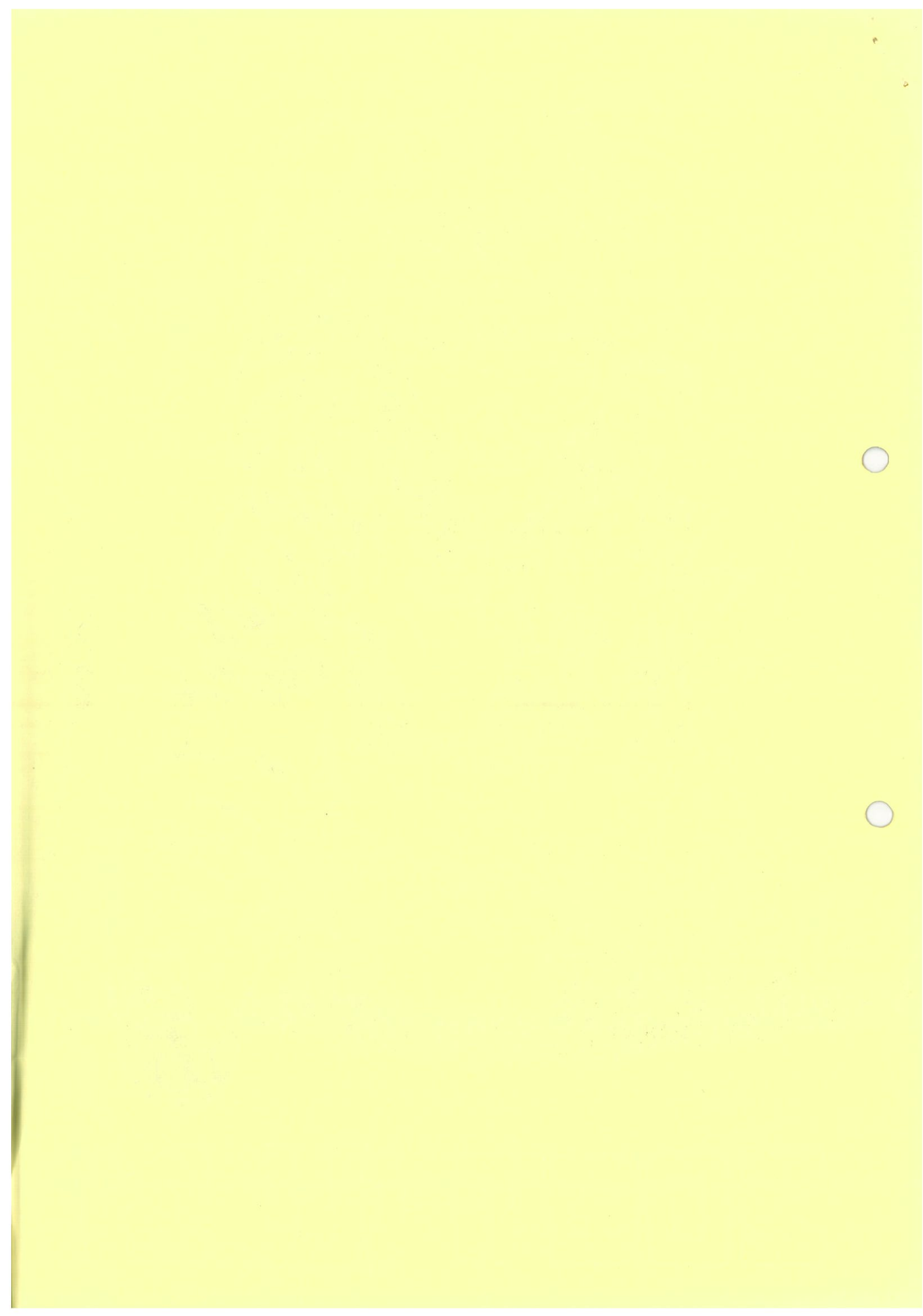




ΣΟΟΛΛΑΛΛ



ARABANOO - BOO - BOO

'Twas on a misty morning,
We had set out on the track,
Off to Chiddy's Obelisk,
And then to venture back.

