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Early or mid 1976

THE PERIODICAL OF THE UNSW SUBSEA WALKING CLUB AND THE
UNSW MOUNTAIN CLIMBERING CLUB

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GASTLY RUBBERFAT

WALTER BONATTI

STOLEN

HORSE

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DAVID NIVEN

EDITORIAL

This is unfortunately the first MOBSAC for 1976. Unfortunate for many reasons: We haven't had the time to invest in the mag that we would have liked and the articles aren't exactly flowing club member's pens. Thanks to those that contributed articles on New Zealand (and other places). Those we hope will provide both interest and incentive. To those that didn't contribute any articles: If any advice on MOBSAC is forthcoming from mouths more fluent than pens we hope you choke.

The work on this MOBSAC is Anne Blackwell's. It is because of her we have MOBSAC in June and not November. The second great thing she has accomplished this year is her engagement to John. Congratulations Anne and John. (PS. "Oh John, you didn't want to do that").

Paul Mara

BABY, IT'S COLD OUTSIDE....

Quarterdeck, Andrew and the Boy Wonder are racing ahead, leaving me for dead. The cold's causing bronchospasm and I'm wheezing like a steam train about to blow.

First climb of the year. Well second actually. But it was too cold to reach the top of Avalanche. Martin's hands were frozen through Dachsteins and Japara mitts. Wish we had a bit of that now. Strip off another jumper....

'Not sure we should be doing this Martin.'

5.30, Beautiful Bonar Breaking Boots.

'Neither am I, We could do the N'West Ridge'

'Yeah a nice easy climb.'

But our indecision and the appeal of a 'Face Climb' (What's it really like?) lured us on to the Schrund. The Boy Wonder did what we brought him for: ('You lead the Schrund, Martin; it looks easy'). The first rope length was out, a thin layer of ice with softish snow underneath; But it was a West Face, And we'll be up there by 9 or 10. The sun won't hit it till 12. 300 ft at a time with Andrew in the middle. 'Not bad for a second climb' he says. 'With a hundred foot long axe.'

Pitch after pitch of untaxing cramponing, leads getting steeper, the Bonar getting further below and the valleys open up. The Matukituki, the Dart, Earnslaw and Avalanche are all left behind as we aim for the couloir, the only way out today baby. The ocean seems to have a haze across it. Must watch that, don't want to get caught in a Nor Wester. Past the second rock bulge - no belay joy there - and on to the ridge. Can see two others on the S- / Ridge step cutting. Ice sweeping down onto us. We gradually move up to meet them in brilliant sun, and see four others below. 'Gonna get a bit crowded in the couloir.'

We were winning the race until one of the four's rope got caught in my ice axe, hurling it down the face. Oh well, still got my North Wall hammer. Memo: insure all equipment next year. Getting tired, we move on more slowly to the couloir, belay off crews.

We were below the couloir for about 3½ hours so we had plenty of time to think about the mist on the Bonar. Madly taking compass bearings. It was interesting to contemplate that the first ascent of the mountain was by our route in 1909 by Alex Graham, Jack Clarke and Major Bernard Head. The second

ascent was not until 1965 by Jill Tremain and Jan Jowett. Since then it has been very popular in early summer. Finally we headed up the couloir, four steep pitches, the first vertical for 30 ft, to reach the North-west Ridge, the summit only 5-10 minutes away.

But we'd had enough, the wind was howling, mist swirling all around and it was 6.30. We'd been going non-stop since 2 am - unless you can call huddled together, on a sloping ledge tied to an ice screw beneath 5 ft melting icicles for 3½ hours, stopping. Left turn. Fortunately the way down the ridge is a four lane highway. We moved quickly down to where the six others were having a break, where the ridge narrows. Down side gullies belaying all the way to the final schrund before the Bonar. Carefully we're across but one of the Aucklanders falls in. Oh no 8pm crevasse rescue. (Serves the bast rd right for losing my axe.) We all stood still stunned until a grinning face crawled over the lip.

We trudge across the Bonar, 3 hours to French Ridge Hut, the mist clears occasionally so we can see the way. Tang and peaches. Super. RD'd feet and sleeping bags. Don't wake me in the morning cause Baby it's cold outside.

Paul Mara.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES

Lynn Thompson has the Mountaineering Club Trip book. Please fill it in with your trips. We are interested. It makes fascinating reading.

Paul Mara has groundsheet material - 4 oz neoprene coated orange nylon material for sale.

\$8.00 for 8 ft X 56". Phone: 399 9891 7.00 - 7.30 am weekdays.

Suggested car costs for trips.	MOUNTAINS	\$2.50
	KALANGRA)	
	BOOROMBA)	\$5.00
	SNOWY)	
	WARRUMBUNGLES)	\$10.00

Remember cars run on more than petrol. Help those that take you away. They are just as hard up as you are.

A WARRUM! BUNGLE

Crater Bluff jutting a majestic 1000 ft from thick scrub and broken volcanic formations, long since crumbled, one of two remaining volcanic plugs left from the estimated sixty odd monoliths extruded some 150 million years ago. The other structures are assumed to have exploded due to the expanding gases trapped within their magma shells. Any human passage on such a formation can only be less than significant in comparison with the forces unleashed during its formation, but not surprisingly, the rock proved its mettle and made a very significant impression on me when I tried to conquer it.

Paul, Richard and I planned to 'flash up' the Tourist Route early in the morning to make sure we would be able to find the way off after our planned route for that afternoon. After a one and a half hour circumnavigation of the base of the spire we were hot, frustrated and rather dubious about the value of the guide-book. Our companions watching from the other side of the steep valley separating the plug from the Grand High Tops, were making mocking sounds and we were feeling pretty silly overall. We hadn't found the start to any climb - from the base all we could see was enormous dark walls and a magnificent wedgetail eagle regally soaring 1500 ft overhead. A conference was held and we decided to make for the start of Rib and Gully which we knew we would recognise from its start. Projecting from the Northern face a rib of trachyte blocks climbs several hundred feet like the spires of some prehistoric monster. Reaching it we roped up and leaving a rucksack of extra gear behind, began at last.

