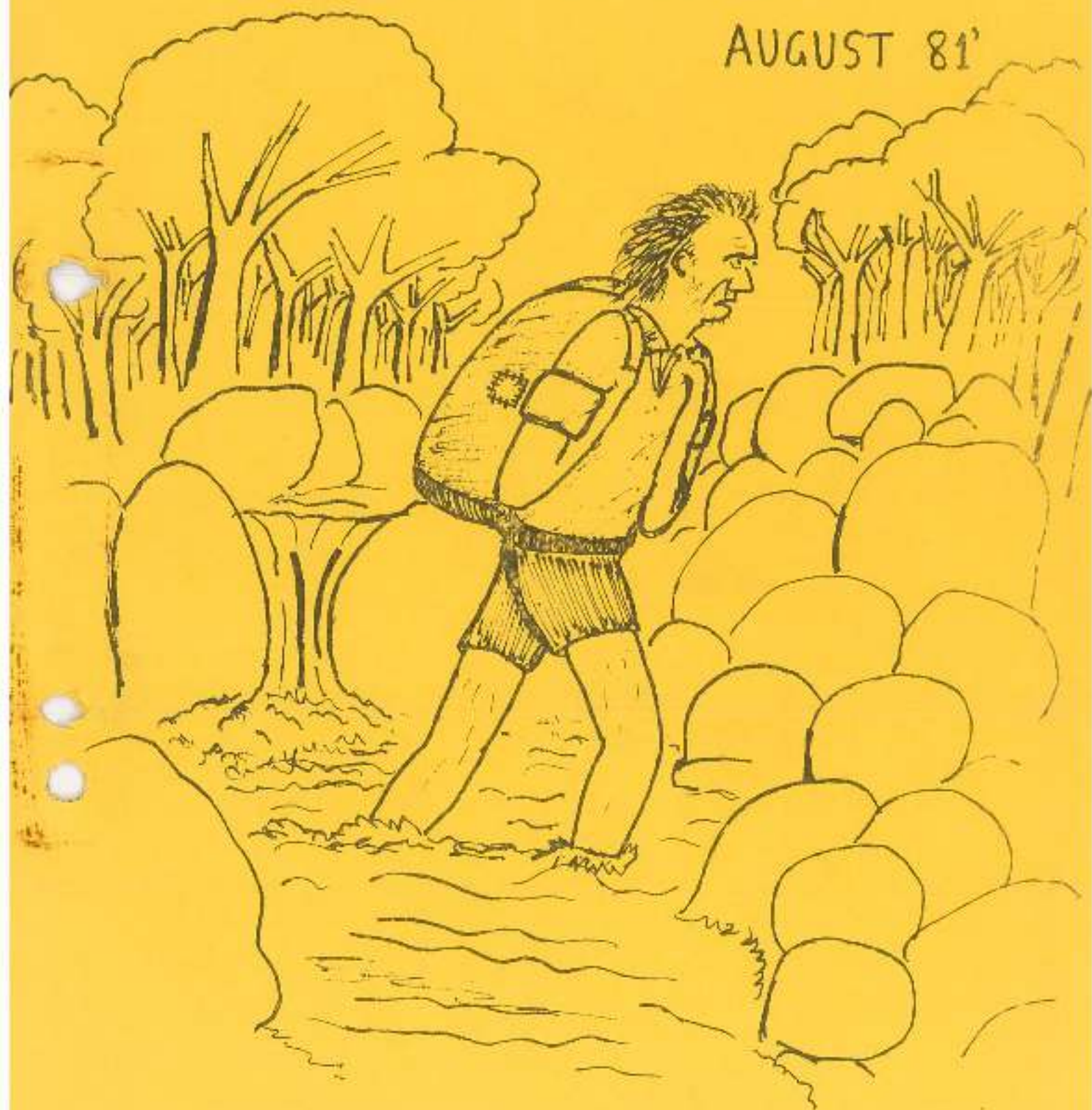


MOBSAC

AUGUST 81'



E D I T O R I A L

This sort of magazine is often dedicated to some suitable famous person in the field of outdoor sport. Simply look at Melbourne University's magazine Mountaineering. This issue of Mobsac is going to be dedicated not to a famous person but instead to ME! Being editor has definite advantages.

