HEYBOB

VOL. 8
1966

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The magazine of the University of Queensland

Bushwalking Club

Volume 8, 1966

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH: South Bald Rock, Wyberba.
Photograph by Bruce Thomas.
Details: Nikon F, 50 mm Auto Nikkor, 1/250 f11, Plus x D76.

CARTOONS drawn by Sybil Curtis.
The Eye of the Needle - Mt. Norman by Anne Greenup.

EDITORIAL

Bronwyn Day

This year has been an extremely active one for the Club. Many new walking areas such as Wollomobi Gorge, The Nandeware Ranges and Eungella National Park have been visited, while trips have been arranged to such little known areas as Many Peaks and Fraser Island. Vacation walks are becoming more ambitious also, with trips as far away as Tasmania and the expectation of more in the coming holidays. Numerous basecamps on organized club trips are becoming more unpopular. All these developments are commendable but it is well to remember that there are places closer to home that are more accessible, just as interesting and in danger of being neglected. One needn't travel hundreds of miles to enjoy good walking as several articles in this magazine will testify.

Parties have become a feature of the Club's activities this year. The Bushwalker is suddenly a normal person! He seeks to capitalize on the companionship engendered by weekend walks in order to make a routine of lectures and study more enjoyable. Our meetings and the few parties we have held this year have been just as important a form of relaxation as our walks.

Because we are a club of University students, most of our members are very young. New members are generally in-experienced in the ways of walking, and leadership is devolved on a group who has only been in the club for a few years. Thus an extra effort has to be made to convince the general public, and particularly parents, that we are sensible people capable of shouldering responsibility, whilst still being adventurous and enthusiastic in our love of nature and the freedom of the bush.

This year we don't seem to be making this effort. Already in bushwalking circles we have a name for being a casual group with a couldn't-care-less attitude tor ules and regulations. There is a dangerous tendency within the club to forget responsibility, especially responsibility to new members and their parents. Not many "freshers" will continue to walk with us if we cannot undertake to give them an enjoyable weekend's walking without alarming their parents by not returning to Brisbane at a reasonable hour.

After such a rush of articles last year, literally enthusiasm has waned – we're back to an eighty page "Heybob". I would like to thank all those people, too numerous to mention, who helped with this production; especially Ken Grimes who was in charge of the advertising and Jim Millar who did most of the general organisation. His good qualities even include waiting patiently for a tardy editorial.

HELP!

John Siemon

Throughout Australia, during the past year, a large number of accidents have occurred among bushwalkers, some fatal, some serious, some minor. Queensland has had more than its fair share of these accidents and most could have been avoided by observing the simple rules of safety and commonsense.

“Safety and Training” is the theme of a drive being made by the Brisbane Bushwalking Club to make bushwalkers more aware of the need for the organisation of trips, safety on trips, and training in rescue techniques. This last item is the most important, because it is a proven fact that an injured person may receive more injury in transportation than in the accident.

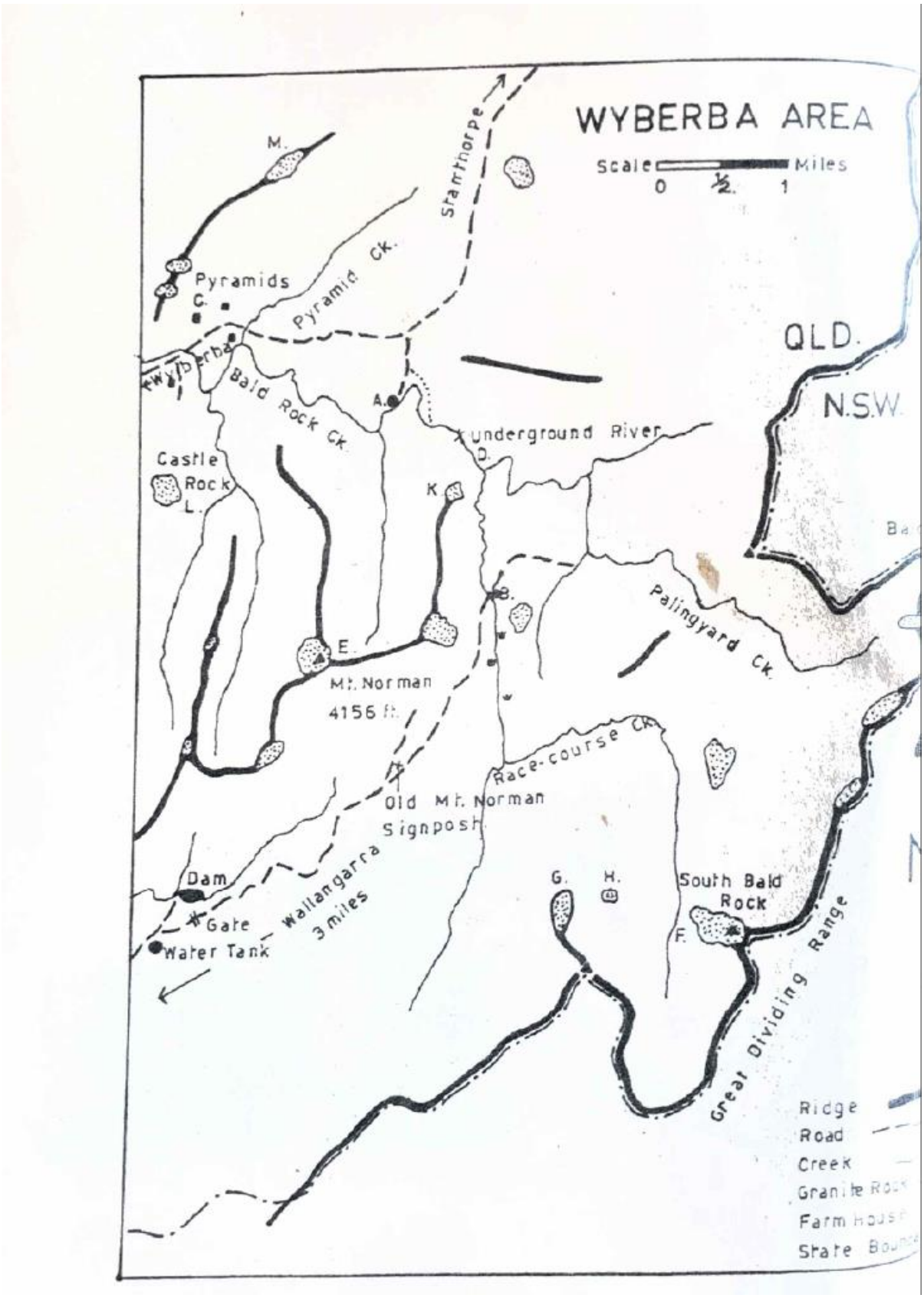
In the tree years that I have been a member of this Club, no attempt has been made to show either the old or the new members any rescue techniques or safety precautions which should be observed in general bushwalking. “You can find out for yourself if you want to know” is the general attitude, and after a number of years you learn most of it by experience.

When a person is confronted with an accident, particularly while bushwalking, very few are equipped, either mentally or physically, to handle it. Some training is necessary.

“But it will take the fun out of bushwalking!”. This is the battle cry of a minority, little realizing that an accident takes more than the fun out of bushwalking. To see someone in your party, someone you know well, falling backwards over a cliff is a horrible thing. No training can equip you for this, but training can help you to see that the person is moved to hospital as fact, efficiency and gently as possible. If you are able to cope with an emergency you will be able to enjoy yourself more.

The large turnover of members is one reason put forward for the lack of training. But if all members are training to become efficient bushwalkers they can pass their knowledge on to others when they have graduated and moved away from the University.

The members of this Club, after graduating, are destined to fill many responsible positions, and should be helping to promote safer bushwalking rather than sitting back and saying “we get on all right, why worry about Safety and Training”.



WYBERBA: THE GRANITE COUNTRY

Selwyn Tucker

This is one of the more unusual areas visited by bushwalkers from Brisbane. Situated about 160 miles from Brisbane by road, between the New England Highway and the N.S.W. border in Queensland's granite belt, the area has two national parks listed as Bald Rock Creek National Park (5821 acres) and Castle Rock National Park (6782 acres). However, the area is generally known as Wyberba (the closest railway station) with the outstanding landmarks int h two parks being the Pyramids and Mt. Norman respectively.

Since Wyberda is easily accessible by car, base camps are usually made at one of two sites within easy reach of all the main features. One is reached from the New England Highway via Wyberba, the other over a much poorer road via Wallangarra.

The most convenient one for both the Pyramids and Mt. Norman is the first, about half a mile off the Wyberba road (ref. A). this one is situated by a large waterhole in Bald Rock Creek with a plentiful supply of fire wood. The turnoff is not particularly conspicuous, but it is one of the few tracks to the right (approximately 10 miles from the highway).

The second campsite (ref. B) is closed to Bald Rock, South Bald Rock and Mt. Norman, but not the pyramids. From the broader gate follow the road along the railway line (Qld. Side) to N.E.; cross the railway, turn left, and then a few hundred yards further on turn right through a grid. Follow the track and take the right branch past the water reservoir and through a gate (4 miles from the border gate); 6 miles further on, cross the creek by a ford. The site is here, with plenty of running water and firewood. (Avoid a left turn marked by an old Mt. Norman signpost). This site is only 3 miles from the first if walking along the creek, but it is about 30 miles by road.

PYRAMIDS (Ref. C)

These two rocks, noticeably lacking in vegetation, are easily seen on the north side of the Wyberba road and should be approached from the S.W. to avoid passing through orchards which warn "No trespassing". The first pyramid is ascended by walking up the ridge to the top where the balancing rock some 40 ft. high, and 15 ft. in diameter rests on a base 2 ft. in diameter. Descent is made on the north side, by a small gully at the second pyramid end. On proceeding to the far side of the second pyramid, one finds an interesting chimney which is followed all the way up until it terminates in a short scramble up the granite to the top. All other possible routes on the second pyramid are very steep.

UNDERGROUND RIVER (Ref. D)

This is a most interesting place where Bald Rock Creek flows into a series of underground fissures for about 50 yards. Part of this is easily explored by entering through holes in the roof or through the down stream end if wet feet are acceptable. It is quite quickly reached from campsite I by walking ½ mile upstream.

MT. NORMAN (Ref. E)

This is the highest point in the National Parks and the last 100 ft. is climbed from the southern end by an obvious chimney. Extensive views of the area including the Pyramids and the two Bald Rocks are obtained, and water can be found in the rock pools on the summit (the trig. Point stands in one). However, the more

fascinating parts are (i) the eye of the needle formation, apparently a hole in solid rock when viewed from the west, but actually two large overlapping top heavy tors. The “eye” is entered by climbing a short but difficult chimney (with the help of ropes if necessary); (ii) the humble of large boulders overlying a network of caves and passages just South of the “eye” on the Western side; and (iii) the great slabs further down on the western side.

SOUTH BALD ROCK (Ref. F)

This is another of the prominent granite formations which contain innumerable crevices, balancing rocks (several in a straight line, as on the front cover) and broad sloping granite slabs. Nearly a mile to the west are two other huge masses, the larger of which (Ref. G) is easily sealed from the Southern end but there is a possible route (difficult) on the Northern side. The smaller (Ref. H) containing deep narrow crevices, is quickly climbing from the Northern side.

BALD ROCK (Ref. J)

This, at 4190 ft., is the highest point in the area and is 5 miles East of Mt. Norman. It is quite a prominent landmark because of its height and its granite summit which can be reached easily.

OTHER POINTS OF INTEREST

There are other interesting rock formations in the area and some time could be spent in investigating them. Among these are a conglomeration of tors and boulders referred to as the Aztec Temple (Ref. K), Castle Rock (Ref. L) and The Slip Rocks (Ref. M).

Maps of the area include two military maps, Wallangarra and Drake, with half on each. They are 1 inch – 1 mile.

FROM CASTLETOWER

Carol Brown

In silence on the windy granite crag
The other tree and I
Saw a cross stitched silver tapestry
Pricked out across the sky.
And all around, the time-deep tide of dark
Through which the Argo dipped
Had drowned the dusty land;
While just a finger tip away
The bright procession gripped
Mind and Emotion in its timelessness.
A Greek had marvelled too
And traced a thousand years before
Virginity in cold white starts.
A monarch's lofty crown. He saw
An archer hunting in a breath-close sky
Beyond Athena's olive stunted hills.
On Castletower he shoots the scorpion still.

BACKPACKING IN THE HIGH SIERRA

The Rev. Dr. John Steele

I had already made two weekend trips to Yosemite National Park, with its breathtaking scenery of cliffs, waterfalls, lakes and snow-capped mountains, so when two attorneys, Dick Mansfield and David Duff, suggested a five-day trip to the High Sierra in July 1965, I eagerly joined the expedition.

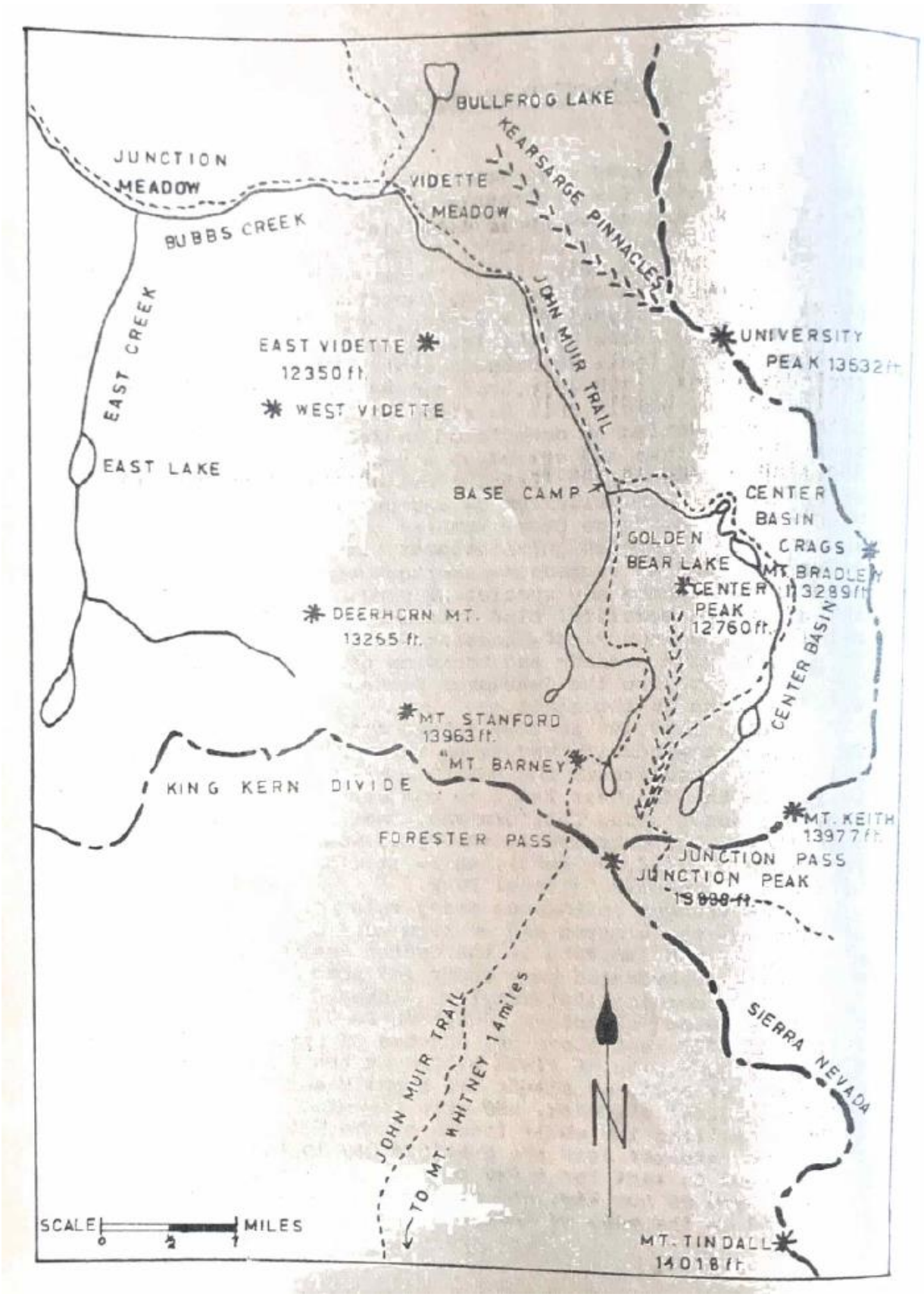
We left the car in Kings Canyon, obtained a campfire permit from a National Park Ranger, and set out to hike about 20 miles along Bubbs Creek, involving a climb from 5,000 feet to over 13,000 feet. We covered the first four miles on Thursday night, 15th July, and camped at the junction of Sphinx Creek, hardly able to sleep for the roar of the water. After breakfasting on dehydrated omelette, we set out to reach 10,500 feet and establish a base camp. We lunched at Junction Meadow (8,000 feet), a delightful place complete with pines, aspen, wildflowers and deer. Between here and Vidette Meadow, Bubbs Creek tumbles through a steep canyon, and the trail becomes quite arduous with sharp, loose rocks underfoot, and an increasing shortage of oxygen. The vegetation changes new species of pine, and new wildflowers including the beautiful blue Sierra Shooting Star, and the brilliant red Snow Plant, looking like a tall cabbage on its bed of pine needles and backdrop of melting snow. Towering above are the Kearsarge Pinnacles on the left, and Vidette peaks on the right.

Here at 9,5000 feet we joined the famous John Muir Trail, which wends its way along the Sierra Nevada for 212 miles from Yosemite in the north to Mt. Whitney (14,495 feet) in the south. The Muir Trail is one of those magic names that excite respect among Californians, most of whom have never been there. The Muir Trail, we hoped, would take us to Forester Pass (13,200 feet), where it crosses the Kings-Kern Divide into Sequoia National Park.

We trudged on through heavy rain and were about to give up when the sky cleared and we came upon our planned stopping-place, near the junction of the Center Basin Trail and the Muir Trail. Dehydrated pork chops and potatoes tasted fine.

Next morning (Saturday) we looked out of our sleeping bags and saw our objective, Junction Peak, only four miles away and 3,000 feet above us. Patches of snow sparkled in the sunlight and a wisp of cloud played at the top. Glad to leave our packs at base, we strode out happily and soon met three G.I.'s , medical students, who were spending their four weeks' leave travelling the whole length of the Muir Trail. They had come over Forester Pass the previous day in very bad weather, and decided to rest for a day and mend their boots. Undaunted, we continued on our way, and on seeing a spectacular cliff not named on the map, my American friends insisted on calling it Mount Barney, in honour of Australia. At 12,000 feet we saw two little beave-like animals called marmots, who looked at us from behind the boulders.