Richard led the first pitch with no problems and Paul and I soon joined him from the belay. Paul started up the rib and into a high wind which had begun blowing from the East! After some time a faint 'on belay' wafted down and I moved up. 30 ft up I came onto the rib proper and stopped somewhat amazed. The rib itself was 10 ft wide and nothingness dropped away on both sides. Looking up I could see Paul 100 ft higher up braced into the wind. There were no runners between us and the rope arched out to the left putting a considerable strain on my balance. Between gusts, I moved up to and past him, another 20 ft and off the rib into a large gully. Richard and Paul joined me shortly and we walked to the back of the gully where we sheltered from the wind.

The next pitch was a wall about 80 ft high which ended under a roof. One then traversed across 20 ft to a bulge and around this onto a large shelf, which formed the bottom of a 200 ft chimney leading to the summit. Paul led up in fine style, with few runners until he reached the roof. Moving across and up on fingery holds, he reached a piten which he assured us wouldn't hold a peanut. It was a 'Dr Dark original' - a straight iron bar with a ring through it. Paul tied into it regardless. Attempting to place another piten further on he dropped it and moved over the bulge without further runners. He rigged up what he told us was a rather weak belay and began taking in on my rope. I moved up and began the traverse with no problems until I arrived at the crux. This involved stepping up on a tiny foothold with my right foot and bringing the left to shoulder height with no hand holds. The old piten was six feet above me, Paul was 12 ft up and to the right and I was in the proverbial poe.

Paul said it was easy, I was sure it was but try as I did, I couldn't make the move. I bobbed up and down like a yo-yo, ever mindful of the nasty pendulum I would take if I slipped. After 1½ hours I slipped a sling over the bulge, stepped in it, moved up and gripped the old piten. It was as solid as a 'rock??' The move over the bulge was desperate, all friction and exposure, but soon I was up and tucking into water and raisins. Richard bumbled up except for a nasty moment coming over the bulge where the belay was nearly put to the test. Now that that was over we began to notice, with growing concern the gathering clouds.

Paul led up the scrubby chimney to a huge block jammed between the two sides and we joined him shortly. Richard then led the last pitch up the depths of the fine chimney. Looking out towards the valley we saw white mist rolling in. By the time Paul started up, it was raining. By the time I started up - well, wet trachyte can be tricky. (Let me add that the Warrumbungles has one of the lowest rainfalls of any area in the state.) At 3.30 we reached what we assumed was the top because there was nothing else to ascend. There was also nothing to see. The edge of the summit merged with thick, wet cloud. Wearing only shorts and T-shirts we were to feel cold and miserable. Finding the log book ^{didn't} boost our morale - with comments like 'The Tourist Route was desperate' and 'How do we get off this bloody rock!'

The guide book said there were two gullies; one led down the Green Glacier to the descent route, the other led nowhere. Needless to say we took the wrong one.

Firstly, abseiling into it a carabiner was left on the rope and couldn't be retrieved, so I climbed up, undid the crab, rappelled down and that all took about an hour. Slowly we began to realise that getting off as quickly as possible was imperative. We were all shivering and the light was fading. Then we found that our gully ended in a sheer drop into what we hoped was the Green Glacier. We abseiled from an old tape tied to a small bush growing in a pile of trachyte blocks. It held. Slipping and sliding down the wet rock we suddenly came out onto a ledge with a bolt in it. The fog cleared and we were graced with a magnificent purple sunset; very nice except that we were still 500 ft off the ground. Sacrificing a bracket and carabiner we dropped down 140 ft to another ledge and followed it around for about 150 ft. This brought us to two bolts, one going straight down the front of the face below us, and down a crack system beside it. Paul chose the latter and tying off in a piece of $\frac{1}{2}$ " tape, plummeted down. It was almost dark and Richard and I sat there shivering, waiting. Some faint words wafted up from below. I think he said he hasn't got enough rope. Richard muttered. Five minutes later there was much yelling of 'come down' and 'hot pies'. Richard descended into the darkness. I waited, very cold but hoping now that we may get off. It was my turn. Glancing dubiously at the thin tape upon which I was hanging my life, I swung off and down. It was the longest, darkest abseil I've ever made but finally I landed on a wide ledge 148 ft below. It was so black we could only just make out the outline of the saddle where the path began, $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile of dense bush away.

The blind bash through that bush in climbing boots, the stumbling down the track, the cuts, cold and 'hot pies' were all a blur.

The next morning the weather was once again perfect. Returning to pick up my pack it all looked fairly easy, calm and beautiful. The eagle circled overhead, the rock looked blankly back and the spire existed unaffected by our epic.

Marc Grunseit.

WHAT TO DO WITH A SPRAINED ANKLE ?

To help prevent the swelling and bruising which results with ligamentous damage:

1. Immediately sit down and rest! Elevate limb. However...
2. If a stream of snow is nearby, immediately immerse foot in ice or water first. Leave foot immersed for as long as possible, take out for a short time then reimmerse. Repeat process for 20 minutes; and then elevate limb.
3. To support the ankles, and also to prevent further swelling, bandage the injury with crepe or preferably elastic bandage. The foot should be in the position of function : at right angles to the leg. Endeavour to give maximum support to the damaged area. Thus if injury is due to inward twisting of foot, the bandage should aim to correct this by giving greatest support in the outward direction.

If time permits REST at this stage to prevent further damage. The body will heal itself if given a chance; but it does require time. The more rest you can give your ankle after the injury, the less chance there will be of delayed healing and repeated sprains due to permanent weakness.

Walk out of an area as late as you can; and don't forget to leave the limb elevated while resting.

