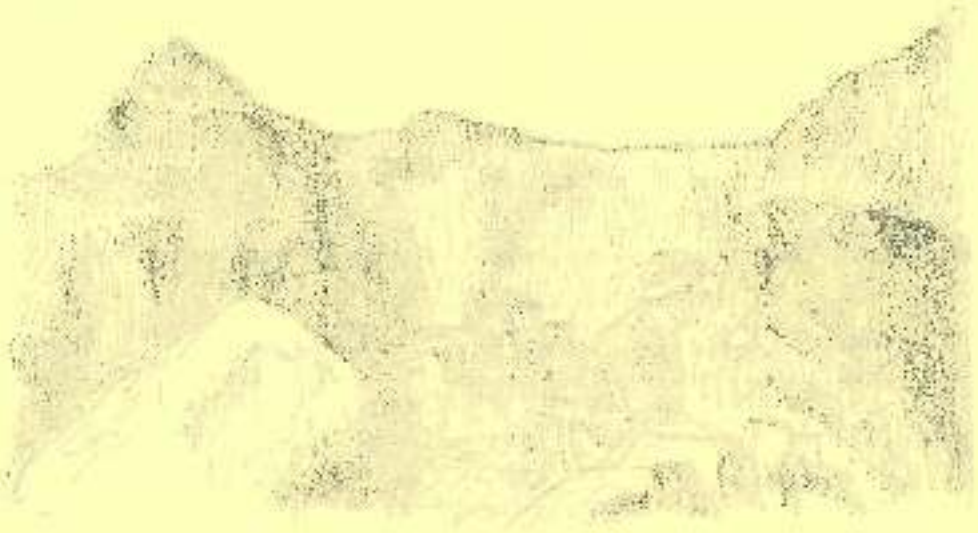
MOBSAC

DECEMBER 1979

UNSW BUSHWALKING & MOUNTAINEERING CLUB



from the editor.

Thanks to all those who contributed, especially those people whose contributions had to be rejected because of lack of space (i.e. their contributions took up no space at all). I fully expect that everyone will write an article for the March Mobsac after all, most people will go on at least one trip over the holidays. If you don't write about why you didn't.

There seems to be no reason why we shouldn't have a Mobsac every 2 months. I spent a total of just 3 hours organising this Mobsac. Most of the work was done by Joy at the Sports Association. Thank you very much, Joy.

Well, may everyone get out into the bush at least once this Christmas holidays (so they can write an article) And its goodby to Peter Thomsett who is off to Broken Hill in January. He'll be missing for the I.V., but those who go to Tibet in 1983 should have his company.

MERRY CHRISTMAS
HAPPY NEW YEAR.

From

ANDY BLAKERS.

COVER: Mt. Anne (Drawing by Ian Donovan)

RECOLLECTIONS OF A TASSIE SOJOURN

(Feb, 1979)

Where did it begin? - Maydena.
But where did it start? - somewhere on the upper slopes of Mt. Elize in a certain High Camp Memorial Hut. We were surrounded by "clag" (Tasmanian diminutive of fog", cognote with "low cloud"), 6 Tasmanians who insisted on dropping porridge from the "loft", Robert Polkin and others, a mad South African (alias Mark Jacobs, the other member of our party) and Ratus in the roof. Despite these hindrances we survived a whole day hut-bound.

But what to do in such confined conditions?

1. Complain about the declining standards of Paddy-made equipment (including the increasing multi-national component, ie. Karrimor, and the attendent international trade ramifications.

2. Entries into the log-book:
   a) "A contribution to the Geology of SW Tasmania", including confirmation of reports of extensive Silurian Cherry Macaroon.
   b) "Approaching a Marxist Critique of the Tasmanian Bushwalker
   c) "Findings of the 1979 SW Anthropological Expedition, with special emphasis on Homo Taswegians (var. Bushwalkers)"

3. While away the hours savouring one (1) bottle of "Coscede" liqueur

Note that we were the only ones effected. Others had found time to detail their attempts to traverse the Frankland Range by wombat. (Note: this preceeded the televised attempt to scale the Andes by frog.)

Anyway, we went to sleep, and didn't get up till the next morning, when luckily for the sake of our sanity, atmospheric conditions permitted us to gingerly proceed on our trek; the Mt. Anne Circuit.

We woke with the dawn and were greeted with the amazing sight of a clear skies, a red to yellow horizon and sea of cloud for below us covering the Plains. The route was basically as follows, a grunt up to the Elize Plateau, an easy stroll across this open plateau to Mt. Anne, followed by a tricky little climb with an unbeetable view, then rock scrambling across a knife edge ridge to Mt. Lot. On this ridge was our first camp and it was aptly named the Shelf Camp because it was the only flat site on the ridge and just below it were impressive cliffs. The route continues from Mt. Lot (steep slopes with Lake Judd 2000 ft. below) to Lot's wife and down to a valley containing several lakes, one of which is called Picone The next day consists of a moderate climb up to Sarah Jane, open plateau walking and then a descent Lake Judd and the Anne River. This part of the route passes through dense scrub (luckily a track was there)and this was a change from the harsh, scratchy scarparie around Lot's Wife. To complete the variety of Tassie bushwalking country the last day consisted of a trudge through mostly button-grass plains to the Scott's Peak Road.

Views on the Elize Plateau were extensive - Precipitons Bluff, Federation Peek, Frenchman's Cap, Mt. Field West, Port Davey & the ocean beyond. The alpine vegitation on the plateau was unusual and beautiful; low shrubs cushion plants and mosses; a place worthy of a days exploring itself.