As editor I only ask one thing from you, the reader, please view the stories in the manner in which they were written. That is to say, all the articles except for Rob Jung's marvelous contributions, should be viewed with a sense of the ridiculous.

I hope you can have some fun reading this issue, I certainly enjoyed writing it.

Thank you.

Anthony Hardy
EDITOR.

" LET'S GO CLIMBING!"
A review of a review.

This 1941 book of instruction was written by Colin Kirkus. Kirkus in the 1930's was considered one of the two best British Rock Climbers (the other being John Merlove Edwards). The book was commissioned by the London Publisher, Thomas Nelson and Sons as part of a series of primers (other titles include "Let's do a Play!" and "Let's get up a Concert!"). However, the concept of the book is to present the beginner with a chat with someone who has a vast experience to offer. At the beginning of a late chapter he bursts out "You are probably quite fed-up with being told what to do and what not to do. As a matter of fact I am fed-up with telling you." He also dwells on his chapter concerning dangers not as "Safety" but under the title of "Accidents".

His comments concerning technique are given in such a way as to make you see what it is all about. On Smoothness he says,

"Bad Climbers often ascend by a series of rushes. If their rush does not carry them far enough they are lost; they cannot remember any of the holds, and they come down with an even greater rush."

On Holding One's body away from the rock: "When you're going upstairs you don't lie against the steps and pull yourself up by the stair-rods. Not unless you're drunk, anyhow." A few samples of One-Liners is given below:

"It is no disgrace to turn back, but it is a definite disgrace to fall off, whether you hurt yourself or not"

"Until you have a slip, snow seems much safer than rock."

(Why raincoats are worthless) "If the weather is really bad you will get wet whatever you wear, and it is much better to do it properly from the start than to have the water slowly trickling down your neck."

"Most girls, as soon as a strain comes on the rope, double up like a wilting flower." "Another thing - girls often seem to think that if they have a man as second they can fall from any height and he will hold them." (The first sentence of a chapter on bivouacs:) "Isn't it boring sleeping every night in a bed?" "A crushed jam tart or cream trifle is never very appetizing when it has to be sucked off a dirty sock."

Kirkus ends his book with the significant comment "If mountaineering gives you half as much pleasure as it has given men, you will never regret having taken it up."

MT ROYAL - MARCH '81

The Mount Royal area, just south of Barrington Tops is a beautiful forested area containing rainforest - cool temperate on the higher points and warm temperate down in the creeks - and eucalypt forest. Mt. Royal itself is particularly striking. It is a very sharply defined ridge with low mossy rainforest growing on its crest. The north and south approach ridges are grassy and open giving excellent views on a clear day. In addition there are strange grassy patches (one containing waratahs) growing amongst the rainforest. The view from Mt. Cockcrow to the north (which could be included on a harder walk of medium standard) is supposed to be an even better one.

This area was the scene of an easy beginners walk in March '81. The approach by car was via the Carrow Brook Road from Singleton.

For the Friday night sleeping spot we had arranged to sleep on the flat grassy pile on the verge of the Faulding's 50 acre bush block. In the warm balmy night with a high moon we dispense with putting up tents and get away with it.

We are breakfasting when Mrs. Faulding greets us. She spots a dead young kangaroo lying further up the road. What killed it, I don't know, but I get the job of carrying it to the compost heap. Still this gives us all the opportunity of viewing their farm and mudbrick house.

