiting, breathlessness, sleeplessness, weakness, giddiness and a feeling of fullness in the chest. Any of these features together with low urine output, should be regarded seriously. Blueness of lips tongue and face is a very serious sign, as is any disturbance of consciousness, or abnormal behaviour.

### How to prevent Acute Mountain Sickness.

1. Avoid fast ascent. Ideally, a week should be taken to acclimatise to each 900 meters above an altitude of 2,700 meters, eg, a week each at 2,700 meters, 3,600 meters, 4,500 meters and so on. This may be impractical for those on short holidays and such people should realize that they are taking a risk and pay particular attention to the next two paragraphs. Pressing on to a height of 5,000 - 5,500 meters in a week has led to death.

2. Anyone suffering from the above symptoms should not attempt to climb higher until he has become well again and is passing reasonable amounts of urine, that is about 1,00 ml. (33 ounces or 6 teacups) per day.

3. Recent studies have shown that protection can be achieved by taking one of two drugs:-

Acetazolamide (Diamox) 250 mg. (1 tablet) three times a day.

Frusemide (Lasix), 80mg. (2 tablets) twice a day. One of these should be taken for periods of a few days at a time when rapid ascents are being made. They should cause a noticeable increase in urine volume and people taking them should be sure to drink adequate water and take extra salt during periods of exertion. These drugs should not be taken continuously for more than a week without medical advice. In the present state of knowledge, Acetazolamide seems to be preferable.

### Treatment of Symptoms:

The patient should be given Frusemide tablets, 80 mg, 2 or 3 times a day and his urine volume observed and preferably measured. (This is ambiguous in the original document, however I don't think that it is unreasonable to interpret it to mean: two tablets, 2-3 times a day, since this is virtually the same as the preventative dosage suggested above - GTDS) Oxygen should be given and, if the symptoms are at all severe, the patient removed to a lower altitude. If symptoms are minor and improve rapidly, the expedition need not be abandoned and after recovery the patient may ascend slowly, allowing time for acclimatisation and using Acetazolamide as above.

I hope this is of some use to people planning a high altitude expedition. I might just add that heights mentioned in this article are readily reached on most of the popular treks in Nepal, especially the Everest walk. We saw winter wheat sowing at 3,000 meters and I think that the winter snowline is above 3,600 meters (Kosciusko is

## MEMBERSHIP REQUIREMENTS

Newcomers to Mountaineering or Bushwalking clubs fondly imagine that all you need to know about bushwalking and such is map reading and how to put up a tent.

Little do they realize that lurking in the background of every trip are hundreds of hitherto unnoticed subtleties, which a prospective member must be proficient at, before he can even reach the dizzy heights he aspires to.

The mountaineer, or skier, for example must have a knowledge of cooking which extends far beyond Rosella farmhouse. Stew can be produced, at short notice, a lemon cheese cake; is he able to remove dead weevils from flour. Such vital questions must be answered.

Far more significant though, is the outdoorsmans ability to get to his chosen area. In one way or another problems with transport are the deciding factors in many trips. Cars, in particular, offer a wide field of study for the prospective Bush walkers or Mountaineer.

People able to effect repairs for owners of V.I.'s cables are a scarce commodity. On one occasion Martin Hendy, Stephen Horne, Ralph Pickering and myself spent four hours replacing a clutch cable in my car, at Hornbush. Not having any tools at that stage, we divided our time between working on the car, and wondering backwards and forwards between the local tool shop and the car, buying what we needed as we went. The last item to be brought, a 17mm ring spanner I think, had me on my knees outside the shop at 5:15 begging the woman inside to open the left hand at 1:30 to avoid rush hour and ended up arriving at home at 2 in the morning.

