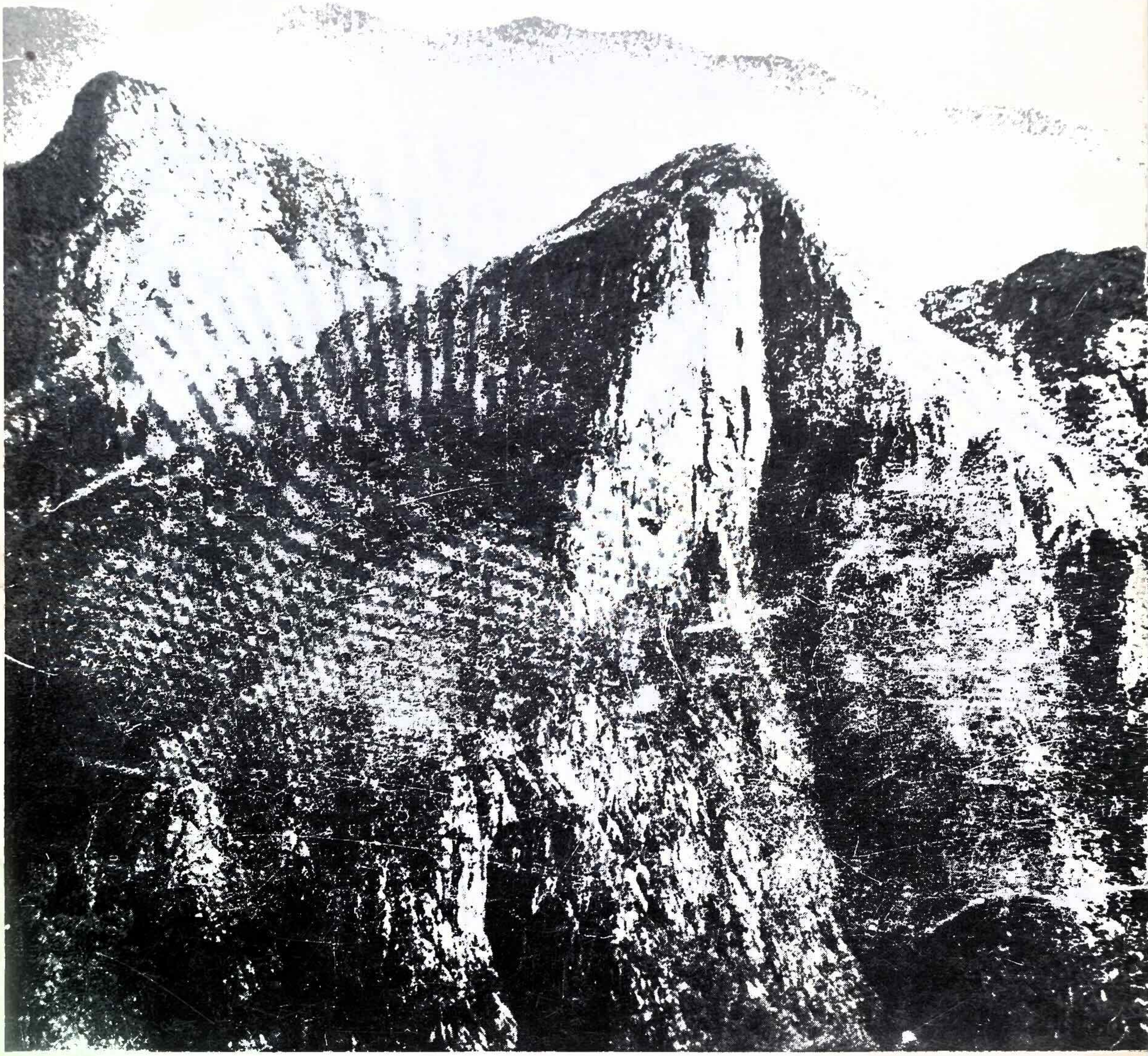


HEYBOB

VOL. 9
1967

HEYBOB

UNIVERSITY OF QUEENSLAND

BUSHWALKING CLUB

MAGAZINE

VOLUME 9, 1967.



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COVER PHOTOGRAPH : Aerial photo of East Face of Mt. Barney (4,448 ft.)

Photograph and cover design by Kev. Beattie

Details : Minolta SR—1, 1/250 f8, FP3

SOME SKETCHES by Susie O'Donnell
Doug. Straker
Nev. Robinson

EDITORIAL

WENDIE ROBINSON

After a long debate——"Heybob" 1967!

After a heated discussion at a club meeting as to whether the printing of a glossy-covered annual magazine was justified, the decision to proceed was made, although it is a costly production and time-consuming for a club composed of "dedicated" students. "Heybob" has its critics, but it is a valuable means through which club members can express their ideas and pass on their knowledge of new, as well as old areas. This year an index has been included to make this information more accessible.

This magazine, however, is only a secondary source of information. Actual trips provide the main means of gaining valuable experience. Older members, who themselves have learned from mistakes made in the past, can be of great assistance by passing on their knowledge. The club this year has many young and enthusiastic members who are ready to learn in this way, but unfortunately there is a lack of people to act as leaders of trips. While this year's leaders have done an excellent job, we just don't have enough of them——too many trip plans have had to be partially or wholly abandoned because of the lack of people with sufficient knowledge and experience to lead. An undesirable feature——the large walking party——has therefore often been unavoidable; smaller parties are safer and, being more manoeuvreable, can usually achieve more in the time available.

At last, it appears we are adopting a more responsible attitude to safety measures and organization so necessary with the greatly increased club membership. This year has seen the introduction of the Contact Officer System——a safety measure which has more than once justified its existence, but could be more effective if adhered to more rigidly by members. A small group of club members attended a Safety and Training practice week-end organized by the Queensland Federation of Bushwalking Clubs. Perhaps similar outings could be a regular occurrence within our own club, especially as we now have a small but enthusiastic group of newly-qualified St. John first-aiders. Although it may be difficult to have a whole week-end devoted to this, an afternoon for such an activity (just as we now have afternoon rock-climbing practices) may be feasible.

Probably there will be another debate next year about the continuance of the "Heybob" tradition. For the production of this year's volume, however, many thanks are due to the willing (and otherwise) contributors, to those who helped in administration and advertising, to the companies who have supported us, and especially to Mrs Inglis who has been so helpful with our printing problems.

FIRST ASCENT OF EAST WALL——MT. BARNEY

JOHN TILLACK

For some years now, climbing talk on Mt. Barney has centred on the "impossibility" of climbing the twelve-hundred-foot East Face. Since no-one had actually attempted the climb, Ted Cais and I decided to do a reconnaissance. Gathering all the hardware we could lay our hands on, we slogged up the South-East Ridge and around to the bottom of the Face. There seemed to be only one line of weakness, so route-finding was easy and we climbed five pitches on this route. This convinced us that the "invincible" face was a myth.

A week later, Don Groom, Les Wood and myself arrived for another try, and somehow we managed to get our climbing gear and ourselves up the peak during the night. A scrub bash now took us to the base of the climb and Don led up the first pitch. This went easily since we now knew what to expect from the mountain. A series of unpleasant chimneys choked with raspberry vine took us to a place where we could move out on to the face. Two pitches on this wall took us up to a point just beneath a line of overhangs which extend over the full width of the face.

This was obviously the crux of the climb. A bolt belay on a six-inch ledge did not exactly inspire confidence, so it was with some trepidation that I began climbing up into the overhangs. The route led up an overhanging chimney which ended below a crumbling overhang and left me with 800 feet of clean mountain air beneath my feet.

All the available hand-holds immediately became portable, and after sending them down to my second, I was left with a smooth overhang. Unfortunately, I now remembered a trick Bonatti used on the Dui, so I made a line of slings weighted with karabiners and flung this out so that the karabiners jammed behind a small tree. After appropriate incantations to the Gods of the mountain, I swung out into space and then, using the rope, climbed up to the tree. I then discovered that the tree was rotten.

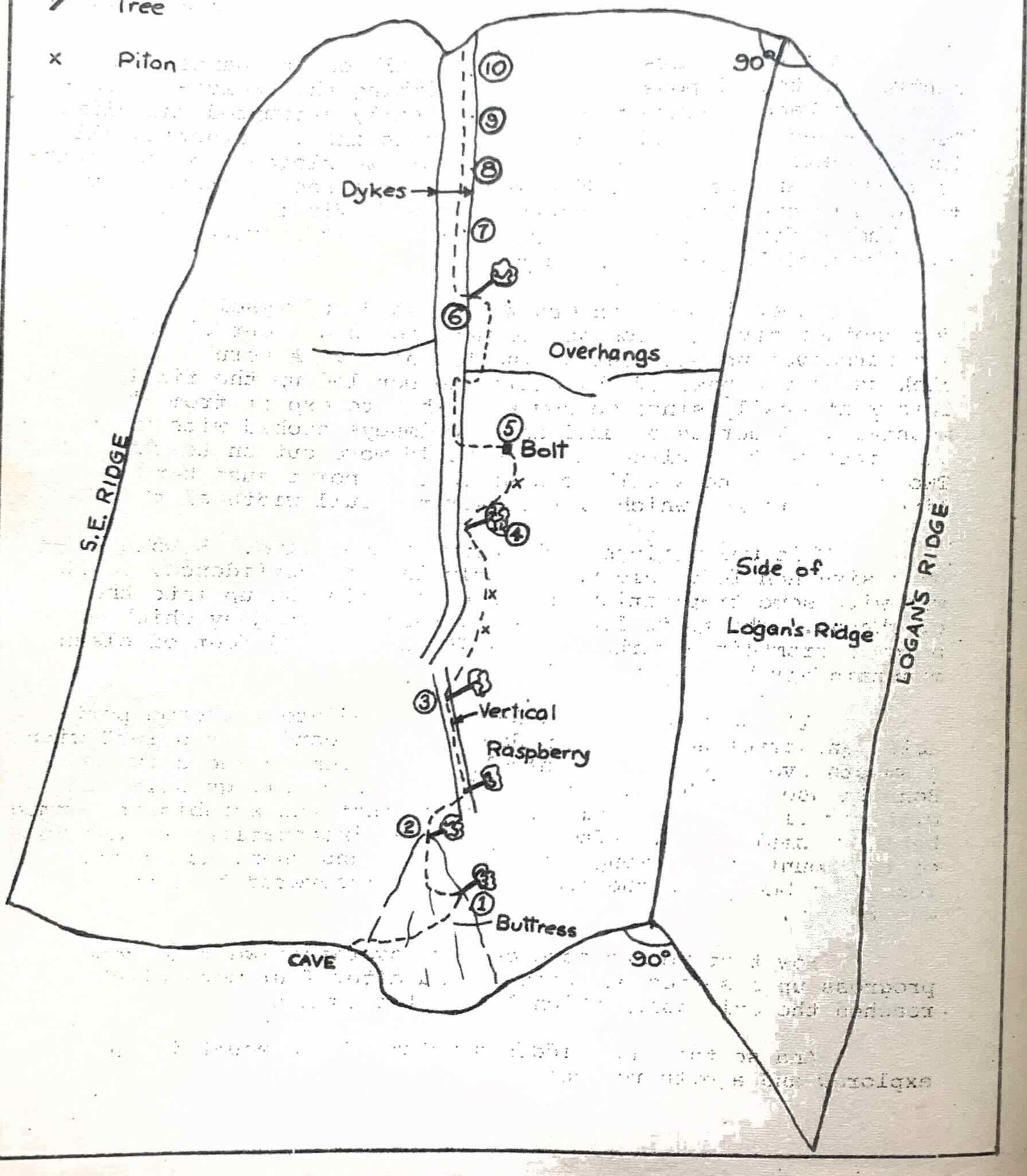
Now that we had ascended the overhangs we made good progress up a series of chimneys and after four more pitches reached the exit gully which led to the summit.

And so the last hidden sanctum of the mountain was explored and a myth removed.

CLIMBING ROUTE ON EAST FACE OF MT. BARNEY.

Tree

× Piton



Approximate Route Guide——East Wall

Standard: Probably Hard Severe.

Start: Up a buttress which lies in the centre of the face.

1. Grade 3+(100'). Move around and up the buttress from a cave on the left-hand side. Tree belay.

2. Grade 4-(80'). Continue up the buttress into a scrub patch.

3. Grade 4-(100'). Move right and diagonally up into a chimney. Continue up this to a small tree belay.

4. Grade 4+(80'). Move right on to the face and up to a small tree belay.

5. Grade 4+(80'). Continue up the face to a small ledge. Bolt belay.

6. Grade 5 (90'). Traverse left into the chimney. Continue up until reaching the overhang. Climb overhang somehow and ascend to tree belay.

7,8,9,10 Grade (4+) about 400'. Follow a series of chimneys up to the exit gully.

Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!

O, sacred forms, how proud you look!

How high you lift your heads into the sky!

How huge you are! how mighty and how free!

J.S. Knowles

MT. BARNEY——FOR THE "ARISTOCRATS"

JOHN MINTER

The following article is reprinted from "Heybob" Vol. 4, 1962 (now out of print).

Apart from "Peasant's Ridge"[1] there are about a score of routes by which Barney can be climbed, without necessitating the use of about half-a-mile of rope for repelling down the East Wall and other similar unlikely routes. This article is dedicated to those peasants who do not wish to be labelled such and would like to climb a real mountain by a route worthy of it.

Here are a number of suggestions: (refer to the accompanying map and move in a clockwise direction from the extreme west).

The Upper Portals just below the junction of Mt. Barney and Back Creeks can be used as an ideal starting-point for a few of the lesser-known routes up the mountain. The Portals themselves cannot be negotiated with packs but a short detour by the hills on the north bank, followed by a short rock-hop down Mt. Barney Creek brings us to the junction with Barrabool Creek which is only half-a-mile from the Portals.

(a) If we now follow this creek, which incidentally provides us with some very easy and enjoyable slab walking in its lower reaches, up to the summit of Barrabool we will probably take days to bash through the thick rain-forest;

(b) but if we turn to the ridge on the west after the second creek comes in on the left we can reach Barrabool by a rather long and arduous, but nevertheless interesting route.

(c) However, a much quicker if stiffer route begins where the first creek enters from the left at the foot of some most delightful cascades on the main creek which is to the west of the direct ridge route.

(d) The creek coming in on the left at this point is unknown to me but probably provides a relatively easy route up to the saddle between Barrabool and West Peak. Barrabool itself is an interesting flat summit not visited as often as it should be, particularly as it is less than two hours' journey from the hut. The Lower Portals can be reached from the hut via Barrabool quite easily in a day if we descend by the direct ridge route (b).

(e) The next ridge (Midget Ridge) is an old favourite of the club's but is much better traversed down rather than up. Below Midget Peak the ridge divides: one branch putting the Upper Portals within easy reach, and the other making the Lower Portals accessible.

(f) The next way up the mountain is the best non-ridge route, namely that via Barney Gorge which can be travelled up in 2-1/2 easy hours, but I have also been with a party that took nearly ten hours.[2] This is a spectacular route with two great advantages——one is an excellent swimming-pool and lunch spot at the bottom, and secondly it leads one straight to the hut at its top end. The Gorge has two or three places that require care: One is a waterfall near the bottom where the creek swings from a north-west to north direction which can be by-passed by a fairly easy chimney on the east side or by a hazardous slab slope on the west side. The second difficult patch, about half-way up, must be carefully traversed on the east side and after this one has opportunities of enjoying the climb and the views of the peaks almost immediately above; Midget, Leaning and North Peaks are all prominent.

(g) Leaning Peak is not reached by the ridge beginning on the east of Barney Gorge[3] but by the ridge running up from the west side of Barney's beautiful waterfall. The creek between these two ridges lands one in great difficulties; however Leaning Ridge, although requiring the use of a rope in two places is not exceptionally difficult, and it does contain one possible camp site. It is also possible to camp on top before repelling off the summit——(about 75 feet down and an easy repel as it does not begin on a vertical slope)——and continuing one's journey to the hut.

(h) The creek feeding the waterfall provides an easy route to the saddle to the south-west of Isolated Peak but the waterfall itself is left to the east both when ascending and descending. The Moonlight Slabs, above the Waterfall, described by Ron Cox in U.Q.B.W.C. Magazine 1961, offer delightful walking to the saddle.

(i) Eagles Ridge is normally reached from Drinans Hut or the Lower Portals, as it is from here that the whole length of the ridge can be traversed. A fast party can do the ridge in a day with the help of a rope and an early start. This is definitely the King of Barney's ridges and <u>everyone</u> should travel on it at least once even if camp has to be set up in Isolated's saddle. A little repelling may be necessary before Tom's Tum, and it is very difficult to climb off the end of Isolated Peak, but with

care a more southerly route off the end of the Peak will solve the problem.

(j) The next ridge, Northeast, is quite interesting,[4]

(k) and it parallels an easily negotiated creek which has its source near the North—Isolated Saddle. The slabs on the upper part of Eagles Ridge are negotiable with only slight difficulty (no rope required) on the south side. From the top of the slabs to North Peak is easy going,
(l) as is North Ridge itself, which leads one almost to the summit of North Peak. This is an excellent, open,[5] little-used ridge commanding splendid views, which a fast party should have no difficulty in climbing in half a day.

(m) Rocky Creek is a favourite "down" route but is neither as easy nor as scenic as that of the next creek to the north, and as it is excessively steep at the end it is not recommended as an "up" route. This incidentally used to be regarded as Barney's easy route, but at one point on the way down a rope would not come amiss!

(n) Adjoining Rocky Creek is Barney's classic hard route, namely Logan's Ridge, a route on which club parties frequently come to grief. I recommend four ways out of this difficulty: (i) Start early; (ii) don't begin serious climbing until Rocky Creek is reached, and then move up the ridge on your left hand; (iii) when climbing to within about 500 feet of the summit never go to the left of the ridge when in difficulty but always to the right; and (iv) on the last part (above the level of North Peak) don't get off the ridge at all but keep climbing "chimneys"—— four one after another will land you on the summit of East Peak. I personally don't recommend travelling down this route without a rope but it is safe as an "up" route.

(o) The next possible route is South-east Ridge, with its subsidiaries. It is a good half-day's journey for any party but is easily reached by striking up the slope on the west immediately after the last road crossing of Logan River. If when descending this ridge the correct turning to the east is not taken the party may land in difficulties as the ridge becomes very steep and ends in very dense undergrowth, mainly ferns.

(p) Cunningham's, or Mezzanine, is the next ridge and is easily reached, just by striking right (on the way up) immediately before the "washed away" part of the timber track is reached. Except with an experienced party a rope is advisable as the razorback on this ridge, the best example on Barney, finishes with a slight drop that requires care. This section occurs below the 2,000 foot contour and much more easy climbing is necessary before the hut is reached.

(q) The next route for those reading this article is only recommended as a way off Barney and is described as such. Move from hut into Rum Jungle rain-forest and then immediately travel south down Eden Creek whose waters are soon encountered. This is the prettiest creek on Barney and contains some very "Open rain-forest". When the way down becomes blocked strike right on to Savage's Ridge.

(r) From the forestry hut near Cronan Creek, Savage's Ridge is reached by following the road which crosses Cronan Creek twice before it goes up the ridge. This is a very open ridge and commands good views of Ernest and Lindsay and splendid views of West Peak's south wall. If the road is followed too far any turn right will eventually bring one on to Savage Point.

(s) Finally Burrajum and Barney Spur provide us with the longest route to Barney, both from the point of view of time and distance. This is also recommended as an "up" route as then the best part of the journey comes at the end. Burrajum can be reached, quite easily, from Cronan Creek, or with greater difficulty from either Ernest or Ballow. It joins Savage's route near Savage Point and from here the ridge can be followed, with a small party, straight up a most interesting (and cold) "Chimney" on to West Peak, or else the west side of the peak can be avoided by going through dense undergrowth (this route recommended with large or inexperienced parties) until the Barrabool—West Peak saddle is reached from where West Peak can be easily climbed. From there to the hut the route is slow but fairly easy.

If this account encourages even just one member in the club to vow, as I have, not to use "Peasants' Ridge" except in emergency, I shall consider it has been worth while writing.

A REAL MOUNTAIN MUST BE CLIMBED IN A WORTHY MANNER.

EDITOR'S NOTE (1962)

This article was written by a bushrunner from way back. Times given throughout the article are for a small fast party in the peak of condition with light packs and pursued by the Barney Monster.

---

[1] For the sake of completion, and to avoid offending all users of the so-called "Peasants' Ridge", including myself:- South Ridge as shown on the map offers an easy direct route, with a well-defined track, to the East—West Saddle and thence to the hut.

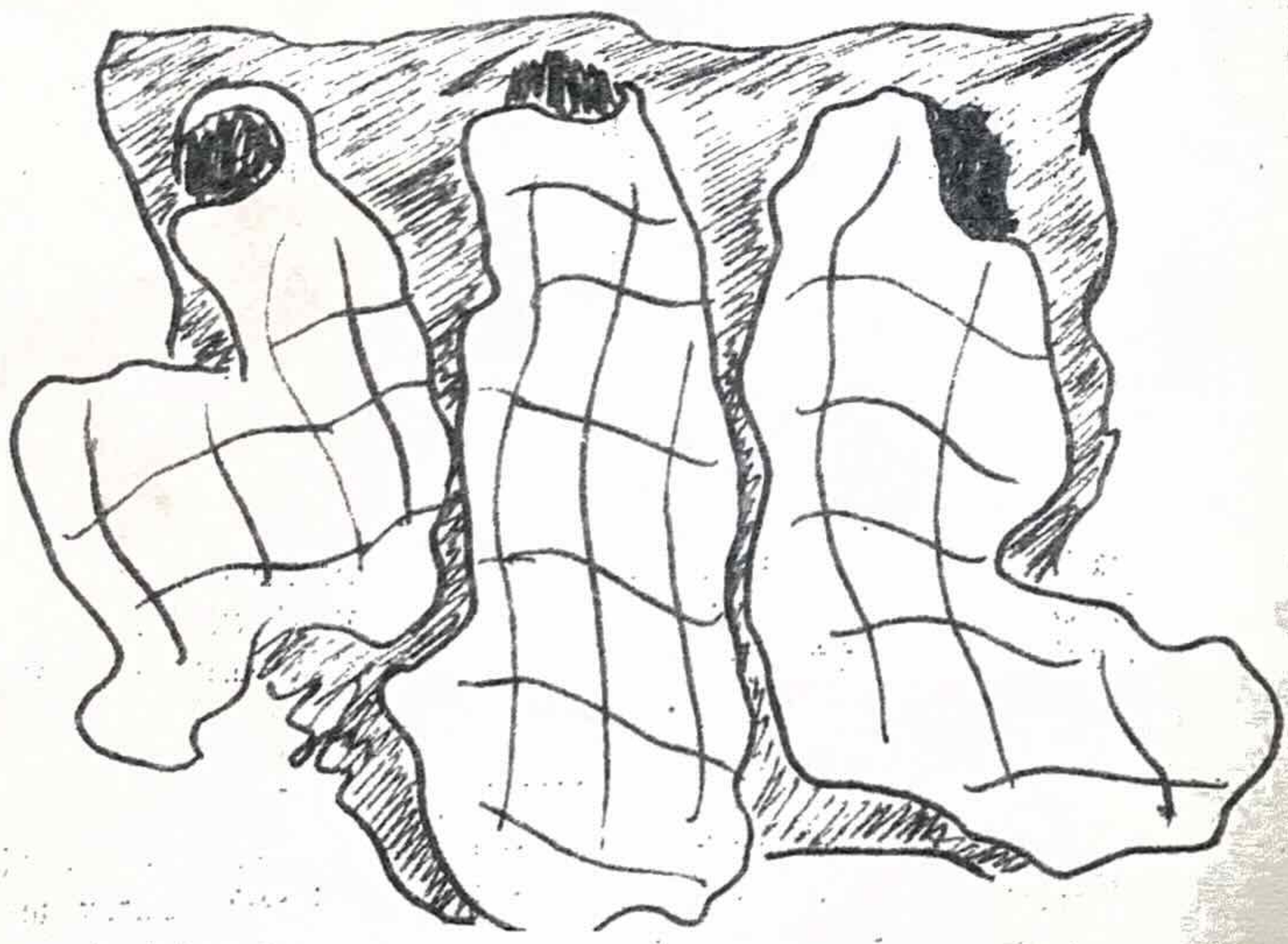
EDITOR'S NOTE (1967)

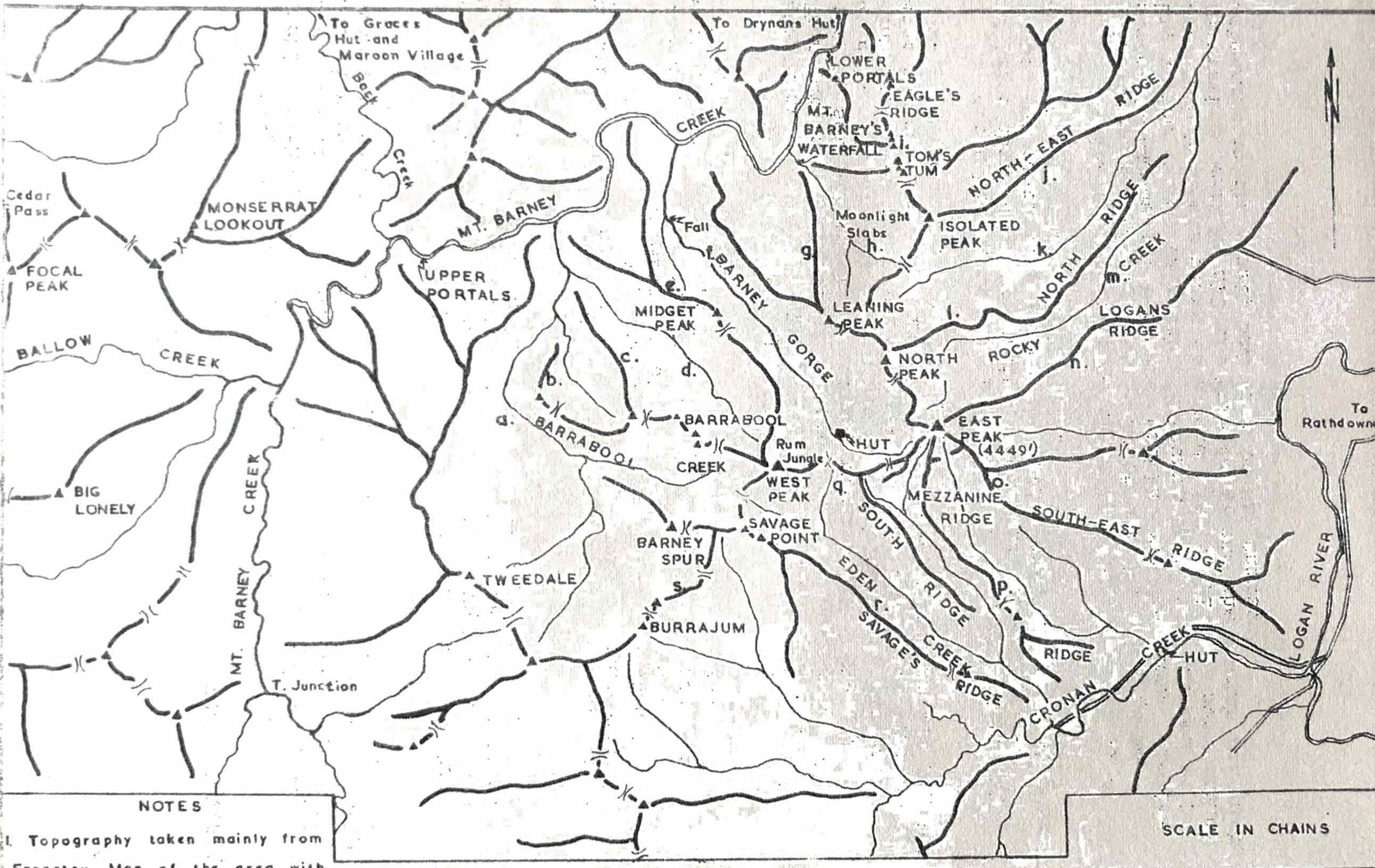
[2] When travelling from the Lower Portals to the bottom of Barney Gorge (or vice versa), it is faster, though less picturesque, to stay on the ridges to the north of Barney Creek.