And they said the Shelf Camp may be exposed judging by the rocks, steel pegs and pieces of angle iron used for anchorage purposes at the site we were sure it was. But oh the views! Perched on a ledge in veritable "billy goat" country we admired some of the best scenery in the country, including an incredible sun rise in which Mt. Anne, in all its splender, changed from mauve-red through orange, gold and yellow.

The valley containing the Picone Lakes was delightful. It was fairly open, had many small lakes and was dominated by the massive walls of Mt. Lot and Lightning Ridge, named because of its jaggered slope. Lake Judd is very picturesque, a large dark lake ringed by massive mountains.

These details make the trip one we thouroughly recommend. The views on this high alpine circuit are superb because of this extent and the local relief is breathtaking. These features; the alpine vegitation and the unusual dolerite rock formations make the whole region spectacular.

IAN DONOVAN
MICHAEL DREW.

LITTLE AUSTRIA

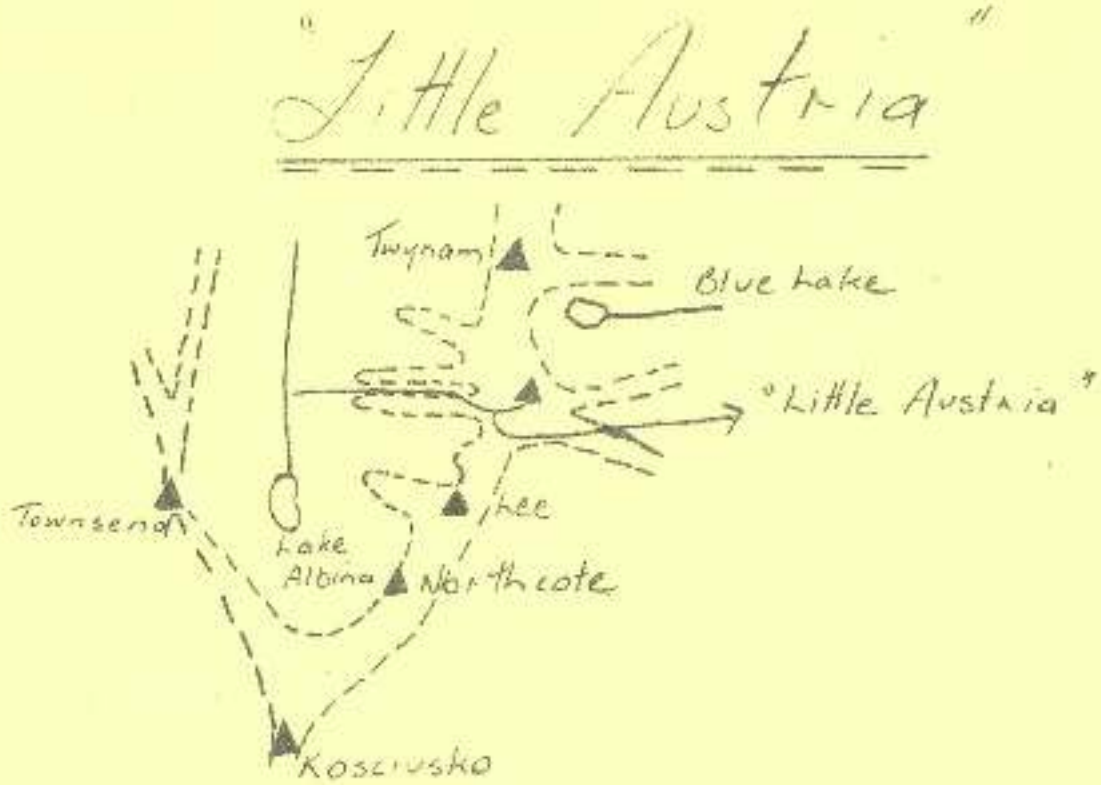
Sue Cave
October Long Weekend Ski Trip

Imagine a plastic funnel cut in half lengthways. Make it half a mile long and 1600 feet deep and you have Little Austria. It is actually a run for the downhill skiers who used to stay at Albina, when Albina was a private Australian Alpine Club Lodge.

On the October long weekend ski trip, Nick Bendeli had his downhill skis on, so he wanted to have a run down it. Winton, Andy Blakers, Greg and I decided to follow. The run started at the top of Carruthers and as we looked down through lightly falling snow all we could see was a snow slope disappearing steeply downwards into cloud. We prepared for the descent - donning mitts, parkas and safety straps.

Nick led off down a shallow gully, wedding through the soft snow. A few rocks, a comice and we were at the edge of a wide steep downhill run. We all picket separate routes, and with some apprehension headed downwards, enjoying the speed, the cold air and the lovely snow. The slope ended in a small flat bottomed gully and we stopped there to l-ok back at our tracks - a series of curves interoperoed with sitzmarks.

The gully then dropped over a waterfall and down into the "gun barrel". This is a very steep sided creek bed about 20 feet wide. Because of the narrowness of the gully, the snow held the heat, and it was very heavy and slushy. It was a case of quick short traverses, the occasional talemark or snowplough turn, and numerous falls. It was exhilarating to ski down this spectacular steep valley, with the almost vertical faces of Townsend's West Ridge directly opposite. Every so often the creek was open, and near the bottom a few small waterfalls appeared, necessitating careful traverses. The gun barrel opened out onto Lady Northcote Canyon and the view from here was magnificent, down the canyon to the cloud shrouded Grey Mare Range. The slog then began, up 1600 feet of yellow kloister snow to the edge of Mount Lee, and lunch.



WHERE DO YOU DRAW THE LINE - David Wagland

It often bugs me to see people going off camping loaded with circus tents, gas lamps, stoves, tape-recorders, bananna-chairs etc. etc. It simply defeats the purpose of tuning in with nature. The effect of technology on outdoor recreations is frightening in keeping pace with comfort and high standards, father technology can only divorce the escape/adventure factor. Its really left up to your personal ethic and/or decadence. In this utterly useless article I'll give a few examples of people who go out of their way to minimise themselves of man-made equitment. These are the people, I think, who benefit most from their respective sports.