Even other peoples cars can be a hassle sometimes. Travelling in convoy back from Canberra one evening with Ralph and Martin in Ralphs car and Stephen and myself in my own, provides a good example. Ralph, at that stage, had added a number of dubious accessories to his car (you know, cassette players which turn on and off at random - that sort of thing). One of the most recent acquisitions was an old pressure gauge Fiat 850's being rear engined cars meant that a plastic hose leading from the engine, to the dashboard was required. Anyway we were motoring along happily outside Goulburn when the highway was enveloped in smoke. Muttering curses at the truckies for their funes we motored on. However, passing the semi in front, revealed the true source of the pall, a barely visible red fiat. Catching up to Ralph we informed him he was on fire in the engine compartment (an effective way of stopping a car). The fact that breed have their petrol tanks above the engine. In fact the plastic tube to the pressure gauge had melted through spraying oil at 90 psi over red hot extractors (in the engine compartment). The smell was a little strange, but believing it to be due to the faulty wiring up of the cassette deck had disconnected it via a reached under the dashboard and ripped the wires out.)

Along with some mechanical skill the ability to improvise is also important. After arriving at Kanagra Walls, one evening, at the supposed start of a trip, some friends and I noticed vast quantities of fuel leaking out of the petrol tank. Further inspection revealed no less than 8 (count them, 8) holes in the tank. Salvaging the remaining fuel in billies meant at least we



had fuel, but what would we ~~so~~ ~~use~~ it? We ended up putting it in a 1 gallon plastic jerry can, and, with a rubber tube running from the jerry can, through a hole in the fire wall, to the petrol pump, driving back to Sydney. The front passenger held the jerry can between his feet on the floor. The only drawback was that we had to stop every 26 miles to fill up.

The roads over which cars travel can also provide unlimited amusement. Some like the road from Honeysuckle Creek to Baroomba contain sections known Australia wide for the foul language they invoke, but without which the trip would never be the same, or the road maybe good for most of its length with some relatively new natural phenomena adding to the fun. One washed out Easter Steve, Martin and I, after retreating from Blue Lake, decided to follow some of the firetrails between Cooma and the coast. Armed with an ax, a shovel and a block and tackle we set out, Digging the car out after getting it bogged crossing the Wodbiliga river gave us a chance to stretch our legs, and break some of that fresh mountain air. Trying to cut the corner off a 3 foot diameter log blocking our path, however, was a completely different story. Having chewed a bit off with the blunt (- an understatement) axe, we tried to drive between the log and the edge of the road (an horrendous drop down into the Wodbiliga gorge). "No it won't fit Steve, back it off" - Crunch, the rear off side wheel was now hanging over the edge of the road. After Steve recovered from the shock we lift the back of the car back onto the road (-no, really!!) and after a bit more chewing, proceed on our way down the road. At the bottom a bridge, that is to say some logs across the stream, but the fill between the 1 foot diameter logs was gone, leaving 6 inch gaps between the logs. Creep across and plain sailing back to Cooma.

These are just some of the many things that can and do happen to cars, and cars are just a small fraction of that background knowledge that makes a bushwalker or skitowner.

Do you know that Mazda rotaries have to be adjusted for winter conditions.

Do you know where to get scones, cream and jam in Berrima. washed down with a cup or two of Lapsang Souchong?

YOU SHOULD.

#### WANTED

#### Wanted - sightings of Wallaroos

If anyone can give me information on numbers, sexes and the locality and date of sighting of these animals, please ring me on 85 7640.

A Wallaroo is a medium - large sized macropod (wallaby or Kangaroo); Both sexes have relatively scruffy fur, rounded ears, and hop slightly stooped. The males are dark brown with cream chests - and very stocky build. The females are light to mid grey with white chests and dark paws. They are typically found in wooded, hilly country often near caves, they seem to be especially abundant near Lake Burragarang.

Rokyn Tuft.

A HARD LIFE

Oh for the life of ski-ing (pronounced sheeing to the more articulate) The long slopes, the cold, the wind; ah but it's a hard life! Skis, yes are fun when mastered, provided of course one likes to go with them and not just sit back and watch them, continuing down the slope ahead. Daring though it is, it is a gentle art. Accomodation is of course, of prime importance, comfort being the major factor. So for us on ski, headed for Albina with 75lb packs, sweat, and some cheating, charming words we made it.... only as far as Rawsons hut. Packs definitely were the excuse. Saturday, as the day before, was tremendous, clear skies, light breeze and best of all blue stick snow, found us arriving at Albina with luckily, little other company. After unpacking and storing our 40 odd lbs of food we settled ourselves into our planned life of bliss. The urge overcame us and we set out on ski; much fun was had as comments flew backwards and forwards in praise of the more spectacular prangs and the respective devastation of the slope. One of us in particular, specialised in climbing out of huge bump holes. However, the sight of broken ski tips (thank you Hughie) was somehow avoided.

