



**СКИ-МАШИНЫ**  
**№ 8**

## WHAT'S IN IT.

Volume 11 No. 1

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DON'TS

Linda Pearson

EDITORIAL

Welcome to the University and particularly to the N.S.W. Bushwalkers and U.N.S.W. Mountaineering Club. MOBSAC talks about the activities of both these clubs. If you have any enquiries, talk to the people on the Stall during the week or ring any of the people who have written lead articles in the MOBSAC. You will find their names and home phone number at the end of the article.

And don't worry about "joining" just yet. If you still feel incredibly financial, and if you are still around we might ask for \$1 annual subscription in about July or August. But we don't want it now. The U.N.S.W.B.W. gets grants from the Students' Union to whom you have already paid \$7 of compulsory fees, and the U.N.S.W.M.C. gets its grants from the Sports Association, which got \$4 out of you. The two Clubs exist fairly well on these grants.

The clubs may be a bit "cliquey"; we are human, and like the security of talking to old friends about common experiences, but you will be amazed how quickly you are accepted once you have been on a couple of good trips. By this I don't mean so called "beginners' trips" or "instructions", which clubs tend to run an abundance of at this time of year. These are trips where 20 new members turn up and spend the weekend getting to know each other, while the only old member present leads the rabble on and swears never to do it again. The best trips to go on are the smaller trips with four or five others. Then you will get to know these people really well.

If you enjoy our activities and want to continue, there is no need to spend a fortune on all sorts of expensive gear. Both clubs have large amounts of club gear which we will gladly lend you. Later on when you have seen what gear we use and prefer, you can go out and spend all your hard-earned money. To keep you informed about coming trips, the U.N.S.W.B.W. puts out a Walks Program. This just tells you when and where the trip is going and who to get in contact with beforehand. Generally it is best to ring the person up on Wednesday or Thursday before the trip to ask about it, and tell him you want to come.

The Meetings for the U.N.S.W.B.W. are on the first Thursday, and for the U.N.S.W.M.C. on the second Thursday of each month, and are also a time when future trips are planned and discussed.

And remember we are all a bit fanatical. For us walking and climbing are not just a spasmodic hobby or a sport, it is more a way of life.

Dave Sanders

WHO TO SEE, FOR WHAT, WHERE, AND WHEN.

BUSHWALKING CLUB.

President:		Dave Sanders	587-1111
Vice-president:	senior	Laurie Braithwaite	53-0780
	junior	Charlie Morris	663-4000
Secretary:		Linda Pearson	349-4425
Treasurer:		Greg Cave	41-7556
Walks secretary:		Peter Tuft	46-3843
Membership secretary:		Reddall Leslie	349-1716
Federation representatives:		Alan Nutley	80-4743
		Charlie Morris	663-4000
CASOC representative:		Ross Vining	579-3406
Search and Rescue Contact:		Ross Vining	"

"The Flat" - 101 Bummerong Rd,  
Kingsford. ph: 349-1716

MOUNTAINEERING CLUB.

President:	Bill Blunt	New College, UNSW
Secretary:	Virginia Wrice	
Quartermaster:	John Gallagher	44-3356

( list incomplete - apologies from the editors )

N.B. SEARCH AND RESCUE

Before leaving on any trip at all it is most important that you leave details off your trip with some reliable person. The details required would be:

1. The location of your proposed trip
2. The duration of trip indicating approximate time you expect to return.
3. The names and telephone numbers of the other members in the group.

Advise the person who holds this information that if you do not return as stated in your brief, then the course of action should be to inform your Search and Rescue contact the morning AFTER you were supposed to return. ( Its pointless getting Mum to ring S&R on Sunday night - most people lose track of time on Sunday afternoon anyway ). By the following morning if you have not yet returned a search will have commenced. (ie. on Tues. morn)

The most important thing to remember if you do get lost or require rescue is NOT TO PANIC. We will eventually find you. Try and impress this on the person holding your trip info, also.

( Al Nutley - co-editor )

## MOUNTAINEERING

This article is intended to inform the reader about the physical aspects of rockclimbing - it does not attempt to explain why you would want to climb, nor does it try to describe the satisfaction which you may derive from climbing. It is meant to represent a typical conversation overheard at the Orientation Week stall.

Scene I:- Elisabeth Climber - dressed in wool shirt, climbing boots and crash helmet is hanging upside down in a tangle of climbing rope, from the Orientation Week stall.

Enter:- JOHN STUDENT - freshly liberated from high school dressed in patched jeans, with bare feet and 2 months of fungus on face.

JOHN STUDENT:- So this is the rockclimbing club!  
What do you people do anyway?

ELISABETH CLIMBER:- Climb rocks, STUPID!

J.S:- Oh well, thats no good to me. I've never been rockclimbing before.

E.C:- That doesn't matter. We have instructional weekends to teach you to climb safely.

JS:- But I've never played much sport. Didn't like the competition, and all that.

EC:- Most of our members dislike organised sport and anyway, climbing is basically a non-competitive sport.

JS:- But I could never afford all the expensive equipment you need.

EC:- The club has some equipment which members may borrow so that you do not need to buy anything for a while then, if you decide to climb more often you will need a pair of climbing boots and a tape waistline which will cost you about \$30.

JS:- So where do you go climbing?