Recently some members of the Sydney Uni. Bushwalking Club have been diliberately learning behind 'essentials' such as eating utensils, sleeping bags, toilet paper etc. At night they are seen curled around a smouldering fire, scratching the warm ashes for food scraps and twigs to burn. Although tempers are edgy during the day, they are satisfied and fulfilled people.

The chap I was climbing with in N.Z. last season would refuse to sleep in a mountain hut unless a Force 10 blizzard was raging outside. (funnily enough he also attended Sydney University). Night after night he would sleep on the rocks without a single complaint. He was not training for bivouacs nor was he competing against anybody - just himself! This sort of behaviour is also seen in the Snowy Mountains during the busy ski-season. Personally I prefer a night in an igloo, in a cosy tent or under the stars. Nevertheless people still flock into the huts and encounter fumes, giant rodents and hut diseases!

Bill Blunt was futuristic in his approach to a canyoning trip last winter - no wet suits were used. This appears a little senseless to the uninitiated, but I see it as a great splash forward - It has nothing to do with ego or sensationalism, just a raw approach to a naturally cold activity.

Look at the field of mountaineering - when Everest was conquered in 1953, cynics thought there was no greater challenge left on the earth, but since then other faces and ridges of Everest have been done and it has also been climbed without oxygen. We can only wait for a fully nude ascent of Mt. Everest! Also men and women have been tackling the hardest mountain faces in winter, alone and in alpine style.

The sport of rock climbing usually follows similar lines - after all the classic and natural routes have been exploited on a crag, people ook to further dimensions. The gaps are filled in with contrived climbs that only follow holds, traverses are made, aid routes are freed, direct ascents are made - The possibilites have to be found, otherwise people would burn out and the sport would terminate. The real eye-browe raisers are solo ascents, barefoot ascents, chalkless ascents, on-sight ascents (for hard routes this means no falling or yo-yoing) - there are too amny examples to mention individually.

Overall it can be seen that some people make their sports more intense and pure by creating their own restrictions and challenges. Hopefully we can always remain a pace ahead of the engineers, without taking things to puristic extremes.

Where do you draw the line Cont.

So next time you're packing for a trip to the hills, look at the torch, the M.S.R. stove, the freeze-dried food, your toothbrush, soap, the Goretex tent. Are you going to be a civilized being or a grub? Go on, please be a grub for a change!

WAS IT WORTH IT ?

What? The Bus to the Bungles

i.e. is it an economic proposition to hire a mini bus to use on a long trip instead of using private cars?

This can be partially answered by listing advantages and disadvantages of using the bus.

ADVANTAGES:

1. Insurance cover
2. With an advance booking a bus is readily available
3. bus is well maintained, in good condition, covered by NRMA road service
4. large trailer is a good way to carry packs.

DISADVANTAGES:

1. bus has to be picked up Friday afternoon, and returned Monday morning.
2. drivers must be over 25 in order to pay minimum insurance costs
3. bus must be returned clean, or extra charge
4. all losses must be paid for (eg hub caps) Insurance covers damage only.
5. for the person arranging the use of the bus it involves a lot of organization - not only financial but in the collection and return of passengers.

BREAKDOWN OF COSTS

The cost of hiring a 15 seater mini bus* can best be illustrated by a breakdown of our cost to the Warrumbungles.

HIRE COST OF VEHICLE		
(rental, insurance + first 200km)	=	76.00
HIRE COSTS OF TRAILER	=	22.00
INSURANCE OF TRAILER @ 10%	=	2.20
DISTANCE COST		
1050km minus 200km free = 850km @13¢/km	=	110.50
GOVT. STAMP DUTY	=	2.34
PETROL COST	=	47.00
Loss of ½ hub cap	=	2.00
TOTAL COST		$262.54

Thus transport cost per bus seat for trip = $17.50
However, we had only 12 people in bus so cost per person = $21.88

* RENT-A-BUS

/...

WAS IT WORTH IT?

We had a lot of fun pushing the bus uphill through the boggy mud, and the people on the bus, though a little cramped, deemed the weekend a success.

It would be considerably easier and cheaper to use this form of transport if the Sports Association had a mini-bus available for hire by its club.

A SUGGESTION FOR AN OIL-STARVED WORLD

Having examined the bus proposal from an economic and organizational point of view it might be more appropriate to look at the question from the point of view of energy consumption.

For the 3 vehicles we took to the Bungles petrol consumption was as follows.

	Total petrol Consumption	No. of Passangers	Litres consumed/ Passanger
Peugot	113 litres	4	28.2L
Ford Falcon	138 litres	4	34.5L
Mini-Bus	131.5 litres	12	11.0L

The economic and organizational advantages are debatable, the energy advantage is not.

ROSS & LINDA VINING.

FIRST AID TREATMENT OF SUSPECTED SNAKE BITE

(From Federation of Bushwalkers - Search & Rescue)

Only 4-5 persons die from snake bite in Australia each year.

PREVENTION: Common sense can avoid most snake bites. Wear appropriate clithing and watch the ground when walking in the bush, especially around logs, rocks and river banks. Don't attempt to kill snakes. Avoiding snakes is the best prevention, especially important if alone and in remote areas.

