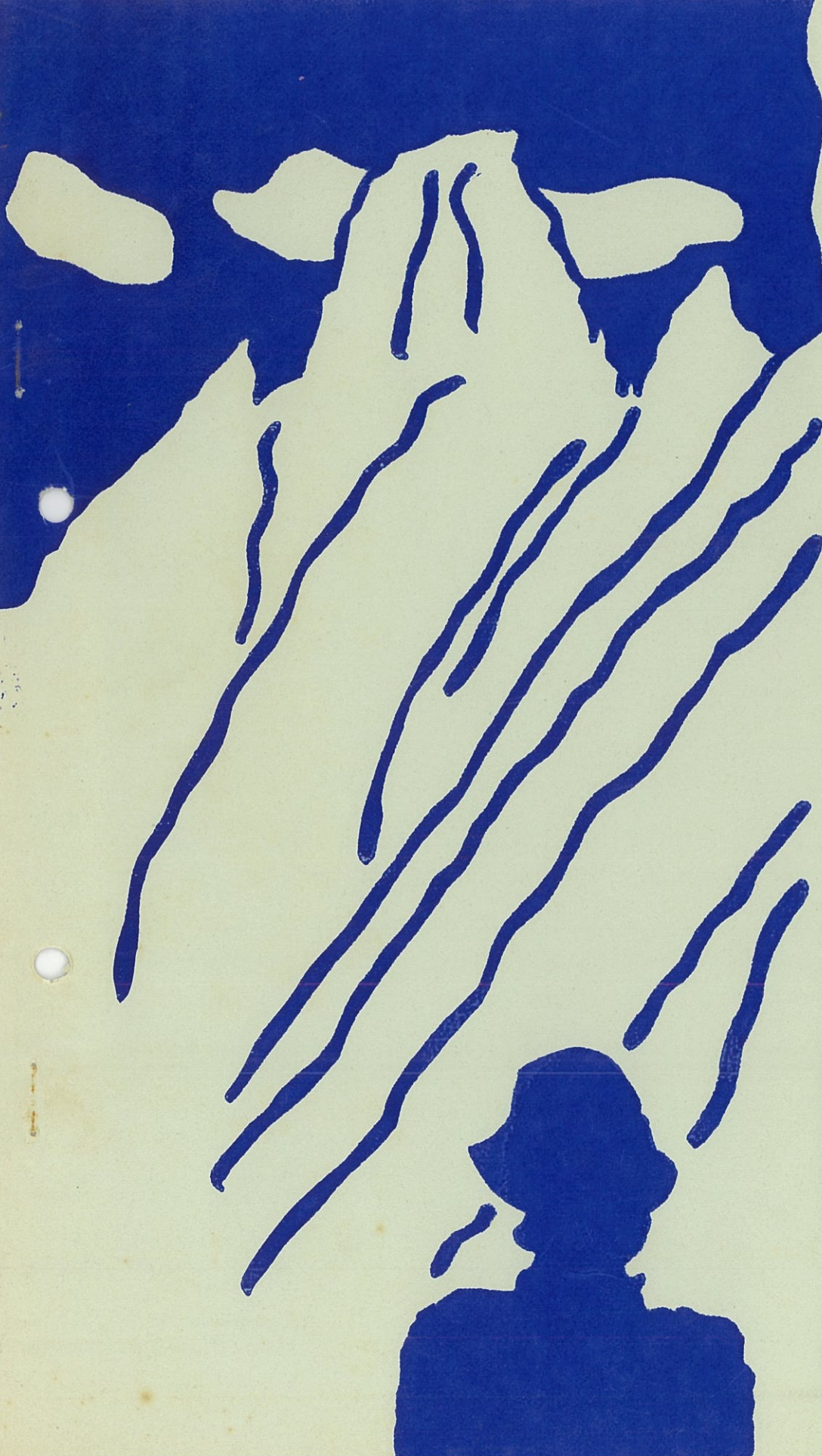


THE  
SCHOOL  
OF  
ART  
AND  
DESIGN  
UNIVERSITY OF  
TORONTO





IN LIEU OF AN EDITORIAL

MOBSAC

JOURNAL OF THE

MOUNTAINEERING & BUSHWALKING CLUBS

UNIVERSITY OF NEW SOUTH WALES

SEPTEMBER

1974

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FRONT COVER - FEDERATION PEAK FROM THE DEVILS THUMB

IN LIEU OF AN EDITORIAL

The following extract from the Walks Secretary's Report for 1973-74 serves more than sufficiently as an editorial to excuse me from writing one. What is said applies equally well to all aspects of both club activities. My thanks to all those who helped to get this issue off the ground.

Charlie Morris

WALKS SECRETARY'S REPORT

The most disconcerting development was the lack of development. The number of trip leaders had declined to a small core of stalwarts and couple of new ones, but these had been around from some time anyway. Not one person who joined the club this year, or last year, has yet led a walk. This I find foreboding as there seems to be no new potential leaders to carry on, which is as essential in a University club with a high membership turnover. Perhaps this is the fault of established members for becoming too cliquey, but in the interests of the club I should ask everyone to have a go at leading a walk.

