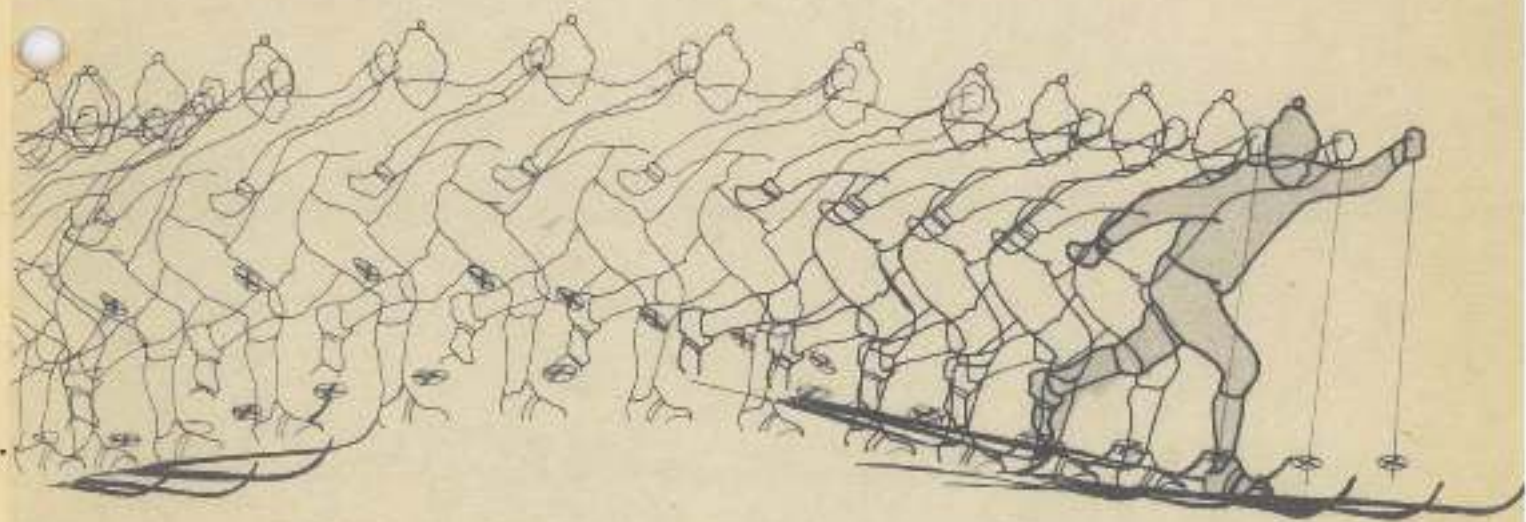


MOUSJAE





## DIAMOND PEAK

It was late afternoon on a cold February day when Charlie Morris, Bill McCallum, Adrian Sprogg and I started walking along Tim's track, which heads north from the Gordon Road about 15 miles past Maydena. Our intention was to climb Diamond Peak in the Prince of Wales Range, but that was many days walking away.

The next day saw us walking along the old and partly overgrown Russelas Track which travels across the buttongrass plains of the Upper Gordon Valley. That afternoon we had the long steep climb onto the Denison Range but after a 10 hour day we finally arrived at Lake Rhona, our intended camp. It was probably the physically hardest day of the trip - 19 miles, 3000 feet up with 50-55lb packs.

We were rewarded by the beauty of lake Rhona. Ringed by white beaches, it nestles below the 1000 ft high quartzite slabs of Reid's Peak. Unfortunately we didn't find the good campsite in the forest on the Northern shore until next morning but we slept well amongst the bottom grass anyway.

Next morning, we had only fleeting glimpses of the many lakes in the northern Denison Range due to the miserable weather. If you have a few spare days in Tassie, the Denison Range would be well worth a visit.

The rest of the day was spent plodding across the bottomgrass to Lake Curley. Inclement weather forced a rest day upon us there. The following day, after more miles of bottomgrass, we reached our campsite at lunch time. Bill and Adrian visited the northern extremities of the Spires that afternoon while Charlie and I climbed High Rocky and were rewarded with views of Ossa, Frenchman's Cap, Mt. Anne and the Arthurs.

