1-80

# HEYBOB

Volume 15, 1973





# `heybob´

university of queensland bushwalking club magazine.

volume 15

1973

# EDITORIAL

Had you been on the road a few miles past Mt. Glorious last Sunday, you would have seen a mottley, but fortunately small gathering of members of the Uni bushwalking fraternity. One of them, your editor, was saying "What can I put in my editorial? Will I start off with, 'at last Heybob 73 is here'? Can you warts think of something to put in it?"

"Arr," one of the others said," It's no use starting off with that because it's obvious, they wouldn't be reading it if Heybob wasn't out."

He was right of course, and the discussion turned to moking, then wandered back to the topic of the Heybob editorial. Much talk yielded little, and I was left to think up this editorial on my own.

Club membership was the highest yet and we had an enjoyable and active year. I think we can look forward to this again next year.

Thanks to those who helped with this Heybob by contributing articles, helping with the collating, and looking after Heybob affairs while I was away.

Doug Cook.

14.11.73.

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# ETTREMA GORGE

By Jane Bourne

Ettrema Gorge is just north-north-west of the Budawangs in southern New South Wales. The country there is rather Budawang-y - flat-topped plateaux, cliffs, then steepish ridges down into the creeks; many interesting features are marked on the map such as Reprieve Point, Transportation Spur, Churinga Head and Inquisition Hill.

I visited this area one weekend in early July with the Canberra Bushwalkers. After 3 hours sleep the night before, I was collected early Saturday morning and, with 4 others, we drove south-eastwards to Braidwood, then north-east to Merriga. Following the dirt road from Merriga to Noura, the countryside became more rocky and at times the road cut into steep hillsides and wound around boulders and rock faces. Just near the border of the Moreton National Park (where we were walking), I noticed an old wooden shaft going down into the earth. Apparently, gold used to be mined in this area.

At a mile-post that said 38 miles to H, we met a walker who had driven down from Sydney that morning to join us. Here, we turned off the Noura road and followed another track for several miles through fairly open forest with waist-high undergrowth - wattle, bottle-brush and some scratchy-type bushes.

We stopped at a place known as the Jumps - a break in the cliff-line; this was our starting point. Walking approximately eastwards, we followed a side-creek down to Ettrema Creek. The going was very easy - occasionally we had to walk through the icy water, but most of the time we rock-hopped or went through reasonably non-scungy growth beside the creek, noticing a number of cosy-looking campsites.

After lunch on a couple of dry rocks, we continued. A number of big, green pools with bracken and ferns growing prettily beside them were passed. Too cold in July for swimming but it would be a tremendous trip in summer. The Gorge itself is nothing like the Carnarvons, for example, with spectacular high cliffs; the walls here are different - not as steep and with a lot of bushes and small trees growing on them.

After passing through the Gorge, a small creek joined us from the left, and here we camped - right in the creek - bed. The clouds that had been overhead all day blew away and we all began scurrying around the undergrowth and in between the rocks looking for sleeping sites, each declaring that his spot was the best. Soon, a variety of tents, space blankets and groundsheets were erected in the hope that it wouldn't rain and the cooking of tea was begun.

By 7.30 p.m., all bags were occupied; the fire slowly died and the inevitable rain came. Luckily, it didn't pour down but my bag became quite damp and I could feel the wetness through it. I was too comfortable nestled on the rocks to move, so I went to sleep and forgot about it.

The next morning, we were on the move by 8 o'clock and resumed our rock-hopping and pool-wading. The next point of interest was to be Sentry-Box Canyon; none of us had been there before nor even heard of anyone else that had, and we all wondered what it would be like. However, we never found out.

Just before the Canyon started, the creek made a sharp hairpin bend, resulting in over-head depth of water and cliffs on either side. Not being equipped with lilos, nor anxious for a cold swim without the sun to dry us, it was decided to climb over the little ridge that led down to the point of the bend. While following each other up the near-vertical slope, trying to avoid uncertain rocks and bushes, a rock was dislodged and hit one of our members on the back of the head. As the cut was quite long and bled profusely, he was given first aid and we descended back to the creek. He was obviously in no shape to continue the walk and besides, the canyon might be one long cold swim for all we knew.

We rested for an hour or so and had morning-tea/lunch, then went up a slight scree-slope and onto a ridge, which took us up to a place called Churinga Head. After more eating and looking atthe tremendous view of Ettrema Creek, cliffs and other plateaux (being back on top now), we walked a short two miles back to the cars. The ground was flat and swampy now and many bushes of little coloured flowers grew in patches here and there. Very pleasant indeed.

At the cars, remnants of various foods were consumed. Then back through Merriga and to the Braidwood Hospital, to learn that stitches were required in the injured one's head. After coffee and a visit to the conveniences, the homeward drive was resumed in the fading light of a beautiful sunset.

Despite the trip not being completed, the weekend was very enjoyable and the area is yet another one that I will definitely revisit someday.

# A DAY'S CLIMBING (TYPICAL)

by Rob Rankin

The butterfly's wings are gentle, fragile, delicate. Delicate! The climbing was delicate. The wall unrelenting. There is nothing more exhilerating than clean wall climbing in the crisp hours of the morning.

But you can't think of this at 6a.m. with an alarm clock ringing in your ear.

The first ten metres were slightly overhung but it all went free much to my surprise. I could look down between my legs and see John and Gary sitting on the ledge below. They must have been cold because I was barely warm, even though I was really pushing myself.

The sun was still lowin the east as we approached the Glasshouses. They always look clean and distinct at this time of the morning. Crookneck was our target - the dog's head or thumb shooting skyward. Different people see it differently. Some say Tibro is a gorilla, others a lion (???).

At some stage in free climbing you reach a point where you must go on. You can't backpedal. You've gone too far. You're strength is failing. What lies in the future is a mystery. You hope to hell there is a hold above. If there isn't - you fall off. But this time there was, and I pulled through onto a small ledge halfway up the face for a very welcome rest. I don't think Gary or John really realized the anxiety of the moment. But their turn would come when they followed up afterwards.

The track up to the base of the mountain wanders peace-fully through ferny-covered slopes gradually steeepening into the cliff face. The walk in is a time for overheating and we paused a while beneath the broken columns of the East Face. At this point the rock sculpture is fantastic to look at. As a medium for the climber to work on, it is horrific. The vertical columns of the tower lend themselves to the expanding flake phenomenon. Each succeeding peg hammered in widens the crack until the one below on which you hang, falls out, and you - fall off.

It was cool resting there among the grass trees and in a while we got up to go. Under the roofs of the South-East Arete to the untouched columns of the South-East Wall. At the western end, the wall came down to merge into Salmon's Leap on the South Face. At this end all lines seemed predominantly free but vegetated. The eastern end would produce hard aid on doubtful rock. Between these limits our route would lie.

Above the ledge the route tended to become artificial. I banged in a lost arrow and stepped up a metre to survey the route ahead. A vertical crack ran straight upwards to a second ledge.

By using crackers instead of pegs the expansion problem could be solved. Five aids saw me just below the second ledge.

By standing high in the etriers I could just reach a hand to the ledge. A quick pull up, I thought, would put me on it. But a dead bush barred the way and it took a few minutes, almost a lifetime, whilst hanging from one hand, to break off enough branches to stand comfortably. There were three metres to the top.

It was hard to stand back from the cliff to survey it to its best advantage. The ground fell away steepily to the tourist track below. But we scungedbashed a little way down - enough to see clearly to the top of the cliff - 30 metres high. Somewhere in the centre of the face would be a logical place for a route.

Staring hard at the mass of cracks and corners, some disappearing in incipience, it was possible to make out a line of weakness rising gracefully from top to bottom - The Butterfly.

Like lifting shadows from your mind, the top of the wall showed only feet above my head. I stood up on flimsy holds, pain flowing into my fingertips as my strength began to fail. In desperation a peg was used and I traversed delicately left into a gulley. A few quick moves up and it was all over - 30 metres, 16M2.

Gary Huish came up second andJohn Parslow followed, taking out the gear. It was only a short scramble to the top of Crookneck, and we sat there awhile to take in a magnificent vista.

- - - - - - - - -

Charlie doesn't like climbing, yet he lives in the Glasshouses. He only laughs if you tell him you've been up on the mountain. Yet nearly everyone visits him after a day's climbing. It seems to be a meeting place.

You see, hamburgers are great, and Charlie's are the best in Australia.

oooOooo

An article by those two well known adventurers,
Mr. Horsepower and The Phantom Moke Stropper.

# "CAPE YORK PENINSULA BY MOKE"

In August 1972 there occurred an adventurous but, alas, a vain attempt to reach the northern-most tip of Australia. The expedition consisted of a Suzuki 80K, a Moke, and your inimitable authors. Months of preparation preceded this saga of men and machine vs the elements and the tale of the trip is best told with reference to the emotional high-points of the journey best described as fits.

## FIT THE FIRST

As the trip coincided with a nationwide petrol strike, we decided that it would be essential to take an ample supply of the precious fluid with us. To this end we hired a trailer on the pretext of driving to Cairns. We omitted to add that further to this intended usage we proposed to negotiate an additional 800 miles of unsealed road complete with open creek crossings etc., all this while loaded to the hilt and beyond with petrol, oil, spares and the indomitable 80K. The Moke was not impressed with the idea of towing such a burden, and on several occasions steadfastly refused to pull in top gear. However we subdued this tendency by using the fuel as we went. Ironically it turned out that we didn't really need any of the extra 50 gallons of petrol as all stations had adequate supplies. Additionally the tow bar broke in defiance after a mere ten miles of dirt road travel.

## FIT THE SECOND

Determined thatthis mishap should not delay the expedition Mr. Horsepower (Mr. H.) suggested that a small length of fencing wire expertly fashioned with the aid of his trusty multi-grips would effect a repair of more than sufficient quality to enable the completion of the trip. However the reasoning of The Phantom Moke Stropper (TPMS) prevailed and the damaged tow bar was welded at a garage in Mt Molloy. Later in the same day another mild catastrophe was discovered. We appeared to have mislaid ourdetailed maps of the Cape York region. We were left with only a Shell road map which, funnily enough, turned out to be quite adequate for our purposes. Also the combination winch-bullbar fitted to the front of the Moke in a most unco-operative display of temper fell off.

## FIT THE THIRD

After salvaging the winch we tossed the mighty, but useless, bar to the roadside and pressed onwards. Upon reaching Coen (the last town on the track North) we decided to leave the trailer together with asmuch excess weight as possible in the care of the local constabulary. After servicing the vehicles we proceeded in convoy on the REAL part of the trip. We took turns at driving and riding

and soon arrived at the Archer River. This stream like most in this area, is very attractive and conducive to swimming etc., however, our immediate problem was to negotiate the Northern bank as it was something akin to a sand hill. Not to be deterred we struck up an aquaintance with the owner of a Toyota Landcruiser and soon the Moke was plucked from an embarrassing predicament.

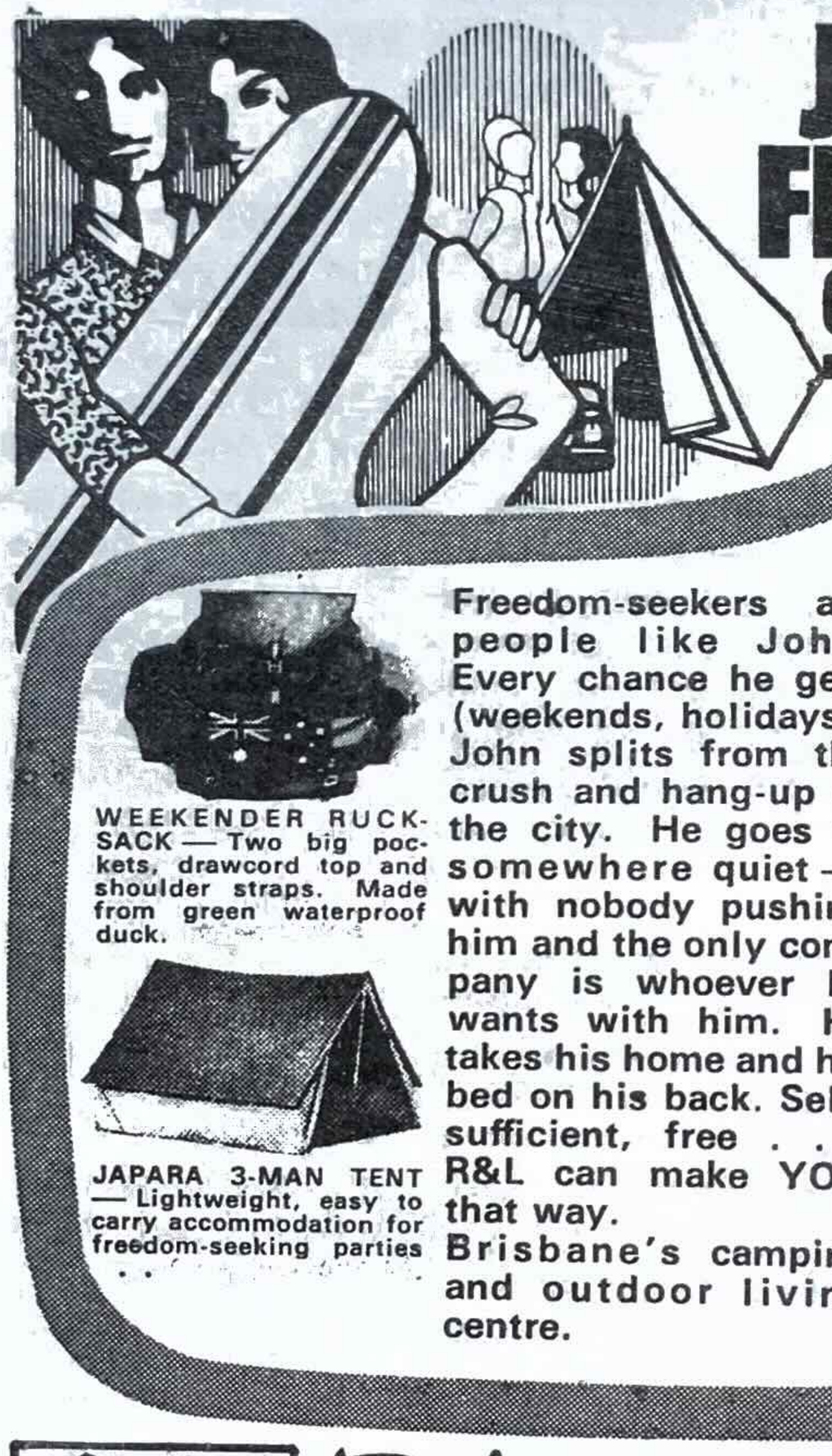
The next day we reached Moreton Telegraph Station on the Wenlock River. Here again a friendly 4WD vehicle winched the Moke through a very sandy crossing. We at this stage felt that our luck was running better and that we might yet reach our far off goal. We evolved a method of using the winch in case we struck trouble farther North and no super 4WD vehicle was handy to extricate us. It was well that we did this for the next day we entered a small murky creek too slowly and became badly bogged. We affixed the winch to a tree per medium of tyre levers, fencing wire, nails and rope and after an exhausting two hour stint ofwinching and spade work, punctuated frequently by some rather unsavoury remarks from TPMS, the little vehicle was free.

Soon afterwards we reached the Jardine River. At the crossing the water's vital statistics were, Depth 3½ feet, Width 100 yards, Speed 4-5 knots. Coupled with a very sandy bottom t is computed as untrafficable. We then enlisted the aid of an ex-everything type who was standing near, to construct a raft of used petrol drums with which we could float the bike across. Actually we got within 10 yards of the opposite bank before the bike fell in. Three miles further on we conceded defeat. Two people plus petrol plus oil plus spares plus tools, add an immersion in the Jardine River, equalled too much for the diminuitive machine. We retreated when within 50 miles of our goal.

