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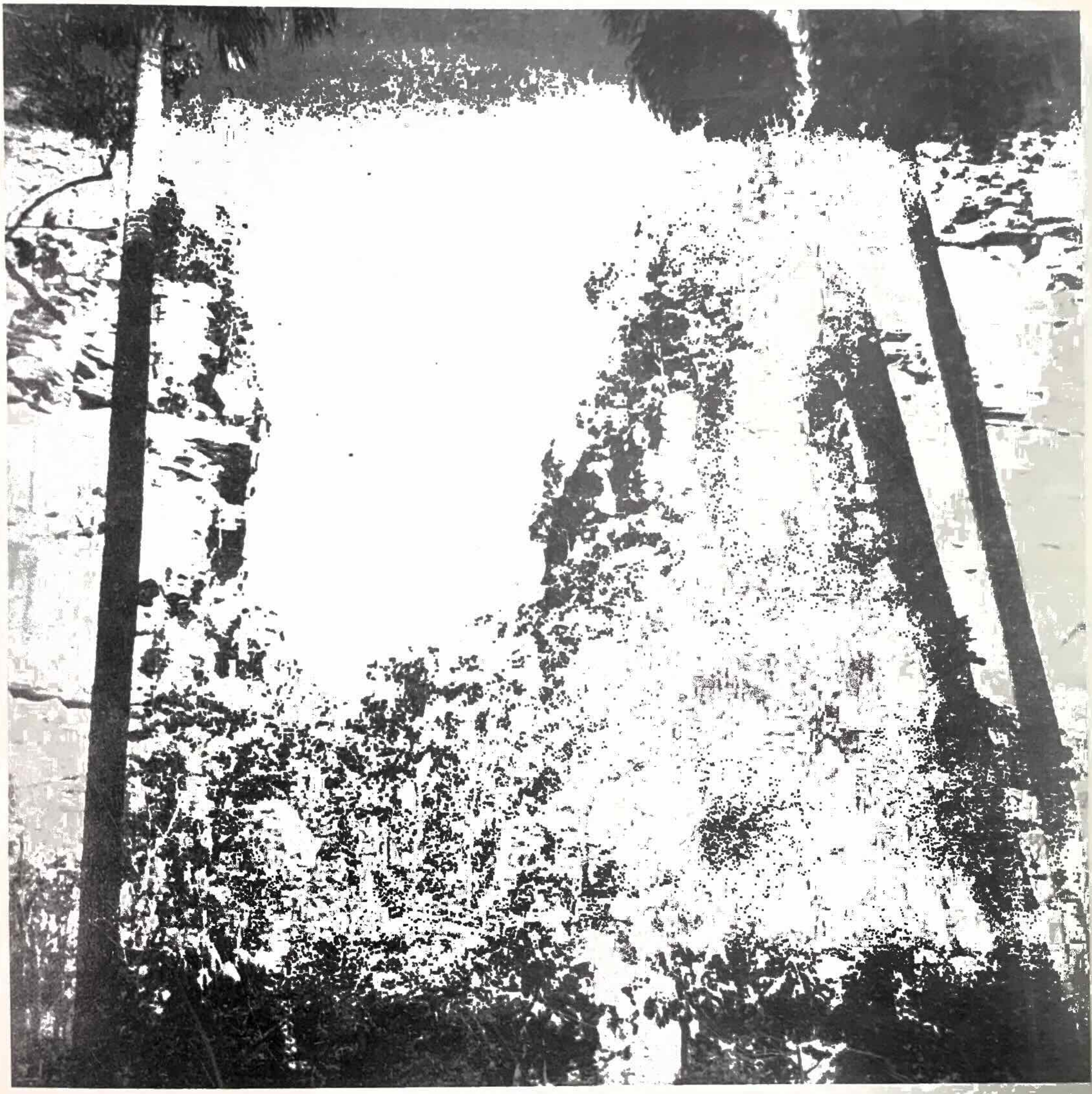
HEYBOB

Volume 14, 1972



SPECIAL FEATURE ARTICLES:—

MT. BARTLE FRERE
THE BUDAWANG RANGES
RESCUE TECHNIQUES



`heybob´

university of queensland bushwalking club magazine.

volume 14 1972.

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"Heybob" is the annual magazine of the University of Queensland Bushwalking Club

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Cover Photo:	Carnarvon Gorge, Central Queensland Andrew Tod

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EDITORIAL

Once again U.Q.B.W.C. has pleasure in presenting this, the fourteenth edition of its annual magazine, "Heybob".

Judging from the response in terms of articles submitted to "Heybob", it would seem that this magazine is justifying its existence against its expense and effort. A few years ago when I joined the club, the value of continuing publication was often debated. But now, when we produce a magazine more polished in quality and usually including a guide section or other special features, the obvious enthusiasm for "Heybob" can be taken as a vote of confidence that a written record of the Club's activity for the year is worth-while.

Although it was decided not to include a guide section in this year's "Heybob", its place has been taken by three special feature articles. Two of these are by John Simmon's on Mount Bartle Frere ("Dedicated to Fred Flegerbein") and Dave Bayliss on the Budawang Ranges. Both articles, although claimed by the writers not to be the final word on those areas, do provide excellent information for the bushwalker. The third feature article is by several authors on various aspects of rescue techniques, including radio, climbing and first aid.