Don't start with something hard, try an easy day walk in the Royal National Park or Kurringai Chase to get the feel of it, and go on from there. And the feel of it is different. Leading trips gives a totally different attitude to walking and it is not hard. Almost anyone could lead an easy trip after only a few weekends following someone else.

Don't let the club become a club of followers - you'll soon find there's none to follow!

I'm serious,

PETER TUFT

REMEMBER - FRIDAY, 20TH SEPTEMBER

BUSHIE'S BALL

PETERSHAM TOWN HALL

\$6 Double

Cnr. Crystal & Frederick Sts.

## MOUNT YORK

Mt York has had its moments, and not just from the 'Rubbernecks'. During the second week of the June break, this beaut little place was the scene of intense activity by some half-dozen or so energetic climbers. The Sunday morning produced quite a congregation in Ross, Blunt Bill, Megs, Warwick and of course Lyn, Al Nutley, and myself.

The climbing areas which we regularly visit are generally west facing, and really make the climbing hazardous in howling winds. They are all unlike Mt York which offers us the north-facing cliffline. (Arr! A north face!) This has the advantage of warm, sunny weather when the traditional areas are out. The climbing is great with beaut views - providing of course Ross isn't leading.

The rock is at times of concern to the leader, but with Bill having done a majority of the routes and having sent down literally tons of rubbish onto his poor unsuspecting second (hmmm!) the cliff now boasts of relatively 'clean' climbs.

Al Nutley made friends with the 'local honorary ranger' (in name only) and assured us of his gregarity and vast knowledge of conservation and its application. Yet, upon returning a week later, all our work with shovel and pick in converting the sandy cave to comfortable quarters, was all in vain for he had returned it to its original state in the name of conservation! Thanking Al's judgement!

Nineteen new routes fell in the next few days to Wednesday with the most notable to Ross, a grade 17 called 'Viparete', which was eagerly followed by Warwick. Megs followed me up 'Pop', a nice wall, and proved the theory of women having good balance to be true.

Warwick put up a beaut layback and chimney corner called 'Peppercorner' which was seconded gymnastically by none other than the lovely Lyn, and in fine style by Ross and Bill.

The climbs consist of short hard lines up to 100 ft, or, for the converted, 30 odd metres. Most of the routes provide a variety of hard techniques. Mt York, unlike other areas, allows the art of jamping to be practiced without doing hard climbs. In fact, Lyn managed to defy Murphy's third law absolutely: "Jamb moves will!", and after much trouble removed both hand and foot from the crack - in all places, on the crux.

Ross and Bill have spent some time at York since then, with the wall above the cave falling to Ross who promptly called it 'Aunty Jack' (grade 19 - 20) because, to quote, "It rips your bloody arms off." In the meantime Bill perfected horizontal head jamping, to Warwick's dismay, who had to second him and rescue the jammed helmet.

In all, it was a great time for those who were there. It certainly was good to see so many active together, and hopefully more fulfilled weekends will come about through combined efforts.

Joe Lorincz

LAKE WAIKAREMOANA TRACK

UREWERA NATIONAL PARK

This track can be divided up into smaller sections by using each hut provided as an overnight or just a puff-stop. Total length of track is 25 mlo. Starting point is Onepoto which is off highway 38 (Napier-Rotorua). There is a bus service which stops at Park Headquarters where all the information about the track is provided.

Onepoto to Panekiri Hut - 8 bunks; water provided.

The route lies straight up and along Panekiri Bluff from Onepoto. There is quite a hard climb one Onepoto to Pukenui Trig (2000' climb) thence an undulating ridge to follow to Panekiri Hut (3873'). Excellent views of the lake from the Bluff. Track gets very muddy.

Panekiri to Waiopaoa Hut.

The route starts off along Panekiri Range and then drops steeply off the range and heads down to Lake shore. Transition from high country beach forest to open grasslands and kamaki forest.

Waiopaoa Hut = 18 bunks; tank and lake water.

Waiopaoa - Maraviti Hut.

From the hut to Korokora Stream the track goes thru grass flats and manuka scrub along the lake shore. A signposted track leads off to the left to Korokoro Falls which are worth seeing (30 mts ret.). The rest of the track to Maraviti Hut is benched at heights ranging from 20' to 150' above the water.

Maraviti Hut - 18 bunks; lake water.

Maraviti - Te Puna Hut

Follow round head of inlet to back of Te Kopua Bay, thence over a low saddle and back to lake shore at Te Totara Bay. This part of track gets very wet and muddy and slippery. Follow along shore around Waiharuru Stream to Te Puna hut.

Te Puna-Wanganui (18 bunks, tank and stream water)

The track leaves the back of the hut and climbs over a saddle to the lake shore again at Tapnarnui Bay. From here follow the track until Hopuahuahine River is met. After fording the river follow the access road to highway 38 where the bus will pick you up.

Approximate times

	Fit Party	Av. party	Never walked before party
Onepoto to Panekiri	3 hours	5 hours	7 hours
Panekiri to Waiopaoa	2 "	3½ "	4½ "
" to Maraviti	2½ "	4½ "	6 "
" to Te Puna	2 "	3 "	4 "
" to Wanganui	1½ "	2 "	3 "
" to 38	2 "	2½ "	3 "

## TONGARIRO NATIONAL PARK

Access: Bus services from Wanganui, Taupo, Tau marunui to Park.

Contact NZR Bus Services for details.