While the injury is healing active exercises of the ankle should be commenced to minimize stiffness and muscle weakening. These can be done by getting someone to provide gentle resistance to the foot while moving the ankle in its various directions ie up & down, in & out etc. An ankle guard is not recommended at this stage. It limits development of the muscles which support the joint.

However, if walking over rough terrain, where the chance of a further sprain is great a bandage is recommended to help give additional support to the as yet weak ligament.

D.L.T. & A.B.

Experienced walkers can never get lost, only "slightly misplaced".

REES DART TRIP

WHERE: Mount Aspiring National Park.

MAPS: Dept. of Lands and Survey : Earnslaw S114
Tutoko S113

ACCESS: 1. By car from Queenstown via Glenorchy. Spectacular views along Lake Wakitipu. It's ideal to leave a car at the end of both valleys.
2. Hitching into the area is difficult but not impossible.
3. Taxi from Queenstown.

DAYS: Minimum of three. It's best to stay as long as possible as there are plenty of mountains to climb and plenty of areas to explore.

EXTRA Tent - as huts may be crowded or a little dingy.

GEAR: Plenty of Dimp for the Dart.

Fishing rod for fun - don't rely on it for meal making.

Primus - if spending a night a mile either side of Rees Saddle or if climbing.

ROUTE: Rees River

It's possible to drive a car within a half hours walking distance of Arthurs Creek Hut. The walking here is very easy along a well marked track. Just past 25 Mile Hut the Rees can be crossed and a track ascends to Kea Basin and higher to Esquilant Bivvy. Some very worthwhile peaks can be climbed from here - Earnslaw, Leary, Pluto and Sir William.

The walking further up the valley alternates with beech forest and creek bed. From Shelter Rock Hut onwards the climb to Rees Saddle begins. There are long sections of boulder, climbing and scrub bashing along the river. The climb up and over Rees Saddle is only a few hundred feet and is good value for effort. Mount Headlong is directly opposite the saddle on the other side of Snowy Creek. It can be climbed from the footbridge along Snowy Creek. There is a steady 4,000 ft plod to the top which takes 2-3 hours. The summit views of Mt Aspiring's West Face, Tyndal, Edward, Earnslaw and Leary are quite aweinspiring.

The walk to Dart Hut is along a marked track although the map doesn't show it. There are good camping spots near Dart Hut - a good place to have a lazy day, let the blisters heal, have a swim and soak up the sun.

From Dart Hut access to the Matukituki can be gained via Cascade Saddle in a Good season. Mt Anstead and Mt Tyndal are good peaks for climbing.

Walking along the Dart is very straight forward - the sand flies lead the way and can be finished in a day.

Transport at Chinaman's Bluff is the best.

There are plenty of opportunities for extending the trip eg Beans Burns, Olivines etc.

Virginia Wrice.

QUOTES

Compare these two:

It should not be forgotten that the value of the high mountains is that of the men who measure themselves against them: otherwise they are no more than heaps of stone.

Walter Bonatti.

Mountains come to life because men love them. They are beautiful in many ways, not the least of which is in the eyes of those that behold them.

Gaston Rebuffat.

A famous bushman once said, "Leaves are not to be sneezed at".

"It should be noted that a beginner relying on his leader to supply the equipment needs little or none himself."

ATTACHING THE ROPE TO THE CLIMBER

by George Steele

[TAKEN FROM "CLIMBER & CLIMBER"
FEB '76

George Steele is a chartered engineer by profession, well qualified to write on this subject as a member of the BMC Technical Committee and leader of their working group on harnesses. He also represents the BMC on the UIAA Safety Methods Commission where he was a member of a working group which produced a design specification for harnesses and currently he leads another working group which is preparing a manufacturing standard for harnesses.

Historical

Traditionally British climbers have always attached themselves to the rope at waist level. For many years this amounted solely to directly tying onto the rope. Many years later waistlines were used, usually with a karabiner and about the same time Ken Tarbuck developed his dynamic knot for use with a waistline and karabiner. The waistline spreads the load across a larger area and was marginally more comfortable. Waistlines were followed by waist belts which accepted the rope threaded through the belt or carried a bracket to which could be attached a screwgate karabiner and thus the rope. The scene was changed dramatically in 1970 when the Whillans Harness appeared. Developed first for use when ascending with jumars and for artificial climbing, it rapidly gained a popularity for free climbing which has continued to the present day.

Meanwhile on the Continent climbers long since took to tying on round the chest and shoulders with the main rope. This appears to have developed to ensure that a climber falling into a crevasse would be the right way up. Probably to facilitate rapid attachment to, and detachment from, the rope this chest tie was often replaced by a separate length of rope, tied around the chest and shoulders, and a karabiner. Much later, as demands for greater comfort grew, special chest harnesses appeared. More recently leg loops have been added for even greater comfort. From there to a full body harness is but a short step.

Requirements for a Harness

These fall into two distinct, and to some extent, conflicting groups. On the one hand the climber who is going to wear it, climb in it, belay in it etc. has quite clear ideas of his ideal harness. It will weigh virtually nothing, be completely unnoticeable when

worn and will provide for all his needs whilst climbing (carrying gear, belaying). It will cushion him in the event of a fall but will not restrict his climbing in any way.

On the other hand medical opinion looks mainly at what is needed in the event of a fall. Stopping a falling climber involves energy being absorbed. The rope performs the lion's share of this work but in so doing high forces are set up throughout the rope, the belaying system and the climber's attachment to the rope. In a fall with a high 'fall factor' these forces can be up to 8 or more times the climber's own weight.