The next day was probably the worst of the trip. It was very hot and while following a bottomgrass ridge down to the Denison River we had our first taste of real scrub. There was only a few hundred yards of banana but it took nearly an hour to battle our way through that scrub and a lunch with flies and ticks crawling all over us really dented our enthusiasm. We struggled on to the Denison River where a swim and a good camp in a beech forest lifted our spirits.

The next day, by the time we were halfway up the bottomgrass spur leading onto the Prince of Wales Range, I was hoping that I would never see bottomgrass again. We reached the top to find three Sydney Uni Bush Walkers having lunch. It was the 12th day of a 30 day trip from the Lyell Hwy to the Gordon Dam via the King William and Prince of Wales Ranges. A sudden storm sent us all scurrying for a campsite.

The weather the next morning forced another rest day on us but the SUBW's moved on down the range in the afternoon. Next day was fine so we set out for a day trip to Diamond Peak. Four hours later we were on top of the very steep sided quartzite pyramid after a lot of low but fearsome scrub. Once on top we had lunch and admired the view. Suddenly Adrian started shouting "More, More!" and "Get it all



Diamond Peak (Cont.)

off!". We were baffled by this until we saw that one of the SUEW's (who had climbed the peak that morning and were now on the ridge below) was changing his pants. A few days in the brush does strange things to some people!

That night Charlie and I decided we would have to wear our pants backwards the next day (the fronts had already been ripped to shreds by the button grass and there had been a sewing time every night to patch up the day's holes). My Valleys had fallen apart completely by now so I used the spare pair.

These preparations were necessary because the next day we had to climb Algonkian Mountain. at 4.00pm the next day we walked (staggered, stumbled, crawled?) onto the summit of Algonkian since 7.30 that morning we had been fighting our way through the incredibly thick scrub. Now on the summit, we were happy to have covered those three terrible miles so quickly. The following conversation occurred.

"If I ever get a house, I'll call it Algonkian because it will remind me how good it is to be home."

A reply was "If I ever get an out house, I'll call it Algonkian because this is the biggest pile of shit I have ever seen!"

After a pleasant camp in a beech forest near the summit, we had another grilling march through tea-tree, beech forest and horizontal. I think we were all wishing that we would come across one of those lovely buttongrass plains that we had missed so much in the last few days. We never knew when we were well off.

Eventually we arrived at the Jane River Track (now a road) for a 15 mile road - back to the Lyell Hwy. I never realised road walking could be such bliss.

But the scrub didn't let us off as lightly as we thought. That night Bill was woken by noises next to him, then he heard, "Whats going on", then, "I'm a bit bewildered, here" He turned on his torch to find his tent companion crawling around on hands and knees, talking in his sleep. The light of the torch woke his companion (I must confess; it was me). I then explained my nightmare to Bill. I was walking through thick, Algonkian-tupe scrub when I fell over. I couldn't get up (hence on hands and knees) and I couldn't see the people who were supposed to be in front of me (it was dark)

Obviously a walk like leaves mental scars. Almost enough to turn you into a rock climber for life!

PETER POMSETT

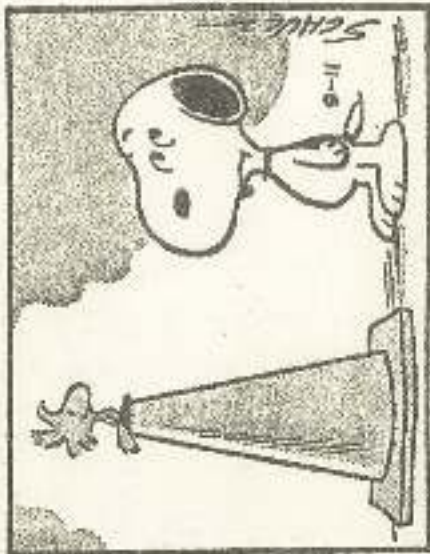
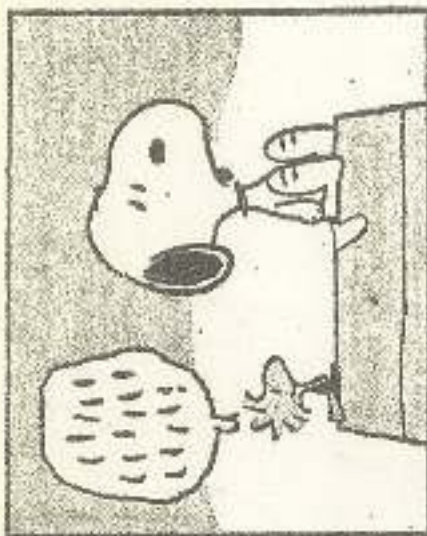