We were to go a friendly creek,
ARABANOO by name,
It's quickness to the Yowmung,
Was its recorded fame.

Three hours to the Kowmung,
We'll win the 'BLISK, then back,
No need for Bullhead Mountain,
Or the Uni Rover Track,

Out under Headless Rider point,
Past the Old Camp Cave
Ringing with the memories
From Dray and Buggy days

We ventured down a scrubby spur
'Twas steep, then steeper still
'Hope we don't meet some rugged cliffs
'N' have to climb back up this hill

But at last we slid down a gully side,
A near close call it was,
For on either side the cliffs rose high,
And were threatening to our cause.

But we spied a bright blue pool,
Amongst a grove of trees,
"Ah! This will be a pleasant stroll"
Think Virginia, Bill and me

And there was no scrub in our creek
It was a pretty sight
Alas! If only we were to know,
What it had for our delight.

For we turned a corner only to see
A waterfall crashing down!
With menacing cliffs on either side,
And no seeming way around!

Bill lead off (- My hero!)
We timidly followed on,
Up a fearfully dangerous slope.
Then down upon our bums.

Relaxed and at the bottom,
We dared to look around,
And saw more pretty sights,
Than ever I had found.

We round another corner
ALAS what did we see
You guessed it! another waterfall
And I sank upon my knees

And alas more falls we found,
Of more height than I had seen,
And the danger to our being,
Was more than be believed.

For grassy ledges and battered bums,
Are no match for abseil ropes,
And ours we had left behind,
We were such silly dopes,

At last, our creek, it widened,
We thought we were nearly through,
But it was only twelve O'clock
We were sucked in too.

For the creek, it wound on endlessly,
And the map it was no use,
With high cliffs all around use,
There was no way loose,

From the clutches of the damned rift
That wandered near and there
And our Bolleys were we wearing thin
in ARABANOO'S lair.

On rounding one foul corner,
I spied a Kangaroo,
It's neck was broke, and I wondered
If his fate would be mine too

On and on we journeyed,
When will this damned creek end,
It's getting later in the day,
And I'm going round the bend,

But hurrah! hurrah! We've reached West Christie
A Brother to the 'Boo
Now we know the 'Mung is near
Only five minutes to go.

But we were tired forsooth, and weary,
And bloody stuff-ed too,
But happy we'd reach the Kowmung,
And finished with ARABANOO.

So if you go by ARABANOO,
and only go there if you must,
For as a quick way to the Knowmung,
It isn't worth a crust.

SUMMARY.

Arabanoo Creek to Kowmung 30/8/76
Virginia Wrice
Bill Blunt
Paul Mara

A beautiful creek but not useful as a
quick route to the Kowmung.

MOUNTAINEERING COURSES 1976-77

Mountain Recreation: Geoff Wyatt and Jim Strang will be running your courses this year.

General Mountaineering:

Designed for experienced walker-rockclimber.

DATES

NOVEMBER 27 - DECEMBER 4.

DECEMBER 6 - 14, 17-24 (1) (2)

DECEMBER 27 - JANUARY 3 (2), 6-13 (1), 16-23 (1)

JANUARY 26 - FEBRUARY 2, 5-12, 15-22.

COST \$110 for 8 Days

Mountain Wilderness: For those that want to learn how to travel
Alpine Pass Crossing Trip: safely in mountain country without learning technical climbing

COST \$125.00 - dates (1) above

ICE Climbing Course: Those that would want to do this course know what it's about

COST \$110.00 - dates (2) above

This course will be held in the Aspiring Area - more particularly the Matukituki Valley.

Other Courses are run by Alpine Guides in Mt. Cook. As I have had no experience with these I cannot comment.

For further information write to : Mountain Recreation
P.O. Box 204 Wanaka
Central Otago
NEW ZEALAND or See P.M

and/or

Alpine Guides
C/- The Hermitage
Mt. Cook
NEW ZEALAND

(It would cost you almost that much just to live in New Zealand for eight days - it is a very worthwhile experience.)

- Ed.)

FOR SALE

One pair of ladies Kastinger walking boots

Size 38

Good condition

Price \$17

Contact Linda Vining on 665 0354.