EC:- In the Katoomba area of the Blue Mountains there are a lot of cliffs and hundreds of climbs, and there are several guide books in which the climbs are listed and graded so that you know how difficult each one is. This means you need never attempt anything you are not capable of. Further afield we have the Warrumbungles in north-west NSW, Booroomba in the ACT, the Grampians and Mt. Arapiles in VIC, Moonarie in SA and a host of other magnificent spots in the eastern states. In the Christmas vacation club members travel to New Zealand and other overseas areas.

JS:- Going away for the WHOLE weekend must be very expensive, though ?

EC:- Usually you can get a lift in someone's car with everyone chipping in for the petrol and other expenses, so a typical trip to Katoomba costs about \$2. The only other cost is for food and other sundries. But if you raid the cupboard at home, the whole weekend shouldn't cost more than \$3.

JS:- Hang on a bit!! where do you sleep?

EC:- Usually there are camping caves at popular climbing spots - they are comfortable enough and provide shelter from the weather. Or you can sleep in a tent or just under the stars.

JS:- How often do you go climbing?

EC:- There is usually someone climbing every weekend, and in the long holidays and three day weekends there are always trips going.

JS:- Happy Ending  
This rockclimbing sounds really interesting. Where can I get more info?

- Sad Ending  
Yeah well thanks for answering all the questions - I really wasn't interested anyway.

BC:- Well you could go to a Mountaineering Club meeting or a Bushwalking Club meeting and ask people there. Or contact Ross or Bill or anyone on the Club stall.

What a bum!! I'm glad he didn't join the club!!

N.B. CLIMBING IS NOT A MALE DOMAIN. We have some women climbers; but we could sure use more

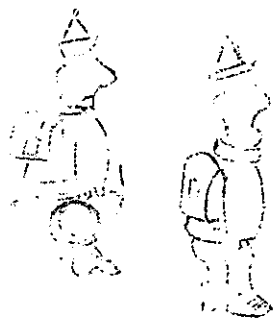
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Rockclimbing instructional weekend 10th and 11th March. See Orientation Week Stall for details OR go to the Mountaineering Club meeting in the Sam Cracknell Pavillion 7-30 pm on 8th March.

\*\*\*\*\*

Ross Vining ph:579-3406 (home)

- Note to rockclimbers:- when you slip,
1. Trust the man belaying you,
  2. Hope he hasn't been bribed more by the opposition
  3. If it makes you feel better .....PRAY.



W H ...  
 ...

DOGFACE REALITY - soul search.

"Why DO you climb, son?

Why do you climb?"

Well I dunno man, I'm really not sure !

Maybe .....

it brings me closer to my maker.

or it might just be

that it lets me see

what I'm really like deep in my soul.

When I commit to the crux move.....

it is my inner knowledge

that the guardian rope

and the faith in my pursuit

will be sufficient to the occasion.

No other sport brings you closer to nature

or allows you to call

on places never visited at all

- those ledges, and caves, and stances

and grassy slopes, and twisted tree branches

that earht- bound tourists cannot reach.

The freeing of your spirit becomes

- an intense personal experience

-to defy the Gods and soar like a bird

held back to reality by a thin umbilical life line

melding you with mother rock.....

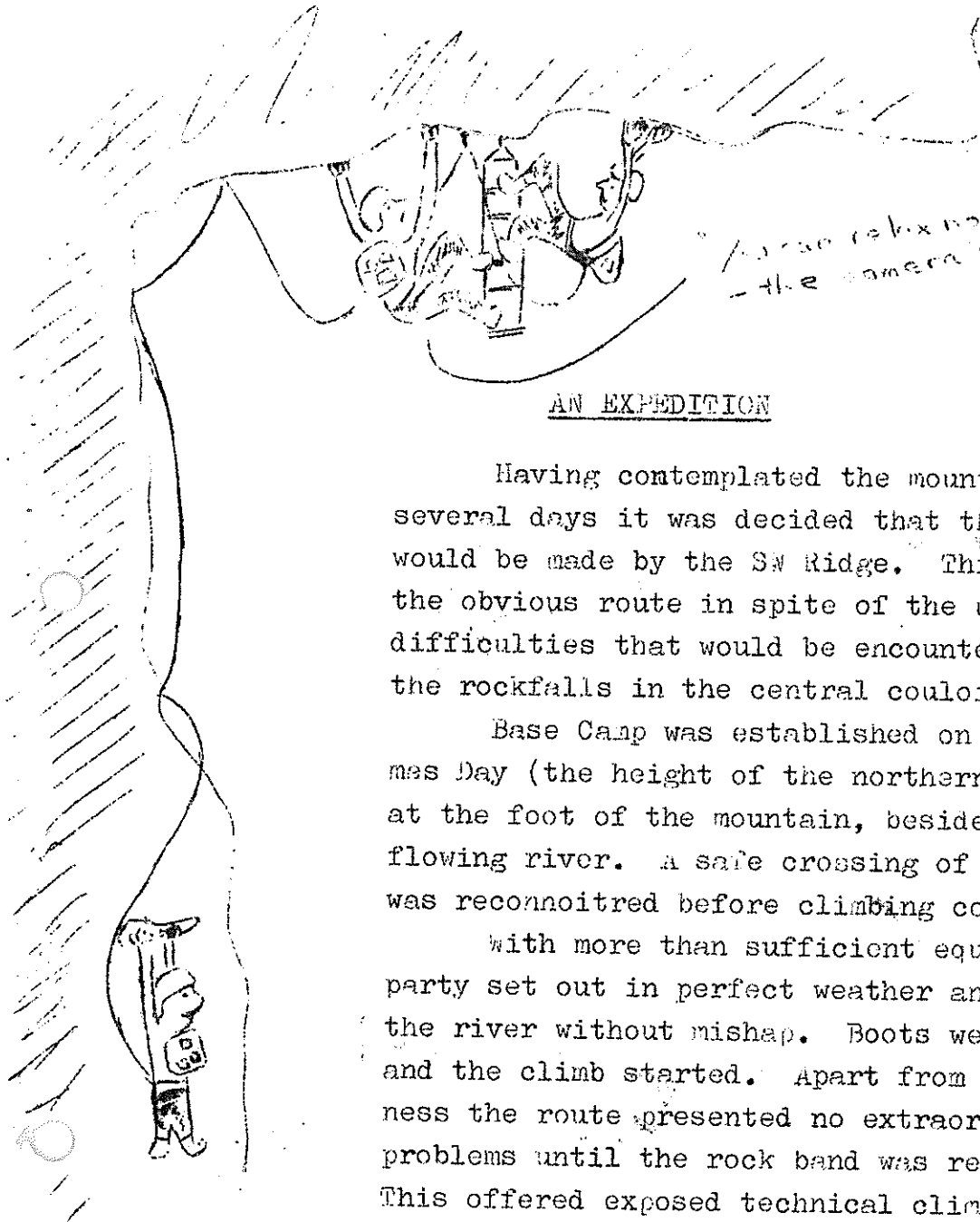
MIND BLOWN.