The strongest muscle in the body is under the upper thighs. It is logical then that a harness should be so designed that the main force, in a fall, is transmitted from the rope to the thighs. So far so good! Doctors also point out that during a fall there is a strong chance that the falling climber will injure himself by collision with the rock and may even lose consciousness. It is, therefore, considered essential that the harness should be so designed that the climber will always land upright, even if unconscious. The simplest and most common way is to have the point of attachment to the rope above the body's centre of gravity. This inevitably leads to either a combined chest and sit harness or even a full body harness. Further medical limitations are placed on the design of the harness to ensure that a fallen climber hanging completely free in the harness would not experience restrictions to his breathing and circulation. Although by no means impossible, no one (manufacturer or climber) has come up yet with an alternative arrangement involving a pure sit harness which meets the full medical requirements. (There is a Caspio harness available which is like a sit harness with long braces but in the hanging position there is severe restriction to the breathing.)

Methods of Rope Attachment to the Climber (diagrams overleaf)

The various methods of rope attachment are shown in figures A to J and possible hanging positions in figures P to W. The links between the two groups of figures are shown in the table. Figures A to J are types of attachment and variations are possible on each type especially with the harnesses. The table attempts to show every conceivable hanging position possible with each attachment although some are fairly unlikely. (e.g. position 'B' with a waist attachment.)

Tying on to the Rope

Two knots cover the range of methods of attachment to the rope covered in this article. These are the 'bowline' and the 'figure of eight.' The latter must be tied one of two different ways depending upon the particular application.

The 'Bowline'

This knot reduces the strength of the rope by approximately 25%. It is, however, one of the most well known and old-used knots. For tying on to a rope attached round the body this knot is to be preferred. It can also be used with any of the methods covered in this article.

The 'Figure of Eight'

For attachment to a karabiner the 'double figure of eight' can be tied immediately. Where, however, the rope must be threaded through e.g. the 'eyes' of a harness one must first tie a 'single figure of eight,' leaving sufficient length to thread as required and to thread back through the 'single' knot to form a 'double.'

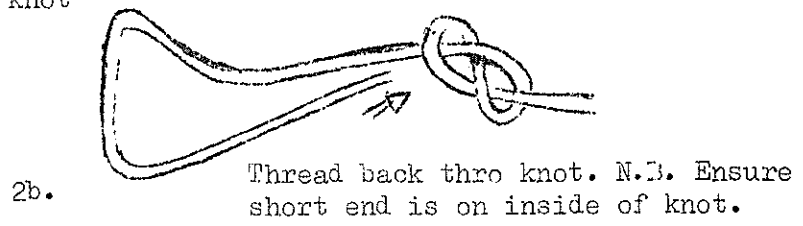
This knot reduces the strength of the rope by 20% *providing the short end lies on the inside of the knot! Failure to observe this point could mean that the rope is weakened by 28%!*

There is one slightly different method which was developed by Pit Schubert of the German Alpine Club. His idea was to develop a two-point suspension system which would ensure a comfortable hanging position when using sit and chest harnesses in combination. One first ties onto the chest harness using a bowline and leaving a length of approximately two feet of rope free. This length of rope is then passed through the sit harness attachment loop or loops and returned to be threaded through bowline and tied off as shown in the diagram.

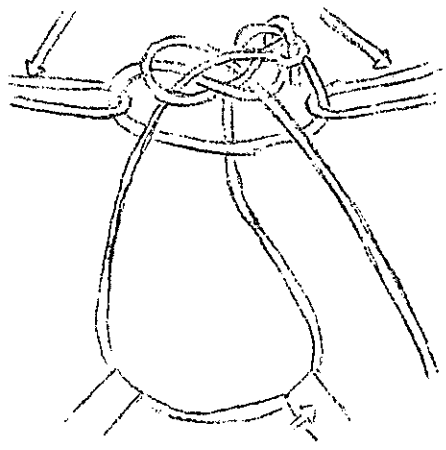
With practice one can tie this so as to give a perfect 'hanging position' as seen in the picture. This method can also be done using a figure of eight instead of a bowline but this time the final threading must follow the whole of the figure of eight knot through. The latter alternative results in a very bulky knot.



The figure of eight knot



Chest Harness Loops



Sil Harness Loops

Schubert method

Belaying

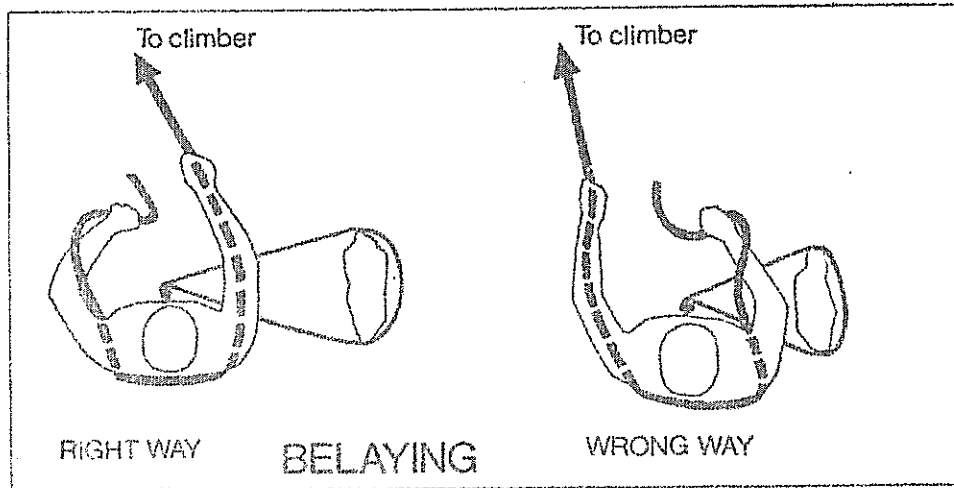
The old method of belaying with the rope at the back will only work well with a direct tie to the waist or when using a waistline or waistbelt and karabiner. In all these cases the rope can be moved to the back to facilitate a precise length of rope between the belay and the climber. With front fastening belts or harnesses it is safest to use a separate tape attached to a suitable part of the harness at the rear. In all cases screwgate karabiners must be used if they will be near the belay or climber when belaying.