TONDURON - SPIRE MOUNTAIN

Tonduron, or Spire Mountain, is possibly the least climbed major peak in the 'Bungles' - second only to the 'Needle' for the fewest number of ascents. It is normally climbed from a camp at Gale's Bore. This campsite will no doubt change drastically in character when the National Park takes it over.

The history of climbing on Tonduron is very vague indeed. It would appear that the first ascent is unknown both by whom and when but one of the first was probably made by a local farmer - Mr. Macintyre - on whose property Tonduron lay. The original route went up the western side somewhere and probably oscillated between the present 'West Ridge' and 'Southern Gully'.

In October of 1932 Mr. Macintyre took Dr. Eric Dark, Elenor Dark, Eric Lowe and Osmar White around to what is now the 'South Arete' to "see if they could really climb." This would have been the first ascent of this route. The climb is by no doubt one of the most enjoyable of the long 'easy' routes in the 'Bungles' and it is easy to see why "it was the gayest and most lighthearted climb I (Dr. Dark) can remember, everyone being in the highest spirits."

It was then not until Bryden Allen's heyday in the 'Bungles' that the next new route was added with John Davis - Northern Groove (18) in early 1965. The second ascent of this was made later by Bryden and John Ewbank. (Ewbank's observation on the originality and imagination of Bryden's route names is again very apt.)

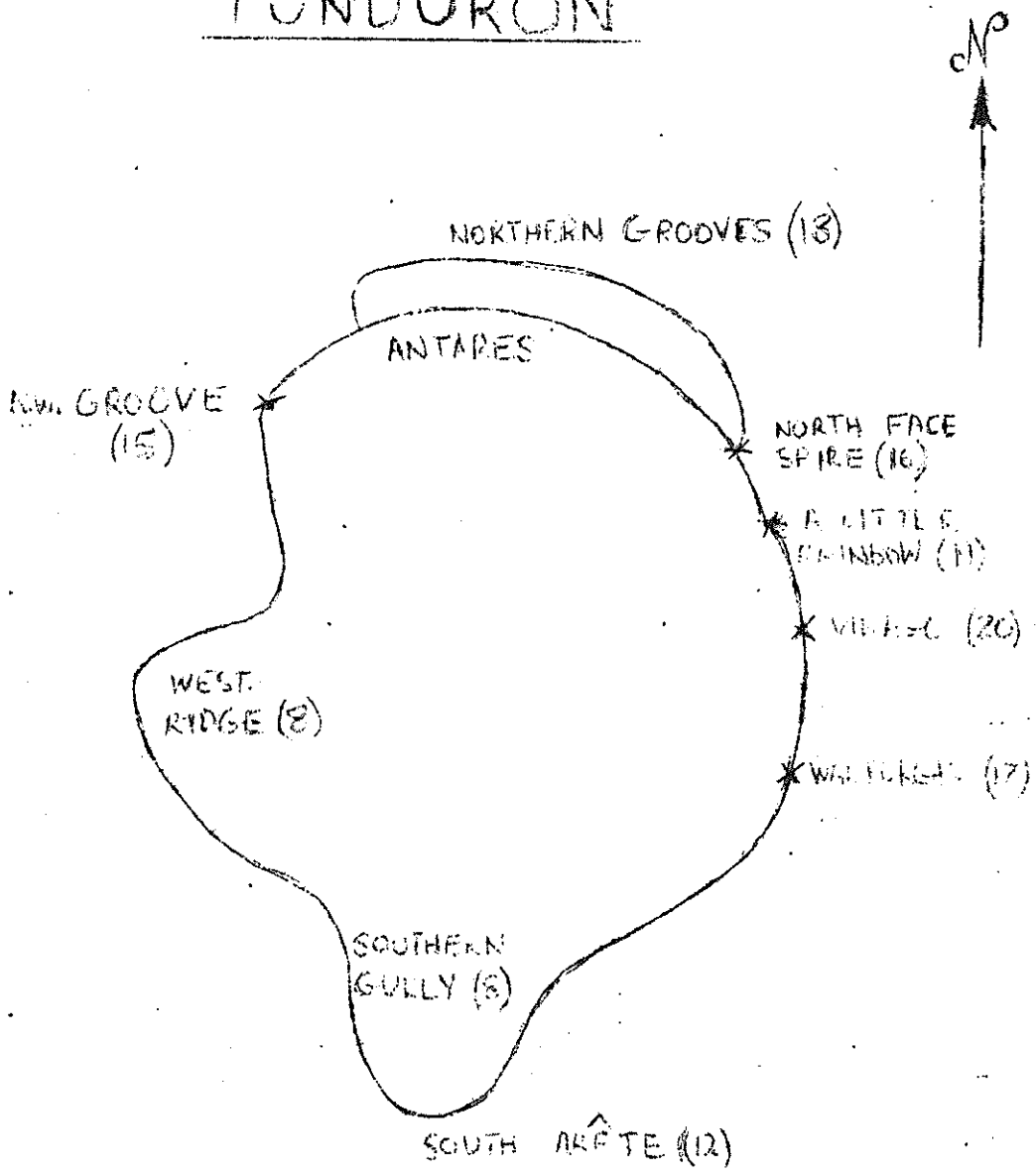
Following this another long break ensued until 1973 when Keith Bell and Ray Lassman climbed 'A Little Rainbow' (19). The next year was the most active with Bell and Greg Mortimer climbing 'Virago' (20) and 'Walpurgis' (17), and Bell and Humzoo climbing 'Antares' (19,M1) and 'North Face Spire' (16). The last new route was done in Easter 1975 by Bryden and Warwick Williams - 'North West Groove' (15) (Bryden's imagination strikes again).