Other attempts at broader interest have been provided on speliology and on the dangerous animals of South-east Queensland. Information has been given on two highly recommended new (to us) areas in North Queensland, and an enterprising thirty-one day trip in South-west Tasmania has a well deserved place in two articles. Conservation is always a subject close to our hearts and the topic receives a refreshingly different approach by Harley Smith, who, as an economist is a rarity in this club. The scholastic inbreeding of our preponderance of science students is apt to stamp a distinct stereotyping of style on our contributions.

Although we cannot expect the volume or quality of writing in "Heybob" to show a perfect correlation with the activity of the Club, it at least shows an undiminished spirit of adventure and enterprise for pioneering new places. For example, at the time of writing three members are on a conoeing trip around Fraser Island.

Once again, in addition to the challenge of the elements with which bushwalkers are so frequently mutilated, our Club has been savagely assaulted by that relatively new institution; the progressive assessment. This present fashion for exams throughout the year has had a heavy impact on the number of people on trips, and for some the middle of the year resembles third term when even the "Hards" retreat to the Library and dream up their super-human expeditions for the Long Vac.

Taking a lighter view of developments in the Club, 1971 saw the birth of a turbulent radical element in U.Q.B.W.C. in the form of B.L.A.G. ("Bushwalkers' Liberation Action Group"). This revolution was wildly heralded in many quarters since, despite its politically sounding name, it attempted merely to amend a certain clause in the Constitution, and thereby

to introduce such novelties as sex and alcohol into the puritan life of the Bushwalker. Since (in the opinion of Kelk et al Heybob 1970), retarded puberty or psychological impotence was the very reason many people turned to bushwalking to conceal their inadequacies, it was believed that B.L.A.G. could shake the very foundations of the Club.

Similarly, 1972 saw the innovation of a sub-culture in the form of the Moke. This again has shocking repercussions on the Old Guard, who rapture about the few surviving pieces of unspoilt nature - or did until the invasion by these philistine "Moke-Stroppers". These noisy, dark green bits of machinery on casters are not mere objects of transport to a trip, but are for roaring up and down a peaceful (?) beach, or for getting stuck in creeks, or for the insane feat of driving to Wyberba in the dead of winter with the hood down.

On the social side we have seen a Vicars' and Whores' Party, at which members (to nobody's surprise) proved themselves more whorey than religious - although the opposition was supported by numerous priests, the Pope, a bishop and a pregnant nun. However, they were no match for Whore Frost, The Devil and Bes.

May we look forward to another good year of bushwalking, and a continued desire to record it for posterity in "Heybob" 1973.

Andrew Tod

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

A glance through this edition might give you the impression (reasonably accurately) that as editor I have had little part in the actual writing of "Heybob" 1972. This results from the fact that writers have rallied well to present many good articles which needed very little modification before printing. (The literary talent, incidentally, contrasts markedly with a few years ago when I offered my services as a typist to the then editor of "Heybob" and I found the level of illiteracy in the club astounding.) I would therefore like to thank our contributors of articles and photography for the time and talent devoted to their compositions and not forgetting the enterprise and spirit of adventure which motivated their trip about which their contribution is written.

I would like to thank advertisers for their support and feel sure that they will find good value for advertising with us.

The Queensland Wildlife Association with U.Q.S.S. as well as other organizations and individuals have assisted in the sale of the previous edition.

In compiling and general organisation, the assistants have been many, so the inclination is to write a long list of all people who were even peripherally involved, but if all were mentioned here, those who merely offered advice or encouragement would rank equally with those who sweated blood and tears into this edition, so it is with reluctance that I restrict the list to 3 names: John Markwell, who drew those maps not supplied by article writers; the printer, PILLINGERS OFFSET PRINTING and our typist, Linda Christensen who, by remarkable coincidence is shortly to become my wife and to whom, as always (but for different reasons) I owe so much.

Dedicated to FRED FLEGERBEIN

(May his truth go marching on)

by John Simmons

Since early June 1969 anyone with whom I have swapped bushies' ship has heard the babble of the magic words, "Bartle Frere". Queensland's highest (sic) mountain at 1622 metres, it always bound me in a spell of unexplained fascination and little release followed when I climbed it in December, 1971. After many experiences the unusual events and strange coincidences which saw me to the top remain personally deeply moving and I feel obliged in a way to set down some of these experiences and to relate some of the little known history (for history read also yarns) of the place. Fred is dead now and men like him have been out of production for some time but the simplicity of his nature, the warmth of his manner, his compelling speech and the gems of his ten-foot tales shine on. Having started, I should extend "Heybob" a few pages before I'm finished and that in itself will be a reflection on Fred - "a man <u>needs</u> elbow room."

My serious experiences with Bartle Frere began during vacprac when I worked in the sugar mill at Giru and went bush on weekends. Early in 1969 Ian Cameron and I set off for the mountain with information from close friends in Ayr which included "old woman's shack", "Paul Fanti", "goldmine". It rained so we didn't get near the place, but a nice wet wade from Babinda out to the Boulders yielded extensive views of mist, rainy jungle-clad ridges. There was something majestic about the great upward-thrusting spurs of Bellenden Ker, something mysterious about the white absence that was Bartle Frere, but the rain had the last word.