Snow obscured the trail, and we rock-hopped around the snow and the icy lakes, trying in vain to keep our feet dry. Then it rained. And hailed. And snowed. Panting and dripping, we reached 13,000 feet, and about 400 yards of snow separated us from Forester Pass, but the air was thin, and the sound of cracking and falling rocks on all sides was disconcerting, so we took some foggy photographs to record our mission, and retreated.



In camp, before a roaring fire, we looked up and saw Junction Peak. Patches of snow sparkled in the sunlight…

Sunday was a great success. Abandoning our plan to climb Junction Peak, we set out to explore Center Basin and the old disused trail to Junction Pass, on the east side of Junction Peak, at 13,200 feet. Center Basin became our favourite valley. Framed but he Center Basin Crags and Center Peak, the Basin ascends in a series of lake-filled steps to Junction Pass. Never have I seen such fine reflections as those lakes provided, nor such an abundance of trout. Higher up, the trail crosses loose slopes of talus or scree, and in some places the trail has slumped some distance out of line with its original position.

Frequents stops of air delayed us. Near the pass was a steep area of snow overing the trail, and my friends gave me the “honour” of leading the way to the pass. I decided to run across the fifty or so yards. Soon I was waist-deep in the stuff, and had virtually to swim the rest of they way, collecting snow in pockets, cuffs and boots.

At Junction Pass we lay in the sun, gasping for beath. Fortified with cheese and apricots, we surveyed the over 14,000-foot peaks to the south, and thanked God that we had been allowed to live for this.

Can it be that the moon has changed?
Can it be that the spring
Is not the spring of old times?
Is it my body alone
That is just the same.
Narihira

Japanese poetry

A TRIP TO PT. LOOKOUT AND THE STINSON

Jane Eberhardt

On the May long weekend this year, a party of six bushwalkers set off from Brisbane to endeavour to find the old Stinson crsh via Running Creek Falls and the Stretcher Track. At least, four of us set off. The other two, Noel and Garth, were dumped unceremoniously outside the GMH plant at Acacia Ridge to hitch their way down. They were able to get a ride to Beaudesert before they ran out of bushwalking anecdotes! From the Christmas Creek turnoff they walked about six miles in before being picked up by a rather merry gentleman with a car full of balloons. Meanwhile our trip had nearly ended spectacularly in a newly ploughed paddock.

A late start, half past nine, was made Saturday morning. At the junction of the north and south branches of Running Creek we held fizzy festivities while Noel searched for the track leading to the falls, a track well worth following if the party (like ours) is a slow one. It is easily discovered at the junction if one faces up the northern branch and then proceeds to the left, at right angles to the creek, through the rainforest.

Arriving at the junction of England and Running Creek by half-past eleven, we were joined by a proverbia – horde of Brisbane Bushwalkers who had camped at Christmas Creek and had come over the low saddle at the end of the Stretcher Track that morning. The falls were as spectacular and as cold as ever and naturally enough two foolish people were sure the view was better from behind the falls.

We became very enthusiastic after lunch, loaded ourselves with more water than we could carry, and started up what looked to be a vertical slope towards the Stretcher Track.

We got into the track just before dark, found a suitable campsite, and then froze all night, being unfortunately in the path of a howling westerly. By nine o'clock next morning we started up the track towards Pt. Lookout, minus our packs, intending to use the same campsite on Sunday night. Time was lost visiting a side lookout, not far from camp. This lookout has really excellent views of Barney-Lindesay, the Main Range, Lost World. Buchanan's Fort and Lamington Falls, and is worth visiting. However, this detour meant that we didn't arrive at Pt. Lookout until half past one, after loosing the track several times in bad patches of scunge. At these times I was quite startled to hear Stella's voice from the rear saying "Scunge – I love it!".

Our late arrival there worried us. We needed water and, as other sources seemed dry, we knew from previous experiences that our best hope of finding it lay a mile down the hill from the Stinson Crash involving an exhausting scunge bas. The Stinson was found easily enough and water obtained; but by the time everyone arrived back at Pt. Lookout, it was three o'clock. Everyone had vivid images of an uncomfortable night without sleeping bags, for we realized that once it got dark, the track that was hard to find in day light, would be impossible to find at night. Desperation lent wings to our heels and somehow we made it back to the camp by quarter past five.

The youngest member of our party was John, only thirteen, addicted to telling ghost stories. They were hair-raising stories and we were slowly becoming scared when Garth suggested Westray's ghost walked the Stretcher Track in search for help. That did it – we were then too petrified to move away from camp even for our pre-bed walk and hence spent a rather uncomfortable night.

Next morning, John leading (until he discovered that swinging a machete was hard work), we had a fast trip down the Stretcher Track to the saddle. From here we cut down a convenient ridge until it joined an old timber road leading back to where we left the cars. We arrived there by lunch and here we were joined by Stella's parents who had come to help with transport home. We are still wondering what one person we met must be thinking after finding out from John that he was only thirteen and then being told by Garth that – "of course he goes to Uni!!!".

"In this modern age, very little remains that is real.
Night has been banished, so have the cold, the wind and the
stars. They have all been neutralized: the rhythm of life is
itself obscured. Everything goes so fast and makes so much
noise, and men hurry by without heeding the grass by the
roadside, its colour, its smell and the way it shimmers
when the wind caresses it.
What a strange encounter then is that between man
and the high places of his planet! Up there he is surrounded
by the silence of forgetfulness."
Gaston Rebuffet
from "STARLIGHT AND STORM"

JOURNEY INTO BRISBANIA

Geoffrey West

The bushwalker – he is, in his own opinion, hardy, untiring, broad-minded, and vital; he can discuss almost any topic intelligently, is a good mixer, and never tires of finding new amusements. This opinion of himself he retains, though others seem to think he is conceited, unnecessarily keen on walking, bigoted, and dull; he will elaborate on any subject, no matter how absurd, moves in his own clique, avoiding others, and, it is conceded, never tires of finding new amusements. Such is the Bushwalker.

Thus introduced, then, let us follow one of his recent excursions, not to Lamington or the Main Range, but to the depths of Brisbania, when, after an orchestral concert, six Bushwalkers set out in search of Night Life. This, sadly, is a true story. Details that may alarm the gentle reader have been thoughtfully omitted.

"Right. Where are we going for coffee?"
"Oh, no! You know what we're like at making decisions."
"Do we ever. Last time we were here in the cold for half-an-hour trying to decide."
"Was it really half-an-hour?"
"Yes"
"We won't let it happen again."
"Where are we going?"
"Obselite?"
"Nah. We were there at 2 o'clock this morning."
"Milano?"
"Nah. We went there last time."
"Brazil?"
"Nah. You have to step over the bodies on the floor to get to your table."

****

"We've been standing here for ages."
"Don't know about you, but I'm going to the Milano."
"Beaut!"
"Just what does that mean?"

****

"Ken and I have got a beaut job painting a 100 ft. chimney."
"That's tremendous, Graham. Pass the sugar please."
"No really. We reckon we can do it for thirty dollars."
"Where are you going to bang in the pitons?"
"Don't they have professional chimney painters in Brisbane?"
"Sure, but Monsanto wants it done more cheaply. We're going to use those gadgets that you step into and the look tightens around the chimney."
"That's great, Graham. Last time we were here, there was a girl who kept sprinkling pepper all over the table and asking the waiter to clean it up. The sixth time, the waiter just looked at her strangely."
"That's great, Den."

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"How much?"
"$1.80."
"Can't be right. My coffee was only 20 c. how much was yours, Wendie?"
"15 c."
"There's a 30 c cover charge."
"Then we haven't got our moneys worth?"
"That's right."
"Geoff, lean round the corner and see if there are any pretzels left."
"No. Only cutlery."
"That'll do."

****

"Where'll we go now?"
"Let's ask this cop."
"Graham, don't you know that cops should be seen and not heard?"

****

"Here's the Primitif."
"It says here, age limit 15 years."
"That lets us out. Anyway, there's no room."

****

"Why don't you want to go to the Folk Centre, Wendie?"
"Too expensive."
"Come on in! No charge." (A welcoming voice from within)
"He's joking."
"No. He's serious."
"Let's go."
"Oh look! Folkies!"
"Quiet, Bev."

****

"Hey. This is a genuine antique shop."
"Look at this useless vase. I'd love to give that to someone for a wedding present."
"Careful. I might give it to you for yours."
"It's in the beset of bad taste."

****

"Hi!"
"Who's that?"
"Friend of mine."
"Who's the girl?"

"Dunno."
"He's doing well tonight."
"Mmmm. He sure is." (A muffled comment from the girl)
"And I see you're helping him along."
"Mmmm." (Cuddling up still closer)
"She's attached to him, isn't she?"

****

"What are we going to do now? It's only a quarter-to-one!"
"Nowhere to go."
"I just want somewhere where there's Night Life. Dancing too."
"Please try to be serious, Kev."
"What about the Mark Twain?"
"Nah. All they do there is throw bread around."

****

"We've found dozens of new restaurants tonight. Why don't we go into one?"
"Cover charge."
"Any of you tried Syb's cheese mix?"
"Yeah. It's beaut."
"Never forget the time it was in the back seat of the car. I heard it rattling round. Reached back to see what was wrong. Urgh! Cheese mix on my fingers, steering-wheel, handkerchief, coat."
"That's good, Den."
"Hey, Geoff, do you know anything about resonance in water molecules?"
"Just keep driving, Graham."

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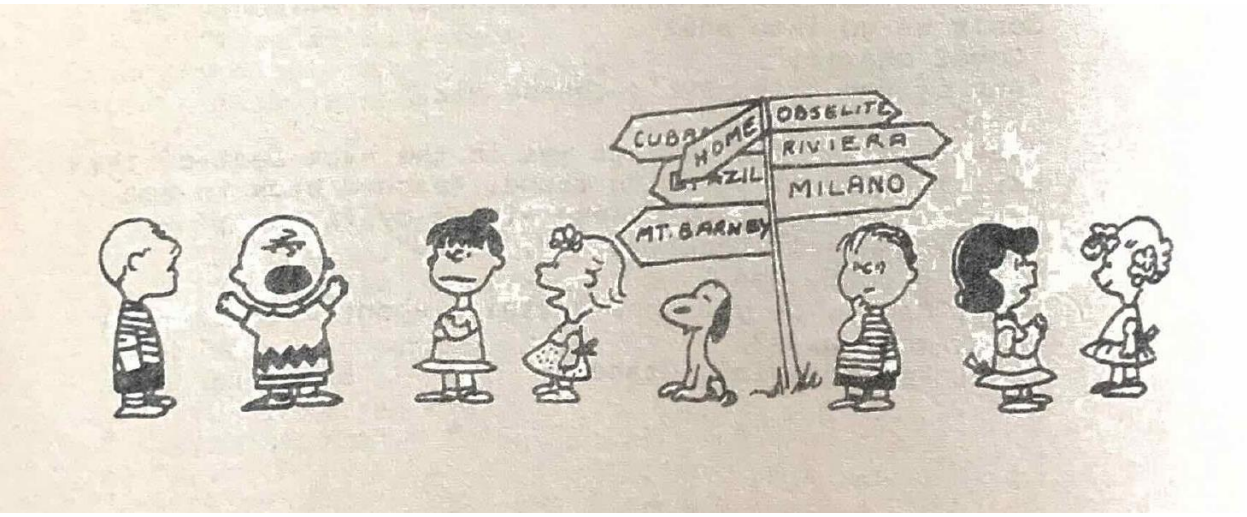
"Here it is in the pink pages, people."
"Boy! Just ask me any questions about restaurants."
"Righto! What's the cover charge at the Carolena?"
"Umm. Doesn't say."

****

"So that we can say we haven't failed in our search, let's go to the Obselite for a quarter-of-an-hour, and then go home."
"That's a great idea, Kev!"
"Let's go somewhere where we can horrify everyone with out good clothes."
"Let's call one someone we know."
"Let's go to Mt. Coot-tha."
"Nah. Cloudland."
"Nah. A post-ball party."
"Nah. Moomba."
"I'm tired. Let's go home."

"Nah." (Yawn)
"I'm going home."
"Bye, Den."
"Let's all go home."

Thus ended, in the opinion of the six, a most satisfactory evening, that has included intelligent conversation and breaking new social ground. Good suggestions and speedy decision-making had also contributed. A stimulating evening.



FEDERATION PEAK – DO IT YOURSELF!

John Holmes

A trip to South West Tasmania will probably be the longest walk you will ever undertake (we were there nearly three weeks) and the weather conditions will probably be the worst you will ever experience. High winds, weeks of continuous wet weather and snow in mid-summer are not guaranteed but are quite possible. (We had a little of each, and also a week of glorious fine weather). Therefore, all equipment must be in excellent repair. Once you have been flown by plane to Lake Pedder you are three or four days walk through unknown country to civilization, and during the actual trip it would take a minimum of two, and often five or six days, to walk out; so any inadequacies in food or equipment will mean an uncomfortable few days.

A warm sleeping bag is most essential. Packframes and boots should be in good condition to withstand weeks of constant use and wet conditions. In Queensland when it rains it is often neither very cold nor very windy. In Tasmania it is often cold, wet and windy so a waterproof tent and waterproof parka (not just windproof) are two very important necessities. My tent was proofed with one coat of "Texsil" which was totally inadequate after fourteen days. A floor to the tent is an advantage since the tent can then be held down; the ground is very soft and pegs don't hold very well. You may need two, set a different angles, at each fastening point. Poles are necessary since it is almost impossible to find straight wood.

We carried primuses but did not use them much. The wood available burns readily, especially scoparia bush (also known to some as kerosene bush). If you don't know what that is you'll learn! If you are a reasonable climber, a climbing rope is not necessary on Federation Peak but the quartzite is a joy to climb on and you'll want to go climbing when you get there. A rope is very handy when used as a safety line when crossing creeks, which are turbulent, cold, and no joke if you fall in with a pack on. Carry your pack on one shoulder when crossing so you can get it off quickly should you fall. Most creek-crossings are barely knee-deep in good weather but flood very easily so you could be trapped quickly of you are not carrying a rope.

FOOD. Airdropped food will lie at the dropping site for a month or more before you get to it so non-perishable food (tins or dehydrated) will be your diet. Rogge brood is a good substitute for bread. It will keep in an air-drop and does not take up much space in the pack. Other rye breads available at several delicatessen, including the one at St. Lucia, are high density and will keep for about two weeks. Cheese, jams and honey survive the drop very well. Cater generously for soup, cocoa and boiled sweets which are excellent for "instant energy" – otherwise, normal food is all that is required.

AIR DROPS. There were almost no breakages in the three hundred pounds of food airdropped (except Sao biscuits which tasted delicious with soup). Tins were packed in cartons and these in a wheat bag stuffed with straw. All the food was packed in a 4 gallon drums, the lids of which were wired on, then in straw filled bags. The weight limit for each bag was 25 lb. Bags must be labelled with party name and date of recovery so that food not collected by that date can be eaten by other parties. A loop of rope helps handling in the dropping plane. The Aero Club in Hobart which does the dropping likes to have drops delivered to them at least one month before the beginning of the trip because of the unpredictable weather. Cost of the drop was 23 pounds ($46) for 21 bags, 300 lbs. of food and packing. Send the bags by road to Hobart; this costs about one dollar per bag and takes a few days. These costs are for a party of six to eight people.

The address of the Aero Club of Southern Tasmania is: G.P.O. Box 451, HOBART, but there are others available also.

TRANSPORT. We drove down to Melbourne, leaving Friday night and arriving Saturday night. Cars can be left at a Golden Fleece Station at the airport. We were allowed to sleep in the terminal building as we were to catch an early plane next morning. The Aero Club airfield is only half a mile away from the main airport in Hobart so there are no transport worries here. The flight from Hobart to Lake Pedder costs $12 and takes only half an hour.

THE ROUTE. The Hobart Walking Club has prepared full and accurate guides to the area so I shall not attempt to present an account of the route. A few comments may be of use though.

Don't neglect the Western Arthurs in your hurry to see Federation. If you've only got one day to spare, go up Roseanne Creek to Lake Roseanne, Peak 29 and then to West Portal. It's well worth it.

The guide is very accurate: "one day's walk" means just that, especially as it takes for granted that all parties will be reasonably fast walkers. "No camp sites on the way" is accurate too. In bad weather at Goon Moor, head for the H.W.C. camp marked at Lower Goon Moor. From Thwaite's Plateau to Federation Peak and back is a long day. When going around the Lake at the bottom of the Forest Chute follow the track to a creek running over white stones. Here, the track seems to disappear, actually it follows the course of the creek. The Southern Traverse is not nearly as frightening as the route guide makes it sound and would be much faster than the Forest Chute. Care is needed if it is attempted with a pack.

Leaving the Eastern Arthurs we were trapped on the wrong side of the West Crowcroft River by flood. For a mile or more above the junction it is impossible to cross after heavy rain. Consequently we didn't keep our original plan of going out over Mt. Picton but were told later that it is a much easier and faster route. This we can certainly believe.

Finally a note on snakes. We found the snake infested South West contained only small sleepy tiger snakes. Tasmanians seem to make a great fuss about a risk which, while it exists, is no greater than anywhere else in Australia.

From: "Early Rising" – some stanzas

John G. Soxe

The time for honest folks to be abed
Is in the morning if I reason right
And he who cannot keep his precious head
Upon his pillow till it's fairly light
And so enjoy his forty morning winks
Is up to knavery; or else – he drinks!

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So let us sleep and give the marker praise
I like the lad who, when his father thought

To dip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase
Of vagrant worm by early songster caught
Cried: “Served him right! – It’s not al all surprising;
The worm was punished, sir, for early rising.

****

“Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed”
Observes some solemn, sentimental owl;
Maxims like these are very cheaply said;
But, ere you make yourself a fool or foul
Pray just enquire about his rise and fall
And whether larks have any beds at all!

****

(these stanzas are not in order)

SOMEWHERE I WANDER

Ken Taylor

We followed the creek until it seemed to disappear into a cleft in the rock-face ahead. Paddling in the reek, through an opening about 8 ft. in diameter. On one side the waterfall crashed into a crystal clear pool that filled most of the floor. The walls were covered with staghorns, crowsnest ferns and orchids which nestled into the rocky outcrops. Carnarvons perhaps?