SYMPTOMS: 95% of bites occur on the limbs.
70% of bites occur on the legs.
In 80% of bites, little or no venom is actually injected into the victim.

a) Local - There is rarely any pain at the bite site. Puncture marks may be very difficult to see, and are variable in pattern. Occasionally persistent bleeding may occur from the bite. Swelling of "glands" in the groin or under the arm usually occurs later.

b) early - The following may appear in 15 minutes - 2 hours after the bite: headache, nausea, vomiting, sweating, faintness, diarrhoea, drowsiness.

c) later - Swelling of "glands" in groin or under arm (according to whether the bite is on the leg or arm respectively), double vision, drooping eyelids, slurred speech, difficulty in swallowing, generalized muscle weakness, paralysis of the tongue, and finally difficulty in breathing, coma and death from asphyxia. Occasionally convulsions may precede coma.

Other symptoms may include haemorrhage e.g. vomiting or coughing of blood, and blood in urine or faeces.

FIRST AID

1. Avoid panic. The chances of death are extremely slight if proper first aid is given and hospital is reached in a few hours. Panic increases the rate of spread of the venom.

2. Identify the snake if possible.

3. The victim should have complete rest ie. be carried to transport.

4. Bandage the entire limb with a firm 6 inch crepe bandage, (2 for leg) about as firm as for a sprain. If no crepe bandages available, a torn up shirt or towels will do. The bandage should be broad (abour 6 inches). This cdan be kept on indefinitely as it does not occlude the circulation but prevents passage of venom along the lymph. It is not painful like a tourniquet. It should be applied even if the victim has developed symptoms, and left in place until hospital is reached.

5. Splint and completely immobilize the bitten arm or leg. This is as important as the constrictive bandage, and bandaging is ineffective without splinting. A firm stick or shovel handle will do.

6. Don't cut the wound or suck it or apply any chemicals. It should be gently washed with water only to remove excess venom. Transport to hospital as soon as possible, and do not remove splinting or bandaging.

FIRST AID KITS: that contain sharp blades, suction caps etc, are dangerous. All that is needed is 2 or 3 6" crepe bandages obtainable from a chemist & some splinting.

DR. PETER JAMES

HOW TO MEET GORGEOUS BLONDS WHILST SOLO SKIING

In the months of March to May 1978 I was busy trying to traverse, on skis, the French Alps. Feeling the same altitude there as here, ie. finding suitable companions, I was forced to consider a solo traverse. It consists of skiing, no langlauf please, from Nice to Briancon, Modane, Chamonix and finally Lac Leman, a distance of approximately 400km, carrying ice-ax plus crampons, tent and food gear. Not knowing how long it would take, how fast do you go when using skis and ski crampons and skins and boots?, ten day survival equipment had to be carried.

Sunday 15 April Off to start the GTA (Grande Traversee des Alpes Francaises). The hitching from Monte Carlo was so bad, the weather so good, that decided to give up hitching to the snowfields and go to beach instead. In the afternoon listened to the superb HiFi where I was staying After all it was Easter Sunday.

Monday 16 Took the train and bus instead, to St. Etienne de Tinee. Walked up to La Pra and thence to a hut at 2100m. Snowrotten. Am I back in Oziland by chance?

Tuesday 17 Up at 0500hrs. Over the col "Pas de la Cavalle" (2700m) and down to Larche (1650). A superb ski run, except for the whiteouts. Up over the "Col de Mallemont" (2500m) through to Col du Vallonet (2500m) then down to Fouillouze and all the way to the U baye valley (1600m). Great way to start off. Already a third of the way. 1500m climb (up) 1950m down 33km across.

Wednesday 18 A truly superb day. Up at 0500hrs. From the U baye, up over col Girardin (2650m). This proved quite scary. I became quite amused and frightened on the cliffs above Maljasset. Should follow the track next time instead of taking short cuts! Cramponing up 45 degree without ice ax (on the pack) and heavy pack (plus skis) on the back on crusty and avalanchy snow is not the way to spend a pleasand dawn. No matter. Down to Ceillac (1600m) Over col de Bramousse (2250m), down to Bramousse (1400m), then down to the Route Nationale (1180m) By exceptional coincidence, Francois, Renee, Joe and ??? this gorgeous blonde were passing by and decided to turn around and give me a lift to Branisard (1750m), thus saving 15km road bash. Since it was only 1700hrs, then up and over Col d'Tzoard (2350m) and down to the Chalet d'Tzoard (2100m) for a comfortable night 2100m up 2300m down 28km accross Who was this blonde?

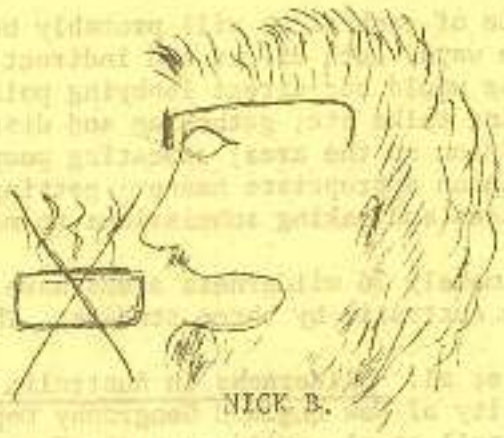
Thursday 19 A nice slack day. Not far to go. The standard six day trip had so far taken only two days! Left the Chalets at 0800hrs and down to Crvieres (1600m). Up over a col (2300m) and down to the ski station of Montgenevie (1850m) at 1145hrs. A nice slack easy morning. Hitched in the afternoon to Jinllestre to meet Francois, Renee, Joe plus of course.... 700m climb 1050 down 13km across

Friday 20 - Sunday 22 Just superb day trips with the gang plus..... Excellent days, excellent snow, 200% ski down to the valleys, beautiful telemark turns to the consternation of the others, excellent company with ... and naturally no camera for incriminating evidence. note from diary 4

"The gang loaded with 'bouffe' and off we went to the 'col des Pres de Fromage" We wanted to go the Pointe de Rasis but... the fire, the steaks, the merguez (=kebanosci) the bread, the cheese, the 'rouge', the gatean de riz, the heat, the quietness of the atmosphere were too tempting, so we ate, snoozed, bummed and gently skied down in the late afternoon rotten snow".