Features of Park: Volcanoes, crater lakes, thermal pools, boiling mud.

All the walks within the park are interesting and range from easy to average. Information provided at Park Headquarters (Chateau Tongariro).

Suggested route to maximise enjoyment from this park is to get bus to Erva on highway and walk from Erva to Chateau Tongariro.

Magnificent views en route to Chateau Tongariro. A short track from this track will lead to a set of rapids which are snow white from the mineral that is deposited on the rocks.

Chateau - Mangatepopo (12 bunks, tank water).

A very easy 2 hour walk along flat country with great views of Mt. Ngauruhoe and the Chateau. Packs can be left here.

Follow the track to the summit of Ngauruhoe to Emerald Lakes, Blue Lake, Red Crater, summit of Tongariro and the Ketatahi Springs. All the above are worth seeing, but only a fit party will be able to fit it all in a day. Alternative is to take your packs and camp at Ketatahi Hut (22 bunks).

Starting again from Mangatepopo proceed along the Salmons Track to the Waihohonu Track. This should take 2 hours. Another 2 hours should bring you to the turnoff to the Upper & Lower Tama Lakes. Like Blue and Emerald Lakes, the Tama Lakes are extinct craters filled with water. From Upper Tama Lake, Mt. Ruapehu can be seen. Rejoin the turnoff and either stay the night at Old or New Waihohonu Hut, or follow the track out to State Highway 1.

Maps of the Parks can be obtained from the Chateau or the New Zealand Forestry Commission.

<u>Approximate times</u>	<u>Fit</u>	<u>Average</u>
Chateau - Mangatepopo -	2 hrs.	2½ hours.
Mangatepopo - Ketatahi (etc.) -	day	day
Ketatahi - Mangatepopo - Waihohonu	10 hrs.	12 hrs.
Waihohonu - Highway -	1½ hrs.	2 hrs.

Tony Manea

Far off across the Tasman  
There's a little wooded isle,  
Greeted gaily by most climbers  
With a great big hairy smile.

There's great big snowy mountains  
Reaching right up through the sky;  
Some wonder how the West-bix  
Could be piled up so high!!  
Now cover these with ice-cream,  
That comes rolling off the top,  
But leave off the candied cherry:  
P'raps it's rolled into a slot?

There's wide and level valleys  
On the Canterbury side,  
Full of matta-bloody-gowie  
That can rip off bullock's hide.  
But some are full of rubble,  
Far as the eye can see -  
Piled up, no doubt, by contract  
With good old B.M.G.

In the province known as Westland,  
Where the scrub is thick and wet,  
Imagine huge mosquitoes  
That make Boeings look like specks;  
Couple these with dreaded sandflies,  
No bigger than a dot,  
That can penetrate all safeguards  
And bite in unexpected spots.

Up north, but south of Egmont,  
The trampers love so well  
The Tararura ranges,  
With slopes as steep as hell,  
Made for "heavy" trampers,  
Who with enterprising minds,  
On wet and rainy weekends  
Quarry biscuits on the side.

The "gently" flowing rivers,  
That rumble down moraines,  
That move enormous boulders,  
Before torrential rains,  
Rise six feet in an hour,  
And then when they recede  
The place looks somehow different -  
That rain we didn't need.

All in all however,  
This pleasant little place,  
Is each and every Christmas  
A climber's homage place.  
So when climbers talk of climbing,  
Of tales of dread and fear,  
Of nights in cold wet bivvies,  
Of avalanches near,  
They're talking of their home ground,  
The place they hold so dear,  
Of little old New Zealand:  
Leap up and give a cheer.

Warwick Williams.



STAND UP AGAINST THE WIND

Stand up against the wind -
It is a battle to be won
Now you're here you can't rescind :
Face it or be done .
Let it blow against your spirit
Bend and take it in your stride ,
For you really mustn't fear it -
Keep your temerity inside :
There is challenge in this blizzard
You were ready for the worst
You can't wish for a wizard -
Besides, such cowardice is curs'd
Let the icy fingers brace you
Let the snow refresh your soul
Make each movement that you do
Lead to your final goal .
Don't look back except to savour
The experience gained behind
But it's also in your favour
To tread the future in your mind .
Move ahead with every step
Whether it be fast or slow ;
Don't be too proud to accept help
When alone you'd come to woe .
For there's no glory in a conquest
That becomes the conqueror
Remember after today's rest
There's tomorrow's open door .
But if your challenge has been met
And you've felt your private joy ,
There's no reason for regret
And any fear was but a toy -
You have reached the new tomorrow
You survived the bitter-sweet hell
To feel exhilaration you can't borrow
And a love of life you can't sell .

JANET MARSDEN

THE ULTIMATE WALK:  
The Western Arthurs of South West Tasmania.

In February this year four club members, Robyn Bonny, Tim Collins, Charlie Morris and myself, spent three weeks in the heart of S.W. Tasmania, completing an extended traverse of the Western Arthur, Eastern Arthur and Picton Ranges. We started from Tahune Bridge on the Huon R., 60km S.W. of Hobart, then walked 50km west up the Huon Valley in 2½ days. The remaining 18 days were spent returning to our starting point through the ranges - S.E. through the Arthurs then north over the Pictons.