It is also possible to belay with the rope directly from a front attachment. If one is using a belaying device either on the harness or directly on the mountain no problem will be found. If however, it is desired to belay with the rope from the front and then protect one's partner with a body belay (rope round the body) it is absolutely imperative that the right and wrong ways of doing this are known so that the latter can be avoided. If a fall is held the *right way* the belayer is pulled towards his belay and will remain stable. If, however, a fall is held the *wrong way* the belayer will be spun off his belay and will lose much of the friction round his body and **MAY LOSE CONTROL OF THE ROPE COMPLETELY!** This cannot be stressed too much.

Advice on Buying a Harness

I would strongly advise any prospective purchasers of harnesses to try them on before buying. By 'trying on' I mean not only stepping into leg loops etc., but tie onto the rope—and then hang in it for at least ten minutes! Most climbing shops have provision for this to be done but I am told that people rarely make use of the facility.

Whilst you are hanging in the harness check any contact areas which become painful. Also you should relax completely and see what position your body adopts. Bounce up and down a few times to simulate even a very short fall. All of these checks will give a much better idea of the harness and its benefit to you should you fall off. The final check is how simple is the method of putting on the harness and then attaching the rope. It is not possible to recommend a 'best buy' because individuals vary considerably in both build and in personal preferences.



Harnesses—Future Developments

Predicting the future, especially in these rapidly changing times, is always a bold move but in this case I consider it worthwhile if only to provoke discussions!

Most harnesses currently available have disadvantages. Chief among these are the problems of weight and bulk. This comes about because all current harnesses are far too strong! One would not wish harness-manufacturers to reduce weight indiscriminately and thereby risk producing an unsafe harness. Fortunately the U.I.A.A. Safety Methods Commission have produced a Design Specification for Climbing Harnesses, further work is continuing to produce a U.I.A.A. Label Standard. The aim of these two documents is to establish minimum standards of safety which harnesses should meet. The hope is that, aided by these recommendations, manufacturers will be able to produce lightweight harnesses which will still be safe in use.

It remains to be seen whether climbers will require such harnesses to include parts for carrying equipment or will prefer separate tape loops to carry slings and karabiners.

(The author would like to thank Troll, MOAC, Karrimor and Ultimate Equipment for assistance in preparing this material.)