We start the walk at the base of Mt. Royal ridge. With the end of the clear grassy spur of the approach ridge some of us don long pants for the rainforest and nettles. Plenty of time for rainforest photos near the summit. After lunch Elaine involuntarily tests the local rock with her ankle and finds the rock harder. This gives Leo the opportunity to play 'Doctor' and Chris and I the chance to play 'press photographer' with injured patient. Later with a crutch and no pack Elaine descends to the saddle to the north with us. We leave her to camp there and we descend to Royal Creek with its narrow band of rainforest including its festoons of stinging trees.

Camp is made on a sloping grassy bank opposite. After dusk we are sitting around the campfire, when Chris starts to play a haunting piece on his recorder. The almost immediate response is the chilling howl of dingoes.

By Sunday morning the leisurely pace is reacting with Chris so he returns to the ridge to burn up some energy - walking up and down the forestry roads with full pack. The rest of us (only six of us now) stroll down Royal Creek reaching our exit point (a track back to the cars) in about 2½ hours. En route we pause to examine a sleepy python. At the exit there is a large swimming hole and we pause for an extended swim and lunch.

In the rainforest again, back near the cars, Knox discovers that the native raspberries are fruiting and we delay our arrival to carefully pick the trackside harvest. There are at least two types of fruit - the common one which resembled small raspberries and a less frequent fruit which resembled a strawberry in shape.

Somewhat gorged we returned to the cars to greet Elaine who has hobbled back via the connecting track around Mt. Royal. We meet Chris a little later. Participants: Alex, Chris, Elaine, Knox, Les, Mania, Rob & Steve.

Reliving a Memory

The Skiing was lousy and for 8 days of blizards was enough for us to throw it away and head North to the Sun. I got home from the Snowies at about 10pm and informed Mum to wake me early so that I could buy the tickets on the Brisbane express in time to catch the following evenings train. A hectic day of hassels with the P.T.C. finally got the three of us, Dave, Tony and myself tickets for the same train leaving that night. I am still suprised that we didn't forget anything in that mad rush to get everything done.

Finally we reached Brisbane in hot muggy conditions after a long and tiring journey. Discovering we could get a bus out to Serima that afternoon we dumped our packs in the station parcel office and terrorised Rick White's Brisbane factory for the rest of the day.

Arriving at Mt. French that Evening, better on Blood Sweat & Tears when I found I had been bridging the wrong way and was forced to do a backwards mantleshelf under an overhang with my last protection well below my feet. Also the exquisit pain of returning circulation for cramped toes mangled by body weight in untutored jambs.

Visions still come of rediculous fingernail laybacking up "Dave Manx's borillar" only to fall and 'barndoor' into the arets. We all had goes at that particular trick.

All too Soon Uni called and we three trickeled back to Sydney our seperate ways a few days apart from each other.

These events occured during the June-July break last year but I still enjoy reliving the hear, hard jamb cracks, imposible boulder problems and the atmosphere of Frog's Buttrace.

Fortiscue Smythe

The true Vertical desert

*The vertical Sahara of Californian Granite,
Romantically linked with the exotic East,
Camels and Sand dunes mingle in marriage,
Haulsack and Hammock preposterally dangle,
But where is the true desert?
The hot dry land of Stunted trees and dust,
No Romance of position just raw beauty
it is found amid flies and heat,
Under sweating fingers and overhot E.R.'s
In sandstone and shale, on broken walls and aretes,
It is found under layers of dry powdery clay,
and amongst neardead banksias.
The true desert dry but not dead,
Is found and admired by Summer Climbers,
in the Blue Mountains.*

An Analysis Of Sanity

by the resident climbing philosopher P. Hyndmann

One sometimes wonders why pain can be ignored in response to an abstract thought process. In my own context this refers to Mountaineering, that pinnacle of sports. Few people who have partaken in the sporting activity of Mountaineering admit to there being a more demanding sport. Physically and Mentally it has few equals and its sense of commitment, life and limb, is special if not unique.

Why do people submit themselves to harsh conditions of cold, storms and the other dangers inherent in the sport. These not only include "subjective" dangers which one has control over, such as physical fitness and good equipment, but also "objective" dangers over which one has no direct control but to not go. These include Avalanche, lightning strike, rockfall etc. They can not be removed from the mountain environment simply reduced by common sense.