To N.S.W. walkers the Western Arthurs are almost inconceivably rugged. The 25km of jagged peaks rise only 1000m above the surrounding plains and valleys, but the quartzite of which they are formed has been shaped by the ice of past Ice Ages into a range so rough, (and therefore spectacular and beautiful) that it takes 7 full days to traverse. The fact that a strong, fit party averages only 3km per day, when 3km per hour is normally a slow pace, is perhaps one of the best indications of the character of the terrain.

To give some impression of what such a trip was like the remainder of this article consists of various extracts from my log of the trip - to describe the whole trip in adequate detail would require several whole volumes.

Day 6, Fri. 8th. Rose at about 8.00 to a clear morning. The night had apparently also been clear, as there was frost on the tents and ground. We spread damp clothing and equipment around to dry on warm sunlit rocks, and hunted around for firewood. Charlie built a reluctant fire and we cooked the usual breakfast of porridge followed by bacon.

Departed just before 11.00, and were delighted by the view which appeared almost immediately. L. Cygnus spread out below us, and through the gap to the south we could see water in the far distance - Bathurst Harbour. From the top of the ridge the view was naturally very much more extensive and spectacular, but we paused only briefly, knowing that it would be even better from the summit of Mt. Hayes.

We pressed on towards Hayes, a little uncertain as to which was actually the highest peak. Sidled around and up to a saddle in the middle, from which the eastern peak was obviously much larger. Up we went, carrying only cameras and maps. Even this major pinnacle had two little peaks - we climbed the southern, higher one (barely) first.

The view was perhaps the most magnificent that I have ever seen. Whether such a value judgement is valid or not is doubtful, but there is no doubt that after 5 days of walking through forest, plains and mist, I found it an experience of the first order to sit on a high and look around me, seeing for well over 100km in any direction. There was Bathurst Harbour, the Southern Ocean, Mt. Rugby, the Western Ocean, western ranges, the Franklands, Scotts Peak, the "New Pedder" and its dam (darn!) & quarry, Mt. Anne, Mt. Weld, Mt. Picton and the Pictons, and of course the Arthurs and Federation Peak themselves. Precipitous Bluff and the Iron-

bounds were observed with delight, and remembered with mixed feelings from a previous trip.

We spent perhaps an hour on Hayes, mostly on the slightly lower northern peak, where we discussed faint distant peaks, deciding that the lump to the far N.E. was indeed Mt. Wellington, above Hobart 100km away, and that various other lumps to the N.W. and north may or may not have been Frenchman's Cap, Mt. Ossa, etc.

When the time came to depart, we returned to the packs, and began the descent. We descended a steep, rocky, barren slope, passing to the left uphill side of several gendarmes as the route guide said. Here we picked up a few cairns, which lead us to a gully that we were inclined to regard with disbelief - the route guide mentioned no steep gullies. However, the way was worn, and no other route was visible, so down we went, and emerged unscathed in the saddle to the east.

Here I made my first major navigational error - more through carelessness and making assumptions than anything else. The consequences were not serious - I led around the south side of a minor peak instead of the north, through failing to follow the "track" correctly, such as it was. The error became obvious when we arrived above L. Ceres, with cliffs barring the way to Square Lake.

We broke out the morning chocolate ration, and turned back, having wasted 20 or 30 mins. That hour I was not performing at my best - just after rejoining the correct route we had a rest, and I continued without my camera, realising about 400m later. Another delay of 5 or 10 mins. while I ran back. Thereafter things went better, and we sidled around to Square Lake for lunch at 3.00. As we passed under Procyon Peak, there was a most attractive view of L. Ceres and Bathurst Harbour beyond.

Charlie lit a fire, and at last we began to cook. I made another pudding in the fading light, while the others washed up. As the pudding cooked we wandered around to look at the lake in the dusk. It had gone a most extraordinary hue of deep blue, reflecting the dark sky above, and the dimly lit hillside beyond in its mirror-calm surface. Most strikingly beautiful.

Back at the fire, we sat around in the stillness watching the light of the full moon illuminate more and more of the cliffs of Sirius. Suddenly, the silence was broken by music, seeming to come from some metres away, and echoing quietly through the vast amphitheatre of the cirque. Robyn had slipped away, apparently taking her recorder, and was now beside the creek playing "There is a Ship" - a most hauntingly attractive tune at any time. Now, the effect was beautiful, and eerie, among the dark, silent mountains. We went to bed just before the moonlight reached our tents.

Day 7, Sat 9th. "We quickly reached the cairn and markers on the S.E. ridge, which indicated the route to the next saddle. The terrain was quite incredible. The route wandered up and down (mainly down) over very steep, almost vertical slopes covered with dense, tough scoparia

through which a track had been cut. It was frequently necessary to turn around and climb backwards down a muddy, vertical drop of from 1 to 3m. Fortunately, scoparia proved to be a blessing in disguise, as its almost indestructible stems formed secure foot and hand holds."

"We set off in some apprehension, as the route guide described the next section with terms such as 'apparently precipitous', 'incredibly steep', 'near vertical', and so on. ...At last the saddle loomed up below, and we stopped for a short rest, and to look back at the way we had come. There were gasps of astonishment - Mt. Capricorn appeared almost vertically above us, and quite unclimbable without technical equipment. It was a good feeling to have come down such a mountain".