Leaving the car we climbed for about 2 hours, then followed a very narrow "knife edge" with 400 ft. cliffs on one side and a 70 degree slope dropping 600 ft. on the other. When we reached the top we were confronted by a magnificent view of the valley into which this great rock semicircle jutted. The Local Pinnacle at Wiangaree?

A beautiful vista of pool after pool of cool water interspersed with picturesque waterfalls and cascades, charmed us as we followed the creek. Occasionally the creek forced its way between two might rock walls forming a deep waterway. Eels were disturbed by our passing and in a slithering flash of light they disappeared. West Canungra Creek?

Climbing up through the rain forest and lantana, we arrived at a fairly clear summit with a high cliff on one side. At a little distance was a pencil of rock at least 300 ft. high, which we set out to climb. Joskis Thumb in North Queensland?

We followed a groove through the thick jungle – a groove on the forest floor that will remain as a memorial to the old cedar cutters and their bullock teams. Once onto the ridge we came to cliffs which led onto open forest. After the next cliff line has been climbed, a patch of scrub lay between us and the summit and a view of rain forest interspersed with small farming communities. Away in the distance the ocean sparkled. The Atherton Tableland?

No … each of these places is in an area bushwalkers seem to neglect; the area bounded by the Gold Coast on one side and Lamington National Park on the other. Most walkers seem to be scared of meeting tourists or maybe they can't believe that good bushwalking is only 60 miles from Brisbane. This small corner of our state has a wide variety of walking from dense rain-forest to swampy plainland, from open-forest to bare rock. The area is very suitable for two-day trips or even day trips, and with a little planning a week could easily be spent here without seeing too much of the general public.

On the whole, the locals are extremely helpful to bushwalkers, though most don't know too much about the natural beauties of the area. They do, however, know all about paths and disused timber tracks. If you are willing to push your vehicles over extremely rough roads you can get quite close to many of these wonderful areas. Also, there is a wide variety of animal and plant life.

The first place I mentioned is on the branch of the Buanaba Creek which runs down from St. Bernards, Tambourine. Any of the creeks running from Tambourine to the Coomera River are well worth following up, all providing interesting climbing up the numerous waterfalls. The second was Page's Pinnacle in Numinbah Valley near Advancetown.

The picturesque creek of pools and waterfalls was Purling Brook. This is very similar to many other creeks running off Springbrook, all terminating in very high waterfalls. Mt. Cougal can be seen across the valley. The view from the top of Cougal is equal to that from the Tweed Pinnacle, overlooking the Tweed Valley

from Mt. Warning in the distance. There are excellent views of the cliffs on Springbrook, including a 1000 ft. cliff plunging into New South Wales on the southern side.

The “pencil of rock” is Boyd’s Butt to the east of the Cougals. Watch the lantana, which can be avoided by travelling on the south side of the ridge. The view of the coastline should be worth it though. Turtle Rock, containing an interesting system of caves and tunnels, is a place known to most walkers but if you haven’t been there try Egg Rock and Ship’s Stern also. All three are very close together.

The last description is the ascent of the Springbrook cliffs on the Eastern side. Patience is needed to find the right way up. Tallebudgera Creek road provides an easy approach to them.

Views and waterfalls abound throughout the area. Other points of interest are Bally Mountain, Wonga Wallan, The Pinnacle on Nimmel Range, Tallebudgera and Yaboragura Lookout to the west of the Numinbah Valley pass. If you want to go bushwalking and don’t have transport, try this area and you will find it well worth the effort, and perhaps, like others I know, you will grow to love it too.

“So slowly you walk, and so quickly you eat, you
should march with your mouth, and devour with your feet.”

Lessing

SO! YOU WANT TO BE A BUSHWALKER

Rod Timmins

Do you really want to be a bushwalker? Good for you, whatever the reason, and I hope that I can help a little in this article. I'll divide it up into the following:

EQUIPMENT: Generally, members of the UQBWC use Paddy made gear such as framed rucksacks and sleeping bags, but a number of us use other stuff and manage quite well. It depends on the conditions you intend to brave. Going to Tasmania (accent on the mania)? Well, the equipment should be pretty good. However, I will deal with Queensland conditions only in this article. In the Queensland climate you can get away with almost anything – or even nothing. The following items are the main things to get your grimy hands on: Rucksack (preferably framed), sleeping bag, ground sheet (a sheet of plastic does nicely), torch, cooking utensils (billy, frying pan, etc). In addition, depending on where you are bound and who you are going with, a tent, navigation gear such as a map and compass, a machete and a first aid kit are necessary. If the others in the party have delicate noses take some soap too. A word about the torch. These things come in handy for cooking, walking at night, and firewood and water partis in the dark. The best buy is probably a bike torch.

CLOTHING: Old! Boots are usually worn but sandshoes are OK. Boots should be rubber sealed. Some people manage on hobnails but they seem to be a very small minority. Shorts can be worn if you can stand the scratches on your legs. Some warm clothing, if only a pullover, is essential as most walking by te UQBWC is done in winter. Either that or it rains!

FOOD: My favorite subject! For short trips where weight isn't too much of a problem and the chances are that food won't go bad take whatever you will. You will probably find that some dried food (which weighs much less) is preferable however – things like rice and macaroni, dried vegetables, and dried fruit. Anything with a high energy to weight ratio like chocolate, peanuts and glucose sweets are pretty good too. With any luck we will have freeze dried stuff up here pretty soon and roll on the day! Longer trips will need more planning. There is one alternative to all this. You could join the select company of Grimes, yours truly, and others and become a scunger. Definition of a scunger is one who lives off other people for the duration of the trip. You can go rather hungry though, if your companions are a sadistic unsympathetic lot.

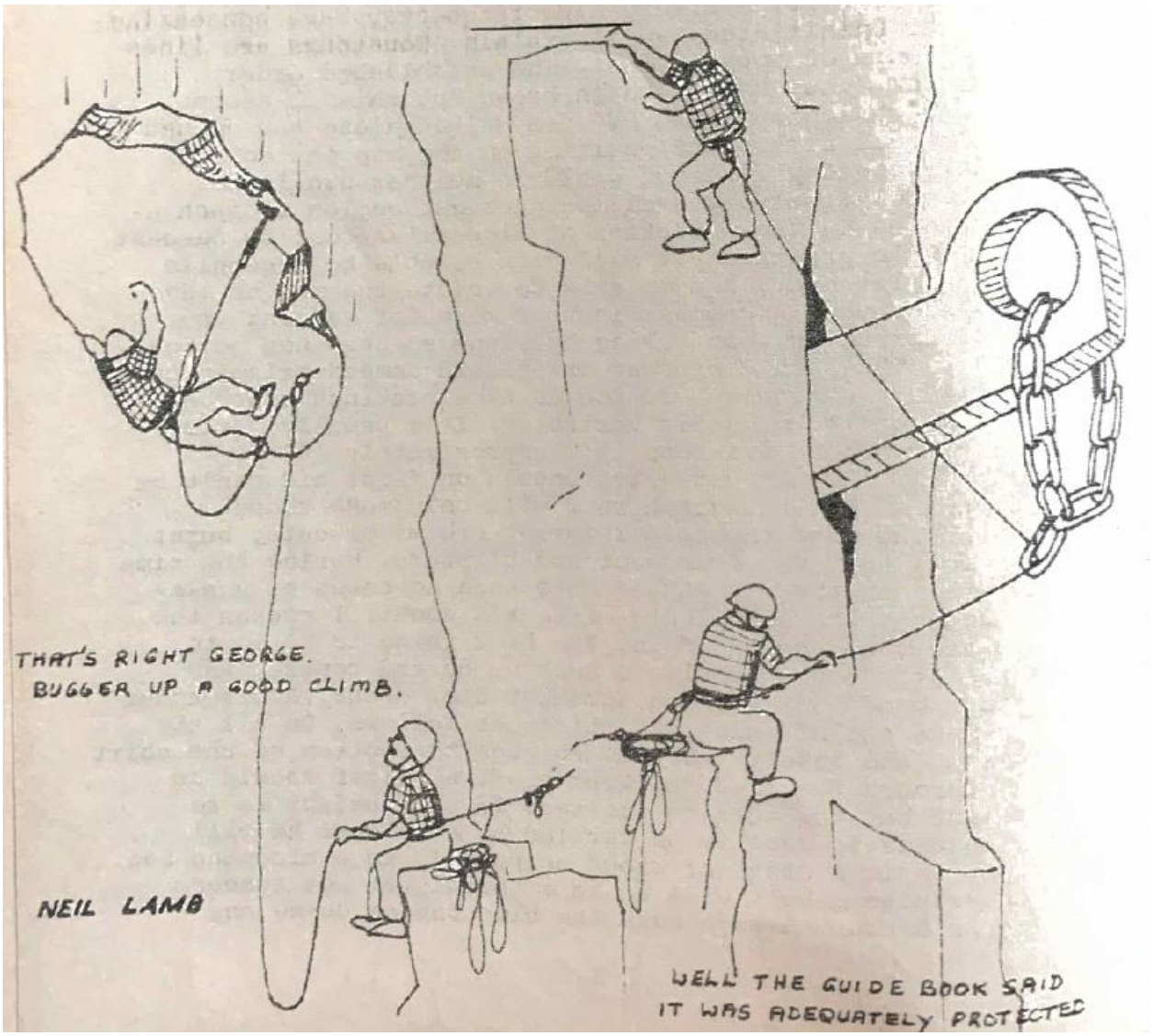
Now having equipped you, clothed you and fed you, off into the mulga. Around Brisbane the usual places visited are: the Lamington Plateau and Tweed Ranges, Mounts Lindesay, Barney and Ballow and many areas in this vicinity, Boonoo Boonoo, Wyberba, the Main Range from Mt. Superbus north to Mt. castle, with Cunningham's Gap somewhere in the middle, and man others. Maps of these areas are either the military one mile series or Lands Department, with others available from previous issues of this magazine.

NAVIGATION: There are two methods of navigating. Use a compass and map intelligently or go on enough trips with other people so you have been everywhere and won't get lost anyway! The second course is only open to those who plan a long-term bushwalking career. Since this is unlikely in the Uni Club (I assume you all want to get through your course as quickly as possible) then the first course is for you. The Lands Department maps are easily read and those in Heybob are similar. Military maps frequently have contouring and for the uninitiated I will explain. Countours are lines joining points of equal height. The established order dictates that they should be in brown but this, I assume, is only for technicolour maps.

If you walked along the ground so that at all times your position on the map was on one particular contour line you would go neither uphill nor downhill. Conversely, travelling at right angles to such a line would be in the direction of steepest ascent or descent. With a little practice you will soon be able to recognize peaks, saddles etc., and be able to relate the map to landmarks around you. A compass is used more for keeping your sense of direction than taking bearing so need not be too expensive. The best compasses are liquid damped prismatics but these are expensive. If you do take bearings remember that things called magnetic variation. It's usually marked on maps but around Brisbane it's approximately 10 degrees E.

FIRST AID: An extensive course on first aid can't be dealt with in one paragraph so I will only make these comments. The most probable injuries are minor cuts, burns and scalds, sprains, fractures and blisters. During the time I have been in the club there have been no cases of snakebite though there are plenty snakes about. I reckon the snakes are more scared of us. The best thing to do is to read the St. John's Ambulance book or do the course, and keep your head cool when an accident does occur. A stretcher can be made out of poles and shirts as follows. Do all the buttons up and insert the pole through the bottom of the shirt and up through the sleeves. Four or five shirts should be sufficient but the more the better. If the patient is so badly injured to have to be carried by stretcher he will probably be in a state of shock so put him in a sleeping bag. For snake bite a belt will do as a tourniquet but rubber tubing is better. Always wash the bite before doing any carving as many Australian snakes do NOT have a hollow fang, just a groove in front, and much venom can be left on the skin. Cut along the limb to a depth of about 1/4 ". This isn't as bad as it seems if you pinch up a fold of skin. A cut like this should bleed quite freely of its own accord without having to suck it; generally a bad practice unless it's unavoidable.

Finally, a word about tidiness. The worst thing you can call a bushwalker is "tourist" if you really mean it. Tourists are litterbugs, leaving cans, broken bottles and general garbage to clutter up the landscape. Please burn, bash and bury all rubbish. This makes the area much more pleasant for other people. Remember also that many of these areas are National Parks and should be treated accordingly.



FRASER ISLAND

Doug Straker

Although Fraser Island is quite close to Brisbane few club members had ever walked there until May this year. Difficulty in arranging transport to and from the island and a lack of information about walking conditions probably accounted for this. I hope this article will help overcome these problems ad be a useful guide to further trips.

LOCATION AND MAPS

The island lies between Tin Can Bay to the South and Sandy Cape to the North. It's separated from the mainland by Hervey Bay and the Great Sandy Strait, which, at its narrowest point, near Tin Can Bay, is little more thana mile wide and is subject to extremely strong currents. At its Southern end the island is fringed by the Wide Bay Bar which arcs around the entrance to the straits, while at the Northern tip there is a similar sand bar stretching North from Sandy Cape.

The most useful maps of the island are printed by the Forestry Department. These were revised in 1965 so show the latest timber tracks, but they omit contours. However, these are marked on the military maps of pre-war vintage. Both types are available from Watson Ferguson & Co.

ACCESS TO THE AREA

Travel by car or train to Urangan and then cross to the Western side of the island by launch. Because the most interesting walking areas are on the Eastern side, the use of transport on the island saves days of unnecessary walking. Arrangements for transport can be made with the owner of the launch.

Three men with suitable transport are:

1. Mr. Keith Wieden
   51 Ocean Street
   Torquay. (Phone Pialba 512)

Keith's transport is ideal for a party of about 10 people. He has a 32 ft. launch and a long wheel based Landrover with a trailer on the island.

2. Mel Jensen
3. Jacob Lack

These men can be contacted via Keith if his transport is not available. They all leave their vehicles on the island at Urang Creek which is directly across from Urangan. This spot is centrally situated so that most places can be reached from here within 3 hours.

It's wise to make transport arrangements a few weeks in advance, because these men are always busy taking across fishing parties.

WALKING

It's a huge area – Fraser Island – that's why you can't expect to see all of it in a week. The best idea is to confine yourself to a particular area where there are a number of interesting features. Full use should be

made of the tracks where accessible because much of the country is rather dull, being overgrown with banksia and wattle.

On the Forestry map is a list of “beauty spots”. These are areas of 20 acres to 2000 acres which will be spared by the timber cutters for the sake of their natural beauty. Thank heavens they’re sparing some of the island, but in my opinion the areas set aside are far from sufficient.

THE ELI CREEK – MAHENO WRECK AREA

Eli Creek: This is the largest creek on the Eastern side of the Island. It’s very swift flowing and tis crystal clear water and sandy bottom make it ideal for swimming. An interesting feature about this creek is that it is stocked with trout which the locals say were introduced from the Snowy about eighty years ago.

At the mouth there is a dilapidated old hut which makes an excellent basecamp from which walks of various lengths can be planned. A few hundred yards inland from the mouth of Eli Creek is one of many sand blows found scattered along the East coast. This could be included in a two day walk to the upper reached of Eli Creek and Eli Scrub.

Once away from the beach, the sandhills on either side of the creek rise sharply, leaving it in a deep V-shaped gorge. For the first few hundred yards this gorge is filled with a mass of tangled vines and banksia. Fortunately this can be avoided by following the above-mentioned sandblow inland, then crossing a low ridge to the left and descending scrub which leads to the main body of Eli Scrub. The easiest walking is either just above the scrub-line on the sides of the gorge or on the tops of the ridges flanking it. From the source of Eli Creek, Hidden Lake is only 1 ½ miles through the scrub to the North West.

The Maheno Wreck: About two miles North of Eli Creek the wreck of the ill-fated Maheno lies embedded in the sand. It can be boarded at low tide and is fascinating to explore, but care must be taken when walking over the rotting decks.

If you like oysters and fishing this is the spot for you. The stern of the ship is encrusted with a mass of shellfish, while in a deep gutter scoured on the landward side of the wreck the water teems with fish.

Deep Water Lakes: One mile North of the wreck, just off the beach, is the largest sandblow on the island. It’s about one mile wide and stretches inland for two miles, giving easy access to the Deep Water lakes.

THE CATHEDRALS AND LAKE BOWARRADY AREA

The Cathedrals are a series of sandhills which wind and water have eroded, exposing the beautiful pastel colours of the sand. They’re found nine miles North of Eli Creek and are best seen on the way to the Lake Bowarrady area.

A few hundred yards North of the Cathedrals a rather indefinite looking track leaves the beach beside one of the larger freshwater springs and leads inland through a break in the hills. This track was made recently by the Forestry as a fire break, so it isn’t marked on their map. Bowarrady Scrub is about four miles along this track, and Lake Bowarrady about seven. Between the beginning of the scrub, and the late, the track is joined by two branch roads on the right. Care must be taken not to confuse these with the main track as they, too, are not marked on the forestry map.

One very striking feature about the scrub on Fraser Island is that there is much less undergrowth and "wait-a-while" type vine than in the mainland rain forests. This makes it infinitely better for walking.

From Lake Bowarrady it's only a short walk to the Bowarrady Trig point. At 788 ft. this is the highest point on the island, but unfortunately, it is completely overgrown with scrub. It is possible though to see both sides of the island if you climb one of the taller trees on top.

BOGIMBAH SCRUB – YIDNEY SCRUB

These scrubs lie across the two main access roads from West to East so the easiest way to see them is to cross one way in a vehicle and return via the other.

Yidney Scrub is the most beautiful spot on the island, with its tall, slender box trees, gnarled old figs, and brown carpet of dead leaves, which gives it a well-kept, park-like appearance.

Unfortunately, a week was not enough time in which to see everything on the island. There are places like the Indian Head – Waddy Point Area, Lake Wabby, Corby's cave and many lakes in the Southern portion of the island which I would have liked to see. I only hope that you manage to see some of these new areas as well if you ever have a trip to Fraser Island.

EYE OF THE NEEDLE — MT NORMAN

WHY DO YOU BUSHWALK?

Ken Grimes & Peter Hayden

At some time we have all wondered just what it is about bushwalking that captivates us. To throw some light on this problem we distributed a questionnaire on which the following article is based.

The first questions were of an incidental nature aimed at revealing an image of the typical bushwalker. Since this data is based on a small number of replies it may not be truly representative, and we leave you to draw your own conclusions.

1. The club membership is 61.6% males and 38.4% females.
2. All faculties are represented in the club, Science, Arts, Engineering and Social Science (in that order) predominating.