The next day was spent going up to the summit and then for a ski into the bowls of Cootapatamba. A grand day after meeting a mob of Sydney Rockies at Rawsons Pass and chorousing late into the night with the liveliest of SRC songs.

Monday brought bad weather and thus resulted in a trip into Lady Hortcotes; the bluffs above later yielded some of the most incredible views of the Sentinel and Watsons Crags shrouded in mist. Even took (someones) the breath away.

After experiencing the good life of bacon, steaks, zuchinnis, fresh fruit and vegetables; all sorts of rich assorted foodstuffs and finding that our skis were bananaing, it was decided to move our lazy bodies, one great red slug in particular, out on Tuesday in a white out and ski over the tops to Blue Lake and Soil Con.

While trying very hard to ski off cornices and over bluffs, ski down wrong ridges and fool around in general, the great clown in front went and lost the map, leaving us undeniably in the shit.

A lesson in how not to give lessons!  
Chauvinist Pig nothing!

Anyway, (pphew) there was a little satisfaction in finding the hut. Finding Andy Henderson there as well helped Wednesday come a little faster. The weather was typically bad and the day was spent staying low down around Blue Lake. With our food supply noticeably dwindling; and our urge for action becoming substantially lacking, a majority vote of 1:2 was carried to head back to Albina. Besides, the reading of a consistent 6 C on the Max-Min thermometer was greatly demoralising and a factor worthy of careful consideration.

Thursday, our pleas answered, was bright and still and again the vote was ... well, not unanimous, but carried to back via the lakes. A long ski down the S.E. ridge of Carruthers dropped us into Club Lake and a time was spent ego-tripping on the most fierce of the routes above the lake. Climbers nothing!

Joe and Jane who?

A traverse of Lee up high, down to the river and for the first time a change in wax to red stick kicker for climbing the ridge up to Clark. So a little (long) while later, much grunting, red faces and no wax left found us on Clark. (almost like doing it twice) Funny things cameras.

By this time, the poo had closed in and a strong wind was ripping along the tops. Bouncy ski down and then over Northcote on fluted ice and some Sastrugi ended in a short walk down to Albina lodge.

Friday and would you believe it. out for more food and really to meet Nick's instructional at Rutledge's for the weekend. A shower conned at the Lantern Lodge in Thredbo was a welcome pleasure. A peaceful night was rudely interrupted by the one and only Nick B himself. Whispers like a Manly Ferry. And all the people, WW, DLT, Nick, Reddel and Deidre, George G and many others. Poor old WW was a bit disjointed about the early rise and could only come out with

"...and boy, it was still bloody dark."

We skied into Cootapatamba and bivied on Saturday night after visiting the surrounding areas... and what beaut weather.

Sunday saw us home with much, much less snow than 11 days before, so everybody, start praying. Overall, a great trip with, in the main fine weather and snow. With the thought of the semester starting once again, it was very hard indeed to leave that old, cold white stuff behind.

Joe Seppi & J.P.

#### THE OUTER LIMITS OF ENJOYMENT

The other day, I was approached by Lyn Thompson to write an article for Mobsac. Between giggles, she told me to write about any recent climbing adventure. My mind flashed back to that day in March - the 19th - when Lyn Jane P., Warwick and myself set out to travel to Booroomba Rocks at about 8.30pm after admiring American Helicopter operation on T.V. off we went.

W2 took over the driving at Goulburn, and we all went to sleep after waking us jerkily in Canberra - eg. hard braking, loud radio - he asked me what we should do that weekend.

"What are you doing this morningin, Warwick?" asked Gary Mathew at the top of Booroomba on the Saturday morning.