Finally this year the mystery and minup between the 'South Arete' and 'Southern Gully' was sorted out.

In all Tonduron presents some great climbing if you're prepared to look and put in a bit of work and not simply trundle up the the old favourites and name makers in the northern section of the 'Bungles'.

W.W.

TONDURON



MAP COURTESY W.W.
EXPERT CARTOGRAPHY
BY G.C.

A WOLLONDILLY WALK

The Wollondilly Valley is an area very rarely visited by parties from this club, despite the fact that it offers very easy walking and scenery varying from the pastoral to the spectacular.

In early October six of us walked into the valley from Malcom's Farm on the Wanganderry Plateau. We set off down the Burnt Flat Creek fire trail at first light, because Robyn wanted to look for wallaroos. We didn't see any, but a wombat came within 4m of us.

Within an hour we were boiling a billy beside the main Wollondilly Valley fire trail, after some confusion when the Burnt Flat Creek trail came to an abrupt end 200m short of it. In another hour we were at the river, and Robyn was delighted to have seen several wallaroos.

Walking down the river varied from striding across grassy, cattle-populated paddocks to scrambling along a steep eroded hillside a metre above the water. At the foot of Tolbar Creek Warwick spotted a hut on the opposite bank. He went to investigate, and shivered, waded and swam his way across. Lynn and Greg were also curious but took a very long time looking for an easier (ie. drier) crossing, scrambling from rock to rock, and getting more or less wet anyway. The hut was a ruin.

Fowlers Flat, our campsite, was only a mile further. We were there by 11.30. After pitching the tents we settled down to dinner - I mean lunch. Having got such an early start everything seemed out of phase by about four hours. The campsite was ideal - firm level ground with no rock, untold firewood, and up a side valley a view of Bonnum Pic looking like a massive pinnacle. In addition the Flat was populated by a female wallaroo with a young one, and a couple of male wallaroos.

After lunch we went for a stroll up Mt Egan on the other side of the valley. This was pleasant, but hardly exciting - there were no views from the top (Egan is flat and forested) and few from the ridge on the way up. Also it was raining. Nevertheless glimpses of the valley were most attractive - grassy hillsides near the river lay below forested slopes rising to a continuous line of cliffs which led away towards Lake Burragorang in the distance.

On the way up we scared a mob of sheep which fled, leaving behind a newly born lamb which bleated constantly. Robyn picked it up (causing instant cessation of bleating) and set off after the sheep, which of course just kept running up the hill. That was hopeless. We spent the next half hour or so wondering what to do with an abandoned lamb. Robyn, meanwhile, happily nursed it. We eventually left it higher up the hillside where the sheep were last seen. It wasn't there when we came down later.