From the answers to the various questions:

3. 12 members were brought up in a city environment, 5 were from the country.
4. Other interests were widespread, namely allied interests (e.g., rock climbing and speleaology) and associated interests (e.g., photography, geology, and botany). Active sports were popular, but aesthetic activities were not neglected (e.g., music, folk-signing).
5. 12 members considered themselves escapists, 11 did not.
6. 2 considered themselves very religious, 10 moderately so, and 10 atheistic.
7. 8 members had an active interests in politics, 15 were not interested.
8. 19 drink lightly, 6 abstain
9. 5 smoke lightly, 20 don't smoke

***

The final questions were asked to clarify the mystery of why people bushwalk (The quotes below are taken from the answers we received.). It seems that most people began bushwalking with vague ideas of "seeing the countryside and the Queensland bush". In contrast, the aspects which they enjoy most after being in the club for a while, are:

The company of fellow bushwalkers – "Happy, interesting, and dynamic people", "There is no artificiality about bushwalkers – faced with bushwalking situations, they show their true character – one gets to know the essential person in them – not the 'front' which people often present in a social situation".

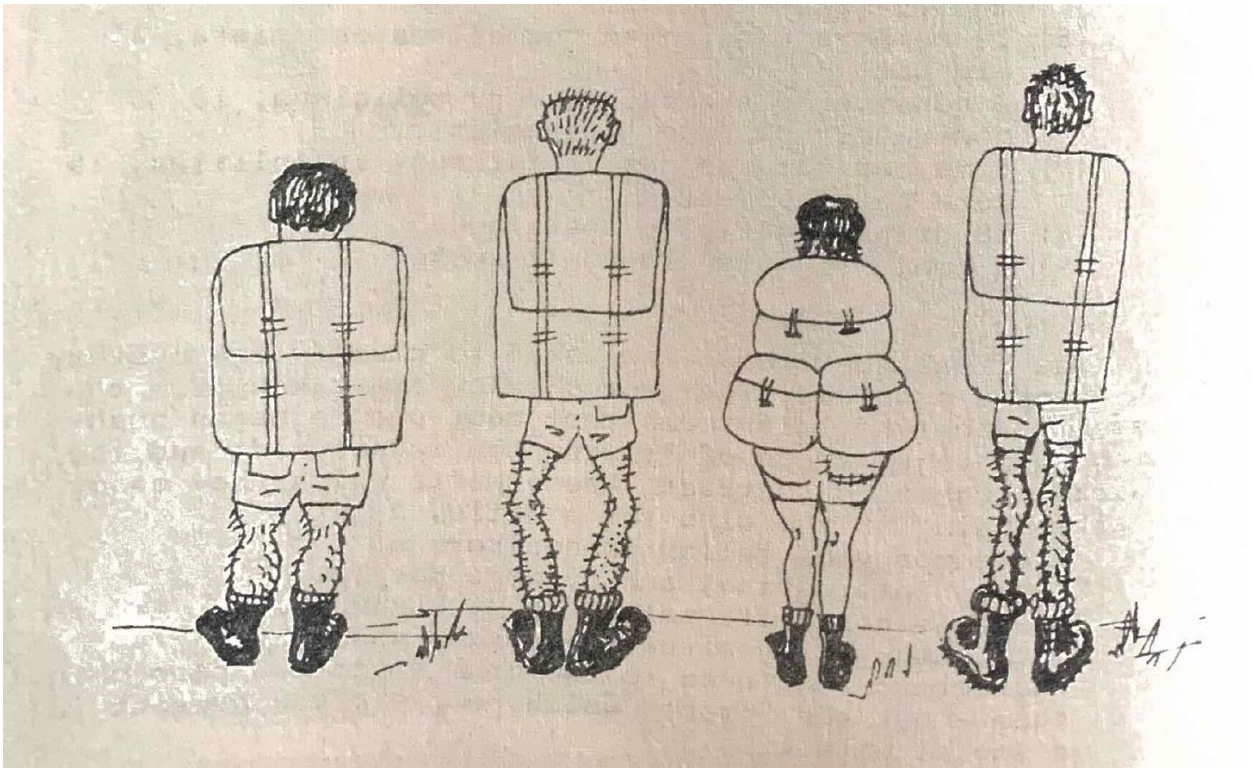
Escapism, from – "The strain of living in the city", "the boredom of the work-study routine", "the monotony of very-day life", the conventions of society", "the pointless all-pervading competition of the sports field".

In general "an escape from the artificiality, conventions and trivia which are the less desirable qualities of contemporary civilization.

The sense of achievement – "The challenge and the trill of conquest … the need to prove oneself is always there".

There were numerous other aspects, difficult to define, which are best suggested by the words of the members themselves:

- "I like room to wave my elbows about"
- "The thrill of seeing waterfalls and rushing creeks"
- "The inexplicable feeling one gets when admiring the rock slabs on Barney, or examining the delicate beauty of a small fern"
- "The spirit of the forests and mountains"
- "The feeling of peace, of relaxation – the state of basic happiness – one slips into on a bushwalk"

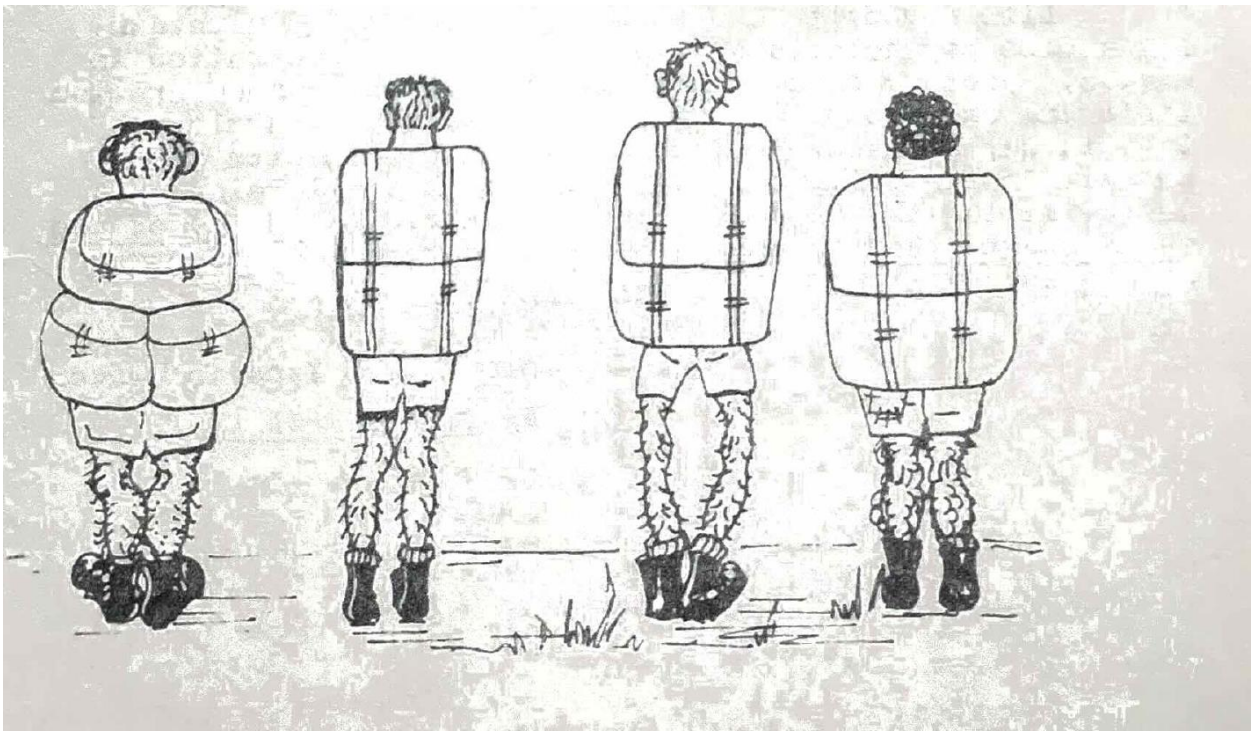


We feel it is these features that tend to make bushwalking grow on a person, not just as another form of recreation but as a complete way of life which one can become inextricably involved. When a person reaches this stage he will probably remain a bushwalker at heart for the rest of his life.

One of the aspects mentioned most in the questionnaire was companionship in the bush. This is a natural development when small groups of walkers combine in the enjoyment of nature at her best and at her worst – sitting together on top of a mountain after a hard climb, or fighting through thick scunge on a cold, wet, foggy day. This factor has found expression in the popularity of the club parties (official and nonofficial) that have been held this year.

It was interesting to note that some of the people who did not consider themselves to be escapists ((5) above) showed in their answers to the alter questions that they were in fact trying to get away from some aspects of their everyday life. This was mostly expressed in the wish to get away from conventions and be themselves – the bush provides a complete change of environment form that imposed by our civilization.

As we mentioned above we cannot put too much faith in the figures obtained in the statistical section as they probably don't represent a proper cross-section of the club. However a few points can be made.



They confirmed our suspicion that the club contains few smokers but many light drinkers. This is probably to be expected because of the convention of modern society and the increased social activity within the club. The city/country environment results show that we have a greater number of country people than would be found in a normal university society, this is natural as most bush people coming to the university would show an interest in our club.

Finally, to finish in a lighter vein, we quote the last three questions on the form and the answers given by a certain (unnamed) member of the club.

What aspect of bushwalking do you enjoy most? “Sleeping”

Why did you take up bushwalking? “Sleeping in the bush”

Why do you continue to bushwalk? “I am endeavouring to wear out a sleeping bag for a manufacturer.”

“Life couldn’t be better than here on the mountain. Our modern psychologists, who bewail the concentration in cities, ought to come up here and try it out. Concentrations isn’t the only complaint in the cities; there is also loneliness, a miserable lack of communication with other people. In the primeval conditions which still reign only in the hills, things are quite different. The beauty of the scene apart, this is the only place where one finds human beings in a warm bond of complete companionship.”

From North Face in Winter
by Toni Hiebeler

THE PARTY

Phillip Leask

Bursts of hollow laughter echo
Empty through the crowded hall/
Shining eyes are brittle, frightened,
Frightened chatter lines the wall.

Feet stamp out the stamping rhythm,
Stamp the floorboards into shape;
Stamping down their coffin lids,
Stamping on them “No Escape”.

Clutching bodies clutching closeness,
Clutching through infinity.
Clutching, groping, all alone,
Alone through all eternity.

PAPUA AND NEW GUINEA

Ross Smith

When I first heard the whisper of a trip to New Guinea pictures immediately flashed through my mind. Pictures, blurred by ignorance of a country where mighty peaks spawned gushing torrents; where stone-age man is being jostled into the twentieth century. Five weeks of wandering through town and village brought life to these pictures and provided a variety of incidents some of which I shall attempt to portray.

Malaria, cholera, scorpions, snakes, hookworm … these were just some of the trials which one would undergo, my friends informed me. In any case it was the wet-season and rivers would be flooded, peaks concealed in cloud, and the humidity would make hiking unbearable. In the end we said "blow the Jonahs" and five of us made preparations for the trip.

Travellers to New Guinea are a constant source of entertainment for the natives, and though very flattering at first, the novelty soon wears off. In the towns they have become accustomed to Australians wearing shorts, but when we appeared bewhiskered and shouldering oversize rucksacks, you would think that the Pied Pier had arrived.

While walking down the Chimbu valley we were trailed by a group approaching thirty in number. New faces would replace old at each village, and whenever we stopped for a rest, the natives would stand silently to one side, observing our every movement. At night, we generally slept at the village rest or kiap house, and even here a crowd would gather, some offering food for sale while the bolder ones seated themselves inside the hut to get a better view. Needless to say we had our embarrassing moments.

Our jumping off point was Popondetta, a small settlement near the Eastern Highlands, surrounded by coffee farms, from where we hoped to follow the Kokoda trail over the range to Logerai. Our optimism was dampened by the locals who firstly dissuaded us from climbing the still active volcano, Mt. Lamington, and then pointed out the difficulties in crossing the flooded rivers en route to Kokoda. As the next plane was not due in for some days, we ignored their warnings and set foot for Logerai.

It was at Ajeka village that we met our first river. The Kumusi was in flood – 200 ft. wide and flowing very swiftly. With the help of a European doctor we contacted the Government paid canoe-man who led us down to the river where his outrigger canoe was moored. Standing erect, muscles flexing, he edged his canoe into the stream to test the current, but after one feeble attempt he returned – "big pella ribba i plenti strong tumas". Fortunately there were stronger hearts than his, and some of the villagers set to and built a raft, firmly lashed together with jungle vines.

The technique of crossing was to lash the packs firmly to the raft and then wade out till the river washed us from our feet. This was the signal to start swimming, and slowly the raft was kicked towards the distant bank. All of this activity was accompanied by whoops and cat-calls from the natives who helped to swim the raft across. At the far side, the raft was man-handled upstream against the current and the reverse procedure carried out. While sitting on the far bank arranging our gear we were able to observe the next fording party; a family group sitting serenely atop the raft as though crossing the river was a daily event. We picked up our packs and tramped on, just that little bit deflated.

Bartering for food at the villages was always an experience. Despite the lack of a common language, a surprising variety fo fruit and vegetables could be exchanged for a few shillings or some sticks of tobacco.

Unfortunately, those with tender stomachs had trouble adapting to the strange fruit and I can well remember refusing a gift of two pineapples on their behalf.

To travel in New Guinea, one must at some stage resort to the aeroplane. At Goroka we chartered a single engine Cassna to fly to Keglsugl (8,000 ft), a small airstrip nestling on the side of Mt. Wilhelm (15,000 feet). The Cessna had five passenger seats designed to carry thin short people whose luggage could be carried in hand. Unfortunately, we did not fit into this category … what do you do when your legs are folded to your chest, a pack is wedged between hem and another o top, your head touches the roof, one arm is fully immobilized, and your left foot starts to itch?

We ascended Mt. Wilhelm partly to view the reputed magnificent scenery, and partly for "bull-dust value", it being the highest mountain in Australasia. The track was clearly marked, and we made camp in some native hurts at the lakes. Our carriers demonstrated their true cunning by lighting a smoky fire in the best hut from whence we were forced to beat a hasty retreat, eyes streaming, to its draught companion.

Above 12,000 ft. the shortage of oxygen produces laboured breathing and occasional headaches. Jagged peaks ring the higher lake, echoing the sound of the waterfall which forever tumbles into he lower lake. Twisted wreckage glinting in the morning sun remains as mute evidence of some war-time air disaster. At this time of the year one must rise with the sun to obtain a view, as within a couple of hours of sunrise the mists have risen from the valley and encircled the peaks.

From Wilhelm we walked to Kundiawa down the magnificent Chimbu valley. There is a very extensive limestone region close to the Chumby, and we were able to hire some native guides to show us through a couple of limestone caves, after duly obtaining permission from one of the villagers who claimed ownership. There are many caves in New Guinea, only a few of which have been fully explored.

Two of us subsequently joined a Port Moresby bushwalker on a trip to St. Mary's Peaks (12,000 ft) where we achieved ultimate degradation by hiring some native women to carry our packs. They scorned the shoulder straps and balanced them on their heads without the aid of hands. For most of the way we had male carriers together with two hunters who joined us for the "ride". In new Guinea man is still the boss. One chap who took pity on us struggling up a hill even offered his wife to help carry the load.

And so you gain vague impressions of a country which certainly has visual appeal – a country where people who have often changed little from their primitive way of life, provide many amusing and stimulating experiences.

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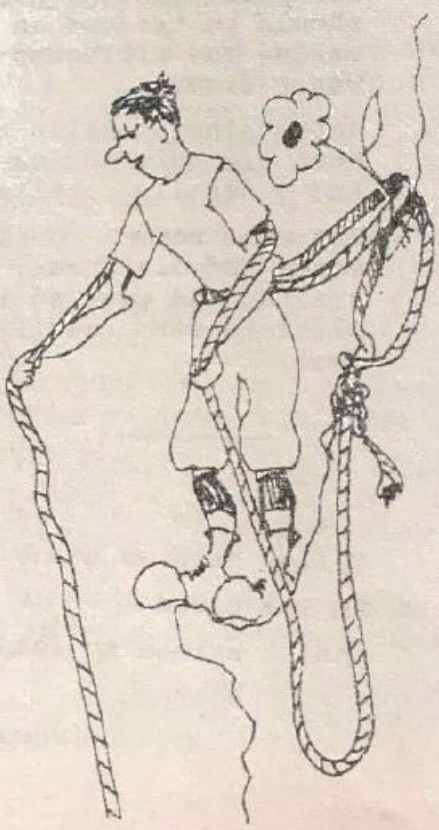
USEFUL INFORMATION:

- Tracks: Native tracks can usually be followed – little clearing is required. Native guides and carriers can generally be obtained, the ruling rate being about 1/- per hour or 1/- per day while we were there. However, we did most of our own carrying. If carriers are sed, an additional rucksack is useful.
- Tents: They were seldom used as we slept in native huts.
- Sleeping bags: Below 5,000 feet an inner sheet sufficed, mainly for protection from mosquitoes.
- Footwear: Light, studded, leather soled boots are recommended. Rubber soles proved very slippery on the smooth clay tracks and wet rocks and roots.

- Gaiters: Not essential – they are useful for stopping river gravel from entering your boots.
- Trousers: I wore shorts the whole time in New Guinea. Long trousers would be essential if jungle bashing.
- Shirt: Except at high altitudes, a light drip-dry cotton shirt with no singlet is ideal.
- Jumper: It is only necessary above about 6,000 ft.
- Waterproof: In the warmer parts you just get wet and then dry out again. Winds are almost non-existent.
- Hat: Some form of hat is essential
- Stove: We used a small shellite stove for virtually all cooking. It allowed us to cook anywhere (even in the lock-up at Wau) and meant we did not have to mess around with wet wood.
- Camera: It needs to be protected from the humidity.
- Food: European food is quite expensive. One need only carry meat and a few other items as native fruits and vegetables area readily available. Shilling pieces, sticks of tobacco, and Gold Leaf cigarettes were the main items of currency.
- Water: All water flowing near native villages should be treated as suspect. It is worth asking the villagers where they get their water from.
- Mosquitoes: Anti-malaria pills should be taken weekly. Nets are only necessary in a few areas and generally repellent will suffice.
- First Aid: The most common complaints were infected sores and diarrhoea. All cuts should be treated and covered immediately. Blisters form readily on hot and sweaty feet.