A few months later Pete Hanley and I spent our May vac hitching around the North, first item being two days on the mountain. This time I had some info from the Cairns bushies, again Pauls' name figured prominently. After a pleasant chat at the B.F. Post Office we tromped off up the dirt road through the canefields towards "Pauls Place". Someone had told us about the wild pigs in the area but we didn't count on Goldie the local hound. Luckily a Mrs. Webb appeared and quietened said beast, and in the course of inquiry as to our strange garb (South Queensland scunge-gear bears no resemblance to that made popular in the North) we learned the identity of the old woman and were put on the track past Paul's goldmine. The trauma of that afternoon spent in pig-and-scunge-filled raining rain forest passed into a night of apprehension of things glowing and groaning, but climbing day dawned gloriously clear. We had a merry time and after losing the main track followed old blazes (very old) up past the Broken Nose till we ran out of time. I saw sufficient, though, to fire me with enthusiasm for another go and it was the acceptance of a cuppa from Mrs. Webb down at the shack late that afternoon that brought the connection with Fred and all that is to follow.

Anyone acquainted with a North Queensland cup of tea will understand the ceremony involved. It was soon apparent that Mrs. Webb and "the boss" didn't get many visitors, Pete and I were treated royally and talk glanced upon bush, rivers, fish and gold. Rocks and ores were produced for inspection, binoculars were provided to watch for waterfalls seen only at sunset and so on and on. By now we were thoroughly entranced, hearing and

seeing things we might have thought existed say, forty years ago. Here we were barely five miles from the Bruce Highway and Northern Railway, squatting on our heels in the shade of an old tin shack pouring over stories and relics of the old days, rolling in our hands hand made bottles which once held Christy Palmerston's local currency ("Yes, you saw the old mango up by Paul's mine there, well, that was where Palmerston's store stood during the gold days"). Gold! Blight of how many civilisations? The end of the Palmer River rush, the recession of Cooktown, gold in the upper Russell! Chinese, whites, blacks, and "the Russians". We lost our sense of time, we forgot about Cairns; yes, we'd be delighted to stay till the boss comes; yes, we'll stay for tea and camp out the back if that's O.K. Old Fred rolled up in his Land Rover, helped us through another cuppa and added a few things concerning gold, bush, mountains (etc), and it was time to wash up for tea. Great! Jump into the heap and down to the Golden Hole. A cold, deep, crystal clear bath it was too - a glorious swimming hole in the Russell ("but not as good as Chinamens' beach") and named for the rewards it holds for the man with the pan. Pete and I were suitably impressed. Tea was fish and spuds and avocado, all freshly picked. We ate by the kero lamp, sitting on boxes round a rough table. Accompanied by endless cuppas, the talk touched again upon gold, the finer points of panning, the history of the river (coming in fits and starts, as we queried names or events) and dwelling at length on the mountain and all its natural glories.

I could go on and on (the night did) but it's too easy to drift off in a haze of euphoria. Next day Mrs. Webb showed us over Paul's mine, we explored the Combo and toddled up to Josephine Falls for a while. Fred caught some black bream after work and once more the night was far spent in talk before the teapot ran out. With some reluctance we decided to depart the next day, and the manner of our leaving warrants some description because it was, of all things we met up there, most indicative of Fred. About 8.30 that (Saturday) morning when Pete and I were about ready to tromp off back down the road, Fred and Mrs. Webb decided to go into Innisfail for supplies. The young fellers could get a ride down to the highway at Pawngilby. Very good. Fred thought that first he'd better have another quick look up at Josephine Falls for a particularly large silver perch he had seen lately. (Fishing for black bream and silver perch in those mountain streams is exactly the same as trout fishing elsewhere. Flies, spinners, a fast wrist and a whippy short rod are employed and rockhopping skills are required.)

So Fred went up to the Josephine Falls for "about half an hour, just to see if the blighters' still around" and some three hours later, I found him about half a mile downstream ruefully retrieving his tackle from a deep hole - he had found his fish all right, and had lost nine of his good flies chasing it. We were dropped at Pawngilby well after Innisfail shops closed but I doubt if Fred was worried for he had plenty of mates in town to yarn to about that fish.