# PEANUTS

featuring

## Good ol' Charlie Brown

by SCHULZ



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THE ORIENTEERING:

Weekend in Melbourne great stuff  
All the plans fuse anticipation  
24 hours well the good side moonlight walking romantic  
Oops no moon that night  
There must be something good about it  
Ah the challenge

And were there murmurs of notadim  
not another one  
this is definately the last one

Shouted the morning after.  
The weekend after  
Atit again  
A team reshuffle and a few extras  
Felt better on familiar ground

Training walk well its good to know what to expect  
Plane strike well timed not long enough  
Train inevitably late (trout for breakfast)  
Melbourne headlines - Thunder and Lightning Storm hits  
Rain drizzled stopped started threatened

Start we arrived 12.30 maps arrived 3.30  
2 hours of daylight left  
Both teams had planned much the same route  
Both teams came in 3rd  
But the guys spent most of the time in the right places  
The girls spent most of the time in other places

Chocolate lollies ad nauseaum during the running  
Barbeque and grog back at uni

Slinky black shorts violently uncoordinated patterns  
Thank god for long johns and yak jackets (even if they do catch fire)  
Mens team tried to camouflage in j.g.s  
(How many guys in the club wear khaki)  
Flat batterie  
Sore feet (how many miles of road hashing)  
And the train was late into Sydney

The next weekend out to show it wasnt really so unpleasant  
A convenient tie for first in one section, places in the others  
And hot chocolates at Aroneys

Next year.....

Mega Thornton

## SLIDE SHOWS

Paul Mara.

Lets face it.

Club meetings can be pretty dull--boring in fact. And this is really just a reflection on the individual members. One of the most enjoyable aspects of climbing/walking is the taking of your own pictures and then the showing of them. But let's face it again, most slide shows only add to the boredom (cynical!), in spite of the, often, good work. One hundred reasonable slides, unedited, that mean a lot to the individual rarely go over well. But here are some "plus rules".

First- put some time into your slide shows. A recent one of (by?) Ross Vining, Virginia Wrice and myself took a total of seven hours to prepare!!! You don't have to spend this much time, but critically examine what you're trying to convey and ask are the slides appropriate to this. Remember always- your aim is to entertain, inspire, impress.

Next- decide what type of show you wish to have. Always try to add something to your slides. Ten good slides can often be built upon a theme which may be filled in by the "slide shower". A slide monologue of "This is Mt Drowsy and here we are Bill, George, Fred and this is me. You can't see our heads because I got someone else to take this shot and he hadn't used a camera before." just isn't good enough boys. Tell an interesting little story around each slide, Sell yourself and the slide. The better the anecdote, the better the slide will seem to be. I have seen six average slides enhanced by a good raconter to such an extent as to entertain an audience for a full three quarters of an hour.

Another good rule is to limit yourself. Don't try to show all your six weeks of New Zealand slides in one show. Show 15-20 good slides of one area. This is the "let the slide do the work" show. The slides must be good. Don't have to apologise for any slides and it goes without saying they should be the right way up and not back the front. The minimum of what each slide is, will probably do. Don't detail each bump on the horizon of every slide. Leave the audience wondering a little what some really impressive peak just a little off centre is. Try to make them want more at the end of every showing. A bit of mystery enhances your reputation and that of the slides enormously. This type of show is basically a descriptive one of "where we were and what we did".

The next ~~fixing~~ viewings to discuss are the extravaganza's. These are the multi-personality, event, place shows commonly seen at the start of the year. The dialogue and the slides play equal importance and consist of a string of ideas flowing together. They are numerous, inspiring, adventurous and move quickly. This was the type put on by Warwick in past years. They require pretty good slides and hard work- but they're worth it.