FIT THE FOURTH

The return journey was no less eventful than the Northward trip. We again became bogged at the same murky creek as before. After a mammoth effort the vehicle was again extricated. At the Wenlock River TPMS suggested that we should solicit the aid of an eager bystander equipped with a Landcruiser to tow the Moke across. However Mr. H. was most indignant at this proposal and proceeded to give an impressive display of the Moke's latent ability. He positioned himself on the Northern bank so as to have a good run at the river. He then selected reverse gear and sped backwards into and across the stream. Apart from one heart stopping moment when the rear of the Moke began to float, the car went straight across. The aforementioned bystander stood aghast and was heard to mutter that in sixty years he had never seen the like before. After a similar display in the Archer River we returned to Coen, where, horror of horrors, we encountered Bez. After swapping tales over ales at the infamous Coen Royal Exchange Hotel we proceeded South. In order that our progress might be more rapid we took painsto discard all unnecessary weight and streamline the trailer as much as possible. The streamlining process

was added to outside Rockhampton when the windscreen was broken due to impact with a high velocity rock. TPMS was now in his element. Whilst Mr. H. slept blissfully the strange looking vehicle set about reaching Brisbane in record time. Bereft of windscreen and roof the Moke pulled an incredible 100 miles per hour down hills and only a little less on the flat. Soon we were back and looking forward to the time when we will return to successfully reach the top.

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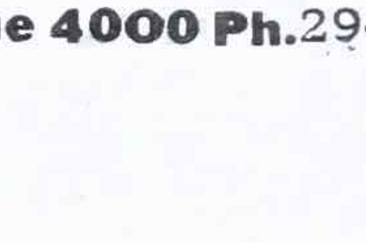
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# FLINDERS ISLAND

by Linda Tod

## LOCATION

Flinders Island is one of the three largest islands of the Furneaux Group and is situated at the eastern end of Bass Strait, off the north-eastern coast of Tasmania. The island has an area of approximately 513 square miles and is approximately 40 miles by 24 miles in extreme length and width.

## POPULATION

The population at the last census was 1,497 of which about 100 live on Cape Barren Island (see map). The people are, for the most part, of mixed blood. They are descendants of white sealers, mostly of northern European origin, known as "Straitsman", and aboriginal women from both "New Holland" and "Van Diemen's Land". They are not, as is most commonly thought, the descendants of the aboriginals taken to Wybalenna by George Augustus Robinson. These latter aboriginals were "Van Diemen's Land" natives who were brought to Settlement Point in 1835, after 3 abortive attempts to settle them on Swan Island, Gun Carriage Island and the Lagoons at the foot of Mt. Strzelecki. The population, nowadays, is, for the most part, engaged in primary industry - sheep and cattle mainly. Note: This island is one of the few places in the world today that has a decreasing population.

## TOWNS

There are three "main" towns on the island - namely Whitemark, Lady Barron and Emita. Of these Whitemark is the most important, being the Civic Centre for the island. A small but very interesting Museum has been established in recent years at Emita and here are kept some interesting relics of the early days of Flinders Island. Also here are many relics from the hundreds of ship-wrecks that have occurred in the vicinity of the island. The building housing this museum was originally the old schoolhouse. This museum is a must for any visitor to the island.

## ACCESS

Access to the island is fairly easy. There is a regular air-service to the island from both the Mainland (Melbourne) and from Tasmania (Launceston). I also believe there is a regular shipping service to the island from Tasmania.

## ACCOMMODATION

In our case, we obtained accommodation in a couple of guest houses. (I say, "in our case", because it was our honey-moon. Under normal conditions, we would probably have camped on some of the fantastic beaches there). In Lady Barron, where we were for three of our seven days on the island, we stayed with a

Colonel and Mrs. Booth. A very interesting old couple who have been on the island since he returned from India where he was a 'pakasahib' in the Indian Army.

The other four days we spent at Leeka Chalet towards the north of the island. This "chalet" is situated a couple of minutes walk from the ocean and is owned by Mr. and Mrs. Millyard. They used to come to the island for holidays and eventually decided to sell their property in New South Wales and buy some land on the island and live there permanently. At both of these places the accommodation is excellent but Leeka is situated in a far more pleasing atmosphere. Accommodation is also available at the hotel in Whitemark.

## CLIMATE

While we were there, the island (as was Tasmania) was suffering from a severe drought. In fact while we were at Lady Barron, we watched a small island just off the coast there burn to a cinder. It took about three days for this to complete and with great clouds of smoke churning forth from the island it looked like a volcano erupting.

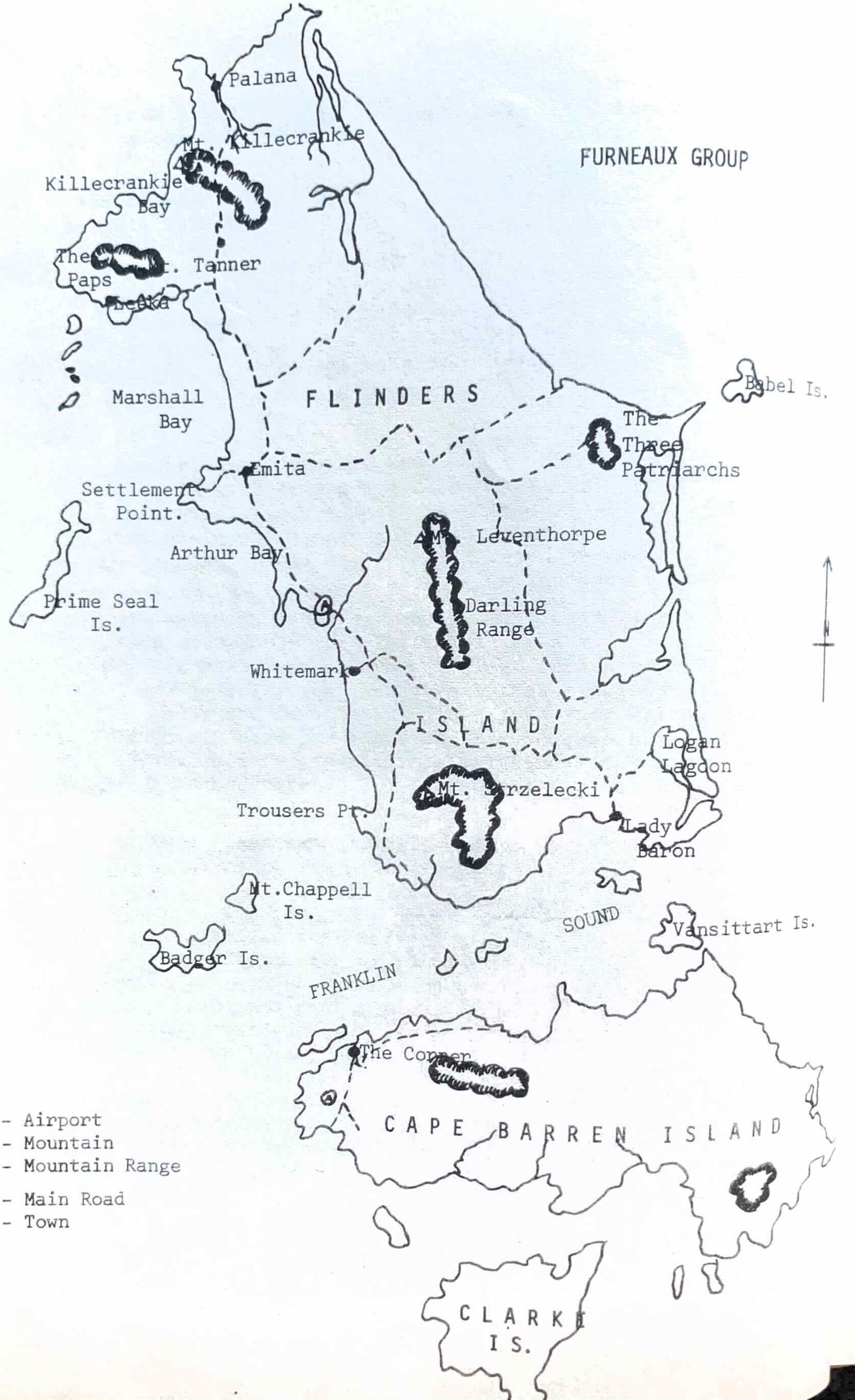
We had really beautiful weather in terms of sunny days; the only feature that struck us as unusual, was a constant gale. We wondered why the locals all walked hunched over; why all the houses were hidden behind a series of trees; why a lot of the trees were permanently bent over; all these questions were answered the moment we stepped off the plane and were hit by a mighty gust of wind. On looking at a map later, we discovered that Flinders Island had a latitude of 40 - ever heard of the "Roaring Forties"?

The actual climate of the island is extremely similar to that of Tasmania - warm dry summers, cold wet winters.

## GEOGRAPHY AND INTEREST TO THE BUSHWALKER

This island has much to offer the keen bushwalker. The highest mountain on the island is Mt. Strzelecki (2,550 feet), and it is said that excellent views are obtained from it. There is a track to the top of this mountain, and from the top it is said that on a clear day you can even see the Victorian coast. Unfortunately the day we climbed it, the peak itself was hidden in cloud. Excellent views, however, can be obtained of the western and southern coast of the island itself, in particular, Trousers Point; Lady Barron; Cape Barren Island and many of the smaller islands that dot the ocean, as one ascends the mountain.

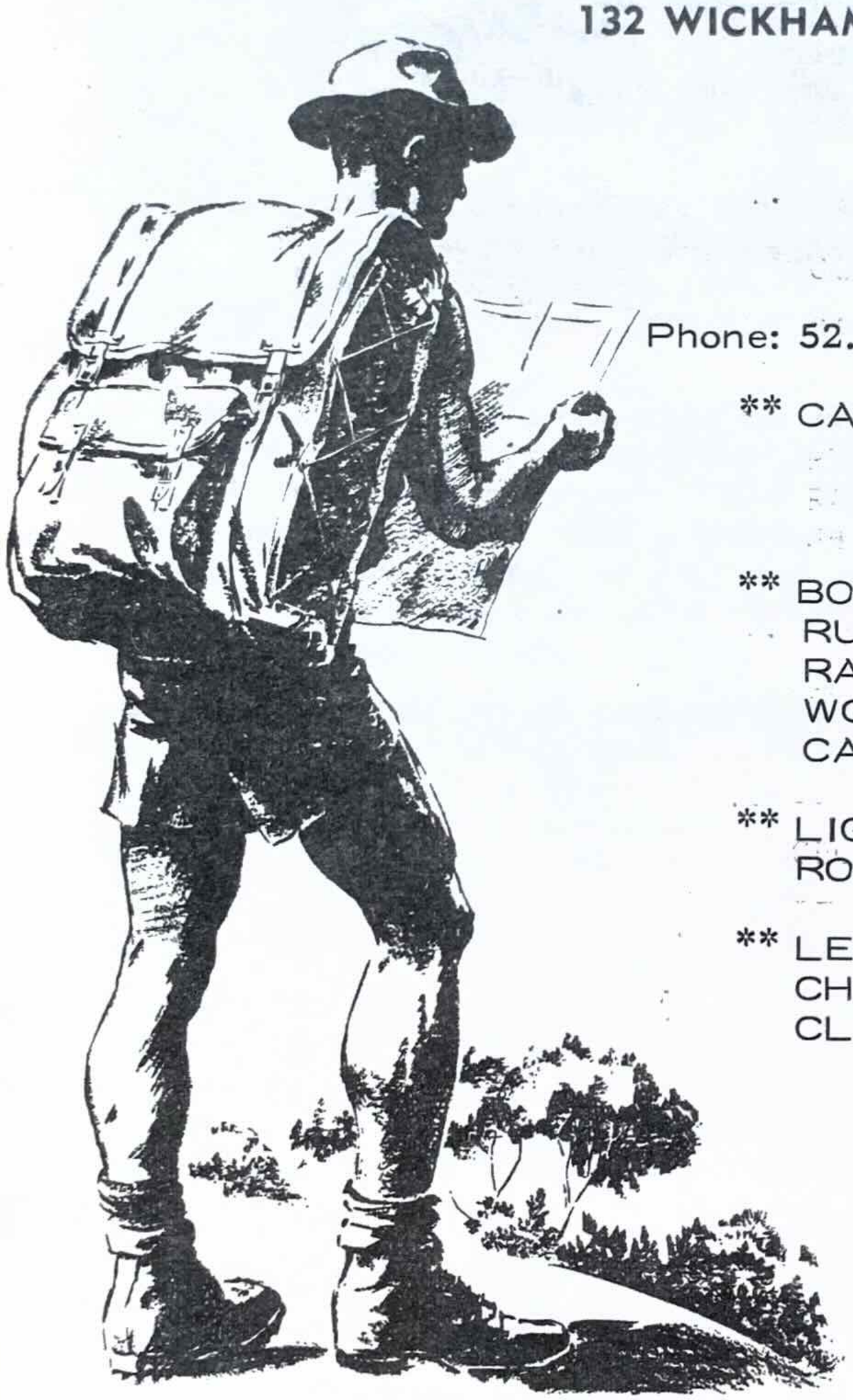
The "back bone" of the island is the Darling Range which has many peaks over 1,000 feet. Mt. Leventhorpe at the northern end of the range is 1,643 feet. An interesting 3-4 day walk would be along this range. At the northern end of the island is Mt. Killecrankie (1,035 feet) which is also well worth climbing. The views from the top of this mountain are also quite spectacular. -


Palana
Mt. Killecrankie
Killecrankie Bay
The Paps
Mt. Tanner
Lekka
FURNEAUX GROUP
Marshall Bay
FLINDERS
Babel Is.
The Three Patriarchs
Emita
Settlement Point.
Arthur Bay
Mt. Leventhorpe
Prime Seal Is.
Darling Range
Whitemark
ISLAND
Logan Lagoon
Mt. Strzelecki
Trousers Pt.
Lady Barron
Mt.Chappell Is.
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# THE GRANITE AREAS

by Russ & Jenny Bauer

## (1) RED ROCK GORGE - SEVERN RIVER

MAP:- Stanthorpe 1: 100,000 Topographical Survey Map

ACCESS:-

Turn right at Ballandean (approx. 13 miles south of Stanthorpe) at the intersection marked by "Winery" and "Angus Stud" signs.

Directions (with mileages):-

0.0 New England Highway; "Winery" and "Angus Stud" signs. Bitumen road heads in westward direction.

0.3 Turn left

0.65 Bridge

1.45 Straight ahead

2.2 Winery on right

2.65 Grid; straight ahead

3.05 Bitumen ends

3.2 Bridge

3.35 Grid; turn left immediately after grid to "Sundown" Station.

6.75 Gate

7.00 Sundown Station

From this point a 4-wheel drive tracks heads in a generally south-south-west direction

Homestead Ref LP 771101

Gate " LP 767099

Gate " LP 754073

RED ROCK GORGE

From the gate at LP754073, head in a westward direction and descend to Red Rock Creek. Red Rock Gorge is encountered a short distance downstream.

RAT'S CASTLE

From gate at LP754073, follow the track first in a southerly and then in a westerly direction. At ref. LP735066 take left hand track in south-west direction. By following the ridge (and track), Rat's Castle can be found at Ref. LP690072.

SEVERN RIVER

Points of interest along the river are accessible from either Red Rock Creek or Rat's Castle.

OTHER POINTS

Very little seems to have been written about the area. However, for those wishing to undertake exploratory trips, there is much of the Severn River which could be explored, and high mountainous country to the west and south-west. Possibly a better way to attack the area would be from the south-west, for example, from the homestead at ref. LN612999.

Following is a report on a trip to the area.

TRIP REPORT

After forcing our way through the rabbits, four bodies rolled into sleeping bags near the gate just before Sundown Homestead. The fantastically clear night gave way to a refreshingly crisp morning.

We intended to leave a message at the homestead; however we found it deserted except for numerous barking dogs. We retreated, and continued to Red Rock Creek. Even though we were in no hurry, we soon reached the second gate overlooking the creek. We descended to the creek; had drinks all round from pools in the rock slabs, and sunbaked. Eventually we were inspired onwards by the apparent proximity of Red Rock Gorge.

Vegetation in the creek was stunted and fairly thick in places and did not reveal our first goal - RED ROCK GORGE! It came upon us so unexpectedly that we were left with mouths gaping, such was the vista from the top of Red Rock. We had lunch here to fully appreciate this panorama. The only thing missing was the sound of running water, for the creek was so dry that no water fell to the gorge below.

We descended the "waterfall" via its northern edge, and were soon negotiating the boulders in the gorge below. As we progressed further downstream, the one noticeable feature at this particular time was the murkiness of the pools of water. The still, lifeless pools mocked perfect reflections of bleached sheep bones.

We endeavoured to reach the presumably swift-flowing waters of the Servern River, but darkness cut short our last minute dash. Fortunately, the day had been cool and we carried sufficient water to have a comfortable camp.

