



## Sue Fear brings Everest to UNSW

Carolina Roman.

Sue Fear is Australia's leading female mountaineer. In May this year, she climbed Mt Everest from the North Ridge, becoming the first Australian woman to achieve the peak from this notoriously difficult route and only the second Australian woman to have climbed the world's highest mountain. Last Thursday 9<sup>th</sup> of October, Sue Fear came to UNSW in response to an invitation I presented to her earlier this year to share that Everest experience with us through the awesome photographic slide show she is becoming widely famous for, as well as to showcase the short video footage, filmed by Sue herself, from the mountain itself. Her speaking

style was very engaging, humorous and thought provoking.

However, the presentation was far from being just about mountaineering or Everest for that matter.... Sue also shared with us very valuable insights

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# The Log

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from her experience in the outdoors over the years, how an outdoors lifestyle and mountaineering got started for her, and the lessons that are there to be learnt from this type of recreation that can be applied to everyday life and work... encouraging to be self-reliant, to build character, to fulfil individual potential, to learn to work with others and to realise dreams! ... and it was very gratifying for me to have heard many post-event comments and words of thanks that made reference to these valuable insights and lessons. I believe we were all left very inspired and motivated to challenge and better ourselves and to just take that one step further – to just keep “climbing”.

## Quick News

- Upcoming trips: (see the website for more details)

02/Nov	Ropes and Anchoring Course
02/Nov	Sydney to the 'Gong bike ride
07/Nov	<b>Boree Log!</b>
18/Nov	Tops to Myall's Heritage Trail
08/Dec	Australian University Mountain Bike Championships
12/Dec	Trekking the Main Range
13/Dec	Thailand climbing

- Calling all bushwalkers!**

As part of the "Clubs Program" run by the editors of 'Outdoor Magazine', we've been asked by the editors to write up a "Walk Profile" for a near-future edition of the magazine (yeay!). The walk to profile must be one that club members have undertaken!

Ideas and suggestions for a walk to profile, are

currently being sought. Please forward your walk ideas to Carolina Roman to [c.roman@web.de](mailto:c.roman@web.de) to discuss options with the editors. Thanks! and looking forward to your ideas!

- Welcome to the new exec!**

After the recent AGM, we have a new group of eager and capable hands running the club. Your new exec is:

- President [Mark Worsfold](#)
- Vice-Presidents [JP Bekmann](#)  
[Alexis Robertson](#)
- Secretary [James Tan](#)
- Treasurer [Jason Nowland](#)
- Gear Guy [David Healy](#)  
[Michael Doran](#)
- Sports Association Rep. [Ali Parsyar](#)  
[David Healy](#)
- Rock Climbing Officer [Duncan Macinnis](#)
- Rogaining Officer [Lisa Perrett](#)
- Biking Officer [Karl Umlauff](#)  
[Marc Chee](#)
- Meetings Officer [Alana Macallister](#)
- Social Officer [Alana Macallister](#)  
[Maud Koelsch](#)
- Web Admin [Andreas Knecht](#)



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## The Coastal Track - Royal National Park

James Tan

I woke early at 6am, got ready, and headed out. I met Carolina, Stephan, and Magali at Central Station, they were having breakfast at a cafe. We took the train to Otford, almost getting off at the wrong stop.

After a few minutes, we hit a lookout at the start of the track. There were a couple of guys there, one was completely drunk and kept asking us to take a photo of him. We walked on, along the cliff line which was quite nice. We did a fair bit of up and down hills for a while. After an intersection with another track, we headed down into a rainforest area, which was very cool. There were vines hanging down, and lots of places where you had to fight the plants to get through the track. Olivia and Frank had disappeared way back already so we waited for them for a little while. It turns out that Olivia's boot sole had half ripped off (ed- thats what they all say..), and had to be temporarily



fixed up with medical tape.

After a while, we got out of the rain forest, and headed out along some more cliffs and grassy areas. We headed down and crossed some beaches and then headed back over the next cliff and then down onto the next beach. We could occasionally see a whale pop up to take a breath; it was a very cool site. At the second beach, we could see dolphins swimming, catching the waves close to shore. There were heaps of them, it looked really awesome. Walking further we hit Garie beach,

where we stopped for lunch. Parts of the track here were eroded so badly, the bottom of the track was about a metre below the top. Some parts of the track were long steel footpaths, which had been placed in Regeneration areas to protect the plant life.