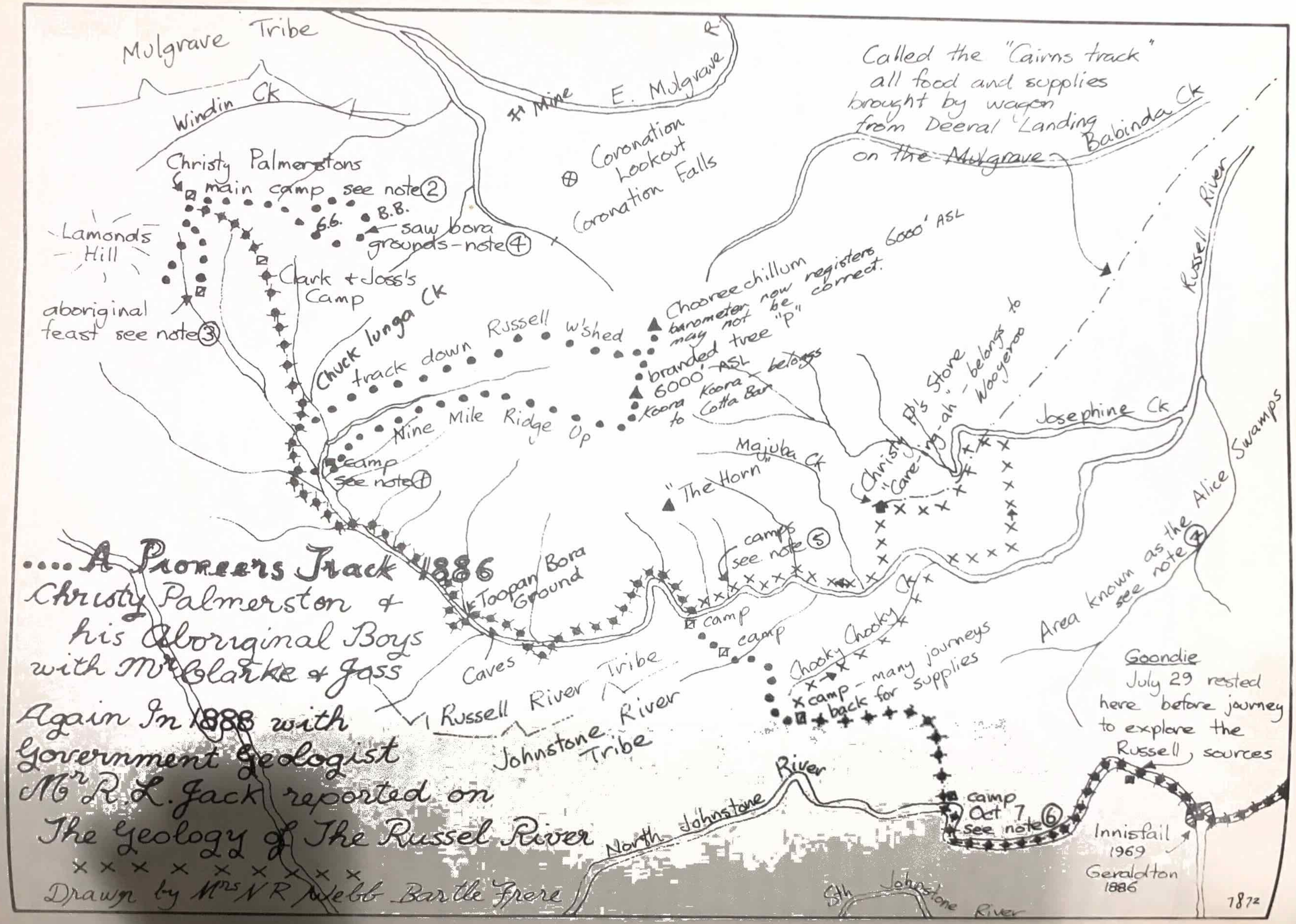
I never saw him again, although I kept up a correspondence with them for we had vowed to return the next May. Fred died just after the intervening Christmas, and Tennyson's "Ulysses" seemed not an inappropriate tribute to the man. Pete made it back the next May and reported that things were changed. When I was back there (twice) last December, things had very much changed, so much of what I have to say in following generally cannot be found today.

Christy Palmerston, etc:

I cannot hope to pass on in any detail the story of Palmerston, one of the legendary explorers and pioneers of the North. A Mr. Frank Wolston of Brisbane came into possession of Palmerston's notes and diaries during research for a book, and travelled to the Palmerston country in an attempt to decipher Palmerston's original and colourful descriptions and place names. Wolston got in contact with Fred and Paul, the only accessible surviving bushies of the old days when the explorer's very local terminology was in common use. Over a period of time Wolston read, Fred racked his brains, Paul lent his opinion, and Val Webb wrote and sketched a map. I now possess the only other copy of her map and have reproduced it as best I could for "Heybob". It is basically concerned with Palmerston's two journeys, firstly from July to November with Clarke, Joss, and some aboriginal boys, secondly from 1888-89 (in fits and starts, apparently) with Clarke and the Government geologist R. Logan Jack. On the first expedition he steamed up the Johnstone River past Geraldton (now Innisfail) then crossed to the Russell and followed it up to what is now Lamont's Hill, and climbed an "unexplored mountain" where his pocket altimeter indicated 6,000 feet plus (he noted "could be inaccurate"). While retracing his steps he took a great interest in the rock types, and his earlier experiences on the Palmer River goldfields prompted him to invite the Government geologist to see for himself (it seems that Palmerston had visions of his own private goldfield). Palmerston and his private army, Clarke (who contributed his efforts and names to the great ranges behind Mackay shortly afterward), thirty assorted boys and Jack's party reliably set off for what is now Boonjie. Logan Jack's report on the district geology may be found in the Geology Library at the University, the local yarn (via Fred and Paul) is that some portions are quite wrong and obviously faked and from descriptions, local names, and inferences in the diary it would seem that for a period of some five weeks the party experienced monsoonal weather. There being plenty of rum about (and plenty of drinkers to match Palmerston) it followed that most descriptions of the Russell between the Combo and Boonjie Ck. are based on Palmerston's rather fond memories and little else.