"Before too long we emerged onto open grass leading the last 100m or so to Upper High Moor. Here we left the packs and Robyn while the rest of us climbed the east peak of Columba. My morale was low after the long tiring day, and my heart sank at the sight of Beggary Bumps. They appeared as a long row of small but jagged peaks, cliffbound and bare of soil or vegetation - quite impassable by any means. However, the route guide described a route through, so I knew it must exist. I sat alone contemplating Beggary only, while the others looked all about".

"When the pudding was finally cooking properly, we looked up and saw the peaks of Beggary tinted a rich pink as the sun approached the horizon. Tim and I rushed back up to the Upper Moor; then stood still, legs aching and hearts pounding, as the sun set over the western ocean.

The normally green hills had gone a deep magenta, row upon row of them reaching out towards the brilliant orange sky and scarlet sun. Behind and beside us the rocks of Columba and Beggary changed from a rich pink to a deep purple, to the normal drab grey. We stood silent for some time after the last crescent of the sun had disappeared, then turned and went back down to the now gloomy camp. I cursed myself again and again for leaving the camera in the tent, but the beauty of the scene lay in its extent as much as in the colour, and the feeling of unlimited space is very difficult to capture on a small piece of film. Robyn had remained by the fire, writing her diary, while Charlie had stood on a low pinnacle above the creek exit. Both missed what was probably the most beautiful scene of the trip - all the more beautiful because of its non-static character and fleeting duration".

Day 8, Sun 10th. "An easy walk around the left of a pinnacle, across a saddle, and up a moderate slope of broken stone brought us to the top of a "near vertical slope", according to the route guide. To us it appeared to be a genuinely vertical cliff, 10 to 20m high, with a series of steep scrubby ledges. We climbed down from ledge to ledge, traversing back and forth. At one point, a few metres from the bottom, Robyn slipped during a long reach and was saved only when her shirt caught on a stump.

The foot of the cliff was a narrow saddle, only a couple of metres each way, with cliffs on all sides. We sidled to the right around a small pinnacle, and within a few metres reached the top of "Tilted Chasm" in a 'point saddle' that had no size at all - cliffs came down and rose again immediately. The party banked up on the track while I got out my rope, having decreed it necessary for the first few metres of the 'Chasm'. This could be described as a narrow (1 to 2m), steeply sloping (1 in 1), long (40m) vertical sided gully (canyon?) that had been tilted 20° to the right, so that the left wall overhung the right wall. I set up the rope and climbed down the initial steep section with its aid, then waited for the others to descent. They continued down the 'Chasm' while I recoiled the rope".

Day 9, Mon. 11th. "The wind was most uncomfortable as we climbed up the hill to the east, but as soon as we dropped down into its lee we found a perfect calm. I was able to relax enough to watch the cloud shadows racing across the slopes opposite, and estimated their speed as being in the vicinity of 100km/h."

"At last, on the S.W. side of the lake, we reached another well used camp with room for two tents. It was 3.00 p.m., 4 hrs from Haven Lake, the previous camp. It was felt that it would be wise to pitch the tents before eating lunch, in view of the weather, so we started to get them out. Charlie and Tim suddenly announced that they could not find their tent pegs. A thorough search of their packs failed to reveal them, so they pitched their tent as best they could using bushes, stakes, and such pegs as Robyn and I could spare. We ate lunch in our tent, despite the fact that the rain had stopped. It was a short meal, as Charlie and Tim had decided that they could not afford to lose their pegs, and were to make a trip back to Haven Lake to recover them. It was strange that both of them had forgotten the pegs - each carried half. At 4.00 they left, carrying waterproofs, matches, map and compass".

"I strolled back around the lake to the tents, where it was still quite sheltered, and shortly after I arrived we heard shouts, and knew that Tim and Charlie had returned. They had done in 4½ hours a return trip that had taken us 4 hrs, one way, with packs, that morning."

Day 10, Tues. 12th. "The weather seemed to have improved a little this morning, and we rose in the hope of it clearing further as the day progressed. However, we had forgotten that weather in such an area as S.W. Tasmania is controlled not by local conditions (such as the time and temperature), but is at the mercy of the ever present westerlies. It seemed that at present these westerlies consisted of several hundred miles of humid air, which took the next two days to pass us by.

By the time breakfast was over, I felt reluctant to take on the formidable task of navigation through 'the longest mileage of the traverse'. The others raised no objection to my proposals that we spend the day where we were".

"Time did not pass as painfully slowly as we had expected, though the day was of course a bore, nevertheless. We passed the hours by

playing cards for a considerable part of the day, occasionally spending some time singing, and of course by prolonging the meal times as much as possible. It was cold, especially sitting still in the tent, and at times in the cramped space we were even reduced to the ludicrous position of tucking our toes into each others armpits to keep them warm.

Hunger was the main problem - having little else to occupy our minds we thought constantly of food, which was a bad thing as theoretically today was our last day of rations before reaching the air drop. Supplies had been extended a little by stocking up from the abandoned air drop at High Moor, so that we had, in effect, just enough food for one more day. In other words, we had to push on the next day unless conditions really were intolerable."