Mountaineering can be extremely painful, sliding down scree slopes leading into the Hooper Valley in New Zealand with blizzard conditions and a 20kg pack leaves one's body aching and one's mind strangely detached and numb. All the while thoughts of forever giving up Mountaineering course, though some sections of a brain slowed by the first stages of Hyperthermia.

Climbers don't always make it back, some keep going down the scree with less than complete control. But this doesn't stop climbing and Mountaineering from being a growth Sport. Why do people continue to submit themselves to gruelling forced marches with heavy packs and tired feet simply for the change at committing suicide on snow, rock and ice on the world's various mountain chains. The Ultimate answer can not be given and individuals who have faced the question can't express it to someone who only sees the physical side of climbing. Up to now I have deliberately only expressed the hard physical side which is Mountaineering. But there is a much greater more illuminated side, that of abstract ideals and aims.

I am not a psychiatrist and so cannot analyse, logically, myself or other people regarding these ideals and aims. What I do know is the immense pleasure of setting myself a goal, striving to reach it and reflecting on my activities afterwards. There have been many cliché remarks concerning the reasons for climbing I simply say that after trying it I gain great pleasure from the activity. It has its bad moments, but I only remember the good and reflect on the bad.

In conclusion all I can say is please don't judge the noble activity Mountaineering without first trying it yourself, it has a lot of hidden psychological edges which are well worth the physical effort.

Hinchinbrook Island - Nth QLD May 181

One of the jewels of the Australian Coastline must be Hinchinbrook Is. It is a large island about 35km long and 15km wide and the whole of it a National Park. Except for a resort at the Northern most point, Cape Richards, the area is a wilderness area (in the truest sense) and a paradise for bushwalkers, rockclimbers, ocean going kayakers etc.

When I arrived at Cardwell my first look of the island far exceeded my expectations. In front of me across a sparkling pale blue sea was a very mountainous island with many high peaks (Mt. Bower exceeds 1000m) The sawtooth outline of the southern portion of the island had a specially magical appeal in the light blue haze of the morning.

Our party of eight crossed to the island by 'water taxi' a trip which took about an hour. The 'taxi' was a converted cabin cruiser and we collected a fair wash of spray travelling into the fresh sou-easterly. Our landing was interesting - the last section involved travelling through several narrow passages in the mangroves before alighting at a small landing behind Ramsay Bay.

We were a varied bunch organised by Richard Bain of the Brisbane Bushwalkers. Four were from Brisbane- Chris, George, Richard and Rita. Ian was from Collinsville (near Bowen), Kim and Wendy were from Armidale and I was from Sydney.

In our stay on the island we walked generally along the eastern coast to a place called Zoe Bay. This took us about 1½ days normal walking time each way.

For me there were many things to remember about this island - the sea and fresh water swimming, the rugged mountains, the creeks and the mangrove estuaries were some of these, camping off the beach front perhaps made its strongest impression. The campsites were set amongst an open tropical littoral rainforest. At Little Ramsay Bay and Bowen Bay the memory is of surf crashing in on the beach in the moonlight as we sat around the campfire. At Zoe Bay there was the wide beach (Lake Pedder-like) at low tide which was superb for moonlight walks, and the glorious waterfall and pools 15 minutes away.

There were coconut palms at most beaches and we wasted no opportunity in adding to our diet with fresh coconuts. This was my first experience of sampling wild coconuts. Although a pick head or a machetti would have made the job easier (or even a strong sheath knife) I soon became adept at using the rather blunt knife provided with the standard knife, fork and spoon kits. By the end of the trip I could dehusk a coconut in about 4 minutes. Obtaining the milk is then easy: bore two holes in the shell with the auger of a Swiss Army knife and then suck out the frequently sweet milk. (Green Coconuts are particularly exquisite) To obtain the copra merely find a rock and crack the shell open. Tipping the shell fragments a few more times on the rock nicely loosens the copra into convenient pieces for eating.