The following day, we quickly reached the Servern River. We were not tempted by the sluggish murky water. The thick, stunted vegetation made the initial part of the trip downstream somewhat depressing. As we continued, however, our expectations of the river were revived - wide, open banks, open slabs and clear running water. The swimming pool (ref. LP 698086) with rock slabs and a good campsite is noted for future visits.

The scunge in the creek became thicker as we progressed further down. At our first opportunity we climbed the grassed ridge (rewarded with good views of the area), followed it in a north-westerly direction, and rejoined the Severn River at approx. Ref.LP 674090.

Compsites lay in profusion as we continued south along the river. We finally selected a spot just below Rat's Castle.

On the third day, we scrambled to the top of the 'Castle' (suitably named). This offers good views of the river below. We then headed east to the grassed ridge and followed the 4-wheel drive track back to Sundown.

There are a couple of points that should be noted. Firstly, it is possible that the water in Red Rock Creek is contaminated from the few mines in the area. One member of our party suffered severe stomach cramps on the last day, which a doctor identified as 'colic.' Secondly, it is best to leave your intentions at the homestead, as we almost had a search party looking for us by dusk on the third day.

(2) THE BALD ROCKS

Maps:- Stanthorpe and Drake 1:100,000
Topographical Survey Maps.

Access:- Access to the area is via Wallangarra. Turn left off the New England Highway at the last street just before the border gate.

Approximate mileages are as follows:-

0.0 New England Highway (at turn-off). Follow beside railway line in a N.E. direction.

0.45 Turn right across bridge over railway line.

0.5 Turn left just after bridge.

0.6 Turn right and follow bitumen road.

At approx. 0.8 veer left

At approx. 1.3 turn left at T-junction

At approx. 1.4 turn right

At approx. 1.8 straight ahead

2.0 Bitumen ends

2.1 Turn left at T-junction

2.15 Turn right over grid; very old sign "Mt Norman".

2.95 Keep right; a water reservoir should be visible on your right

3.15 Gate

4.55 Keep left (arched gateway on right)

5.15 Keep right (old Mt Norman road to left)

7.15 Concrete floodway. Campsite just after crossing (Ref. MP 008068)

MT. NORMAN (1268 Metres) Ref. LP 988068

From the campsite head in a generally westward direction. The monolith immediately in your path is easily climbed and offers good views of Mt Norman with the 'Eye of the Needle', and surrounding country. However, this monolith can be bypassed, preferably on the southern side. Continuing westward, the rock slabs immediately to the south-east of Mt Norman provide an easy way up from the creek. The Mt Norman peak itself is climbed on the south-west end by an 'obvious' chimney.

Surrounding the peak are acres of rock slabs and an extensive collection of boulders. The most fascinating formation is the 'Eye of the Needle' at the northern end. In addition, a network of caves and passages exists under the boulders on the north-west corner of the peak.

WEST BALD ROCK Ref MP 0203

From the campsite follow up Racecourse Creek (do not disturb cattle). At ref MP 011052, dense scrub is encountered. Racecourse Creek enters from the cleft at this point by a series of cascades (not readily visible).

Continue southward past the bend in Racecourse Creek and into the scrub about 100 yards into the scrub climb out of the creek to the left (Ref MP 011049). Continue in south-south-east direction, across watercourse at Ref MP 015048, and then follow the ridge to the monolith, which is easily climbed on the southern side.

This rock offers steep slab climbing on the western side. On top is a maze of large boulders, including a precariously positioned rock which will eventually fall hundreds of feet to the jumble of boulders surrounding the north-east base. Climbing on or around these boulders appeared worthwhile.

To the north-east of West Bald Rock is a completely bald monolith, not unlike the Pyramids, and offering good slab climbing.

SOUTH BALD ROCK Ref MP 040030

From the campsite follow up Racecourse Creek in its entirety. (Note the sharp left turn at Ref MP 011052). At Ref MP 032034 the rock slabs of South Bald Rock extend right down to the creek and offer easy access to the top.

If approaching from West Bald Rock, the easiest and quickest path is a direct line eastward.

The northern peak is easily climbed on the northwest corner.

However, the southern peak offers more of a challenge, the most likely route being up the eastern side. The summits offer extensive views of the granite country and such faraway places as Barney.

On the western side are rock slabs which extend right from the creek to the summit peaks. On these slabs are several notable balancing boulders including 'Erection Rock.' Immediately to the west of the north peak is a conglomeration of boulders. Passages lead through to a scenic damp protected gully. In addition, there appeared to be a network of caves on the south-west side of the south peak, and numerous vertical chimneys for climbing enthusiasts.

BALD ROCK (1277 metres) Ref. MP 062075

The most interesting approach to Bald Rock from the campsite at Ref. Mp 008068 is along the border via South Bald Rock. At present a 4-wheel drive track follows along a fence on the Queensland side of the border; however, the walk is more interesting if the small monoliths along the border are followed. These give good views both into Q'ld and N.S.W. On reaching Bald Rock, it is best climbed on the southern side.

It should be noted that access is also available from N.S.W. Approximately 5000 acres around Bald Rock is classified as N.S.W. State Park. Access to this park is from the Mt. Lindsay Highway. About 18 miles from Tenterfield a good vehicular track leads in a westerly direction to a parking area. A marked route leads to the summit from here.

This huge monolith, covering 1000 acres, is well worth the visit. It offers tremendous views and has a few boulders and formations together with extensive rock slabs. However, it is not as impressive as its brother, South Bald Rock.

OTHER POINTS OF INTEREST

Another interesting rock formation readily available from the campsite at Ref MP 008068 on Racecourse Creek is the conglomeration of boulders and tors commonly referred to as the 'Aztec Temple' (Ref. MP 003086).

Just north of this on Bald Rock Creek is an 'Underground River' (Ref. MP 004093). A thorough investigation of this system of fissures and water-worn holes in solid granite would be quite rewarding.

The campsite itself lies between two small monolights. These can be quickly climbed and give good views. As none of the beforementioned features can be seen from the campsite, a quick trip to the top of either of these is useful for 'getting your bearings.'

(3) POVERTY POINT - ROCKY RIVER

Map:- Tenterfield 1: 63,360 military map

Access:- There are two starting points for walks in this area -

(a) Poverty Point - From Tenterfield turn east along the Bruxner Highway to Lismore and Casino. About 5½ miles from Tenterfield, Barney Downs Creek is crossed. One mile after the bridge turn right off the highway onto a dirt road, signposted 'Poverty Point 20'.

0.0 Turn off Highway. Follow dirt road

0.75 Wood bridge; straight ahead. Follow the main track ignoring any minor side turns.

8.25 First grid

9.25 Second grid

10.25 Keep right

12.25 Third grid

13.65 Keep right

15.00 Road forks. Take right hand branch and camp just before creek crossing

(b) Rocky River - As above, follow the Bruxner Highway east from Tenterfield. Continue until the spreadout village of Drake is reached, approximately 31 miles from Tenterfield. On the eastern side of Drake, about a mile from the main 'business area', turn right off the highway onto a dirt road, signposted 'Rocky River 10'.

About 2½ miles from the highway (ref. 452,998), the road descends fairly steeply into Long Creek. Approx. 10 miles from the highway, keep right. At approx. 12½ miles, there is a concrete floodway across Nelson Creek. About 100 yards after this floodway, good campsites are available on the banks of the Rocky River (Ref. 439957).

The road is easy to follow; a particular feature is the large number of grids and floodways.

FEATURES OF THE AREA

The Poverty Point - Rocky River area is still a relatively new bushwalking area for U.Q.B.W.C. However, in recent years the area has been crossed by increasing numbers of people. But Why?

I.J. Reeve's article 'Timbarra', of the 1971 Heybob, gives a good introduction to the area by describing the gold rush days, and then relating the re-discovery of the area by bushwalkers.

The region is composed of granite, but is quite unique. Bloxsome (ref. 396954), the highest peak, affords a magnificent view of the Ewingar and Billilimbara State Forests. Far to the north, the peaks of Barney and Lindsay are clearly visible. Then there are the boulders; Bloxsome has its fair share of these for the enthusiasts. However, the 'Boulders' (ref. 381945) to the south-

west of Bloxsome, provides the best boulder climbing, crawling, chimney etc. of the area.

To the east, the Bloxsome plateau drops steeply into Nelson Creek. The upper reaches of this creek are thickly covered in rainforest. However, in its lower reaches, the waters tumble through a spectacular gorge - there are cascades, waterfalls up to 120ft high, large swimming pools and large boulders. In places the gorge narrows to about 15feet, with vertical rock walls extending upwards from cool, deep pools.

Nelson Creek flows into Rocky River. This more peaceful stream provides for all aquatic sports, for example, lilo-ing, "shooting the rapids", and swimming. In contrast to Nelson Creek, the river offers easy walking along its banks.

This brief description merely touches on the surface. Further exploratory trips and trip reports are required so that people can fully appreciate the Timbarra Tableland.

TRIP REPORT - NELSON CREEK GORGE

The first problem of the trip was the town of Drake - no real problem, provided you realize that the turnoff to Rocky River is on the eastern "outskirts" of this "thriving" town. We unravelled this secret and were soon sleeping on the grassy banks of Rocky River close to its junction with Nelson Creek.

The first day of the trip we followed a short distance up Nelson Creek before climbing up onto the obvious rocky lookout on the ridge to the left of the creek (approx. Ref. 429957). From this point we contoured in a westward direction back down to the creek (ref. 423957). We rejoined the creek just above (luckily) a waterfall which fell into a narrow gorge. The artificial world that we had just left seemed so remote down here.

The afternoon was spent slowly progressing upstream. Negotiating the large boulders through this section was somewhat slow, but then again we were rather slack. The sight of one large granite boulder perched in the middle of the stream, with a smooth flat top, and sides sloping down into a good pool, was too much to be true and camp was established on it.

After morning swims, we continued our slow progress upstream. Several times the swims were compulsory, small waterfalls were negotiated, and a great time was had. However, a major waterfall (120 feet or so) "dampened" our spirits a little. We scrambled up a steep gully on the right hand side and contoured along and above the gorge. Eventually we found a suitable gully to descend back into the creek upstream of the waterfall. We continued upstream, enjoying the cascades, falls, and pools of the gorge.

In late afternoon we emerged from the gorge (Ref. 411942) and entered a more peaceful reach of Nelson Creek. We found a beaut campspot (Ref. 400939) and made another early stop.

On the third day we headed northwards up on to Bloxsome (ref. 396954), approximately 1800 feet above the creek. A quick investigation of the summit boulders was carried out before we headed southwest to the northern Boulders (ref. 384950). This was a good place to camp except for the deficiency of water - no slurp puddles; even the water party came back with empty water bottles!

The next day the northern Boulders were inspected in greater detail. However, the southern Boulders (ref. 381945) were left untouched because of shortage of time. We retraced our steps back to Bloxsome, found some slurp puddles, and once again enjoyed the festivities of bouldering.

The descent from Bloxsome was a good navigational exercise. For those with the old Tenterfield military map, a ridge heads north-north-east from the summit of Bloxsome. At ref. 400959 an inconspicuous ridge joins the first ridge from the east-north-east. Initially the descent was steep but after dropping 800 feet, the ridge levelled out and was quite easy to follow (first north-east and then easterly) back to Rocky River. Superb views of the river were obtained from the ridge (ref. 424966) just before it descends steeply (1400 ft.) to the river below.

General Comments:- Four days were insufficient, for example, with more time we could have explored the lower part of Nelson Creek Gorge, and done more boulder-festering.

And then there's all the rest of Timbarra .....

(4) OTHER AREAS

A LOWER CATARACT RIVER

MAP:- Drake 1: 100,000 Topographical Survey Map

ACCESS:- Approximately 19 miles east of Tenterfield on the Bruxner Highway, turn left at a gravel road signposted "Boorook".

0.0 Bruxner Highway
0.1 Grid
0.2 Bridge
0.7 Grid
1.1 Causeway
2.7 Causeway
3.2 Grid
5.1 Causeway
5.5 Causeway
5.6 Grid; turn right immediately after grid
5.7 Causeway

6.4 Grid

6.8 Causeway; campsite just before causeway (ref.MP 278090).

This area has become very popular since the first exploratory trip to the area by U.Q.B.W.C. in 1968 (see Heybob 1968). However, trips here have been confined to the summer months in recent years. This is because the river has a lot to offer in the realms of swimming and lilo-ing.

From the campsite at ref. MP 278090, follow down Boorook Creek. At ref. MP 292078, the Kerry O'Donnell Falls (over 100feet) are found. Shortly after this, Boorook Creek flows into Cataract River at a large pool. This is where the lilos come in. After paddling around the pool for a while, the more adventurous may choose to try their luck with the cataracts a little way downstream (ref.MP296077). Here the river narrows to a beaut cataract which plunges into a large pool with a sandy beach at the far end. Many trips don't seem to get past this point on the first day.

Following downstream (Ref. MP 299085) large expanses of still water are found. However, as the corner at ref. MP 301089 is rounded, tremendous cataracts, rock slabs, and deep pools are again encountered. Interest in the river is held until the campsites at ref. MP 318092 are found. Sometimes, lilo-ists progress as far as the campsite at ref. MP 330101.

Usually the area requires a 3-day weekend. Thus on the third day, after some water activities, the ridges can be followed back to the cars.

It should be noted that even if you don't have a lilo, the falls, cataracts, pools, vegetation, rock slabs etc. all combine to make a trip there well worthwhile.

B UPPER CATARACT RIVER

MAP:- Drake 1: 100,000 Topographical Survey Map

ACCESS:- From Tenterfield, follow eastward along the Bruxner Highway. About 14 miles from Tenterfield the highway passes fairly closely to Cataract River (Ref. MN 205955). At ref MN 215959, on an uphill grade, turn left onto a gravel track and leave the cars on top of the hill outside the gate. (Vehicles parked here are not visible from the road - added security!)

To our knowledge, this part of Cataract River has never been explored by U.Q.B.W.C. Therefore, a short exploratory walk was undertaken. After the usual late start, we ambled down to the river, meeting it at ref. MN 211965. We had intended to examine Wellington Rock from close quarters, however, we were captivated by the river and decided to follow it downstream rather than make the climb up to Wellington Rock.

At ref. MN 214970, large pools, rock slabs, cascades and grassy banks were encountered. We were thrilled by this new part of the river that we had discovered. But better things were soon to come!

On rounding the corner (at ref. MN 219974) the river dropped away steeply, and to our amazement we had come upon a 100ft. or more waterfall. Inspired onwards by our find, we continued, only to find yet another waterfall of similar magnitude (at ref. MN 218977). This one was even more spectacular than the first, for the water crashed into a deep pool at the bottom.

At this point in time, we reluctantly returned to our vehicle, but not before taking the opportunity to christen these falls the 'Jenjan Falls'.

At least another exploratory trip will be required to check out the full potential of this area. However, a 2-day weekend could include (a) exploring and climbing the boulders comprising Wellington Rock, and (b) ambling along Cataract River, particularly in summer or in spring, which is the wildflower season.

## C BOONOO BOONOO

MAP:- Drake 1: 100,000 Topographical Survey Map
This area is ideally suited for either base-camping or through-walks. Day walks can radiate from either Undercliffe Falls (ref. MP 192311) or from Boonoo Boonoo Falls (ref. MP 185141).

### (a) ACCESS TO BOONOO BOONOO FALLS (700 ft.)

Travelling south along the New England Highway, turn left just before Stanthorpe and go to Amosfield (10 miles from Stanthorpe). At Amosfield, turn right; two miles later pass straight through Wilson's Downfall. Fifteen miles later, the house and post office of Boonoo Boonoo township may be seen on the right. At this point turn left along a gravel road signposted 'Boonoo Boonoo Falls'. Follow this to the end.

### (b) ACCESS TO UNDERCLIFFE FALLS (230ft).

As above, travel east from Stanthorpe to Amosfield. At Amosfield turn left and proceed to Liston, 2 miles distant. Turn right at Liston. After about 3 miles keep left ( a road comes in from the right). About 2½ miles from the intersection there should be a signpost indicating the Undercliffe Falls to the right. Follow this in and camp at the top of the falls.