We continued along the beach and up the next cliff. It was all good from this point on, no more ups and downs, so we trudged along until we eventually hit our campsite at 5pm.

My feet were pretty sore, I knew I had blisters. That night, walking to the BBQ







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area, I just walked barefoot. There were electric BBQ's here, which was really nice. The campsite was awesome, it was right near some cliffs, so we went to sleep with the sound of waves breaking on rocks. It rained that night, so it was a very peaceful night in the tent.

The next day, I got up around 9, we had breakfast, checked out the cliffs and then leasurly packed and left. Before leaving we found a snake (a Diamond Python) sitting up in a tree, just in front of where Carolina and Stephan's tent had previously stood.



After more walking we came to more cliffs. We could see a few whales swimming north here, so we sat and watched them for a while. Walking further north, we came to a beach where the Westpac Lifesaving helicopter kept circling. There were also some pretty cool waterfalls which went off the side of the cliffs. As we kept going, we came across more and more people, signifying we were close to the end of the walk. Just before the end, there were some awesome white sandstone cliffs. These were the only ones around, so they looked very out of place. After this, we pretty much hit the end of the track, walking through the streets of Bundeena till we hit the ferry dock.

## A note from Carolina:

Hi! indeed we had an awesome 26 kms of sun, surf and plenty of wildlife on the weekend! There are some awesome places for bushwalking around Sydney, in just about all directions of the compass...and it is very easy to get some planning and organisation together and head out on a club bushwalk. If you have never led a club trip before and would like to have a go, then don't worry! there are plenty of experienced club members to

share some knowledge and tips with you....so please get in contact, and let's get out there.

Trip participants: Carolina Roman, Stephan Adler, Olivia Roman, Frank Ruess, James Tan, Anoeck Maes, Alex Bartel, and Magali Jodeau.

## **Downhill Mountain Biking Stuff-Up Day**

Karl Umlauf

It had been a while since Karl and Martin had been downhillling so Karl suggested they take a drive down to Bulli Pass to have a go on the trails, drops and jumps that are there. Well, so Karl thought as he had been there about a year before. Stuff-Up No. 1: Earth being a dynamic planet meant that the trails were undergoing rehabilitation and were no longer ridable. Garth who was also on the trip suggested they head back to Waterfall and go for a ride there that he had been on once before. Geared up again we started off riding down the highway from Waterfall to the start of the trail. Stuff-up No.2: The trail was overgrown and not ridable. Third time lucky we drove to Loftus where we



knew of some dirt jumps and singletrack. Stuff-Up No. 3: Single track closed for rehabilitation. So today we had to end up being satisfied with the jumps and doubles at Loftus. A bonus about today was that no injuries and broken bikes resulted from riding since there was a lack of it. Happy riding.

## Marc's Biking Corner, part 1, "First Impressions"

Mountain Biking is like sex. Even when it's bad, it's way better than not getting any. It's also a lot more fun if you're not alone. But enough of that. Some of you, especially those who have been in the club for a while will remember "Marc's Climbing Corner", a rant I wrote for the newsletter every few months. It's still available via my website at

<http://members.optusnet.com.au/marcchee/index.html> This will be my first rant that is based on Mountain Biking . . .

This year has been eventful for me in that I purchased for myself an iron horse (also known as a mountain bike). It has also been eventful in that I have sustained a painful reoccurring finger injury that is keeping me off rock for a good lengthy healing period. These two events elegantly pair themselves together to see me spending my spare time hurtling down dirt trails at rather unnecessary speeds. Having been mountain biking now for the last five months, I've gathered a few impressions on the pastime that I thought might be interesting to share.

The first thing I've noticed is how dangerous it is. In about 3-4 years of serious rock climbing, I've seen a fair number of injuries and been in the same region as a fatality. Yet in the few months I've been riding, I've probably seen the same number of

injuries. The sheer consistency and frequency of mountain bike injuries astounds me.

On my first ride, I managed to fling myself over my handlebars while one of my friends lost a chunk of skin to a nasty corner. On my second ride, another friend slashed her kneecap down to the bone and we had to call an ambulance in to retrieve her. On my fourth ride I lightly concussed myself and broke my helmet going over the handlebars again. Fair enough, I used to think a climbing day wasn't complete unless I'd drawn blood, but that was a mild scrape on the hands or the shins . . . not the kind of debilitating injuries that seem to go hand in hand with off-road cycling.