Nothing is free even in this paradise. The walking literature of Hinchinbrook is filled with horrendous reports of the scrub encountered and these should not be taken lightly. There is thick scrub - coastal tea tree, mangrove and rainforest - viney scrub - but if a route is chosen using a little skill then shorts and tee-shirts are appropriate dress. One generally follows the creek gullies through saddles or

sometimes around the rocks, when walking to the next beach. The weather is less predictable than the scrub. On several occasions (once mid-way through dinner) heavy rain suddenly started falling - just as one turns on a tap. Fine starry nights should not be trusted either, but we had learned our lesson by then.

The weather and the difficult access (no cut tracks) probably contribute greatly to the enjoyment of this magnificent island. They are probably one of the major reasons why this large island is unique on the Queensland coast, free from mindless resort development (see postscript) and the ravages of off road vehicles, which despoil other beautiful areas like Magnetic Island and Fraser Island.

There were two disappointments of our trip. The major one was the short time of our stay. Ten days rather than five days should have been spent on the island. This meant that trips into the mountain spine of the island were limited. Chris got most of the way up Mt. Diamantina from Zoe Bay, while Wendy, George and I started off in an attempt on Mt. Bowen, but gave up due to wet weather (rocks of the creek route become very slippery) and lack of time. The other disappointment was that except for the day of our arrival, the peaks were generally covered in thick clag. Chris, Ian and I did go up the easy Nina Peak and we were well rewarded with phenomenal mountain and coastal views.

With the trip in mid-May, the weather on the coast was never cool enough for me to require a jumper and I never got inside my sleeping bag at night. When I make my next trip I will choose the winter months since the temperature is cooler and the chance of fine weather greater.

One way to visit the island's beaches without the hassels of scrub would be to visit by boat, and an ocean going Kayak would be an ideal delight the intrepid rockclimber - the one who likes the challenge of unknown routes and difficult access.

Hinchinbrook Island Postscripts Hinchinbrook was named by Captain Cook during his traverse of Eastern Australian coast in 1770. In these days the first Lord of the Admiralty was George Montagu Dunk, first Earl of Sandwich, Second Baron and First Earl of Halifax. Cook took several opportunities to preserve his patrons name. "Mount" Hinchinbrook commemorated the family seat of the Montagues (Cook didn't realize he was naming an island). Cape Sandwich (the North Eastern most point of Hinchinbrook remembers the older title. Halifax Bay and Dunk Island, also in the vicinity, derive their names from this source.

Not a great deal happened to Hinchinbrook in the intervening period until 1967. In that year the Queensland Lands Department called for tenders to establish a tourist resort at Cape Richards, the northern extremity of the island. A special lease of 9.3 hectare was subsequently granted over a portion of the National Park, however it took until 1974 before the resort was complete and opened for guests.

The resort currently contains 15 units catering for 30 guests. Its low key nature and small size have meant that it blends in fairly well with the local environment.

However Ansett believes that the resort will need to be expanded to cater for at least 700 guests to make it commercially viable. Such expansion will create many obvious problems - water supply and waste and sewage - quite apart from the impact of constructing additional accommodation & other facilities.

In addition Ansett has proposed the construction of a 1600 metre air strip across a narrow isthmus to the south of the resort so that guests may be flown in from Townsville. This airstrip would extend into the sea on either side of the isthmus and because of the low swampy nature of the area, considerable amounts of fill would be needed. It is proposed to quarry this from a hill near the resort.

As such proposals would be impossible within the existing special lease, Ansett is seeking to have this increased to about 119ha. Under existing legislation there is nothing to stop existing National Parks in Queensland being violated in this fashion. There is no requirement for an environmental impact statement for the proposed development nor is the granting of such a lease subject to public or parliamentary scrutiny.