The ultimate trip man - the ultimate trip!

al Nutley

ph: 80-4743





Person relaxing with  
- the camera's on "Freel"

AN EXPEDITION

Having contemplated the mountain for several days it was decided that the ascent would be made by the SW Ridge. This seemed the obvious route in spite of the undoubted difficulties that would be encountered in the rockfalls in the central couloir.

Base Camp was established on Christmas Day (the height of the northern winter) at the foot of the mountain, beside a swiftly flowing river. A safe crossing of this torrent was reconnoitred before climbing commenced.

With more than sufficient equipment the party set out in perfect weather and crossed the river without mishap. Boots were fitted and the climb started. Apart from its steepness the route presented no extraordinary problems until the rock band was reached.

This offered exposed technical climbing at considerable altitude. This was overcome and upon pulling up over the last overhang, the southern summit was in sight. The party soon reached it but in deteriorating weather. A rest was called in the col up to the final ridge to decide on the summit group. The final assault was slowed considerably by the increasing fatigue, and lack of oxygen gear (which had not been considered necessary).

Struggling, the party kicked steps up the steep summit ridge. Then the top was reached and we sat down and ate an orange and enjoyed the magnificent view of the Wollondilly River from the top of our 1000 foot hill!!!

Anne Blackwell &

John Gallagher

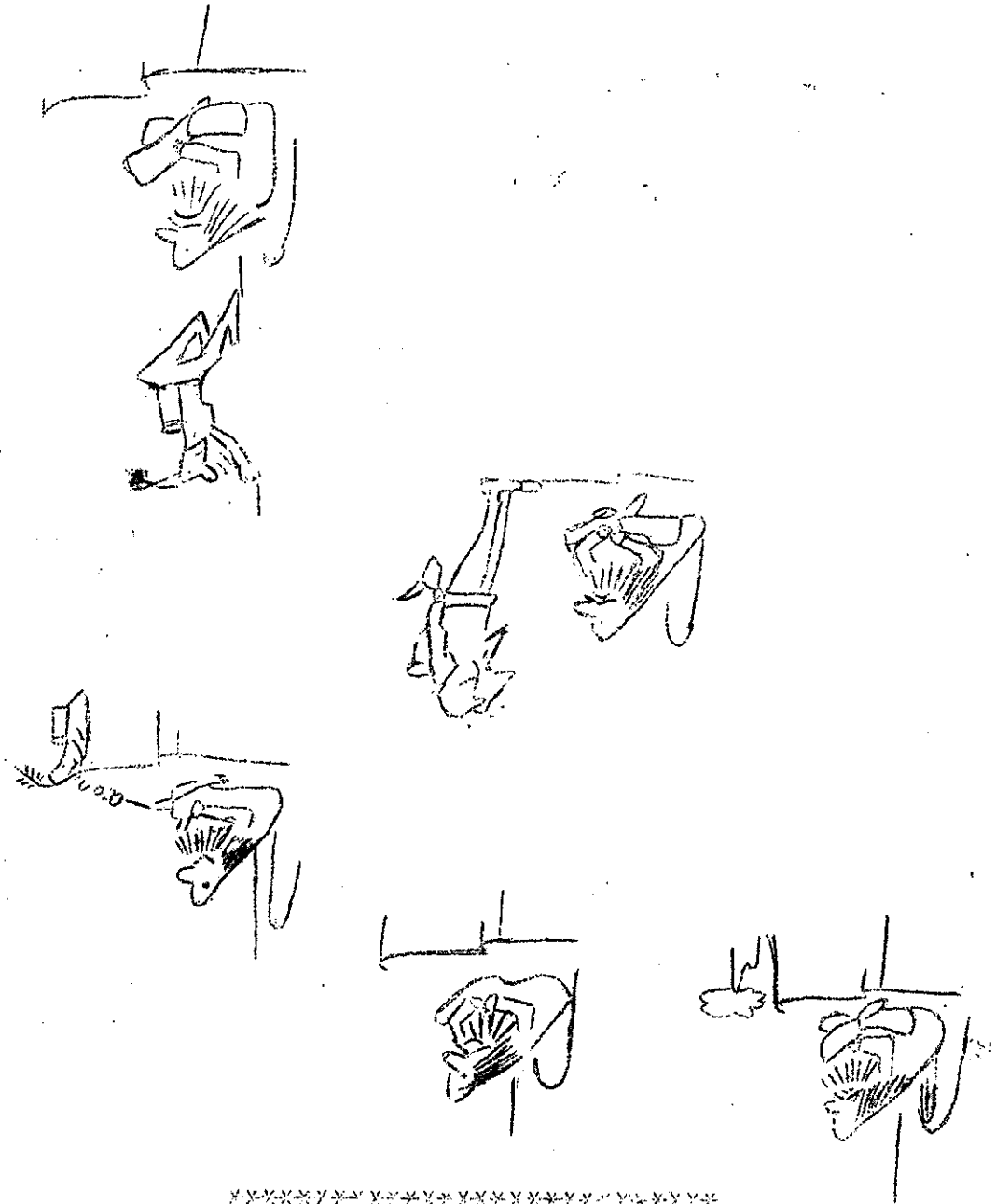
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WANTED: KNOWN