I have a theory on this, however, that could explain my own uncanny knack for breaking pieces of myself with my bike. In climbing, the key is always to push harder and don't be overcome by the fear. If you're about to fall, try the move one last time, it just might work. If not, the rope will catch you. You can already see how applying this mentality to mountain biking causes problems. Pushing yourself so hard that you can hardly control it is not advisable on a bike going at 50km/h on a loose surface. There's no rope that's going to catch you in mid-air and suspend you unharmed when you lose it. Generally, there's the aforementioned loose surface rushing at your face at high speed while your bicycle tangles itself around your legs and makes any kind of graceful dismount simply impossible. Or if you're particularly unlucky, there are trees next to the path . . .

As I realised previously from my own and other peoples' skiing and snowboarding experiences, the human body is just not built for travelling at high speed. Shit . . . at least snow is usually soft.



However disturbing the potential for damage may be, it pales in comparison to the feeling of rolling downhill, pulling a tight line on the corners and getting a little air of the occasional waterbar. If anything, the danger makes it all that much more of a rush to go barreling down a hill covered in baby's head sized rocks and hanging on for dear life while the handlebars buck around in your hands like kangaroo through a windshield.

And maybe that's the beauty of it. The big scary rush that you get that makes people giggle like

little schoolgirls when they look back and see what they just rode down without dying. The shit-eating grin you see on your mate's face as he comes flying down a hill towards you at 40km/h.

And the burn . . . oh the burn. The hot pain running through your legs letting you know about every single inch of hill you've just climbed.

What can I say? I'm hooked.

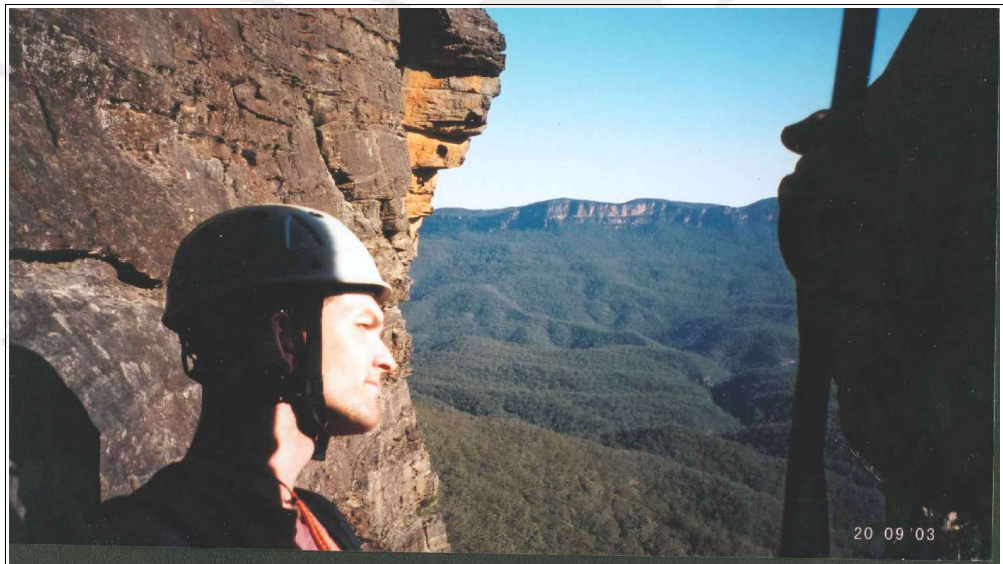
July 2003. Marc Chee.

## Sweet Dreams

This month we profile a blue mountains classic that lingers in your thoughts long after you've stepped away from its airy summit. Andrew Collins shares his perspectives. (pix by Scott Saunders and Emma Schofield, on a separate trip)

Sweet Dreams(14), with variant finish (16/17), Sublime Point, Leura, Blue Mountains

I've been climbing for about nine years. Call me a dinosaur, but in that time, out of all my visits to the mountains, I have been to a sport crag once. Don't get me wrong – I like sport climbing too, but for me the mountains is all about trad and adventure climbing. There are some superb trad crags: Mt Piddington and Mt Boyce are perhaps my favourites. But where to go for a longer climb?