### THE AREA

The first major feature which comes to mind is the Boonoo Boonoo Falls. At the top of the falls, several cascades and small waterfalls

feed into large deep pools ideal for swimming and sunning. Following down, one soon looks over the 700ft. drop of the Boonoo Boonoo Falls. However, to get to the base of the falls it is easiest to follow the graded track from the parking area. This brings you to a rocky ridge ⅓ of the way up from the bottom. This ridge gives the best view of the falls. The bottom is easily reached by following down the slabs of this ridge. Continuing further downstream from the falls, more cascades, small waterfalls, pools and cascades are found.

For some way downstream, such features maintain your interest. Then at ref. MP 206222 the river narrows to become Wallaroo Gorge. After this gorge, the large still pools are lined with wide grassy banks. Large numbers of Wallaroos have been sighted in this vicinity.

From ref. MP 216238, the Bookookoorara may be followed up (refer to Heybob 1972). As an alternative, leave the river at ref. MP 224252 and follow up the 4 wheel drive track on the western bank. This road brings you back to the 234ft. high Undercliffe Falls.

In addition, Mt. Prentice (1078 metres) can be climbed from the Boonoo Boonoo Falls. This granite monolith (at ref. MP 155122) lies south west of the falls. From its summit extensive views are obtained, even to Barney and Lindsay.

SUGGESTIONS FOR TRIPS .

Three to four day through-walks can be organized between the Undercliffe and Boonoo Boonoo Falls. From Undercliffe, you may either follow the road down to the river, or go down Bookookoorara Creek.

From each of the campsites, day walks can be organized, from Undercliffe, down the Bookookoorara, and from Boonoo Boonoo, down the falls and some distance downstream, or to Mt. Prentice.

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# LEECHES

These incredible blood-sucking ectoparasites are remarkably adept at removing from non-specific hosts a very considerable quantity ofblood, proceeding then to slink away unnoticed. The necessary mechanics acquired by this scurrilous voracious little predator include a highly sophisticated tool-kit containing precise cutting equipment, three expansive jaws of accurate resemblance to hemi-sircular saws, supplies of a powerful anesthetic, a store of characteristic blood anti-coagulant, and the latest discovery is a histamine-like compound to kilate the victim's blood vessels. And you wonder why you're left wreathing in pools of blood hours after the attack !

Are these defiant, somersaulting Davids on the extinction list. Wordsworth in Resolution and Independence (1802) thought so.

"Once I could meet with them on every side;
But they have dwindled long by slow decay;
Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may"

In Britain by 1910 (Harding) it was thought that one species Hirudo Medicinalis had become extinct. (Later relocated)

All Australian reports indicate that the situation, despite concerted if not erude attempts at extinction, is increasingly prosperous for all leeches. Perhaps one reason for the increasing numbers is that traditional proven methods of terminating a leeche's existence have yet to give way to the mechanized destruction paralleled in other fields. Proven methods include; dropping of the largest outsize granite sheet onto the bloated excapee, resulting of course, in a bloody mess. Salt sprinkled over an attached leech is always watched eagerly by the usually unanimous sadists of the party; the wreathing wriggling shrinking worm being tortured to dehydration. The match has similar results. Methods as dubious as the very size, reveal that when a distended 'superbreed' is stretched between the points of two tent poles and then salt seasoned, it produces a fantastic display resulting ultimately at the explosive breaking point.

Knot-tying and rolling has proved fruitless.

Vital Life Statistics of a Leech:

| | |
|---|---|
| Weigh in | 128 mg. |
| Length fully distended | 10-12 cm. |
| Average Blood intake | 640 mg. (5 times body weight). |

On 640 mg. one individual can exist comfortably for twelve months on 15 calories/ day for the first eight months and 7 calories/ day for the latter 4 months.

This means that from one Blood Bank (Red Cross variety) donation f 300 mls. that you can keep one leech alive for 462 years or 462 leeches live for one year.

# THE DO-IT-YOURSELF-WAY TO INSTANT HARDNESS

by Robert Rankin

Uncompetitive, eh! Sounds like a good idea. A "sport" with no competition; interesting, exciting with a fair bit of physical activity. Looks good. So our friend joins the bushwalking club.

Fresher's Trip (whoops, New Members Trip) first up. To introduce the uninitiated to the finer arts of bushing it.

'Let the HARDS show you how to do it', they shouted. But what did this mean. Who were these strange people - the HARDS. How did they come by such a name?

So the group arrived at their destination (i.e. a mountain as usual). The following day they would be climbing it. (And climbing back down, of course). So next morning they set off early, all but a few. They fuss around the camp, comment that the mountain looks too high, complain about the heat. Our friend asks them if they are coming along too? 'Maybe', came the quiet reply, 'later perhaps'.

And our gullible friend was gullible enough to believe that these people were slack. You can guess who were first to the top, much to the awe and amazement of the plebs. Now the meaning of hard was clear.

'I carried 70 lbs for 15 days and climbed a total of 30,000 feet, it was hard man, rugged, no place for the inexperienced.'

This sort of phrase can be used by any walker who has been on some extended trip over the holidays. It is usually exaggerated about 10 times, but then no one knows the truth because all the others who were on the same trip are exaggerating to the same extent.

There is only one problem about being a 'hard' bushwalker - you actually have to be hard! Well, I mean at least you have to be willing to walk day after day through endless miles of bush, over countless hundreds of ridges, reach innumerable summits, sign a hundred logbooks a year, grown big bristly hairs on the chest (black tea (i.e. real man's tea) helps achieve this - no sugar though), carry a hundred pound pack everywhere, even on day trips, walk at 10 mph at all times, even around the campfire, near cliff edges etc., walk at least 100 yards ahead of the rest of the party even if it buggers you to hell, and drink copious quantities of fizzy with absolutely no ill effects. Well, at least don't show any. A few extra pairs of dacks may be helpful in this regard.

Now you may feel a little depressed after reading this formidable list. But not to worry. There is a way out even for those who can't even achieve one of these requirements. You can become a rockclimber. Well, I mean, you can tell everyone

you are a ROCKCLIMBER.

SOME people seem to be awe struck when you QUIETLY drop the fact that you climb rocks. That is, people who have never actually seen you climb and never seen the rocks you climb.

Make careful note of these people - these are your friends - the ones that think you're hard.

A rockclimber's life is an easy one. You only visit cliffs that have roads right to the base or to the top of them. This eliminates the need to carry all that heavy climbing gear (20 lbs) over tough arduous trails.

If, however, you do visit a cliff that requires a moderate walk in, (Note, I said visit, not climb) it is a good idea to borrow as many people's gear as possible and pile all this into the back seat of your car. On arrival at the end of the road:

1. Remove all gear from back seat of car and drape it around your neck. Have second take photo of you with a rugged, far-away look on your face. Then put all gear back into car.
2. Attach telophoto lens to camera, and take, as if close-up, a picture of the cliff.
3. Get back into car and drive down to the beach for the day.

There is a problem, however, with being a rockclimber. Your capabilities are so easily gauged by the numerical grading system. When you first meet a bushwalking stranger, probably one of the first questions you might ask each other is 'Where have you been?'. In this way you get an idea of how experienced the other fellow is.

With climbing, you may ask, 'What's the highest grade you've done?'. He will answer, for example, '18'. There in black and white is a measure of the climber's ability!

Now this may worry our budding HARD. But as always there is a solution at hand.

1. He can become a real HARD and climb real hard routes or, failing this
2. He can become a <u>solo</u> climber.

Solo climbing is the solution to end all problems. Here at last the budding HARD can get away by himself to do all those grade 23 climbs he always wanted to do - or not do - it doesn't matter what he really does. Come to think of it, he doesn't really have to do anything, except make up a fine tale to tell.

....'Didn't have any rurps for aid over the roof, so I had to free it' or .... 'Found the grade 20 slab a bit thin .... a pair of boots would have been handy.'

Hang a rurp from your car's keyring as well - good conversation piece. But make sure it is permanently attached to the ring. If its not, someone may ask you to use it. And we wouldn't want that!

# ESSAYS ON WILDERNESS

by Lawrie Yakimoff.

## MAN AND WILDERNESS

Many people today, young and old alike, are "going bush". Whether the person shoulders a pack and faces the countryside on foot, or at the other extreme, goes for a drive in the country with the family, there is a common thread linking these and similiar activities. That ideal is a love for the countryside for its own sake. But this was not always so.

Both the Romans and the Greeks had a greater love for gentle and orderly landscapes than for wild nature. Lucretius said that mountains are to be avoided, and Cicero grudgingly remarked that any place where you happen to live eventually becomes pleasing, "even though it be a mountain or a forest". In Greek art, trees and groves were personified by the dryads, or wood nymphs. In the Middle Ages, these Grecian wood nymphs became demons which inhabited the woods, and for more than a thousand years, wilderness became a kind of symbol of the sinful and unholy. Monastic orders like the Cistercians, built their abbeys in the wilderness as a deliberate penance.

With the Renaissance there was a tentative awakening to the beauties of nature, and from here, to the period of the Romantic poets, man's attitude to nature and wilderness fluctuated between the acceptance of the innate beauties of nature, and the rejection of wilderness as distasteful, to be tolerated only where it was regimented and domesticated. Andrew Marvell, who wrote almost ecstatically of gardens, described mountains as "ill-designed excrescences" (abnormal growths) that deform the earth and frighen heavens". To us, today, it seems incredible that anyone could look at mountains without experiencing a feeling of grandeur and beauty, and yet the young historian, Edward Gibbons, made a tour of Switzerland with the curtains of his coach drawn, so that his senses would not be affronted by the sight of the Alps. Gibbons lived in a period of change. Thirty years later, when referring to this trip in his autobiography, he remarked that fashions had changed in themeantime "by foreigh travellers who seek the sublime beauties of nature."

The isolation of man from nature was now at an end. Only a few years after Gibbon's death, Wordsworth commenced writing some of the greatest nature poetry in the English language. His writing, together with that of the other Romantic poets such as Coleridge, Shelley, Keats and Byron, reflected the change in attitude to nature. It was no longer something to be shunned and feared, but rather to be enjoyed for its own sake. This feeling has continued into the present day when poets no longer passively accept nature, but actively campaign for its salvation.

Modern society holds two views on wilderness and nature. On the one hand is the Romantic view. On the other is a conflicting view arising from the depths of our culture.

Our Western cultural tradition has its philosophical roots in the ancient Jewish civilization. The old Testament is full of appreciation and awe of the natural world as proof of the existence of God. In the Jewish view, man was created in God's image, and the rest of the world was made to be dominated and used by man. In the words of the Old Testament: "Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea and over the fowls ofthe air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth". This arrogance has led to the prevalent idea that the natural world is merely a commodity to be exploited, and that if there can be no economic gain from an area, then that land is useless.

How to resolve this conflict - that is the issue facing us today.

THE PHILOSOPHY AND DEVELOPMENT OF NATIONAL PARKS.

What is a National Park? Rather than answering the question outright, let us look at the historic development of National Parks- the definition will suggest itself.

Parks were once reserves for the use of the privileged few, who enjoyed these areas not for their intrinsic beauty, but for the hunting which they provided. The concept of National Parks as we know it today, arose in the United States of America in the late nineteenth century and is most certainly an outgrowth of a developing consciousness of nature.

To the early settlers of North America newly arrived from the tame, ordered European countryside, the virgin forest was anything but romantic. Life was harsh and tough and the forest was an enemy which had to be conquered. And conquered it was, in line with the Biblical exhortation to "have dominion....over everything that moveth upon the earth."

But even from the earliest periods in American history, there was the occasional individual who expressed his deep appreciation for this wild countryside. From the 1800's onwards, like the small mountain stream that gradually changes into a thunderous crashing waterfall, interest became more widespread and intense, and the American wilderness had an increasing impact on literature and art. By mid century, artists and writers together had established a new attitude towards wild nature. This feeling reached a peak with Henry David Thoreau, who made the point that the world is more to be enjoyed that used. He felt that there were enough champions of civilisation, and he wanted to speak for "the absolute freedom and wildness...to regard man as an inhabitant, as part and parcel of the world".

It was against this background that the stage was set for the dedication of the first National Park in the world.

In Europe the virgin wilderness had disappeared little by little, virtually unnoticed. In America, perhaps because of the dramatic speed with which the land was raped, a cry arose at last to save something of what was left. One of the first shots in the struggle for National Parks was fired in 1833 by George Catlin, who in a letter to a New York newspaper, advocated a "nation's park containing man and beast, in all the wild and freshness of their nature's beauty". On June 25th 1864, President Lincoln signed a Congressional Bill to save from commercial exploitation Yosemite Valley and its giant redwoods. It was to be run as a state park by the State of California and although it was not a National Park (it is generally considered to be the third National Park in the U.S.A.) the ideas of men like Thoreau, John Muir and others had, at least, borne fruit.

As early as 1807 reports had been circulating of rugged mountains and cliffs, deep canyons and fast-flowing rivers, volcanic blowholes and geysers to be found in an isolated region of California. This was the area surrounding the Yellowstone River. In 1869, an expedition into the area returned with such favourable reports that a scientific expedition was mounted the following year

The members of the party were so impressed with what they saw, that the possibility of acquiring land in the area was discussed with an eye to the developing tourist industry. One member of the party, Judge Cornelius Hedges, disapproved of this idea, claiming that it should be made a National Park. The idea was enthusiastically accepted by the rest of the party and a campaign was mounted to pass a Bill through Congress to this effect. For two years, members of the expedition were criticised and slandered but finally, in 1872, the Bill was passed by Congress and signed by the President. The first National Park in the world had been formed.

Judge Hedges, in his plea to Congress for the formation of Yellowstone National Park said, "It seems to me that God made this region for all the people and all the world to see and enjoy forever. It is impossible that any individual should think that he can own any of this country for his own fee. This great wilderness does not belong to us. It belongs to the nation. Let us make a public park of it and set it aside..... never to be changed but to be kept sacred always."

RECREATIONAL NEEDS OF THE FUTURE.

There are three events in man's history which had a profound effect on his way of life. The first was the Cultural Revolution about 200,000 years ago when man the forager became man the hunter. With the Cultural Revolution 10,000 years ago, he changed roles from that of a hunter to that of a farmer. The last and most recent event was the Industrial-Scientific Revolution of 300 years ago. What are the consequences for man of this third and most important event in his history?

The Industrial-Scientific Revolution has affected man in two main ways. Like that of any other animal, man's population was once controlled by disease and food shortage but now medical science and agricultural science have largely removed these in the Western world, at least. Population is now increasing at a phenomenal rate. In 1900, the world's population was approximately 1,600 million people; 3,000 million in 1963 and by the year 2,000 it is likely to increase to over 6,000 million.

The second major impact of technology is on man's standard of living. Technology has brought about an unprecendented increase in wealth and leisure time. In the 1800's an 80 hour working week was quite common, while the 40 hour week is most common today. Already though, some sections of the workforce are working only 35 hours. It has been suggested that a 1% increase in real incomes will lead to a 3% increase in real spending on leisure. With a more mobile society, strong pressures are likely to be placed on recreational facilities. Sir MacFarlane Burnett has even gone as far as suggesting that in the not-too-distant future, only 20% of the workforce will be needed for primary and secondary industries. This means that the remaining 80% will either be employed in some tertiary industry, or will exist in a state of perpetual leisure.

Another effect of technology has been the increasing urbanization of society. It has been calculated that in 1920, approximately 14% of the population lived in cities of 100,000 people or greater. This had risen to 25% in 1960 and it has been predicted that by the year 2000, city dwellers will outnumber country dwellers. The effect of crowded urban living on a human population is not known for sure, but if experiments on other animals can be taken as a guide, overcrowding can lead to anti-social behaviour. Indeed, large noisy cities such as New York with their high incidences of crime, mental illness, alcoholism and suicide, seem to confirm our worst fears. Even now, when talking about impending vacations, people talk about "getting away from it all".

Large, mobile urban populations of the future with large amounts of leisure time will increasingly require recreation sites to relieve these pressures, and National Park systems are sure to receive increased usage.

Julian Huxley, the noted English biologist and author said, at the First World Conference on National Parks, "One function of the earth, whose importance we have only just begun to recognize, is that of wilderness, the function of allowing men and women to get away from the complications of industrial civilization, and make contact with scenery and unspoiled nature. In more general terms, the function of conserving nature is one to which we must assign a not inconsiderable area of the globe's surface."

In the U.S.A., which has provided a spearhead of thought in this field for over a century, the establishment of 29 National Parks covering 13½ million acres of some of the most spectacular

countryside cannot be credited to public demand, but to the far-sightedness and public spirit of a few men. Public appreciation has come later.