"Croker - Spaniel's leading me up Outer Limit". I hastily re-swallowed my heart and Warwick and I set off for the climb.

"I'll use this tree - you may be a while" said he, belaying I glanced up at the 130 foot long first pitch - it looked hard. I had been on top of the flake -50 feet up - last October, and I knew it got hard from there on. Although it was clay rock it glistened in the sun like steel plating. I tied the two 9mm ropes into my whillans harness, checked the gear and set off.

Jamming up the first 20 feet of crack was easy, I stood on the ledge and continued over the overhanging flakes, placing some runners on the fantasia rope. At my old high point I placed a small nut on top of the flake.

... then delicately for 8 feet to a bolt runner. Climb the slab above by a shallow crack to a ledge and flake belay.

Now the fun began. I moved up and across to the bolt, placed a bracket and sling on it and prepared for the cruse. The blue rope through the bolt runner was also tied loosely around a bush about 40 feet below.

I moved left onto Ultra -thin holds. The shallow crack was useless but for a technical three-finger crossways jam. A small finger hold left and high up would have to take my weight, as my feet were merely functioning against the very steep slab. As I moved up in perfect balance, I reached over to a jug-like hold-but it wasn't. I couldn't climb down and rest -

cont - .../16

too fine - so I reached over a few inches to explore another hold. Thirty feet below, in mid-air I decided it and lose my balance. One runner and the bush had come out in the fall, but the bolt had held me. Warwick lowered me to the ledge for a quick rest.

Ten minutes later I was back at the bolt. It had moved out about  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch in the fall and didn't look very safe. I tried to forget about it as I wanted to get the climb over. As I moved past the bolt, the shakes stopped. I had seen a tiny hold I had used for my hand before. By some contortions (quite hard when the largest hold sticks out about  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch) I got my right foot onto it. I could now reach past the apparent jug to a small rounded hold. Up with the left foot to where my left hand had been just as I had fallen, and I was able to sink my left hand into a Bombproof jam and move up my whole body. I slipped in a good size 7 hex and moved up easily to the belayledge. Warwick enjoyed that pitch and said the bolt should be replaced then led off right to the end of a long ledge. Here he belayed on top of a large boulder. We were about 150 feet above the ground at this stage. Pitch 3 was a real terror. Where the first pitch had the short but very hard and well-protected crux, this pitch was long, sustained at about grade 17 for nearly 80 feet and not very well protected.

I set off to the right to a short corner - nearly crackless and began moving up 20 feet up it, I placed the first (and last) runner of the pitch, a useless looking agglomeration of wires and small hexes. It would had to do. The next 80 feet - corner for ten feet - getting very shallow. Very steep slab micro holds - I must balance correctly on these - keep vertical - Is there anywhere for a runner - NO - why is this wind blowing so hard - where is the bolt that was supposed to be here - chopped- I think someone was skylarking with it - less holds at this point - look at me layback on this paper-thin flake (I'll stand on it so it doesn't break off) I'm glad Warwick is behind the buttress down there and can't see what's going on - if I fell we'd both go all the way -hey I'm at the ledge "safe"- a wobbly bolt was my salvation. I had about four feet of rope left 150 feet, grade 17, 1 runner. "Come on Warwick" and he did. The high winds that I had climbed the pitch in affected the communication, and he gave a neat demonstration of wind - powered ballet. It was so strong that two fellow climbers had retreated from Hermes which is more sheltered - but Outer Limit is too great a climb to be treated like that. Warwick got to the ledge - "Phew, that was hard". Now only the easy (i.e. less than Grade 17) pitches remained. I dropped a nut on one of them, a long traverse across the top of the Great Central Slab of Booroomba upon which the climb lies. We looked down to it from above, that mighty creation of granite artistry. We had beaten it, but only just.

SUMMARY: - Outer Limit, Grade 18-19 600 feet Booroomba Rocks A mighty climb across a huge slabby face of steep granite excellent situations and exposure. Climbed by John Croker and Warwick Williams  
20th March 1976.