Will climb anything, anywhere, anytime (so long as its impossible).

Apply: Ross Wining

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## ORIENTEERING

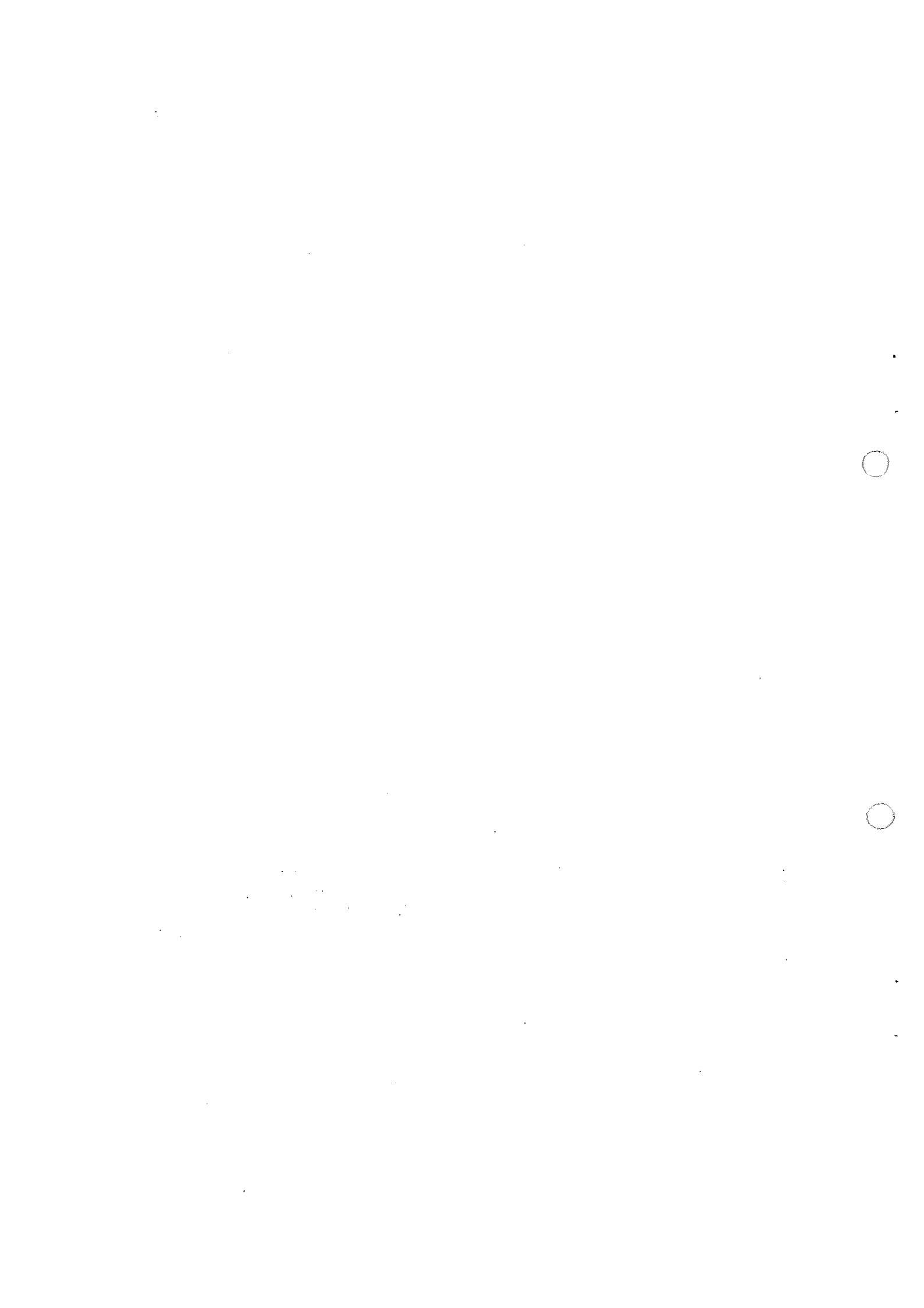
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You're jogging up a slight grade. Light scrub. Dotted with stunted trees. A few rocks about - you jump over a small boulder. Dodge a prickly bush and get back onto course. 10m ahead is a large black tree, visible from some distance. You reach it and stop, breathing quickly but easily. Your right hand holds a compass, which you now consult. 30m away on a bearing of 273° magnetic is a large, white, spreading scribbly gum. Take a mental picture. Start jogging again. Been stopped three seconds. Jump rock. Duck branch. Dodge bush. Almost trip on fallen tree. Keep going. You reach the scribbly gum. Near the top of the ridge now. Breathing harder. Compass again. 25m to a forked redgum on the same bearing. Run. 10m and you reach a broad foot-track across your route. Good. About 150m from the last control. About right. Turn left onto it and relax into a smooth trot. Easier than scrub dodging.