[3] This ridge is at present referred to as the "Long" Leaning Ridge. There are two interesting parts in its ascent. The big bluff near the start is dodged by descending a wide, timbered gully to the left (East), and then traversing across some steeply sloping slabs and climbing back on to the ridge some distance past the bluff. After this the ridge is straightforward until near where it joins on to the Leaning Ridge proper. Here a narrow bluff is dodged to the right by keeping to the base of the cliff-line and then climbing up a slabby gully to regain the ridge. This ridge is not recommended for inexperienced parties.

[4] When approaching the top of this ridge a traverse to the left will take you on to the southern shoulder of Isolated Peak.

[5] The use of the term "open" is debatable. On a trip in 1966, the vegetation of the upper section was found to be quite thick.





NOTES

1. Topography taken mainly from Forestry Map of the area, with some additions from Air-Photos.
2. Names are those in common use amongst bushwalkers.

MOUNT BARNEY MASSIF

Drawn: K.R.W. & P.J.C. 11-8

MT. BALLOW

ROD O'DONNELL

"Mount" Ballow is a group of four or five peaks running roughly north—south, and is about 5 miles west of Mt. Barney. There is little information on Ballow in past Heybobs or in the Club Library. The library does, however, have a number of trip reports on the Burnett Creek valley which is the valley just to the west of Ballow.

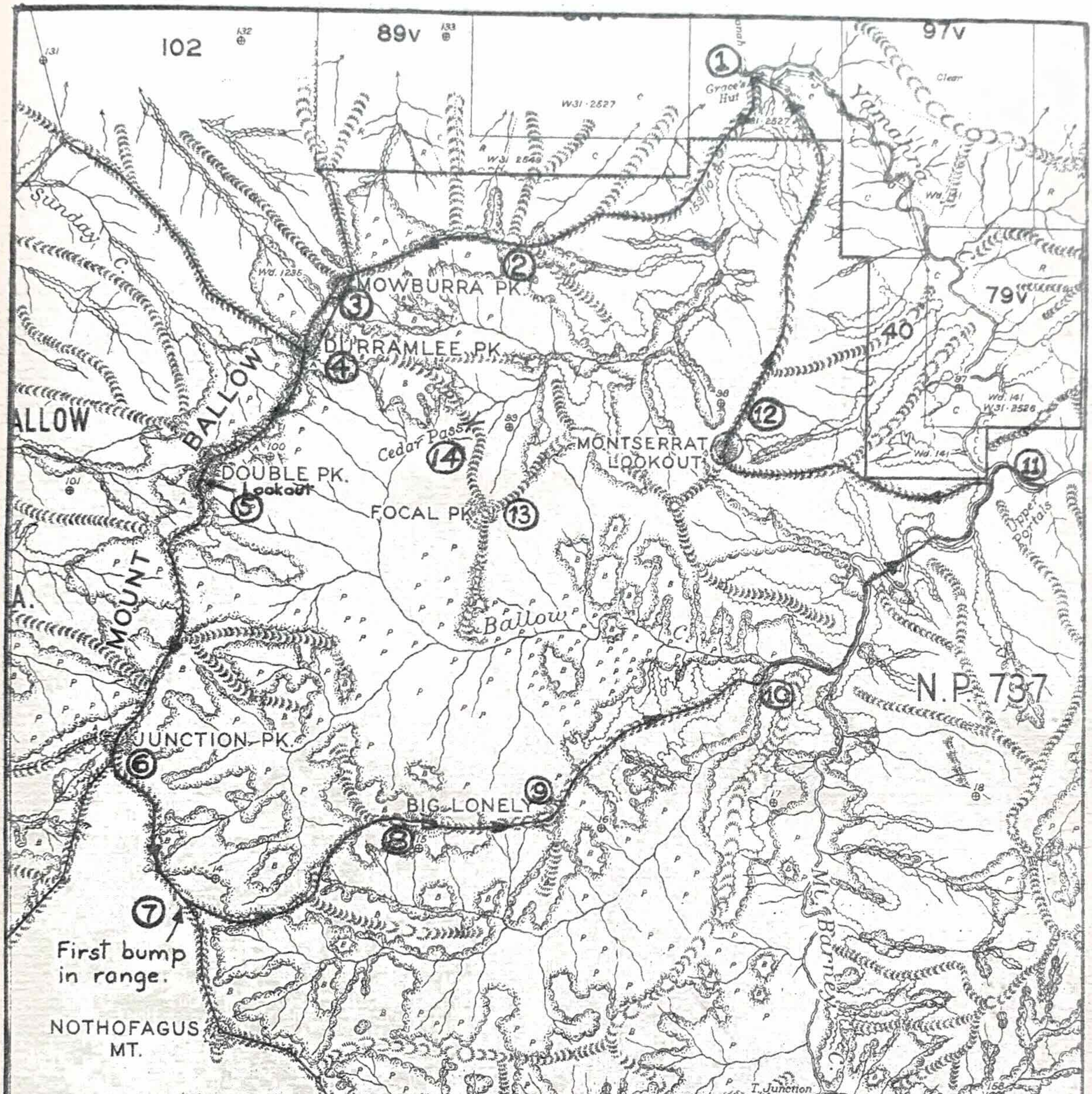
A map of the Ballow area is attached. This was taken from the Forestry map, "Mt. Barney", but of maps I shall have more to say later. References are given by numbers, running successively from the beginning of our trip to the end, i.e., anticlockwise.

Summarizing, we went from Grace's Hut[1] to Mowburra Pk.[3] Durrumbe Peak,[4] Double Peak,[5] Junction Peak,[6] Border Range, Big Lonely,[8] Mt. Barney Creek, Upper Portals,[11] Montserrat Look-out,[12] and back to Grace's Hut. We took three days (Labour Day week-end) to do the walk, though with minor variations it could be done in two. We walked at a reasonable rate——but it certainly was not fast.

A very late arrival at Grace's Hut[1] on Friday night meant that we started walking about 10.30 a.m. on Saturday. After getting water out of the creek and *not* out of Ted Grace's tank, we set off up the big ridge, running S.W., directly behind the Hut. (Note: *The Scenic Rim* book published by Brisbane Bushwalkers has a mistake here——it claims the ridge runs N.W.) Water has to be carried until one has descended from Big Lonely[8] (i.e., for about 1-1/2 to 2 days).

About halfway up the ridge one of the girls fell ill, and after about an hour sorting things out, we split into 2 groups, one continuing around the Ballow rim, and one going back to base camp at the Upper Portals.

We followed this ridge up to the first local peak.[2] Here, there is a fairly clear view of all the peaks to be traversed——Mowburra, Durrumbe, Double, and Junction. Continuing up the ridge, we reached Mowburra Peak[3] and lunched at 2 p.m. From Mowburra there is a good view of all the surrounding countryside, west to all the Main Range and the Boonah District, northwards to the coast, and east to Mt. Barney.



MT. BALLOW AREA.

Taken from the Forestry Map of Mt. Barney.

SCALE 2" = 1 mile.

We then moved on to Durrumbe Peak[4] which is reached quite soon. There is no view as the top is wooded over.

The next objective was Double Peak. The first and higher peak (the eastern one) is also completely overgrown and offers no view. The western peak, only 5 minutes away, offers the best view of the whole trip. It is really magnificent! It is possible to see the whole panorama of Lindsay, Barney, Maroon, the whole Main Range from Wilson's Peak northwards, and all the isolated mountains such as Greville, Alford, etc., jutting out of the plains between Ballow and the coast.

We arrived at Double about 5.30 p.m. and decided to camp. This western peak is a small razorback and there is not much room for sleeping. One has to 'kick the mountain into shape' by improving on some small ledges on the side, left by the last walker who camped there. With our beds landscaped out of the eastern side, we cooked at the top and watched a lovely sunset over the Main Range.

We now moved on to Junction.[6] We left at 8.30 a.m., Sunday, and soon ran into some small cliffs at the end of Double. To negotiate these, it is necessary to head towards Junction but to go down on the Barney side. Near the end of Double there is a ledge which it is easy to walk down. It is not hard to find, and may save some scrub-bashing. Later in the afternoon as we looked back on to Double from Junction, there appeared to be a very wide tree-covered ledge running up on the western side, but the route we chose would be by far the easier. There are more, even larger cliffs on the western side of Double.

We then continued on down to the Junction—Double saddle and up the long slog to Junction. We encountered several patches of "scunge" on the way up. At the top, Junction Peak is entirely overgrown and there is no view. We then took the border ridge towards the S.E., following down and taking care to keep on top of it for it is fairly flat and overgrown. In this area are some notable stands of beech.

The border ridge goes down for a fair way and then rises up to the *first* bump in the range.[7] It is from this point that the ridge runs out to Big Lonely. Unless you know this fact, navigation is mainly guesswork, as the trees on the ridge off Junction preclude all but the vaguest glimpses of Barney and the surrounding country. Fortunately we made the right guess.

This ridge is followed down through quite pleasant forest. Care must be taken to keep slightly to the left side of the ridge to avoid going down a side ridge on the right-hand

side. We lunched about halfway along the ridge at 2.30 p.m.

The ridge then climbs up to Big Lonely.[8] There is considerable scunge near the top but we bashed our way along to the rock and cairn at the "summit". Here, there is an attractive view of Barney and Lindsay. The ridge then runs along to the next bump[9] and then N.W. down to the junction of Ballow Creek and an unnamed creek to the south. From the top of Big Lonely down to the creek the going is much better, except near the creek where the rain forest thickens. Halfway down to the creek is a rock with views of Montserrat and Focal Peak. We reached the unnamed creek at 5.30 p.m., fortunately at a good campsite.[10] Boy, were we glad to see water!

On Monday morning we left at 9 a.m. and walked down to Ballow Creek and then out to the junction with Mt. Barney Creek. There are some large expanses of rock here, and in this natural theatre our strolling players put on excerpts from Will. Shakespeare. Thunderous applause for this performance!

Coming down these creeks is very easy——either rock-hopping or walking on the banks. They are quite pretty and in their upper reaches are somewhat similar to Lamington.

We then followed Mt. Barney Creek down to the Upper Portals[11] where we had a swim for about 5 seconds. Cold, mate! Time can be saved in coming down Mt. Barney Creek by cutting off the V-bends.

From the Upper Portals we slogged up the steep ridge to Montserrat[12] to get a view of where we'd been and also of Barney. The view of Barney from Montserrat is superb, and by moving round a bit good views can be had of the Ballow Peaks. We then returned to Grace's Hut down the long ridge off Montserrat.

Another possible end to a 3-day trip would be to go from Montserrat out to Focal Peak[13] and up on to Durrumbe via Cedar Pass.[14] From Durrumbe one retracks one's steps to Grace's or to the road leading into Grace's.

NOTES

(1) Maps

There are two maps of the area:
(i) The Forestry map entitled "Mt. Barney". This covers the Barney——Ballow area. Scale, 2" = 1 mile.
(ii) The Military Map entitled "Mt. Lindsay". Scale, 1" = 1 mile. The Barney——Ballow area appears at the top of the map and is slightly truncated by it,

e.g., Grace's Hut and Drynan's Hut lie on the next Military map to the north, Dugandan.

I have no hesitation in recommending the Forestry map. It has a larger scale, far greater detail in names and relief, is free of major errors, and it fits all of Barney—Ballow on to one map. It does, however, lack contours and a grid system, but these are not terribly important for walking in the area.

(2) This is mainly a *ridge* trip. Simply keep to the top of the ridge by making sure the ground is falling away from you on both sides.

(3) I recommend taking a *machete*. Many of the ridges are fairly open forest but there are patches of raspberry and thick-vined bush that make a machete very welcome. However, I didn't find Ballow scrub as thick as I had been led to believe over previous years.

(4) Water has to be carried for 1-1/2 to 2 days depending on the speed of the party.

(5) Times

We walked at a reasonable pace but suffered several delays, and we arrived back at about 4.30 p.m., Monday. I think that the Ballow—Big Lonely circuit could be done in 2 dyas by an energetic party. They would have to camp somewhere near Junction. The 3-day trip is the more comfortable and could conclude by incorporating Focal. Below are our average times, including some rests.

From	To	Approx. Time (hours)
Grace's Hut	Mowburra	2-1/2
Mowburra	Double	3
Double	Junction	3-1/2
Junction	Big Lonely	3
Big Lonely	Creek	1-1/2
Creek	Upper Portals	2-1/2
Upper Portals	Grace's via Montserrat	2

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THREE PLUS ONE

DERYK COOKSLEY

The Friday night of the Queen's Birthday week-end saw 15 bushwalkers huddling under shelter at the Kidney lawn, all believing that "it has rained for 6 days, it cannot rain for another 3." We drove up to Mt. Barney under rather difficult conditions, with continuous rain. Rod Timmins used this fact to his advantage, saying that I was not giving him sufficient room to drive his Holden in safety——so I was kicked out of the front seat and Margot Greenhalgh was invited to sit in the middle of the front seat——smooth greaser!

Next morning, Mike Meadows decided to lead an early party up Logan's Ridge, and Denis Townsend to lead a party up later. However, by the time Denis had had breakfast, it was decided that it was too late to take a large party up Logan's in the rain. (Actually, Denis was frightened that his pyjamas might get wet, so employed delaying tactics.) Instead, they decided to do some climbing at Tenterfield.

Meanwhile, Mike and his brother Chris, John Shera, David Gillieson and myself were sweating it out on the foothills of Logan's Ridge. The ascent was fairly easy and fast with cloud reducing visibility down to 50 feet at times so that we couldn't see the exposed parts or stop to take photos. But from the foot of the chimneys there was a fantastic sight—— East Face disappearing into the clouds! East Peak was conquered in 4-1/4 hours, and as the track from East Peak to the hut is rather indefinite, we were very thankful when the "flying saucer" emerged from the cloud. After lunch we mentally plotted Denis's path up Logan's and in the late afternoon gave "Heybobs" to guide the other party in. When they still hadn't materialized from the cloud by early evening, we thought them trapped by darkness or injury, and spending the night sleeping in the chimneys.

Our spirits rose when we found a pack of cards in the hut, but quickly fell again when we counted them. With nothing else to do, we piled into our sleeping bags——except Chris, who sat beside the fire drying out his bag which had become soaked when he rolled out of the tent on Friday night. Sunday morning we awoke, fresh, fit and still in cloud after having our slumbers disturbed twice: Firstly, when a possum took a liking to a packet of biscuits in Chris's pack which was hanging from the roof, and secondly, when my rat trap went off. My nose was viciously and savagely mauled and mutilated by a rat. On a

previous Barney hike, while I slept peacefully in my sleeping bag on the saddle between Leaning and Isolated. After this entirely unprovoked attack, I had decided to seek protection! (There is no truth in Denis Townsend's statement that a rat was found next morning beside my sleeping bag, lying on his back with his toes curled up.)

A decision had to be made as to whether we should go home, or hope that, after 7 days of rain, the weather would clear. We decided to stay, as we knew that we would never forgive ourselves if we went home and conditions improved. Thus, we first climbed East Peak to see if we could see the other party. This was unsuccessful, so we descended S.E. ridge to see if we could find them. (Dave decided to stay at the hut.) Crossing Logan's Creek by 2 fallen trees, we reached the V.W. to find a note telling us of their moves and that they would come back for us on Monday. John's watch had drowned, so we couldn't record our sprint up South Ridge, arriving at the hut on dusk. From South East and South Ridges, the other Barney ridges are magnificent, often having their ruggedness softened by cloud and frequently supporting fantastic water-falls. That night we shared the hut with 2 Rovers from the Valley Crew and we all listened to the wind building up its strength, and to the frequent storms that accompanied it.

When we arose at that early hour of 8 a.m. on Monday, the weather conditions looked as bad as they had sounded the previous night. By this stage Dave was beginning to believe that the continuous cloud outside the hut, and the smoke inside the hut, were beginning to affect us, especially as we had held absurd discussions on the best ways to fit the max-imum number of people on the bunks in the hut. We had decided to have a 7'6" chap on the outside and two 3' men on the inside. So he wasn't at all surprised to hear us decide to descend via North Ridge. He decided to go down South Ridge, but the trees we had used to cross the creek had been washed away, so he had no choice but to swim across.

Pea-soup conditions continued for us, but as we were descending East Peak to North Peak the clouds cleared and we were able to get our first photos of the week-end. This respite was short-lived and clouds rolled back in when we reached North Peak. The descent down North Ridge was a bit difficult in parts, with packs on, but again, the sight of the waterfalls comp-ensated for all our troubles. By this stage, after only 2 trips on Barney, I had worn the tread off my venture boots, so rough are the rocks. This is quite a good feature, however, as the rocks give good safe grip, even when wet.

Fortunately, the five of us, plus five packs, just squeezed into Mike's V.W. for the trip home. After a quarter mile we reached the wooden bridge on Logan River. Chris tried to cross it on foot but the current was too strong. We went upstream where it widened out, and by the aid of a rope we forged our way across the channels from She Oak to She Oak, with water up to our chests. An hour later just on dark, we reached the far bank, expecting Denis & Co. to be waiting. This was not so, so we ambled out the 9 miles to the Lindsay Diner and rang home to tell of our success and to hear that Tony Meadows, in his short-base Land Rover, had left at 1 p.m. to pick us up. However, the rescue party——Tony Meadows, Denis Townsend, John Bluhdorn, Rod Timmins and Doug. Straker——was having a spot of trouble too. For five hours they played bridge at Tamrookum between Beaudesert and Rathdowney, while watching the rise and fall of the flood waters. They eventually reached Lindsay Diner and wondered why the owner waved and shouted at them as they sailed past. Little did they realize that we were sleeping in his caravan. On the way back from the V.W. they thoughtfully called in and picked us up. We were rather cramped and cold but, having decided to pick up the V.W. next week, were very glad to be finally on our way home. But Jimboomba Creek had other ideas at 3 a.m., Tuesday——another long wait for floods to go down again.

Meanwhile, bread from the bakery at Beaudesert, and a 2 lb. tin of treacle found in the Landrover supplied us with a highly nutritious breakfast. We then went back and retrieved one V.W. This made travelling a lot more comfortable. On our return to the still-flooded Jimboomba Creek, the Wylies, a local family, invited us over for lunch——it was well worth having to swim the creek for this. While we were there more rain fell, but so did Jimboomba Creek!

At 5 p.m. on Tuesday we floated one V.W. across it, drove one Landrover across, and finally made a successful attempt to get home.

ON THE GRADED TRACK

GRAHAM TWEEDALE

I am grateful to a member of the University of Queensland Bushwalking Club for the invitation to contribute to "Heybob" an article on National Parks, because it is only in writing it that I have come to realize to what extent one of the parks, Lamington, has influenced the course of my life. As a schoolboy I visited Lamington several times with my family ——it may have been this early contact with the out-of-doors that led to an interest in geology, which has since become my profession; as a student I went there with parties of other students and so met people who came to be and have remained good friends; field work for an Honours thesis was done from Binna Burra; and it is to Lamington and other places like it that I now turn, with my wife and children, for recreation.

It may be that to bushwalkers, accustomed to strolling over mountain tops as if with seven league boots, the use of graded tracks seems kid stuff. I remember I had a feeling of graduating from one school of bushwalking to another when I made my first cross-country walk. But the paths provide access to the parks to people who otherwise would not enter them, and participation in other forms of bushwalking may follow that initiation on the graded paths. They do provide very pleasant conditions for walking, and I know that many times after hours of scrub-bashing or rock-hopping, I have been delighted to come on the track, and know that it is only six or so easy miles to go to a bath and a meal.

You will have noticed that, apart from tracks and fireplaces, the Forestry Department, which is responsible for National Parks in Queensland, has provided very few facilities in them. This is not simply because of a lack of funds but because the administrators of the department take very seriously their responsibility to preserve such areas in their natural condition. The idea behind National Parks is that the earth does not belong to us who inhabit it now, but to us only for a time, and after that to the generations of the future, to each of them only for a time. It would be vandalism if we did not exempt some areas from human occupation and so preserve their ecosystems in their original states, protecting the flora and fauna from destruction and preserving them for the benefit, delight and wonderment of our successors. This is the primary consideration.

Use of such areas for recreation and scientific study are secondary considerations; in fact these two secondary uses are in conflict with the primary one of keeping a part of the earth's surface in its natural state. Obviously there is no point in having such reserves if Man is to be banned from them, but it is vitally important that the people responsible for their administration keep Man's interference to a minimum. This is one reason why visitors to National Parks are encouraged to use the graded paths, so that relatively large areas are left undisturbed.

The National Park concept was born in the U.S.A. nearly 100 years ago when the first such park——Yellowstone——was dedicated. Queensland's first park was established at Mt. Tamborine in 1908; Lamington was reserved in 1915 and the reservation of other parks has brought the total number to 77, and of Scenic Areas (small parks of less than 1,000 acres) to 173. The total area is about 3,600 square miles which is considerable, but makes up less than 1% of the State and cannot be regarded as adequate even for today's population. It is much less than adequate for the increased local population of the future and the expected increase in tourists from other States and other lands.

Already some parks in the U.S.A. have been spoiled by the number of visitors, and this will happen here even if each visitor behaves impeccably, which is a forlorn hope. Natural Arch in the Numinbah Valley is one place that comes to mind. The attempt to preserve this bit of bushland and creek in its natural state has been frustrated by the necessity to erect barbed wire entanglements to prevent short-cutting of graded paths (and subsequent erosion). Careless visitors drop their film wrappers, orange peel and other rubbish. But even if there were no wire, and no rubbish, the place would still have the appearance of being often visited. In some way which is difficult to explain it seems to smell of Man.

Some years ago the University of Queensland Bushwalking Club took an active part in having a National Park declared at Mt. Castletower south-west of Gladstone. If the club still believes that reservation of areas as National Parks is desirable for the purposes of conservation, recreation and scientific study, and agrees with me that more areas should be added to those already designated, it would be appropriate for its officers to importune the Forestry Department to this end, and if possible suggest to the Conservator of Forests areas that merit reservation. The reasons for suggesting reservation would include the following:

(1) The necessity to preserve a landscape with its flora and fauna from, say, subdivision for building purposes; here coastal areas come to mind first. Queensland has 3,236 miles of coastline, less than 100 miles of which are in National Parks. It is only fair to say that many of the islands off the east coast south of Princess Charlotte Bay are National Parks, but more mainland coastal areas are required.

(2) The necessity to preserve areas, perhaps of no great distinction for scenery or recreation, containing distinctive flora and fauna threatened by the advance of civilization. Here one thinks immediately of the brigalow clearing programme in Central Queensland. There are several different types of brigalow country; they should be recognized and sample areas reserved before it is too late.

(3) The necessity to provide recreation areas near growing centres of population. A glance at the map showing distribution of parks in Queensland suggests immediately that Central Queensland, in particular Rockhampton and Gladstone, are very poorly catered for.

(4) For reasons of scientific interest and value certain areas merit reservation. Some of these in the wet tropical lowlands of North Queensland have been discussed recently by Webb (1966), and it is likely that large forested areas of Cape York Peninsula deserve reservation for this reason alone.

If the members of the club decide to take an interest in areas for National Park reservation it would be appropriate to approach the Forestry Department through, or with, the National Parks Association of Queensland, an organization which has been flying the conservation flag bravely and successfully for nearly 40 years. Any such approach would need to be specific, giving Portion, State Forest or Timber Reserve numbers and indicating the reasons why reservation is suggested; also, great patience is needed because I understand there can be a long and tedious process before a National Park is declared over an area, as other Government departments have to be consulted.

Finally, I believe the Forestry Department has done a great job over the years in providing recreational facilities and at the same time protecting existing National Parks and adding others to their area. I would think that the Forestry Department's main function is the supervision of the growth, harvesting and marketing of the State's timber resources; it must occasionally have gone against the grain to hand over areas

where the stands of timber were of considerable value. It is perhaps interesting to note that the permanent head of the department is titled the Conservator of Forests, not the Exploiter.

Reference

WEBB, L.J. (1966). *Habitat-types in wet tropical lowlands, North Queensland.* Proc. R. Soc. Qd., 78, 59——80.

JOURNEY'S END

Christopher, Christopher, where are you going,
Christopher Robin?
"Just up to the top of the hill,
Upping and upping until
I am right on the top of the hill."
Said Christopher Robin.

Christopher, Christopher, why are you going,
Christopher Robin?
There's nothing to see, so when
You've got to the top, what then?
"Just down to the bottom again,"
Said Christopher Robin.

A.A. Milne.