The answer used to be the Three Sisters. The West Wall (12) is superb: 9 pitches of climbing, some really nice moves, and wicked exposure in a great location. But several years ago all roped activity on the Three Sisters was banned. Now, Sweet Dreams is the new 'must do' multipitch climb in the





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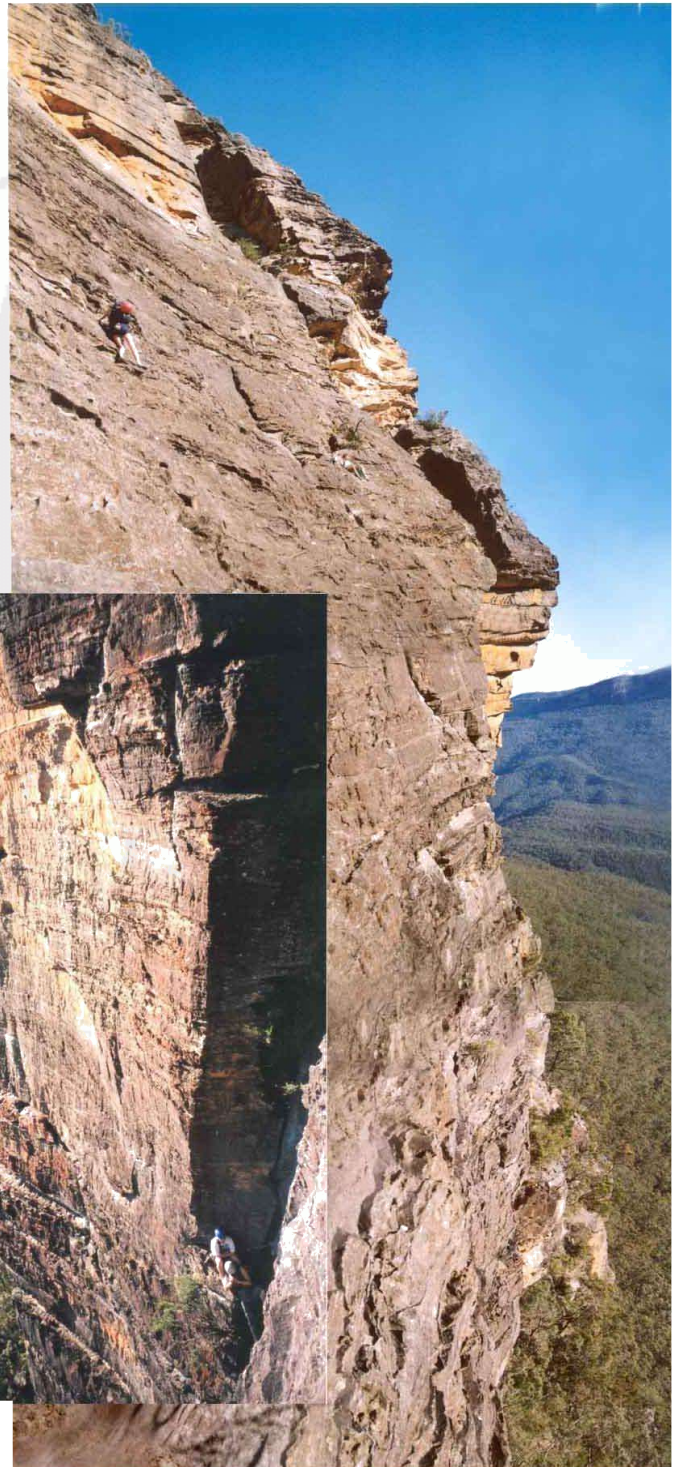
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mountains. Located just over the valley, underneath the Sublime Point Lookout, Sweet Dreams offers 5 pitches of exposed climbing that just gets better and better the higher you climb.

The weekend before, Suzanna had methodically implanted in my brain the desire to do this climb again. So Ari, Suzanna and I headed up on the Friday night to get an early start the next day. It's a popular route on the weekend, and we wanted to beat the masses. Driving through a torrential downpour on the M4 was a little unsettling, but I thought that a bit of blind faith in the bureau of meteorology was in order. Gale force winds and a clearing sky would probably mean a dry (if windy) climb the next day.

Our gamble had paid off, it was a beautiful day, and the ground seemed mostly dry. After a mandatory stop at Blackheath bakery, we scrambled down to the start of the climb in quick time, passing the aptly named 'Terror Traverse' which involves an exposed step across a corner. Fortunately, the old dodgy cable that used to offer token protection has been replaced with a much more inspiring one, saving the need to rope up.