The last one we shall talk about is the musical slide show extravaganza. NO TALKING. The music should suit the slides and the show should be highly thematic. As with the other EXTRAVAGANZA SPECIALS the rule is VARIETY. These allow a lot of slides in a short time.

So, to summarise:

- 1) THINK ABOUT YOUR SLIDES
- 2) LIMIT YOURSELF
- 3) AND LEAVE US WANTING MORE



## AROUND THE WORLD IN 1,426 days

Anyone who has seriously considered the problem of how to become a famous person knows there are only two ways:

- (i) Do something that's never been done.
- (ii) Do something that's been done but never as well as you can do it.

If you're an ordinary schmuck with no talent then you have to choose the first way. Now in the good old days all you had to do was sail solo around the world, or float around on a raft, or go in a bi-plane, or a bicycle, or a scooter, or a double-decker bus, these days, however, we've run out of things to go around the world in. We've run out of things to do. If you want to be original you have to go and climb waterfalls (sorry, that's been done). Now I have a plan that will make this club famous. The world has been circumnavigated in almost every conceivable vehicle. But no one has ever walked around the world. Alright, I know about that Japanese fellow, Yoshi Hiroshite, who walked from Lisbon to Moscow (backwards), and those Eskimos who recently broke the record for the number of times they could run round the North Pole in a minute. But has anyone ever really walked all the way? Its dear Nat to do this properly you must

- a) Walk along a great circle (a circle round the earth of largest possible size, like the equator).
- b) Walk every inch of the way.

Now I admit there are a few problems.

### Problem No. 1 The Pacific Ocean

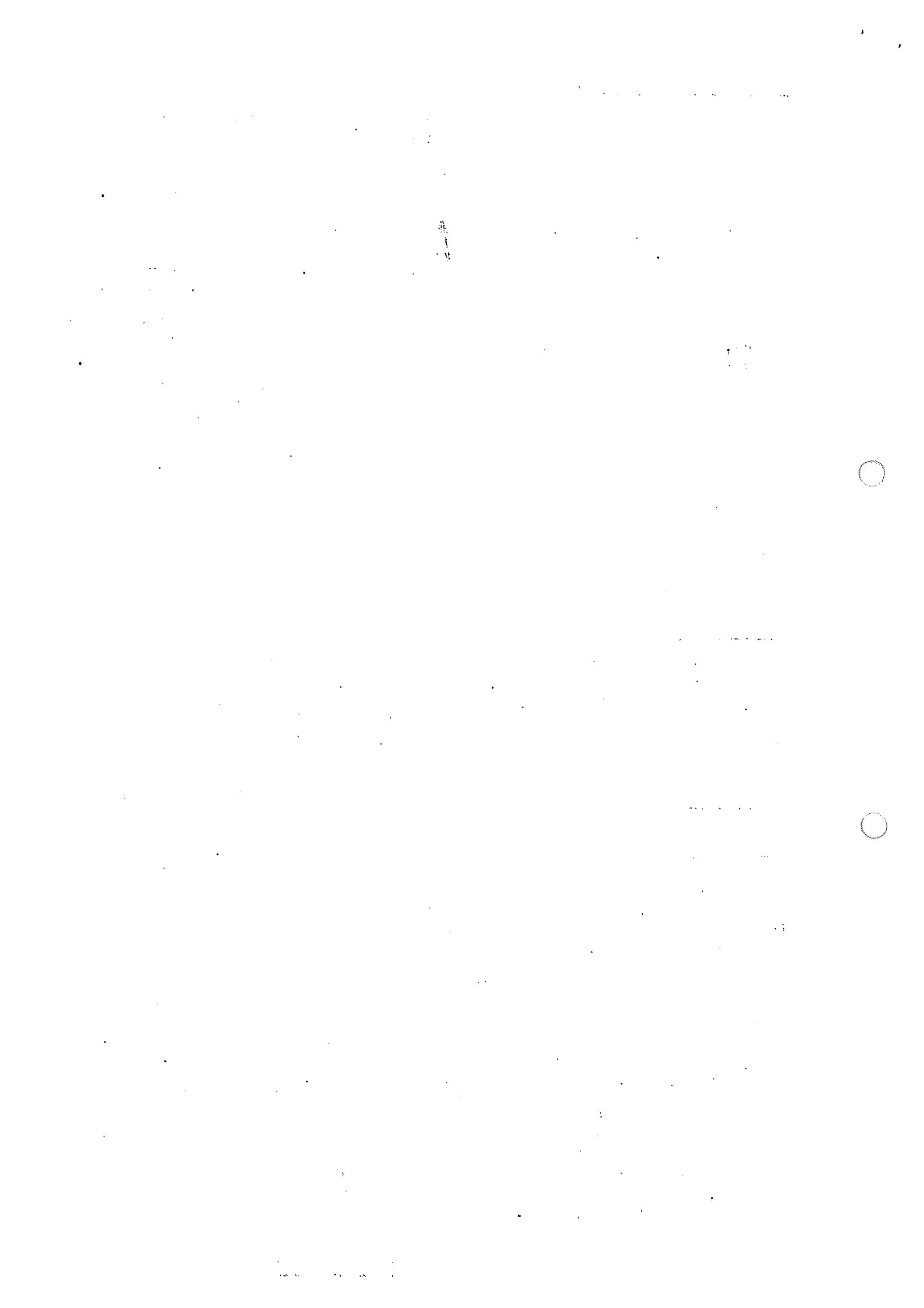
I think I've got this one licked. If you take a great circle that goes up through South America, North America, Alaska, down through Asia, across the Himalayas, a short wade across the Arabian Sea, bit of bush-bashing across central Africa, then a brisk stroll through Archi waters back up to Tierra del Fuego, you almost completely avoid the Pacific Ocean.