Count paces ... 1, 2, 3, 4, ... Can relax now. Time to check map. Still running ... 10, 11, 12, ... Hmm. Track runs south. Should be a track branching right soon, then 1-1/2 cm to the fork. That's 120m ... 23, 24, 25, 26 Aha! there's the branch right. Now, 120m. Start counting again. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, ... 88, 89, ... Getting close now ... 96, 97, ... There! Take the right fork. Now following a narrow track curving left. Too narrow. Bushes in the way. Downhill though. Easy. Breathing easy too. Track winds down into a gully. Check your map again as you run. Hmm. Track crosses watercourse. Should leave it there. Follow creek down instead ... Track broadens a little. You see the creek ahead through the bushes. Reach it. Cross it. Turn right and plunge back into light scrub.

Dodge. Hop. Leap. Duck. Ouch! Continue. Splash! Hmm. Creek winds about under the bushes. One wet foot. Oh well. Continue. Jog. Twist. Jump. Aha! A little waterfall. Cliffline running left. Leave creek and follow top of cliff. Only about 14m high. Count paces ... 1, 2, 3, 4, ... Here's a break! Scramble down. Easy. Continue to follow foot of cliff to the left. Still counting ... 27, 28, 29, ... It should be 60m from the waterfall. Below an overhang. Jog. Count ... 34, 35, 36, ... Should reach it at about pace 45 ... 39, 40, 41, ... There it is!! Forget about counting. Run. Only a couple of paces.

It's placed on a ledge of the cliff, in an overhang. A red bucket. White marks on it - stripes, and a cryptic letter - 'M'. Tied to the handle is a blue crayon and a metal card - more cryptic letters - 'A-6, C-4'. You turn over your map. On the back is taped a small card. Divided into squares, several already marked with coloured



Events - Open 6,000M  
Intermediate 4,000M  
Sub-inter 3,000M  
Novice 2,000M

11.

Facilities - Toilets, water, barbeques

Map - Black and white, scale 1:10,000, 6M equidistance

Organisers - John Oakley (412-1263), Steve Courtney and  
Terry Perrum for Wetsoc Orienteering Club  
(WSOC)

Sunday 31st March - Asquith

Venue - Mills Park at end of Baldwin Avenue, Asquith East

Time - Start from 9.30 a.m. to 1.30 p.m.

Events - Open 7,000M  
Intermediate 4,000M  
Sub-inter 3,000M  
Novice 2,000M

Facilities - Toilets, water, barbeques (if no bushfire  
restriction)

Map - Black and white, 1:10,000, 6M equidistance

Organisers - Brian White (449-2492), Graham Barnsley, and  
Roger Donnelley for Bennelong Occasional  
Orienteers (BOO)

\* \* \*

.....IN THE FUTURE.....

13-15 April - (KO) Kareelah Orienteers 3 day event  
27 April - (KO)  
12 MAY - (GO) Garingal Orienteers  
25 May - Paddy Pallin 10 Contest  
2 June - (BOO)  
9 or June - Australian Caampionships - Canberra  
16 June -  
30 June - (WSOC)

\*\*\*\*\*

DON'T ..... flatter yourself - it's not your personality but  
your car which is needed for the trip.

\*\*\*\*\*

DON'T ..... wear rubber thongs when climbing .....  
rubber may grip well, but .....

\*\*\*\*\*

## BUSHWALKING

You wake up, its light but the sun's not up yet. As you watch the white clouds scurry across the clear blue sky above you wonder dreamily where you are. Looking around at the others sleeping nearby it all comes back.

You left Sydney some time after dinner last night and after picking up a couple of others, you drove for three or four hours up the mountains, arriving here a little after midnight and because it was such a clear night (and because you are basically lazy..)you decided to sleep under the stars.

Someone else yawns and sits up. Oh well, might as well get going. By the time you're up and getting breakfast, probably cold muesli and some fruit, the others have woken up and started to get organised. By about a quarter to seven you are packed and ready to leave. A quick look at the map to get orientated and away you go.