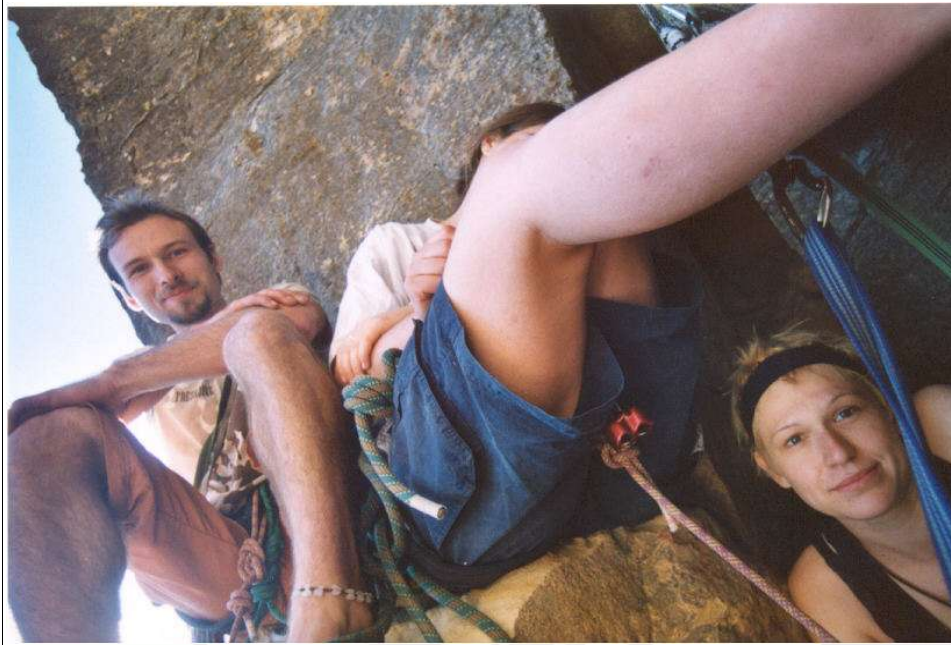
The first pitch really doesn't do the climb credit. It involves some not too pleasant moves up a chimney/groove, protected by a few bolts and some trees (which also offer some great holds!). The second pitch is a little better, with a few pleasant laybacking moves up the crack. I linked the first two pitches, arriving at a cosy little ledge with an excellent view out towards the Three Sisters and Narrowneck. There's not much room so it's a great





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way to get to know your fellow climbers a little more intimately if you are climbing as a three!

This is where this climb really starts to shine. Suzanna set off on the next pitch, with the exposure ever mounting as the pitch traverses across nearly the full length of the face. Despite our fears, the climb was quite well protected from the wind, but the shade made for some numb fingers. The fourth pitch (our third) was fun, not too hard, and included an awesome, gut-wrenching

step across a bottomless groove/chimney. With the sun now blissfully shining on us we decided to stop for lunch.

The final (variant) pitch was an absolute Sweet Dream inducing beauty: great moves at about 16/17, mostly good protection, and simply mind-blowing exposure. After climbing up for about 5 meters, it involved a small, blood-pumping traverse to the left. At this point I decided to look down and take in the exposure, and it nearly blew my mind. Since the climb starts from a ledge halfway up the entire cliff, you get all the exposure from the section of the cliff you haven't climbed. Add this to the first four pitches of Sweets Dreams, together with the fact that the face is hanging out in the air, and you get several hundred meters of air below your feet. It was a hell of a rush! At this point Ari, having misinterpreted my assorted noises of exposure-induced excitement as the desperate whimpering of a leader about to fall, nearly pulled me off. Fortunately, I clarified my emotions before it came to this! This section was the crux, but the rest of the pitch is fantastic as well. As I stood at the top belaying Ari and Suzanna up, I felt an amazing sense of contentment. Even hauling the bag up the pitch brought with it a perverse sense of enjoyment! I was raving about the climb for days after, and I rave at you now: do this climb!

## **Presidents report**

Greetings all,

Hope this finds you all well and not too stressed out by the daily grind, whatever that may be. Things have been a little slow in the club over





recent months, but with warmer weather well and truly on its way, things should pick up nicely. After all, you've got to love a climate that gives us wonderful warmth and sunshine where we live, and at the same time lets us ski.

As you have heard, a new exec has been elected, with quite a few new faces this year, which is very good to see. A big thank you to all those who put their hand up to help out with things.

Stay tuned for details of the new and improved trip leader's competition. Nothing is definite yet, but the plan is to make some changes to get some more people involved.

That said, why wait? Why not put something together, and go somewhere interesting in the next few weeks? If you are not sure how to go about doing this, ask, get on the bulletin board or drop someone on the exec a line. People doing fun stuff is what makes the club great.