ANTARCTIC BEECH

MIKE MEADOWS

You stand there in gruesome awe.
Your days have known only rot, mass and orchid.
Fungus on your moss-encrusted branches thrives;
Long after death of tree.
Time is but a day, and a day is but a time to your great scale.
The brooding clouds, mingled with the thunder of an approaching storm
Blanket your weird indistinct summit with an eerie, ghostly wind-torn mist.
It is blinding; now it is clear.
You know no day without obliteration.
The rainmaker of the barrier falls under you;
With others too.
The orchid which only on your spindley arms chooses to bloom,
Is perhaps a symbol of a great hidden desire to be a thing of beauty.
You need not try.

I am dwarfed and yet I am superior.
Your far extended time range is but your life.
You are dying.
The erosion of centuries has exposed great caverns at your base.
What is a year to your complex life cycle?
But is it so complex?

The atmosphere is there.
The shape of a magnificence is there.
The accumulation of lichen is there also, for all to see.

You are a God.
A God of all.

"NEGLECTED NORTHERN HINTERLAND"

I.R. CRELLIN

A bushwalker wishing to visit an area of rain-forest, tumbling waterfalls and deep creeks with rockpools, usually goes to Lamington, or perhaps to Springbrook. The more daring may visit Wiangaree, or perhaps areas on Mt. Ballow, or on the Main Range. This year has seen a change in this pattern and some people are venturing into the Conondale Ranges and other areas to the north of our City to discover for themselves the beauties of the rain-forest areas in this region. Some old members have walked in the Mapleton area and rejected it as being fit only for daywalks, and since then the suggestion that trips be run to the rain-forest areas of our immediate northern hinterland have been condemned, out of hand, as ridiculous. If one dares to mention the words "D'Aguilar Range", the scream of "lantana" comes forth, and the fact that this delightful collection of jungle-clad ranges contains no less than two National Parks and is State Forest, seems to carry no weight. The southern and western extremities of this block of ranges tend to be drier open forest; however the area in the north around Mt. Byron and Mt. Archer is excellent walking country. The white cliffs of Mt. Byron overhang the pleasant pools of Byron Creek, and the thick green jungle canopy rises to the jungle-clad ridges beyond. Mt. Archer commands a fine view of the next range to the north——the comparatively unknown Conondales.

Intervening is the valley of the Stanley River, through which the road runs, and where once a railway ran from the town of Caboolture to the town of Kilcoy. The summit of Mt. Archer is just short of the 2,000-ft. mark, and westward the waters of Somerset Dam can be seen. Lantana in this area is no worse than in the southern areas where patches of lantana occur on places such as Mt. Widgee and Paddy's Mountain (Wiangaree, N.S.W.). Be warned, however, that towards Somerset Dam it is thick, and can be very nasty!

The Conondales run east——west, parallel to the valley of the Stanley River, and if continued, would run right into the Glasshouse Mountains. On the map they are a mass of contour lines, and look rather like spaghetti. Between the closepacked mass of orange lines lie footnotes in italics, such as "*deep gorge, 200 ft. waterfall* and *steep cliff*. On the ground they are dark and forbidding and, perching on the southern foothills, are little clearings being developed forg razing, which form a contrast with the surrounding darker rain-forest. The real

beauties of the range lie over its northern shoulder. Intrigued by the spectacular promises of the map and by the lack of information available about the Conondales, the Meadows brothers decided to approach the area of Little Yabba Creek, in their Landrover, and to reconnoitre the northern side of the range. They returned with enthusiastic reports of long series of cascades, over 300 feet in height, thick damp jungle and deep rockpools——and they had colour slides to prove it. The area into which they walked was the Booloumba Creek valley. This flows into Little Yabba Creek and into the Mary River, reaching the sea many miles north at Hervey Bay, and the range itself forms the eastern part of the watershed between the Mary and Brisbane Rivers systems. This area can be reached through Maleny, and details can be obtained from people mentioned in the article.

To check these glowing reports, the president of U.Q.B.W.C., Denis Townsend, took a party into the area on the week-end of the Club Glasshouses Trip, and, while some fools were hanging from ropes on Tibro., the members of the other party were discovering for themselves one of the most beautiful areas of our North Coast Hinterland. They, too, came back ready to spread the good word about this area.

The Blackall Range, north from Maleny, has isolated patches of rain-forest. Kondalilla National Park, with the Obi-Obi Gorge, is a flash in the pan, good for a daywalk or for a very degenerate week-end (with a swim at one of the Sunshine Coast beaches on Sunday afternoon).

The area west of Mapleton, which has several beautiful falls plunging over the scarp into an offshoot of the Obi-Obi Gorge, could be suitable for a week-end trip, with judicious planning. There are also falls on "the Western Road", the local name for the road which runs west from Montville Post Office (midway between Maleny and Mapleton). Local enquiry is helpful in locating the falls. The Blackall Range may possibly be suitable for through-walks, and is like Tamborine in that it has many beautiful areas, small in size and widely dispersed, and as such is best suited to car touring with daywalking and sidetracking for a few hours at each spot. I could happily spend a week-end of this nature in this area.

To the north of this, but closer to the coast, is another widely separated group of interesting areas. This is the Pomona—Cooroy area. The geologists say that the area was intruded by masses of igneous rock in Triassic times, many millions of years ago, and also that what we see today are the weathered hulks of these once proud mountains. Mt. Timbeerwah,

the massive sill mountain east of Cooroy, surrounded by high cliffs on three sides, and the Glasshouse-like Mt. Pinarren near Pomona, would be worth a visit but may involve climbing. The Noosa Lakes and the beauty of the Wallum swamps in the wildflower season, the strange sand patches, many acres in extent and hundreds of feet high, the towering sand cliffs of coloured sands, and the broad firm beaches all add to the distinctiveness of this area. Near Double Island Point two isolated lakes, Poona Lake and Freshwater Lake, within earshot of the sea's constant moan, lie in deep sand depressions surrounded by strange, dry rain-forest developed and flourishing on an apparently dry, deep sand, with not one flowing creek anywhere.

The Rainbow Beach area is now open to the Public because of the construction of an all-weather bitumen road from Tincan Bay. This is best approached through Pomona and Goomboorian, and one turns off the Tincan Bay Road some five miles before the township of Tincan Bay. This opens the wonderful world of the Noosa Coloured Sands to all who wish to see them. (It will probably be a tussle to see if the tourists destroy them or if the rutile miners get there first.)

Spare a thought, therefore, for our Northern Hinterland when you are planning a trip. Think of the freshness of these new areas which have a personality of their own which sets them apart from other areas of our State. Although they are not "Mount Barney", they deserve our interest and our protection for they are in parts in danger from excessive timber exploitation, from quarrying for roadmetal, mining for sand minerals, and drainage and destruction in the quest for agricultural and pastoral lands.

God give me mountains

With hills at their knees.

L.B. Hanes.

THE BOOLOUMBA CREEK AREA

DENIS TOWNSEND

Passing inland from Nambour, further west than the lush dairylands and dense pockets of residual rain-forest of the area around Maleny, an extensive tract of heavily timbered mountainous country marks the coalescence of the Jimna, Conondale and Kadanga Ranges.

From this watershed, streams pass to the north to feed the Mary River, while those flowing to the south eventually make their way to Somerset Dam. The well-watered slopes support a good forest growth, the timber potential of which has long been recognized. For best utilization of the area, it has been divided into a number of State Forests, while on the exploitation side, a small number of sawmills are in operation on a small scale. This commercial interest in the area has been invaluable in facilitating entry into an otherwise inaccessible region, by the construction of many miles of roads of varying quality.

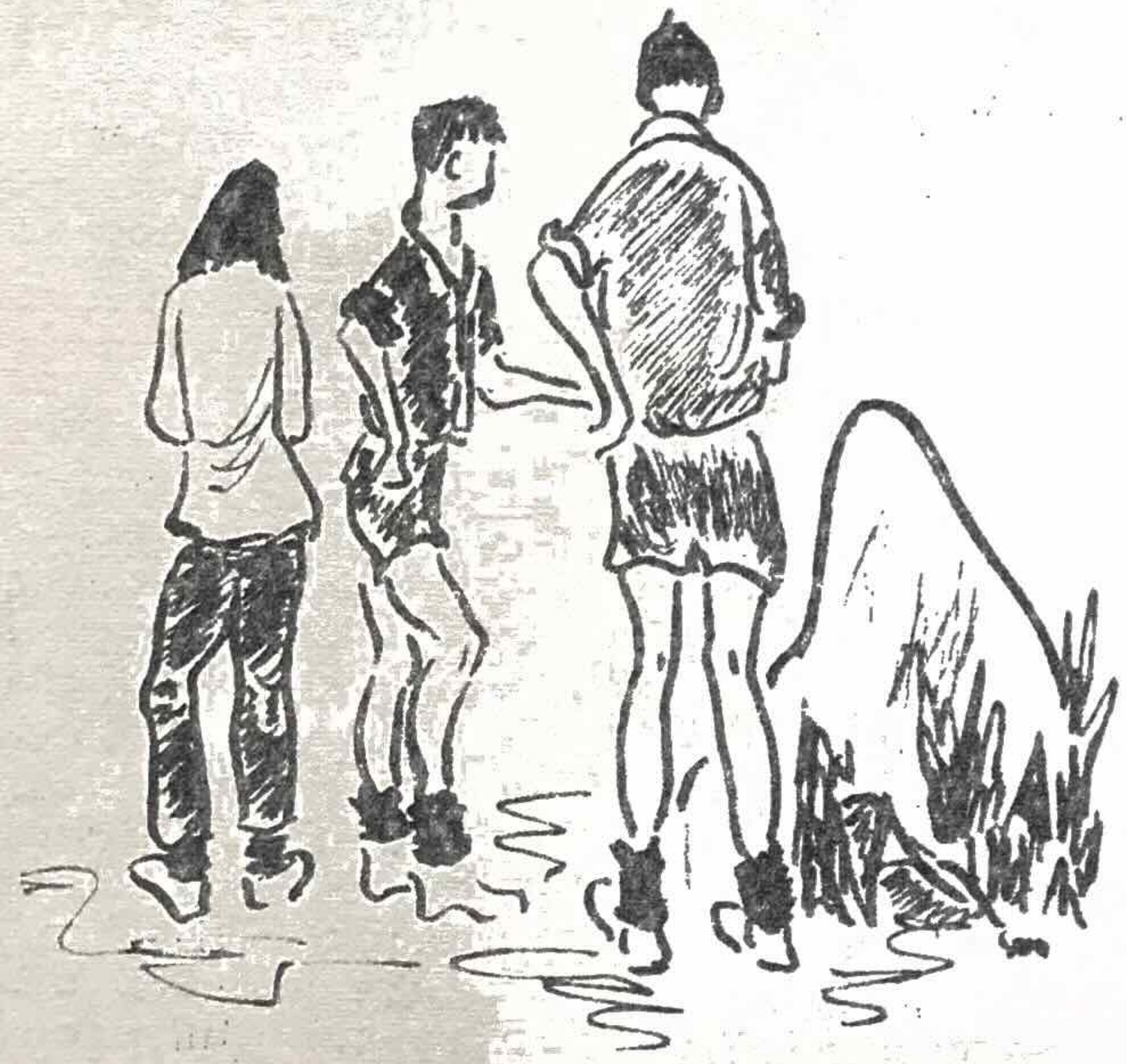
So extensive is the area that access to it is possible from a number of points along the adjacent highways and connecting roads. It is not the intention, in writing this article, to give a detailed account of possible routes into the area,nor, in many cases, is it possible to do so, since most of the area is still unknown to us. By pooling information from road maps and Forestry sheets (viz. Conondale and adjacent maps) together with wary use of the Nambour 1 Mile Military Sheet, some insight can be gained of the general topography and its relation to the various systems of roads and tracks.

The portion of this area visited by members of the club lies in the Booloumba and South Booloumba Forestry Reserves, and is reached via Woodford and Peachester. From the latter, the route as indicated on the Forestry maps by a sequence of mileposts from Woodford, is followed to the 28M post over good but unsurfaced road which tends to be a little boggy in a few places in wet weather. A quarter of a mile beyond this point the road becomes less negotiable, and this is a convenient place to commence walking, striking up the ridge to the right of the road and following this ridge to the N.E. till it meets a larger ridge to the N.N.W. By continuing along this ridge, keeping to the worn track which in one place links up with a road which should *not* be followed down off the top of the ridge, 2—3 hours of easy walking brings you to the junction of Bundaroo and Booloumba Creeks.

This confluence occurs in a deep and rocky gorge in which quiet pools, some of considerable depth, alternate with waterfalls and cascades. The gorge extends for some distance along Booloumba Creek, both upstream and downstream from the junction, on the ridge above which is a solitary flat area providing an excellent campsite that is conveniently close to Bundaroo Creek which is less impressive than the other, but never-the-less, quite pretty.

The same route may be followed out to the road, but it would be far better to choose a suitable alternative ridge or even a creek and follow this out to the vehicles. This latter course of action has the advantage that it overcomes the tendency to basecamp at the junction (very tempting) for the duration of the trip; and besides, there is much else to be seen.

Here in this little-explored complex of ridges and streams, no further from Brisbane than the much frequented walking areas of Lamington and Mt. Barney, lies yet another reply to the all too common winge that "There are no *new* walking areas in South-east Queensland."



SOUTH RUNNING CREEK

NORM KELK

The South Running Creek area is (to quote Mini Heybob of November 1966) "relatively unvisited by members of the club". It is a great pity that an area of such great walking potential, so close to Brisbane, should be neglected.

During February and May 1967, members of our club visited the area, which offers unusual access to Point Lookout, Tweed Ranges and the Lamington Plateau. The South Running Creek area lies at the southern end of Lamington National Park. It is best approached by car over Chinghee Gap from Beaudesert. In wet weather it is best not to take cars beyond the Pig Farm which is easily recognized as being just past the first creek crossing after going through Chinghee Gap. An alternative approach is by train to the Border Loop Station, followed by a short walk north over the State border and down into Running Creek Valley.

The creek itself is probably one of the wettest creeks in Lamington. The earth walls which rise steeply from the rocky creek bed drip with moisture in all but the very driest of weather. The northern bank of the creek which rises up to Lamington Plateau is quite precipitous along almost the entire length of the creek.

The southern bank is similar, except that south of the main tributary there is a small, flat, rain-forest-clad bank which is often easier to walk up than the creek itself. North of the main tributary the southern bank becomes extremely steep and is covered with rain-forest, lily patches and (higher up on the ridge to the south) lantana patches.

There are no easy ways out of the creek bed. To the south the easiest route is up a steep earth-and-rock wall which lies some 50 yards past the junction of the creek with its main tributary. (Marked "T" on map.) A prominent ridge (see map) can then be followed east towards the border. It is not advisable to try to climb the southern bank any further upstream because of its extremely steep, slippery and scungy nature. The northern bank is not less steep, but the rain-forest is thinner and the small cliffs fewer.

The prominent ridge which runs towards the border on the south of the creek becomes more and more densely covered with rain-forest as it nears the border. A much more practical

approach to the border is to follow South Running Creek up to its source and then walk east towards the border cliffs. The creek bed is very poor for rockhopping. The rocks are all the wrong size for hopping; the flat areas are full of nettles and there are many unexpectedly deep pools. Even greater problems are the deep gorges and waterfalls which start about a mile north of the main tributary and extend for a mile upstream (see map). The series of small falls, cataracts and gorges which are not as spectacular as their big brothers on North Running Creek, bear a distinct resemblance to those in Black Canyon. They cannot be negotiated, and it is necessary to do a very long traverse along the northern bank (the terrors of which have already been hinted at). After passing the gorges, however, walking becomes quite easy.

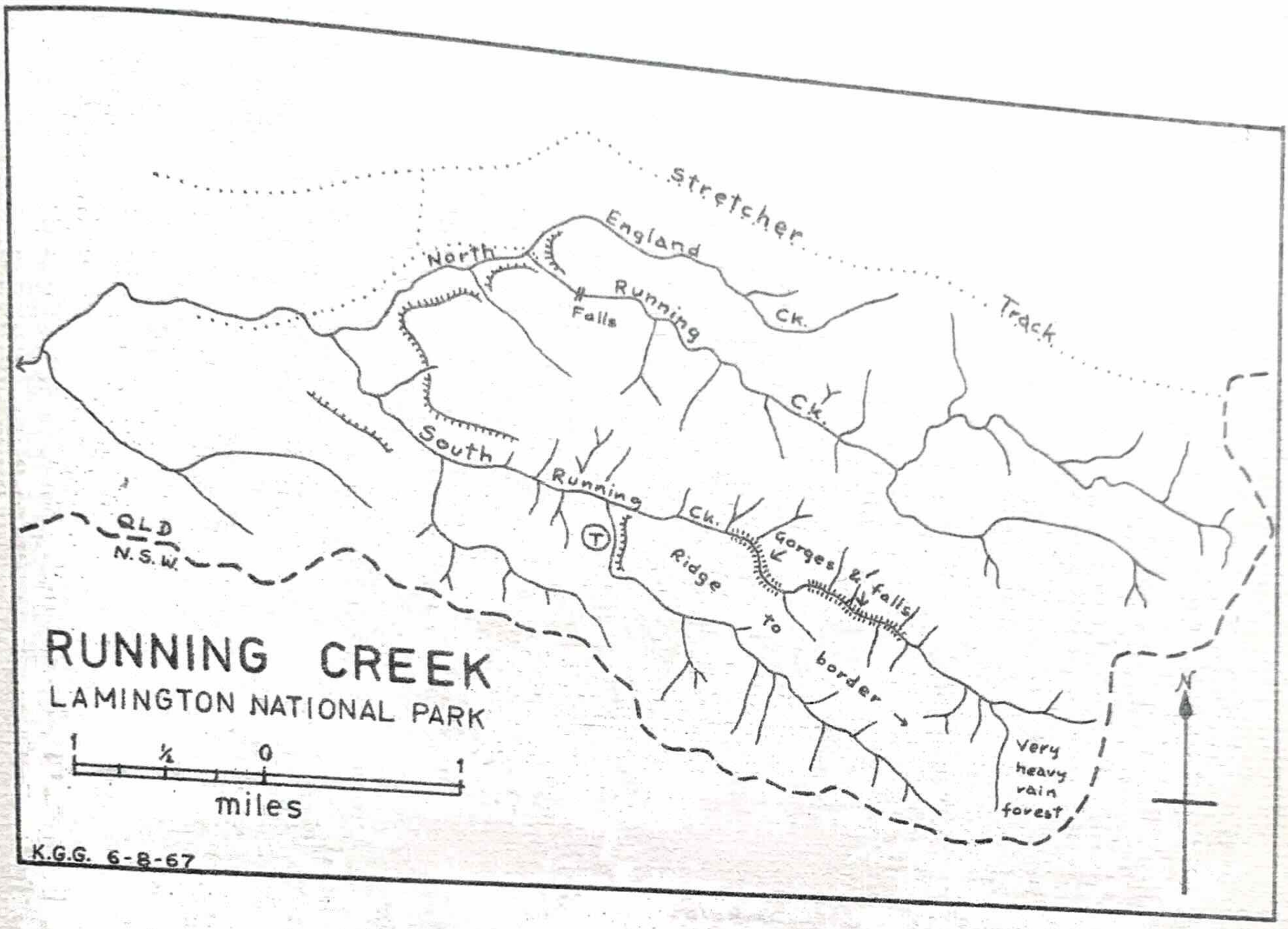
The area offers something novel to everyone. A photographer can click away for hours at the gorges, falls and ground orchids. The botanist can inspect (it's a National Park) the many varieties of nettles, orchids and unusual ferns. The zoologist can search for the platypus which one lucky member saw swimming in the creek. And for the purist walker a delightful academic scunge-bash is guaranteed.

Maps and equipment

The maps for the area are the 1"◦mile Murwillumbah Military Map and the Parish of Roberts Lands Department map. A machette, climbing rope and compass are essential.

Suggested trips

Trips to or from Tweed Ranges or Lamington Plateau could include the area. Walking through the region up to Point Lookout would be a welcome variation from the usual Stretcher Track or Christmas Creek approaches. Any trip along the border from Mt. Gipps could finish along South Running Creek. Finally, a long road-running day trip (with torches) could be made to the gorges upstream from the main tributary.



WALKERS NOTE!

Order your Paddymade camping gear through your official club equipment-officer.

Remember, your club benefits from club sales of Paddymade gear obtained from your local Paddy Pallin Agent:

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STINSON REVISITED

MARK SHIELD

Note:- In 1937 a Stinson aircraft carrying seven men, crashed on Lamington. One of the three survivors died while trying to get help, and is buried on Xmas Ck.

An icy wind howled like a polar gale, driving the rain through the trees, making Point Lookout seem like the bitter end of the earth. Dawn was slow and grey, revealing gaunt, sleepless faces and the chaos of wet sleeping bags and packs lying in a sheet of water. Breakfast, like sleep, was a forgotten thing.

Clouds descended, making an eerie blankness; voices became hollow and dead; tree-trunks transformed to huge gothic pillars in a cathedral where the wind moaned a requiem. Rattling leaves and mud whispered of death. Words were hard to find. During the descent of steep slopes in similar conditions to those of thirty years ago, expectant pictures filled minds with dramatic thoughts.

Traverse along the dirt slope, climb up, slither down past a thicket and it's there——the Stinson! This, that we trudged through the rain to see, is at first an angry anti-climax; but as we stand in the mud, intent on a twisted mass of pipes and struts remote from the shape that is an aircraft, the whole pathetic stupidity becomes a crushing burden to be borne by puny Man and his toy-like gestures——humbly we know the wrath of Nature. I become a silent shriek, a prayer, a tear for he who sleeps crooked in a gouged grave on these forbidding slopes. With the injustice of their death, there is a hopeless anger. A muttered joke falls hollow as an attempt to break the heavy silence. Transfixed with the thoughts of rotten burnt flesh, fire and fear, a curse seems more appropriate.

We move away up the muddy slope, each to himself conscious of his heartbeat that makes being alive very conspicuous.

HITCHHIKING AROUND NEW ZEALAND

ROD O'DONNELL

This article is intended as a guide to people who want to go hitchhiking and tramping in New Zealand.

After exams in December 1966, three of us flew to Auckland on the NUAUS/AOST travel scheme (details at the Students' Union Office). I was able to stay some time longer than the others and in the 9 weeks I was there managed to see nearly all of the main areas. Pages and pages could be written on all the places we saw, the people we met and the humorous, sad, and alarming things that happened to us. But this would defeat my purpose so I have decided to present only the bare bones, embellishing them occasionally with a few interesting incidents. A map of both islands accompanies this article and on it I have shown our route with arrows, the main towns and main centres of interest. There is also an enlarged inset of the fantastic tramping country around Queenstown. The four of us hitchhiked everywhere. We found it best to split up into pairs for hitchhiking and buying food, and then to regroup at pre-arranged places of interest.

HITCHHIKING

The North Island.—We hitched from Auckland to Wellington via Hamilton, Rotorua, Taupo, Tongariro National Park, Wanganui and Palmerston North (see arrows on map).

Hamilton is on the Waikato River, one of the loveliest valleys in the North Island. A most impressive sight in Hamilton is the Mormon temple and settlement just outside the city——a really magnificent piece of architecture. Just north of Hamilton at Ngaruawahia are some interesting Maori buildings.

Rotorua is one of the "musts", lying as it does in the main geothermal area of N.Z. which runs roughly south-west from White Island to Mt. Egmont. There is quite a lot of geothermal activity in the town itself (try the tremendous hot water baths!) and on the outskirts is the famous Whakarewarewa, a Maori Village containing geysers, boiling springs, boiling mud, sulphur and silica encrustations, coloured terraces, fumaroles, cooking vents and a complete Maori village.

Between Rotorua and Taupo are Waimangu, Waiotapu and Wairakei, other geothermal centres worth visiting. Wairakei is the centre of the geothermal power development and has an interesting area of steaming cliffs and coloured boiling muds. Just outside Taupo the Huka Falls are a terrific sight.

Hitching in to the Chateau at Tongariro National Park may be difficult, as Rosy and Jim found. However, they climbed Mt. Tongariro while they were waiting——an amazing, moon-like place with stretches of barren pumice perforated with hot pools, craters and springs. The Chateau consists of a huge hotel, motor camp and store. Bad weather prevented us from climbing Ruapehu or any of the other mountains.

The South Island.——From Wellington we steamed over to Picton on the Cook Strait Ferry; bookings aren't generally hard to get (except at Christmas) but if you haven't booked you can usually get tickets at the wharf about half an hour before the boat leaves. Travelling southward we went from Picton to Invercargill, via Nelson, Westport, Greymouth, Arthur's Pass, Christchurch, Timaru, Mt. Cook, Queenstown, Te Anau and Milford. Then on the northern journey back to Picton we hitched to Dunedin across Central Otago, Queenstown, Wanaka, Haast Pass, Fox and Franz Josef Glaciers, Greymouth, Lewis Pass, Christchurch, Kaikoura and Blenheim.

Arriving at Picton in the drizzling rain we chose to sleep in some railway sheds and had great fun next morning playing "Let's not be seen by the workmen".

Nelson is a particularly attractive holiday resort and fruit-growing centre, and it was about 40 miles south of here that Carol and I had our wonderful Christmas Day. After unsuccessful hitching all day in drizzling rain we decided to go to a farm-house and ask if we could sleep in the barn. With typical N.Z. hospitality the farmer and his wife gave us dinner with lashings of raspberries and gooseberries, hot baths,and beds to sleep in.

The Buller Gorge is moderately interesting and although there's not much to see at Westport, on the way to Greymouth the Punakaikai rock formation is worth a stop. Arthur's Pass is a magnificent area with high snowy peaks, narrow gorges, thundering rivers and a hairily winding road. On the other side of the Alps the milder Porter's Pass is also quite spectacular.

Christchurch is very attractive with a good museum and art gallery. At Temuka, just outside Timaru, we called in on Jim Hutton, an old club member, who gave us plenty of valuable tramping information, and started us off on our way to Mt. Cook and The Hermitage. Scenery here in the heart of the Southern Alps is magnificent in good weather, and a Cesna ride around the peaks and glaciers is well worth the £4 (N.Z.). We spent two days here (see under 'tramping').

Queenstown is another extremely beautiful area, with stacks of trips to be done and things to see——the Kararau Gorge,

Arrowtown, Coronet Peak etc. Here we climbed the Remarkables (7688') but owing to cloud, unfortunately missed out on the best views. Te Anau in bad weather wasn't very impressive but from here we set off to do the Milford Track (see Carol's "Exposé" in this "Heybob").