You follow an old track for some way before it peters out, then up on to the ridge line. You reach a knoll, that is a small bump on the ridge, check the map, take a bearing then head down into the saddle. It's easy going down, but harder as you climb the other side to a high trig point, which is a cairn with an old pole and two discs at right angles stuck on top of it. From here you can see the whole area. You stop for a while to admire the view and take pictures. Another look at the map and you identify all the surrounding mountains and the valleys that divide them. From here you can see the ridge you will follow to the Camp for to-night.

Going down the ridge you come to an area where it flattens out and forms a miniature plateau. It is easy to get lost here, so you check the map and take a bearing to bring you out at the correct point on the other side. You come to a swamp, which is not very deep so you decide to go straight across. Your sandals get wet but they'll soon dry, and they're light and more comfortable than boots anyway.

Further on you come to a spot high up overlooking the river. You stop to admire the view and have lunch - probably just nuts and dried fruit or maybe some Ry-Vita with honey. To get to the river from here you follow a narrow, rather steep ridge which in places forces you to scramble over rocks to get down. It is hard work and progress is slower than in the morning.

At last you reach the river and the camping spot. It is only 3.30 so there is time to muck about before getting organised for the night. You spend a couple of hours swimming, cascading and just exploring the surrounding area before getting the fire going and cooking dinner.

For dinner there may be fresh steak or a Rosella dehydrated stew, or maybe the famous Kabanosi capsican and onion, followed by an instant pudding or, if you happen to be an expert chef, a date steam pudding with hot custard. As it gets dark you sit and talk round the fire, and when it gets down to smouldering coals you unroll the sleeping bag and go to bed.

As you fall off to sleep you have that comfortable feeling of accomplishment, but don't revel in it too long, after all tomorrow you have got to walk back.

Well, that's bushwalking - the oldest activity known to man. Not all trips turn out quite like that one. Some - due to the weather - are spent in camping in caves or local cafes drinking tea. But despite occasional (??) set backs the Club members still go every chance they get.

Dave Sanders Ph. 587 1111  
Ext. 315

#### DRY RIDGE

The map says the hill is two thousand feet. I know it is bloody steep. There are three inch saplings at four inch centres. The H frame catches on them. And again. And again. The sweat mixes with the Aetogard and suntan lotion, and runs into my eyes. Haven't drunk since the creek this-morning. The new chap behind me is crying. We won't see him again. I try to think of something funny. No bloody good. Anyone for bushwalking?

Lawrie Braithwaite

(This was coming up to Wog Wog from Yadbora Creek in the Budawangs. Ed.)

#### DEFINITIONS

Bushwalker (N) Mashochistic Agorophobe  
(or Agorophobic Masochist)

Caver (N) Masochistic Claustrophobe.

It is better when you stop.

The ultimate footwear: Volley O.C.'s with <sup>14</sup> {hobnails  
{tricouriss.

### LILOING

The excitement as you finally reach the river after a long trek in from the car.

The tranquility of drifting lazily across a quiet pool and basking in the sun.

The exhilaration of dodging rocks and shooting the standing waves in the rapid.

The agony of the long walk up and out.

That feeling of relief and of despair when at last you reach the car and realise it is all over.

Liloing is just floating down a river on an air mattress. Because of the heat, most summer walks involve swimming or liloing and there are many rivers that are ideally suited to such one or two-day lilo trips.

Dave Sanders

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DON'T.....arrive for a lilo trip without a plastic canyon bag - limp, soggy sandwiches dampen any party...

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WALKS REPORT: A FLOAT DOWN THE WOLLONDILLY

What better to do on a sunny December Sunday than float down a river? The Wollondilly River is reached along the Wombeyan Caves Road, which leaves the Hume Highway just past Mittagong.

We use the lilo mattresses for buoyancy. In between the rapids - great fun to shoot! - we floated lazily along the river, watching the fish, the weeds, and getting subnurnt. A great, lazy day.

Charlie Morris

DON'T.....ever go anywhere without a raincoat - whenever you have it the sun will shine, forget it once and.....