Pillow hard as stone
Am I a cicada
That I scream so loud?
Bosha

Japanese Poetry



CARNARVONS REVISTED OR FOLLOWING THE WHITE WASHED STONES

Margaret Moses

Since none o us could take holidays for ages it had to be a long weekend – Queen's Birthday. There were three of us – Harry, dentist; Robert, mathematician; and Mags, library. (Or for those of you who like a litter imagery in your Heybob articles – an extractor, an abstractor, and a distractor).

I was only one who'd Carnarvoned before but I wasn't the slightest help. I'd been too full of oohs and aahs in 1964 to notice that our course was actually following a logical pattern – if it was.

Careful preparations were made and there was much reading and photocopying of relevant articles from previous Heybobs.

After cancelling the trip – it was so wet in Brisbane we couldn't imagine it could possibly be fine anywhere – and besides, the via Roma road was closed – we had second thoughts and hastily repacked and drove all night via Gladstone (175 miles further) arriving at the Carnarvons 10 am Saturday. At that stage I realized that my sleeping bag and hardy trousers were still at home on my bed. It's quite cold in June at the Carnarvons.

There is now an overseer's residence at the Kooramindangie Plain, further up the gorge than the CWA hut. There is a large camping area with toilets, showers (no, not hot!) etc. At least it's nice to be able to clean up before the trip home.

Other doubted that we would see much of the gorge in three days, but we were able to reach Battleship Spur doing most of the side gorges – The Amphitheatre, Koolaroo Creek (Hellhole and violet Gorges), Angiopteris Ravine (Aljon Falls and Fairyland), and the "Abo. Art Gallery".* This time I learnt the official names!

There's been some changes made since 1964. The paths are swept regularly by the overseer; there are signs on the trees at appropriate intervals saying "Cross here"; and rocks splashed with white paint further facilitate walking. These "improvements" are probably excellent for weekend travellers but I didn't have the excitement of feeling even a little bit lost. I gathered that a lot of people make day trips up the gorge from the camping area at Kooramindangie Plain. However, there was at least one other group camping out the weekend we were there. And there were signs of campers who knew not the golden rule of Burn, Bash and Bury.

We at least had the satisfaction of feeling lost when we went up Boowinda (or what I knew as Gobell's) Gorge. I think that where one turns off to go up Battleship Spur should always be kept a secret – it's such fun going on and on and on, eventually realizing you're heading into the wrong direction.

Descending from Battleship Spur into Boowinda was great. After my years of "You'll never catch me doing any of that dangerous rock climbing", I found I was to have a few enforced lessons on ropes. Rob hadn't been ropes before either, and Harry (we learnt afterwards) had only used a rope twice before. Harry proved himself a tower of strength and master of the situation, I bet he's told hundreds of people about the two stupid people he had to scrape off the rocks. I learnt a new phrase, if nothing else – "to push the scream button". But, once off the rocks and rope – what an exhilarating feeling.

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* So said the sign. It would not haven taken much more wood to spell it in full.

That's when you understand why people climb Everest.

Despite the discordant notes, one cannot fail to be charmed and awed by the beauty and splendour of the Carnarvon gorges. So, if you haven't gone yet, go soon, even if it's only a long weekend.

BOOTS AND BILLIES

Alison Hardy

Bushwalkers they call themselves, and a stranger miscellany of mortals one would be hard put to find any – where! Two considerations, however, they have in common – those parts dearest to each bushwalker's heart; his feet and his stomach. It is to those two controversial necessities among bushwalking equipment, Boots and Billies, that these next few words are dedicated.

There are those who would argue the equal merits of sandshoes when the subject of footwear is discussed, but when character, that so-called "noblest possession", is considered, what sandshoe can lay claim to that possessed by a well-worn boot.

Within the family of bushwalker's boots one may find poor dehydrated looking specimens, stiff and parched with a long-unquenched thirst for castor oil; some whose nourishment has been so badly neglected that their heels have been mercilessly incised for the comfort of their wearer. There are those boots which laugh at you – from holes at front or side. Some boots have additional status – Red Eyelets!!! and pseudo-waterproofing! One aspiring fairy even painted his boots silver, but after grinding a few of the poor wee things into the ground with them, we fear that his cause was lost.

The more temperamental boots are those which resent being slung across the shoulder and who choose the most inopportune moments to demonstrate their displeasure by leaping for the ground 0 in the middle of a flooded creek. Oh Sweet Revenge!! – the sight of a distraught bushwalker flitting bootless thru' the bracken.

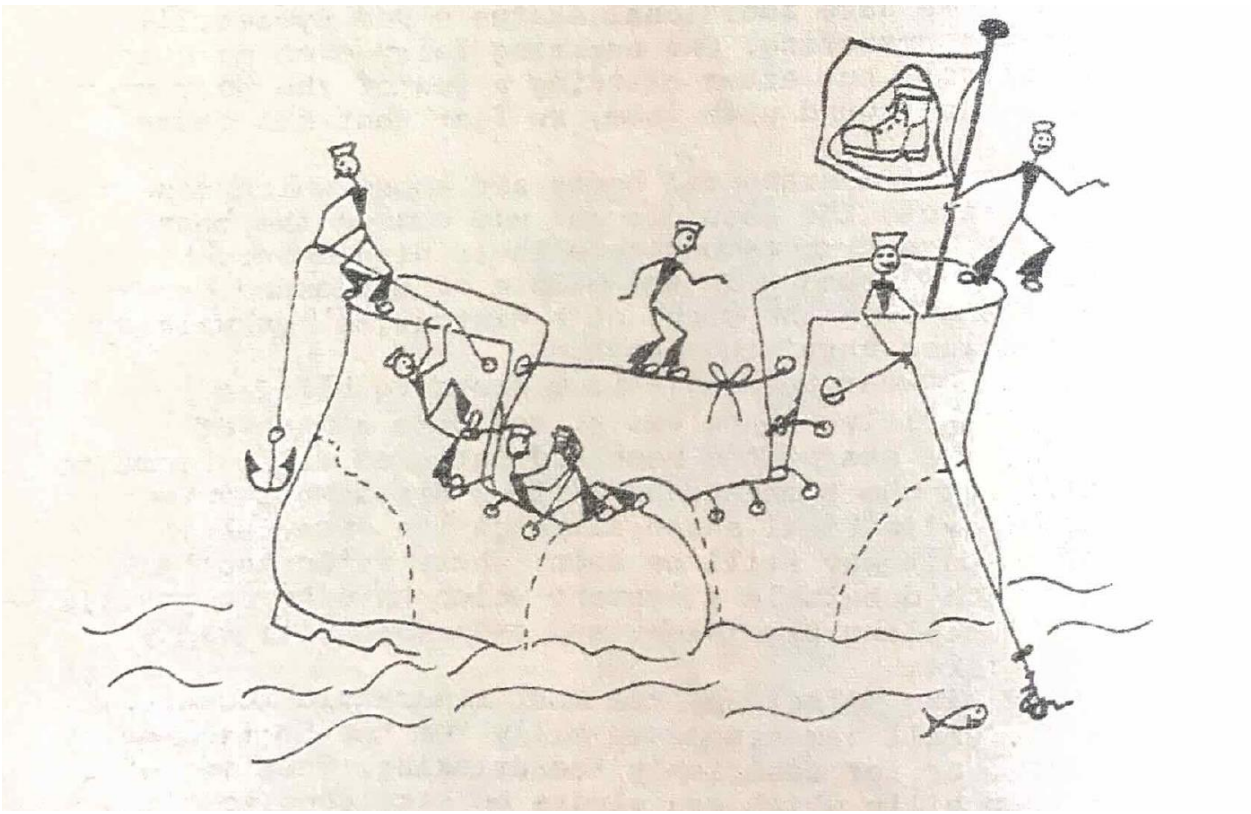
From footwear to food – from boots to billies.

For the billy, shape was at one time a mark of distinction. The era of the bent and battered billy seems to have passed for the present and billies are assuming the conventional cylindrical shape although the occasional Arrowroot Biscuit may still be seen. There is no shortage of billies with debatable alignment which have to be positioned with machine-like precision, and even then will tip – and out the fire.

Today size is perhaps the most remarkable feature. There is the small jam-tin sized billy for the heating-up of smaller tins, or for unsociable tea-drinking, then there is the tree-cup billy which can always be stretched to four, at a pinch. For tea-drinking, a half-gallon billy holds enough for everyone except the one who comes late. This size billy may also be used to feed a small army of walkers at the end of a long day, but there is always that little bit left which prompts very early rising by some for an unceremonious burial of potential "bubble and squeak".

There is yet another type of billy which has been exploited by only one person to any advantage. This is the billy used as a weapon, attached to pack with a horrid little spike to impale unsuspecting females who walk too close behind – nasty bushwacking bushwalker!!

To end this discourse on Boots and Billies, personal experience must again intrude, for true appreciation can come only through experience, the experience that is the climax of a day – when one can warm oneself with a billy of "you name it", ease those boots off feet that are still intact, stretch toes – Bliss!



MT. SIR DONALD AND OTHER PLACES

Bob Waring*

Mt. Sir Donald is a magnificent mountain at the Rogers Park Summit in British Columbia, adjacent to the relatively new Trans-Canada Highway which passes through Glacier Park from Revelstoke to Golden. It can easily be reached from the Illecilliwat Campground at its base. It is part of a chain of quartzite peaks extending about 15 mile along the west side of Beaver Creek, and is immediately north of the Illecilliwat Snowfield which is an area of permanent snow about 5 miles square.

As the N.W. ridge of Sir Donald is considered one of the longest and finest unbroken rock ridges anywhere, and is of a continuous grade of not less than four, sloping at 65 to 70 degrees, we were anxious to try to climb. John Wells of Portland, Oregon, and myself arranged to meet there on a Friday in July, planning to complete the traverse on Saturday and drive back the 630 miles to Portland on Sunday.

We planned to camp adjacent to the rock line on Friday night, which turned out to be an unwise course, as it would have been better if we had travelled light and did the entire climb in the sixteen to twenty hours considered normal under good conditions.

We left the campground with heavy, poorly fitted packs at 4 pm Friday, and walked about three miles up the graded track besides the Illecillewat River through some of the most picturesque alpine scenery in the world. We paused often to guzzle great quantities of the cold glacial water, delicious after the insipid chlorinated city variety. After much adjustment of packs, as would be expected with twice-a-year type mountain climbers, we turned up the second of two steep creeks tumbling directly down from the west face of the mountain, and rock hopped, in the water mainly, for about 1500 yards, finally scrambling out to the treeline up a steep grit and gravel gully. We then angled upwards towards the Sir Donald/ Uto col over earth and scree, to make camp above a large waterfall on the first creek as darkness fell.

Apart from battling millions of mosquitoes (just like you-know-where!) we found to our dismay that the slope on which we had pitched out tent was too steep to hold us (once we were lying on the nylon tent floor); we had to inter a huge rock at the base of the tent and spend the night lying flat on our backs with out feet on the rock. This meant no sleep as we couldn't relax or lie on our sides, the latter course resulting in the buckling of legs and extreme discomfort.

Rising exhausted, we were on our way, now with about thirty pounds each, at 6 am leaving most of the gear for recovery alter. By 7.30 am we were overtaken by a party who had left the campground at 4. This consisted of guide, Freddie Schliess and four British climbers, including two very durable looking females. After what seemed interminable scree and a tricky traverse across steep snow slopes, during which the other party left us far behind, we arrived at the col at the foot of the N.W. ridge.

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* Bob Waring is a foundation member of the club who now lives in Seattle, Washington, where he works as an engineer. In recent years Bob has undertaken many climbing excursions in western USA and Canada, and here he describes a climbing experience in the Canadian Rockies.

From here could be seen Mt. Uto to the North, the Uto Glacier to the East, and a really forbidding view of the N.W. Sir Donald ridge immediately North. This is the only firm ridge on the mountain, and is noted for the multiplicity of holds and cracks in the quartzite and the apparently impossible angles that can be scaled – even overhangs in places. A paradise of jug-handles in fact, if the exposure can be ignored. The col is at 8000 ft.; we left it at 8.30.

We proceeded up the ridge, becoming gradually accustomed to the amazing holds offered by the rock until we realized the precipitous explore on each side of us and took a little more care. After a while we became so exhausted that we didn't notice the height and pulled ourselves upwards like automatons, hoping each apparent summit would be the top, but knowing from the 9800 ft. elevation of Uto opposite that we had a long way to go. We passed the guided party, who were roped up in pairs, (we climbed unroped) and arrived at the summit at 12.30. By this time we were so exhausted we hardly knew our own names (thanks to our sleepless night).

On the arrival of the guided party we all had to pose for the photograph for Freddie, as, although he had climbed the mountain more than thirty times, he had never had a camera before (usually just his little basket, for climbers who came down the hard way). We ten discovered a third party coming up the S.E. ridge (grade 3) which we were to go down, and due to the extreme danger of loose rock on this ridge the guide persuaded us to delay our departure until they arrived. This was just as well, as it's almost impossible to find the way down the S.E. Ridge if you don't know it. Also, the whole S.E. corner is constantly swept by falling rocks under the hot summer sun, so we would probably still be there if we had left earlier.

The journey down this ridge, with ten people now, was an ordeal. We had to go in groups of three, to avoid the danger of falling rock; the lower party flattening themselves against a face while the next moved down it. To make matters worse, Volkswagen sized rocks would come down spontaneously now and again in the chute adjacent, really terrifying us. After rappelling down an 80' overhanging chimney that was the only way to avoid a 300' cliff, we finally crossed the bergsrind to the Vaux Glacier at 780', still in bright sunlight. Wells and I would never have found the chimney.

Next came the worst part of the whole trip, picking our way for over a mile (roped of course) down the steep glacier, expecting to plunge into a crevasse at any moment. We crossed dozens, but survived only to have to traverse along the 45 degree side of a 300 ft. high moraine of loosely cemented grit and boulders. The thought of ourselves hurtling down this, only wearing shorts, was quite unpleasant.

Now the guided party chortled off down to the track by some secret route, but we had to detour half a mile to break camp and collect the rest of our gear, which resulted of course in our becoming benighted. The remainder of the journey could be an anthology in itself, suffice to say we finally arrived back at the car at 1 am Sunday.

OTHER PLACES

There is quite a lot of excellent climbing available in the Northwestern Rockies. For example, in Oregon near the Eastern slopes of the Cascades are the smith Rocks, a series of spectacular outcrops of volcanic ash to 900' high that have served as background scenery for several Westerns. In these there are many excellent pinnacle towering up beside the Deschutes River. Most of the larger extinct volcanos along the Cascades present little rock, but of course some are well known to the mountaineering clubs. These clubs are huge by Australian standards. The Porland Mazamas have 1200 members, though very few are rock

climbers. Organisation is very thorough, to the point of regimentation. This can take a lot of the fun out of it but of course gives them an excellent safety record. For example, on any organized trip with the Mazamas you HAVE to have the "10 essentials" with you or you stay in camp. These are:

Whistle; map; compass; torch; extra food and clothing; fire starter (candle); first aid kit; pocket knife; sunburn ointment; waterproof matches. And an inspection will be made by Glorious Leader, to see that you are so equipped before your party sets out.

An interesting area is the Columbia River Gorge, extending 75 miles East of Portland, the end of the old Oregon Trail. This is in young lava flows and has several interesting pinnacles such as Rooster Rock (220'), St. Peters Dome (700'), and the Pillars of Hercules. Most have only one good face, the rest being hopelessly rotten basalt which comes out in may brick sized chunks if you bang a piton in – a regular nightmare! Beacon Rock, a trachyte monolith about two-thirds the size of Tibro has excellent climbing however. Unfortunately, it is on the Washington side of the river and you have to climb it unobtrusively as the park warden restricts climbing. Climbers who recently defied an order t descend were arrested and fined $50 each. On this climb we find our 10 milliwatt CB walkie talkies particularly useful. I don't know how we ever climbed without them, they have a range of 2500 feet and weigh 6 ozs each.

Most of the good climbing is in Northern Washington, and of course, British Colombia and around Banff, but I am not too familiar with it all except for a place all rock climbers who go to Banff should have indelible memories of climbers who go to Banff should have indelible memories of – Mt. Yamnuska. This is a limestone cliff shaped like a D on its flat side, 1 ½ miles long and 1200' high at about 85 degrees, and having some of the worlds best dolomite standard routes on it. It is especially famous for its deep overhanging chimneys. Mount Louie, a short distance west of Banff, is also a famous pinnacle about 1500' high. One isn't even allowed to think about it in the Canadian Alpine Club unless one's been through "climbing school". Most of the Rockies proper are not suitable for rock climbing as they are generally poor sedimentary material.

I hope some of the above has been of interest to you and, remember, if any UQBWC members come to this part of the world look me up at the Port of Seattle, and a visit somewhere will rapidly be arranged.

In the hut lives a solitary rat,
(A celibate rat,
I can vouch for that);
He hasn't a mate for miles around
And he lives on what he can find on the ground,
Though the country's such
That that's much.
I don't like he
And he can't stand me
But we need the roof so there we be.
A.G. Austin

OUR HERITAGE

Norman Kelk

Almost every day one sees please in the papers by David Fleay and other naturalists for the prevention of the destruction of our fauna and flora. Queensland's one million-acre pittance of National Parks is virtually our only guardian against the annihilation of our countryside. Yet members of our club, especially geologists, zoologists, and botanists continue to remove specimens from our parks, as though it were their right to do so.

No permission has ever been given to uni students to collect from parks. Not even the C.S.I.R.O. are allowed to do so much as to mark butterflies or birds in parks. If you do need specimens, why not go to a State Forest or perhaps do some fearless independent exploration?

Tracks in parks are built to places of interest: to places where crystals form and fungi grow. So by removing such things of interest the thief destroys the purpose of the track, and the park becomes useless.

All members should refrain from such activities and discourage others as well. It is the right of all people to look at the usual, interesting aspects of National Parks, but how can they when these things have been destroyed by specimen collectors? In future, if a collector is active on a trip, I ask you all to physically prevent him from continuing his destructive hobby. Throw his geol. pick over a cliff or pull him down from that tree where that usual fern is growing!

It is a wonderful way to make bad friends, but a good way to keep a clean conscience.

I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me; and to me
High mountains are a feeling.
Byron

THE "UGLY" D'AGULARS

Ian Crellin

How many of us on a long summer's evening have watched the sun go down over Mt. Cootha lighting the sky with its warm orange glow? How many of us know that behind this shield of red and orange lies an untapped wealth of pleasure in a large area of country usually avoided by bushwalkers; the massive blocks of the D'Aguilar Range? If one delves int the club photo album and trip reports one will find little mention of the area. The usual extent of people's knowledge is the road to Mt. Nebo, stories of immense lantana patches, and the story that some old members once went to a place called Dianna's Bath – but just where it is, nobody knows and nobody cares. Despite this background in the club, and despite the fact that the further away a place is, the more appeal it seems to have, some members are showing an interest in the area.