At Invercargill, trampers, bare legs and shorts are a rarity, and we really got stared at even though the people were wonderfully friendly and helpful. Dunedin was our favourite city with its fine Early Settlers' Museum, general museum and the Otago University. Loads of cheap fruit meant a big buying spree and cook-up for important events like my birthday. Central Otago is a fruit-growing area drained by the swift and beautiful Clutha River. Fruit pickers are nearly always welcome in season.

Back at Queenstown we decided to tramp the Routeburn track and go along the Milford Road to the Tutoko Valley. Foiled again by bad weather we finished up doing the Routeburn and Greenstone Tracks and returning to Queenstown. At Wanaka we tramped into the Matukituki Valley and Mt. Aspiring (see map inset). The weather was poor but after informing the Ranger, we set off along the 28 miles to the junction of the West and East branches. That evening, in howling wind and drizzle, we camped halfway up the west branch, and by morning the river was a grey swollen mass spreading out across the valley. Things got worse and worse and we decided to leave immediately, setting off on a nightmare journey through once-small creeks that had become almost impassable torrents of black mud tumbling along 2' boulders. We crossed these,linking elbows for mutual support, and back at the junction slept on the back of a truck in a small shed after avidly reading up on crossing flooded rivers.

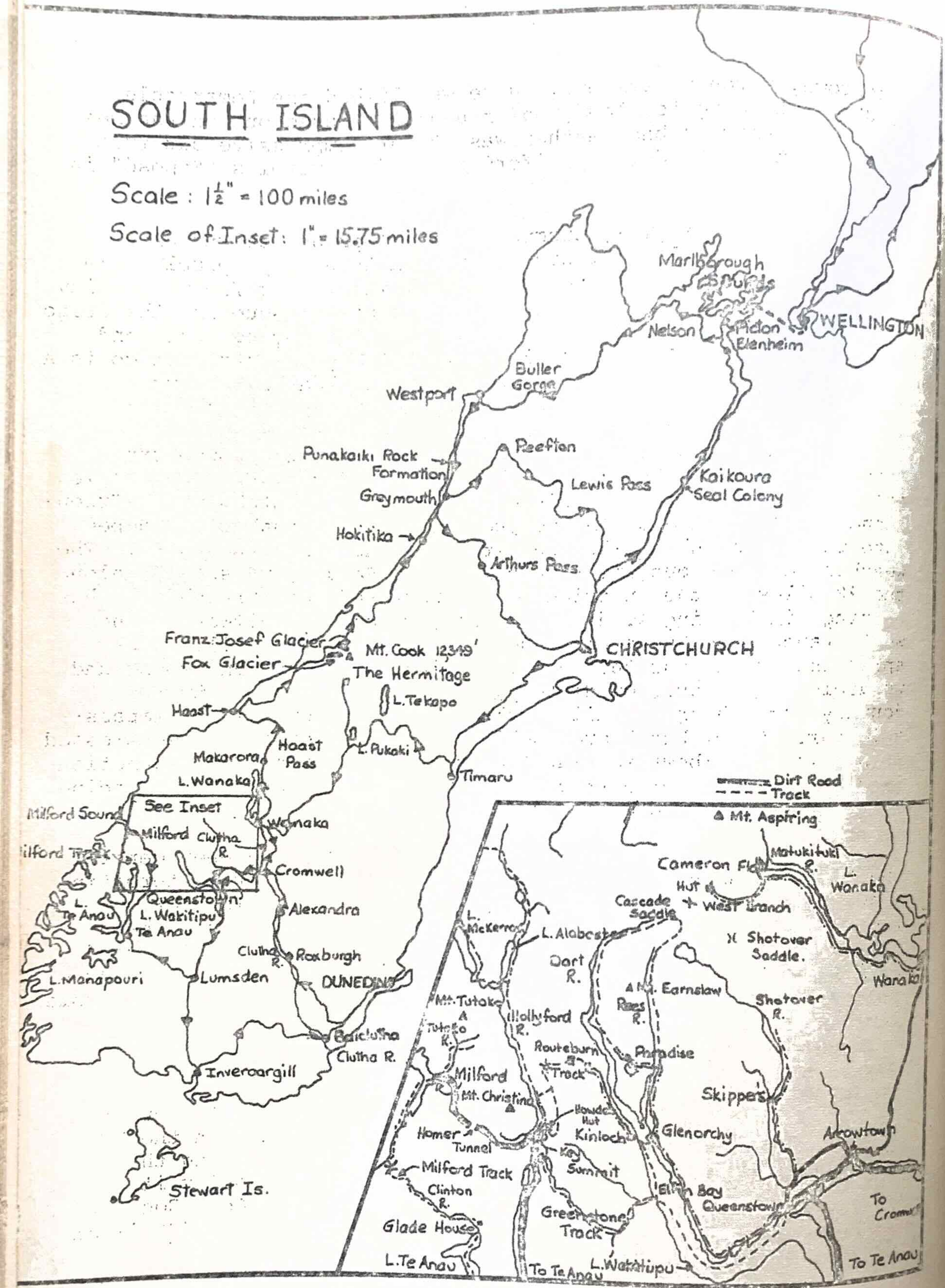
Returning to Wanaka we found the deluge had been general and that the Haast Pass was closed, and we had a very interesting stay with some deer stalkers at Makarora while waiting for it to open. The Pass is generally considered by hitchhikers to be a hard area for lifts and we were forced to resort to a very good policy in this and similar situations, viz., getting up at 5 or 6 a.m. and hitching a ride with the large transport trucks that come through——if possible making enquiries beforehand. The little we saw of the Haast Pass in the mist was lovely and I imagine it would be tremendous in fine weather.

The Glaciers are another area that are a "must", but if time is limited the Franz Josef is probably better than the Fox. You can walk right up to the glacier snouts and up along the valley walls but are warned against going on the glacier itself. At both Glaciers there are good points for views——Cone Rock at the Fox Glacier (an easy 3/4 hr. climb) and Alex Knob (4288') at

SOUTH ISLAND

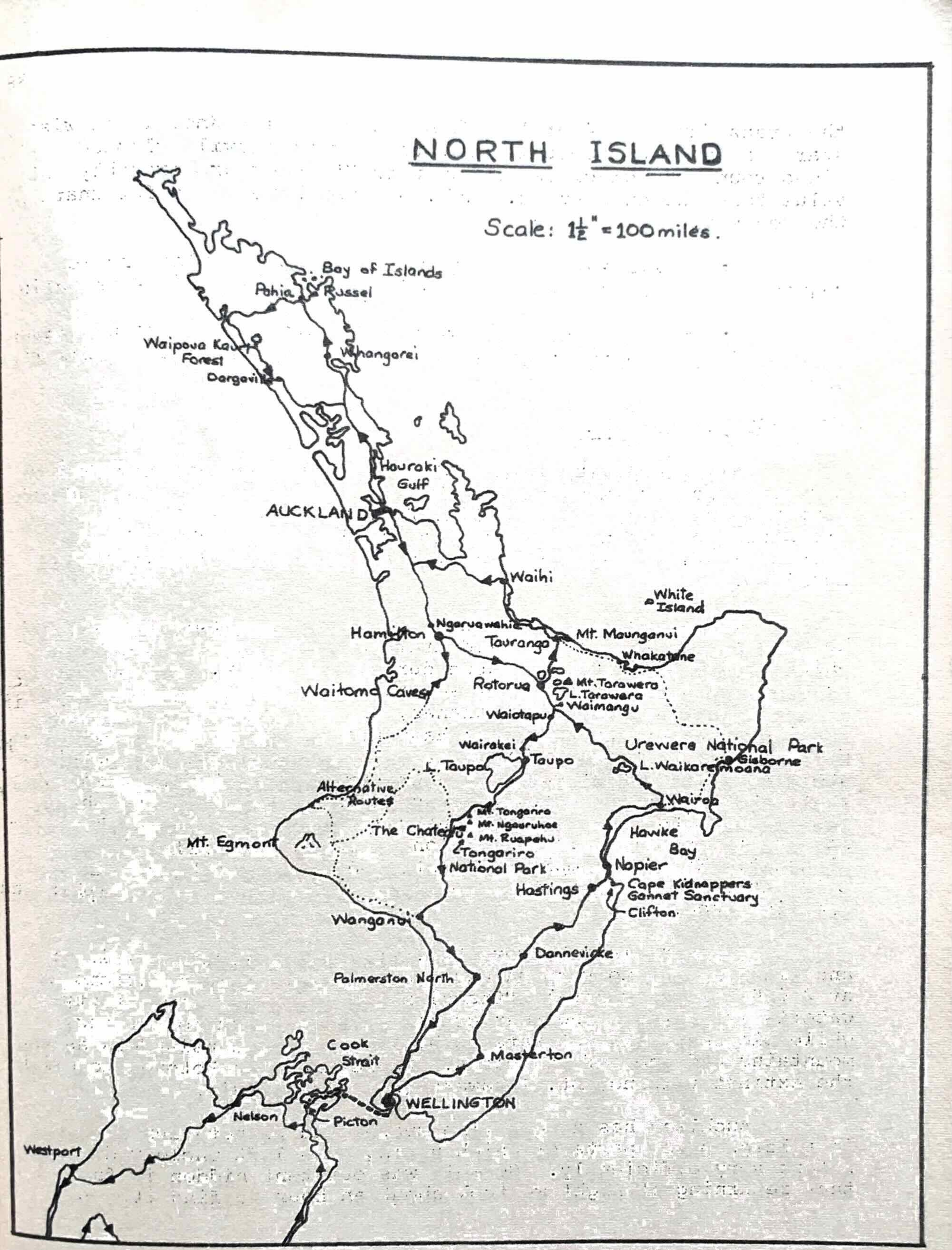
Scale : 1½" = 100 miles

Scale of Inset: 1" = 15.75 miles



NORTH ISLAND

Scale: 1½" = 100 miles.



the Franz (an easy 4 hrs). When climbing Alex Knob it is wise to start early as by about 10 a.m. the sky is heavily clouded. Plane rides round the glaciers and over to Mt. Cook are probably better value than the ones at Mt. Cook, but you have to be fortunate with the weather.

The Lewis Pass is pleasant but unspectacular and we regretted that we had not returned over the Arthur's Pass again.

Kaikoura on the East coast is a pleasant fishing village with wonderful cheap crayfish and a seal colony that is well worth a visit.

THE NORTH ISLAND AGAIN

After crossing from Picton to Wellington we returned to Auckland via Hastings, Napier, Wairoa, Urewera Nat. Park, Rotorua, Tauranga and Waihi. By now Jim, Rosy and Carol had returned to Brisbane and I continued North to the Bay of Islands and the Waipoua Kauri Forest, visiting the Waitomo Caves before I left Auckland.

There wasn't a great deal to do in Wellington apart from keeping out of the way of wild traffic and an even wilder wind, which nearly blew our tent down during the night. On our way to Hastings we were picked up by several interesting people including a park Ranger who swore by bananas, and a Maori politician who shouted us steak and eggs. At Hastings in the "Fruit Bowl" of the North Island we began a four mile walk to Havelock, deliberately avoiding lifts and stopping at every orchard on the roadside where fruit and vegetables were twice as cheap as those in the shops. Outside Hastings, the gannet sanctuary at Clifton is worth visiting and the 6 mile walk to it along beaches and cliffs is very pleasant. Napier, completely flattened by an earthquake in the 30's, is another interesting sea-side city with a fine dolphin and sea-lion show.

Hitching into Urewera Nat. Park was a little difficult and hitching out to Rotorua was even harder. Lake Waikaremoana at 2,000' is the central attraction and there are some pretty waterfalls nearby. The rest of the park is beech forest and, while pleasant, did not rate as highly to us Queenslanders as the mountains and snow of the parks. We returned to Rotorua to climb the extinct volcano, Mt. Tarawera (see 'Tramping').

Auckland has a very fine museum and planetarium situated in a large park, parts of which having been left uncleared, hide a tent very efficiently. So well was our tent hidden in fact, that returning at night we took about an hour to find it. The

Bay of Islands is beautiful and the all-day "Fullers Cream Trip" around the bay is worth the 25/-. The Waitangi treaty house and other buildings in the two small towns of Russel and Pahia are of great historic interest. It is best to go to Pahia first and then catch the ferry over to Russel. There is a large Maori and Islander population in this area, and one night at Russel I was fortunate enough to see some traditional songs and dances performed by young Maori boys and girls. Remnants of the Maori wars are evident in the surrounding country——hill-encircled with several large terraces.

The Waitomo caves are fully commercialized but the main Glowworm Grotto is still a fantastic sight despite the artificial lights and the 10/- entrance fee. Guided tours are only at 11.15 a.m., 4.15 p.m. and 7.45 p.m. The other caves I am told are not particularly worth the money.

The above areas and towns are by no means the complete list. There were several places we didn't visit which are well-known scenic areas, e.g. Mt. Egmont, Marlborough Sounds, Manapouri, Stewart Is., etc.

TRAMPING

(Tramping is the New Zealand term for bushwalking). Described below are the tramping trips we went on, and some others we had planned. All the climbs and trips can be done by reasonably experienced bushwalkers.

NORTH ISLAND

Mt. Tarawera (3,000').——This is an easy day climb and is well worth the sights at the top. It is an old volcano which erupted in 1886 causing much local destruction,and best climbed along a dirt road and track starting from near the village of Rerewhakiaatu a few miles south of Rotorua (ask the locals for directions). The crater at the top is a fantastic sight, a long deep gash ringed with browns, whites, reds and yellows quite unlike anything I'd ever seen.

Tongariro National Park.——There are 3 mountains here, all worth climbing. Ruapehu (9175') has a large snow covering with hot acid pools near the top; Ngauruhoe (7515') is still visibly active and has long scree slopes, and Tongariro (6517') has many volcanic remnants. There are tracks up all three and each can be climbed in a day, but at least four days are needed to do them all in one trip.

SOUTH ISLAND

Nelson Lakes National Park.——This looks to be a very pretty area with several large lakes and snow-patched peaks.

Arthur's Pass.——There are several walks that can be done here, most of them on tracks. Jim and Rosy went up the Waimak and Crow Valleys, climbed Mt. Avalanche and dropped down on to Arthur's Pass. The best place for information is the Park headquarters at Arthur's Pass township.

Mt. Cook.——One very good daywalk is up to Meuller Hut and Mt. Ollivier (6296'). This gives some tremendous views of Meuller Glacier, Mt. Cook and all the surrounding peaks and valleys, and it was here that Jim and Rosy taught us how to glissade (a sort of skiing without skis). We also learned through experience that eating large amounts of snow causes violent stomach-ache and that dark glasses must be worn very conscientiously to avoid snow blindness. The daywalk to Kooker Hut up the Hooker Valley wasn't as spectacular as we'd hoped.

Each year around Christmas at Mt. Cook they have several weeks of climbing schools. We met several Australians and New Zealanders who had been to one of these and they all said it was tremendous, so I would recommend them for consideration if you are going to do some tramping and climbing in New Zealand.

The Queenstown Area.——This is the starting point for many trips:

1. *The Remarkables.*——These can be climbed either in a strenuous 14 hr. day or a comfortable 1-1/4 days. We set out at about mid-afternoon in beautiful weather and walked up the long grassy ridge at the Northern end, camping at a spring a fair distance along the range. Next day was misty but we pushed on to the summit only to find we couldn't see a thing because of the mist. We descended a steep track down the third ridge from the Northern end. This track can also be used as a quicker but more tiring ascent.

2. *Routeburn and Greenstone Tracks.*——The Routeburn track is a beauty and in clear weather would probably excel Milford. Leaving Queenstown on the "Earnslaw" we steamed up Lake Wakitipu to Kinloch where a bus drives up the Dart Valley and then turns left up the Routeburn Valley. The track starts at a lodge and is very easily followed. It has several huts along it. Howden Hut is at the other end of the track and from here you can either go down to the Milford Road or down the Greenstone Valley. Before leaving the hut a short climb to Key Summit shouldn't be missed in fine weather.

By going down to the Milford Road a day trip up the Tutoko Valley (near Milford) can be taken, or up the Hollyford Valley for a several-days trip.

Since we had cloudy weather we went back to Lake Wakitipu via the Greenstone Track which was pleasant but long, and I think there are more scenic tracks that can be done in preference. Our appreciation was not heightened by our haste to arrive at Elfin Bay wharf by 4 p.m. to catch the "Earnslaw" back to Queenstown. We pelted along the grassy flats and arrived at Elfin Bay only to see the steamer going past miles away on the other side of the lake. This meant we had to wait 1-1/2 days in the Elfin Bay "waiting room" till the "Earnslaw" came back again. Moral: You have to make a special request for the "Earnslaw" to pick you up on her return journey.

3. *Other Trips around Queenstown.*—A round trip up the Rees Valley and down the Dart Valley is a trip that was recommended to us. From the Rees it is possible to go over Cascade Saddle into the Matukituki, but Cascade Saddle has a reputation for being dangerous. Another way into the Matukituki is up the Shotover Valley and over the Shotover Saddle.

The Matukituki Valley.—The best trip here is up the West branch to Mt. Aspiring Hut. This trip has excellent views of Mt. Aspiring and several large glaciers. One snag is covering the 28 miles of dirt road from Wanaka to Cameron Flat at the junction of the East and West branches.

OTHER MATTERS OF INTEREST

Hitchhiking.—While hitching, we carried food for only two to three days at a time, and to cut down on weight and bulk we shared cooking utensils, soap etc. In the country, we camped near the road, but in cities and towns we either stayed in a motor camp or found a fairly secluded spot in the nearest park. Other times we were a bit more obvious——like on the lawn of the Hokitika Municipal Council buildings. Every 3 or 4 days we spent a night in a motor camp to wash clothes, have as much hot water as we wanted and cook on a hot-plate. Nearly every town has one (average cost is 7/6 per campsite). It is easier to catch a bus to the outskirts of cities rather than trying to hitch out.

We only used Youth Hostels once. My feeling on them is that if you don't mind paying 5/- each night, and particularly if you are travelling alone, they are very good. The evening twilight is wonderful and in the South it may remain light till 9 p.m. This is of great use when tramping.

Be careful of tourist trips that aren't worth bothering about.

It is said that people in the South Island are friendlier, but we found no such difference and in both islands the hospitality and the ease with which we got rides was amazing. The North Island is more progressive and industrialized in contrast with the South where life is more quiet and peaceful.

Weather.—The weather of N.Z. is quite unlike that of Queensland. It is extremely changeable, the changes usually being quick and frequent, and this is one of the things that makes tramping more hazardous. During bad weather our policy was either to go ahead and see things despite the weather or to leave and go somewhere else. We never sat around waiting for it to clear.

National Parks.—The National Parks of N.Z. are a large part of the tourist industry and are thus highly developed in all respects. At all parks there is a Rangers' Headquarters where plenty of literature and information are available. For safety it is essential to tell the Ranger before tramping in his Park. Because of sudden weather changes, flooded rivers, freak snow storms, difficult terrain and carelessness, several fatalities occur each year.

Finance.—We kept an account of nearly every penny we spent and so I can quote fairly authoritative figures. Basic foods are generally a lot cheaper than in Australia——dairy products especially (milk 5d. per pint). Over an 8 week period the average cost of *food* was N.Z. £2.10.0 per week. (N.Z. £1 is $2.50 Aust.). However, just before I left there were several price rises and the same food now might cost up to N.Z.£3 per week. Money spent on tourist trips, film, books and entertainment is in addition to this. Travellers' cheques are the best way to carry money. The return plane fare (Sydney—Auckland—Sydney) through NUAUS was $115.00 Aust.

Equipment.—We each carried all our gear and food in rucksacks and took no special equipment other than warm clothes and a good raincoat for normal hitchhiking. Estimating equipment for tramping is a problem. *For the areas we visited* you don't need much more than a well-equipped bushwalker would normally have (including a short length or rope). Though not essential, a primus was extremely useful above the snowline or in rainy weather. We found that woollen gloves and plastic overpants were good for keeping warm. I must emphasize that we never had to camp on snow or in very difficult terrain, and for these conditions a lot more equipment is needed, e.g. lilos, ice axes, crampons, primus etc. The best place to buy equipment is probably Christchurch and I

understand that Bernie Napper is generally the cheapest, though most gear is pretty expensive. Freeze dried meat was scarce at Queenstown around Christmas so it would be best to get it at Christchurch if you need it.

Touring information.——The best information centres for touristing are Govt. Tourist Bureaux and Public Relations Offices——nearly every large town has one or both. A very comprehensive set of maps is put out by the Automobile Association. These are quite detailed and even show tracks in Nat. Parks. They are free to R.A.C.Q. members but it is not hard to indulge in a little subterfuge. Several other good maps are distributed by petrol companies.

Tramping information.——The best sources of information are other trampers, Nat. Park headquarters and guide books. Maps and books on all the National Parks are available at Park HQ's but we got on very well with only one or two tramping maps, Moir's Guides and road maps. Tramping maps can be bought at tramping stores or large bookstores. Two books that we found to be invaluable were:

Moir's Guide——Northern Section
Moir's Guide——Southern Section.

These are well-known in N.Z. and cover only the Southern half of the Southern Alps. We used them extensively. One book which should be read and carried by every tramper new to N.Z. is *Safety in the Mountains* published by the Federated Mountain Clubs of N.Z., which is readily available in most bookshops. This gives hints and proven methods for most situations. Another good book is *How to Survive* by B. Hildreth and published by the Govt. Printers, Wellington.

Probably one of the best overseas holidays for the least money can be had hitching round N.Z. There is a terrific variety of tourist attractions in both of the islands and beauty enough to overwhelm the most discriminating tramper.

MILFORD TRACK EXPOSÉ

CAROL BROWN

Like all other typical tourists in N.Z., we wouldn't have dreamed of returning to Australia without walking the Milford Track. So there we were at the Ranger's Office in Te-Anau, wet to the skin and grimly praying that our three days on the track would be included in the lucky 165 dry days per year. There are two ways of walking the track (or really three, if you count illegal things like coming over the Dore Pass). The first way is to pay your £25 to the Tourist Hotels' Corporation, which covers boat transport at each end, inner-spring mattress accommodation and *cordon-bleu* meals. Also, you only have to carry a "pretend" rucksack. The second way to go is as a "Freedom Walker" carrying a full pack and staying each night at Park Board huts. Even being a "Freedom Walker" is a jolly expensive business, as you have to pay £1.15. 0 for the launch from Te Anau to Glade House at the head of the track, £2 for track maintenance (*what* track maintenance?), 8/- for a Tourist Hotels' Corporation boat to row you over to Sandfly Pt., and 30/- to stay for three nights in Park Board huts. In case you're not very good at addition, this comes to £5.13. 0.

We assembled at the Lake Te Anau jetty at 2.50 p.m., surrounded by 16 other tough-looking "Freedom Walkers" as well as loads of elderly couples, New Zealand families, and the ubiquitous American tourists. "Freedom Walkers" sniggered nastily to see that one of these had her little rucksack on upside-down.

The trip up the lake was a pleasant but drizzly one, past typical N.Z. lush greenery, and sheer, misted peaks. Here we met the Jones family, a backslapping crew of three hearty males and four hefty females who gave enthusiastic renditions of what used to be our favourite songs. They were to repeat this first dazzling success over the next three days with early morning sessions from 5 to 7 a.m., and evening sessions from 10 p.m. to midnight.

We arrived at the head of the track in the early evening, where the T.H.C. walkers, or "Lah-de-Dahs" as the Jones's christened them, left us at Glade House where they were going to stay the night. We stout "Freedom Walkers" walked over swing bridges and through dappled beech forests for about 4-1/2 miles to our National Parks' hut at Clinton Forks. Park Board huts are always a few miles farther on from T.H.C. ones, and "Freedom Walkers" are always asked to keep well ahead of "Lah-de-Dahs" in

order to avoid administrative foul-ups like "Freedom Walkers" cashing in on "Lah-de-Dahs" lunches etc. The walk to our hut was through mossy beech forest——rather like parts of Lamington except that, looking across the icy, clear streams, we could see snow-covered peaks rising sharply above the beech tops. We arrived at the hut at about 9 p.m. (which meant that it was still quite light as we were so far South) and found it quite palatial, with 3 large rooms and 33 bunks.

We left next morning about 9, heading for Mintaro Hut only 8 miles away, where we were to spend the next night. Walking was pleasant, up a glaciated valley, but most of the side trips and lookouts were rather disappointing for "The Most Wonderful Walk in the World". Jim kept muttering about his "Milford Track Exposé". Waterfalls all along the route were rather lovely, falling from the cliffs in long silver lines, and gracefully blown by the wind every so often. We arrived at Mintaro hut at about 2 p.m., lunched, and then decided to climb to the top of the McKinnon Pass. At the top of the long slog we realized that this was why the Track was world famous. Standing in the crisp, pale sunlight by the tarn on top of the Pass we had a 360° view. Behind us in the valley, Mintaro hut with the wide Lake Mintaro spreading greenly beside it; to the left, the perfect snow-covered cone of Mt. Hart; to the right, the long ridge with Mt. Balloon towering in the distance; and below us the valley again, stretching away and losing the continually winding track in its dense greenness. As we lazed by the tarn in the sun, a man and his son came down from Mt. Hart, their pockets bulging with snow to take back to the little girl of the family. We followed them back down the track to Mintaro hut again.