Day 11, Wed. 13th. "Again woke early to a breaking sky, ready for an early start, and again we piked as conditions deteriorated to a state even worse than the previous day. The decision to stay at Pronontory Lake yet again was taken less lightly than last time, in view of the food situation. Tomorrow we really had to continue, or starve. Further bad weather would mean abandoning the final section of the traverse, and making a dash down Moraine K to the plains, and around to our air drop via Cracroft Crossing, or directly via the Arthur Plains - either way a very long day."

"To cap off a deadly day, at dinner both the rice and the stew billies were spilt in quick succession. The rice billy went first, when Charlie capsized the stove (fortunately the rice had not yet been put in). The fallen stove gave me a tremendous fright and I leapt across the tent to turn it off. A Bluet burning horizontally is a frightening thing as it spurts long flames of burning liquid butane. I had great fears for the tent, but was able to turn it off immediately".

The following day was fine, and we were able to reach the east end of the range, and descend to our air drop at Pass Ck. We had another nine days of walking ahead of us and still plenty of excitement to come (for instance, my tent was blown down at 4.00 a.m. in a gale as we camped halfway up Federation Peak). However, we had completed the greater part of our trip, and had the satisfaction of having traversed one of Australia's most rugged and spectacular ranges - a trip that perhaps only 100 or so people had ever done before. I felt rather sad to have finished.

Peter Tuft

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THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW SOUTH WALES MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

Dave:

"Novice: Someone, often dead, who should be kept off the cliffs at all cost" Tom Patey.

Dave is a rockclimbing fiend. It's not that he's done much climbing. No. Indeed it was only two weeks previously I received a phone call.

"How about taking me climbing sometime?"

"Oh .... Yeah ... Who'd you say it was?"

"Dave, you remember me from school. What about next weekend, I'm free. I suppose we'd better get an early start. Can you pick me up at my place at 5.00 a.m. on Saturday. It's only a little out of the way".

During the week I had an uneasy feeling I was had, but it was not until I remembered who Dave was <sup>and where he lived</sup> that I resolved to lead him up the hardest, and most poorly protected climbs (for seconds) I could, with my limited experience, possibly do. My resolve was so great, I even underwent a crash series of door chin ups and little finger pulls to prepare myself for the ultimate in second discouragement.

Saturday dawned, or rather was still a few hours away when I pulled bleary eyed into Dave's Drive knocking over the conveniently placed garbage tin. I could only groan when a cheery head appeared.

"Hey, Paul. You hit my trash can".

Slam.

"Pretty shaky doors you've got".

Dave was equipped for an assault on Dogface. Well to say assault would be underestimating Dave's capabilities. Annihilation would be more appropriate. His assortment of Whillan's Harness, ropes, nuts, pegs, crag hammer, friction boots and chouinard peapod hammock made me wonder if Dave was going to be discouraged by "the mantleshelf". Indeed I had visions of the sisters collapsing under the weight.

It seems, in the past week, Dave had read extensively on the subjects; had acquired a mountaineering library Warwick Williams would be proud of, had made several trips to the various equipment establishments and was about to overtake Ross Vining as the greatest all time money spender at mountain equipment. Furthermore, he was surprised to hear "I'd lost all my gear, except for eight club nuts, ten krabs and a few slings".

I made a fine fist of swinging around the nose and had pulled half way up onto the mantleshelf when:

"Hang on a minute Paul while I take a photo. (pregnant pause). Can you get your left foot up nearer your shoulder". Dave had just taken up photography as well.

Finishing the climb rather shakily I belayed and called for Dave to follow:

"No listen Paul, come on down I want to get some abseiling photos."

The rest of the weekend was memorable. Guided by Dave Paul was -

"Flying from the sisters"

"Silhouetted on Tombstone"

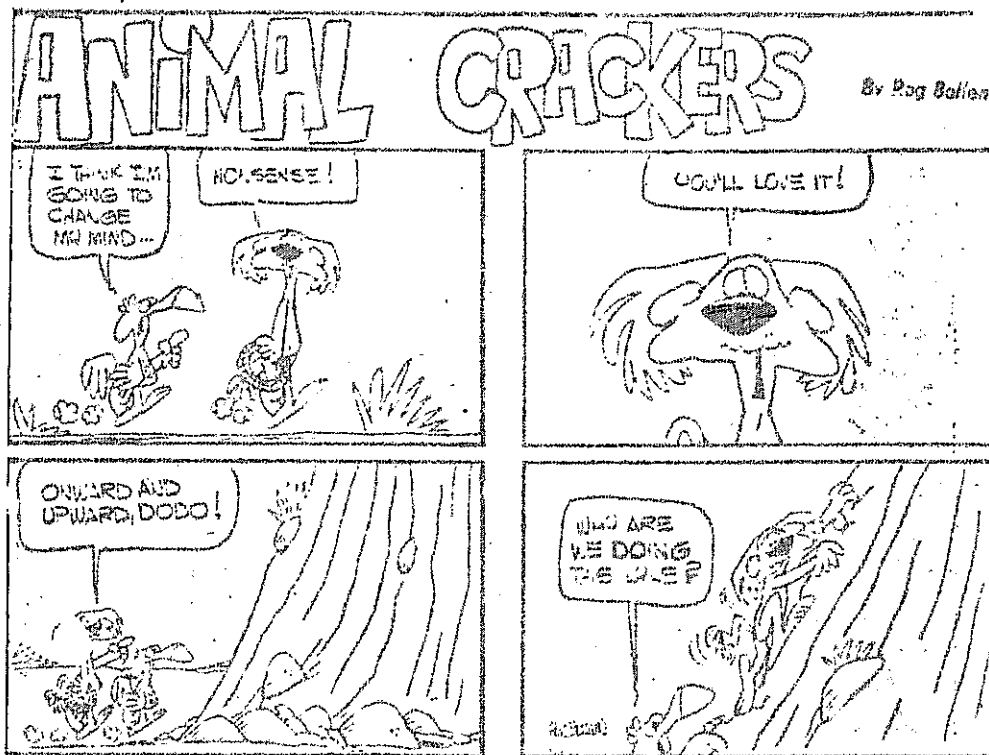
"Graced against the sky on eerie"