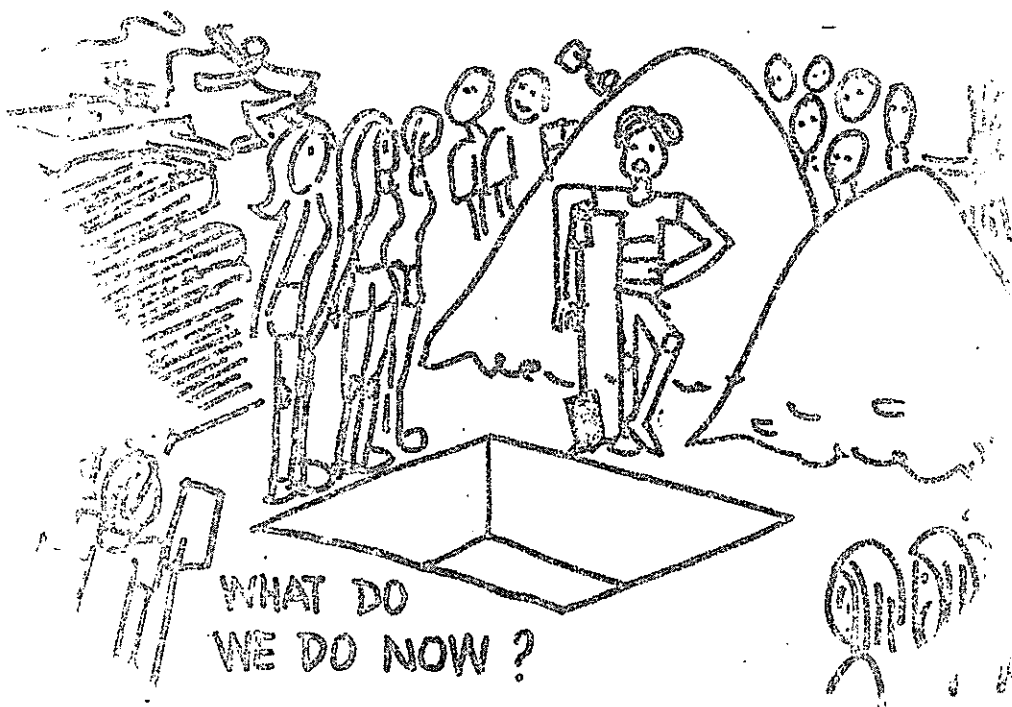




'Twas near the midnight hour  
 That they set upon the beasts  
 And then the hardy bushwalkers  
 Tucked into a feast of feasts!  
 Licking fingers was delicious  
 But the coffee tastes like mud!  
 And still there were some eating  
 Like our cow-friends chew their cud.  
 The evening closed with limericks-  
 Oh how ribald they can be!  
 And the night was oh so pleasant  
 For in tents no-one can see!...  
 But the dawn was quick to come  
 And all too soon some had to go  
 For they missed the fun and pleasure  
 Down the rapids on a li-lo.  
 Alas the last frivolity  
 Seemed gone before it started  
 And all the remaining party  
 Cleared up and then departed.  
 They were a tired but happy bunch  
 Who left the campsite clear  
 And all of us look forward  
 To the Boree-log next year!

JANET MARSDEN

HEISSEN PASTETEN (hot pies  
 in German)



( Some pitfalls and rationalisations )

Cross-country skiing or ski touring, can sometimes be a very dangerous sport. This is of course due mainly to the weather, not any hero-complex some are accused of having. Colin Wyatt in his book "The Call of the Mountains" rates Australian blizzards as among the worst in the world mainly because of the temperature. Snow in a blizzard here is usually very close to 0.C. and so melts easily. Thus it is very heavy and so doesn't blow away. The snow then piles up on you, makes you wet very easily, (especially if you're a beginner and keep falling over), and in a blizzard, if you are not properly prepared, the sequence is like this. After 10 - 15 mins. you are wet thru. Then you get cold as the wind evaporates the water. Soon if you are not fit and healthy enough, your body temperature drops. Once your body temperature falls below about 30.6° C. it falls very rapidly and almost irreversibly and you collapse. You die soon after. The process is called hypothermia; usually the victim does not realise his plight.

So, in the words of Lenin, what is to be done? If you go ski touring you must be very fit and very healthy. If you can't handle a hard walk, restrict your touring to around Peerisher and Guthega.

You must have proper gear. By proper I don't mean you have to run into Paul Reader's and buy everything in sight - most of the gear can be bought quite cheaply. We put out a list of gear and you should consult this. But before you buy anything ask an experienced skier. Of course you must keep your gear in good order and know how to use it.

You must be careful when skiing. Cold is the main worry but remember that a broken leg out near Jagungal would be inconvenient. So watch out for cornices etc.; creeks and lakes, (it's hard to swim with skis on); rocks trees and blue ice; and sun and wind burn snowblindness and frostbite can be most unpleasant.

Your navigation has to be good and you should be able to tell when the weather is going to change. It helps greatly if you have walked over the area in summer and so know where huts are; where there is shelter etc. Learn how, when and where to make a bivouac camp.

Always ski with an experienced skier (and even when experienced, don't ski by yourself when away from civilisation). Generally a trip should consist of a minimum of four skiers of whom 2 are experienced; and more than 8 in a party is unwise because you probably won't be able to fit into a hut comfortably. (Theorem 1: Every hut has 4 people in it when you arrive. This is a consequence of the Law of Maximum Perversity.)

I leave the most important item till last. NEVER TAKE ALCOHOL with you on a ski touring trip. Drinking of alcohol causes the blood to come closer to the surface of the body, so producing a feeling of warmth, but more, it allows the blood to lose heat to the air more readily. Giving alcohol to someone suffering from hypothermia will cause immediate death. (This is how Mt. Bogong, the "Memorial Mountain" claimed a number of its victims.)

So leave the frozen frosty Frosters in the fridge at home and drink them when you get back. If you can't bear the thought of a weekend off the grog, take up downhilling - you'll find it's great (It's just like Bazza says it is.)

I've probably made ski touring sound like a sill buggers game and so it is. But until you have stood on top of Jagungal in winter with a light breeze blowing, a clear sky and snow for miles and miles, only your ski tracks visible, nobody but you and your mates for miles - only then can you shout "Bloody good job, God! 10 out of 10!" and really understand how much the words and the experience can mean.

Joe Goozeff.

"IT LOOKS LIKE THE  
FRENCH PARTY BEAT  
US TO IT."