Next morning, with full packs, we made our way to the top of McKinnon Pass, and saw three deer on the way. Rod and I started to climb Mt. Hart at 9 a.m. and found the first knoll the worst, being a steep slope covered with treacherously slippery, straw-like snow grass. This grass is one of the main causes of climbing accidents in N.Z., and I managed to slip a couple of times and wrench my stomach. After this first bit, it was a nice rock scramble, and the whole climb took 2-1/2 hrs., which was rather slow. I would very strongly advise anyone doing the Milford Track to climb Mt. Hart on a fine day. Even though mist was closing in, the view was an eerily magnificent mixture of grey, white, and black, with peak upon peak stretching behind each other along the ridge in jagged, snow-covered lines. The number of peaks visible on a fine day must be amazing. We made the descent and lunched in a rather traumatic manner on top of the Pass by the McKinnon Memorial, huddled up

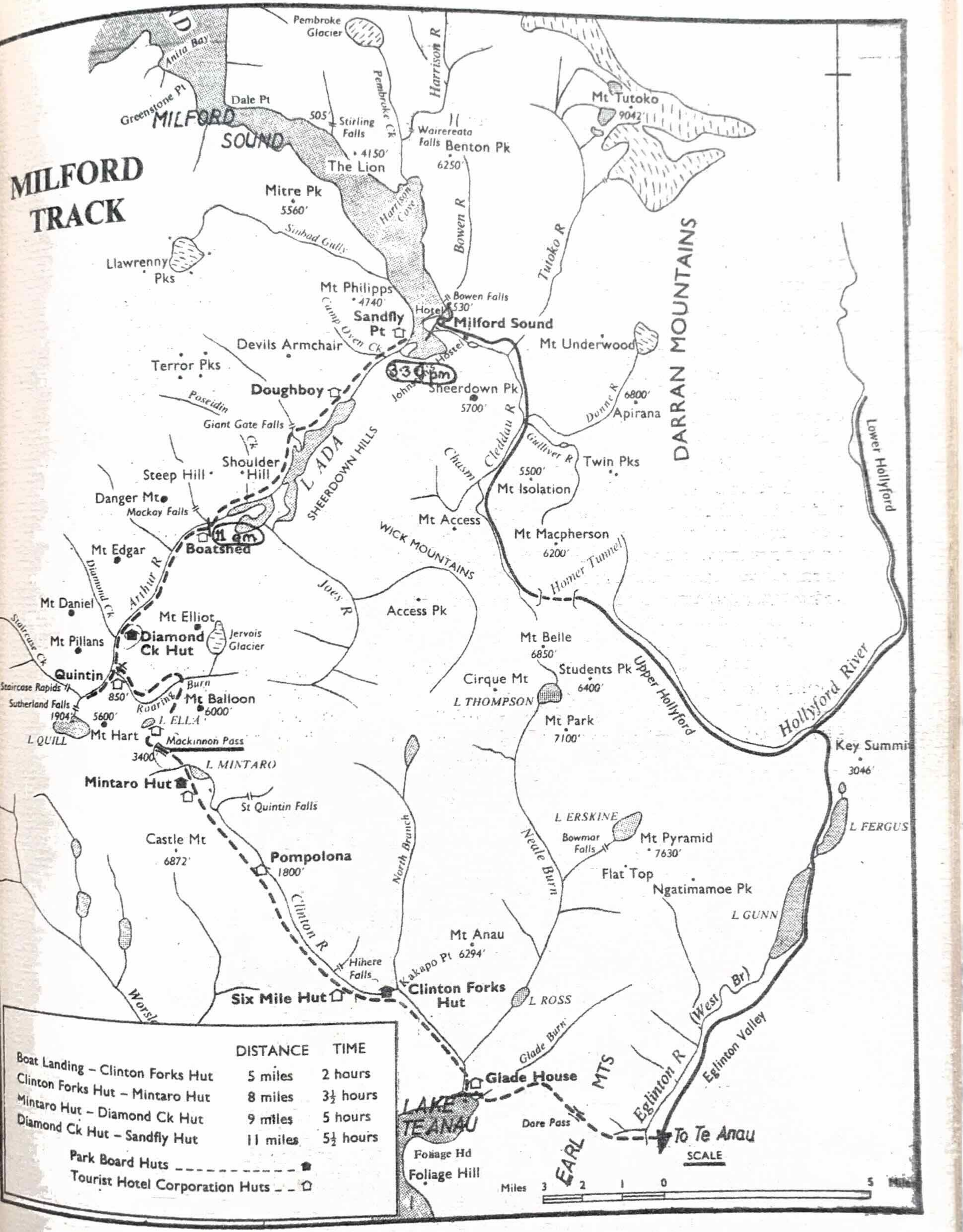
against biting wind and chasing away blowflies with one hand keas with the other. These parrot-like birds are almost myths in N.Z. because of their intense curiosity and fearlessness. Their long hooked beaks play havoc with everything from the polished surfaces of tourists' cars to the terylene tents of campers, and we had already learned never to leave food, plastic bags, etc. lying around loose. Rosie had already had one of the shoulder pads of her rucksack scattered all over the ground in a confetti of shredded foam rubber. The birds are reputed to be sheep killers, hanging on to the sheep and pecking at the fatty kidney regions with their cruel beaks.

After lunch we met a man with a lot of photographic paraphenalia who took pictures for magazines and things. So if ever you see a calendar with two figures in red and blue shirts respectively, standing by a monument with snowy peaks in the background——please tell us. We began the plod down the other side of the Pass down to Diamond Creek hut and passed millions of Americans on the way who lavishly praised our superior speed and "braveness" in facing the elements. The track wound past under Balloon and the Jervois Glacier through bush with glimpses of the Arthur River. The day's walk from Mintaro to Diamond Creek Hut was 9 miles, but we turned off at the T.H.C. Quintin Hut to have a look at the Sutherland Falls, a magnificent, neck-wrenching 1,904 feet high. It was good that night to eventually crawl painfully into sleeping-bags.

Next morning it was my birthday, and I awoke to be presented with a large sultana, peanut and apricot cake expertly made by a novice. After a cakey breakfast we set off for Sand-fly Pt., past the usual graceful waterfalls, wobbly swing bridges and beech forest. There were long views through the trees of Lake Ada with all sorts of water birds on the calm surface. We arrived at Sandfly Pt. which really deserves its name, just ahead of the "Lah-de-Dahs" and boarded the launch taking us across to Milford. Arriving there that evening we camped with the sandflies on the banks of the Claddau River. Breakfast next morning meant that Rosie and I ate sandflies with our porridge and the boys shaved them off their faces. The only way to beat them was to keep moving——they're stupider than mosquitoes.

Milford consists of a palatial T.H.C. Hotel (and not much else) overlooking a wonderful view of the Milford Sound with Mitre Peak reflected vividly in the water. We took a launch ride down the sound, the lush, steep sides of which form wierd shapes like "The Lion", "The Elephant", and even one resembling George Bernard Shaw. Out to the open sea we glided, past the peaks, the streaming waterfalls, and past Anita Bay where the Maoris came to gather greenstone. It's hard to explain the

MILFORD TRACK



	DISTANCE	TIME
Boat Landing – Clinton Forks Hut	5 miles	2 hours
Clinton Forks Hut – Mintaro Hut	8 miles	3½ hours
Mintaro Hut – Diamond Ck Hut	9 miles	5 hours
Diamond Ck Hut – Sandfly Hut	11 miles	5½ hours

Park Board Huts

Tourist Hotel Corporation Huts

quality which makes the N.Z. fijords so beautiful——the sort of misty pearl colouring is a complete contrast to the harsher colours we're used to in Queensland. The whole trip at 25/- was well worth it.

As a birthday treat we had lunch at the Milford Hotel, sitting self-consciously in our boots and smelly clothes, amid the sophisticated, spotless and faultlessly dressed customers. Lunch at all T.H.C. hotels has an overall charge of 15/- and you can eat as much as you like of the most wonderful foods as long as you've got enough cheek to ask for more. After 2 main meals and two desserts each, the waitress began to jack up a little, and I almost hid under the table when Rod suavely helped himself to a week's supply of cheese and biscuits under her strongly disapproving eye.

After a magnificent lunch and umpteen cups of coffee in the lounge we took a tourist bus back to Te Anau. Hitchhiking out of Milford is almost impossible (ask Rosie and Jim) and it was wonderful to be able to lean back in the bus, digesting, and looking out at the huge white peaks of the Cleddau Valley. After we emerged from the Homer Tunnel, enormous white mountains like Christina and Crosscutt dazzled against the sky in weather that was all too rare while we were in the South Island.

The magic of the name "Milford" springs from the combined attractions of the track, the Sound and the road trip back to Te Anau, and I'll always remember it as the most impressive of the many beautiful areas we visited in N.Z.

Mountains have a dreamy way
Of folding up a noisy day
In quiet covers, cool and gray.

L.B. Hanes.

CLIMBING IN NEW ZEALAND

CECIL MURRAY
and JOHN HOLMES

In recent years it has become common for members of U.Q.B.W.C. to make extended trips during the summer months. Tasmania and New Zealand suffer our presence most in this regard. Trips to New Zealand are usually of the tourist type, but the South Island offers alpine climbing of a standard surpassed by few areas in the world. This article has been written for the enlightenment of any enthusiastic souls seeking information about climbing in New Zealand.

There are two main problems with alpine climbing: (a) It is expensive; (b) a few years' experience is advisable before attempting peaks such as Cook and Tasman, which offer the greatest rewards. There is no longer any barrier because of inaccessibility. It takes less than 24 hours to travel from Brisbane to the Ball Hut, which is about 3 miles from Mt. Cook, and thus a worthwhile amount of climbing can be done during a 3-week vacation.

Summer is the most suitable time for climbing in the Southern Alps. The weather in this area is never very reliable, about one good day in two being the average. If possible, bad days should be used for travelling or for tramping in to huts.

Most climbing in New Zealand is done on snow and ice, since alpine rock is very rotten and best avoided. Therefore, ability at rock climbing is of little advantage except on the harder climbs. Reasonable fitness is the main requirement, since the climbs are long and sometimes strenuous, and it is always necessary to maintain steady progress. For climbing on snow, an ice axe is essential. Where hard snow or ice is likely to be encountered (on the higher peaks, for example) crampons are also necessary, as their use may avoid long and tiring bouts of step-cutting.

Before attempting any serious climbing, it is advisable to attend one of the basic courses specially run for Australians by Alpine Instruction Pty. Ltd. Details of these courses are always available from the Secretary of the Australian section of the New Zealand Alpine Club, Mrs. Dorothy Butler, 30 Boundary Road, Wahroonga, N. S. W. To become a mailing list member of the Australian section of the N.Z.A.C. costs only 50 cents. Three courses are being held in December 1967. The instructors,

Don MacKay, Peter Farrell and Lynn Crawford, are experts in their field who have climbed in the Andes and the Himalayas. Subjects covered during the basic course held at the end of December 1966 included rope technique, belaying with the aid of ice axes, step-cutting in ice, use of crampons, crevasse rescue, and river crossing. The cost of the course, together with food and accommodation in Ball Hut for 5 days, was £15 N.Z. ($37A.).

Apart from normal equipment, the following are required: an ice axe, crampons, snow goggles, gloves, waist loop, at least one carabiner, and about 35 feet of 3/4 inch circumference hemp rope for making prusik loops. An ice screw may be useful. It is best to buy this equipment from specialists in Christchurch, either from Bevan Napper, Mountain Equipment Ltd., 312 Durham Road, North Christchurch,

or

Oscar Coberger, 15 Cranmer Square, Christchurch.

Alpine Instruction Pty. Ltd. deal through Coberger, and he knows their exact requirements.

Ice axes used in New Zealand are longer than those used in Europe, as they sometimes have to be used to cut steps down-hill. If the spike is placed on the ground, the head should reach to about your hip-bone. Hickory handles are best. Ash handles have been known to break at embarrassing moments. Cost——at least £6—10 N.Z.

Crampons are selected to fit your boots. A lightweight pair (e.g. Grivel) are probably best for beginners. Cost—— £8—15 N.Z.

Proper climbing boots (e.g. Dolomites) are the most satisfactory footwear, but Paddy boots (or others with a rigid sole) will suffice. They must be large enough to enable you to wear at least two pairs of thick socks, or else you will suffer from cold feet. It is wise to remember that boots are more liable to wear out than crampons, so make sure you can get another pair of boots to fit both your crampons and your feet.

It is important to buy a pair of snow goggles. Sun-glasses are not adequate to prevent snow blindness, a very pain-ful affliction.

Having attended a basic course, you should be able to attempt the easier peaks in comparative safety. If possible, climb with someone more experienced than yourself, who knows the area. If not, remember that falls of stone and ice are not

unknown in the Alps; that bad weather often arrives very rapidly; and that crevasses *do* exist.

On sunny days it is pleasantly warm while climbing, and a hat may be necessary to prevent sunburn. Unfortunately, sunny days are not so common as one might wish, and warm clothing is essential. Woollen clothing is recommended, as it retains some ability to provide warmth even when it is wet. Trousers should be tight-fitting, or buckle below the knee, to avoid catching crampons. At least one day pack for every two climbs is essential, as pullovers and anoraks must be carried. If there is a possibility of a bivouac, extra clothing should be taken.

A primus is required for cooking in the smaller huts above the timber line. An adequate supply of wood is usually available if camping in river valleys. For this, normal camping equipment is sufficient.

GEO. W. EEDY

Ph.C., M.P.S.

Dispensing Chemist

27 HIGH ST., TOOWONG

Telephone 70 1626

FRASER REVISITED—or—"SLIM WITH JIM"

NEIL GOUGH

Twelve people set out from the Kidney Lawn, at the Qld. University at George Street, on the first Friday night of the May Holidays. These brave, intrepid souls headed northward for Fraser Island, that subtropical gem, "semi-Eden, demi-Paradise"——just ask the Tourist Bureau! Fortunately the passengers of at least one car were blissfully unaware of its temperamental nature (not so the driver, who is still amazed that his machine made it to Urangan, and yea, even back to Brisbane!). The trip was uneventful, apart from the usual trouble of losing someone in the Labyrinth at Gympie, but the wandering flock gathered again at Maryborough. We arrived at Urangan about half past three in the morning.

The trip across to Fraser Island takes about an hour and a quarter and is very pleasant. At high tide the boat goes up a saltwater creek and unloads the passengers on a jetty; from here they are taken across the island by truck. The roads on the island suffered badly during a cyclone earlier this year. Much of the transport was along the sandy beach which has been washed away, exposing soft black rocky outcrops which make truck travel impossible. The truck took us as far as Happy Valley.

Two groups formed rather naturally during lunch and continued for the rest of the week. This set-up was ideal and greatly facilitated cooking and camping. I say naturally, because our group had bulk-catered and the others had catered independently, and of course the interminable argument as to which was superior raged for a week. We, the "Bulkers", were supremely fortunate to have had our taste buds pampered by that epicure and gourmet extraordinary (perhaps extraordinary gourmet would be a preferable choice of words), one South African of the Jim Hirsch variety. Several nights before we went away he concocted a list of foods necessary for five people for a week ——rolled oats in huge quantities, and extras. Our first great revelation of the gastronomic delights to follow was lunch—— a seagull's dinner (a drink of water and a look around); we also had a piece of fruit cake (which was beaut), EACH! Meanwhile, (snicker! snicker!) the Independents gorged themselves and continued to do so for the whole week. This wasn't surprising, since Rod O, the leader, and the two female "Independents" had enough victuals to keep Napoleon's Imperial Guards marching for a month.

We walked from Happy Valley to the "Maheno" and camped there for the night. The ship was cast ashore in the early 1930's whilst it was being towed to Japan for scrap. Eli Creek is an ideal camping spot between Happy Valley and the wreck. Here the weather demonstrated the obnoxious habit of squalling each evening as the camp was being set up and dinner prepared. These squalls continued just on dusk every night for a week. These proved especially traumatic to the five Bulkers, who had to cram into and sleep under one moderately large ground sheet ——TOGETHERNESS! The Independents on the other hand, decadent Capitalists, had a tent and a fly.

The walk to Indian Head from the "Maheno" took us a day and a quarter of fair walking interspersed by sightseeing. On the way we formed a basecamp on a creek where we left most of our food,and continued on, much lightened, to Indian Head. This was the highlight of the trip. We were all a little tired of walking along the beach, and the day spent pottering around the natural aquarium was delightful. Water was plentiful until some miles before Indian Head, when the nature of the country changed, the cliffs receded from the coast, and the streams of fresh water which had run out along the beach disappeared. Water was collected from seepage off the rockfaces near the aquarium; however this may not be permanent. On the rocks are "cartrut purples", large heavy snails which are delicious to eat. These and ugaris formed a large part of the diet of the aborigines on the island, judging from the many middens along the beach. From the top of the Head one can often see dolphins and sharks as well as the occasional huge turtle. One of the most remarkable aspects of this part of the island was that, apart from a hut for sand-miners or fishermen, there was not a trace of civilization, not even a footprint.

The next stage of the trip was back along the beach to the food store, and then inland over a good Forestry track to Lake Bowarrady. The walk was once again longer than we anticipated but the change of scenery was welcome. Lake Bowarrady itself is quite large and surrounded by reeds and tea-trees. Its size is amazing when the sandy nature of the island is taken into account. There is said to be an underlying peat layer. The lake is set in a beautiful forest with a large proportion of hoop pine, much of which has never been touched by an axe. The size of these pines generally is large, although few seemed to be as big as some of the larger hoops on the mainland, but the size of the stands of these beautiful trees was impressive.

There are lakes to the south of Bowarrady and it was for these we set out. On the way the party climbed Mt. Bowarrady,

the highest pimple on the island, at some 788 feet. At the base of this, on a track which probably led to the lakes, a decision of momentous importance was made. Rod O, our good democratic leader, put the question to the vote, whether to go by Forestry track or overland on a "short cut". Naturally the more vocal and agitatory members of the party (namely the women) cried Cheating! Cheating! to the suggestion we go by track, and the strong and silent men, as usual, succumbed to the babble——we went overland. Woe to him who ventures into the prickly, viny scrub. That night found a tired and exhausted party which had belted its way through a meagre couple of miles of vines. The Supp-Hose Stocking people would have had a field day...TIRED LEGS! TIRED LEGS! TIRED LEGS! We had to spend the night in the scrub, but next morning cut east to the seashore. Any form of navigation in the scrub is difficult because of the height of the trees and the flatness of the ground. No landmarks are available, and because of the lack of hills and the height of the tree canopy, it is impossible to see out.

Formerly, we complained of the hard sand. Walking on the beach mile after mile is very tiring because of the hardness and solidity of the wet sand which has a consistency, as far as walking is concerned, of concrete. However, walking in the sand was infinitely superior to beating a track through the scrub.

Ugaris, boiled first and then fried in batter, make a delectable variation from a carbohydrate (porridge) diet, as our caterer discovered, provided you don't eat too many of them. The Independents collected ugaris along the beach and, after their meal, had a substantial number left over——about sixty—— which they donated to us. Incidentally, this was their only generous act over the whole walk. Here the true character of the South African came out. He who had been exhorting us to be thrifty with our food and thus get rid of those dreaded spare tyres, could be heard down at the creek mixing a strong dose of Sal Vital before he retired for the night.

From Happy Valley we were taken to the other side of the island by truck. Some lucky souls were even privileged to ride with a truck full of Cubs. Here two of our ladies became acquainted with the up-to-date version of "Jack and Jill" from a ten year old Cub——children are precocious nowadays! We arrived back at the mainland a week, almost to the minute, after we had left. Voted by all a trip to be remembered, even if one faction was slightly undernourished and each a few pounds lighter.

THE AUBURN GORGE

HELEN KERSHAW

The Auburn Gorge would be one of the most interesting old places I've ever visited. Its atmosphere belongs to the Dreamtime——no amount of logical argument can dispel the feeling of intrusion and, often, plain fear aroused while exploring the river-bed. It must surely have been held sacred by the aborigines in that area.

In broad daylight, even the bogey-holes offer little assurance. Shadows are thrown by the monstrous boulders, and the green and weedy water could have housed only a superior brand of bunyip! At night there's a certain species of bird(?) that wails and bemoans someone's fate, up on the cliff on one side of the gorge; and thunderstorms, with plenty of appropriate flickerings over the horizon, contribute to a good night's rest.

The scenery, however, is quite spectacular——rather confined, perhaps, when compared with, say, the Wyberbian landscape. It's probably not a good spot for the mad hiker, though one could spend hours scrambling over and around the rocks. They are a brown colour, unlike grey granite, and about the size of houses——typical of much of the rock formation along the Auburn, Burnett and Boyne Rivers. There's an excellent lookout about 500——600 feet high, accessible by car, then a walk down to the river-bed itself. Further up-stream are the Falls, which only run in rather wet weather; but a very large and deep pool at the bottom compensates for this, especially in hot weather.

Up on top again, on the way in by track, are about half a dozen mine shafts, running above a gold seam that was worked out by the end of the last century. At the end of a few ramshackle trolley-tracks are some interesting old mullock heaps. While scratching round in these I found a beautiful specimen; it absolutely gleamed with treasure——until my father borrowed it to test the depth of a shaft.

The area is a National Park, and there has been some talk about a road being built into it from the Auburn Station. At the moment the only way to reach it is to turn left off the road from Mundubbera to Hawkwood, somewhere past this Station. There are no signs, and very few people. The whole area, and especially the Gorge, is a lonely and almost desolate place. In the days of early settlement, conflict between the aborigines and settlers was common, and life was hard. There's a little

grave about three feet long of which the picket fence and carved cross are in ruins, by the edge of the Auburn and the main roads.

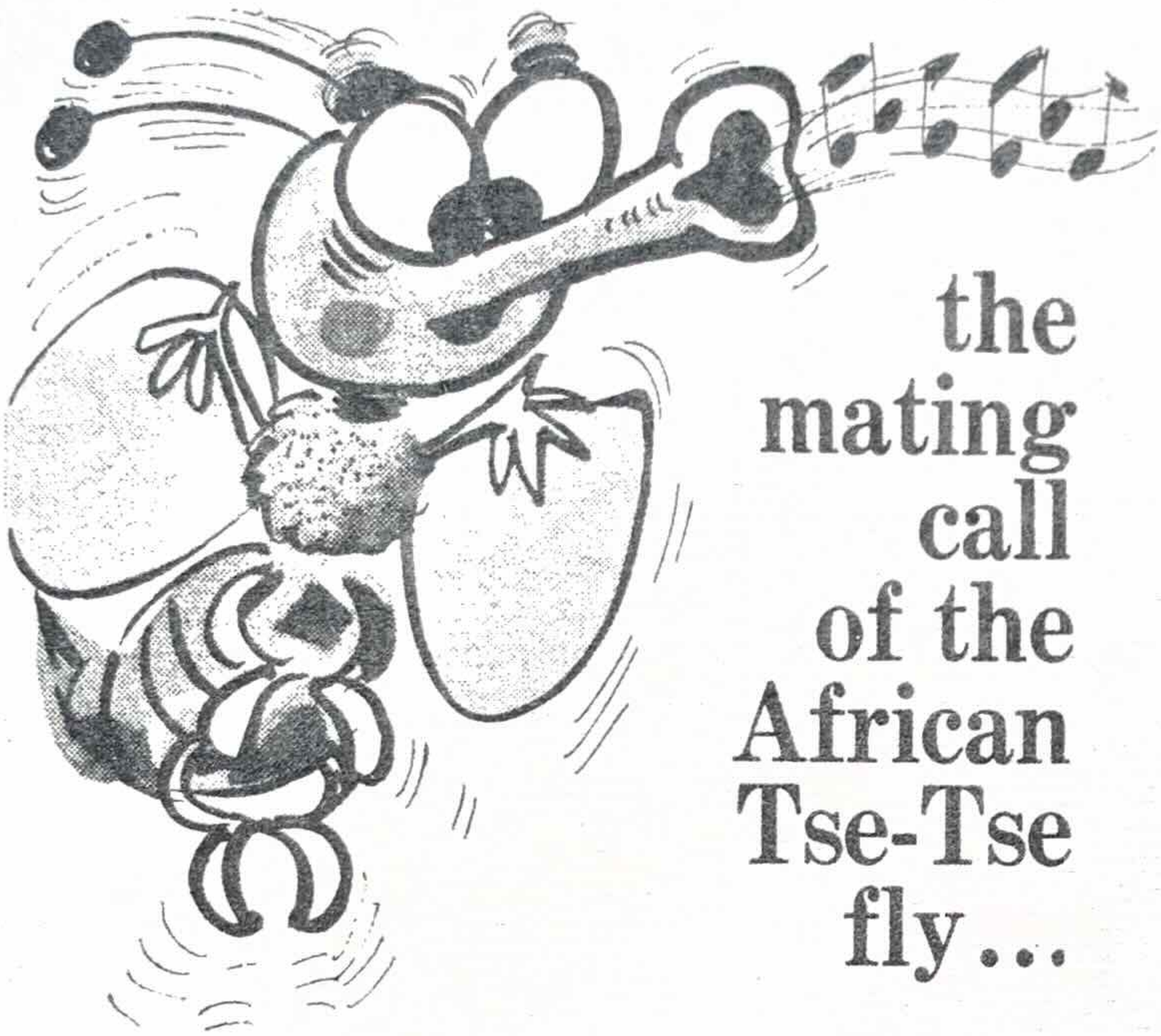
For atmosphere and a prehistoric landscape, the Auburn Gorge is well worth a few days' exploration.

FRIDAY NIGHT

HELEN KERSHAW

Mountain in cloud and moon hidden;
Grass waiting and wet;
Nothing beyond sky and paddock;
Never there yet.

Walk with the night and the cold frosting
House dreaming and dark;
Creek slipping by in shadow,
Morning warm in your heart.



the mating call of the African Tse-Tse fly...

May not be the subject of your studies, but whatever course you're taking you'll find all the necessary books and equipment at the University Bookshop on the grounds at St. Lucia. When it comes to buying those books, remember that you can make it easy by using the 10% Students' Discount on text and reference books. Take advantage of the convenience, buy your books and equipment from the University Bookshop soon . . . . while you're there, don't forget our large range of paper backs.

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SOME SANDSTONE GORGES IN CENTRAL QUEENSLAND

KEN GRIMES

Most bushwalkers have heard of Carnarvon Gorge, north of Roma, but few realize that there are a number of other similar (and not so similar) areas in the region extending from Cracow in the East to Tambo in the West. I have been interested in these areas for some time and during the Christmas Vacation I drew up maps of the areas from aerial photographs, and in February a group from our Club visited them. This article is condensed from a comprehensive report in the Club Library.

All the areas are situated in the outcrop of the precipice sandstone which extends in a wavy line from south of Cracow to north-east of Tambo. The outcrop is characterized by high precipitous cliffs, narrow gorges, and areas of isolated sandstone peaks and pinnacles. The areas will be described from East to West.