.../

So that is how the first half of the GTA was accomplished. Naturally the future exploits, with Michelle's skiing and climbing prowesses, are too numerous to mention in this brief article, so look forward to next issue of MOBSAC and "How to entertain blondes whilst not solo skiing".



NICK B.

N.B. Michelle will be happy to help you whilst you are in Gienoble. If you wish to contact her please see me.

CONSERVATION - ETTREMA

"The price of freedom is eternal vigitance". The freedom to walk climb etc. in natural environments and wilderness areas in the future is dependent upon OUR efforts to support these areas when such support is required.

The role of each of us will probably be different. There are many diverse ways, both direct and indirect in which we can help. Some of these would be: direct lobbying politicians; porsuading the public by giving talks etc; gathering and dissemination important data and information on the area; educating people to enjoy these types of areas in an appropriate manner; getting involved on management committees and making submissions to management plans.

Approximately 36 wilderness areas have been identified in south eastern Australia by three studies. These studies are as follows':

Helman et al. "Wilderness in Australia Eastern NSW and SE Qld." University of New England Geography Department (1976)
Ressell et.al. "Wilderness in Tasmania" Occasional Paper 10 Centre for Environmental Studies, University of Tasmania (1979)
Pellet et al. "Wilderness in Victoria" Monash University Geography Department (1979) ($4.00)
In addition another study for Queensland (Stanton & Morgan PAKES (1977)). identified four more wilderness areas, in Cape York Peninsular, using a somewhat stricter criteria. Virtually all of these areas are under some sort of threat.

Ettrema, located south west of Moura is no exception. This outstanding area lies partly within the Morton National Park and consists of plateau contry deeply dissected by the Gorges of Ettrema Creek and its tributaries. There are a number of small base metal mineral outcrops in the area and a few people, notably J. Doyle and P. Cogar have sought to work these claims.

Their proposals involve mining and road building within the wilderness core area. The road building is particularly undesirable as it involves traversing down very loose and steep slopes. At least one of the ore bodies (Jones Ck) outcrops at creek level, and it would be very difficult to avoid disturbance of the creek ecosystem, from the mining operation as well.

At present road building or right-of-way proposals are being considered by the Chief Mining Warden Mr. J. McMahon. There have been a large number of objections to the rights of-way. As a consequence to the objections raised with the Mining Warden and elsewhere, Mr. Doyle has issued seven defamation writs against six conservation organisations. These are NPA of NSW, NPA of ACT, South Coast Conservation Society, Mt. Druitt Bushwalking Club and the Wild Life Preservation Society.

Neither the matters of roadbuilding nor the Writs have been decided. However within the past month a road has illegally been buildozed across the Ettrema Plateau to the edge of the Ettrema Gorge escarpment. This is essentially within the wilderness core area and about 6km long. Along with other clubs in the Federation we have sought through letters, to the appropriate politicians, to have further activity stopped; and if possible the culprit(s) brought to task.

(for further reading on the Ettrema issue: including a general discussion of the area and the Writts see articles by Peter Harris and Peter Prineas in the July/August 1979 issue of the NPA Journal.)

WEEKEND TRIP TO JAGUNGAL

Rob Jung and Mike Horea - September 1979

It was a fine sunny Saturday morning with a thin mist hovering over Lake Burley Griffin as we left Canberra. I was regretting having slept in - here was a fine spring skiing day going partly to waste.

After having left Guthega Power Station at 9.30am we walked then skied up the track which skirts Disappointment Spur then climbed on to the Spur en route to Gungartan. One advantage of our late start was the snow condition, which had softened sufficiently to make very good Klister skiing.

Progress along Disappointment Spur was slow and we had a late lunch on the last knob before Gungartan. The weather was fine - hot while skiing - but what did the high Sirrus clouds moving overhead mean?

Our tempo increased after lunch as we climbed to Gungartan, then glided easily down the Valentine Valley. The thin soft snow cover over bushes on the route to the saddle between the Mail box and Cup and Saucer Hill required a little more effort, but this was followed by a gentle glide down into the Upper Geehi where we camed, a little before 5pm.

Sunday found the outlook much less promising with an ugly looking very dark cloud pattern building up particularly in the East and South. With some 5km still to go to reach our goal, Jagungal, we skied off along the hard frozen snow covered valleys to the mountain's base. On the ascent walking was found to be much easier and faster, so the skis were carried.

As we sat on the summit admiring the snow cover on the Main Range and Bogong High Plains, the sun made an appearance through the thickish cloud to the East. We skiied back to our camp and packed. With the Jagungal snow still a little icy my route down was rather longer than Mikes, who was using his downhill technique to great advantage.

Our homeward route was via Hawson's Hut and the Kerrys to Schlink Pass then back around Disappointment Spur Track to Guthega P.S. The weather continued to look threatening (the sort that brings heavy rain rather than snow), until we were almost back, and this caused us to forgo the option of an extra day out. Having skied to Jagungal and back in a superb weekend was satisfaction enough for us.

ROB JUNG

AHEAD OF THE DAWN - David Magland

Lifeless strands of barbed wire cross the mind,
as hitch-hikers lie sleeping in the ditches,
and creek bridges listen to a chorus of frogs;
I am frowning at the dim horizon,
reflecting this landscape to the other side
and driving onwards in a thunder of tire and stone.

Driving before dawn is a solitary thing,
only green lights of the dashboard and tunnel vision;
you and the car prone to the entire universe,
as it travels across a dark green plain:
A distant radio station plays, 'I was lost in France',
and the shadowed figure beside, turns over.