Palmerston was a giant, some six feet six, broad as a barn door, and with a glass eye which he removed when necessary to terrify the locals. He seems to have been an extraordinary personality, both loved and hated by most of his acquaintances, and worshipped by the local people. He seems also to have been a little vindictive, for at one stage in the 1886 story there is a space of about ten days - the immediate preceeding entry notes the murder of one of his own Russell River boys by some of the "devilish Mulgraves", whilst the next entry states that no more trouble will be caused by this particular clan.

At this time Deeral landing, not far from the Russell mouth, was the limit of the settlement. Palmerston had come up through Geraldton to dodge the great crocodile infested swamps which then occupied all the flat land east of the mountain. Stores for Palmerston's outpost at Chuchabba to supply the Russell River miners were brought from Deeral by bullock teams under the most arduous conditions. Following Jack's report, the Russell River Goldfield was proclaimed and the Russell Extended Gold and Mineral Field (Gov. Gazette, 1905) still exists without great alteration since the earliest days of the century.



Mulgrave Tribe
Windin Ck
Mine
E. Mulgrave R.
Coronation Lookout
Coronation Falls
Called the "Cairns track" all food and supplies brought by wagon from Deeral Landing on the Mulgrave
Babinda Ck
Christy Palmerstons
main camp see note 2
B.B.
G.G.
saw bora grounds - note 4
Lamonds Hill
Clark + Joss's Camp
aboriginal feast see note 3
Chuck lunga Ck
track down Russell w'shed
Chooreechillum barometer now registers 6000' ASL may not be correct.
branded tree "P" 6000' ASL
Koora Koora belongs to Cotta Bar
Nine Mile Ridge Up
camp see note 1
Russell River
Christy P's Store "Care-ing-ah" - belongs to Wooyeroo
Josephine Ck
Majuba Ck
"The Horn"
camps see note 5
Toopan Bora Ground
Caves
camp
camp
Chooky Chooky Ck
camp - many journeys back for supplies
Area known as the Alice Swamps see note 7
Goondie
July 29 rested here before journey to explore the Russell sources
Russell River Tribe
Johnstone River Tribe
North Johnstone River
camp Oct 7 see note 6
Innisfail 1969
Geraldton 1886
Sth Johnstone River
....A Pioneers Track 1886
Christy Palmerston & his Aboriginal Boys with Mr Clarke & Joss
Again In 1888 with Government Geologist Mr R.L. Jack reported on The Geology of The Russel River
Drawn by Mrs N R Webb Bartle Frere
7872

note ①: Camp called Coolangera. Made trip up unexplored mountain – left here October 25th.

note ②: Last entry here Nov. 1st 1886. Also Oct. 18th "smashed finger of right hand.
During 1888 trip "reached old camp Aug. 14th. 16th – rations nearly exhausted – returned to Geraldton."

note ③: Sept. 24th 1886 "Aboriginal Cannibalistic feast" "'Conway' name for Mummy".

note ④: During this trip Palmerston discovered the bora grounds at Gourka Gourka and Bobin Bobin and he reached Churnano Falls. The "unexplained" gap in the diary then follows.

note ⑤: Large camps were set up here during the gold days. The aboriginals called the Chinese camp "Tinkichilla" and the troopers' camp "Towacherra".

note ⑥: Diary Oct. 7th 1886 " we steamed up the Nor. Johnston R. in Messers Stennsen and Mark's steam launch. Let us go at end of Tidal Waters."

note ⑦: Mrs Webb continues " up till 1935 crockodile infested. From 1930 to 35 Mr. Flegerbein and Friend shot in vicinity of 2000 "crocks" mostly by spotlight being the first in the world to use this method. Later hunters on safari had native carriers use this method in Africa. Relatively few "crocks" found today as the swamps have been drained for sugar."

"Thanks must be given to Mr Frank Woolston for his part in making the Diary notes available. Mr Flegerbein's mapped route can be taken as authentic."

NOTES IN CONJUNCTION WITH EXPLORERS MAP

1972

Mount Bartle Frere was named by George Dalrymple (another great explorer/pioneer of the North) in 1873 after the then president of the Royal Geographical Society. The Bellenden Ker Range was named by Captain Phillip King in 1819 at the suggestion of a young botanist named Alan Cunningham. An early settler in the region, Archibald Meston, climbed Bartle Frere shortly after Palmerston and was the first to climb Bellenden Ker in 1889. His extravaganza "Geographic History of Queensland" appeared in 1895 and is about the most wordily fantastic book one could ever try to wade through.