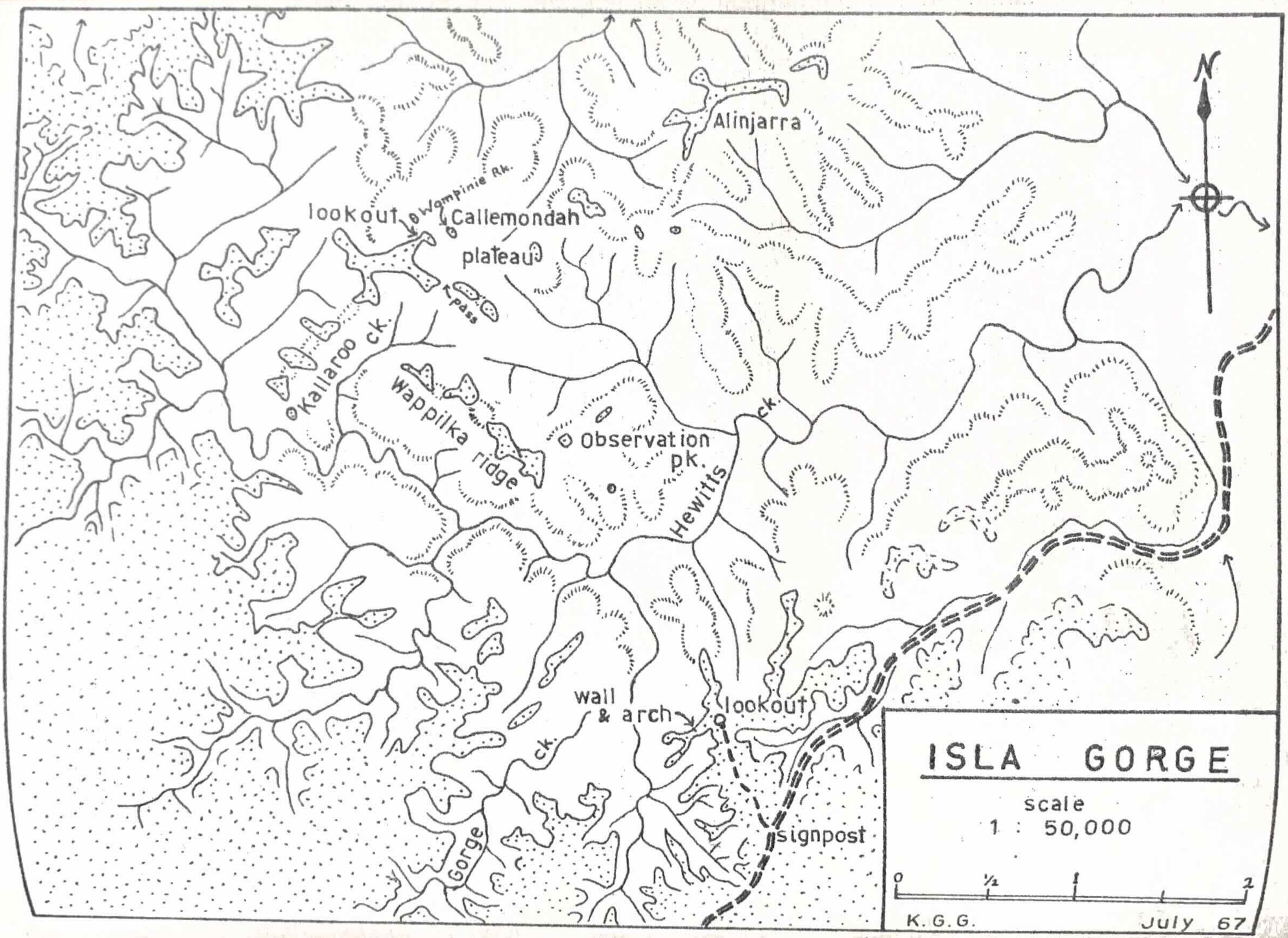
(1) NATHAN GORGE

This is at a point about 15 miles S.W. of Cracow, where the Dawson River flows through the precipice sandstone. It is not an extremely interesting area and is noted chiefly for its mosquitoes and dense Ti-tree. I would not recommend it as an area suitable for walking.

(2) ISLA GORGE

This gorge is just off the Theodore—Taroom Road, about 38 miles from Taroom and 24 miles from Theodore. The turn-off is signposted. It is an excellent area, well worth visiting, and can be divided into two sections (see Map): (i) The plateau to the North of Hewitt's Creek, and (ii) the gorges to the South.

(i) The Northern Area.——This consists of a series of sandstone ridges and peaks with a central plateau (Callemondah Plateau). To aid in the description of this area I have given a number of aboriginal place names to points of interest; these are shown on the map. Some of these may already have local names of which I am not aware. The ridges are topped by large and often overhanging blocks, often deeply honeycombed by wind erosion, with many caves and arches. An excellent example of these peaks is "Observation Peak". (So named because I climbed it on my first visit to the area and observed the country to the North from it.) It is a square looking Rock to the east of "Wappilka Ridge" and can be climbed easily from the south-eastern side.


Alinjarra
lookout
Wompinie Rk.
Callemondah
plateau
pass
Kallaroo ck.
Wappilka ridge
Observation pk.
Hewitts ck.
wall & arch
lookout
Gorge ck.
signpost
N
ISLA GORGE
scale
1 : 50,000
0
½
1
2
K.G.G.
July 67

A cave on the eastern side can be followed through the Peak and comes out again on the north-eastern side. On the north-western side there is a large pillar which splits into two legs at its base and spreads out to join the main peak, forming an archway.

(ii) The Southern Area.——I have not visited this except for the area in the vicinity of the lookout. The aerial photos show several gorges which may be worth investigating.

To the south of the Lookout at the end of the road there is a ridge which I have called "The Roman Wall and Arch". This consists of a wall about 10'——20' high and 15' wide which runs along the top of the ridge. The arch is not visible from above but by climbing down from the end of the wall and walking back along the side of the wall, one could see it.

Water is a problem in this area and it is recommended that walkers carry enough to last a whole trip if there has not been any rain for more than a month. There are a few semi-permanent water holes in Hewitt Creek and in "Kallaroo Creek".

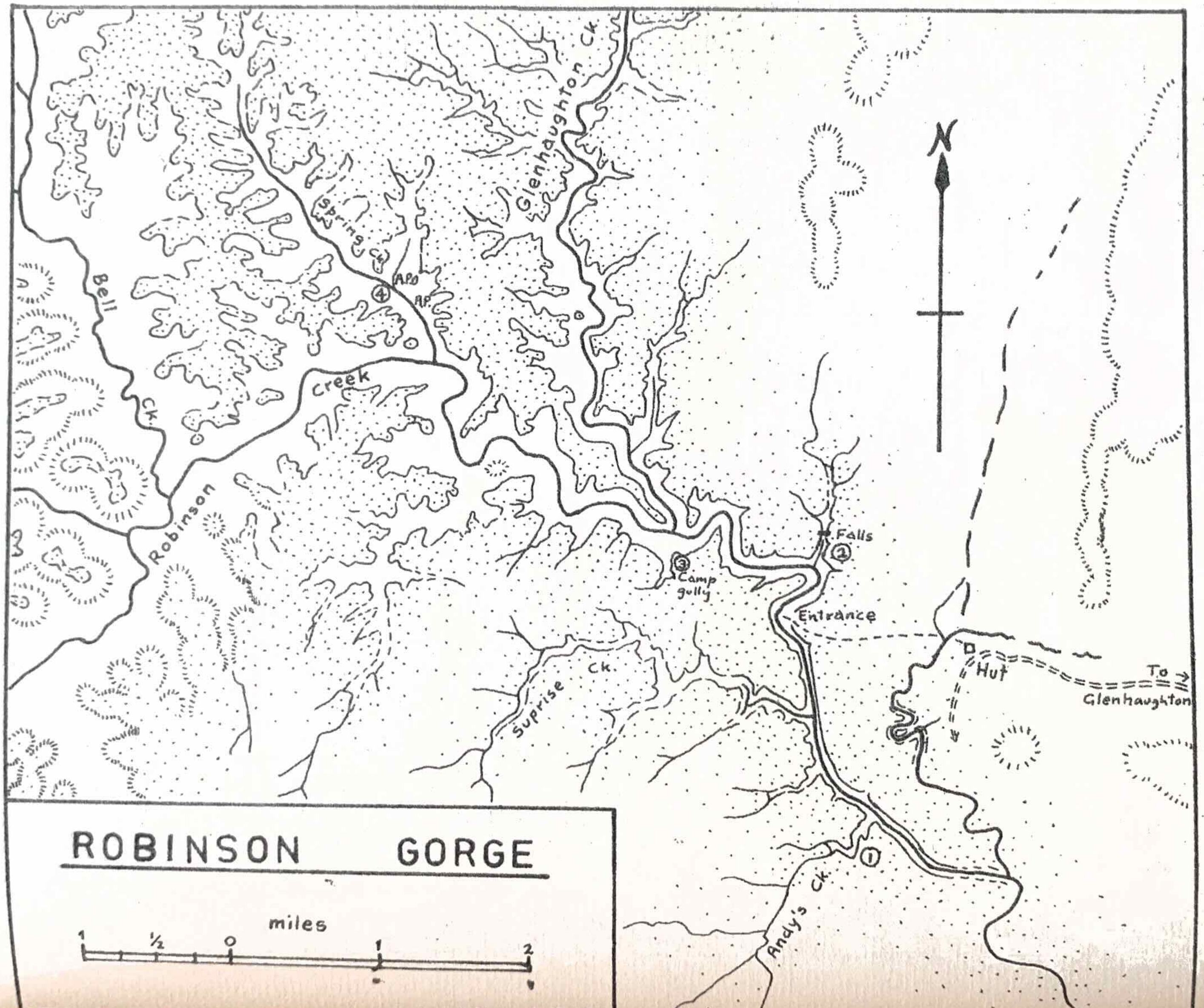
The vegetation is mostly open Eucalypt forest with some patches of scrub in the eastern part. The undergrowth is dry, and scratchy in places.

A suggested trip in the northern area would include "Observation Peak", "Alinjarra Ridge", "Callemondah", "Wompinie Rock", "Wappilka Ridge", and return to the cars via "Kalaroo Creek" and Hewitt Creek.

(3) ROBINSON GORGE

This is located on Robinson Creek about 45 miles N.W. of Taroom. To reach the area from Taroom take the Theodore road out of town. About 10 miles out, the Theodore Road turns off to the right. Go straight ahead and about a mile further on take the Glenhaughton Road to the left (signposted). It is about 30 miles from here to Glenhaughton. The turnoff to the National Park is a faint set of wheel tracks going off to the left. Here, there is an inconspicuous tin sign on a tree, which says "National Park 8 miles". Actually it is rather more than 8 miles. The track is very rough in places and most cars would be able to traverse only a few miles of it. The track ends at a disused Shepherd's hut and from here one follows a badly blazed trail to the west until reaching the gorge.

There is only one route down into the gorge. This is a break in the cliffline (see Map). The top is marked by a blazed


Glenhaughton Ck
Spring Ck
Bell
Ck
Creek
Robinson
Falls
Camp gully
Entrance
Hut
To Glenhaughton
Surprise Ck.
Andy's Ck
N
ROBINSON GORGE
miles
1 ½ 0 1 2
K.G.G. 6-8-67

tree, and the blazed trail ends at this point.

This gorge is very similar to Carnarvon Gorge but has a sandy rather than rocky bed, and there is a lot of ti-tree present. The gorge is not as spectacular as Carnarvon and the side gorges not as good, but of those visited, the following are recommended (see Map):

(1) *Andy's Creek*——has some nice pools and large blocks.

(2) *The Creek* flowing into the gorge at the sharp bend above the route down has a rather pretty waterfall (somewhat similar to Hellhole gorge at Carnarvons). There was a piece of hemp rope hanging over this when I visited the area and this enabled me to climb the falls and continue further up the creek, where I found a good subsidiary branch which was eroded out of solid rock, coming in from the left.

(3) *Camp Gully*——has a good camp cave under the cliffs at its entrance and further in shows an interesting "beehive" pattern of sandstone erosion.

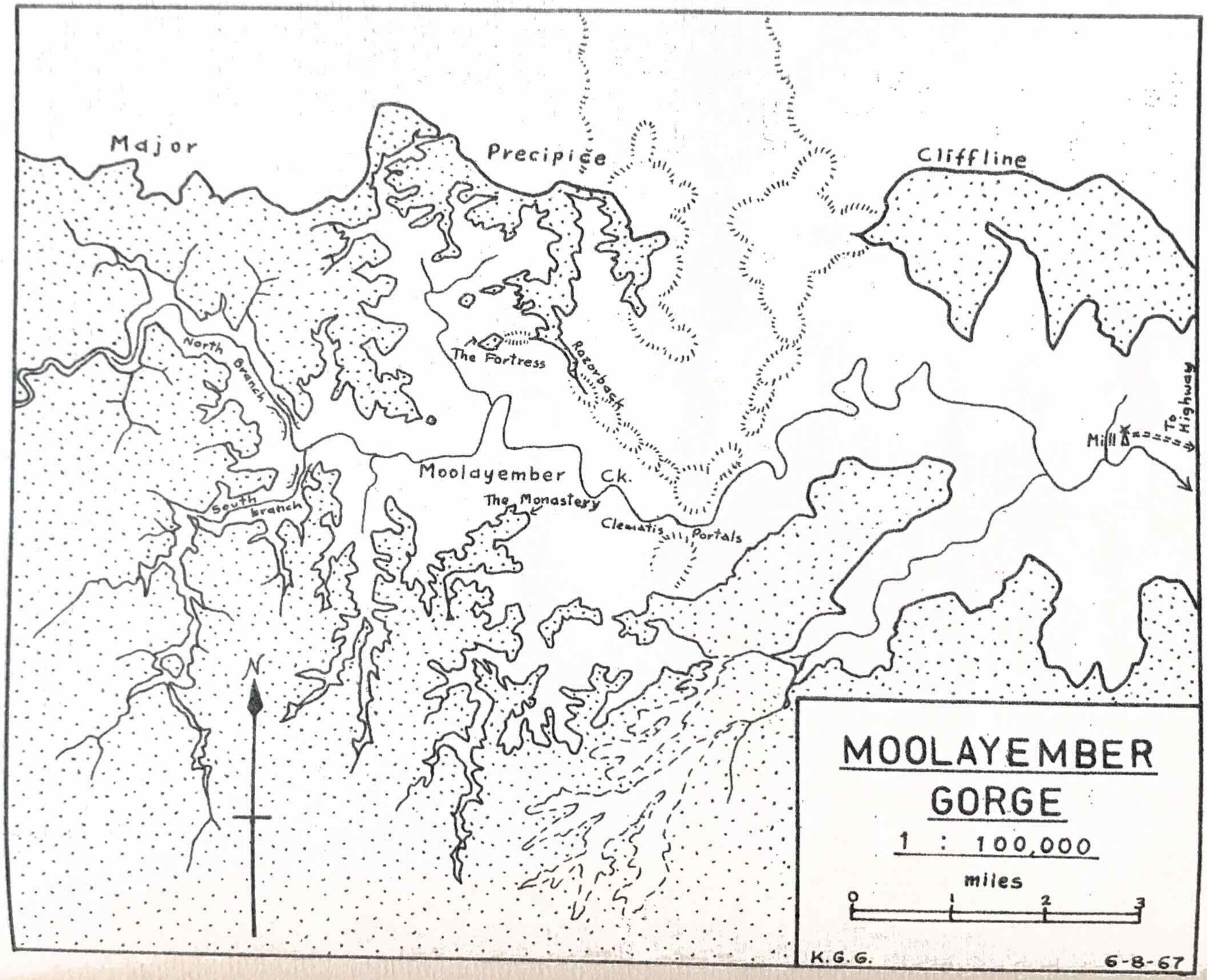
(4) *Spring Creek*——has some rather faded aboriginal paintings on the eastern bluffs. These are mainly children's hands.

(4) MOOLAYEMBER GORGE

I discovered this by accident while browsing through aerial photos of the area. The gorge is in the Carnarvon range about 12 miles west of the Carnarvon Highway. About 55 miles north of Injune there is a signpost to the left——"Moolayember Dip". Follow the road past the dip and across a ploughed area. If you can avoid getting bogged in the sandy creek after this, continue following the track until a windmill is reached. From here it is about a 9-mile walk to the entrance to the gorge system which consists of two branches of Moolayember Creek. The country on the way in is spectacular with high sandstone cliffs on both sides of the valley. The gorges themselves do not live up to expectations unless you walk quite a way up them, because in the lower parts, the cliffs are high above you with steep, timbered slopes in between.

(5) SALVATOR ROSA

This National Park about 100 miles S.W. of Springsure has been described by Sybil Curtis and Margot Shepherd in *Heybob* 1965, and I will only add that the country is similar to Isla


Major
Precipice
Cliffline
North branch
The Fortress
Razorback
Moolayember Ck.
The Monastery
South branch
Clematis Falls
Mill
To Highway
N
MOOLAYEMBER
GORGE
1 : 100,000
miles
0
1
2
3
K.G.G.
6-8-67

Gorge, though somewhat more spread out, and that the gorges in the south-western part of the area provide some interesting scrambling and "scunge-bashing". Climbers should note that here, as in all the other areas, the sandstone is very crumbly and friable, and should be treated with care. The Spyglass can be climbed from the West via a chimney, but a rope should be used. There is a good tree at the top that can be used as an abseil point.

(6) TAMBO GORGE

This area is just off the Springsure—Tambo road, about 100 miles from Springsure and 51 miles from Tambo. I was unable to obtain aerial photos of this area, and the best map available is the 1:250,000 Tambo geological sheet. It is possible to drive cross-country, next to the creek, and almost up to the Pinnacles at the entrance. We spent only a half day here and did not penetrate into the gorge proper. The Pinnacles at the entrance have some fantastic wind-eroded shapes. I hope to return to this gorge some time and have a good look at it. Water would probably be a rather serious problem in this area.

(7) BLACKS' PALACE

This is also described by Sybil Curtis and Margot Shepherd. The paintings here are better in quality and also more diverse than those of Carnarvon Gorge. It is a pity that many of them have been defaced by visitors.

LIST OF MAPS

(1) BUREAU OF MINERAL RESOURCES 1:250,000 Geological Series (preliminary editions)

MUNDUBBERA Sheet (Nathan Gorge)
TAROOM Sheet (Isla Gorge, Robinson Gorge, Moolayember Gorge)
SPRINGSURE Sheet (Salvator Rosa)
TAMBO Sheet (Tambo Gorge, Blacks' Palace).

These maps show the outcrop of the precipice sandstone which closely follows the cliff lines, and also show the roads in the areas.

(2) FORESTRY DEPT. PHOTOMOSAICS (usually about 1 mile—1 inch)

ROBINSON GORGE
CARNARVON GORGE
SALVATOR ROSA.

(3) FORESTRY DEPT. MAP (1 mile—1 inch)

CARNARVON GORGE.

(4) MAPS BY THE AUTHOR [from aerial photos (scale 1:50,000)]

NATHAN GORGE
ISLA GORGE
ROBINSON GORGE
MOOLAYEMBER GORGE
SALVATOR ROSA.

These maps are available from the Club Library.

(5) DEPT. OF NATIONAL DEVELOPMENT
FITZROY REGION, resources series (1:1,000,000)

ROADS AND AERODROMES (makes an excellent Road map of the area)
GEOLOGY (shows almost the entire outcrop of the Precipice sandstone, and also has an explanatory booklet on the geology of the area).

These maps and accompanying booklets can be obtained from the Lands Dept., Brisbane, for 75 cents.

ADDITIONAL NOTE

After this report was written an article on Isla Gorge by Jean Bull (N.P.A.Q.) appeared in the Sunday Mail Magazine.

In this she refers to an area called the "Devil's Nest", which appears to correspond to the area I have called "Alinjarra" on my map.

She also mentions the presence of some aboriginal art which I did not see.

Ken Grimes.

GALAH GORGE——HUGHENDEN

JOHN MILNE

I had just driven the 50 odd miles north of Hughenden, turned east along two likely looking red earth wheel tracks, and bounced four miles towards Galah Gorge over a boulder-strewn track. I left the vehicle and walked east, not really expecting to find what I'd hoped for, and not really knowing where I was.

A ridge appeared through the trees. It seemed strangely distant, and I approached to within fifty yards of Galah Gorge before I realized it was there. A compelling excitement accompanied this realization, and, as I picked my way to the edge, a most spectacular scene unfolded at my feet.

I stood on the edge of a sheer, fifty-foot cliff of black basalt blocks and admired what at first glance seemed to be a 400 foot deep, completely enclosed amphitheatre a half-mile wide. Red, white and yellow sandstone cliffs and slopes below shimmered under the cloudless sky in the dry northern sun.

In contrast to the desolate gidyea plains and bouldery plateaus, green pines followed the wide, shallow, sandy stream. At the bottom, Galah Creek entered the amphitheatre by a bend from the northwest, and departed to the south into the next open meander of the gorge. The cliffs are sheer at the top with long, white scree slopes running down to the pines along the creek.

A tinge of disappointment here——the cliffs are not vertical to the bottom and thoughts of "A Second Carnarvon" fade. But let me defend the new gorge! It's unique; it's in the north where the sun is high, and yet it's in the west where the gidyea grows; its waters are permanent in an arid land; its trees are bright green, and its cliffs are shimmering white in contrast to the drab browns of the landscape.

Enough of this gorge! Although I'm impressed, the mind of a geologist, the poor tortured thing, turns to the task of finding other such places. Let's boil it down. We want similar geology and similar geomorphic processes. Presto! An identical chasm——Prairie Gorge——lies four miles east of Galah and conjures up visions of a long through-walk.

Fifteen miles to the east of Prairie and Galah, is White Mountains, the backyard of "Clyde Park" Station. Here are innumerable unnamed and unexplored gorges, chasms and clefts cut in the same white, red and yellow sandstones——a hundred square

miles drained by the Flinders River, nearly 600 miles from its mouth.

The nearest metropolis with Fourex and Cairns Bitter is Hughenden, with 1,800 (poor) souls. It's 940 miles from Brisbane by the shortest route——Roma, Charleville, Blackall, Barcaldine, Muttaburra and Hughenden. A long trip? Find consolation in the fact that there's less than 300 miles of hot, dusty dirt road.

The best "road" map for the area is the 1:250,000 scale geographical or geological series Sheet, "Hughenden". More detailed maps are non-existent, and high-altitude aerial photographs are lifesavers.

Central North Queensland is a marvellous place, but see it in Winter. The view in the Summer is hazed by the clouds of bush flies and black native bees. The heat is intense on the treeless plains and the still, airless river flats are rather uncomfortable.

Galah Gorge is not a National Park and, while it is possible to live off the land, we, as bushwalkers, don't carry firearms and we're conservationists at heart. Besides, if you carry a gun you won't live off the land; you'll get kicked off by the most hostile animal in the area——a grazier——who may mistake you for a shooter!

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid nature.

Cowper——"The Task".

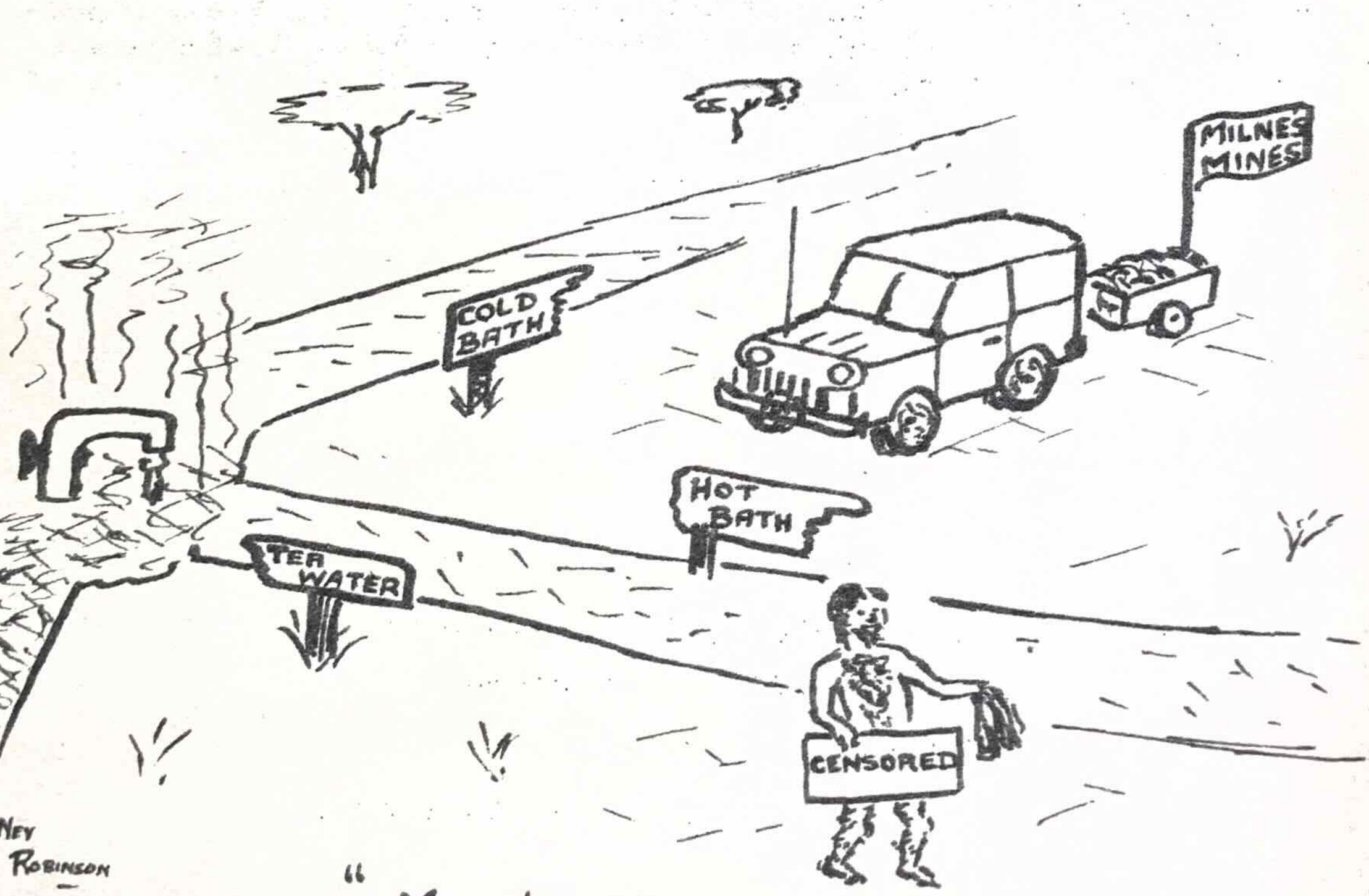
A LUXURY CAMP IN THE WEST

JOHN MILNE

You know how convenient it is to camp near water, and this day ended miles from a waterhole. So I chose to camp near a flowing bore. There is something mystical about these things ——no pumps, noisy engines or creaking windmills——just a very constant gurgling and sloshing as the fountain of water plays at the borehead. This one was surrounded with Mimosa trees and had several drains carrying the water away across the rolling downs.