That night saw us early in bed in accordance with the early rise, and the intended early rise the next day. Robyn still believed that dawn was the best time to look for animals. As it happened we didn't see any the next morning either, except for two wallaroo bucks apparently fighting on a distant hillside.

We were walking by 8.30 (slack today) and the fire trails took us straight to the base of Bonnum Pic. Warwick wanted to climb the first spur we came to, and I agreed, against my better judgement. We had to do an unnecessary traverse of a thoroughly unpleasant scree, but eventually reached the right part of the cliffs safe and sound. Next time I'll remember to take the westmost ridge, anyway.

The next stage was less like walking and more like rockclimbing - very much so. Suffice to say that W2 was a very useful member of the party. A description of the route appears elsewhere in this Mobsac. At the top was the view we had come to see - the whole Wollondilly Valley, waterfilled to the north, was below. On the far side lay Yerranderie Peak, the Blue Breakes, the Axehead Range. Beyond, glimpsed through huge gaps in the nearer ranges, were Cloudmaker, the Wild Dogs and Narrowneck.

After lunch we turned to walk back along the plateau. Bonnum Pic is in fact not a pinnacle at all - merely the end of a very long narrow peninsular which happens to appear like a shear, isolated peak when viewed from certain parts of the valley below. And when I say narrow I mean narrow. At one point the ridge was perhaps 100m high, shear sided, and of virtually zero width.

Further "inland" from the Pic the ridge gradually widens and becomes more like any other cliff-bound plateau. An unusual feature was an area of bare moulded rocks separated by little dry swamps. This was strongly reminiscent of the Budawangs, but I haven't seen anything quite like it in the Blue Mountains before.

When this came to an end we left the cliff tops and plodded through a couple of km of medium scrub before emerging on the farmland near the cars.

Peter T.

BONNUM PIC - Ascent via the West Wall

Some time ago Mobsac printed a description of the route down Bonnum Pic. This has now changed due to a rockfall in the gully below the nose of the Pic. This gully is now quite unsafe.

The climb is difficult with packs, and a rope is almost essential as a handline, for packhauling, or both. An experienced climber may be necessary to lead the crux, although descent with the aid of a rope would be easy.

The route begins on the fire road in the valley below, and goes straight up the western spur and wall of the Pic.

Leave the road at the foot of the western spur to begin climbing the talus. Climb straight up, and find a cairn a few metres below the highest point of the base of the cliffs. The cairn is towards the left.

Scramble up 3m with the aid of a tree in a crack, and continue up over scrubby ledges and tiny scrubby gullies (veering right a little) until reaching a broad (relatively) ledge at the foot of a wall.

To the left the ledge runs around into the now dangerous front gully.

To the right is a large, orange, wind-hollowed cave. Traverse right, past the cave.

When the cliff becomes broken again continue upwards over a series of ledges and cracks (near vertical).

This leads to a 5m narrow chimney at the head of a small gully. The crux. Climb halfway up, then move out to the right onto a ledge. A metre or so to the right it is possible to scramble up over some boulders.

This effectively the top. A scrubby scramble brings one to a clearing 3m above the point where the logbook is. Drop down towards the nose to find it.

Peter T.

WHO IS IT? - FURTHER CLUES

In reply to the last Mobsac's "WHO IS IT" we have received the following further clues, to make it a little easier for you:

- He actually sifts his food through his beard
- He is known to have run the pass of the Grose Valley to keep fit, and then lazed around on the following day.
- He bought a new car as he was about to terminate his employment.
- He has been in the club longer than anyone can remember.
- He has one of the finest collections of gear in the club (no relation to the fact that he was gear custodian for several years - Ed.)
- Certainly the finest collection of books.
- Still a bachelor after 'n' seasons in N.Z.
(n - a large positive integer)
- Sometimes dubbed 'Felix Domesticus' and is never seen without his whiskers.
- Continually tries to be romantic (with only very limited success)

Prize for guessing - one copy of Mobsac

W. ARWICK WILLIAMS!

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

If you THINK you are beaten, you are
 If you THINK you dare not, you don't
 If you like to win, but you THINK you can't
 it is almost certain you won't.