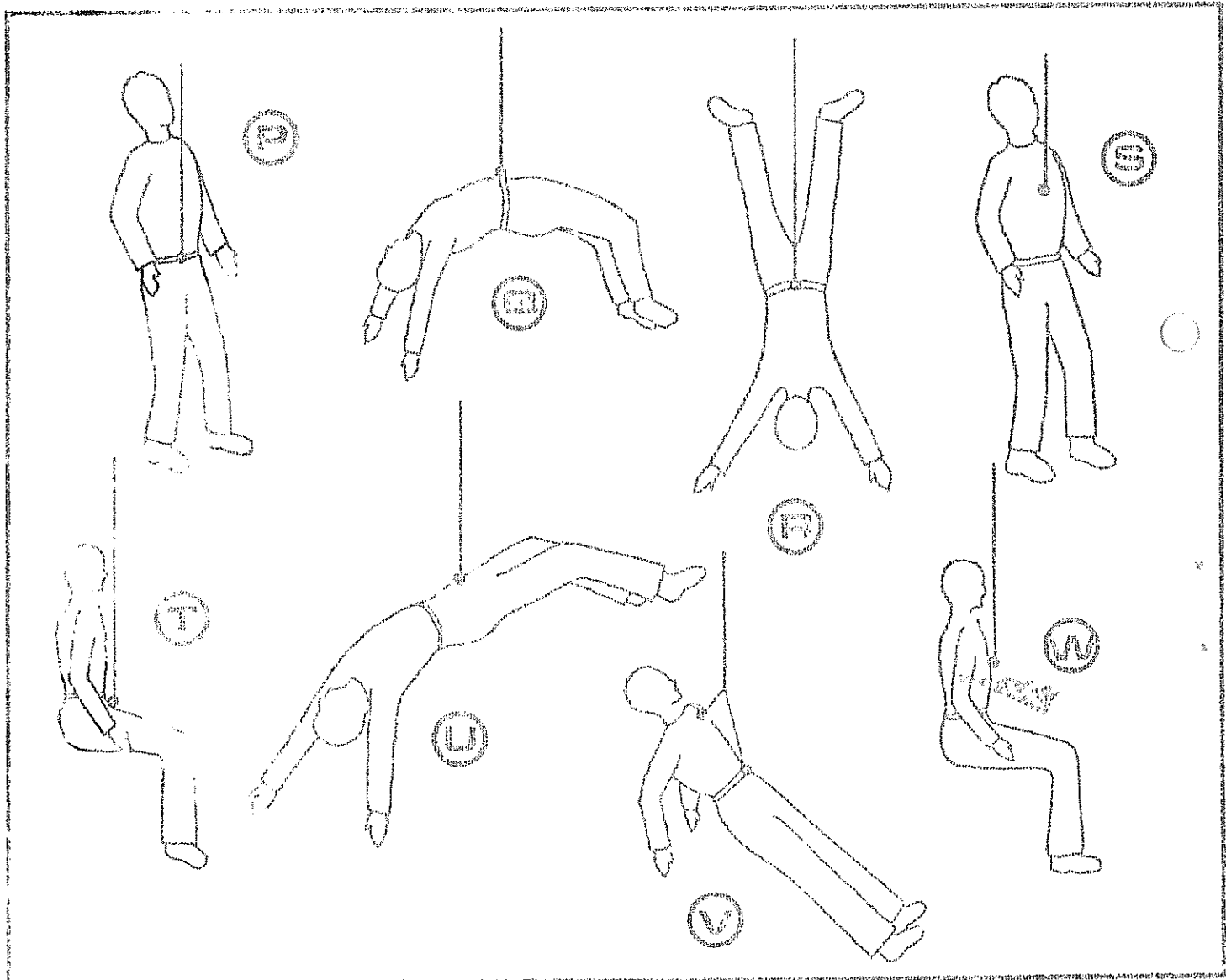
HARNESSES CURRENTLY AVAILABLE

- Waist belts (rope to be threaded thro')
 - Karrimor
 - Troll Mk 2
 - Troll Mk 3
 - MOAC
- Waist belts (to be used with karabiner)
 - Karrimor
 - Troll Climbers Belt
 - MOAC/Irvine
- Chest Harnesses
 - Troll
 - MSR
 - Edelweiss
 - Edelrid
 - MOAC/Irvine
- Sit Harnesses
 - Whillans (N.B. Cannot be used in conjunction with a Chest Harness)
 - Ultimate (now out of production)
 - Edelweiss
 - Edelrid
 - Peck
 - Troll (may not be widely available yet)
- Full Body Harnesses
 - Troll
 - Deseke (Salewa)
 - Cassin

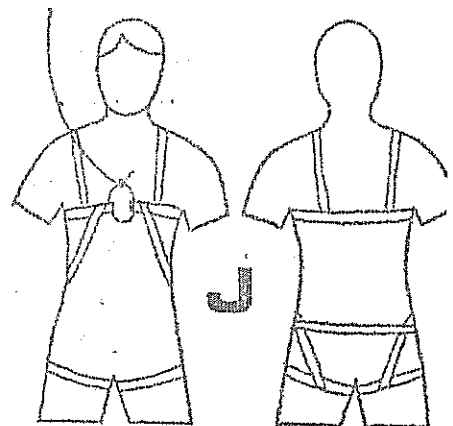
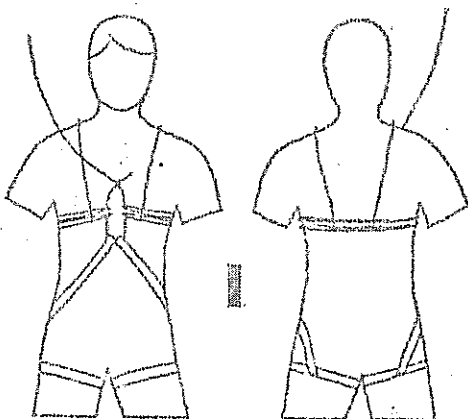
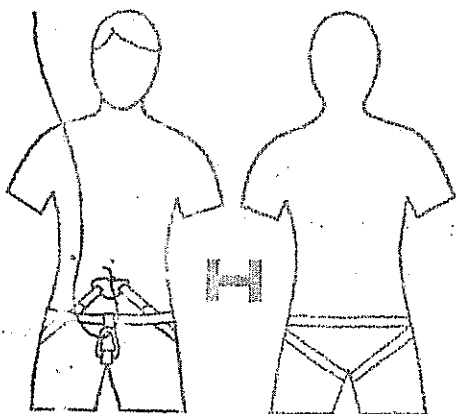
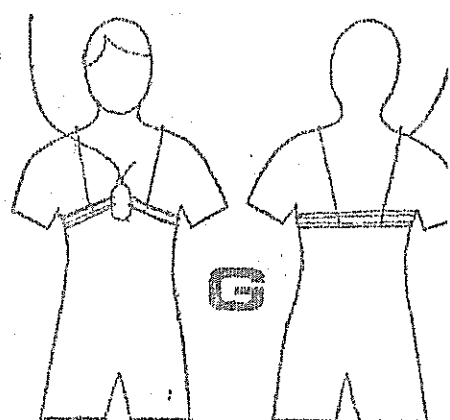
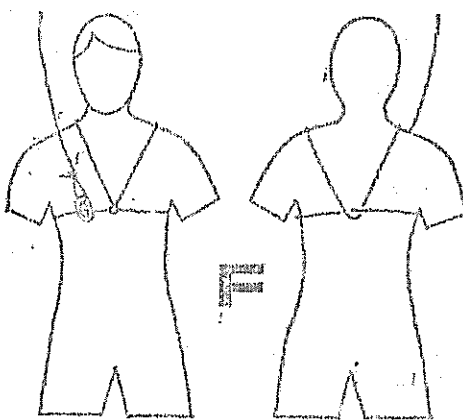
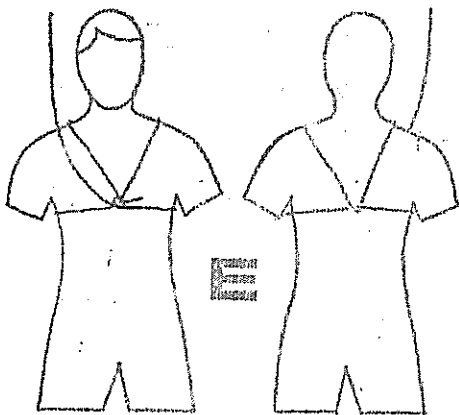
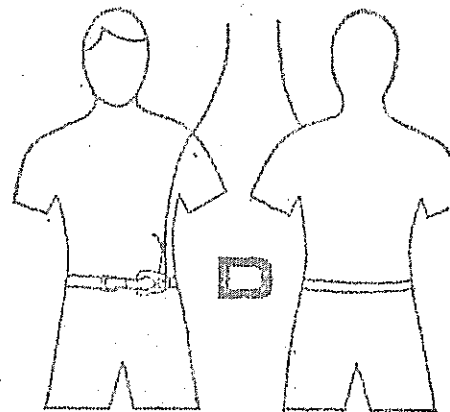
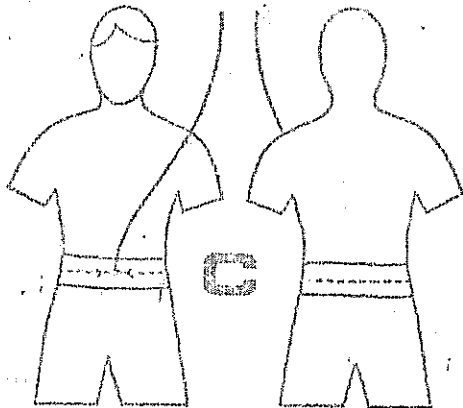
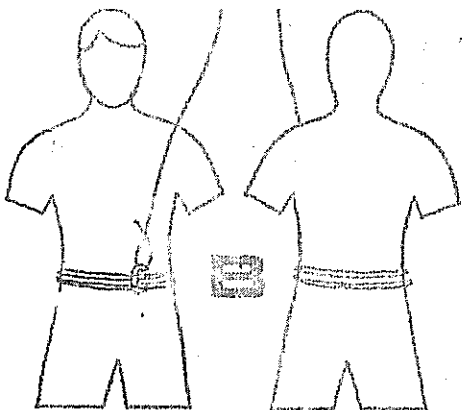
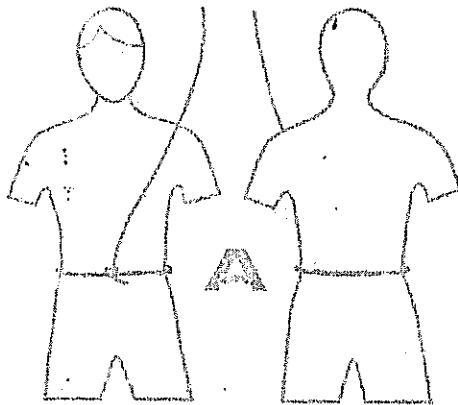
} Must be use with chest harnesses.