The D'Aguilar Range is a broad name given to the block mountain complex to the immediate west of Brisbane bounded by Brookfield and Mt. Crosby in the south, the Brisbane Valley in the west and Somerset Dam and Kilcoy in the north. Geologically, it is mainly metamorphic rock which does not produce good soil and lush vegetation, such as rainforest, except in patches where isolated volcanics occur (e.g., the National Parks at Mt. Nebo and Mt. Glorious), and in certain other geological areas such as the Northbrook and Cressbrook Permian beds. However, the country is extremely pleasant open forest with thick creek vegetation and occasional rainforest. There is plenty of water, and the only tourists one is likely to run into would be at Mt. Cootha, Mt. Nego and Mt. Glorious. Timber is being cut in the State Forests and yellow markers on the trees denote the perimeters of the danger areas.

The style of navigation mostly used in the D'Aguilars is the following of ridges and creeks (or the "I've been there before" technique). It is handy to know how to circum-navigate lantana patches. The maps of the area are very good. The one inch per mile Samford and Caboolture maps cover the area well.

In the Mt. Byron area which is between Somerset Dam and Dayboro the jungle is thick and the streams are like Canungra Creek near O'Reilly's Gueset House, but there are no tracks or visitors in parties of 50 odd, and also very few leeches! Diana's Barth on Byron Creek is a well known spot in other Brisbane bushwalking clubs and the area further south behind Mt. Nebo is also visited.

One of the glories of this area is that people can walk int it from their own homes in Brisbane: why worry about someone else's car when one can walk over Mt. Cootha and into oblivion! A train to Taringa station or a bus to Toowong will give closest access to Mt. Cootha. Another approach is from the Settlement Road bus to the Gap, and then through Enoggera Reservoir to the ridges behind. Another route involves a journey from Ferny Grove station, through Upper Kedron, up the ridge to the Mt. Nego road and then down into Lander's Pocket and up the creek leading to Boombana National Park.

The Southern D'Aguilars can be reached by hitching to the Ipswich bypass or from Ipswich station up the old Mt. Crosby tramway permanent way to Mt. Crosby. Another approach is from the Brisbane Valley from Fernvale station, over Horse Mountain. From this point a good 2 day through walk can be undertaken to Mt. Nego or to Lake Manchester returning via Upper Brookfield on the second day.

What I like best about the D'Aguilars is its accessibility. Five minutes rockhopping up Ithaca Creek, then over the ridge to Gap Creek through its deep shady pools and thickets of acacias and eucalypt forests, and a few miles further, the old Gold Creek mines – and Brisbane could be a hundred miles away. Some people

say that it is impossible to enjoy oneself in an area so close to Brisbane, knowing that civilization is just over the hill but I am one of the simple bushwalkers who need not travel many miles to distant places under the pretext that there is a correlation between pleasure received and distance from Brisbane.

"Seated side by side, our backs to the rock face, the bones of the earth seemed to make a cradle for us.
The cold became more intense. In our hearts we held all the sky, as darkness fell around us.
The moments which lie at the bases of happiness and friendship are simple and unspectacular; they seem so natural that they do not stand out at the time."

Gaston Rebuffet
from "Between Heaven and Earth"

A BUSHWALKER'S SONG

Geoffrey West

(Tune: "The Policeman's Song" from "The Pirates of Penzance", by Gilbert and Sullivan)

1. When the air is crisp and cool, with breezes gentle, (breezes gentle)
   And it's drizzling as it does in Lamington, (Lamington)
   Then he lights his fire, a task quite fundamental, (fundamental)
   And is off again as soon as breakfast's done, (breakfast's done)
   But if he should perceive a red tin marker, (red tin marker)
   Or a piece of tinsel glist'ning in the sun, (in the sun)
   Then his countenance will turn a little darker, (little darker)
   And his lips will utter language next to none. Oh -

   Refrain:
   When he's out of touch with tourist types, and dangers do invite,
   A bushwalker is a picture of delight, of delight.

2. When the sky is blue and birds they are a-singing, (are a-signing)
   And horizons on all sides are free from haze, (free from haze)
   Then he springs into his car and drives to Barney, (drives to Barney)
   And proceeds to climb it one of many ways, (many ways)
   But if the going gets a little sticky, (little sticky)
   Or he figures there is something good to see, (good to see)
   Isn't this a fair excuse to take a picky, (take a picky)
   And stay for an extended morning tea? Oh -

   Refrain:
   When he's out of touch … etc…

3. When the snow is on the ground in little patches, (little patches)
   And the temperature's minus twenty-two (twenty-two)
   You will find them in their sleeping-bags in batches, (bags in batches)
   And to rouse them will be ore than you can do, (you can do)
   But if you should approach one of them spritely, (of them spritely)
   And blow on a cow's-horn loud a blast or two, (blast or two)
   You will see the blankets move so very slightly, (very slightly)
   And a bitter face will slowly come in view. Oh -

   Refrain:
   When he's out of touch … etc …

4. When the weather man insists it won't be blowing, (won't be blowing)
   And inspection shows the ground is not too wet, (not too wet)

Then our friend knows just exactly where he's going, (where he's going)
And we find him for rockclimbing getting set, (getting set)
But if the rope has got a little tangled, (little tangled)
And it runs out when unfinished is his pitch, (is his pitch)
As he inches down again his nerves get jangled, (nerves get jangled)
So he knows some holds are firm but can't feel which. Oh -

Refrain:
When he's out of touch … etc …

5. When the atmosphere about is moisture laden, (moisture laden)
As at Springbrook where there's always fog around, (fog around)
At a "lookout" stands a staunch Bushwalking maiden, (walking maiden),
With a map spread out before her on the ground, (on the ground)
But if no compass is in her possession, (her possession)
And the sun cannot be seen through all the white, (all the white)
Then she'll cross her tracks again in quick succession, (quick succession)
And be forced to camp near Cougal for the night. Oh -

Refrain:
When he's out of touch … etc …

6. When the weather's very hot and dry and stifling, (dry and stifling)
And the "wait-a-while" and scunge are out in force, (out in force)
With machete there he finds the matter trifling, (matter trifling)
And slashes hard away with remorse, (out remorse)
But if he should encounter some Lantana, (some Lantana)
And it seems to reach as far as can be seen, (can be seen)
Then attacks it he in no uncertain manner, ('certain manner)
And the fizzy breaks are few and far between. Oh -

Refrain:
When he's out of touch … etc …

7. When it's twilight time, and normal folk are eating, (folk are eating)
And the moon has not yet set behind the Bridge, ('hind the bridge)
If you look up you will capture glimpses fleeting, (glimpses fleeting)
Of some movements there along its highest ridge, (highest ridge)
But if the footpath dark you should step onto (should step onto)
And your presence is observed by those aloft, (those aloft)
Then their jelly beans will rain down hard upon you, (hard upon you)
But you're thankful that it wasn't something soft. Oh -

Refrain:

When he's out of touch … etc …

8. When the hour is late and others are a-resting, (are a-resting)
   And the local joints have closed up for the night, (for the night)
   Then an amplifier can be rather testing, (rather testing)
   Though the neighbours may accept it at its height, (at its height)
   But if for space the flat is quite restricted, (quite restricted)
   And the owners sleep beneath the wooden floor, (wooden floor)
   Then the dancers often find themselves evicted, ('selves evicted)
   And have to find another flat for more. Oh -

   Refrain:
   When he's out of touch … etc …

THE UQBWC TRIP TO MANY PEAKS RANGE, 1966

R. O'Donnell

"Been out to Heron Island?" said the railway conductor, as he looked at odd sods of dishevelled, dirty, unshaven and smiling UQBWC. "No" said a voice, tinged with scorn at the idea of being a tourist, "we've been bushwalking at Many Peaks".

The Many Peaks Ranges lie about 30 miles south of Gladstone. They run roughly southwest from the Boyne River and the nearest civilization is "Riverleigh" and "Grevillea Park", stations on the Boyne. "Riverleigh" is about 28 miles south of Gladstone.

Eighteen people arrived at Roma Street station Friday night, (May 13). After a ceremonial pack lifting and everyone saying "Gee what have you got in there!" they squeezed and pushed themselves into two tiny railway compartments. It wasn't until the train was about to leave that a bunch of people came racing up the platform and started distributing pink, red and orange streamers. One big tall chap thrust a small box with fancy wrapping into my hands and said "You might need this". When the train finally left there were coloured streamers and madly running people all along the platform.

Apparently the crowd who farewelled us at Roma St. get a kick out of this sort of thing. We had just pulled into Caboolture when the same people appeared and started running along the platform yelling fond farewells all over again. Well, we thought that was pretty nice of then. But when it happened again at Landsborough and again at Gympie we began to suggest that they go home, otherwise they'd end up at Many Peaks and we didn't have enough food for them.

We arrived at Gladstone about 8 am Saturday, where we were met by Mr. Doug Stegemann wo runs the school bus at Calliope. Dough had been contacted earlier at that address and he drove us to "Riverleigh" station (Ref. 301997). There we met the owners Mr. "Siv" Jensen and Mr. Merv. Jensen. They reassured us, as they had done in an earlier letter, that Grevillea Ck. was carrying water right to the top.

"Beaut" we said and walked off (about 1 pm Saturday). We split into two parties, each party doing roughly the same trip as the other but in the opposite direction. We meant to meet about half way through the week. Rod Timmins led the party starting up Middle Creek and I led the party theoretically going up Grevillea Ck. Most of what follows will be a description of what my party did.

We crossed the Boyne and at "Grevillea Park" station left the road and cut across to the left. Meeting the road again we followed it to its end (310984). The bit of navigation that followed is a classic. One half of the party stayed on the ridge and the other half went down to Grevillea Ck. However, there was no water n the creek and they decided that it couldn't be Grevillea Ck. They couldn't see very much in the creek bed so they decided that the other group must have been right and set off after them. They didn't catch them until they came to another creek. When they hey-bobbed the other party, they were answered from downstream by guess whom. Yes – Rod Timmin's party who were coming up this creek which turned out to be Middle Ck. The party that had split up then rejoined and declared a lunch break at one of the few pools. After lunch we decided we would camp at this solitary pool (about 324950).

SUNDAY: Walking eastward along small ridges we came to the top of a large lump (336947) on the range separating Middle and Grevillea Cks. From there the view was very good and we soon orientated ourselves. Then we belted northward, down a ridge into the creek coming out near a big pool (339955)

just below some small cliffs. A swim followed and then lunch. Up the creek there were some very pretty pools and crevices (341949) the scene of a game of water polo.

After this we walked and climbed to a high bluff (339944) on the western fridge along Grevillea Ck. We found a chimney and a couple of small caves on the way up. Further south, and halfway up the ridge, we saw a very long, narrow rock pointing straight upwards but didn't have time to go and have a look. The view from the top was spectacular. This time we could see Castletower and the ridges around it in the sunset. Camp was downstream of the swimming pools on a small sandy patch.

MONDAY: In the morning we climbed up to high cliffs (1565') at (348955). We hopefully took a rope along to do some abseiling but there were no good spots. The ridge to the top is dotted with huge boulders which are worth climbing just for the fun of it. The view at the top is very good. One can see all of the Many Peaks Ranges including Castletower and Stanley. The bluffs on the opposite side of the creek are quite spectacular and the view of Rodd's Bay to the east alone makes the climb worthwhile.

We lunched at the bottom (late as usual) then walked upstream looking for a camp spot. We passed several quite small pools on the way. Since it was getting dark, three of us scouted up ahead and were met by Rod Timmin's party who were camped in a glorious amphitheater at the bottom of a dry waterfall. There were several large pools at the top of the falls and slightly downstream of the amphitheater. We rounded up the rest of our party and camped at the top of the falls while the other party remained below.

That night it was wonderful to sit on the edge of the falls, look down at the blazing fire in the amphitheater and watch the flickering shadows on the rock walls.

Apparently the rigours of the trip had done strange things to the other party. Somehow they had all changed their identity. Names like "the aged and scungy one", the "the soft and cuddly one", "the geologizing one", "the lazy one", "the quiet one", "the young and energetic one" and "double O Selwyn", floated out of the amphitheater.

TUESDAY: Both parties set off on a daywalk to (347906) the highest point in the range. We followed the creek upstream and then at a suitable point picked a ridge and walked to the top. Near the top we chanced on two small brown snakes and watched a fascinating life and death struggle. As we were watching them one suddenly darted over a rock and seized a lizard about six inches long. The lizard retaliated and clamped its jaws on the snake. After a sharp struggle the lizard finally broke away and disappeared. Apart from the Boyne River this was the closest we came to any wild life. The view from the top was mainly of the southern and western parts of the Many Peaks Ranges. Mt. Stanley was prominent in this pleasant scene.

In the afternoon we proceeded north along the ridge between Grevillea and Middle Creeks. At the start of this ridge there is a low saddle and one has to be careful not to go on the ridge leading westward to 1770' (328916).

On the way back, in a short sprint down a slope, Mike sprained his ankle and together with Norm made his own way slowly back along Grevillea Creek. At the bluff just above the camp (343929) we walked down the ridge and back to the creek. The last two hours of the day were spent abseiling over the falls, beginners and all, and in many varied ways. That evening another unknown person joined our party. His name was Klepto and his specialty was pinching cutlery. To this day I still don't know who he was or where he came from but I'm sure he was real because I don't own any cutlery any more.

WEDNESDAY: The more energetic half of the Timmin's party decided to do a daylight dash to Mt. Stanley and back. It took them about 10 hours and I'm told they only stopped at Mt. Stanley to catch breath. The going was quite rough.

Our party continued on to Mt.Castletower. Thursday night would be a dry camp so we packed as much water as we could carry. Grevillea Ck. was followed along the same route as Tuesday and then we went up into the low saddle at (346912). From there we cut across to the ridge leading to 1770'. Since time was short we didn't go to the top of 1770' but traversed round the eastern side into the ridge leading to Castletower.

Mt. Castletower (331925) is an elongated rock which, seen from a distance, appears to have three main blocks. A little more than halfway along the top we found quite a good camp spot. The rest of the evening we spent climbing onto the topmost rock of Castletower and watching the sunset. After tea some people decided to go and watch starts at the top and so raced off with sleeping bags and groundsheets into the teeth of a howling gale.

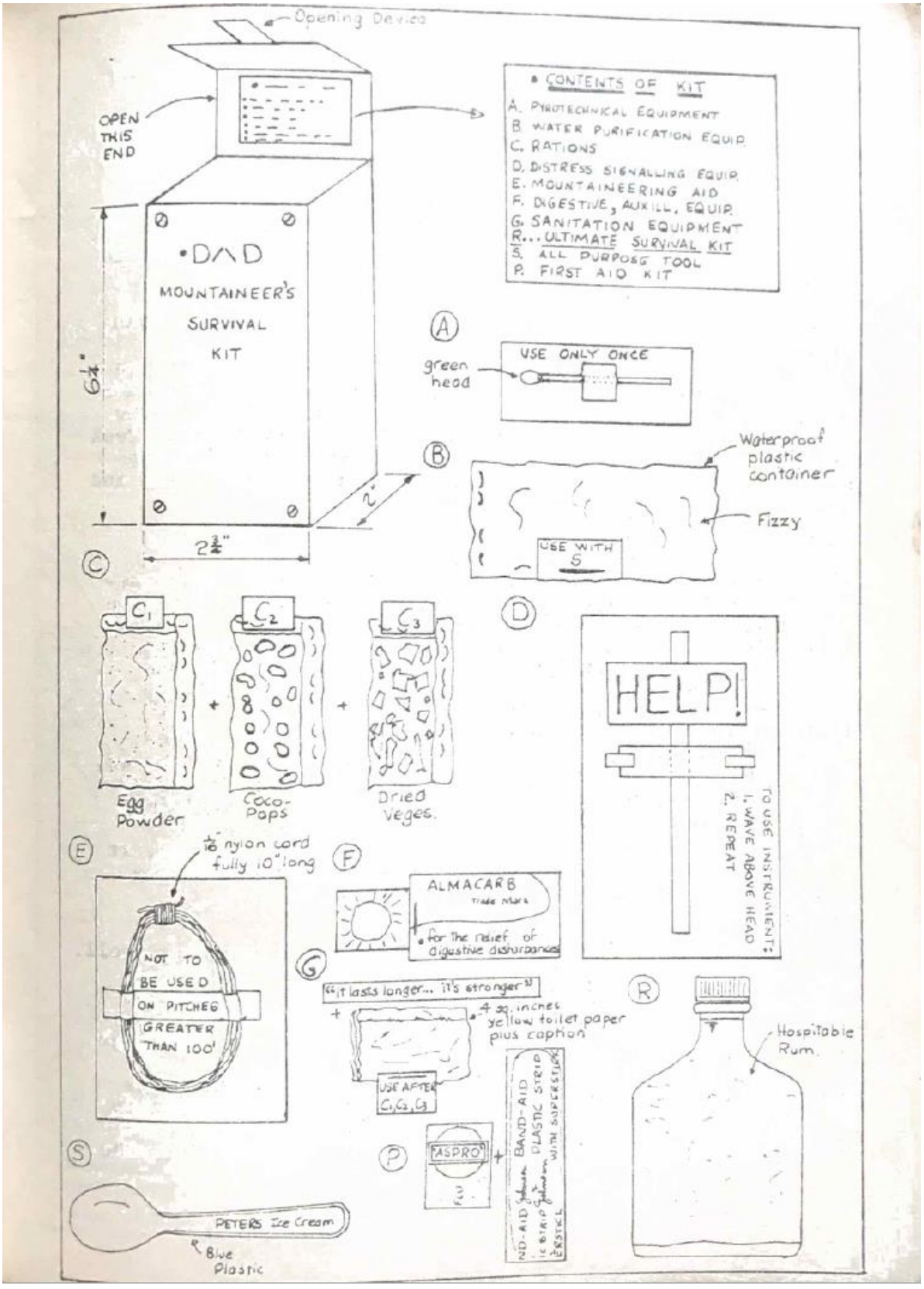
THURSDAY: Those who had slept the night on the top of Castletower came down after watching the sunrise. Since Castletower was by far the best mountain in the area and since the end of the trip was near, we decided to have a small celebration by opening up our mystery farewell gift. What we found is shown in the comprehensive technical illustration. We were most impressed with the Ultimate Survival Kit. Suddenly we felt desperately in need of survival! Out came dark fruit cake, the last two eggs, sugar, milk and coffee. We mixed them all up with the 2 oz. of rum (except the cake) and made a marvelous eggnog. We drank eggnog, ate cake, made speeches about everything and toasted Uncle Den.