### Problem No. 2 Should you walk on the water or under it?

Let me say straight away that swimming is out. That's cheating, and no-one will be impressed. As for walking on the water..., I believe its been done, but there are disadvantages. It would be difficult to get to sleep at nights with the waves rocking you up and down all the time. Also, maps would be of very little use. On the whole, I favour walking along the seabed, where you will have your feet on solid ground. (Well, it might be a little bit cozy.)

Details such as equipment, provisions are easily worked out. You would have to take shark-repellant as well as insect repellent. Mars bars can be bought almost anywhere in the world, so you needn't go hungry. I think to be done properly this should really be done alone, Charlie, but you should be allowed to take a pet. Something amphibious, like a long-fish. Yes, a pet lungfish would be ideal, the monks in Tibet will probably go all gooey over it and weave a special carrying basket or give you a year's supply of rice. There remains only one small problem. Volleys or Adidas? I'll let you work that out for yourself, Charlie, and in conclusion I'd just like to say that you have the full support of the U.N.S.W. Rushwalkers Club in this glorious venture, and when you emerge dripping from the sea at Cape Horn, if you could just mention my name.....

BILL McCALLUM





## SHOAL BAY

In a few months when the days are longer and hotter and you want to do some climbing, but not on the hot faces of the Blue Mountains then a sea cliff, not far south of Newcastle could provide an interesting trip.

Shoal Bay is a small fishing point just north of Nelson on the Southern shore of Port Stephens. It is also the name given to the coastal cliff on the southern headland which is where some climbing has taken place.

After driving through Shoal Bay you continue to the "end of the road" where there is a Psychiatric centre and a beach. You could leave your car here.

The cliff is basically in 2 parts, a northern and southern sections, being split by the "cleft" - a large vertical sided gully which penetrates into the cliff about 50m. At the back of this there is a boulder beach, with the only access to it, being by climbing or swimming. Along the northern half of the cliff a rock platform provides access to the base of the climbs while the southern cliff rises straight from the sea. The cliffs above the "cleft" are up to 150m high and taper off to the north and south.

The rock is good Diorite on the bottom and top thirds, while the middle third can be loose in some sections.

Access to the northern section is through the psychiatric centre and around the headland on a fire trail which eventually brings you to some W.W.2 fortifications. From here a foot track leads to an abseil from a bolt or further to a gully. By abseiling 30-40m you can reach an intermediate ledge and then a scramble takes you to the rock platform. The gully can provide easy climbing out. Access to the Southern cliff is by traversing the sand dunes and sidling the deadland.