Gold Days:

There was no gold rush to the upper Russell which could parallel the history of Cooktown and the Palmer River, mainly because of the general progress made in development of the State. No longer was gold the great lure it had been, there was far greater security in clearing and farming in controlled areas, and civilized jobs were easy to come by. Men who came to the Russell were the hard-core professionals, the bushmen who made scratching a living a way of life. Although gold was plentiful (and still is) fierce competition and rigid government control quickly eliminated the sharks, and old memories and traditions from the Palmer rush did the rest. The whites feared and abused the Chinese, the Chinese feared and fleeced the whites, the whites fought amongst themselves and generally the police had a lovely time. Another limiting factor was the gold itself; whereas the Palmer fields were alluvial, the river gold on the Russell was not nearly so plentiful, the big colour had to be won from shafts in the weathered rock and boulder clay of the mountain ridges and hafting was somewhat dangerous on such unstable slopes. The end of field activity came with the discovery of tin and the wide employment of dredges further inland on the Atherton Tableland.

The physical hardships of the Russell becoming so great, we find nowadays a large area of still relatively rich goldfield stuck way out on the eastern extremities of the Tableland in a great scunge-filled forest. Several names appear still on maps of the area - Boonjie, Purcell's Rocket, the Early Diggings, Kiandra Creek, Lady Olive Field, and Towalla Mine. These formed the core of activity but the men of that era being what they were, the entire area was thoroughly prospected and several mines were worked on the Mulgrave River. The Coronation Mine, for instance, gave its name to Coronation Falls and Lookout, features on the northwest slopes of Bartle Frere. It was possible to travel by bullock wagon from Babinda to the Boulders, over the low saddle between Bartle Frere and Bellenden Ker to the upper Mulgrave and so down to Gordonvale. A similar track up the Russell from Palmerston's store at Chuchabba finished at Towalla Crossing.

The story of "theRussians" is one I could not put together fully but is interesting since it gives the connection with our friend Paul Fanti and his goldmine. It seems that a group of some hundred Russians came to the Russell (from Charters Towers?) about 1910. They spent their time panning in the river and from all accounts made quite a tidy sum while confining their efforts to the stretch between Kiandra Creek junction and the Golden Hole. Their permanent camp was set up on Majuba Creek just to the west of Palmerston's store and they walked up to twelve miles there and back to work the gold each day. Features in the rock at the Combo led them to explore the ground around Chuchabba and another small mining reserve was quickly established by the government when the gold turned up. Typhoid struck soon

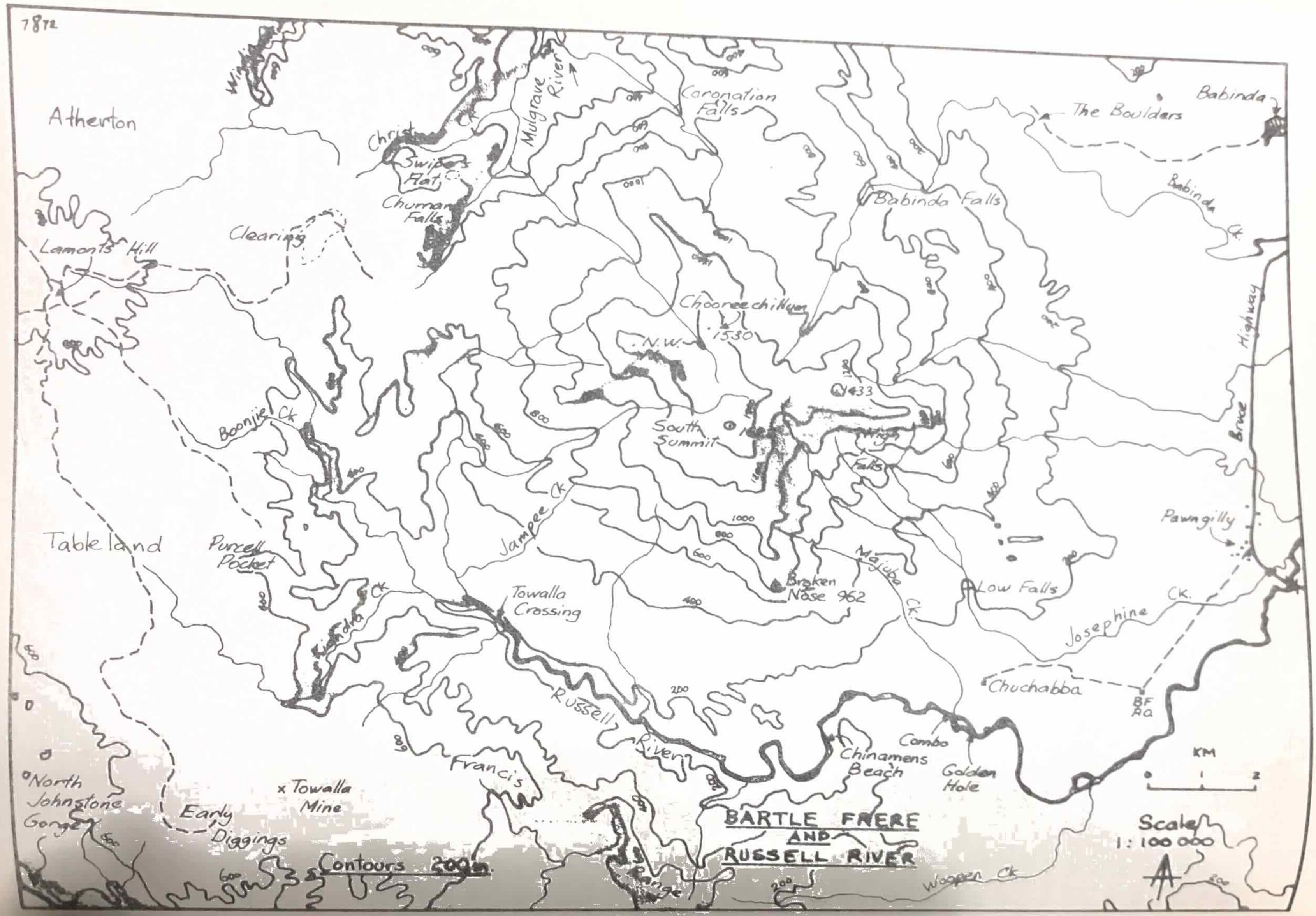
after sluices had been built to carry water from the Majuba to wash the clay and only five men survived into 1922. A young Italian joined them shortly afterward, found the life suited him, and so the knowledge of gold was passed on. (The "passing on" of gold lore amongst the old bushmen was very rigidly controlled so as to preserve their attitudes and life-style. Most of these men were illiterate but their knowledge of bush and "colour" was unsurpassed and it is no wonder that they so jealously guarded the privilege of sharing their world). The easy gold ran out and the last Russians died or left bequeathing Paul a series of large holes in the boulder clay. He has worked there, at his leisure, to this day and admits to "finding interesting things" but since he will not be passing on his world I doubt whether anyone will ever know for sure. Fred did, but friends don't talk either.