The National Park system of the U.S.A. is already overloaded. To enter Yosemite and other National Parks, visitors must book sometimes months ahead. In 1968 there were 141 million visitors to the parks compared with 3 million in 1948, reflecting a fantastic growth rate in park usage. In a report to Congress in 1962, the Outdoor Recreation Resources Review Commission stated that the present park system was inadequate and had not kept pace with increasing demands. Areas were not adequately distributed to serve urban needs. And these comments came from a country acknowledged as the world leader in National Park management!

Different people use nature for recreation in different ways. Some people require space in the outdoors with all facilities, while others require complete wilderness. Both must be catered for, and a wide range of areas set aside in the National Interest. The Director of the U.S.National Parks Service in 1932, defined the National Interest as not a universal, but a widespread interest. Wilderness areas are essential to any National Park system. They provide for scientific research as well as for recreation, and should contain representative enviroments and habitats of the surrounding countryside. They are to a National Park and Forestry system, what libraries and museums are to a university.

In Australia today, 1.2% of the total surface area has been set aside as National Park. This compares unfavourably with approximately 2% of the United States and 6% of New Zealand. Even a crowded country such as Japan has dedicated approximately 3% of its total area as National Park.

Australia's population is likely to continue to increase and this must inevitably place greater pressures on our existing parks system.

In 1960, the Commonwealth Attorney General's Department furnished a report considering the effectiveness of legislation in the Australian states in the light of seven points it considered to be essential for effective legislation:-

1. The aim of National Park legislation is to preserve areas in their natural state, unimpaired for future generations.
2. A National Parks Authority should be set up to administer National Parks and to represent all interests.
3. Regular finance be made available.
4. A National Parks Service should be set up with a permanent head, and scientific personnel.
5. Suitable land should be dedicated.
6. Declaration or alienation of land should be by Act of Parliament.

7. The National Park Authority should provide amenities for the proper use of the parks.

A committee of the Australian Academy of Sciences in 1968, published a report entitled "National Parks and Reserves in Australia". It was most critical of all aspects of the existing parks system, and recommended that a full and critical evaluation should be carried out. It is unfortunate that although these various reports have been in circulation for some time now, it has taken so long for any action to be taken.

Wilderness in Australia is shrinking very quickly. One despairs at the gloomy future of, for example, one of the last great wilderness areas in Australia - south-west Tasmania. Let us put suitable lands aside for future generations, today - tomorrow might be too late.

o O o

# MAD DOGS and ENGLISHMEN GO OUT IN THE NOON DAY SUN

by Chris Wood.

This is the story of two mad dogs - we're not Englishmen - who not only went out in the noon day sun but stayed there for three days.

The Scene and Time - Mid - 1972 somewhere in Brisbane.

"Where are you going at Christmas"

"Tassie - do the King William and Prince of Wales Ranges - about 20 days walking".

"Oh, Yeah! Believe that when I see it"

Later that same year - November to be exact:-

"Still goin' to Tassie"

"Nope! Too broke, haven't got time, etc. etc."

"Pikers!!"

"!! ?? !! "

Well, after being described as pikers and after the great build up to the super-colossal, never-to-be-repeated, once only "Prince of Wales Trip", we had to think of something fast - to redeem our tattered reputations and soothe our shattered nerves. A build up like that just had to have a climax.

So -

"Let's do the Scenic Rim - Laidley Creek to the Coast. Set up food dumps at 2-3 day intervals, take only an inner-bag and a sheet of plastic, one set of clothes and an anorak.

"Yeah! Right-ho, be pretty warm so we'll be O.K. at night and with this rain there'll be plenty of water for the next couple of weeks."

Food consisted of wholemeal flour, powedered milk, pog (or meusli for the more adventurous mad dog, tins of soya beans and sardines and other nourishing but tasteless crap.

Dawn! - or rather 3.00 p.m. - Sunday afternoon about 12 days before Christmas.

The two mad dogs set off from the edge of Cec. Crosby's property on Upper Laidley Creek.

We arrived at the top of Laidley Creek Falls just on sundown and had tea - 2 spoonsful of powedered milk - flour-water mixture heated to congealing point and 2 spoons of soya beans a-piece. The 9/10 of a tin of beans and pint and a half of gunk were discarded.

Later:-

"Christ it's cold"

"Thought you said it was bloody summer"

"!! ?? !!"

Dawn - and for real this time. Two cold, wet (dew) mad dogs rose and set out after a meal similar to that of the previous night - all the meals were similar so I'll cease to describe them. As the sun rose higher, the day got hotter but the rain forest was fairly cool and water was sufficient. We moved at a steady pace.

"Not goin' too bad"

"Bloody March flies are a bit thick"

"Pull their wings off"

You may think this somewhat sadistic but on a hot day with those little black bastards swarming on all sides, you lose all humane feelings.

"Nearly at Cunningham's Gap"

"Wonder what the time is"

"Be about 3 o'clock"

Arrive at Cunningham's Gap - one mad dog sets off to retrieve the food dump from Kamp Stacey, leaving the other to be fed watermelon by passing motorists - stray dogs are pitiable creatures. The food dump is retrieved.

"Find out the time?"

"1.45 - half the day left"

"O.K. Let's keep moving"

Some hours later, deep in the upper reaches of Spicer's Gap - a decision is made.

"Let's Camp - it's nearly dark"

"Can't stop here - too many ants"

"Never mind you sleep on the next, I'll flake over here"

"Hell! Oh, well, at least the flies are leaving"

Next morning, the two set out, one redolent of crushed ant, and headed up Spicer's Peak.

"Up through this bit of cliff live"

"Yea, O K. - Christ, there's a bloody snake on theledge"

"Just poke him a bit, he'll leave - it's only a carpet snake."

"You poke him, I' don't trust the buggers".

Having persuaded said reptile to vacate the area, the climb continued

unopposed. At the summit, the route down the far side was selected.

"Down here?"

"Looks as good as any"

"Right, give it a burl"

Sometime later:-

" !!! ?? !! Scunge, & !!!!! raspberries, we're surrounded by cliffs"

Later again:-

" !! ?? !! ?? !! etc."

At last the scunge was defeated and two tattered, bleeding figures emerged.

"Christ, I'm dry"

"Not one of your great raging thirsts .."

"Like hell! I could drink flat beer through a Turkish wrestler' jock strap."

Apart from such uncouth outbursts, the two continued and camped at Panorama Point.

"I'll duck down and see if there's water under the cliff"

"O.K. I'll get a fire going"

Departures in various directions.

And -

Return from various directions.

"Firewoods scarce"

"So's water - doubt if there's a gallon down there."

"Jeeze, be dry as one thing tomorrow"

Again, Dawn - and half a gallon of water each is collected and the trek continues.

Doubts about the sanity of the undertaking arise.

"Not one of your great raging thirsts - I've got the worst attack of screaming dry horrors you've ever seen"

"No more water 'til Teviot's Gap"

"We must be mad"

"Whose idea was this"

"Yours!!"

Lunch at Lizards Point.

"My super $2.99 Adidas is getting clapped.

Sometime later, between Mts. Roberts and Superbus.

"My Adidas are clapped, the soles fallen out."

"Give us a grundy, I'll stitch 'em up with twine"

"Let's chuck it in at Teviot's Gap"

"Yeah! Lets."

Arriving at Teviot's Gap after miraculously avoiding the dread scunge at the base of the rabbit fence, the food dump was collected and the following conversation conducted with an old farmer.

"Where ya come from?"

"Laidley Creek."

"How long did it take you"

"Two and a half days"

"Where ya goin' now"

"Home - how many cars come through here?"

"About one a day"

So we decided to walk - to Brisbane if necessary - a somewhat grandiose and demented scheme but it reflected our deranged state of mind.

"There's a car coming"

"Must be the one for today"

"See if he'll pick us up"

Surprise! Surprise! he did and so to Boonah where the traveller departed to quench his thirst and we set out for Brisbane - still demented.

"Jeeze, we'll be lucky to get a lift - we stink"

"We look pretty grotty too"

However, we were lucky and so arrived in Brisbane, demoralized, dehydrated and demented.

The Main Range is no place for man or beast in summer.

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# A LETTER FROM JOHN SIMMONS

## ON MOUNTAIN MIX, GORP and SOROG.

A few times this year when I've tried to write with something of Canada, I have given up - beaten by the scale of things, Edmonton is 240 miles from the nearest access point in the Rockies - a long way for a weekend especially during winter. The Canadian Youth Hostels Association runs a reasonably active program of hiking cycling, canoeing and climbing trips during "summer" - say May to September - and ski-touring and ski-mountaineering trips in "winter" - anytime else! In Edmonton there is also a Canadian Alpine Club Section and a few hundred collections of individuals who regularly inhabit the "winderness areas" of the Mountain Parks. It means a fair business for the sports shops of course, because in typical North American fashion "hiking and etc" is really big business and all sorts of penny-pinching locals pay vast sums of money for hyper-sophisticated and marginally necessary gear.

Of the Mountain Parks themselves - together, Jasper, Banff, Yoho and Kootenay National Parks cover an area roughly 250 miles x 60 miles. Thats a lot of park, but only a fraction of the mountain regions of western Canada. There are also "wilderness areas" and provincial parks (the national parks being federal territory) - but any outdoors type will readily protest that it is all only marginally enough. The vast forests and prairie parklands are strangled with oil and gas wells, pipelines and exploratory cut-lines. The pulp mills produce an effect on mountain foothills not unlike the devestation of atomic bombs. SNowmobiles and hunters are far more dangerous than bears. There have been some explosive public issues in the parks, the latest being the unsuccessful attempt by Imperial Oil to build a $30 million-plus ski resort for the benefit of all Canada, right near Lake Louise. After a tremendous surge of public support for formerly "rabid conservationists" both provincial and federal governments (and Esso) will long remember the Lake Louise affair. The Parks Administrations, meanwhile, have a tough time coping with the visitors and bears. Typically, 95% of hikers use 15% of available trails - in delicate alpine zones this makes a mess.

The word "trails." In alpine areas the passing of three parties of hikers over a season can leave a trail which may last decades. Many people still insist on the right to use horses and stay in comfortable lodges, so we need bulldozed horsetrails and snarling snowmobiles to keep the places supplies in winter. And then, your average hiker would not dream of going someplace where there might not be a good trail to follow. Many Canadians have a long way to go in achieving a natural balance with and appreciation of Nature. In a land so vast, it is easy for most people to suffer the illusion of "room for everyone" when it simply is not so. The

thought of "bushwhacking" instills fear and horror in the new hiker, and such attitudes die hard with many of the experienced people. Most guide books nowadays are written by really sharp people who know the scene and deliberately scare people off "sensitive" or "wilderness" routes. The ethics involved is questionable but it probably saves lives and cuts the costs of Mountain Rescue enormously. Just too many people go when they have read the book - it's all old hat by then.

The mountains are moody. Wild weather cannot strike as fast as in New Zealand, but when it does it can be pretty mean. A few weeks ago one party reported above century (using F) temperatures with severe mosquitoes, black flies and deerflies, then a hailstorm in the afternoon (golf balls) which ripped up tents just in time for the two feet of snow that night. Admittedly this was an exception, but you have really got to expect the unexpected. The people I have been hiking with this summer have mostly been pretty vague about things like first-aid or navigation because "someone will fix it." Maybe I'm still overawed by the scale and sharpness of the scenery, but I find it hard to believe some of the casual attitudes (left over from soft apartment living in town no doubt) which people expect to make do with. The scenery is absolutely magnificent beyond words. It is always sharp, always changing, always receding. But it is necessary to meet the mountains on their own terms. One theory about a recent spate of climbing deaths from Edmontonians is that the long distances to-and-from cause impaired judgement in critical situations. From my own experience, it is easy to believe.

To climb, seriously, requires dedication over a full "summer." At any other time of year the adverse conditions price the high places out of most people's reach. Apparently once you become accustomed to the conditions and get organized with a group, there is some pretty fantastic stuff around. Not much rock (by its nature more like weetbix than one really needs) but the snow and ice is far-out.

Wintertime. There are several zozo ski resorts and all manner of exciting package-deals for the jet-set. A ski-bum's paradise and ski bunnies galore. Alternatively, if you are human, you go ski-touring. If you are new, like me, the snow is good fun but cold, the bloody wax is never right as you get left behind on the uphills, and downhill runs are - interesting. Every slope is a potential avalanche (and sometimes <u>is</u>) and its rather an experience to go searching for rare tropical plants. It becomes a challenge. With the temperature in the high minus-1o's sweating like a pig in your shirt sleeves is pretty novel. If the weather is clear at night, the auroras can be farout, psychedelic. More likely, little flakes of snow get down your neck or freeze into rime on your beard as you struggle with a blob of snow in your billy, trying not to burn it. (really!) Its pretty good fun, the mountains are much different in character in winter. More aloof. You can get by with them in summer, in winter you bow down before

them. The first dose of frostnip is a frightening reminder to be careful, the psychological shock being tremendous and terrible. Camping in snow is <u>different</u>. The really good skiers go ski-mountaineering (the technologists even supply special crampons to attach to skis and I'm told prussicking with skis on gets complicated.) But the thrills are commensurate too.

Which, delicately, leads me to the final word. Most people bring various sorts of high-technology super-processed foods on trips. But everyone, everyone brings mountain mix, gorp or scrog. I pass my scrog on to Barry who is English. He offers my mountainmix to Ken, who is Canadian. Who enjoys my gorp. This simple, potentially explosive but essential ad-lib energy source is the binder of nations when all else fails. Everyone has his/her/its special recipe and a good gorp is an evolutionary process. I have been using a very successful gorp-culture, the original being a boiled, squashed, frozen remnant of a trip to Greece, England and Scotland. It matured well over the months and has fed and enriched all mixtures since. Fizzy is quite unknown, but Tang is a survival must here. A distinctive mountaineering dish, a pot full of "Things" which is hot, filling, and plenteous, is universally known as glop. A beautiful imaginative name for a beautiful imaginative thing.

I don't know that there's much more I can add, because descriptions get impossible due to the large scale of all things Canadian. I went "east" earlier in the summer and discovered parts of an enormous and beautiful variegated land. The people are tremendous, and the majority would quite rightly be insulted by the term "American." French Canada is just something else. But even in a few weeks I felt a deep longing to be in the Rockies again. What it will be like to leave for Australia next spring who can foresee? All the best!

John Simmons.

# IT'S TIME

by Peter Hanley

1972 was a momentous year for the cause of conservation in Queensland. In early 1972 a group of British scientists produced the 'Blueprint for Survival'. (The Ecologist - Jan-Feb 1972). Basically they stated that economic growth (as measured by G.N.P.) must cease. We must strive towards asociety that is stable numerically, ecologically and socially. This is possible only in communities that are self-reliant with regard to social organization and to some extent food production. In 1972 similar conclusions were reached by the Club of Rome and a group of M.I.T. scientists who indicated the 'Limits to Growth'. All this prompted the Post Graduate Association of the University to sponsor the 1972 Symposium on Survival. This was an attempt to bring to the notice of the people of Brisbane the disaster approaching. At the conclusion of this Symposium 300 people decided to direct their efforts towards the aims of the Queensland Conservation Council. A series of sub-committees were established that have functioned for a year with varying success.

I believe that all Bushwalking Clubs have a very important role to play in the work of Q.C.C. Q.C.C. has a very active Land Use Sub-committee who are interested in the establishment of National Parks and Fauna Reserves. Several potential National Parks are threatened by development. The case of Cooloola is known to all. An inter-departmental report was prepared by the Queensland Government on Frazer Island. This recommended that a large section to the north of the island be set aside as National Park. However this excludes some of the most interesting features to the South of the Island - these are covered often by authorities to prospect and leases. We hear now that four new leases have been applied for on the western side of Frazer Island. They will adversely affect both Bogimbah Creek and the Hervey Bay fisheries. We all should write to the Mines Minister registering opposition to this mining.

The Border Ranges Protection Society has recently been formed. The aim of this group is to preserve the vast rainforest ecosystems on the Tweed Range and Lever's Plateau. The Forestry Service in N.S.W. is logging large areas of this rainforest in such a way that the forests cannot survive. This area contains the finest rainforest in South East Queensland and unless we act quickly this will be destroyed. To the South of this area lie large areas of useless farmland which could be easily converted to forest. This, moreover, would be advisable in order to prevent erosion.