See you out there,

Mark.

## ***The Sharp End of the Rope***

Anthony Knittel

It can be pretty disconcerting when you're on a climb to look back and see your last piece of protection hanging 5m below your feet. Sometimes you can give a sly grin, soak up the air below your feet and pull up through the next few moves without a care. Other times you can be drawn to stop, think about all the things that could go wrong and sow up the rest of the pitch sweating as you worry about slipping on moves you could probably do wearing hiking boots and mittens. Weighing up what's risky and what's overcautious is a personal matter, but it can turn up away from the climb as well.

A few weeks ago I met up with a group of people from the club climbing at Nowra, they had already been there for a few days and when I arrived I found out that a friend of mine had hurt himself and been taken to hospital that day. It's pretty unpleasant hearing about people getting hurt, and I couldn't help thinking about how easily it could've been avoided. I guess that's one of the things about climbing, there's so many things to remember and most of the time nothing will happen if you don't watch out for them, but now and then you can get caught out, and it doesn't take much imagination to see what the consequences can be. I even felt a slight responsibility that it had happened, I guess it's just a protective attitude that you pick up when you feel like you should watch out that climbing stuff in the club happens properly and safely.

It was a pretty good turn out on that trip, all up something like 25 people, most of them from the club and pretty new to climbing. A few months ago it was a pretty small group going out climbing regularly, and most of the other involvement was only done on beginners trips which would take a fair bit of care and effort on the part of the people running the trip- not the sort of thing that allows regular involvement for those without much experience. We made an effort at one point to get people involved to the point where they could start running the trips themselves. Whether it was anything to do with us or not, more recently there's been a lot more people going out climbing, but also with it a lot more complications over who was allowed to use the gear and other issues to do with people being inexperienced.

Eventually a lot of people ended up getting their own gear and running their own trips outside the club- there's no problems with that but it means



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that generally they're climbing without people around to point out the little things that you pick up from close calls or from someone else who had one. I can't be too critical, I started out that way too, but it makes you feel uneasy to see people climbing by themselves when you feel there are so many little things they won't watch out for, either because they're not aware of the risk or just that they won't remember at the time. Scotty took a nasty fall at Nowra because he had the rope running around his leg- its easy to avoid but sometimes you need someone to remind you; when I was starting I certainly did.

At some point you've got to accept that climbing is dangerous and that you can't always control everything to make it completely safe. There are just so many things to watch out for and so many complicating circumstances. In fact it probably makes it more likely to have an accident if you are overly dependent on your safety system, as it can take away a sense of being responsible for what you're doing, which can lead to complacency, being less aware of yourself, or even just a lack of commitment. Essentially it stems from a distrust of your own actions, and while its important to be rigorous, obsessing over it isn't going to make it any safer and may make it more likely that you'll fall. Facing risks, being aware of them and making balanced decisions is a fundamental part of climbing.

Another aspect of this is being aware that other people will have to make their own judgements as well, and to trust their choices and let them take their own balanced risks. If someone feels like they know enough about leading to give it a go, they can make their own decision. As long as they're aware of the dangers.

A while ago, after I was pretty close to a bad accident, I found I was worrying about every possible thing that could happen & wanted to cover every possible mistake. Now I find I'm running it out more than ever; I'm just as aware of the things that can go wrong, yet a whole lot less worried about it. I don't think its just complacency or being desensitised, its more a sense of trust- of being aware of what will happen if you screw up & being willing to take the responsibility to make the move anyway, knowing you've taken reasonable precautions. All of a sudden I didn't feel like just one small part on the end of a long rope, it was just me on the rock over a whole lot of air and the rope was just there to help. Maybe there is a way where it all fits together, without being overcautious at the expense of freedom, or being reckless and gambling it all. Take a look at HB- he's been climbing as hard as anyone for the last 25 years, and he's never had an accident.

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## **Editors Notes**

I'd hate to start my first editors note with an apology, so I'll start with a thankyou instead- thanks for being patient, it took me ages to get my act together and get this done. One thing about setting your own deadlines, its just too damn easy to ignore them sometimes.

As with all publications a bit of editing is always needed, I've tried to alter things as little as possible, and hopefully my flurry of scissors and glue in putting all the contributions together will sit well with everyone involved.

There was quite a lot of content so apologies if something didn't make it in to this edition, it'll come in handy for the next one. Good to see everyone's been busy & keep em coming :)