Several years ago 3 members from the club visited the area and put up a couple of routes. These are probably the only ones done to this day. A couple of short climbs started from the ledge on the north face of the cleft - the descriptions and names of these have been forgotten but the one climb that couldn't be forgotten is KOSSES by Swain, Vining and Blunt. The description is as follows.



PART 1 Gets you on to the beach.

Start - On the left end of the rock ledge on the Northern face of the cleft below a large slab.

Climb - In 2 pitches make a rising traverse across the slab and ledges to a corner below a wall and above the beach in the cleft. Abseil onto the beach.

PART 2 Gets you off the beach.

Start - A small corner, crack system a few metres left of the abseil.

Climb - Up the corner to ledges and make a rising left traverse across broken rock to below a vertical wall. Move right along the ledges and around the nose onto the exposed face and into a crack system that can be followed to the top.

This climb took nearly a full day and provides the only route so far onto and off the beach. A nut may be found at the top of the abseil.

The cliffs, both north and south of the cleft offer some magnificent lines, some short and some long. Some would require a traverse or swim to the start while you could walk to others.

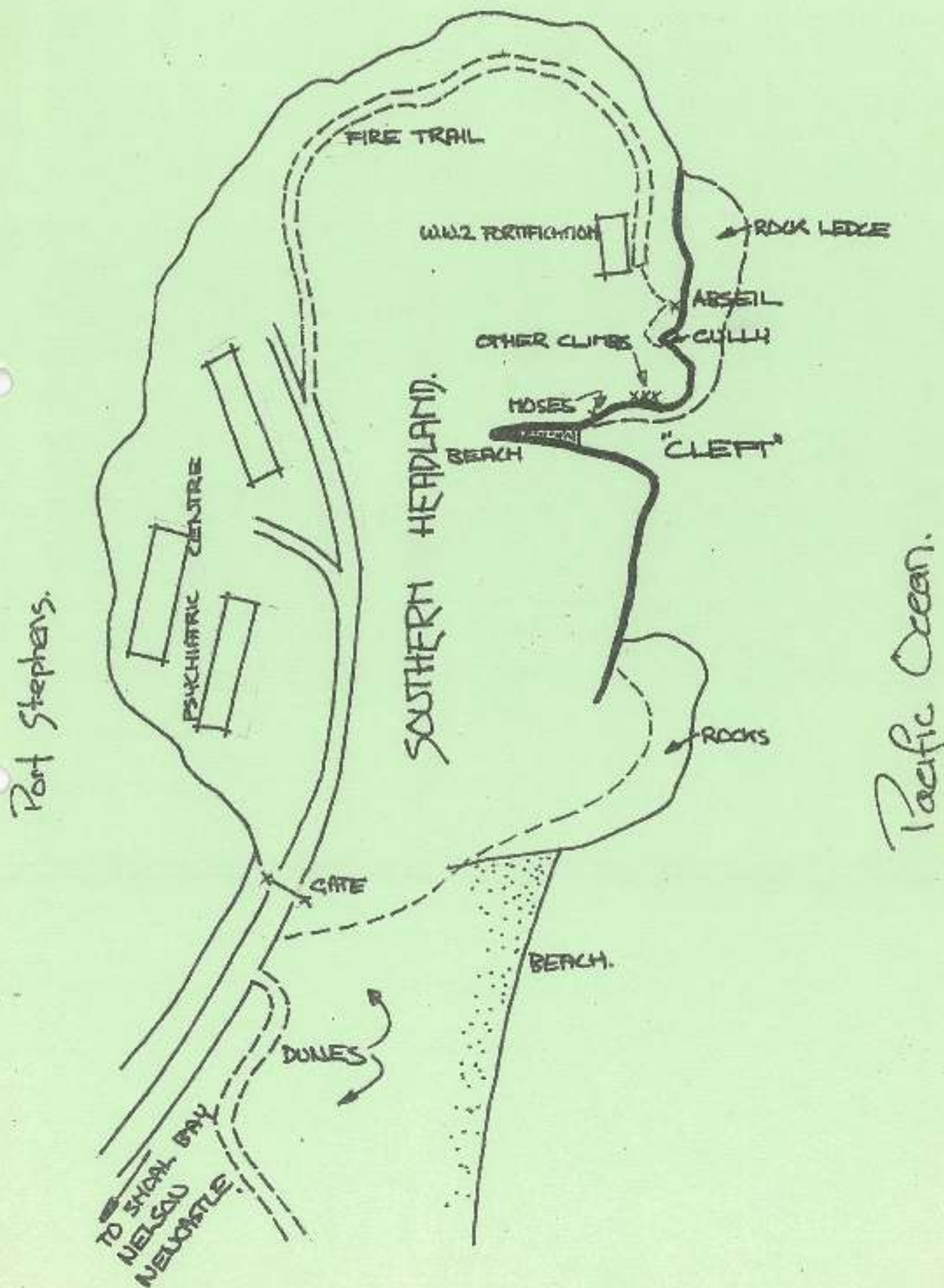
Camping could be a problem, but you could possibly stay in the old fortification but you would need to carry water.