ABSEILLING

( OR CANYONING )

Canyoning is a sport that has gained popularity in the last fifteen years or so. It consists of following canyons by any legitimate means. Whether it involves abseiling, walking, climbing, jumping, swimming, liloing or freezing is immaterial. All means, fair but not foul, are acceptable. Canyoning is : the excitement of seeing nature as it is rarely seen ; the beauty of a sunray in a misty dark pool ; the fantasy played by dark and light, colour and water on a nearby rock ; the intricate entwining of the llianas and epiphytes ; the mental toughness involved in freezing uncontrollably when it is 100 degrees farenheit plus 200 feet above ; the companionship involved in participating in an adventure ; the mystery of the unknown ; and the satisfaction of having achieved a good day's work.

What are canyons ? and where does one find them ? Canyoning is mainly practised around Sydney. Other areas such as New England Tablelands and Western Australia, have tremendous potential, although rarely exploited. Canyons for canyoning are deep fissures in the ground that the water has carved, either by rapid erosion along soft bedrock, or by enlargement of fault down a waterfall. The result is a narrow fissure 100 - 1500 feet deep and as narrow as 20 inches ; in which the water lies placid, flows, tumbles, cascades, falls or roars. The intending canyoner has to conquer all those obstacles by means of the technical skills that he has acquired.

Canyoning is mainly popular between November to March, although some die-hards start in October and finish late April, while other fools descend in August, clothed in full-length wet-suits.

Note that canyoning is by nature extremely dangerous, because of the difficulties involved in a rescue. This is NOT an idle warning. So far, major accidents have been avoided, but as the activity gains popularity, more incompetent nincompoops will endanger themselves and their companions by foolish acts..Beware !

NICK BENDELI  
home ph. 6492178

BOGEY HOLE CREEK == PURE POETRY

So we set out on that Sunday  
In the light of early morning  
Followed trustfully our leader  
Down the ridge and to the Hole.

Holding noses, making faces,  
Jumped we in with great delight  
To the sounds of splash and gurgle  
And the cameraman's watchful eye.

After wading ankle deep, through the  
Winding Narrow creek,  
We came into the canyon proper.  
Saw the sheer walls rising there  
And blew into our rubber rafts.

Floating now like autumn leaves,  
We gazed in wonder all around  
Saw the fronds of light green fern  
Against the blackness of the wall  
Saw the scallops in the sandstone  
Where the river once had flown.

Thus we travelled for some hours  
Till we reached a sandy spit  
Where we laid ourselves to dry  
And to eat.

The wind was warm in the valley,  
The company good,  
The spirits high,  
Life was very full of meaning  
As the moments passed us by.

After lunching in the sun, we launched our rafts  
and paddled on  
Till we came unto the place  
Where we were to take our leave  
Then we climbed the mighty mountain,  
Saw the valley spread below  
I promised to return,  
Perhaps to share this joy  
With others.

Linda

N.B. I will be leading a one day lilo trip down  
Bogey Hole Creek during O.W. For further details phone  
349.4425

ROYAL FLUSH

Well, I suppose the Wollangambie is quite a mild trip. True, there is a hair-raising step unless you take to the water on the right of the canyon. And the exit has become decidedly more difficult with regular use in recent years. Especially for a congenital coward like myself. But there are times in any canyon.....

We had stopped at the cave for lunch, and to patch my torn plastic lilo. (Rain, rain and more rain.) We dozed for an hour or so before taking to the water again. The river had risen four or six feet and was brown and fast flowing. My lilo was still leaking badly, but now there was nowhere to climb out. I was well behind the others and had the pillow under my chest. Their call "get out" floated across to me. They were perched on a rock. And then I heard the roar of water.... clutch a sapling at the top of the falls ! Let go of dead lilo ! Big breath. All the sins of my life, but no prayer. Arms round my head and over.

The water went brown and then black. I did not touch rock once. My vision became brown, then clear as I surfaced and saw a rock out of water. Grab. I waded out at the exit. Since there was no way down save the way I had come, I sat down to wait for the others.

LAURIE BRAITHWAITE

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Note to Nick:

Try greasing the rope for quicker abseils.

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"QUOTE OF THE YEAR" AWARDS.

- " The wildflowers were beautiful." -Linda Pearson
- " You get a lot more from girls." -Ross Vining
- " But there's plenty of firewood." -Al Ross
- " Bludging is hard work." -Peter Pavlov

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CANOEING - INTERVARSITY

Two industrious members of UNSW Mountaineers thought it would be a good idea to get in some practise before the start of the IV. They trundled off on Tuesday and arrived at Childowla only to face the prospect of no water. What the heck, they thought, and so they sat on their rear ends until the dam let out the promised water on Thursday night. The fishermen had a few things to say about this. Competitors in the slalom had a few things to say about the pre-release water levels too. (none)

"Whats MacDonald upto? Looks like a rock-hopping course."

"No. We're going to carry the canoes through the gates Todd River style."

However, come the appointed hour, the promised water came and peace reigned over the competitor's camp, that is until the course proper was set up by one sadistic and thoroughly nasty club member. Peace, however, was far from the fishermen's camp.

"Damnable. Inconsiderate, long-haired uni students ...bla bla bla.."

Most fisherman left except the few who remained for the weekends entertainment.

Come Thursday afternoon the course was finished and comments were passed as to the design and standard of the workmanship.

"What the hell !!!"

"It can't be done !!!"

"Can you really fit a canoe through those gates ?"

"I've never done anything like this before !!!"

"Don't worry. Neither have I."

Great roar from the crowd.

"Neither have we !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"