There are other areas in the State where conflict between Conservation interests and others exist. - Round Hill Head, Cape Your, Cape Upstart. We as bushwalkers must actively campaign to ensure that these areas become National Parks.

Q.C.C. are establishing a National Parks Committee to prepare action on National Park issues. A Land Use issue that Q.C.C. has already taken up is Pike Ck. Dam. After years of fruitless campaigning against this dam, the U.Q. Spelaeological Society combined with Q.C.C. to produce a first-class report - 'The Case Against the Pike Creek Dam'. This report must serve as a prototype for other land use issues. If we are to fight State Governments then reports of this kind must be produced. Perhaps U.Q.B.W.C. could produce an economic analysis of sand mining on Moreton Is. and prove that the benefits are so minimal that a National Park should be declared.

At present prices for rutile and such are so low that the benefits of mining these are virtually zero. A copy of the Pike Creek report was sent to Moss Cass. It is to be hoped that Federal financial support is withdrawn.

Other sub-committees of Q.C.C. would benefit from active participation by individuals from U.Q.B.W.C. Workers for these sub-committees require only energy and interest. The Air Pollution sub-committee has done much good work but needs members. The new re-cycling sub-committee has several projects in mind but lacks manpower.

Now, is the time for bushwalkers to get actively involved in conservation. Now - before our sand islands are desecrated by miners, our air poisoned and our countryside littered with our waste.

N.B. The following article is taken from the British Magazine, the 'Ecologist.' I think that we have many lessons to learn from this article. If you are angry at the way Cooloola is being treated - don't bitch at a meeting about it. Write a letter to Jo Bjelke, Camm and the rest.

## DEMOCRACY AND POLLUTION

Perhaps the most heavily polluted part of our environment is Democracy and by 1984 it may well be lifeless - poisoned by the unity between our three political parties that gives the majority of the British people no more voice in the future of their country than the black populations of South Africa and Rhodesia. It also suffers from the shrinking of the freedom of the press that is its life-blood. This has nothing to do with D Notices or "intrusion into privacy", but is the freedom of the reader to read news and opinions unpopular with his rulers.

It is still possible to use both our press and our politicians to fight against pollution, just as water from Lake Erie will still mix concrete, and in the long term the battle we can fight is one of the most important. Unless we defend democracy, which is the right of the voters to reject policies they detest, and discharge

politicians they distrust, it will not be possible to protect wild life, reduce river pollution and preserve our heritage of unspoilt countryside.

During the next thirty years a number of pollution problems - not necessarily those that worry us today- will have added up to serious dangers. Not only rivers but people are going to die of pollution. If democracy dies before we reach the danger zone, the warnings of those who think further ahead than the next by-election, the next pay claim or the end of the financial year, will go unheard. It is the ultimate deterrent of the fear of losing votes and office that makes politicians and councillors listen to the individual who has something to say and takes the trouble to say it. Organisations or committees of delegates from other committees are much less important, for politicians are used to ignoring the carefully reasoned documents of the Anti-Common Market and Anti-Fluoridation bodies as the out-pourings of cranks. Their individual constituents are a differnt matter altogether. They know that nine people out of ten sign petitions unread and for every thousand signatures only one will be from someone who cares enough to write a letter. So every letter carries weight far out of proportion to the effort of writing it.

A duplicated letter to all M.P's is worse than useless, for their mail is full of circulars from pressure groups and Public Relations men who deluge them with expensive brochures and costly offers, and no individual or group can compete with Industry in this field. Letters with identical phrases in them (not points) are also suspect, especially those sent to all M.P.s for they compare letters when the post rises dramatically.

Do not copy out long passages from relevant books or send clippings, make your points as clearly and concisely as you can, never be abusive, or make it plain that you disagree with your M.P. politically. However badly expressed or even illiterate your letter, it is worth thousands of circulars. While you are writing, do a version for the Prime Minister and the Minister whose Department is concerned - for the more work the Civil Service has to do in finding material for the answers, the greater the effect. Because what are now called "the media" are so restricted by trends, advertising and proprietary opinions, letters are the only way the politicians can learn what people think, which still matters where choice remains as the core of democracy.

This principle of the value of individual letters applies even more strongly in local protest. The price of liberty to-day is eternal reading of your local paper, for it is here that the planning decisions that change our environment are advertised. The essential task of any protest committee is to find the date when objections must be in by and to get as many individual letters of protest as possible. The committee, as a body, should approach their M.P. and such bodies as the Council For the Preservation of Rural England or angling or ornithological societies, and of course

their Council. But no protest meeting, however keen and well attended, is a substitute for house to house calling and coaxing to get the letters written and posted.

The second line of defence for your environment lies in the local weekly which will report your meetings fairly and at length, and especially anything in the nature of a demonstration. They will maintain the interest of a campaign lasting weeks that readers will follow as keenly as they follow The Archers. Local daily and evening papers are also valuable and all have the great advantage of printing letters long enough to set out a detailed and reasoned case. So let the "Hon. Press Secretary River Snore Antipollution Campaign" compose a careful masterpiece for the whole county to see, to be reinforced by shorter and angrier letters from the public. The serious Sunday and Daily papers might well print a shorter version, for planning and pollution problems are nationwide, but the popular press prints only tiny "human" letters and is therefore useless. The local paper reporter, however, can probably sell the protest story on "lineage" and gain mass circulation publicity which is the citizen's only weapon in his struggle with industrial or bureaucratic Titans, as at Stansted and Cublington.

The replacement of local papers by local radio would be a defeat for democracy because all radio and T.V. must be "impartial" which means allowing equal time to the official spokesman who is usually a good and persuasive speaker, especially if he is paid by the industry involved, and to the protesters, chosen for local accents and "human interest". It is very rare that radio or T.V. can allow time for a reasoned case, and however sympathetically and well a programme is produced, it is over in a flash, leaving only a fast fading impression which memory soon distorts. The freedom to read, clip from, remember and quote even years afterwards from one's local paper is too valuable to be sold for a mess of advertising or for Parkinson's Law ruled empire building by the B.B.C.

It is often a criticism of the Ecologist that its articles merely induce gloom because the reader can do nothing about their warnings. But this is far from the truth, for while we live in a democracy every reader who is rightly alarmed by our accounts of one of the many well-documented dangers to the environment, has the right and duty to write to his (or her) M.P., the Prime Minister and the Minister concerned, and to demand action, investigation and research. If every reader cared enough to do this as a habit, our polluted and exploited planet would be far healthier and so would our Democracy. Ask not for Whom the Bell Tolls ...

# THE LEGION OF EXTROVERTUS EXTREMUS

(Latin for Bushwalker)

## AWARD OF MERIT The Secretary's Report:

This year has again seen many noble acts of such outstanding merits, unselfishness and self denial, I feel it only right that I should mention all the candidates for this year's award, not only the winner. The Grand High Chief Ramjam of the Noble Legion Warticus Excelsius, had the honour of presenting to the winner, (at the A.G.M. of course), a voucher entitling the lucky man to any three (3) of the following great prizes.

(1) 10lb of assorted Past Presidents Toenail Clippings

(2) 6 pkts. of Jatz crackers found in an abandoned air drop on Goon Moor (S.W.Tassy) in 1970.

(3) A colour photograph of Lord Crappon's left tonsil. (actual size 11" x 14")

(4) An autographed L.P. record of the "Dooley Dingletons Dongers" greatest Hits.

(5) The last page of Hogworth (Hogey) Hamer's personal copy of "Great Practical Jokes from the Weather Bureau."

(6) The complete set of minutes from all meetings of the "Narrow Gauge Railway Society of South East Queensland."

(7) A slightly bent M & B tin containing what is believed to be the remnants of 4 oz. of Vegemite. This tin is an authentic relic from the daring first ascent of the East face of Mt. Cootha and belonged to Sir Mortimer Gungadin's third wife's second cousin's best friend.

(8) A carabiner and sling used in the noble defence of Camp No. 2 (the one with the grog) on the first ascent of Mt. Everest. This relic still bears the genuine Yeti teethmarks from the attack.

(9) A hand-written copy of Sir Malcolm McRobby's famous recipe for Scottish Greasy Bilge Swill Dampers. Along with this comes 100 ml of vintage Aberdeen Bilge Swill.

(10) A year's free supply Mr. B. O. Pong's famous deodorant. ("Make your arm pits your charm pits") and coupled with this a year's free membership to Bushwalker's Anonymous. (If you use the deodorant you'll need it)

It must be by now painfully obvious, that these great prizes are all well worth winning, so now I think it is opportune to mention the candidate for this year's award.

No. 1 Mervin Strongpaw

No. 2 Sproggo Lechmore.

No. 3 Prudence Stringemalone.

No. 4 William Shackespear

Firstly, Mervin's feat of saving the beautiful Miss Penelope P. Treadlightly from the terrible beast Bunyipae Barney, (otherwise known as the Barney monster). Now Penelope was the monster's favourite food (i.e. a tender young virgin, which the monster has been known to consume whole)(Samuels 1970) and had not heeded the advice of older members and taken the obvious precautions. Miss Penelope foolishly walked into a monster-fume blasted area to examine a cast-off scale belonging to this beast, and was, of course, attacked.

Thinking quickly she whipped out a bar of soap and threatened the beast, who omitted a most blood-curdling whistling-howling noize as it reared up on its hind legs. Seeing the situation Mervin whipped up a batch of bright orange pulsating pog-freeze-dry stew, and grabbed a large handful. (Mervin is the only one whose hands can withstand the terrible corrosive action of this lethal mix). Running into the midst of the battle he flung his monster-deterrent into the face of the scurrilous individual which sent him packing, thus saving Penelope's life. (Pause for admiration).

Secondly, Sproggo Lechmore who saved five young fresher girls from certain frostnip on a cold Wyberba night. Seeing the poor things shivering, the good Sproggo gallantly offered to let the girls share his extra large Erv sleeping-bag. They accepted and thus narrowly escaped the rigorous consequences of the nasty Wyberba winter. Well done, Sproggo! (The judges have not been swayed at all by the five signed statements slandering your good name. They realize fully that it was sheer coincidence and good luck for the girls that you happen to have a bag which fits five people. )(Short pause whilst 5 unconscious women were removed from hall.)

Now we turn to Prudence Stringemelong who, by means she would not disclose, managed to persuade three males to carry all the food, equipment etc. she would need for their forty day Tassy trip. Prudence carried a small ten pound pack which she did not open until the final day, whereupon she produced 9 pound 15.75oz. of well rotted manure and a few orange seeds. At once the males were set to work getting water and digging the manure into the soil. When all was complete, the seeds were lovingly placed into the soil (sigh). All this she did for future walkers who might come to the area, so that they may someday be able to eat oranges at the end of their trips.

Finally we come to the winner, William Shakespear (Aside, this fellow has a nervous disorder which makes his hands shake uncontrollably whenever he becomes excited). On August 6th last

William, along with several other walkers camped in a patch of dank manque with a large proportion ofpalm trees. The palm tree, it is well known, is the favourite roosting place of that seldom seen, quaint, coy little creature known as the Gurringi. Although quite small this creature is quite ferocious if provoked and has razor teeth coupled with long tearing claws, and can use these to good effect if in its natural element. It is however quite useless on the ground. It so happened that on the night William & Co. were camped in this threatening position, a great clicking of claws and gnashing of teeth could be heard. Of course everyone was nervous and excited. William's hands by this time were shaking uncontrollably.

After ten minutes had elapsed all the tents were knocked down, billies sent flying and anyone who was foolish enough to come near received sore ribs. The assembled company shouted as one, "Go grab a palm tree, Bill!" Bill being, as always, one who liked to please his friends (and also a bit stupid) went and did so. Before very long all the Gurringi were on the ground and silenced. The camp soon returned to normal and since that day no-one has been worried by the little green scaled menace with his irridescent yellow eyes. A truly noble feat, and a worthy winner.

In his attempt to give William the voucher as a prize, Warticus Excelsius received multiple fractures and internal injuries plus severe bruising. He said from the recovery room after the operation that the award would not be continued next year.

Lord Crappon,
(Secretary, Legion of Extrovertus Extremus.)

# DIETS AND BUSHWALKS

by Rob Brodribb

Much is said about food on bushwalks (".,don't eat all the chocolate out of the scroggin!") however little is said about the nutritional value of that food. For weekend walks this normally is not essential as the week day diet (refec' eaters excluded) can accommodate these periods of abuse without any nutritional problems. However, for longer trips it is essential to aim for a sufficient well balanced diet.

Food is required to produce energy for the body's functions and for maintenance and development of the body. Food consists basically of protein, carbohydrates and lipids (fats) with far smaller amounts of vitamins and minerals. All must be present and in relatively stable amounts.

Normally the average man lying down all day uses about 1650 Cal/day (1 Cal - 1000 calories). With exercise these energy requirements can increase to 5000 Cal/day. Bushwalkers normally use energy at the rate of 140 Cal/hour (Lower Portals trip) to 900 Cal/hour (Logans Ridge). The energy requirements of the body depend greatly on the surrounding environmental temp erature. In cold weather a great deal of energy is required simply to keep the body warm so that the daily energy requirements of a bushwalker can vary from 3,500 Cal/day Queensland summer to 5000 Cal/day Tassie foul weather, for a normal man. The requirements for non normal men can be calculated roughly as it is proportional to weight 0.67. Female requirements are roughly 15% lower than same weight males due to the differences in the sex hormones and other factors.

Protein is the most essential component of food. It is required everywhere in the body and 20g/day is required simply to replace that normally lost from the body. Further amounts can be stored in cells while excess is broken down and used for energy. Proteins consist of amino acids and it is these that the body really requires. The body can form some of these itself but others (the essential aa) must be taken in from the food so in any diet it is important to ensure that there are sufficient amounts of these essential amino acids as well as sufficient protein. The problems are that different proteins especially plant proteins, are deficient in various essential a.a. and when present the amino acids may be in the wrong proportions as required by the body. Animal proteins largely have all the essential amino acids and in the right proportions so the trick to protein nutrition is to use as much animal protein as possible. On long walks this is largely impossible so the secret is to vary the protein intake so that if one protein is deficient in an amino acid then another which contains this amino acid can be used as the source.

Lipids are required for construction in the body andalso for energy requirements. However, large amounts of lipid in the diet

causes a number of problems, one of which is the formation of keto-acids which are highly toxic. Lipids also can not be utilized as readily as carbohydrates for the production of energy. Certain essential lipids are also required in the diet but these are normally no problem to obtain from animal or plant fats.

Carbohydrates form the bulk of most diets and form a cheap energy source. They also tend to spare protein and lipid from energy prod.

Vitamins are compounds required in small amounts by the body but without them at all or in the wrong amounts the body cannot function. There are two types, fat soluble and water soluble. Before I go on, a word of caution. When excess water soluble vitamins are present they can be quickly removed by the kidneys, however, fat soluble vitamins when administered in excess cannot be so removed and cause as much trouble as when there is not enough present - so watch it! With vitamins it is only necessary to ensure that the diet contains rich sources of each vitamin rather than pay particular attention to daily allowances. These are added however so that you will not be sucked in by drug companies.

Retinol as the name suggests is associated with vision especially night vision. It is alo necessary for the maintenance of epithelium which forms the lining of every cavity and hollow lining in the body as well as forming part of the skin. It occurs richly in fish foods, milk, eggs and in the large green vegetables and the yellow and orange ones (the old "carrots and see in the dark" scheme). Cooking and digestion normally cause oxidation of retinol and loss of its activity. However, in most diets antioxidants such as tocopherol tend to prevent this. The body requires about 5000 IU (international units) where each unit is 0.4 micrograms)

Calciferol is essential for transport and absorption of calcium into the body and is associated with calcification of the bone matrix. Calciferol does not form a problem for walkers as it is formed by the action of U.V. light on cholesterol in the skin so stay outside and don't take too many showers. We require about 400 IU/day (an IU is 0.025 microg.)

Tocopherol is another vitamin which should not form any problem as it is produced by bacteria in the gut. It acts to prevent oxidation of compounds in the body. It has other functions but these have not been fully determined. Amounts around 2mg/day seem sufficient.

Vitamin K is necessary for the formation of clotting agents in the blood. However, it is also formed by bacteria in the intestine so that it poses no problem to nutrition.