Of Mountain and River:

Traditionally one learns of the Bellenden Ker Range which includes Mt. Bartle Frere. Essentially all these mountains were one great lump of old granite weathered to varying depth and carved up in the most interesting fashion by streams. To the west the Atherton Tableland is a mere infant of basalt. Both Russell and Mulgrave rivers rise in the so-called Nine-mile Ridge (Palmerston's name) connecting Lamont's Hill (tableland) to Bartle Frere. The Mulgrave flows northwest and swings completely round Bellenden Ker, picking up many tributaries, whilst the Russell describes a broader arc around the south of Bartle Frere. Both rivers then drain flat swampy ground to the east before finding a common outlet to the sea. Thus there are really two great mountains separated by a low divide west of Babinda, and quite by character they should be kept separate. Meston's book describes the vegetation of Bartle Frere as generally different from that on Bellenden Ker, and notes that two dominant shrub species on the latter do not exist two miles away on the former. (For bushwalking purposes, however, the vegetations are sufficiently similar to be grouped under the one familiar old name). Both mountains are great boulder piles, if anything, the boulders on Bartle Frere are more exposed. Often it is possible to obtain a view from Bartle Frere by climbing boulders and the experience of scrambling through thick shrubs out onto a world of red rock, green treetops, bright blue sky, wind sighs, and super views is quite overwhelming. On Bellenden Ker the only decent views are obtained by scaling the local flora and in only a few places is this really desirable.

The rainforest supports a rich collection of animals including possums and cuscus, birds in great variety and number, wallabies and bandicoots and marsupial mice, many types of bats and large moths and butterflies. Along the coastal margins with the new world there are wild (i.e. formerly domesticated) pigs, cats, and dogs. Snakes are really quite rare, though pythons, taipans and blacks have been seen, there is really too little vermin to support more reptiles. Leeches are present, sometimes in overwhelming proportions. Dingoes are said to prowl on the tableland slopes.

It is interesting to observe the changes in vegetation with altitude, for whilst subtle, they become quite pronounced. The lowest slopes are real North Queensland jungle, very thick with loya vine and other popular varieties of scunge. Gain a few hundred metres and the undergrowth generally clears, the trees are taller and thinner and as height increases so small-leafed species become more common. Patches of tufted grasses and



7872
Atherton
Windin
Christ
Swipers Flat
Churnan Falls
Mulgrave River
Coronation Falls
The Boulders
Babinda
Babinda Falls
Babinda Ck
Clearing
Lamonts Hill
Chooreechillum
1530
N.W.
1433
South Summit
High Falls
Highway
Bruce
Boonjie Ck
Jampee Ck
Pawngilly
Tableland
Purcell Pocket
Majuba Ck
Broken Nose 962
Low Falls
Josephine Ck.
Towalla Crossing
Chuchabba
BF Ra
Russell River
Combo
Chinamens Beach
Golden Hole
Francis
North Johnstone Gorge
Towalla Mine
Early Diggings
Contours 200m
BARTLE FRERE AND RUSSELL RIVER
Woopen Ck
KM
0 1 2
Scale 1:100 000

stunted shrubs (particularly a leptospernum known as "turkey bush") appear after about 1200 metres depending on the exposure. The natural granite, though a light colour when fresh, develops a thick patina of weathered materials when exposed and a dark red coating of lichens and other growths appears. The watercourses, when small and new, are very similar to the Southern Queensland experience, but then they convey far more water and are always crystal clear. On reaching flatter ground large pools form and the general abundance of boulders makes for a hoppers' paradise. At least two types of large, very edible, very sporting fish (the black bream and silver perch)may be found in even the most remarkable places, eels abound, and freshwater rayfish (very large and black) can be found anywhere.