Something you could do is to write the National Parks Minister asking that he reject any requests for expansion of Cape Richards and request the rest of the island be zoned as "primitive area" to preserve its wilderness values.

Hon. T. Elliot,
6th floor, Comalco House,
Cor. Ann & George Streets
BRISBANE QLD 4000

Also you could write to:

Sir Peter Abeles,
Ansett Transport Industries
489 Swanston Street
MELBOURNE VIC 3000

expressing your opposition to the proposed expansion of the resort.

BUSH NIGHT

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*Shafts of starlight slipped through the leaves,
The faint ephemeral smoke weaved in and out,
A soft sigh echoed in my mind.
The warm purple sound of the stream,
The soft grey sound of a bat overhead,
The sharp pink of an animal in the trees;
Memories of a day passed as a kalidascopes,
of thought and sounds,
My thoughts seperated from my body,
the smell of eucalyptus and coffee,
Silent swirls of steam chase in my mug,
Lakes and mountains from but pass away,
A stifled shrug then moves me back,
A cold hard body again moves to create its own path.*

The recognition of a new sport

I was desperately combining a layback and mantelshelf up a sapling which one could just reach if a small jump was made off a mossy boulder over a three meter drop. The actual gymnastics weren't hard but with a rope and rack around my neck it was indeed desperate. Dave Nagland followed me similarly weighed down and we were soon bolder hopping back up Crayfish Creek which we had come down only three or four hours earlier.

We had just retreated off a climb in the Grose Valley because of the difficulty in combining off width techniques with rock whose texture was more like stale Chocolate Cake than sandstone. This would have been alright, I suppose, if some sort of Protection had been available, but even the mighty bolt failed us.

Upon reflection and discussion we decided that the simple terminology of "Rock Climbing" didn't cover the sort of trip that Dave and I had repeatedly found ourselves on, over the last few years. We therefore decided to introduce some new, more apt, terms. The name of the "Sport" itself can not be left at Rock Climbing as was shown by the trip explained above. A major trip involving a full day a dedicated bush work may only give a few moments of climbing. Yet you can't call it "Scrub Bashing" or "Canyoning" because of the mental aim to do a climb and the vast weight of climbing gear carried for that end. Therefore we have decided on the name VALIENTEERING. This was partially: due to Dave's persistence with his Greek Mythology and partially due to the fact that we had always driven to the begining of these epics in Dave's old but much revered Valient.

Upon deciding a name we also came up with a problem of defining just what we did on each trip, some leading to major epics on windblown, Sandstone walls and some resulting in tourist track wanderings. We therefore decided to characterise the types of trips and grade them 1-5. The gradings are as follows:

- (1) - An easy walk in with an easy retreat or a simple straight forward climb. (not inclusive of Crag Climbing because it must be approached as a Valienteering episode.)
- (2) - Either a hard scrub bash in with an easy climb or a relatively easy approach of moderate length and horrendus climb with or without retreat.
- (3) - Both bad access and retreat routes. A hard climb of more than two pitches. If a retreat is made it must be technically difficult or the scrub horrendous.
- (4) - A Grade 3 with an enforced bivouac.
- (5) - A Grade 4 in which an injury is sustained.
- (5+)- Where everything goes wring but you still make it to the top.

So far Dave and I have been involved with a Grade 2 followed by a second attempt at the same climb giving a Grade 5. Also we have had a Grade 1 and a Second Grade 2.

I have personally been involved with another two Grade 2 episodes without Dave and Dave has had a number of high numbered episodes without me. These include two Grade 3's. I hope that if you have had experiences that would rate as a Valienteering episode you would contact me and perhaps help to modify this first attempt at a method to understand this new "Sport".

"Lambert before Love and Life" (Part 1)

Lambert is a small zone of wilderness that neither the industrialists or the environmentalists have ever even heard about. It probably cannot be called wilderness because no one is threatening or ever about to threaten logging, dams or mining within its borders. The native animal and plant populations has been unaffected by outside forces and no pollution drains into the area. The major airways pass far away so not even planes mar the blue sky. It has even been said that the aborigines knew nothing about the area which can best be described as untouched. That is to say until I had the opportunity to visit the area and confirm or deny the legends associated with this mystic area.