	<i>Method of Attachment</i>	<i>Hanging positions p. 54b</i>	<i>Typical examples</i>
A	Rope directly round waist	P, Q, R	
B	Waist belt and screwgate Karabiner	P, Q, R	
C	Rope threaded thru' waist belt	P, Q, R	Karrimor, MOAC, Troll Mk 2, and Mk 3
D	Waistbelt and screwgate Karabiner	P, Q, R	Karrimor, Troll Climbers Belt, MOAC/Irvine
E	Rope directly round chest and shoulders	S	
F	Rope directly round chest and shoulders plus screwgate Karabiner	S	
G	Chest harness	S	Troll, MSR, Edelweiss, Edelrid, MOAC/Irvine
H	Sit harness	T, U	Whitens, Ultimate, Edelweiss, Edelrid
I	Chest and sit harnesses combined	V, W	Troll, MSR, Edelweiss, Edelrid chest harnesses with Ultimate, Troll, Edelweiss or Edelrid sit harnesses
J	Full body harness	W	Troll, Deeke (Salewa)

HANGING POSITIONS



METHODS OF ROPE-ATTACHMENT



RAKIURA

The Island of the Glowing Sky
(better known today as STEWART ISLAND)

This beautiful little island is situated about 30 miles south of the South Island of New Zealand. As you may have guessed, this is pretty far south (hence the name "Island of the Glowing Sky" - it is still twilight around midnight in mid-summer). In fact the 47° S parallel runs through the island, making it almost twice as far south as from Sydney to Tasmania.

Rakiura is accessible only by boat - an inter-island ferry leaves the Bluff near Invercargill about four times each week. The cost for the return trip is about \$A6. The voyage traversing the Foveaux Strait takes about 3 hours, depending on the weather. It has been called one of the roughest stretches of water in the world.

On the trip across there was a 15 ft swell running, and the pallid looks on the passengers' faces (including our brave party of four) confirmed this fact. The ferry docks at Oban, a small fishing village - the only town on the island. The town has two general stores, but everything is much cheaper on the mainland, so it is best to come fully prepared.

The weather on the island can be really wild. The prevailing Westerlies come ripping along, often at 30 knots or more, since their only obstacle to circumnavigating the globe is the southern tip of South America and Stewart Island. The wind is also generally laden with water. Consequently it rains almost every day on Stewart Island without fail. (And when it doesn't rain it hails!). In all, out of the six days our party spent on the island, we had one fine day - and the locals said we were lucky for it had rained solidly for a fortnight before we arrived.

The island measures about 60 km long and 40 km wide and is uninhabited apart from Oban. So if one is prepared to persevere with the weather, there is some beautiful country to be seen. There are many well marked walking tracks crossing the island. They were put in and are maintained by the N.Z. Forestry Service.

In keeping with the climate, the island is covered largely by dense rainforest and/or swamp. The walking tracks can

become very boggy, especially after heavy rain. In fact people have been known to become completely submerged by taking one wrong step (one member of our party, who wishes to remain anonymous, has verified this personally!)

The island has a number of conveniently located survival huts (luxurious by Australian standards). These sleep up to 16 people comfortably in many cases. They were built and are maintained by the N.Z. Forestry Service and walkers may use them free of charge.

The flora and fauna on the island is equally outstanding. There are many varieties of trees, ferns and shrubs native only to N.Z. The birdlife, while not prolific, is also fascinating, to say the least. Rumour has it that there is still the wild kiwi to be seen, particularly in the southern half of the island where there are no serviceable walking tracks to speak of. There are also a number of varieties of deer, and the odd deer hunter (so it is not advisable to go out walking at night). It is sad to see such hunters on the island, but if the deer population is not kept in check, they would eventually strip the ground bare. This has in fact happened in many parts of N.Z. already. Then on the other hand it is good to see that much of the island has been set aside as reserves for the preservation of native flora and fauna.