Fat-soluble vitamin extracts should not be taken on bushwalks as they are totally unnecessary and dangerous.

The water soluble vitamins are all involved as coenzymes in varicus chemical reactions of the body. They include the socalled Band C groups and a few others. They do not pose the same dangers as the fat soluble ones as they are readily removed in excess through the kidney.

Ascorbic acid (vitamin C) is involved in a number of areas in the body. It is associated with formation of collagen and the blood system. It is also the vitamin which prevents scurvy and may assist in cold treatment. It is also able to detoxify drugs and other extrabody chemicals. The problem with ascorbic acid is that it is rapidly destroyed by cooking and preservative methods so that any diet should provide three times the essential amount of 10mg/day to offset these losses. The only appreciable sources are plant foods and raw milk and liver. The citrus fruits have high amounts however potato and cabbage because they are eaten in relatively large amounts will form quite good sources.

Thiamine (vitamin B) is involved in various breakdown and synthetic pathways as a coenzyme. It occurs richly in lean pork, peas, beans, nuts and whole grain cereals. The outer layers of plant seeds is very rich while polished and milled grains are relatively poor. Most bread and crisp biscuits have thiamine added and so become significant sources. Prolonged cooking of grains causes loss of thiamine. We require around 0.5mg/1000Cals which comes out at about 1.5mg/day.

Riboflavin (vitamin B2) is important in energy formation in the body. Milk, liver, kidney, egg white and leafy green vegetables are good sources while lean meat, veal, poultry, cheese, apricots and tomatoes are variable sources. Cereals in general are pretty low. Riboflavin is stable to cooking, however, exposure to sunlight rapidly destroys it. We require about 0.7-o.8 mg/1000Cals.

Niacin (vitamin B3) is also involved in energy production and various reactions with all proteins, fats and carbohydrates. Good sources are liver, lean meat, poultry, peanuts and legumes. Potatoes other vegetables and whole grain cereals are fair sources. Refined white flour is very poor. A cup of coffee contains Ito 3 mg niacin. We require about 4.4 mg/1000Cals.

Pyridoxine (vitamin B6) acts as a coenzyme in protein metabolis We require only 0.5-2.0 mg/day. Cobalamine (vitamin B12) is also use in various aspects of protein metabolism. Only 2-4 micrograms are required/day. Folic acid is involved in a number of metabolic steps. Good sources are liver, kidney, green leaves and mushrooms. Only 0.5-1.0 mg/day are required. Cooking destroys 70-85%.

Biotin is required for various reactions involving carbon dioxide. Only 150-300 micrograms are required per day.

Pantothenic acid is a very important vitamin involved in many steps in metabolism. However, deficiencies are very seldom occuring. Liver kidney and wheat germ are good sources.

Choline and Inositol are important in lipid metabolism and certain other metabolic steps. Again it is very hard to cause a deficiency.

Minerals are required in the diet for a number of functions.

Calcium is any important component of bone and is required in

smaller amounts in muscle and blood. It occurs mainly in dairy products, vegetables, cereals and even hard water. We require 400-500 mg/day.

Magnesium is essential for a number of enzyme controlled reactions. It must be kept at a constant amount as greater and lesser amounts are deleterious. It is very hard to devise a diet deficient in Mg.

Iron is required in the blood and in a number of enzymes. Again if taken in excess problems can occur. Egg yolk is a very rich source and meat, liver, kidney, vegetables and whole grain cereals are good sources. Milk is relatively poor. Males require about 5 mg/day while females require about 8 mg/day.

Other minerals required include copper, iodine, cobalt, manganese and flourine.

TABLE I

ENERGY USAGE BY THE BODY ABOVE BASAL REQUIREMENTS.

| activity | Cal/kg/hour |
|---|---|
| sleep | 0.1 |
| lying still awake | 0.1 |
| sitting | 0.4 |
| walking | 2.0 |
| hard walking or with pack | 3.4 |
| climbing | 4.5 |
| swimming | 6.1 |
| very severe exercise | 7.7 |
| basal requirements roughly | 1.0 |

TABLE II

DAILY ENERGY REQUIREMENTS

| | |
|---|---|
| 8 hours sleep | 7.2 Cal/kg |
| 8 hours walking | 35.2 " |
| 8 hours sitting | 3.2 " |
| total | 45.6 Cal/kg |
| for a 70kg man this amounts to | 3192 - 3200 Cal/day |
| female 70kg, 10-15% less. | |

The above values give a good idea of the requirements of the average Queensland walk. For a stroppy walk in cold weather you can easily add another 1.0 Cal/kg/hour which for a 70kg man is about 1700 Cal/day.

TABLE III

FOOD PROPORTIONS AND REQUIREMENTS

TABLE III FOOD PROPORTIONS AND REQUIREMENTS (cont.)

| protein | lipid | carbohydrate |
|---|---|---|
| 50-70 gm/day | 20% of calorie intake | over 50% of calorie intake |

TABLE IV

FOOD COMPOSITION per 100 grams

| food | protein | lipid | carbohydrate | calories |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| apples (dried) | 2.4 | 3.0 | 85.2 | 312 |
| apricots (dried) | 3.7 | - | 7.3 | 275 |
| bacon | 10.5 | 64.8 | - | 630 |
| beans (dried) | 22.5 | 1.8 | 59.6 | 350 |
| Lima (dried) | 18.1 | 1.5 | 65.9 | 360 |
| baked canned | 6.9 | 2.5 | 19.6 | 130 |
| BREAD | | | | |
| milk | 9.6 | 1.4 | 51.1 | 256 |
| vienna | 9.4 | 1.2 | 54.1 | 266 |
| average white | 9.2 | 1.3 | 53.1 | 262 |
| whole wheat | 9.7 | 0.9 | 49.7 | 248 |
| butter | 1.0 | 85.0 | - | 775 |
| carrots (fresh) | 1.1 | 0.4 | 9.3 | 45 |
| CHEESE | | | | |
| cheddar | 27.7 | 36.8 | 4.11 | 464 |
| cottage | 20.9 | 1.0 | 4.3 | 111 |
| swiss | 27.6 | 34.9 | 1.3 | 430 |
| chicken | 21.5 | 2.5 | - | 110 |
| chocolate | 12.9 | 48.7 | 30.3 | 615 |
| cocoa | 21.6 | 28.9 | 37.7 | 500 |
| corn sweet, fresh | 3.1 | 1.1 | 19.7 | 100 |
| cream | 2.5 | 18.5 | 4.5 | 200 |
| dates (dried) | 2.1 | 2.8 | 78.4 | 350 |
| eggs (uncooked) | 13.4 | 10.5 | - | 150 |
| figs (dried) | 4.3 | 0.3 | 74.2 | 318 |
| FLOUR | | | | |
| wheat | 7.9 | 1.4 | 76.4 | 353 |
| wheat entire | 13.8 | 1.9 | 71.9 | 362 |
| gelatin | 91.4 | 0.1 | - | 370 |
| honey | 0.4 | - | 81.2 | 330 |
| macaroni | 13.4 | 0.9 | 74.1 | 362 |

TABLE IV (cont.)

| food | protein | lipid | carbohydrate | calories |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| marmalade orange | 0.6 | 0.1 | 84.5 | 342 |
| MILK | | | | |
| condensed sweetened | 8.8 | 8.3 | 54.1 | 328 |
| skimmed | 3.4 | 0.3 | 5.1 | 37 |
| whole | 3.3 | 4.0 | 5.0 | 70 |
| dried whole | 28.0 | 26.0 | 37.0 | 510 |
| molasses | 2.4 | - | 69.3 | 290 |
| oatmeal | 16.1 | 7.2 | 67.5 | 402 |
| oranges | 0.8 | 0.2 | 11.6 | 52 |
| peanuts | 25.8 | 38.6 | 24.4 | 554 |
| peas dried | 24.6 | 1.0 | 62.0 | 358 |
| prunes | 2.1 | - | 73.3 | 304 |
| raisins | 2.6 | 3.3 | 76.1 | 348 |
| rice | 8.0 | 0.3 | 79.0 | 354 |
| sugar | - | - | 100.0 | 400 |

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The following extract is taken from a telephone conversation that took place on 28 June, 1973.

Ecologist: How's your rehabilitation work going?

Sandminer: Thanks to those recent rains, and by the grace of God, we've now got a fairly good ground cover.

Ecologist: I didn't know God was on your side.

Sandminer: He's the only bugger that is!

# PILGRIMAGE TO FRENCHMAN'S

by G. Brownlie

Frenchman's Cap seems to be one of those peaks that I am destined to see only from a distance. My only clear view of peak and its surrounding massif was from the summit of the Acropolis in the heart of the Reserve of central Tasmania, some thirty miles away. A rare perfect day for a Tasmanian December allowed us an unimpeded view of what seemed to be half the island, but the Cap with the sun glistening off the summit snow field somehow seemed more elusive than even the peak of Mt. Geryon, only a mile away but surrounded by hundreds of feet of vertical rock and the last place in the world I would be capable of visiting. Perhaps it was because I had also been only one elusive mile from the peak of Frenchman's Cap only a week before, with a marked track between me and the summit but still it may have been thirty miles away for all the chance of success I had.

Our trip began, as many Tassie trips do, from Hobart with us standing in the corridor of a lurching bus trying to balance two weeks food and gear on our backs. A slight delay waiting for a sleeping bag to arrive from Sydney meant we had to leave late one evening and sleep in a sports ground in the suburbs. Morning brought us to a railway station so our slackness, and that of passing motorists, prompted us to try our luck from New Norfold, some twenty miles up the Derwent Valley by train. Hitching on the road to the centre of Tasmania from here always seems very sporadic. Some four lifts and forty miles later we were all together on the road when the Queenstown bus hove into view. A hasty conference led to a decision to take the bus to the renowned start of the walking track - fully signposted some twenty miles past Derwent Bridge. We staggered down to the Franklin River and there heaved a sigh of relief as we dumped most of our food, to be retrieved later for an orgy of eating, etc. in the Reserve.

The Franklin River crossing, though not too deep, is very cold and too wide for my liking. Thankfully someone else came to the same decision and installed an ornate flying fox over the river. Soon we were climbing up the ridge above the far bank, off into the wilds and bogs of Tasmania for the first time. It seems an eternity till you lose sight and sound of the road. Open fields of button grass and thickets of scunge, tall stands of eucalyptus and dank forest near the creeks pass you by and underfoot you gradually leave the bog behind and walk on the white quarzite which predominates in the area around the Cap. We met two Sydney walkers who duly marvelled at the size of our boots and extolled the virtue of sandshoes, describing the astonishing speed with which they had fleet-footed across the bog to the Cap. We too marvelled and passed on into the beech forest which leads up to Mullens Pass, where a view of Frenchman's Cap would perhaps be in store. On coming on a scene of

distant ridges clothed in cloud, we decided we didn't even know which direction the Cap was, so plodded down to the sodden Lodden plains.

One wonders how there can really be so much water and bog in one place as you cross the button grass plains of the Loddon. It seems though you could not find a square inch of dry ground to camp on, but in the thicket that lines each creek you will find perfect secluded campsites, provided they are above flood level. There is even plenty of dry firewood if there hasn't been more than an inch or so of rain in the past day. Camp was made on Philp's creek where the track to the Cap turns right to leave the other way which leads down into the wilds to the South. The next day's travel took us up Philp's Lead, best described as an amble up the bog and/or up Philp's Creek. This route was named after the maniac who was demented enough to think it would lead to Frenchman's. Strangely he was right, though the peak is still over a couple of ranges from this point. The Lake Vera Hut logbook has some very appropriate remarks on Philp's Lead, one picture which sticks in mind is a cross-section drawing of the bog - showing stratified layers of boots, cameras and bushwalkers long lost in the mire.

At last the turn up into the hills is reached, the track following up through thickets of flowering shrubs drenched with recent rain which in turn drenched us as we pushed our way upwards. Then the beech forest is reached. Below the canopy there is no undergrowth to bar the way, we followed the track in the diffuse green light through a world of tree trunks and stillness. Not so still is where the track leaves the forest to emerge over a ridge onto a button grass plain and where the wind and rain were driving in our faces, saturating us through our supposedly waterproof outer layers. The contrast to walking in the beech forest was extreme; all at once all the elements seemed against us and we sought what shelter we could find behind clumps of trees before facing the weather again. At the end of this plain, which seemed then much longer than it is in reality, the track drops down to Lake Vera.

At Lake Vera there are several good campsites and the untold luxury of a slab hut. This is the last real campsite before Lake Tahune, which is just below Frenchman's Cap but is still some eight miles on and half a day's climb up. No wonder we opted for the hut and a slack afternoon with intentions of a trip to the peak the next day. Naturally, Vera Hut is surrounded by bog. The hut is on a slight rise and a sloshy walk takes you to the edge of the lake where you can look over to the opposite shore rising steeply to the clouds. Like in all lakes or creeks in Tasmania the water is stained brown (somewhat like the Noosa River but not so potent) which gives the lake a deep, mystifying character, a character that was accentuated by the mist swirling on the peaks high above and the intense sense of solitude in that hidden valley.

The hut log is an anthology of tales of past trips and also contains interesting snippets of information on the discovery of the

Cap and the weather of the area. We did not dispute the claimed 150+ inch rainfall. It appeared that many people get at least as far as Lake Vera, but the next section of the trip takes its toll in the steep climb up to Barron Pass and the final traverse to the peak, generally hindered by appalling weather. A pleasant afternoon was spent in bag reading from the log and from a copy of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales", a story of pilgrims of a different kind. Well I remember the shattering effect on our uninitiated orator who, reading from the Miller's Tale, flipped the page to the description of the fellow who was

"squemish at farthing".

Assault day dawned much the same as the previous one, but patches of blue sky raised our hopes of success. We crossed the swift stream which drains Lake Vera and moved into the steep beech forest on the opposite shore of the lake. The track clings just above the water level of the lake, over gnarled roots and patches of bog always under the dense forest canopy. Glimpses through the trees show the deep lake shimmering with the last breaths of the winds already dissipated high in the peaks. Finally the track leaves the lake to climb up the valley between Sharlands Peak and Philps Peak. A rushing stream is always in earshot of the track and no views are obtained in the thick rainforest, a picture of damp browns and greens. Despite our heavy exertions, warm clothing was still required and we wondered what the weather in Barron Pass would be.

Suddenly you emerge from the rainforest into low scrubby vegetation - our first taste of the dreaded scoparia. Described as a rosette surrounded by a border of razor blades, we found that all the warnings we had received were true. Then we found ourselves on Barron Pass. There is no argument on which way to go from here - to the left and the right are the towering quarz-ite spires of Whites Needle and Nicholl's Needle, and ahead a great swirling mass of cloud and mist masking all but the view down to the glacial lakes of Gertrude, Millicent, Cecily and Magdalen. Leaning into the wind, we still had no idea where the famous Frenchman's Cap was, other than to line up a compass bearing into the clag and point "out there". From here you descend into the forest below and then skirt across a scree of pearly quarzite. A cave beneath a boulder brought welcome shelter from the wind and a break for scroggin. Finally you emerge onto a wind-swept ridge which leads down to a saddle separating Sharlands Peak from the mass of the Cap. At last a view into the distance - back towards the Lodden River plains - and then cloud and mist once more.

Here the landscape is stark and unreal in the swirling mist. A bushfire burnt out this area some time ago, leaving the charred skeletons of pines to guard the final approach to Lake Tahune and the Cap. We descended to Artichoke Valley, a flat of verdant green described in the Vera log as an ideal bowling green. Only one problem arises - the green is moss which covers a deep bog ready to suck in the unwary so you climb up again to the final ridge before

descending to Lake Tahune. But the burnt guardians of the Cap decided we had approached too closely and called in all the forces of the foul Tasmanian weather. Standing where we should have had clear view of the Lake and the climb up Frenchman's, visibility dropped to ten yards. With only a day pack and no time to wait for the weather to clear, we heeded the warning and turned our backs on the cloud and mist and found a sheltered spot for lunch. We erected a shelter and choofed up some hot milo to raise our spirits for the return trip. Even with the stove flat out it took twenty minutes to come to a boil.