The team of explorers was carefully chosen for skills and compatibility. All had travelled with me before and all had, at that previous time, refused ever to travel with me again, some disagreement about food supplies and excesses of equipment. However, upon solemn promises on my part to allow them to choose food and equipment, they all agreed that I was at least fun to travel with, unusual but fun.

The final team consisted of five members: myself, Pru to whom I had grown attached during a long sojourn in S.W. Tasi; Tim who could always be counted upon to do all the jobs and then demand suitable recognition for them; Alex who was unfit but a brilliant navigator after having to find us again after being lost by me on numerous occasions; and, lastly but by no means least Charline who could easily carry 45kg for days on end and still wonder why everyone was so tired.

The location of Lambert was known only to two people. An old Tasmanian scallop fisherman and myself. Where the fisherman originally got the information I will never know as he was recently eaten by a Great White Pointer. Thus I am the only person alive to know the location of this area. To protect the area and the probable commercial success of the expedition report I carefully maintained a veil of secrecy over the expedition's destination, sometimes I even wondered if I knew where it was myself.

Eventually the big day came and our small band of intrepid explorers boarded a Greyhound bus headed for the Outback. Three days of travel by various types of public transport convinced me that we had truly lost any possible sples, and also over half our equipment, much to the relief of Alex who did not want to carry it anyway. Rather than risk losing any more gear or perhaps even a member of the group I proceeded to travel directly to the point of access for Lambert. It was a quiet few days before we reached the roadhead, memorable days of hitchhiking with burly strong smelling truckies and quiet nights on the roadside verges. But all too soon the excitement of finally reaching the roadhead drove all other thoughts from my mind; it is Lambert or death for our close knit band. Strangely enough all the members except Tim turned a strange pale colour when I said this then. Tim simply smiled and I could tell he was thinking of all the sacrifices he could make in the weeks to come.

Then suddenly with none of the pomp and circumstance such an event deserves we reached the end of the tourist track which was the last bastion of civilization for a long way. We were at the edge of Lambert!

Questions coursed through my mind - Could we, this humble band face such a challenge as Lambert; would my dichromatic Goretex suit stand up to the rigorous conditions and which of my five pairs of boots would be best for the muddy heath facing me. The weight of responsibility felt heavy on my shoulders as I turned to my team and though how fine we all looked in our printed t-shirts emblazoned with the motto of our expedition:

"LAMBERT BEFORE LOVE AND LIFE"

I quickly turned in case any of my fellows saw the tears of joy in my eyes and I quickly lead off into the springy turf, turning my back on civilization and heading towards adventure. The others silently followed and only Pru noticed how our footprints disappeared behind us. Lost from view under wet grass. It was as if we had never passed.

We were only two days into the periphery fringe of Lambert when disaster struck. I was slowly edging my way around a stinking mire when I heard a sharp cry! Charline had slipped and was rapidly sinking under her 50kg load into an evil looking black mud which seemed to move up to engulf her. I acted quickly and soon had plenty of photographic documentation of the dramatic life and death struggle in the mud. True to form, Tim dashed in and grabbed Charline preventing her from sinking any further. But the combined weights of Charline and her monstrous pack were too much for Tim to lift from the mud. Charline dumped her pack which silently slipped back to disappear from sight. Without her load Tim and Pru soon rescued Charline from that evil mire's clutches. But what a disaster, due to Charline's enormous stamina and strength she had been carrying nearly all our supplies, including Alex's navigational tools. We were trapped in an untouched area with no way out!

What will happen to our intrepid band? Will they survive the unknown dangers of Lambert? Read the next NOBSAC for another enthralling episode in the continuing saga of "LAMBERT BEFORE LOVE AND LIFE".