For those whose education has progressed in other directions——this water flows from deep in the ground under pressure and is often quite hot. This bore was a comfortable temperature at the borehead, and an extremely comfortable camp was made with hot running water laid on. Now as you know, the very best of accommodation has cold running water as well. For cooler water, one merely strolls down the bore drain testing with an immersed toe until a certain distance, x, is reached where the desired temperature is found. Here one may indulge in that well-known monthly ritual——a hot bath.

Beware! Some bores would cook a lobster. These require a longer walk along the bore drain.



"MILNE'S MONTHLY RITUAL"

THE DRAKENSBERG : A BRIEF DESCRIPTION

JAMES HIRSCH

The Drakensberg is the highest mountain range in Southern Africa and is part of the eastern boundary of the interior plateau. The range forms a high lip to this main plateau. To the west there is a gradual sloping to the "high-veld" plateau: to the east a sharp drop to the so-called Little Berg, then to the sea.

Geologically, the lower layers of loess and sedimentary sandstone are intruded by volcanic rock. A large laval flow was deposited over this very erodable sandstone, forming a resistant basalt cap——the Drakensberg. The region has a high rainfall and the water and wind have eaten back into this cap from the sea. On this narrow eastern seaward side, this undercutting has resulted in the formation of a sheer wall of up to 3,000 ft. The remaining lower sandstone layers are extensively eroded. To the west the fall is marked by innumerable undulating hills, valleys and gorges.

The watershed on the top of this wall forms the eastern boundary of Lesoetha (Basutoland) with Natal. The rivers flowing west empty into the Orange River, while those flowing east fall over high waterfalls and into the sea. The most famous of these on the Tugela River drops a total of 2,800 feet. The escarpment 'wall' sweeps N.E. from the "Rhino" in the south to the "Giant's Castle" and then N.W. to "Mount aux Sources". The whole arc is about 150 miles long and in the main tourist region. The Natal foothills are all reserve areas and are rigidly controlled by the Forestry Department or the National Parks Board, whose policy it is to re-introduce game whose numbers have been depleted. Many hotels are scattered in the Little Berg on the edges of these parks. By contrast, the escarpment has few accessible routes and is isolated and uninhabited.

The foothills——the Little Berg——are 5,000 to 6,000 feet high and form rolling grass ridges which have been extensively eroded and dissected by wooded valleys and gorges. The wind and water erosion has resulted in the sandstone taking on fantastic shapes. With the abundant, clear mountain streams, the numerous sandstone caves,——many containing bushmen paintings——and the graded paths, this area can be ideal for a relaxing holiday. But no matter where you camp in the Little Berg, the escarpment towers overhead.

The top of the escarpment appears to be flat when viewed

from a distance, though on top, it is found that the undulations rise and fall 500 to 1,000 feet. The rim is roughly constant at about 9,000 to 10,000 feet— the highest peak being Thabana Ntlenyan at 11,425 feet.

The vegetation is typically low-tufted "chikki" bushes and grasses, which in Autumn take on a reddish hue. Many of the more exposed parts are bare, being subject to ice erosion, which often results in patches of loose, bare rubble which freeze at night. The surface is very rocky with patches of exposed rock fringed by a soil covering often forming a large mat over the bare rock. The escarpment is above the tree line and thus very open. Numerous sheep and goat tracks help to make walking very pleasant, provided the weather holds out.

The weather is the key factor in camping and walking. Everything is extreme, from winds which can lift a man and his pack, to the intense sun's rays which can burn a nose in a few hours. The area is one of high rainfall and Summers are characterized by afternoon showers; Autumn and Spring are generally the seasons for snowfalls; Winters are cold but clear. Mist is very common and can rapidly settle in for long periods. The iron in the rock renders compass readings useless; thus in thick mists you are generally stuck where you are. There are, fortunately, some caves and numerous over-hangs.

A few semi-wild horses live and breed on the rim. These are generally rounded up once a year and the best selected. They are the only domestic animals not taken in at night, even during the Winter. Further into Lesoetha, more huts become evident, perched high on outcrops and valley walls. These are stone, mud and dung with thatch roofs, and sheep and goat pens. The lone shepherds live a simple life. They are either young men not yet married, or old men retired. They tend flocks of sheep and Angora goats which graze in Spring and Summer on the nutritive grasses.

The Basutoe are a very hospitable people and often very naïve. The younger ones have rarely travelled beyond the borders of the valley in which they live; the older ones have worked on the mines in South Africa and are now content to retire in the sun. They are very able horsemen and the horses are exceptionally sure-footed, being able to trot up and down precarious slopes.

Although a few of the more popular sections of the escarpment can become crowded during holiday week-ends, the area is generally remote and isolated. The Wardens in charge of various reserves are fairly strict and can forbid access if the

weather is threatening, although they usually co-operate with members of recognized clubs. There is a fair bit of rock-climbing done, but the rock often tends to be rotten. Walking trips are usually undertaken over long week-ends or for short periods.

As the area is above the tree line, all food must be cooked on primuses. Extra warm clothing must be carried up too. Weight is cut to a minimum and as there is a plentiful supply of water, light dehydrated foods are favoured. A number of protein supplements and other balanced foods have been evolved to combat African malnutrition and these are a boon to walkers. Tinned food and other excessively heavy foods are minimized. The longer the trip the more precise the rationing necessary, and this is made easier as group, rather than individual catering is the usual practice when camping. The isolation makes essential a good First Aid kit and good maps, while cigarettes, the universal bartering agent, are recommended and may often be exchanged for some trout.

It is difficult to describe an area which, in its way, is unique and so different from anything in Australia. Some parts of Tasmania seem to come closest if such a comparison is to be made. The Drakensberg is an area which cannot be adequately described in a few pages. You may grow to love or hate the berg, but you always respect it.

So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Goldsmith—"The Traveller".

THE McILWRAITH RANGES OF CAPE YORK PENINSULA

WARWICK WILLMOTT

Along the eastern coastline of Cape York Peninsula is a strip of mountainous country 20 miles wide extending for about 70 miles in a north—south direction. This is the area of the McIlwraith Ranges. In places, they are as high as 2,600 feet and are mostly clothed with thick rain-forest. They form a remarkable contrast with the flat, dry plains of the western side of the Peninsula. To reach the ranges, one travels by a poor gravel road from Mareeba on the Atherton Tableland to Lowra, and thence by a four-wheel-drive track to the small township of Coen (population 40). A few rough tracks are the only means of access to the mountains themselves.

The time, money and effort required to travel to the Peninsula, combined with the inaccessibility of the mountains themselves, make actual bushwalking out of the question for most people. However, anyone who has a few weeks to spare and the use of a four-wheel-drive vehicle (with a winch of some type) can obtain views of magnificent scenery from these few rough tracks. This article attempts to describe the most profitable areas for such touring.

The Southern Area

The southern extent of the McIlwraith Ranges is a few miles south of the town of Coen. Here the mountains are quite open, but further to the east the range, which here is a flat plateau, is covered by thick rain-forest. This prevents any views from being obtained. Except for an occasional large hoop pine, the rain-forest appears to be devoid of any large timber, and is often choked by much undergrowth, particularly "Wait-a-While". However, it is in this area that new species of tree orchids are still being discovered. On the edge of the plateau the creeks and rivers have cut steep gorges; some of the best are the Massey River, Coen River, Peach Creek, and Home Creek. The Coen River Gorge is the most accessible——a day's walk from Coen up the river in open country brings one to a series of rapids, small waterfalls and rock pools. Fifteen miles north of Coen, just off the main road, good views can be obtained from the summit of Mt. Croll, a sharp peak which protrudes above the surrounding hills. Near here a rough track, which may be difficult to find, turns off to the east and skirts the north-western edge of the plateau. Looking to the south one can see the gorges of Peach and Home Creeks. The track continues east, eventually climbs the range and disappears into the rain-forest to an old gold mine at Leo Creek.

The Central Area—— the Buthen Buthen Track

On the main road, half a mile north of the Coen airport, a rough track turns off to the east and extends 45 miles to the old gold-mining settlement of Buthen Buthen at the headwaters of the Nesbit River. For the first 35 miles the track, which may be difficult to follow, travels over relatively flat, open grazing country along the western edge of the mountains. There are many bad creek crossings. The track then begins to cross the ranges and winds in and out of small, picturesque patches of rain-forest alternating with remarkable open grassy patches which appear to have been cleared. However, these are natural, as this is virgin country and lies within an aboriginal reserve. From these open patches spectacular views can be had of the high, rain-forested Macrossan Range which separates the wide valley of the Nesbit River from the Coral Sea. Shortly after descending the eastern side of the range, one reaches a small collection of huts, mine shafts, and an old crushing plant. This is Buthen Buthen, which was a small gold-mining area in the 1930's and 1940's. From here a very old track extends down the broad open valley of the Lockhardt River to Iron Range. Although good views of the coastal ranges can be had from this track, it will probably be impossible to find, and most vehicles will have to return to Coen the way they came.

The Northern Area: Iron Range—Portland Roads

Undoubtedly the most beautiful area on the whole Peninsula is around Iron Range. The track to this settlement turns off the main road about 55 miles north of Coen. It is usually very rough and trafficable only to vehicles with winches. From Coen to the old abandoned settlement of Wenlock the road is over flat, relatively open plains. East of Wenlock the country becomes more mountainous, but the really impressive scenery does not begin until after the Pascoe River crossing. Broad, flat valleys with low bushes alternate with high rain-forested mountains which are usually capped with cloud——a rough, remote area which has superficially been compared to S.W. Tasmania. At the summit of the range the road passes through Tozer Gap into the rain-forests of the coastal plain. Nearby Mt. Tozer is undoubtedly the most spectacular mountain of the whole McIlwraith Range. It has a sheer eastern face, but can be climbed easily from the western side. From the summit, wonderful views can be obtained of the ranges, the coastal plain, and far out to sea. From Mt. Tozer, the road continues through rain-forest to Iron Range, which consists of a Post Office, an airport, and a few nearby small cattle holdings. Over the last few miles the track

consists of the remains of a bitumen road, which runs from Iron Range to the port of Portland Roads. This is a settlement on the coast consisting of a jetty and a few houses. It is here that a monument is erected to the explorer, Kennedy, who last century was killed by aborigines while trying to reach the tip of Cape York. From Portland Roads good views can be obtained of the mountains extending northwards along the coast. Along this coastline the Great Barrier Reef is very close in shore.

During the last war, Iron Range was an important army and air force base maintained by thousands of men. Gun emplacements were even constructed at Portland Roads. Wrecked planes and abandoned overgrown airstrips can still be seen around the present airport. The area came to life again in the late 1950's when intense prospecting was carried out for iron ore. However, the deposits proved uneconomic, activity ceased, and since then Iron Range has declined to its present size.

Other Areas on Cape York Peninsula

Many people are attracted by the idea of driving up the length of the Peninsula and finally arriving at Cape York, the northernmost tip of Australia. Unfortunately the road is very rough north of Coen, and especially rough north of the Moreton Telegraph Station (average speed, 5m.p.h.). Most vehicles are blocked by the Jardine River which can be crossed for only a few weeks in September—October, in some years only. The bauxite-mining town of Weipa on the west coast of the Peninsula is owned by a private company and travellers are not permitted to enter except in emergencies.

While travelling around the Peninsula one is impressed by the remoteness and isolation. It must be stressed that adequate food and water, fuel and spare parts must be carried in the vehicle at all times. During the wet season from October to April, all tracks north of Laura are untrafficable.

The best maps of the McIlwraith Ranges are the Coen and Cape Weymouth 1:250,000 Sheets published by the Department of National Mapping. For anybody contemplating visiting these mountains I would be happy to give more details if they could drop me a line at

15 Kirkland Ave., Coorparoo.

They can be assured such a trip would be well worthwhile.

THE McILWRAITH RANGES
CAPE YORK PENINSULA N. QLD.

SCALE 1 INCH = 16 MILES

TRACKS

RANGES

TO CAPE YORK

GRAMWELL H.S.

OLIVE R.

TEMPLE BAY

PIOMETON T.S.

WENLOCK R.

SIR WILLIAM THOMPSON RA.

PASCOE R.

PORTLAND ROADS

MT. NELSON

MT. TOZER 1767

IRON RANGE

LOCKHARDT R. MISSION.

GREAT BARRIER REEF

CORAL SEA

TO WEIPA

WENLOCK R.

MT. CAMEL 2200

JACK'S KNOB

BUTHEN BUTHEN

FALLOCH CK.

ARCHER R

McILWRAITH RA

NESBIT R.

MASSEY R.

BIRTHDAY MT.

ROKEBY H.S.

PEACH CR

COEN AIRPORT

MT. CROLL

McILWRAITH RA # 2700'

COEN R.

COEN

TO LAURA

SILVER PLAINS H.S.

THIS MAP

CAIRNS

SOUTH AUSTRALIA'S FLINDERS RANGES

KEITH HARRISON

This is not meant to be a detailed account of this area. It is the result of a hurried four-day reconnaissance of the area in January 1967 by myself and two other pseudo-bushwalkers in a rather aged but reliable car. The Flinders Ranges extend from the south in the vicinity of Port Pirie, about 200 miles north to the area between Lakes Torrens and Frome. They are composed of tilted Proterozoic and Cambrian slates, dolomites, limestones, sandstones and quartzites, and owe their scenic grandeur to the erosion-resistant quartzites which remain as long, high ridges after erosion of the old plateau surface. Vegetation in the area is quite varied. Giant river red gums mark out the creek beds and other depressions, while forest-like stands of a rather attractive native cypress pine cover other areas. In the late Spring the bottle-bush displays its brilliant crimson brushes. On the steeper slopes there are many grass trees, and much of this ground is covered by a rather impenetrable porcupine grass or spinifex. The two greatest needs for walking in this area are a water bottle and a hat—— both large size.

In the Lower Flinders Ranges between Port Pirie and Port Augusta there are three passes crossing the ranges. By following a zig-zag path it is possible to pass through each of these on the way north. The Lower Flinders Ranges, while lacking the barren ruggedness of their northern counterparts, are very pretty. North of Port Pirie, at Port Germein, the road crosses to Murray Town through Germein Gorge and then further north crosses back to Port Augusta through Horrocks Pass. Heading north towards the main part of the Flinders Ranges from Port Augusta, the road passes through Pichi Richi Pass, the last one sees of the Lower Flinders Ranges.

Twenty-five miles north of Port Augusta is Quorn. From here a rather doubtful road can be taken to Warren and Buckaringa Gorges. The next forty miles of road to Hawker passes through rather flat country crossed by creeks and with ranges on the skyline. One point of interest on this section is the old Kanyaka Homestead, one of the earliest in the area. The ruins of many of the buildings still stand. Just south of Hawker are the Yourambulla Caves which contain a number of aboriginal paintings. At Hawker, the road forks. One road goes to Marree and the other to Wilpena Pound. Wilpena Pound is the main attraction of the Flinders Ranges, due to its beauty, easy accessibility and excellent tourist facilities.

The Pound is a large, oval-shaped, natural amphitheatre about nine miles long, formed by a large bowl-shaped fold in the earth's strata. As a result, the inside walls of the Pound are gently sloping while the outside walls are near-vertical cliffs of quartzite and sandstone. It has only one entrance, where Wilpena Creek flows out of the Pound. Just outside the Pound on this creek is Wilpena Chalet, where excellent camping facilities exist. The Pound is crossed by numerous well-marked tracks which give easy accessibility to all the interesting features of the area. On the north-east rim of the Pound is St. Mary's Peak, which, at 3,900 feet, is South Australia's second highest peak. It is an excellent day's trip climbing this from the outside of the Pound and walking across to Wilpena Creek inside the Pound and then back out to the camping ground. The view from the peak is superb, with the dry lakes to the north, the rugged splendour of the Pound, and desert all round.

Travelling north from Wilpena towards Blinman, roads lead off to many interesting spots such as Bunyeroo Valley, Brachina Gorge, and Aroona Valley. These side roads are often quite rough and steep and it is advisable to travel on them with extreme caution. To the right of the road just before Blinman is a long mesa named the Great Wall of China. At Blinman the main attraction is an old copper mine on the edge of town. The road then travels west through beautiful Parachilna Gorge to Parachilna on the main Port Augusta—Marree road.

Maps of the Flinders Ranges are limited. Wilpena Pound and its environs are covered by a map compiled by Adelaide Bushwalkers and is available at the chalet or from the R.A.A. Another invaluable aid to travel in the area is the booklet "Touring The Flinders Ranges", available for a small fee from the R.A.A.

Mountains are the beginning and the end of all natural scenery.

Ruskin.

S.W. TASMANIA——PORT DAVEY TO MACQUARIE HARBOUR

EDDIE WRIGHT

About mid 1966, the Launceston Walking Club decided to go on a two-week coastal walk, following in the steps of Robinson, an early explorer of the 1850's. The main reason for visiting the area was to look for aboriginal huts left behind by the inhabitants and described by Robinson in his journal as being at No-me in Nye Bay. Word of our trip got around and before long we had organized a semi-scientific expedition to study the geology, botany, zoology and anthropology of the area for the Queen Victoria Museum in Launceston. The Director of the Museum and one of his assistants were to accompany us and this gave the whole idea an air of great importance.

A week before our departure, air drops were made at Nye Bay and Low Rocky Point; and then on 27th December, eleven members flew in to Port Davey. A further five members of the party had spent the previous five days walking from Catamarran and were at Melaleucca Inlet, Port Davey, to greet us. The flight from Launceston was magnificent with all the main mountain ranges coming into view as we flew south, by-passing Lake Pedder which will be flooded, in a few years, if the Hydro Electricity Commission have their way. We spent the night at Melaleucca in the hut belonging to Danny King, who mines tin in the area. Chris. Donaldson, who had arrived from Catamarran, was baking a loaf of bread in the camp oven as we arrived, and this turned out to be really delicious.

The next day Danny took us and a party from N.S.W. on a really beautiful six-hour trip on his yacht, up Bathurst Harbour to Bond Bay. We saw the 4,000 ft. Mt. Rugby reflected in the harbour as we left Pt. Davey. On the journey up the harbour the scenery changed from scrub-covered hills to open button-grass, and later, to white quartzite cliffs. The harbour opened out into Pt. Davey proper which is about five miles across at the heads and was as calm as a mill pond as we crossed to Bond Bay, where we camped the night. The next day food and party gear were sorted out and we headed out across the button-grass and knee-high scrub, cutting off the headland. We had planned the trip so that camp would be set up after only half-a-day's walk, so most of the afternoons could be used for studying the surroundings.

The next four days were spent getting to Nye Bay only about 25 miles from Bond Bay. Spare time was used to catch crayfish, insects, snakes and so on. The three Tasmanian snakes,

the Tiger, Copperhead and Whipsnake, are all poisonous, and we saw examples of these as well as wombats, Tachyglossus, Native Cats, Native Rats and Wallabies. Traps were set at night, for rats, to give us an idea of their distribution along this part of the coast. There were numerous middens to be sifted through on the beaches, and at one point we found the skull of a forty-foot sperm whale. Not far from the scene was a huge harpoon about five feet long. No doubt this whale had got away, only to die and be washed up on the rocks. On one small beach was the wreck of a steel sailing ship which had perished in a storm at sea about 1910 and been washed up on to the beach. The seaward side was mostly broken up but nevertheless was duly clambered over and photographed at great length.

Closer to Nye Bay we came across the only real obstacle of the trip——the Giblin River. The rivers in this part of the State are stained the colour of black tea because they drain the button-grass plains, so it is impossible to tell how deep they are. After a long debate, we decided to build a raft of driftwood, to cross the 100 yards to the far bank. No real problem existed, however, as it was no deeper than five feet.

On reaching our air-drop we set up camp at No-me in Nye Bay, spending the next day there eating and drinking all the goodies that were too heavy to carry. We were able to do a good deal of study in this area but could not find the huts that Robinson had talked about. Presumably they had been blown away or perhaps covered with the shifting sand of the dunes.

The next three days were spent in getting to the next air-drop at Low Rocky Point. On the way we came across two "Pied Oyster Catcher" eggs and watched, fascinated, as one chick hatched out. We pushed on across the now-familiar button-grass, along beaches and, in some parts, through thick scrub which grows back for about fifty yards from the coast. At the approach to the Little Rocky R. we had to spend about four hours clambering over rock which is typical of this part of the coast and is most unpleasant to walk on because of the very rough surface produced by weathering. After this, we came across a "bombardier" track and followed this across the button-grass to the air-drop. Some of the party went down to the coast to see the Lighthouse that is serviced by the "bombardier" (a vehicle like a 'snow-cat'), and then returned to where the rest had set up camp just across the Lewis River, which is bridged. The next stage of the trip was to take us across the button-grass along the Bombardier track to Birch Inlet in Macquarie Harbour, a distance of fifty miles.

Our first day on the track was pure Hell! The sun was beating down and reflecting up from the grass; there was not a breath of wind, and after a couple of hours most members were exhausted; but we had to press on. The next day proved even more exhausting since the track now became a quartzite road. About mid-morning we stumbled into a B.H.P. prospecting camp and were given a welcome cup of tea. For the rest of the day we trudged along this road battling against strong winds which blew up over the ridges. There was not a tree in sight large enough to make tent poles, and we had covered about twenty-five miles when we finally dropped down into a gully for the night. I was so tired that I went to sleep for a few minutes on the dry boulders of the stream. The next morning as we moved off down the road we could see the inlet not far away and knew we would reach it the next day.

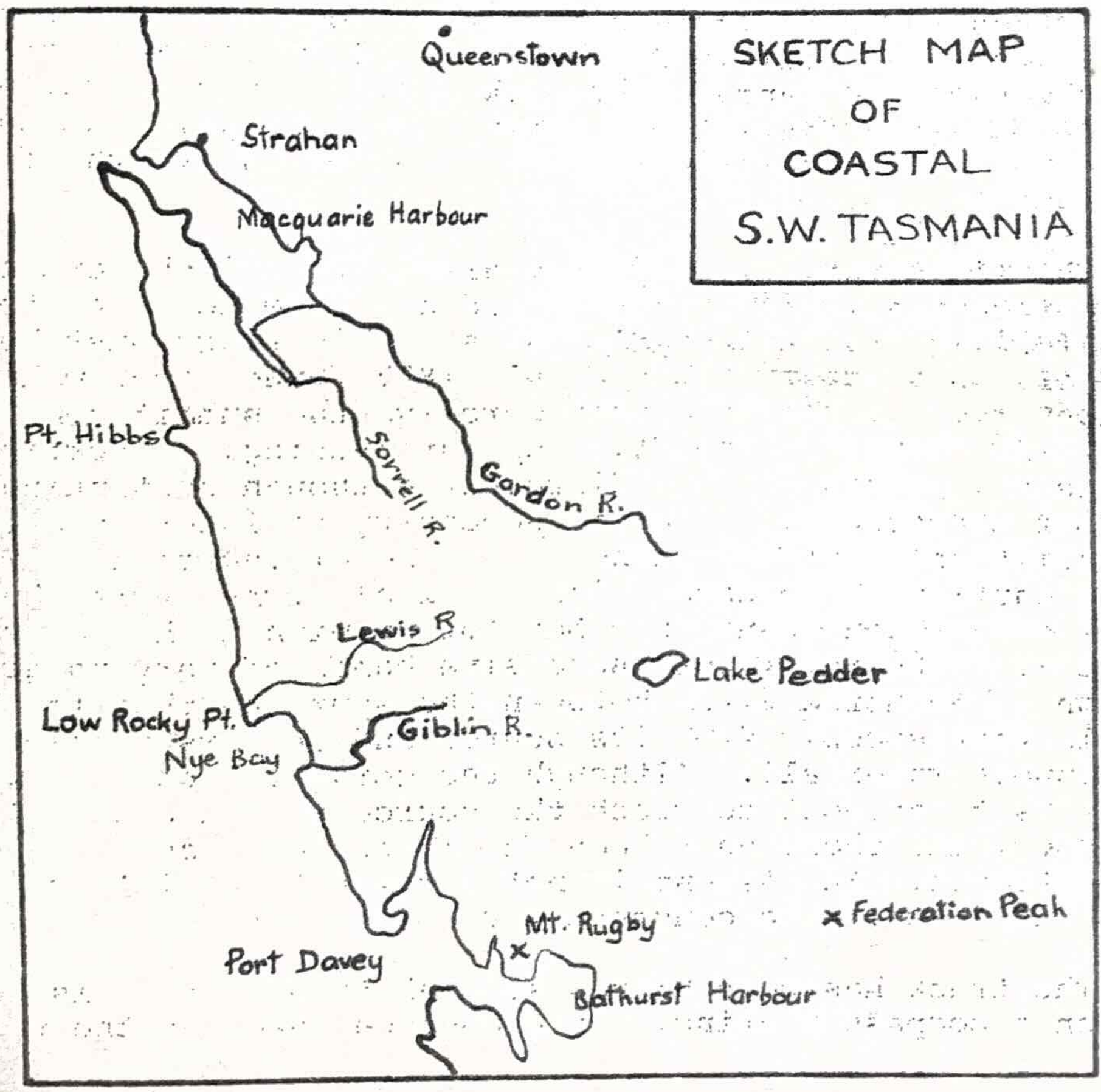
The track once again became button-grass, and after a while we left it, making for the mouth of the Gordon River where we were to be picked up by boat. The Sorrell River, which had been an unknown quantity, was easily crossed, and camp set up on its banks for the night. This part of the country is already well-known by zoologists, so interest in the scientific side of the trip waned.

Another day would have seen us at the mouth of the Gordon, but not long after we had started next morning, and just after we had battled through fifteen-foot-high scrub, one of the girls collapsed. Luckily we had two doctors in the party and they were able to administer drugs while a party of three went to Birch Inlet to see if a B.H.P. helicopter could take her out. In the meantime, we made a stretcher and tried to make her comfortable. The boys returned about five hours later with news that the "chopper" had gone to Hobart, but, by a stroke of luck they had contacted a fisherman who had agreed to take a stretcher party to Strahn in his boat. So we struggled along through the button-grass for an hour or so till we reached the shores of the inlet——I didn't realize that one little girl could be so heavy! They were soon on their way, leaving the rest of us at the water's edge, feeling very miserable about the whole affair as we were not sure how bad things were. We were to be picked up the next day in the inlet so the next morning we went round to a small bay where we waited, basking in the sun, till the boat arrived about 6 o'clock that night.