Finally here is a little history to round up this epic trip. Stewart Island was discovered first by the Maoris, and then by Captain Cook in 1770 (yes, he certainly got around). It became populated in the great whaling days of the 19th century. Since then it has suffered a decline until very recently when it has become an attraction for one day visitors from the mainland and for longer stays by friendly bushwalkers.

Well there it is in a nutshell. If you want more information, contact Charlie Morris or myself, or write to the N.Z. Forestry Service on the island. There is certainly no other place like it.

George Georgevits

ETTREMA GORGE

Ettrema is the name given to a river and a gorge, in one of the last wilderness areas of the East Coast of Australia. They are situated in the Tullyangela Labrinth of the Morton National Park.

Except for a fire trail entering the area from the south, the gorge and river would be quite inaccessible to walkers, except by an arduous walk through remote and rugged country that surrounds the area - 2 days from Bungonia in the west, and the Shealhaven River to the north, 3 days to Nowra in the east and 2 days from the Nowra-Braidwood Road in the south.

The remoteness of this country leads to a feeling of isolation when walking, through Ettrema. This isolation comes from the country and is visible by the profusion of wildlife and the lack of evidence of previous human intrusion.

Within this area a 2 day walk (weekend) is possible, that takes you into the heart of the wilderness. With the release of a little energy some magnificent country can be covered.

Suggested Walk:

From Nowra, take the road to Braidwood past HMAS Albatross (airbase) from where the dirt road starts. About 40 miles from Nowra a turnoff to the right is noted. There should be a sign to "Touga" but don't count on it. This is the fire trail. The party should arrive at this point early on Saturday morning if the walk is to be completed within 2 days. If you are travelling down on Friday night it is advisable to drive on to Endrik River and spend the night there, returning to the fire trail on Saturday morning.

The fire trail is followed for 11 km to a fork where the right hand trail is taken, to Quiera Clearing (5 km) and on to Tullyangela Clearing, a further 10 km, where the car is left. From here walk north along the road for 3 km to MR 166892 where you leave the track and head across country to Dungeon Canyon. The walk over this part is over scrub covered plateau where navigation can prove tricky until the canyon is entered by a tributary creek at MR 210 909.

Dungeon Canyon is a little disappointing in the upper reaches,

being scrubby with few pools, but going is easy and soon, the canyon opens out into a gorge. In this section the first of 3 swims are encountered, but with some rock scrambling these can be avoided. The creek is followed, beneath tall casurina trees to its junction with Ettrema creek where a campsite and a large pool end the day.

Sunday morning is spent walking up Ettrema Creek on either bank or in the stream. Crossings are frequent so wet sandals are the curse of the day. After a few hours walking, Hamlet Crown can be seen as a cliffed intrusion into the gorge. An hour further on you come to the bottom of Transportation Spur, marked by a cairn if you are lucky. This is the best exit spot, to return to the cars. To gain the ridge, follow up the creek on the north side, past a small waterfall before heading left onto the crest. About half way up a knoll is reached from which a view into Gallows Gully is obtained. The walk from here to the cliff line, at Pardon Point is straight forward. To gain the top of the cliff at the Point, scramble across through a slot to the left side of the Point. From here a gully leads to the top and a magnificent view down to the gorge and over the Ettrema country. To gain the road again there is no specific route as most of the plateau is scrub covered. From wherever you meet the road, it is only a short walk back to the car and Tullyangela Clearing.

The round trip should not take longer than a weekend as long as you make an early start on Saturday, although in winter, with short days, a fast party may be desirable. Heavy rain would make the section along the creeks very dangerous so foresight is of prime importance. And a warning. With such an isolated area a rescue and search would be a major undertaking, so it is advisable to know what your party is capable of.

TIMES	Tullyangela clearing to Dungeon Canyon	4 hours
	Dungeon Canyon to Ettrema Creek	4-5 hours
	Ettrema Creek to Transportation Spur	4 hours
	Transportation Spur to pardon Point	1½ hours
	Pardon Point to road	1½ hours

MAP TOUGA 2 miles to the inch from the Lands Dept.

Bill Blunt.

FROSTBITE ?!?

We were shooting 'The Pink Panther' in the Italian Alps; the following day I was required to do something very simple on skis and the producer, not knowing that I would rather ski than eat, told me to take the afternoon off and practise with a ski teacher. So anxious was I to profit from his rash instruction before he realised I might break a leg, that I hustled off up the mountain in my thin movie ski outfit, halfwittedly ignoring the fact that on the ^{top} it was 35° below zero...so cold in fact that no one else was skiing. Halfway down and travelling fast behind the instructor, I suddenly got a feeling of absolutely nothing in precisely the spot where I should have been the warmest... something was badly amiss amidships. A neon-sign flashed on in my brain FROSTBITE and cupping my hands over the danger area, I inadvertently put myself into the racing position and flashed past the astonished instructor. At the bottom three maroon and mauve-coloured guides were warming themselves over a fire of fir branches.

'Gatso gelato!' I yelled in my shaky Italian.

The men were galvanised into instant action. This was a fate worse than death.

'Put it in the snow,' they shouted, plucking feverishly at my zipper.

'You put yours in the snow,' I gibbered, 'mine's cold enough.'

My instructor arrived. 'Alcohol!' he commanded. 'We put it in alcohol!'

We all clambered into his ancient car and I was driven through the main street of Cortina d'Ampezzo, one of the choicest resorts in the Alps, lying in the back with four horny-handed mountaineers, trying to keep the circulation going in my stricken friend.

In the bar of the Hotel de La Poste, smartly dressed clients, finishing a late lunch, gaped in amazement as we clumped to the bar and yelled at the barman to fill a brandy glass to the brim with whisky 'prentissimo!'

In the lavatory, while the Italians formed a solicitous clucking semi-circle, I faced the agony of the thaw and prised out of my pants a pale blue acorn. Into the whisky it went and the pain was excruciating....

From David Niven's THE MOON'S A BALLOON.