After our uncomfortable lunch we started to retrace our footsteps. Gusts of wind threatened to throw us from our feet and sleet stung our faces. Back across the bowling green and onto the scree we plodded, finally regaining Barron Pass. The view was as it was before but we resolved to wait and see if a break in the mist would bring us a glimpse of the peak. Slowly the cloud rose to the south, revealing the cliffs of Clytemmaestra and the saddle between it and Frenchman's Cap. Suddenly we were aware of a different hue in the clouds. The sombre grey broke to reveal a pinkish colour - the towering south face of Frenchman's Cap. Higher and higher the cliff rose through a break in the cloud, then a swirl of mist consumed our view. Tantalised, but the goal beyond our reach, we set off down into the shelter of the forests leading to Lake Vera.

The next day, as we slopped our way over the boggy plains of the Lodden, the weather suddenly cleared and revealed the mass of Philp's Peak and the outline of the Barron Pass. Rounding the end of a small ridge, we stopped in awe as a gleaming peak capped in snow came into view. Frenchman's Cap in the distance. If only this weather had been with us yesterday!

Our trip was a failure in one way - our goal had eluded us - at least till the next attempt. But just that stay in the valley which hides Lake Vera beneath the swirling mists on the jagged quarzite peaks somehow made our attempt worth while. Next time I go back the atmosphere of that valley will probably not be the same, but next time we'll get to Frenchman's Cap and see it at close range, even if it means waiting out a week of typical Tasmanian weather.

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# "THE ISLAND WHERE TIME STANDS STILL"

by Lawrie Yakimoff.

The launch slipped from its moorings at the sleepy fishing town of Triabunna, and glided through the tranquil waters of Prosser Bay. The weather was perfect - bright sunshine and a light breeze, and as we headed into the blue waters of Mercury Passage, the swell rolled in from the Tasman Sea. Across the passage loomed Maria Island, which from the mainland looked like any other island off the south-east coast of Tasmania. But the nearer we approached the island the more insistently the twin peaks of the Bishop and Clerk beckoned us.

Gradually, detail emerged from amidst the confusion of distance, and the buildings of a small settlement took shape. At the jetty, a tractor drawing a trailer pulled up, and we were met by Ron Tonks, the Ranger. A strange, eerie silence hung over the island - Ron, his wife and his offsider were the only permanent residents on the thirty-seven square mile island, and we were the only visitors. Our packs precariously balanced on the trailer, we climbed aboard. Lurching towards the settlement along the cobbled roadway winding through the dark green grove of English fir-trees, we seemed to slip into the past. For at Darlington, on the northern end of Maria Island, is an almost perfectly preserved example of an early Australian settlement.

Maria Island, though now almost deserted, has had a colourful history, being used variously as a penal settlement, as a pastoral lease, and as the site of a thriving light industrial concern. Certainly the first European to come in contact with the island, was the Dutch explored Abel Janszoon Tasman who in 1642, gave it the name Marias Eylandt. Europeans showed no interest for the next 130 years. In the late eighteenth century, the island was briefly visited, first by the French, and then by the English, but not until the turn of the century was any real interest shown. About this time, the French were looking for a suitable site for a colony in the new lands, and in 1802, Commodore Baudin spent some time examining Maria Island in detail. Following his report of seals and other marine life there, sealers commenced sporadic visits to the island. Because of the interest in Van Deiman's Land shown by the French, the British established a settlement for convicts and free settlers at the mouth of the Derwent River. As the settlement grew, the more intractable of the convicts were sent to the notorious penal settlement at Macquarie Harbour on the west coast.

Macquarie Harbour soon developed severe problems of overcrowding, and it was decided to establish an additional penal settlement. After some investigation, Maria Island was chosen as a suitable site, and in 1825, Lieutenant Murdock with a party of fifty convicts plus soldiers and supervisors, formed a settlement at the

northern end of the island, and called it Darlington. The small settlement began to flourish. A dam to ensure an adequate water supply was built, and buildings of brick and stone were erected. Small crop farming was established and even hops were grown. Income-producing industries such as tanning and bootmaking were introduced, and clothing and blankets manufactured on the island, were exported to the mainland. With all of this activity, the small settlement on Maria Island became almost self-supporting.

Although life for the convicts on Maria Island was still harsh, in comparison with Macquarie Harbour, it was bearable. Nevertheless, attempted and successful escapes were common because of fifficulty in patrolling the shoreline. A new, high security penal station at Port Arthur was therefore built in 1830, and by 1832, all of the convicts from Darlington had been transferred to the new station. Maria Island was abandoned.

Over the next few years, Maria Island was leased for grazing, but by 1841, England's penal code had hardened, and Darlington was hurriedly re-opened as a penal settlement because of the sharp increase in the numbers of convicts transported to the Australian colonies. Additional facilities were built at Point Lesueur, six miles to the south, and many of the previous industries were resumed. At the peak of this second convict era, the total population of Maria Island exceeded 1000. Prisoners included political prisoners from Ireland and rebellious Maoris from New Zealand. Maria Island was considered one of the best "probation stations" of the time, but because of the large number of prisoners and a shortage of staff, supervision was difficult. At one particular time, twenty-one officials, some of them ex-convicts themselves, controlled 800 men.

By 1851, the prisoners had been transferred to Port Arthur, and once again Maria Island was abandoned and offered for lease. For the next thirty-three years, a number of lessees ran sheep and grew wheat, with varying degrees of success. During this period, a minor product of the island was dried abalone which was gathered and prepared by three Chinese, and sent to their countrymen working on the Victorian goldfields. Today, the cove from where they operated is still known as Chinaman's Bay.

Signor Diego Bernacchi, an energetic Italian businessman, was the next person to show any interest in the island. In his search for a suitable area to grow grapes, Bernacchi visited Maria Island and was most impressed with what he saw. He envisaged a wide range of primary products including wine, silk, fruit and meat. After negotiating with the Government, a Bill was pushed through Parliament granting Bernacchi a lease for ten years at the nominal rental of one shilling, per annum, subject to certain conditions. By 1887, the Maria Island Land and Development Company had been formed, and the island once again echoed with the bustle of activity. New buildings were built, and old ones renovated, and a daily steam-ferry service between the island and the mainland was introduced. Orchards and vineyards flourished and wine and cement-making equipment was imported. Despite the intense

activity, the project floundered, and after about twenty years, Bernacchi returned to Italy. The settlement declined, and once again the island was used solely for grazing.

Bernacchi returned at the end of the First World War, and in 1920 a new company was floated to manufacture cement on Maria Island. The general feeling about the new venture was one of optimism, and new buildings and a 180 ft. high chimney stack were erected, while machinery, including a large rotary kiln, was imported from England and Denmark. For a while, the venture flourished, but by 1929, the depression had gathered momentum and this, together with operational problems, forced the closure of the plant. Since then, the main activity on Maria Island has been grazing, and the island has gained a reputation as an excellent site for camping holidays.

Maria Island today, is entering another phase in its colourful history as the island is gradually coming under the control of the government run Animals and Birds Protection Board, as the various leases expire. The island has a wide range of habitats, and it is planned to turn the whole island into a wildlife reserve. It is also intended to restore many of the fine old buildings there and to establish an historical museum. Maria Island is no bushwalker's or mountain climber's paradise in the same way as is the magnificent Cradle Mountain - Lake St. Clair National Park. But it is certainly not just another tourist resort, as there are very few facilities on the island and all food must be carried in by the visitor. The island is best enjoyed by those with a sense of adventure, a love for the Australian bush, and a feeling for early Australian history.

The buildings on Maria Island are in good condition, but this is not surprising once it is realized that they were last used only forty-four years ago. However, many of them date back to the first settlement, and as we drove through the stands of fir trees and poplars, chasing the Cape Barren Geese from our path, a small cluster of old buildings, complete except for the people who once inhabited them, came into view. Visitors to the island are usually accomodated in one of these old buildings, and the Ranger should be notified of a proposed visit sometime beforehand, so that this accomodation may be arranged. We dropped our packs in the room allocated to us and set off to explore.

The main group of buildings at Darlington forms a quadrangle around what was, presumably, the parade ground. On the right, on high ground, is situated the block of once-comfortable two roomed suites for officials, made from bricks manufactured on the island. The building is now partially restored, and from the wide verandah, one can look out across the quadrangle, down the road to the jetty, and out across Mercury Passage to the mainland looming in the distance. The first permanent penitentiary, the mess-hall, and the bake-house, all built in the mid 1800's, continue around the quadrangle. These buildings are made mainly of brick and stone, and with little work, could be restored to their original condition. The grandest building on the island is, without question, the old coffee

house. The "Coffee House", as it is known today, is the hotel built in the optimistic days of Bernacchi's first venture, in the 1880's. This heavily weathered timber building, with its verandas, large reception rooms, and serviced rooms, was unmistakably built in a period other than the dark depressing days of the convict era. Walking through the echoing rooms, we could almost hear the gay babble of voices of long forgotten people, on a cold rainy night. Now, the only beings present were the ghosts of Darlington, and us.

Our path followed the line of ruins dotting the small valley of Bernacchi Creek - past the engineer's house, the dam, and the remains of the old cement works and quarry. From the head of this valley clothed in grass closely cropped by the sheep, we could see the settlement spread at our feet. Turning from the gentleness and tranquility of the west coast, we directed our attention to the coastline on the seaward side of the island. And what a contrast it provided! If there is a person who is not moved by the sight of 200 foot high cliffs rising straight out of a clear, deep blue sea with a fishing boat riding at anchor; of trees passively growing so as to accept the strength of the incessant wind; and of the twin peaks of the Bishop and Clerk still beckoning - he has no soul. We followed this cliff-line along the north-east coast, and gradually climbed higher and higher through the stands of eucalypt, up the scree slopes, and into the windy isolation of theBishop and Clerk. Looking at the jagged pinnacles of rock at the summit, with the icy wind tearing madly at our anoraks, the sense of remoteness and of the limitless power of Nature which this place evoked, was completed. It was with reluctance that we returned to Darlington.

Topographically, Maria Island consists of two islands joined by a narrow isthmus, with Darlington on the northern tip. During the second period of convict use, a number of buildings were erected at Point Lesueur near this connecting isthmus, and a road built from Darlington. This road is still the main north-south route. About a week would be required to explore the entire island, but because we had only limited time, we found it convenient to follow the road from Darlington early one morning, exploring as we went. We spent the day in the southern section of the northern half of the island and walked back to Darlington after tea.

After spending most of the year living and working in the hurly-burly of the city, it is restful to walk along the deserted beaches with a friend, knowing you are the only people within miles. Our faces tingling with the icy wind and biting salt spray, we strolled past Bloodstone Point, combing the beaches for anything interesting. Here, there was a school of twelve small whales washed onto the beach; there, we collected sea urchins of various colours, and studied the interesting pattern on their shells. We found the remains of an old jetty, and came across the ruins of the convict cells at Point Lesueur, mute reminders of Australia's harsh beginnings. Standing in the small cramped cells, and gazing across the passage to the mainland, one feels sorry for the poor wretches caught up in a

penal system which seems inhuman in comparison with today's standards.

After eating tea in an old farmhouse, we returned to Darlington. Across the passage, we could see the harsh glare of the woodchip mill on the mainland, symbolical of the outside world to which we would be returning the next day.

Our stay on Maria Island was regrettably all too short. The old buildings and the rugged scenery today attract more and more people, especially in the summer months. The long-term aims of the Animals and Birds Protection Board are most commendable, but with increasing useage, the buildings will fall into further disrepair unless more money is allocated now to their restoration and maintenance. This well-preserved portion of early Australian architecture is an important part of Australia's national heritage, and together with the proposed fauna reserve, can become one of the foremost centres for Australiana in Tasmania.

-- oOo --

ARE YOU AWARE THAT:

A serious problem is running riot in our great country at the present time. It is a well known fact that there is resident in Australia approx. 20 million cattle. Each beast drops 10 dung pads per day. This means that each day 200 million pads hit the earth (i.e. rate of 2500/sec.) or approximately 200 million square feet of Australian is covered each day. This cuts down campsite areas on cattle properties and is annoying to have to dodge all those warm softies. So if you own cattle or know someone who owns cattle, please encourage your cattle to hold back and cut down to 5 pads a day and to do higher profile dung pads. In this way it will mean a lot less inconvenience to your bushwalking friends.

# RESCUED

by Robyn Amos.

There was a safety and training day at Tibro coming up and I decided that it was about time I learnt how to abseil! Well, I went and I still don't know how to abseil. Apparently the object of the day was for everyone to be instructed in stretcher techniques and for a mock rescue to take place from Cave 5.

By the time we reached Cave 2 I looked over the edge and decided this abseiling trick wasn't such a good idea after all. John was saying something about how he was going to set up a rope from Cave 3 to Cave 4 which would be used to pull the stretcher back around to Cave 3. He then muttered that we should come and watch. So we trundled over and watched him dutifully disappear around the corner. Naturally I had my camera out and clicked a picture or two. Then a discussion on cameras ensued and we decided that you could probably get some different pictures from the stretcher as you were lowered. Then I thought maybe this was a way out of abseiling (what a stupid idea). I quietly asked if it would be safe. The immediate replies were "of course, it was safe", "nothing to worry about", "no danger involved," "every safety precaution taken."

To cut a long story short I ended up "volunteering" and being outfitted with a swami suit. Even that was an ordeal. The first one fell round my ankles. I said I thought it was a bit loose, so John tried again muttering something about bloody women wanting tailor made swami suits.

Eventually I was strapped in securely and taken over to the lowering point. John then called for volunteers for stretcher jockeys, mentioning that they should be novices so that they could gain experience. Panic! Do you realise that once you are strapped into a stretcher that it is impossible to do anything apart from wiggle your toes.

Well that part of the proceedings was worked out to everyone's satisfaction. John was to be the lower jockey and Tony the other one. We were eased over the edge in massive jerks and then everything moved smoothly for fully five minutes. John sent instructions via headphones and a communications cable to the maniacs lowering us. The only difficult part was to guide the rope on the edge roller that had previously been set up. Tony managed that O.K. and we dangled in space on the way down to cave 4.

John started to get agitated at this point and he screamed through the headsets to lower us more quickly as we were starting to spin. My heart beat increased. The communications cable was becoming taut, causing us to stop completely. For a few agonising seconds we hung there with John yelling, Tony saying nothing comprehendable and I just looked through the viewfinder of my camera

pretending nothing was happening. The communications cable was caught in the edge roller and was taking the weight of three people and a stretcher. Of course it broke and for a split second we had the incredible feeling of falling - until the slack in the rope was taken up and the relieving feeling of the jolt was just so unbelievable.

All went well then, or at least until we approached the floor of Cave 4. As our communications system was now defunct we had to rely on whistles that had been thoughtfully tied to the stretcher. At this point I wish to remind you that I was supposed to be injured. Anyway I had to reach behind me, get the whistle and blow the appropriate number of blasts for stopping etc. The only thing wrong with this was the whistle was a cheap one from Woolies and when blown with any force the pea became stuck and a loud hiss ensued. But someone got the message back to the lowering crew and we "landed" safely. Roy abseiled down after removing the edge roller.

Thehaul around to Cave 3 was the next phase of the rescue. Roy started off using the rope that was attached to the stretcher. The lowering crew bungled again. The others had to start hauling us around before we went too far down the rock face. This action caused Roy to be "sucked" off the cliff face. I have never seen so many panic stricken faces in my life!

Survived that episode. The next one I was being swung face first into solid rock. After the momentous question from John was "Now, let's see, what did we do wrong that time?"

The rest of the trip down was virtually uneventful. John swore over and over (mildly of course as I was present) at each suggestion that they would have to lower us on one rope. After much struggling and straining we reached the bottom and I was released from my five hour prison. For the last hour I had complained about being cold and hungry as it was an overcast day in July and we were supposed to have lunch at the bottom and it was then 5 o'clock. I thought my bitching was justified anyway. When they untied me I really complained as both my legs were totally numb and I couldn't stand up let alone walk.

The whole purpose of this article is to warn people of the hazards of being rescued. There I was, a perfectly well person subjected to jolts and jars and horrifying events that would unnerve anyone. I escaped with only minor injuries and bruising. All I can say is that ifI had been severely injured by the time I reached the bottom the ambulance wouldn't have to rush to hospital. But then I guess that is why they have safety and training days.

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# 'planned obsolescence' makes Paddy fighting mad

We don't make equipment to wear out, and it makes us fighting mad to see others who do. We don't get many repeat orders for tents, ruck sacks and sleeping bags, in fact Paddymade gear is usually passed on to sons or friends for another life of enjoyment. You think this makes us mad?
*No, it makes us proud.*

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