Access through the psychiatric centre may be closed now, so it may be worth asking the manager.

Take your swimmers and lilo

BILL BLUNT.

# SHOAL BAY. (LOCATION).







UNIVERSITY OF NEW SOUTH WALES MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

6th October, 1977

NOTES ON SURVIVAL

Now that the skiing season is about to start, this article may prove to be of help. It is a resume of an article originally published in the Federated Mountain Clubs of New Zealand issue no. 43, October, 1972.

BACKGROUND A party of two climbing on Ruapehu, trapped for seven days in an igloo, by a blizzard.

REASONS FOR DIGGING IN "We felt that we ran the risk of exposure and of having an accident. Bad weather does not last for ever." "One important thing... was to establish shelter before our strength ran out and while it was still light".

SHELTER "Knowing that our tent would be ripped in the high winds, we used an igloo for shelter. "Advantages over a snowcave are:

- i) faster to build
- ii) not trapped by heavy snowfalls
- iii) able to hear shouts from rescue parties.

CLOTHING: Usual climbing gear including down sleeping bag and duvet. The clothing became saturated and the down gear became useless. The woollen clothing was tremendous. They slept in one sleeping bag and wrapped the other one over the top. The procedure was warmer than shivering in individual bags.

ATTRACTING SEARCHERS Writing "S.O.S." on the snow and placing markers was useless. Contact was made by hearing a shout. To attract attention a billy and a frying pan were banged. A whistle would have been useful. Voices were limited because of their lack of volume and the short time it is possible to shout.

MAINTAINING OPTIMUM SURVIVAL CONDITIONS "Once we had decided to stay put, we did everything possible to maintain warmth and energy. The entrance was blocked up by snow but we did not try to reopen this (air came from a peephole). Instead we weakened a wall for a quick getaway. We remained inside the whole time and only ventured out once".

Hopefully the above resume will provide some helpful points, so that if it ever became necessary, some background for survival will have already been met.

NICK B.

## THE OUTDOOR CHEF

The continuing saga of the culinary sensations as experienced by "The Outdoor Chef" on his many wanderings.

Ever come into camp feeling wet, cold, tired as you wearily close the tent door to stop the wet snow blowing in. You know that the best thing to have is a good, hot meal; however, you are too exhausted to bother cooking and you miserably crawl into your fleshbag. Cheer up! Modern technology has succeeded in packaging a super lightweight meal, which is super nice, super easy to prepare and super expensive. It happens to be the rage of freeze-dried foods that have lately come to Sydney. The brand is "Mountain House" and includes such succulent titles as:

Shrimp Creole, Tuna a la Neptune  
Granola and Blueberries  
Ice-cream vanilla

Preparations consist of just boiling for five minutes, thence simmering for five minutes; and presto a meal for two is provided. Price? main courses \$2.95 to \$3.95. Happy eating and spending.



NICK B.

## THE GOLDEN BIRD

I watched the new moon fly  
behind a summit tree  
To perch on an upper branch  
And so look down on me.

Upon that very instant,  
the glowing gully rang  
with a kookaburra's laughter,  
while frogs and crickets sang.