"Retreating off Giucopiton"

"Hanging upside down off Phantom"

One week (in bed) later I received another phone call.

"Hey Paul - I've bought this movie camera, and I wanted you to do your trick on Phantom again - your'e sick - too bad. Is there anybody - Paul? - Paul?"





THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW SOUTH WALES MOUNTAINCLIMBING CLUB.

"ME AND THE PIXIE"

Wednesday dawned to "You're half an hour late, Mara P"; a rotten drive through incoming traffic, and a clanging muffler which saw us at the pinnacles.

Half an hour stroll took us to the walkdown gully. "Let's do that corner and crack". A crap, a belay, and the pixie led off. Struggle, struggle, scrape scrape, tap tap.

"That's not a peg I hear is it, Pixie?"

"Yeah, and a lousy one at that - BELOW!"

"Er (naively) do you want some first ascent photos - well stop throwing rocks at my camera".

Further cleaning and struggling in the chimney took the Pixie to a jam crack inside it. Pull, pull, Jam Jam, Struggle Struggle.

- "Rope ten feet".

"Uh! This climb seems foreshortened" belay.

Ten minutes took me past the Pixie.

"Do you want to try the direct or go off to the left". Me looks at the direct - seems simple, 40 - 50 ft. at most. What's Pixie raving about as long as the last pitch. "I'll try the crack".

An ominous "Be careful"

Lead up - easy - 15 ft. runner. Another 10 ft. bush runner. Longer than I thought. Dumb crack same width all the way up. Too wide for jamming - friction on wall both sides. Another ten feet, one big hex and two trolls later; not even one quarter of the way up; wall gets much steeper.

"Er, its not very hard, but I haven't get any big enough protection".

Retreat justified; scamper; scamper. Semihanging belay at traverse line to left.

Pixie comes up moaning about friction traverses in areldyted Robbin's boots, works his way 40 ft. across, mantleshelf's on small holds and belays in dirty cave. Clean Clean. I come across and we scramble upwards through a dirty shaft finally belaying the Pixie on a block. One one side the base of the climb 200 ft. below and the victorious directs on the other a spiralling abyss. A thrutchy move to gain a chimney position over the abyss follows - tap, tap, tap, tap - (Another peg?) sweat, sweat, "that was pretty technical".

Nice climbing to ledge - fantastic view of the Grose.

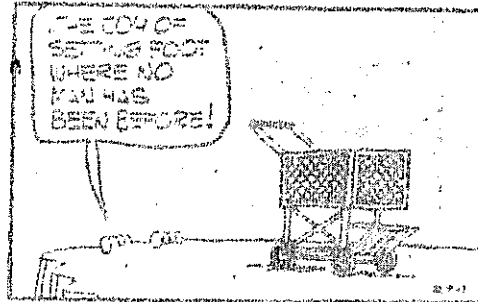
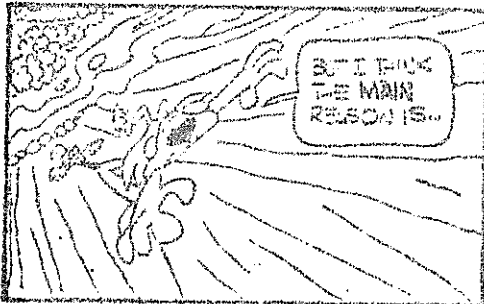
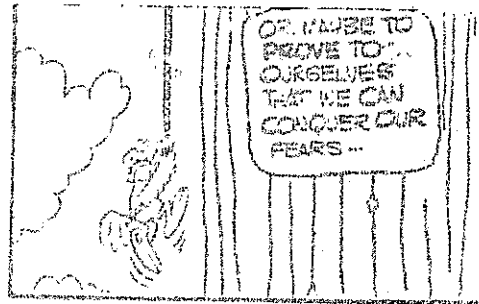
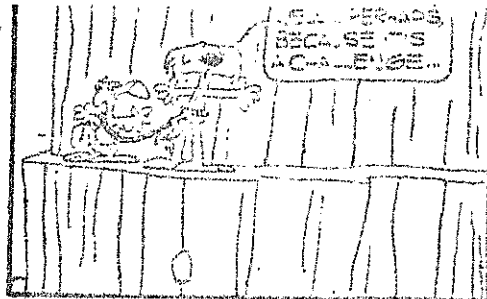
Last pitch mine - 15 ft. overhanging wall - Launch grasp struggle. Feet dangling over 250 ft. Scratch, scratch, up and tight rope for the Pixie.