The night overtakes our car as we head west,
and I begin to feel exposed as the sky lightens;
the accelerator goes down and the thunder increases.
Outside the land rings in even silence,
rust creeping down the side of a water tank
and a fallen tree rotting in the dirt.

On a distant low hill, a farm-house lights up;
it sits like a trawler on a frozen ground swell,
a piercing, bobbing light on a black ocean:
We pass the scene at water-level,
cruising like a sinister unknown shadow,
with the day slowly approaching.

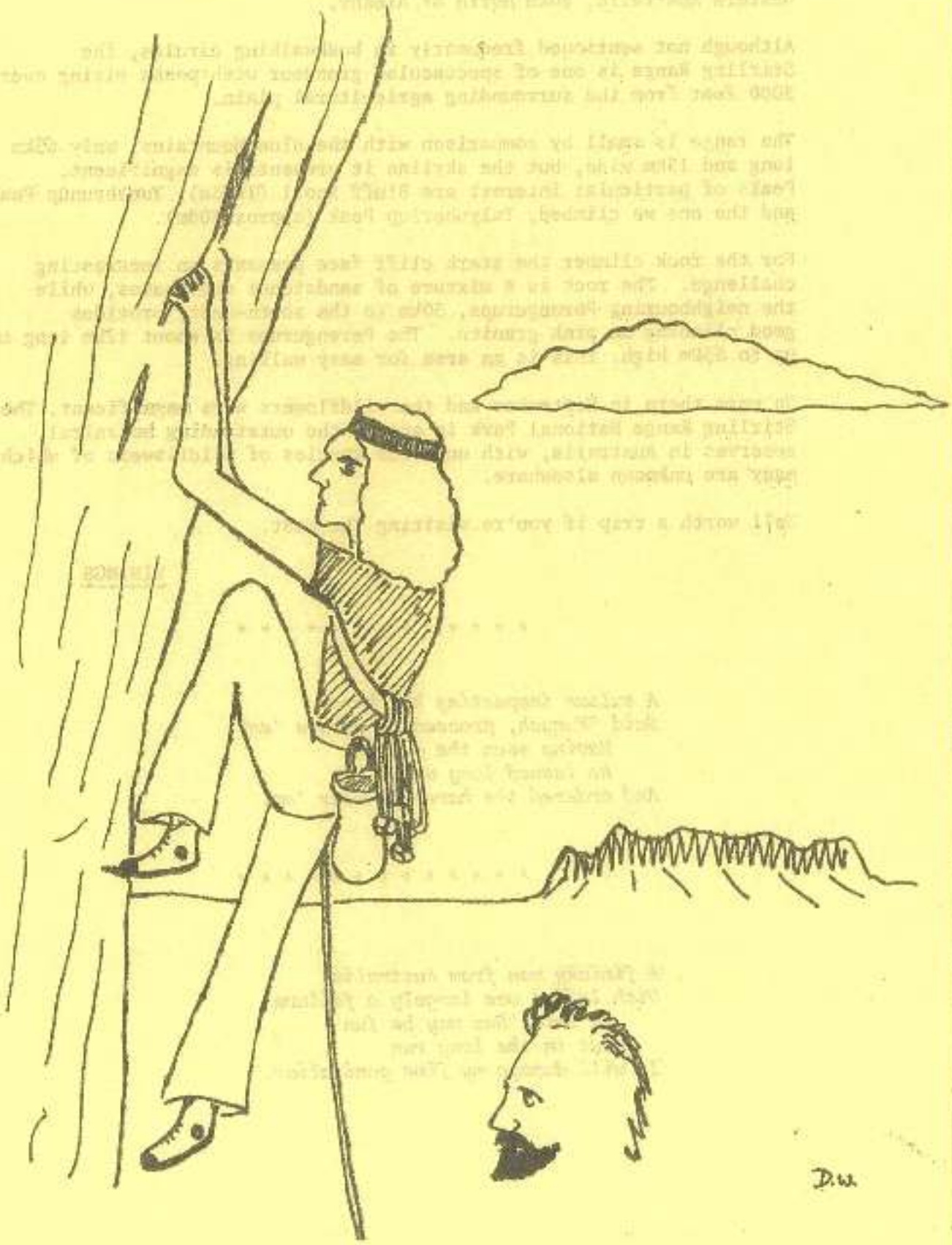
It is still dark, but I turn off the headlights;
all quite neat and tranquil out there,
and above the great star of Aquilla shines:
One knee guides the steering wheel, and the arms rest:
Juri, in all his sleeping wisdom would not know of this:
the senses buzz - I wish I could light up a cigar!

The ghosts of the old 'swagmen' drift down the roadside;
One has his finger out, so I pick him up;
He lies on the dashboard, raving about the recent drought:
"No lifts for a hundred years", he claims:
He talks for a while then slips out the window;
"See you later old timer," I say.

Ahead, the lights of a town I think ....
No, they seem to be moving apart;
Damn it, the first vehicle in hours, lights blazing;
The sky is almost pale now, so I stay in darkness:
A rush of wind and a blinding high-beam,
Juri yawns and my hands grab the wheel.

Well and truly awake now, he starts talking:
"How far to de Bungles?"
Aw, about 70 miles," I answer.
We soon see distant purple spires in the west;
"Hey Juri," I ask .... "Yaah"
"Do you smoke cigars?"

Footnote: Concocted during an overnight drive to the Warrumbungles, Easter 1978


D.W.

A STIRLING EFFORT

The Stirling Range National Park is located in the South-West of Western Australia, 80km North of Albany.

Although not mentioned frequently in bushwalking circles, the Stirling Range is one of spectacular grandeur with peaks rising over 3000 feet from the surrounding agricultural plain.