If you THINK you'll lose, you're lost
 for out of the world we find,
 success begins with a fellow's will
 it's all in the STATE OF MIND.

If you THINK you are outclassed, you are
 you've got to THINK high to rise,
 you've got to be SURE OF YOURSELF before
 you can ever win a prize.

Life's battles don't always go
 to the stronger or faster man
 but soon or late the man who wins
 is the man WHO THINKS HE CAN.

Author unknown
 (courtesy Nick. B.)

And on a lighter note, try this:

Have you been feeling a bit off lately?

Don't quite know what's wrong?

We have the answer right here for you:

Hold this rectangle(?) to your face and blow on it.

If it turns green call your doctor.

If it turns brown, see your dentist.

If it turns purple, see your psychiatrist.

If it turns red, see your bank manager.

If it turns black, call your lawyer and make out a will.

If it remains the same colour, you are in good health
 and there is no reason on earth why you should not
 go bushwalking this weekend!

(courtesy Ed.)

Quote for the month:

"There is no love more sincere
 than the love of food"

- George Bernard Shaw

WENTWORTH FALLS - VALLEY OF THE WATERS

Sometimes even the hardest of bushwalkers may feel like an easy one day stroll through magnificent mountain country, or may be you're looking for an introductory walk for Orientation Week. Whatever the motive I know just the thing.

This walk in the Blue Mountains takes only about 4 hours allowing ample stops for morning tea and lunch, but in that short time it provides excellent panoramic views and a host of interesting geological features and vegetation types.

The starting point for the walk is Reserve Hut at the top of Valley of the Waters. To reach this turn off from the Great Western Highway at Wentworth Falls, into Falls Road, then follow Fletcher Street.

From the Hut walk down a few steps and take the first trail on the left until you come to a 5 way junction. Take the right hand fork. This track will take you down to the beautiful fern covered glen of Denfenella Creek. Turn right over the bridge and follow the Undercliff Pass. This is one of the most interesting sections of the walk, offering views of grandeur across the Blue Mountains.

The National Pass track was commenced about 1890, but the work was held up by the apparently insurmountable problem of bringing the track up the cliff face. The route of the steps was surveyed by a Capt. Murray who was lowered over the cliff face on a rope to map the most practical route. Once this was obtained, five men were employed to cut the steps in the face of the cliff - The pass was finally open between 1906 & 1908.

About $\frac{1}{3}$ way down the steps there is an obscure lookout onto the Falls. Don't bypass it, particularly if there is a strong southerly wind blowing.

An unusual and striking geological feature is the natural amphitheatre. It is curved like the apse of a great cathedral and has excellent acoustics. Around about this spot in late Spring, you may find some Forked Sundew-insect eating plants growing in the crack in the rocks. They like humans too. Give them a finger and feel them hang on.

The track climbs out at Empress Falls these falls come from a narrow gorge, and wooden stairs make the going easy. Just this section in itself is very beautiful.

Linda Vining.

THE OUTDOOR CHIEF

It is the time of the day again, when the storm clouds have gathered, the sunlight has darkened, the candle has lightened, the door secured, the fire brightened and thoughts have turned to food. What possible recipe can we conjure in order to provide a tantalizing, tasty and tender recipe?. Well, if you have flour, the job is so much easier.

Flour is the basic ingredient for a host of recipes. By adding appropriate additives various concoctions can be prepared to while away the time.

eg: 1) Pancakes: basically add flour and water so that mixture is quite runny, Sugar, yeast, milk, eggs, custard powder, etc. can be added.

2) Steam pudding: Flour and water to a very stiff consistency. Sugar, dried fruit etc.

3) Gum Chappattis: Flour and water to a stiff mixture. Place upon a hotplate till dry.

4) Bisciuts: Flour and water to a soft mixture. add sugar etc. Bake in oven.

5) Twisties/dampers: Flour and water to a soft mixture . Add sugar etc. Backe in charcoal.

As you can see by having flour as a basic ingredient, the limit is the horizon!



Thanks to all who contributed!

← ← (Editor)