"Hm, maybe I could have forced that direct".

"Mara P."

"Yes"

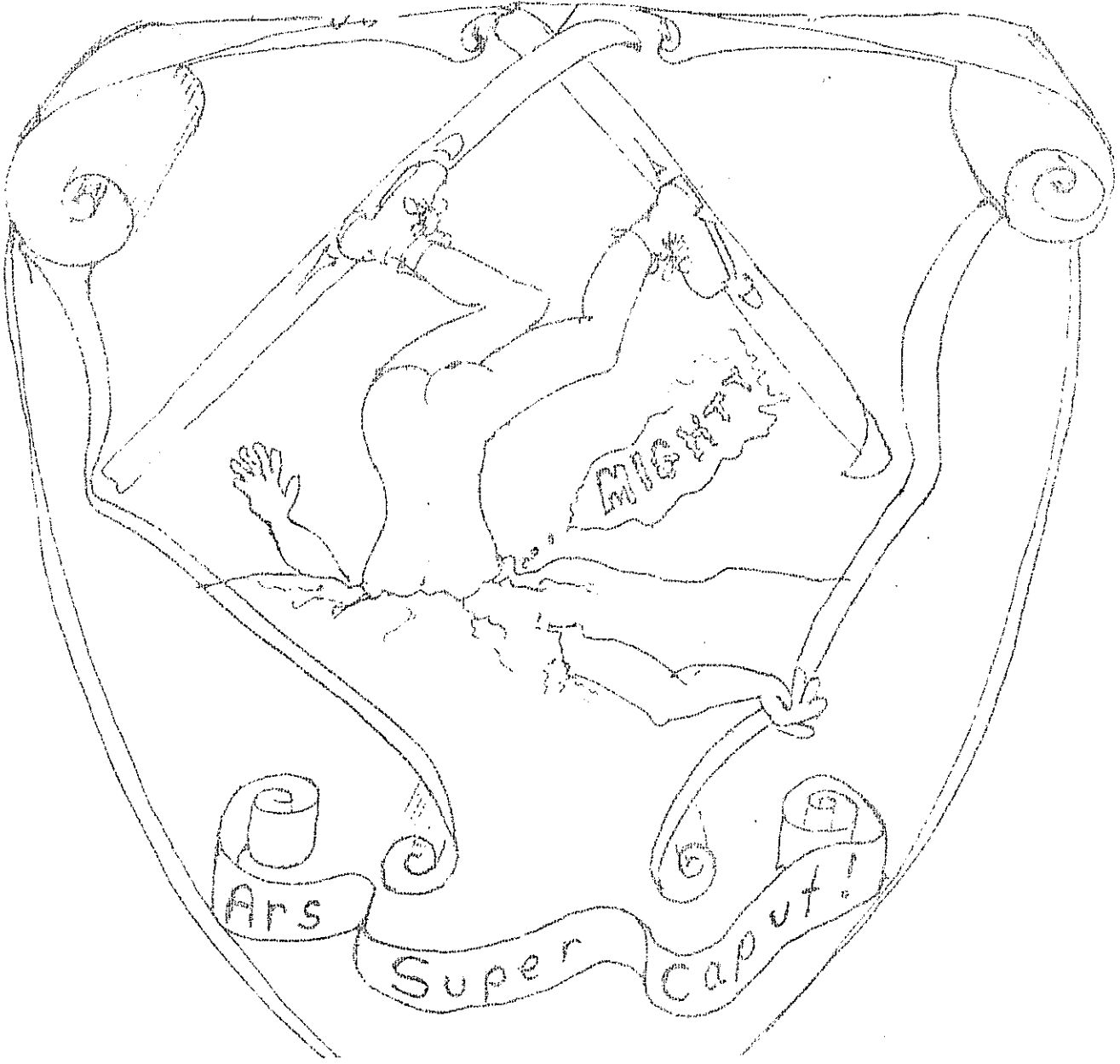
"Go bag your head".



EMOTIONS ON PLANNING

The first mention of an idea.  
    Someonés enthusiasm  
        dream  
        idle idea.  
A photo prompted-  
    The seed germinates  
Spark of enthusiasm  
        ignites.  
Now a path to be followed  
Realization.  
    Of what it entails.  
Perhaps only a partial realization  
    A dull awareness  
        An inkling  
    Excitement  
Secret warmth as kindling catches  
    Secret plans,  
    Known by others  
        Your own  
And the gear - Mental notes  
        Calculations  
Warm clothing, boots, food  
And weight.  
    Slow penetration of flame through fog.  
How long this flame  
    This burning desire  
        This intensity of heat,  
        This impelling flame?  
These plans,  
    Just commenced,  
How did wild idea germinate  
    Take hold  
        Encompass ?  
The maps  
    Plight plans  
    Plans  
        Schedules  
    Tracks,  
        Lack of tracks.  
This burns,  
    sears.  
I am no longer immune to the unkindled twigs of what would  
once have remained merely colourless twigs -  
    Now any spark  
        threatens  
Ignited within me is a flame- a burning  
To which any wild twig, branch or seed  
    of dream  
        challenge  
        the unknown  
    something different-  
    will yield.

D.L.T.



Ars

Super

Caput!

Might