We travelled up Macquarie Harbour for four hours in the boat, eventually reaching Strahn. From there it was on to Queenstown in the club bus, and then home next day.

Together we had gathered a lot of useful information for the museum, and had all enjoyed the visit immensely except for the unfortunate episode near the end.

This area is well worth a visit by walkers but is relatively inaccessible and therefore only suitable for longer trips. From Low Rocky Point to Birch Inlet is not very exciting at all, but I believe B.H.P. is putting in an airstrip near Low Rocky Point, so that the walk from there to Port Davey or vice versa may, in the future, become more popular. The coastline is not particularly rugged so that for future walks, as accessibility improves, the coast could become an alternative route on visits to the Frankland Range and Lake Pedder.



EUNGELLA NATIONAL PARK

MARGARET BROOKS

Eungella National Park is the largest of the parks in Queensland, having an area of approximately 122,800 acres. Bushwalking features of this area are Mt. Dalrymple, Mt. David, Mt. William and Massey Gorge to the north and west, and the more touristed area to the south. The park is sickle-shaped around the Pioneer Valley giving spectacular views from all points of height and from the rim.

Two trips were made to this area, each at the extremes of the northern weather, August and December. The December party was lucky to escape the two dangers inherent in a Summer trip to this area——the fires, and the Wet season——both of which can oome without warning and make it extremely dangerous.

Access to the park is via Mackay from where one can proceed by road and rail to Finch Hatton, 40 miles west at the foot of the Eungella Range. The milk truck leaves Mackay at about 1.00 p.m. to travel to the township of Eungella at the top of the range. The tourist area is 4 miles to the south of the township.

The first party in August started from Finch Hatton. The Gorge road was followed to its end and from here the tourist path was followed to St. Peter's Falls. This ridge must be followed or, as a first party in July 1877 found, "you will be at a height of 3,000 ft. and then perceive the summit some 3 mls. away and a gorge 3,000 ft. deep intervening." Shortly after this the path fell into disrepair although continuing up for another thousand feet. It is necessary to ignore the track at this point and continue along the spine of the ridge. The gorge is beautifully forested with tropical ferns at the base. The ridge vegetation opens into Box forest with light ferns underfoot at 3,000 ft. after successive bands of varying ground vegetation. The Gorge River between the spur and that to the west falls very steeply from its source and appears as almost one continuous waterfall. Although the gorge is beautiful, it is dangerous to attempt to reach the source of the creek of the gorge proper, and there have been fatal accidents as the result of such attempts. The ascent is not difficult but is very long, taking about 8 hrs. at a constant rate.

The track has been blazed several times but it is better to rely on a compass bearing. Care must be taken on the top to

find the peak on the right and not to veer off down to the gorge to the left. The party lunched on the second day on a rocky outcrop on the right side of the ridge and from here the peak was visible as a boulder outcrop on the right of the ridge. A compass bearing enabled the plaque-marked summit, camouflaged by thick vegetation, to be found within an hour.

From Mt. Dalrymple there is a 360° view, this peak being the third highest in Queensland. Here there are also extensive cave-like openings among boulders.

It had been necessary to carry water from St. Peter's Falls. Having made camp on the 2nd night on the saddle to the left of the summit, the party found supplies of water in springs by dropping off either side for 100 ft. The attack was made on Mt. David on the third day of the trip. This needle-shaped rock was clearly visible from Mt. Dalrymple, and the survey marker made obvious the summit of Mt. William. Several large boulders were scaled to allow a compass bearing to be made, and the ascent was facilitated by following the ridge from the boulder to the base of Mt. David.

From Mt. David the route to Mt. William was plotted to descend into the valley between David and the next peak and to proceed up the side of a ridge to the right and to follow this to that peak and from there to Mt. William. Having reached the base of the valley the party followed by mistake, a steeply sloping creek flowing to the south. The creek was abandoned to follow one flowing to the north until the junction with one to the west. This led, often as an underground river, to the base of the ridge which was the original objective. The ridge was scaled and followed to the first peak and the final route to Mt. William was plotted along a spur to a saddle. A clearing in the trees allowed a fortunate sighting of Mt. William. The party was re-directed down the saddle at right angles to the spur and Mt. William was climbed. From the top one can see to the west and south-west the trace of Massey Gorge. At the foot of the actual peak is a ready-made campsite. The party had been fearful of wild pigs and their presence was now obvious from the uprooted ferns and soil. About 100 ft. beyond the top is the beginning of a well-blazed track to the farmhouse seen from the peak.

Massey Peak is a frightening prospect to the local inhabitants. According to them anyone wanted by the police disappears in there and is never seen again, and the police search party always gets lost. From the Eungella—Mt. William road the second party followed a branch road to the left for

EUNGELLA

NATIONAL PARK.

Scale: 1" = 4 mi.

CLARKE

O'CONNELL

NORTH

COAST RLY

RIVER

R.

Ck.

Urannah

EUNGELLA

NATIONAL

PARK.

BROKEN RIVER

DICK'S

TABLELAND

MASSEY GORGE

creek.

Mt. William 4120'

Mt. David 3990'

Mt Dalrymple 4190'

The Gorge

Massey

Pla Ck.

BROKEN

BROKEN RIVER

RANGE.

2066

Lookout

Cattle

Creek

EUNGELLA

Lookout

NETHERDALE

FINCH HATTON

CLARKE

RIVER

2930

Lookout

The Pinnacles

RANGE

five miles. The road to the south was followed in the hope that it would lead, as reputed, to the edge of the gorge. It proved to continue south instead of west. The party descended into the valley and, by mistake to the Alpha River after having been affronted by gun-bearing pig hunters. Climbing out of the river the party encountered a timber-track which led to the right road that meandered through country varying from the tropical vegetation of the Alpha River through open forest to the dry scrub at the top of the gorge. Traversing several ridges until one was found that went to the bottom, the party fought its way down the very steep lantana-covered sides. Water had not been carried and it was not possible to know if there was water in the gorge. Four days' supply of oranges had been consumed before the party, thinking only of the effort to get out, arrived at the base of the gorge which proved to be a second Boonoo Boonoo. One member of the party was unable to traverse the steep rocky ledge a few hundred feet from camp in the rain on the following morning. An attempt was made to traverse above the ledge through the lantana but as only 25 ft. had been gained in half an hour, the party decided to abandon its original plan to follow the gorge to its source and to climb out opposite Mt. William using it as a landmark to make for if all else failed. The party split into two groups, one following the gorge down, finding it to widen out as expected, and the other following the narrowing gorge as far as a day's travel would allow. The party considered walking down the gorge until it opened out into the cattle country of the tourist area towards Broken River, but as time was the limiting factor they chose a ridge that appeared to go to the top. Even the woman in the party was forced to lend a hand in pushing down the lantana that continued for about 800 ft. A ridge was followed from the top, keeping to the left. The party missed a saddle to the left that led to the road, and continued along the ridge until it became obvious that they had to retrace their steps or be faced by several days of impenetrable ridges and valleys to the rim around the Pioneer Valley. The ridge to the left was found and led to the road that should have originally been followed on the first day. A thirteen-mile walk brought the party to the first farmhouse.

The area to the south-west was not visited on either trip. It is, however, very attractive tropical jungle and a trip could be made from the tourist area of Broken River to the rim, and this can be followed making a descent from behind Finch Hatton or from Mt. Pinnacle.

The area is relatively unexplored. No single map of the whole area, suitable for bushwalking purposes, is available.

The first attempted ascent of Mt. Dalrymple in 1877 was unsuccessful after a three day attempt by a well-equipped party of local identities. This was followed by a successful ascent of equally illustrious walkers in 1878, complete with flares to tell the waiting population the mountain had been conquered. Any trip to this area will receive an unprecedented amount of publicity in the local paper. The August party had the distinction of having the second and third women to scale the mountain. One is not to be intimidated with the area's history——it has much to offer and is relatively unexplored. Its isolation is constantly forced upon the walker from its many vantage points.

About three trips, each of three or four days' duration, could be attempted. A party on a ten-day trip could proceed from Finch Hatton via the Mt. Dalrymple——Mt. William route, into Massey Gorge, following it to the Broken River area, and then to the rim with a descent at any point between the point of exit and Mt. Pinnacle.

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CONSERVATION OF MOUNT ETNA, CENTRAL QUEENSLAND

R.K. HEADLAND
(Uni. of Queensland Speleological Soc.)

During the early part of 1962, after initial exploratory trips, the University of Queensland Speleological Society became interested in the quarrying activities at Mount Etna. The geographical and general background information on this matter has already appeared in these pages (Vol. 7, page 65) together with items in the Newsletters and Bulletins of the Speleological Society. This article shall principally concern itself with the present situation and a summary of the case; a brief introduction is, however, included.

Mount Etna is situated some two miles from The Caves township which is on the Northern railway line some 18 miles north of Rockhampton. It is an isolated conical hill about 1,000 feet high, substantially of eroded limestone. A limestone ridge to the south of it is also cavernicolous and is generally included when the area is being discussed. Mining leases have been granted, covering areas designated "Recreation (!!!) Reserves", to Central Qld. Cement Company on Mount Etna. The Company has recently built a very large factory at Parkhurst some four miles north of Rockhampton. Quarrying has commenced and is proceeding at Mt. Etna. Already a very large face is open.

Conservation: There are several reasons why the Speleological Society considers that it will be to the advantage of the community if the mountain were to be conserved, and why serious economic consequences will result if the present quarrying continues.

These are enumerated below and discussed briefly under their respective headings (not in order of importance).

1. *Aesthetic*
2. *Geological*
3. *Biological*
4. *Economic*
5. *Tourist.*

1. Aesthetic considerations.——These are primarily confined to the caves themselves together with the formations of carbonate of lime within them. These formations grow at an extraordinarily slow rate, millions of years usually being involved; thus destruction of them can for all practical purposes be considered

permanent and irreversible. Many of the caves have substantially dried out a considerable time ago and the majority of formations are not now growing. Exceptions are quite common and provide examples of the most fascinating of natural productions. The Main Cave has a wet, glistening, grey-brown column some 15 inches in diameter and about 20 feet high, a very rare and beautiful object. The Carn Dum, Huntsman complex has areas of flowstone stalactites and stalagmites of form comparable to the best of Tourist caves.

Better than either of these, and in far more imminent danger of destruction, is a new previously unopened cave which was broached at the quarry face. This cave, 570 feet deep into the mountain, is filled with some of the best ornamentation of any Australian cave despite its somewhat restricted area when compared with other systems (e.g. Jenolan). Represented in it are numerous stalactites, stalagmites of the normal form, straw stalactites, hollow, thinner than a pencil and up to six feet long, helictites branching and bending without reference to gravity in all directions, areas of flowstone and a deep golden 40-foot high wall column ornamentation. Bracket formations about half an inch thick and delicately transparent adorn the walls. This ornamentation varies from pure white to oranges, yellows, browns and other shades all glistening and reflective in a perpetual film of water (photographs available). It is difficult to justify the destruction of this intrinsic part of Australia's Natural Heritage——irreplaceable——for an ephemeral commercial development. Are future generations of persons entitled to such consideration? Was sufficient given to this generation?

2. *Geological.*——The writer is not a geologist and wishes to indicate that this aspect has been well treated by geologists in other articles (see references). These refer to Queensland having very few cave areas and that this one is exceptional in cave development. The caves have developed vertically rather than horizontally as is usual. This warrants special study and consequent preservation. One should never criticize such pure studies for lack of practical aspects (neither had penicillin until World War II).

3. *Biological.*——This too tends to be a somewhat pure study without immediate practical applications (*vide* penicillin). Cave-adapted animals and plants have to live and reproduce in an exceedingly aberrant habitat far removed from anything comparable, except in some cases the parasitic mode of life. Light is unvariable and other sense organs are developed to compensate for the lack of sight; pigments are lost together with the biochemical processes for making them. Groups develop which are

very much separated from the other members of their Biological Orders. It is remarkable that many different caves have surprisingly similar inhabitants, an interesting problem in fauna distribution. Ecological investigations of these habitats may lead to much further knowledge on ecological adaption of all animals and plants (including Man).

Macroderma gigas, a rare large bat, ranks equally well with the platypus and koala bear as a uniquely Australian mammal. It is very much dependent on the caves for its survival and may become extinct without them. Is it not entitled to as much protection as all other uniquely Australian mammals?

Botannically, the area contains good examples of an uncommon example of Vine Scrub Rain Forest type vegetation, restricted to that habitat and as yet virtually uninvestigated.

Miniopteris schreibersii is dependent on the caves——it is mentioned under Economic Aspects.

4. *Economic aspects.*——The mountain contains a large cave known as "Bat Cleft" which is the breeding cave for about 400,000 bats (*Miniopteris schreibersii*). The requirements of breeding caves are very stringent. It is very unlikely that the bats could ever establish a new breeding site if this one were to be destroyed. Blasting and quarrying is getting dangerously close to the cave and already rock falls have occurred. These very large numbers of bats are totally insectivorous in diet, and feed only at night. The other major insect predator is the bird. This does not destroy any but the smallest numbers of insects during the night. Moths, whose caterpillars are the principally economically destructive and the most costly of all insect pests, fly to a very large extent only at night. It has been estimated that the bats eat over one ton of moths each night. Thus it is seen that they are an extraordinarily important control on moth populations, protecting not only farm crops but also timber and the vast areas of grassland in the whole of Central Queensland. The effect on Central Queensland's primary production, which is worth far more than any cement development is potentially very grave and regrettably permanent.

5. *Tourism.*——The Caves have something to offer the tourist which is not found anywhere in the vicinity and nowhere in Queensland so close to transportation and a large town. Two private sets of tourist caves are now open for inspection and are suitably rewarding their owners.

All of the above becomes particularly notable when it is realized that for the cement company to operate to the advantage

and greater development of Central Queensland it is totally unnecessary to quarry Mt. Etna. Other sources of non-caverniculous or very slightly caverniculous limestone are available in the immediate vicinity with reserves of up to three million tons. Authorities are quoted in the references.

It is essential, if any effect is to be had from this, that action be taken *swiftly*. Gone is the time when persons can conveniently procrastinate. The whole campaign has a remarkable history of procrastination since 1962. It is hoped that the above items will receive consideration and that the future of much of this State will not be risked for what will be a short-term economic gain. It is essential to preserve a definite course of action once this has started to have any hope of success. Already newspaper and radio publicity have been utilized. More should follow.

In conclusion, I am of the opinion that we may expect to see an end to this one way or another within the next year, or the destruction will have proceeded so far as to have removed any reason for conservation.

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FIRST DESCENT OF "PIGLET HELP! HELP!"——MT. ETNA

PAUL CAFFYN

LOCATION

"Piglet Help! Help!" E.17[1] is a cave on Mt, Etna which is eighteen miles north of Rockhampton. "Piglet Help! Help!"is situated 50 ft. to the left of Carn Dûm E15.

DESCRIPTION

The entrance to "Piglet Help! Help!" is amongst the roots of a creeping fig tree. It is only a small entrance about 2 ft. wide by 1 ft. 6 ins. high. Immediately inside, the wall of the cave falls away vertically. The sides are vertical also, about 5 ft. apart, and in horizontal section they extend into the mountain for some way.

PREVIOUS HISTORY

"Piglet Help! Help!" was first discovered on a University of Qld. Speleological Society trip to Mt. Etna in August 1965, this being the trip when nearly all the present known caves were found. The U.Q.S.S. party had just found Carn Dûm E15..... again, and as they were speleos, were engaged in serious discussion over "Lord of the Rings" (from which the name "Carn Dûm" was taken) and "Winnie the Pooh". Mike Graham put his head into a small entrance and shouted "Help!". Consequently the name "Piglet Help! Help!" was given to the cave.[2]

On the Easter 1966 Mt. Etna trip, Mike Graham abseiled down to the 60 ft. ledge in this cave, where he found 20 ft. of rubble slope before the next pitch appeared. By "gibberology" he estimated its depth to be 60 ft. (The accuracy of this was proved on the August 1966 trip.) Henry Shannon then abseiled down with elaborate safety precautions. A pulley-karabiner system was set up with the pulley attached to the roots of the fig tree. Using this method, seven other members of U.Q.S.S. were able to see the cave from the 60 ft. ledge, including Bev. Riley, Wendie Robinson, Brian McLoughlin and myself.

---

[1] Refers to numbering system instituted by Michael Graham for caves on Mt. Etna. See U.Q.S.S. Newsletter, 1966.

[2] See "Winnie the Pooh", A.A. Milne, p.130, paragraph 3, line 8.

THE FIRST DESCENT

Then, on the 19th August 1966 a party set off from the campsite, including Dell Cowley, Dean Farley, Mike Meadows, John Hine, Bill Campbell, Robert Headland and myself. We were carrying with us, as we ascended the slopes of Mt. Etna:

520 ft. of nylon and hemp rope; one large pulley; four karabiners; numerous waistbands and 20 ft. of wire ladder.

After tying a 120 ft. nylon rope on to the fig tree roots, I abseiled down into "Piglet Help! Help!", belayed by Mike. Arriving at the 60 ft. level which had been previously reached, I kicked off the loose rock debris and abseiled over. The next pitch was vertical and slippery, as water was seeping down it. It was smooth with minor secondarily deposited calcite. I then reached the floor of the cave and found that I had 3 inches of rope which had not passed through the karabiner. This showed the first two pitches to have a total length of 120 ft. The floor of the cave is approximately 15 ft. long by 3 ft. wide with two extensions.

1. The first extension descended hard to the left at an angle of 50° and dropped over a small waterfall into a black void, in which 50——100 bats were flying around.

2. The second extension went straight into the mountain. It consisted of a deep, narrow fissure——a very tight squeeze.

John then came down, also belayed by Mike. After a quick discussion Mike was called down and he abseiled down without the safety rope. We then tied on another 120 ft. hemp rope around a pillar of limestone, and let it down into extension 1. I began abseiling again. The first 3 ft. was down the 60° angle of descent. The next 10 ft. was down a moist, vertical waterfall, at the base of which I rested on small footholds. Abseiling again, I found the following 30 ft. was vertical limestone which suddenly left me in mid-air as the wall sloped away at 30° to the horizontal. I then free-abseiled to the floor of the cave——about 70 ft.

This cave is directly underneath the one at the 120 ft. level. The cave floor consists of a moist mixture of guano and mud. The walls were also covered with a layer of guano—mud, thus hiding any secondary formations and making climbing virtually impossible. By "guesstimation" I established the

dimensions of the cave as 50 ft. long, 35 ft. wide, and 70 ft. high. At the lowest point a stream bed flowed to the right (north). It consisted of the guano—mud mixture with lumps of weathered limestone intermixed. I proceeded down this for 15 ft. until it became too tight. With some digging this may lead to a new or an already-known cave. Bats were still present in the air above, but their numbers were decreasing now. The actual depth of "Piglet Help! Help!" was calculated as 228 ft. (as I had 12 ft. of rope spare, and allowed for tying on etc.). This is the deepest cave so far found on Mt. Etna.

Mike and John then sent down another rope to which I tied the end of my rope. Mike had tied himself into a belay position and was able to take in the slack as I climbed with the rope passing once through the karabiner. This cave is extremely difficult to get out of, and we had only 20 ft. of wire ladder at the entrance. For a start I went up a vertical somewhat overhanging chimney, then a 30 ft. pendulum. The rope jammed and there was a lot of yelling, but I finally joined Mike and John.

From the 120 ft. level I tied on to the safety line and Dell and Bill pulled me up via the pulley, while I pulled myself up on the abseil rope. We then extricated Mike and John in that order, and three exhausted, sweating, filthy speleos were reunited on the slopes of Mt. Etna.

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F E A R

SUSIE O'DONNELL

What is fear? What is this emotion, which assails man when he is faced directly with something which seems unconquerable, inviolate and everlastingly victorious; which worms its way insidiously through man's consciousness and forces dumb negation to usurp fervent aspiration?

How ironical that man should despair of his life when the restless search for that ultimate, elusive state of being seems fruitless; yet that he should, when confronted with the challenge of pitting his strength against Nature, suddenly, vehemently, obstinately clutch, with all his available strength, to the life which, a day, a week, a month ago, he wanted to forsake because of its futility!

Is it because, at present, we are surrounded by material possessions which provide comfort and convenience; because we do not have to struggle for our very existence; because fear is not our everyday companion, that it attacks us with such impact and we succumb to the instinct of preservation to retreat once more, a victim of its power?

Swallow fear; pit oneself against the rock, and the effort in overcoming the rock-face——and more important, one's fear——will make all the hitherto insignificant hours of life seem worthwhile. By facing possible death, man is liberated from the chains he has welded for his own feet and he suddenly discovers the preciousness of life.

Man cannot dispel fear. Each time he sets his paltry strength against Nature, he is beset with dread and alarm, aware that this might be the time his number comes up. But, to retire without an attempt is a worse fate. An uneasy conscience plagued with the thought that one might have won, is not a satisfying companion.

Learning to accept fear and to go ahead in spite of it is difficult, but life is enriched a thousand times over each time fear loses a battle and man is the victor.

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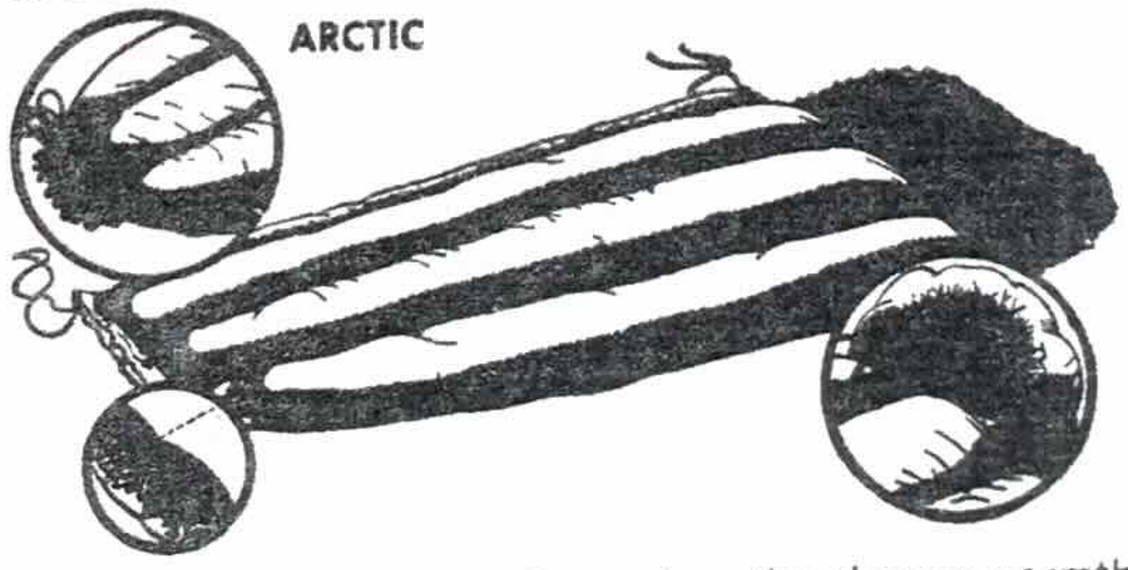
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UNIVERSITY OF QUEENSLAND BUSHWALKING CLUB

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Compiler: R.K. HEADLAND

Roman Numerals are used for Volume Numbers, Arabic for pages. The pagination for I and II is presumed to start at 'Editorial' and to ignore blank pages.

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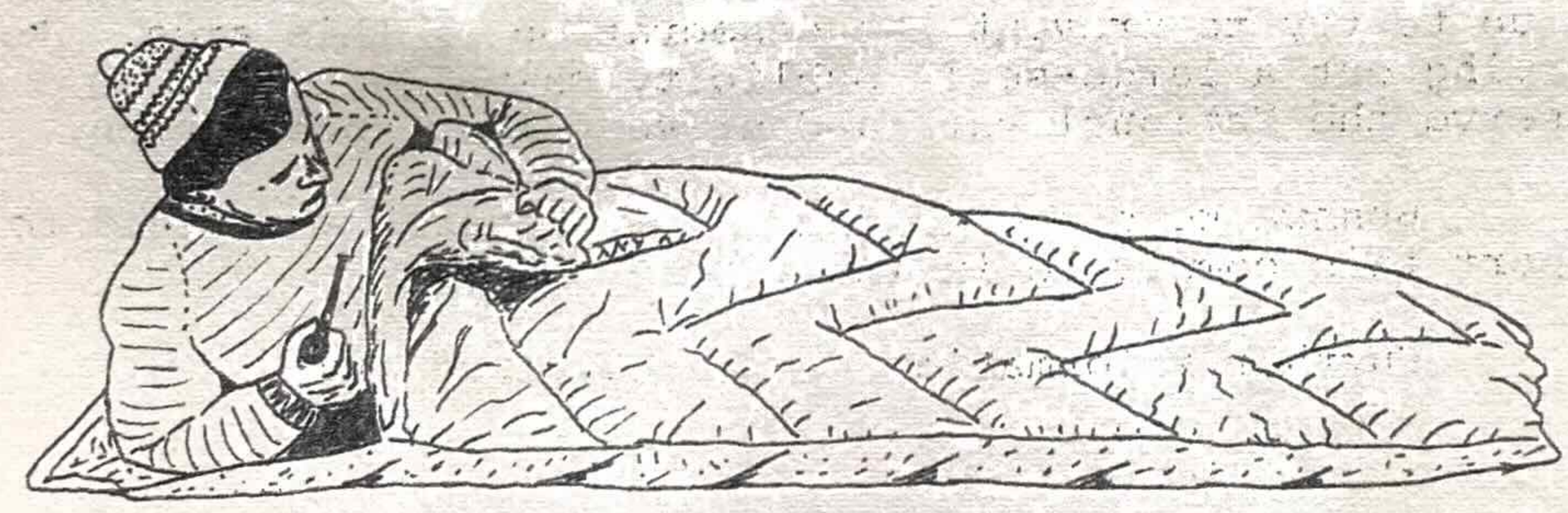
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