I was a dreamy lad,  
walking the bush along:  
it was thirty years ago...  
In all that I have known,

the frogs have never croaked,  
the crickets never chirred,  
so blithely as on that night  
when the moon was a laughing bird,

new moon, a golden bird,  
perched high, with beak in the air,  
when I was a dreamy lad  
and the bush was everywhere.



## WHEN WILL WE EVER LEARN ?

Chief Seattle, leader of the Suquamish in the Washington Territory, delivered a prophetic speech in 1854, to mark the transferral of ancestral Indian land to the Federal Government of the United States:

"The Great Chief in Washington sends word that he wishes to buy our land. The Great Chief also sends us words of friendship and goodwill. This is kind of him, since we know that he has little need of our friendship in return. But we will consider your offer. For we know that if we do not sell, the white man may come with guns and take our land.

"How can you buy or sell the sky, the warmth of the land? The idea is strange to us. If we do not own the freshness of the air and the sparkle of the water, how can you buy them? Every part of this earth is sacred to my people. Every shining pine needle, every sandy shore, every mist in the dark woods, every clearing and humming insect is holy in the memory and experience of my people....

"The river are our brothers, they quench our thirst. The rivers carry our canoes and feed our children. If we sell our land, you must remember and teach your children that the rivers are our brothers, and yours, and you must henceforth give the rivers the kindness you would give to any brother. The red man has always retreated before the advancing white man, as the mist of the mountain runs before the morning sun. But the ashes of our fathers are sacred. Their graves are holy ground, and so these hills, these trees, this portion of the earth is consecrated to us. We know that the white man does not understand our ways. One portion of the land is the same to him as the next, for he is a stranger who comes in the night and takes from the land whatever he needs. The earth is not his brother but his enemy, and when he has conquered it, he moves on. He leaves his fathers' graves behind him, and he does not care. He kidnaps the earth from his children. He does not care. He treats his mother, the earth, and his brother, the sky, as things to be bought, plundered sold like shiip or bright beads. His appetite will devour the earth and leave behind only desert. I do not know. Our ways are different from your ways....

"There is no quiet place in the white man's cities. No place to hear the unfurling of the leaves in spring or the rustle of insects' wings. But perhaps it is because I am a savage and do not understand... And what is there to life if a man cannot hear the lonely cry of the whip-poor-will or the arguments of the frogs around a pool at night? The air is precious to the red man, for all things share the same breath. The white man does not seem to notice the air he breathes....

"I am a savage and I do not understand any other way. I have seen a thousand rotting buffaloes on the prairie, left by the white man who shot them from a passing train. I am a savage and I do not understand how the smoking iron horse can be more important than the buffalo that we kill only to stay alive. What is man without the beasts? If all the beasts were gone men would die from a great loneliness of spirit... We will consider your offer to go to the reservation you have for my people... It matters little where we spend the rest of our days. Our children have seen their fathers humble in defeat... Men come and go like the waves of the sea. Even the white man cannot be exempt from the common destiny.

"So if we sell our land, love it as we loved it. Care for it as we cared for it."

Seeing a thing with your own eyes once is better than hearing about it a hundred times.

ANONYMOUS





HAVE YOU EVER HAD THE URGE TO CLIMB A MOUNTAIN?



YES,....

...I'VE HAD THE URGE MANY TIMES.



ME TOO!  
I WONDER WHY THAT IS?



BECAUSE IT'S THERE.



WHAT KIND OF A DUMB THING IS THAT TO SAY?



EVERYTHING IS 'THERE!'



THOSE TWO ROCKS ARE 'THERE!'



WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH MOUNTAIN CLIMBING?

...UH....  
...NOTHING...  
...REALLY....











...I HAD THIS URGE TO STICK THEM UP YOUR NOSE.





10

<p>THEY WERE VERY HAPPY AND SANG AND DANCED</p> 	<p>THEY WERE VERY HAPPY AND SANG AND DANCED</p> 	<p>THEY WERE VERY HAPPY AND SANG AND DANCED</p> 
	<p>THEY WERE VERY HAPPY AND SANG AND DANCED</p> 	
<p>THEY WERE VERY HAPPY AND SANG AND DANCED</p> 		<p>THEY WERE VERY HAPPY AND SANG AND DANCED</p> 