NOTE: Just before the northernmost bump on Castletower, descend on the eastern side. There is no easy way round on the west. The eastern side is easy provided you are careful of the loose rocks.

We proceeded north along the main ridge until we came to (327929), a ridge running out to the big pointed rock (322932) we could see from Castletower. It has been described as "needle" but it looks more like a thumb. It is a large rock sitting on a number of other rocks. We didn't go right to the top as it looked a little dangerous but it could be done.

Only 1 ½ hours of daylight were left when we decided that we had a long way to go before dark. We pelted off along the main ridge until we came to three rocks standing together (328935). These we could see from the ridge leading out to the thumb and they looked very much like people. Being very original walkers we called them the Three Wise Men. The walking along this part of the ridge was very good and we were able to move rapidly through the open rocky scrub. The Three Wise Men were quickly climbed and we continued eastward down a steep ridge to a junction of Middle Ck. and a tributary (334933). It was dark by the time we reached the bottom. After a short rest we proceeded downstream by torchlight looking for water and a campsite. A large pool was found by the usual method of falling into it.

After tea the femmes of the party were cajoled into making a peach and apple pie. The males stoked up the fire and after everyone had given their advice, the pie was finally put in and covered with coals. It was beautiful, especially the charcoal party au go-go. Mutual recriminations flew everywhere.



FRIDAY: We had to be back at "Riverleigh" by one o'clock that afternoon so walked downstream along Middle Ck. and came to the Boyne. There were only a few water holes in Middle Ck. along the way.

A large number of ducks and two blacks swans with cygnets were on the river. We also saw two wild pigs. Most of the Boyne was covered with a purple water lily.

We arrived back at "Riverleigh" just in time to see a very well-fed looking bushwalker hobble from the Jensen's homestead. It was Mike with his sprained ankle. The "Young and Energetic One" had piggybacked Mike down Grevillea Creek from the camp spot at about (340950) to the Jensen's homestead on Thursday night. The Jensen's had been very kind and had put Mike up for the night.

MAPS:

At present the maps of the area are:

i. The Baramundoo Military Map (1942). This is only useful for showing the surrounding country and is useless for the area in which we walked.
ii. Tom Brown's Map (1957) draw from his own bearings and sketches and published with an article in the 1963 Heybob. This is far better than the military map but is not as detailed as (3).
iii. A map drawn from aerial photographs by Ken Grimes (1966) to a scale of about 2 3/4" to the mile. One of these is now in the club library. The map following this article is a half scale reduction of Ken's map done by myself. The grid system down is only approximately related to the one on the army map. It is shown only for the purpose of giving references in the article.

WATER:

We visited the area in May 1966 after a long dry spell. Grevillea Ck. has the most water contained in quite large rock pools about a mile or so apart, the main locations of which are marked on the map. The pools in Middle Creek are smaller but they are the same distance apart as in Grevillea Creek.

The water we found is probably permanent. The pools only occur in rock outcrops, elsewhere the creek appears to flow underground through sand and gravel. We only had one dry camp and that was on Mt. Castletower on our way from the falls to Middle Creek.

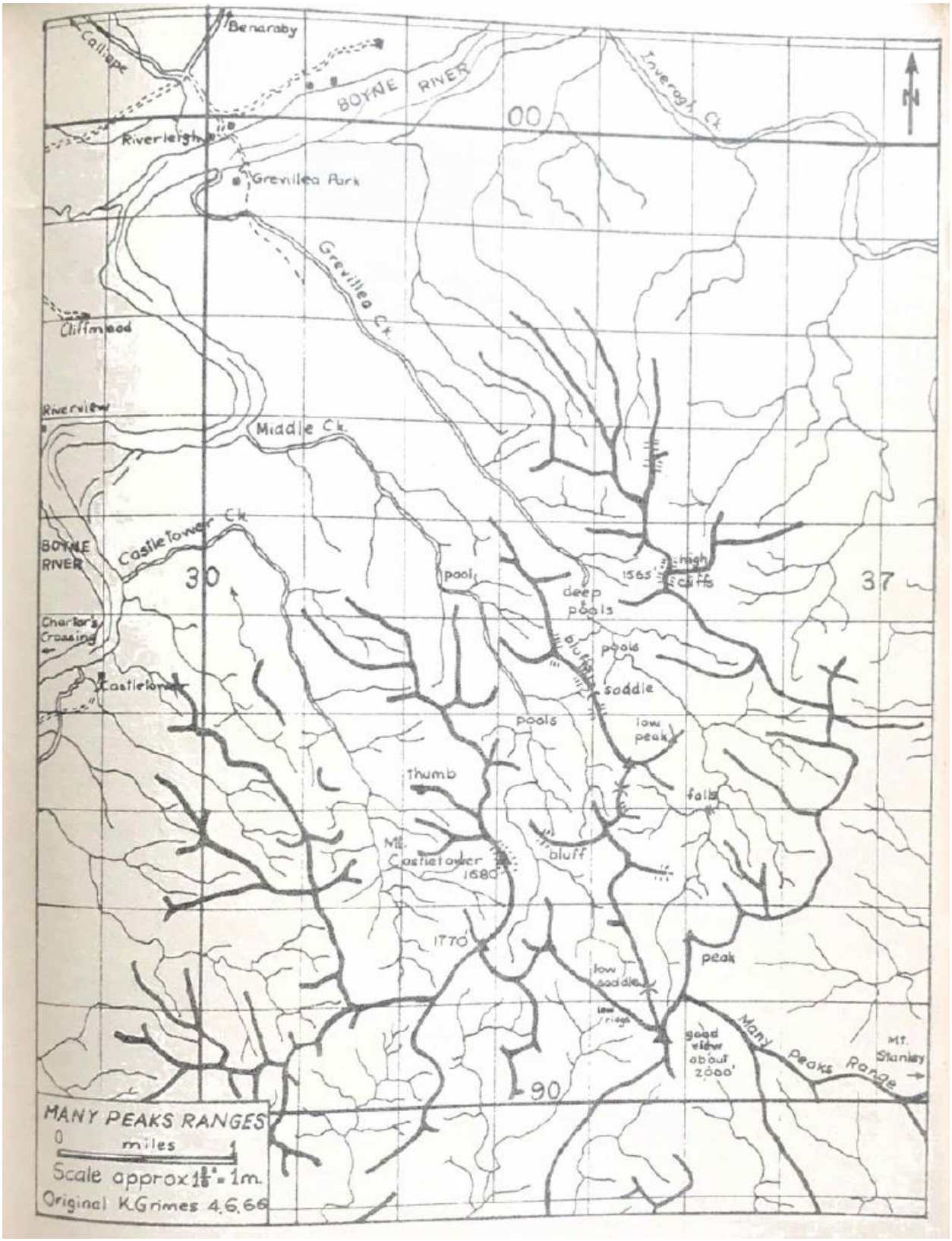
GEOLOGY AND FLORA:

The area is mostly granite except for what appears to be some grey limestone in the lower reaches of Middle Ck. The vegetation is mostly eucalyptus and thick low grass. There is no real scunge and travel can be very fast.

COST:

The return train fare from Brisbane to Gladstone with a University concession, was $7.32 (Second class "sitter" of course).

Doug Stegemann drove us to and from "Riverleigh" for $24.00. This was the lowest offer we had and we thought it quite cheap.



CONCLUSIONS:

The area is worthy of a visit. The walking is easy, water is satisfactory and there are several good swimming holes. The views from the tops of the bluffs and mountains are excellent. It's probably not the sort of place that you would go back to year after year, but nevertheless if ever you want to visit a place that is a little different, go to Many Peaks.

It is only the area around Mt. Castletower that has been declared a National Park. This is gazette as Castletower National Park (3830 acres). A Many Peaks National Parks does not exist.

I knew a most superior camper
Whose methods were absurdly wrong;
He did not live on tea and damper
But took a little stove along.

At every place he came to settle
He spread with gadgets saving toil;
He even had a whistling kettle
To warn him it was on the boil.

John Manifold

THE FACTS ABOUT BUSHEATING

Are you a gulper or a scunger, a vegemite or salami man? These are just two of the soul searching questions you must face each alternate Friday while blithely hurling eggs and paddy fingers into your rucksack. Fast disappearing is the spartan breed of bushwalker who faced the wilderness with machetti and rogabrood and measured the day's cheese ration with a slide rule. In his place is an epicure, a gourmet, a travelling Nifty-Thrifty store with a pack containing everything from sunflower seeds to tinned caviar. This is the supporter of the sophisticated new pastime, busheating which is fast outstripping in popularity the more conservative one of bushwalking. Delightful weekends may be spent with these keen hobbyists studying radical dietary combinations like strawberry-jam and sardines, or perhaps instant pudding fudge.

The essential part of the busheater's equipment is of course plenty of food, or alternatively plenty of friends. Having dispensed with such trivia as maps, cameras and geology hammers he now has room for those little extras like eggbeaters and soap pads that mark the busheater as a man of distinction. Much of his food can be stored in indispensable little M. & B. tins made in two convenient sizes – those too big for short trips and those too small for long ones. Plastic bags without holes (beware of suffocating small children) are beaut for everything else. The emotionally mature hobbyist understands that honey and eggs inevitably come to grief. He is thus able to join with his friends in honest laughter when digging out his old school jumper from the gray swamp at the bottom of his pack. Busheaters seem to reach peak efficiency at breakfast time and have been known no to embark on the tedious and inconsequential task of walking until 11.30 am.

An organization to delight the heart of any Marxist is the cutlery pool. Based on the socialist principles of to each according to his need (spoons for soup eaters, forks for those at the rice-a-retcho stage) it grows in importance as day by day the cutlery magically diminishes. Whether you initial your cutlery, tie red ribbon on the handle or keep it in a tooled leather case, it is only a matter of time before its disappearance causes you to resort to the cutlery pool in bewildered desperation. Indeed, on a recent walk, a busheater accused as a cutlery kleptomaniac narrowly escaped death at the hands of a hysterical mob understandably weary of watching porridge straining uselessly through their fork prongs.

People with puce or yellow plate-matching mugs from Woolies are aesthetically on the right track, but dip out sadly when soup or stewed fruit is dished out. The wise busheater produces one of those ½ pint enamel monsters, somewhat reminiscent of bedroom receptacles. The sharing out of tinned fruit etc. may be done in two ways. The first in by the well known mathematical computation X/(n-y) where x = no. of peaches, n = no. of busheaters, y = no. of people who cannot eat peaches because they break out in hives. At this point I am able to contribute the useful piece of statistical information that 7 people can be divided trice into a can of Silver Square sliced pears. The second, and most influential school of thought on distribution follows the "stiff-you-miss-out" method.

In conclusion, I should like to raise my mug of noodle soup in a toast to the supporters of this challenging new pastime – "May your steak never go green, and may your instant puddings always set".

THE NANDEWAR RANGES

Denis Townsend

Twenty miles to the north-east of Narrabri, a blue-green jumble of mountains juts abruptly from the flat plains of north-eastern New South Wales. These are the Nandewar Mountains, eroded remnants of volcanic and sedimentary rocks which have yielded a topsail that, under the low annual rainfall of the area, supports an open eucalypt population. This is mostly scribbley-gums and stungybarks, while on the "tops", snow gums and other sub-alpine flora occur.

To the south of the area, a number of fine lookouts, minor peaks and gorges are included in, or are adjacent to, Mt. Kaputar National Park, which is reached from Narrabri by 35 miles of earth-formation road. This park includes the only permanent water in the area, at Dawson Spring. Here a tourist "settlement" of picnic areas, cabins, electricity and HOT showers has been established in the lee of the TV station and tower at Mt. Douee, with a small system of "Nature Trails" to the various nearby attractions. Mt. Kaputar, the highest peak in the area, at 5008 feet, is scaled with the ease typical of any feature in the area, involving a 30 foot stroll from a parking area about 8 vertical feet below the summit. Most of the features of the Mt. Kaputararea can be seen in a day of easy driving and walking.

Further back along the road into the park, there are several features that proved to be of greater interest than any of these within the park. About 7-8 miles from Mt. Kaputar, a huge, wide, bare rock overhang on the hillside above the road marks the outer portion of the rim of a large volcanic crater known locally as Yalludunida. By striking uphill towards the eastern rim of this outcrop, the crater rim is reached which reveals a magnificent "ridge", semicircular and narrow with a number of minor peaks. It continues to the north where it loses height and becomes dissected into huge blocks and merges with the foothills. The main ridge to the west is easily accessible and may be followed through open forest interspersed with flat bare rock slabs to its western extent. From there a view of Ningadhun, an isolated sheer walled pinnacle, can be obtained. The cliffs which fringe this ridge to the north can be negotiated at several "breaks" and the road regained.

Mt. Grattai, 4800 feet, lies to the north and is the highest peak in a region of much greater interest to the walker as it has not yet suffered the fate of over development that has effected the Kaputar area. The best approach is by the Narrabri-Barraba road to Killarney Gap, 2850 feet about 25 miles from Narrabri. Though lifts were obtained on this road much legwork was required as traffic is quite infrequent.

From Killarney Gap, the fence along the main ridge was followed to the N.N.E. till its termination at the foot of a series of easily ascended clifflines above which the ridge continues upwards and broadens. And on the tops, an open forest, carpeted with leaves, with cliffs on its western margin, provides easy walking with view to the west, and occasionally to the east, of the plains of N.S.W. About 2 ½ miles from Killarney Gap, the ridge divides, one branch heading N.E. to Mt. Waa while the other, the N.W. is an obvious route to Mt. Grattai. To the west, the awesome east face of The Ginns looms across a deep gorge while on top of this huge black an eerie group of tall, thin monoliths provides a stark silhouette when seen against a moonlit sky.

Several hours of pleasant though exhausting walking with occasional glimpses of herds of wild goats are required to reach the summit of Mt. Grattai from which a 360 degree panorama of some beauty is obtained. The best ridge of descent is that which runs almost in a direct line away from Grattai towards

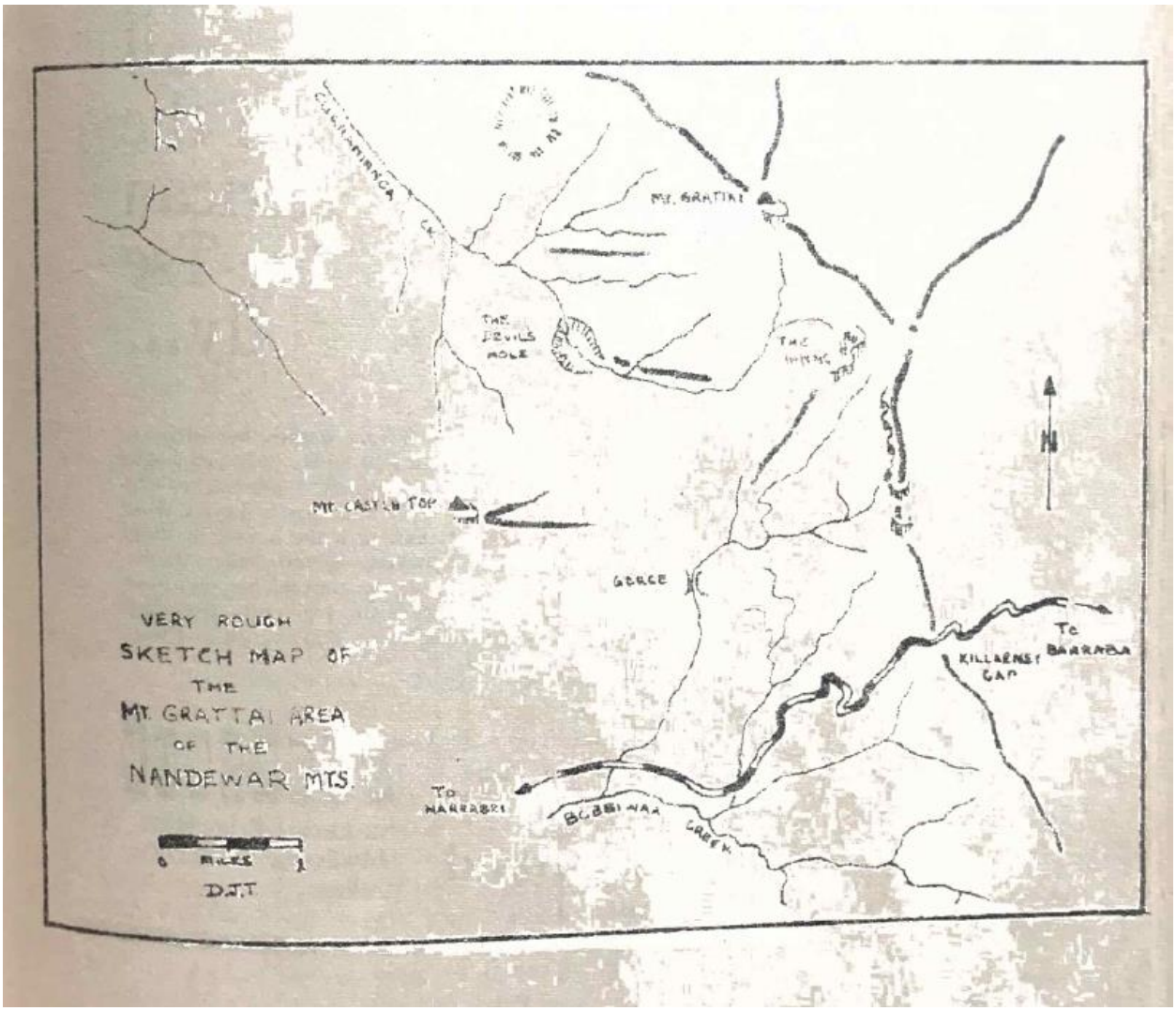
Mt. Castle Top to the S.S.E. The ridges between these two mountains trend E.W. and therefore involve much up and down walking in crossing the main valley. All the creeks are dry except for a few small “old and inhabited” rainwater pools.