The range is small by comparison with the Blue Mountains, only 65km long and 15km wide, but the skyline it presents is magnificent. Peaks of particular interest are Bluff Knoll (1073m), Toolbrunup Peak, and the one we climbed, Talyuberlup Peak (approx 800m).

For the rock climber the stark cliff face presents an interesting challenge. The rock is a mixture of sandstones and shales, while the neighbouring Porongurups, 30km to the south-west, provides good climbing on pink granite. The Perengurups is about 12km long and up to 650m high. This is an area for easy walking.

We were there in September and the wildflowers were magnificent. The Stirling Range National Park is one of the outstanding botanical reserves in Australia, with numerous species of wildflowers of which many are unknown elsewhere.

Well worth a trip if you're visiting the West.

VININGS

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

A sultan inspecting his harem
Said "Enough, proceed to unbare 'em"
Having seen the details
He issued long veils
And ordered the harem to wear 'em.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

A finicky man from Australia
With ladies was largely a failure
He said "Sex may be fun
But in the long run
It will damage my fine genitalia".

T U R O S S R I V E R - David Nagland

Last February ('79), Nick Fisher and myself filled a Suzuki 4.W.D. full of gear and headed out to the Tuross National Park, 40km east of Cooma. We had to bash out along old fire-trails to reach the Tuross Falls area, where we were to spend two days photographing and exploring. On the way there, the Suzuki broke down several times but a few good kicks sent it on its way again.

The trip was so rough! All I can remember is our litre bottle of Coke bouncing around on the floor, cameras and packs spilling into the front seat, 3 maps and a packet of smashed biscuits on my lap, and endless swiping trees. Basically, a recreation reserved for the iron-men of society.

Later that night we stretched out under a fantastic starry sky - Kings on top of the Great Dividing Range, nothing in sight but stars and dark rounded mountains. We woke up early and headed off before the heat set in. Nick had warned me about an inaccessible canyon below the main falls:- steep granite walls and bottomless side faults, so we dragged along 2 ropes, slings, biners and even a bolt kit. A few miles later at the main falls, we dared to probe down an obvious side canyon. Some scrambling and abseiling took us down to a small pebbled beach with towering walls either side, that dropped straight into black water. We put the cameras into a watertight drum, jumped in and dogpaddled across the pool to a ledge on the other side - all quite simple and straightforward!

We had the day to waste from there, so Nick made a feeble attempt to get to the base of the falls while I looked downstream. Nick returned in a few minutes, restless and worried. "I had a look, and it looks like theres no way up to the base of the waterfall. You see, downstream from the main falls, theres a 10 metre waterfall surrounded by overhanging rock. You might be able to lassoo a chockstone on top" - He suddenly looked ashamed "or place some of those bolts...We've got to get up there just for the sake of getting some photographs" (Pleading).

In minutes we swam to this 'Piece-de-Resistance', and found some ledges on a side wall leading to the top. The way was open, but Nick the perfectionist, had to have the sun at the right angle on the waterfall, so we turned around and explored many miles downstream. The canyon was riddled with wall to wall pools, huge boulders to negociate and much scrambling. Although the going was difficult, it was a pleasant place to be on a hot summers day.

By evening we were back at the ledge where our gear was stored. "What if it floods during the night?", said Nick looking at the flood level above our heads. "A narrow canyon like this, could fill up very quickly you know".

"What the hell", we thought, so we spread out our belongings on the rock. In our weight saving efforts, sleeping bags were neglected, so Nick donned a Parka and old jumper while I slept in a wetsuit vest. I told him of a canoe trip down the flooded Nepean River a few years ago - While the others shivered in a cold wet tent, I got so steamed up in the wetsuit, I had to lie outside in the pouring rain to simmer out. However in the canyon that night, there was no need for midnight swims!

When the sun sneaked over the canyon rim the next day, we ran like hysterical teenagers (which we were then) to greet the first rays of light. For a while we basked on the warm granite ledges, then partook in some high diving and swimming displays (for whom?). It was great, but we had to move on and climb out of the canyon before the sun got too high.

.../

Tuross River Cont.

On considering an exit, we looked at a narrow ridge in front of the falls but were'nt too sure about it, so we opted for a steep scree nearby. Nick looked to the top of the ridge and exclaimed, "It's possible a track goes to the top of that ridge even though its not marked on the new map".

We thought nothing of it and walked up the scree instead. However, near the top it was quite loose and with our waterlogged packs, the fall potential was high. Nick, who is a self-confessed coward, asked for a top rope, so I throw one down and belayed him up.

At that stage we were on a pinnacle above the falls, faced with a steep gully either side. Just as Nick reached the top, an elderly couple and their grandchildren (about our age) appeared at the top of the narrow ridge mentioned earlier. The two youths sprinted down the blind side of the ridge and eventually made it to the bottom of the falls. The old folks stayed upstairs, intrigued by our pile of coulourful mountaineering gear and the techniques used to climb out of a simple canyon.

We felt highly embarrased. Nick abseilled off, face red, while the lads swam around underneath the falls. The whole thing was put down to local knowledge, so we walked back upstream laughing it off. To finish the day we loafed about at an area called the 'Cascades'. This section of the Tuross had everything - waterfalls, pools, slippery-slides, potholes and warm polished rock. We departed that evening, repeating to ourselves - "Yep, we must return there some time!"