The last and largest transverse ridge before Mt. Castle Top is bare and rocky, and conceals in its N.N.E. margin a huge, deep circular gorge, the “Devil’s Hole” with 400 feet sheer walls. This last ridge is upswept at its southern end to form a rocky pinnacle which provides an invigorating rock scramble up to its summit, from which the extent of the valley and its fringing mountains is seen. A saddle connects this pinnacle to Mt. Castle Top, the cliffs of which may be skirted either to the north or south. The view from the top is splendid, enhanced by magnificent aerobatics by the ever present eagles. A ridge bearing away at 210 degrees was followed out to the foothills and eventually to the road. The whole of this latter trip occupied three days.

In summing up the area, it should be noted that while there are no really spectacular major attractions, there are sufficient numerous and varied minor features in the area to merit a visit. The tourist penetration into the area has reduced much of the appeal of the southern region, but to reject it on these grounds would be pure snobbery.

A visit to the area is recommended as part of a one week trip in Autumn or Winter, including in this a visit to Warrumbungles. The water situation necessitates carrying at least one gallon of water per person for each 2-3 days. Further more detailed information can be obtained from the trip report in the club library.

The rickety backbone of the Blue Mountains of the Nandewars has much to offer the appreciative bushwalker but with the present rate of ingress of civilization to the area, I fear that there is but little time before the remaining virgin countryside of these parched yet beautiful ranges is spoilt.



EARLY ASCENTS OF THE GLASSHOUSES

Dr. F.W. Whitehouse

The history of bushwalking and mountain climbing in what is now Queensland may be said to begin with the ascent of Beerburrum in the Glasshouses by Matthew Flinders in 1799, only eleven years after the colony of New South Wales had been founded at Sydney by Governor Phillip. For a long time to come all climbing here was among the same peaks. Twenty-nine years earlier Captain James Cook had climbed Signal Hill at present Cooktown, and the 1,000 feet high peal on Lizard Island, 70 miles further north. These climbs were to sight a way through the reefs that beset him. but Flinders' climb was for the fun of it. This was not Flinders' first climb in Australia; for he had climbed Mt. Direction in Tasmania before coming here.

But Cook had paved the way by giving to the group its very a-tractive name. Notice that his name is "The Glass Houses", not Glasshouse Mountains. An entry in his journal for 17th May 1770 reads:

From Cape Morton the Land trends away west farther than we could see for there is a small space where we could see no land … this place may always be found by three hills which lay to the northward of it in the Latitude of 26 degrees 53' S. These hills lay but a little way inland and not far from each other, they are very remarkable on account of there singular form of elevation which very much resembles glass houses which occasioned my giving them that name, the northernmost of the three is the highest and largest.

There are several editions of Cook's voyages. I have quoted from the Hakluyt Society edition. In one other (the one quoted by Sir Raphael Cilento, 1959) he repeats the name as "the Glass Houses".

Which three of the Glasshouses were referred to by Cook? Cape Moreton (no longer spelled as Cook named it) is 36 miles from the centre of the cluster, from which distance any peak less than 750 feet above sea level would not have been visible from the deck of the Endeavour. Also visibility may not have been good on that day; for in the other edition of the Voyages referred to, after reference to no land being visible the words "at that time" are inserted. Only peaks over 1,000 feet high need to be considered. These comprise Beerwah (1,823 feet), Crookneck (1,231), Tibrogargan (1,160) and the taller of the two Tunbududlas (1,100). Crookneck (Coonowrin), the second highest and the most curious in shape, may be eliminated by Cook's observation that the highest peak (Beerwah) is also the most northerly. Crookneck lies due east of Beerwah and, from Cape Moreton, it would appear just north of it. But the line from the cape to Beerwah passes so close to Crookneck that it is likely that Crookneck was not readily visible "at that time" in front of its higher and bulkier neighbour. As Welsby (1913, p. 104) states, referring to the views from Moreton Bay, "Beerwah almost always comes foremost, now hiding Coonowrin … again letting it stand by its side".

This leaves Beerwah, Tibrogargan and the higher Tunbududla as probably the three peaks noted by Cook.

Next came Matthew Flinders in 1799, In the sloop Norfolk; and Flinders' curiosity was so great that he left his ship, went on foot across country and climbed on of them. The channel between Bribie Island and the mainland has the appearance of a river estuary; and it was so strewn with pumice that Flinders named it "Pumicestone River", a name which it held for decades. The peaks to the west looked volcanic and he thought of them as possibly the source of the pumice; and he went to see. Leaving his ship on the island side, about give miles north of Skirmish Point, he crossed the channel by boat. On 26th July the boat was

rowed up a creek pointing towards the peaks. This appears from his chart to be Elimbah Creek. Then with two seamen and a Sydney native (Bongaree) he set off towards the peaks.

Flinders gave the notes of his journeys to Lt. Colonel David Collins who published them in two volumes (1798 and 1802). In his own memoir, issued in 1814, he mentions this and refers more briefly to his walk and climb. Both accounts have been used in plotting his journey. Collins (vol. 2, pp. 247-248) states:

They steered between N 50 degrees and 60 degrees west getting a sight of the flat-topped peak [Tibrogargan] at times which, appearing to be considerably nearer than the highest Glass-house [Beerwah], was that which he first meant to visit; but observing that one of the round mounds with sloping sides was still nearer, he altered his course for it; and, after walking about nine miles from the boat, reached the top.

Flinders took an azimuth compass with him and recorded the bearings of various topographic features. I have checked these bearings from the top of Beerburrum; and they fit the scenery so precisely that I have no doubt that it was Beerburrum that was climbed. He mentions also that the highest peak (Beerwah) was "four miles distant to the north-west".

He descended and made his way to the nearest high peak (Tibrogargan), hoping to climb it too. After going a mile the party camped for the night at a waterhole on what is Tibrogargan Creek; and at 7 am next day they were at the cliffs of Tibrogargan. This is a point a little east of the south-west corner of the mountain where the face rises so sheerly as to be virtually unclimbable without equipment ("As the steepness of its sides utterly forbade all idea of reaching the summit of the flat-topped peak" – Collins).

To avoid the extensive swamps that impeded his forward journey he then made a wide detour to the south and arrived at the boat that afternoon. He "hit the place with unexpected readiness, and was very acceptably presented with a black swan, which the people in the boat had caught, and which was at the moment ready for satisfying the appetites of his party, which were not trifling, for more laborious and tiresome walk of some length would seldom be experienced" (Collins). Flinders seems to have been as good a navigator on land as at sea.

Other interesting details of this venture are noted from the journals by Sir Raphael Cilento (in Cilento and Lack, 1959, pp. 41-42).

There were no further ascents, of course, until settlers arrived. Convicts had no opportunities to climb and their supervisors no desire. But mountaineering began at once with the arrival of free settlers. The very first of these were Andrew Petrie and his son John who came in 1937. Andrew, by the way, designed the first buildings of the Brisbane General Hospital and John our G.P.O. The Glasshouses were then remote, unseen and unknown. But the Petries were there in 1840 and 1841 and made two ascents of Beerwah, as deduced from the obituary notice of Andrew Petrie in the "Brisbane Courier" of 22nd February 1872 (reprinted in Petrie, 1904). They had some companions, it would seem; and they left their names in pencil on a paper in a bottle at the summit. Andrew, as Superintendent of Works in Brisbane Town, made many observations from the top for future surveys.

They were followed closely by Thomas Archer, then aged eighteen. The first pastoralist to take up land in Queensland was Patrick Leslie, at Toolburra on the Darling Dows in 1840. At that time no settlement was allowed within 50 miles of convict establishments. Next year pastoralists began to flock to Queensland to take up land beyond that distance from Brisbane and Ipswich; and in 1942, when the regulation was

relaxed, they came closer. The Archers, nine brothers from Norway, were the most remarkable family of these, and their first property, Durundur, taken up in 1841, comprised, apparently unknown to them, the Glasshouses. Late in 1841 Thomas Archer, going through poor-soil sheep country on the east of their land and looking for better, found the great mass of Beerwah in front of him (Archer, 1897, pp. 56-57). With two natives he climbed it in about four hours and was astonished to find the sea, almost his native-born element, so close. Curiously enough his route to the top was almost the same as Petries' for, to his dismay, he saw boot tracks on the way up. At the top he found the bottle and added his name, recording that there were some others on the paper beside the Petries'. By an error Archer referred to the Petries as John senior and John junior.

In 1843 Dr. Ludwig Leichardt stayed for nearly three months at Durundur preparatory to going north on his great overland journey to Port Essington. He used the house as his base for scientific surveys of the country round about, as far north as the southern face of the Blackall Range which then was known as the Bunya Mountains. He made most valuable geological observations (Leichardt, 1855, pp. 53-56) and an extensive botanical collection, now in Melbourne, Paris and Kew. He too climbed Beerwah as his detailed records show, almost certainly with Thomas Archer who was his constant companion through the bush (Cotton, p. 151). Others who climbed the peak in those early days were William Butler of Kilcoy (Welsby, 1913, p. 134) and the surveyor James C. Burnett, after whom the river that he discovered is name, who climbed it in 1846 or (more likely) 1847. His notebooks are in Sydney, and I have not verified the actual date.

I do not know who first climbed Tibrogargan. It is likely to have been that roving cragsman Thomas Archer who was reticent about his climbing. He did not even mention Beerwah I his letters home to Norway. Tom. Welsby (1913, pp. 104 and 112-116) records that he himself climbed it from the western side in 1886, but it is unlikely that he was the first. The Gympie goldfield was discovered late in 1967; and in October 1868 a Cobb and CO. driver named Hoyt drove a two-horse buggy through the bush from Brisbane to the field (Nashville, as it was then). Thus began the old Gympie road. In 1869 William Grigor established a coach depot at Bankfoot House which he built on the roadside, two miles west of Tibrogargan (it still stands); and for ages to come it was a popular place for travallers. It is likely that a sundry times visitors from the house may have gone to the peak.

The early climbing of Crookneck is recorded b Welsby (1913, pp. 100-103; 145-178). Harry Mikalsen (also spelt Mikalson in some newspaper accounts of the time), a driver in the Royal Australian Artillery stationed at Victoria Barracks, Brisbane, whose home was near the foot of Crookneck, made the first ascents, all from the north side and the first three of them alone. He climbed to the top on 10th March 1910 and returned on 14th March to erect a flagstaff and flag (part of an old sail) and set up a reflecting, silvered glass bowl. He climbed again on 13th September and (this time with a young friend, Tom Roberts) on 22nd January 1911. The flag flew for some time and was seen (with the staff now leaning) by a party of 30 members of the Field Naturalists' Club who had their Easter camp from 30th April to 2nd May nearby.

The next ascent was from the south side and was made by a party of six – three girls and three men – on 26th May 1912. The girls were sisters (Jenny, Etty and Sara Clark). The men were Willie Fraser (of Cooloolabin on the north coast), George Rowley (of Brisbane) and Jack Sairs (of Glasshouses).

On 24th May Jenny, Etty, Willie and George cycled from Brisbane to Bankfoot House where they were joined by the others. The roads were such that 14 miles of it beyond Caboolture took the two and a half

hours. The read was considerably more holey than the land beside it, I have been told. Next morning they climbed Tibrogargan and then, in the afternoon, went across to Beerwah which o other occasions they had climbed twice. Next morning they set off through the bush to Crookneck, coming to the south side of it. Etty Clark (later Mrs. C.T. White, wife of the Government Botanist) told me that they had no real thought of climbing it, though they were prepared. But climb they did and pioneered the southern ascent. The route, shown by a dotted line on one of their photographs, is virtually that taken by climbers today. In a couple of places they used ropes, one at the gap which nowadays is spanned by a baulk of timber. At the top they replaced Mikalsen's fallen flagstaff (With a new flag for it) and his silvered bowl, and they placed their names in the bowl. The girls wore the voluminous gym clothes of the tie which would appal girl climbers today.

They returned to Bankfoot House for lunch and then cycled back to Brisbane. It was a magnificent achievement, with the roads and tracks as they were then.

The climb was reported in the "Brisbane Courier" for 1st June 1912, and in the "Queenslander" for 8th June 1912, page 29, under the caption: "A Week-End at Glasshouse Mountains. Successful Ascent of Coonowrin", with photographs. This was used later by Welsby in his book. The articles which were unsigned were written by George Rowley and so are authoritative.

REFEFENCES

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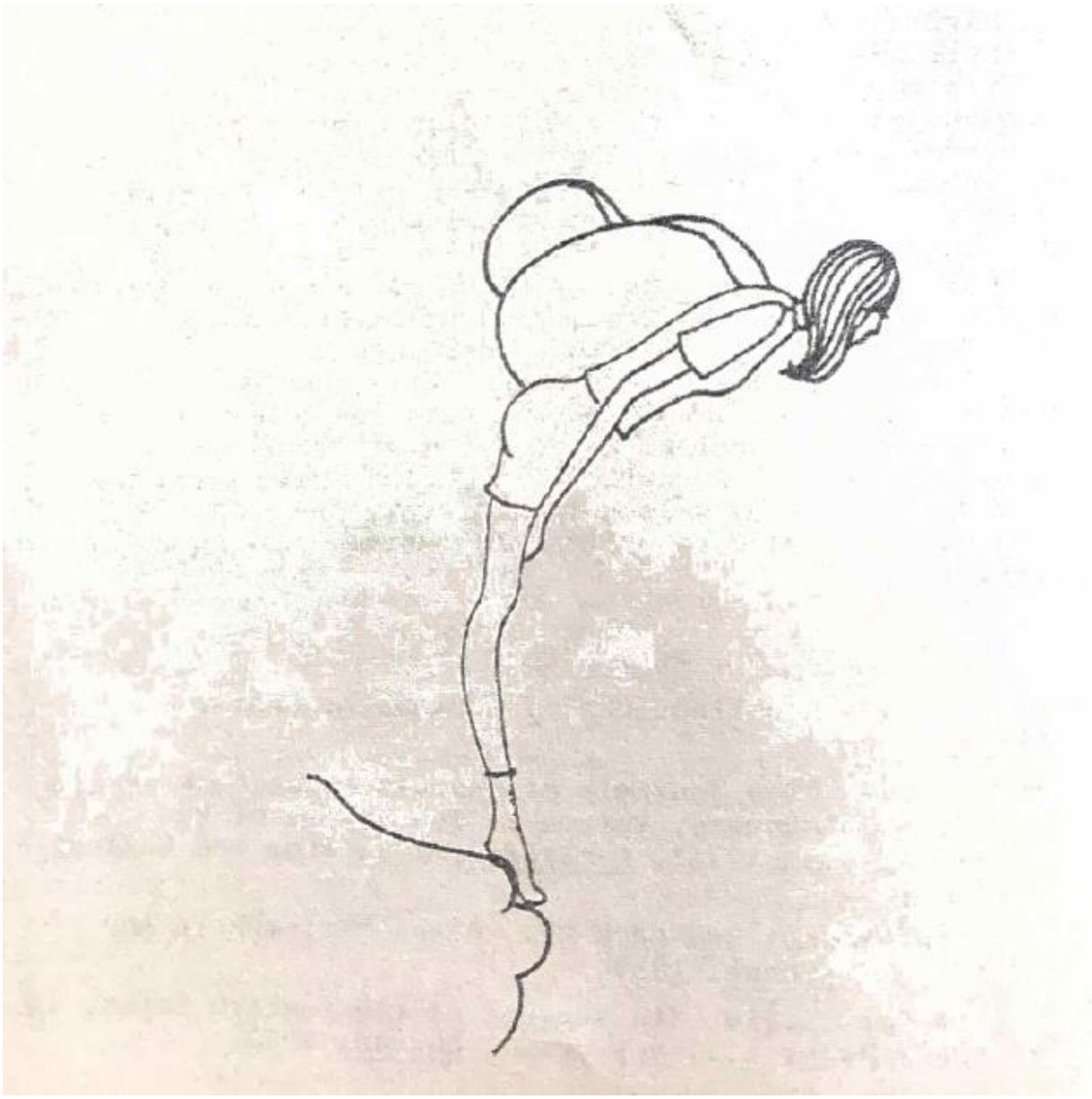

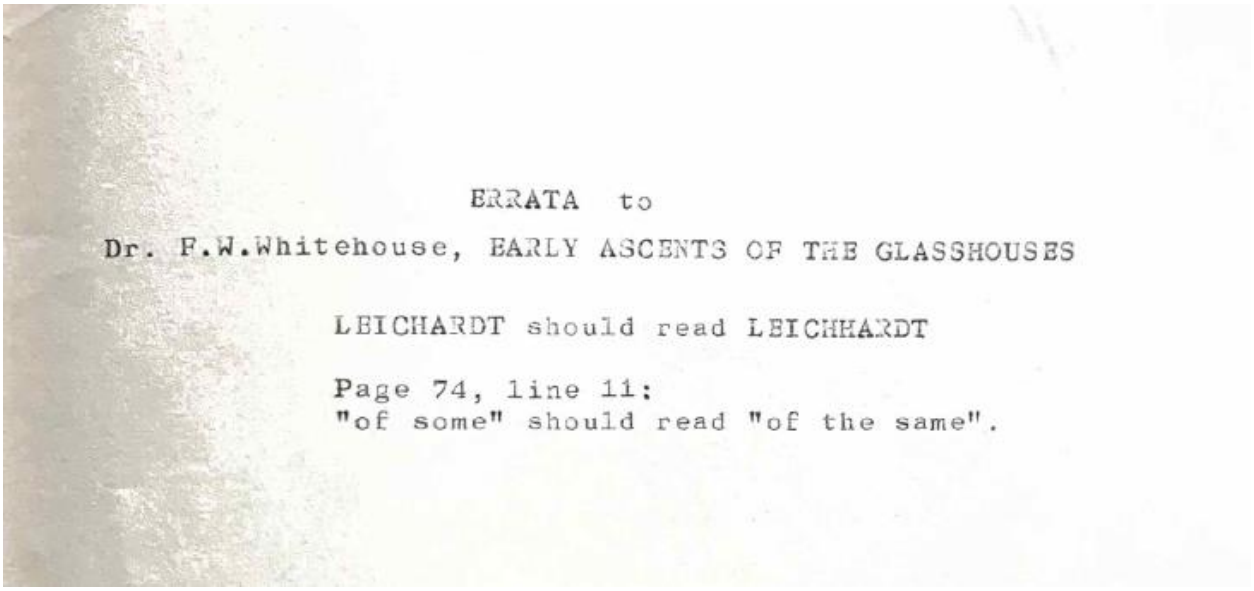

ERRATA to

Dr. F.W.Whitehouse, EARLY ASCENTS OF THE GLASSHOUSES

LEICHARDT should read LEICHHARDT

Page 74, line 11:
"of some" should read "of the same".