RESULTS OF PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

U.N.S.W. BUSHWALKING & MOUNTAINEERING CLUB, 1979

COLOUR SLIDES:

LANDSCAPE:
1. Bill Blunt
2. Robyn Tuft
3. Peter Tuft

ACTIVITY:
1. Bill Blunt
2. Ian Donovan
3. Peter Tuft

PERSONALITY: NO PLACINGS

BLACK AND WHITE PRINTS

LANDSCAPE:
1. Peter Tuft
2. Bill Blunt
3. Peter Tuft

ACTIVITY:
1. Bill Blunt
2. Peter Tuft
3. Bill Blunt

PERSONALITY:
1. Peter Tuft
2. Bill Blunt
3. Linda Vining

COLOUR PRINTS: 1. Linda Vining

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U.N.S.W.B.M.C. 1980 PHOTO COMPETITION

SLIDES
1. Most aesthetically pleasing
2. Most appropriate caption - not necessarily humerous.
3. Best Club personality/ies.

B & W PRINTS
1. Most aesthetically pleasing
2. Most appropriate caption - not necessarily humerous
3. Best club personality/ies.

COLOUR PRINTS
1. Most aesthetically pleasing
2. Most appropriate caption - not necessarily humerous
3. Best club personality/ies.

CLOSING DATE: April 1980 meeting

RESULTS ANNOUNCED: MAY 1980 MEETING

* Judges decision is final
* No correspondence will be entered into
* Prizes awarded at May meeting.
* Organising body: Caves 426 6530.

A WALK IN THE BUDAWANGS or - a nice way to have fruit salad.

10th & 11th November.

Andy Blakers - leader.
Mike Drew
Peter Rigg
Elaine Murphy

The walk was started off with great spirits and confidence. The leader, Andy, is well-known for his navigational skill. Unfortunately/fortunately the group which was going to consist of 8 people, diminished to a group of 4 people, all who had been bushwalking before. We slept out under the stars on Friday night (after introducing Peter's car to rock climbing) and started walking at about 8.30 a.m. on the Saturday morning from Newhaven gap.

We walked along the road for a way and then venturously left the road, setting out into the great unknown to try and find the path. We continued along with high spirits and managed to rejoin the road 10 minutes later. Very suspicious. Andy explained the map was wrong and anyway "it was a different road - would you believe...?" We left the road again and found the path 4 hours later, just before our goal, Folly Point. We had manfully managed to cover 8km in 6 hours. The 4 hours when we were lost, or should I say skillfully navigating, consisted of bashing through very thick scrub, climbing over rocks and trying to find our way up and down canyons. But it was all great fun except when it wasn't and catered very well for the masochist.

However, the view from Folly Point was spectacular and worth it all. We stopped for a short eat and run lunch - lit a fire, made a billy of tea, ate lots and took lots of silly pictures (which no doubt you will be bored silly with at a forthcoming meeting). We then hefted our packs on ready for the afternoon trudge to the Clyde River. We bashed our way through very dense, shoulder high, scrub and stopped to make camp half an hour later, just off Folly Point. The camp site was brilliant. Lots of rocks to scramble on top of with spectacular views, and a nice rock pool to swim in. There were also views in the swimming pool as Mike and Andy started a habit which became repetitive throughout the rest of the trip.

It was here that Peter and I learnt what the true professionals brought in their packs for a weekend trip.

ANDY	MIKE
Camera and 2 lenses	2 Rockmelons
binoculars	1 lemon
a very thick book on birds	3 passionfruit
2 pineapples	3 oranges
1 rock melon	1 apple
5 bananas	

plus all the normal stuff that Peter and I had brought. I had wondered why I couldn't lift Andy's pack when I was passing it down a rock.

We selpt under the stars again and discussed great astronomical phenomenon and looked at the stars through Andy's binoculars (after discovering we couldn't see any birds at night). A great way to spend the night after gorging yourself silly on fresh fruit salad (they forgot the cream) and some dubious recorder playing by Andy.

We got up at the crack of dawn in order to take some good photos of the sun rise, only to find that the sun rose before 7 a.m.

We left the camp at 8 after having fruit salad (not so fresh) for breakfast. We had great fun climbing down rocks and sheer rock faces (while discussing evolutionary theory) in order to get to the creek below. It took some 'great' scrub bashing to get to the bottom and it was sheer ecstasy to find a nice rock pool where once again our intrepid leaders took the plunge. It was here that some photo's were taken which will be used in future advertisements for walks with Andy. They will also be entered in the club photographic competition under personality (or lack of) shots - so stay tuned.

We then continued up a high ridge, me wishing you got rock pools at the top of ridges rather than the bottom. We made our way to sluice box falls where we stopped for lunch, needless to say it was all through scrub again. Here we had a pleasant lunch and the obligatory swim. We then started up another interminable ridge where finally Mike succumbed (I had succumbed half way through the first day) and put on long pants (our fearless leader was still wearing shorts and continued to do so for the rest of the trip). This led to some interesting behaviour and I wasn't sure whether it was Mike's way of expressing how he felt about the walk or what - but everytime we stopped Mike pulled down his pants. There was one particularly memorable pose (unfortunately I didn't have my camera handy) of Mike standing tall on top of Mt. Elliott, facing to the wind (obviously not doing what you thing), with pants around his ankles.

The rest of the afternoon was spent trudging around the cliff line in the rain, fighting off the leeches and throwing yourself at the scrub to make a path. Andy said we should be back at the car by about 16.30 and after the 5 mile road bash once we got out of the scrub, we managed to arrive back at 19.30, which was quite in keeping with Andy's normal perspective of things.

We then set off for the journey home (with the sheer pleasure of wearing dry clothes) arriving back in Sydney at about 1 a.m. with the car making very peculiar whirring noises.

So having arrived safely home would I do it all again - remembering all the leeches, bush bashing, recorder playing etc. - of course I would, as it really was a very enjoyable walk.

Elaine Murphy.

The events and people portrayed in this article are entirely the products of a vivid imagination. Any similarity to, or relationship with any actual events, past or present, or people, living or dead, is purely coincidental and is very much regretted.

Her legal advisor.