So much in general - we learned much more in particular, partly through personal experience but mostly by listening to Fred and Paul, and it would be best to mention at least a few of the local names and their associations. All that immediately follows, then, is in particular reference to the Russell River and Bartle Frere.

The "Golden Hole" has already been mentioned. For a few hundred metres upstream the river is chock full of small boulders. Majuba Creek enters then, about a hundred metres down from the "Combo", in a large rock bar and rapids system with another beaut swimming hole just above. The "Broken Nose" perches nearly 1000 metres above the river, its south wall abruptly terminates the great summit ridge on the mountain. "Chinamen's Beach", a stretch of fine white sand parallel to a most magnificent swimming hole, lies directly underneath the Broken Nose and marks the spot where police massacred some 300 Chinese. Apparently the white miners arranged with the local blacks to cause trouble with the Chinese, who reacted against the whites, who called upon the police for help etc. "Towalla Crossing", a somewhat wide and deep ford, was the large staging camp and departure point for the Towalla Fields and the North Johnstone Gorge (a walking path could at one time be followed right through to Milla Milla.) In "Kiandra Creek" were the famous gold terraces where successive basalt flows trapped alluvial gold deposits and subsequent erosion formed a stepped mountainside. The Russell River track led up to "Boonjie Creek" where it climbed out onto Lamont's Hill. There are several bora rings and ceremonial sites: at Chuchabba (just to the back of Fred's clearing) - this was also called "Tachappa" by Meston and "Care-ing-ah" by the local Wooyeroo clan (Palmerston); Toopan (near a burial cave in the river cliffs); and Gourka Gourka and Bobin Bobin on the Nine-mile Ridge. Many others exist on the Mulgrave and on Bellenden Ker. The South (high) Peak of Bartle Frere was called "Koora Koora" by the Cottaba people of the Babinda area, and North Peak has always been better known as Chooreechillum.

On both sides of the Nine-mile Ridge and on the south-western flanks of both mountains there are some immense waterfalls. Some are marked on maps and would be well worth seeing, from all reports. Churnano and Rapid (Bobin Bobin) Falls and those on Christmas, Kiandra, and Windin Creeks are quickly called to mind. As well as the (Lower) Josephine Falls a popular picnic area, there are the High Josephine Falls way up on the East Ridge of Bartle Frere. Babinda Falls, just up above the Boulders area, are most striking and can be seen from the highway.

A last and most amusing name is "Swipers Flat". The story goes that the colour ran free here for a while and there were some violent arguments

amongst the gentry concerning claims. The troopers were called in and ended up by banning all the miners from the area. Not really discouraged, the whites sent in their black boys to work the gold, but the blacks treated the whole issue of boundaries as a bit of a joke. Afterwards the area was always called "Swipers" in fond but bitter memory.

Chuchabba:

If you drive the two or so miles off the Bruce Highway at Pawngilby you will find an old post office/store and an old church. Call in and have a yarn with the postmaster and his wife - they are charming people. Turn west up the road, past the school and the huge pines where thousands of lorikeets congregate at evening, over the rough dirt past the canefields for a mile or so. The Josephine Falls area lies up a dirt road to the right. Keep straight on for perhaps a hundred metres over the Currumba Creek bridge and you are in Mining Reserve R 748, Chuchabba. There is a little rise; on the left old wheel tracks lead to an older red tin shack - Fred's place once. Just opposite, rough wheel ruts run through the head-high guinea grass for perhaps 150 metres. You may notice Paul's shack; a mess of old tin, black painted hessian, bare earth, and banana trees. A big old mango stands nearby. A little further on up the track you will look to the left over a series of large pits with perhaps a tin roofed shanty and probably ingenious systems of old tin waterpipe if you care to look. In an old fruit case you will see a faded KEEP OUT and an authority to prospect from the Warden, Innisfail Mining Court, dated heaven only knows when. Another fifteen minutes stroll up the road brings you to a clearing and log loader and most probably bits and pieces of decrepit logging machinery. The timber track which heads off through high weeds to the west is the start of the Majuba creek route up Bartle Frere.

You may meet Paul - an old man with bright grey eyes and a few teeth gone. You may meet the bloke who occupies Fred's place now but that's no real hardship. You will not see how neat and tidy that old red hut and yard used to be - how well the fruit trees were tended - how clean the paths were kept. You will not be able to splash your head in an old water drum neither will you be able to hop in the heap and bump off further down the dirt road past the pineapple shed to the Golden Hole. You won't be able to lie on your back on the close-clipped grass, chew a blade, listen to a mother bird scolding, and feel warm, happy, and well looked-after.

You won't have Val Webb to show you Paul's remarkable feats of engineering whereby he channels water from the Majuba down through his clay and boulders. She won't be there to show you where she scratched tin and Fred won't be able to let you peek into his sacks of tin and topaz. But if you are lucky and Pal is about he'll spin you as long and colourful a story as you may care to listen to, and he might just duck down the back to his "jungle patch" and return with some fruit or veges for you. It's hard to find the fish around here now - more sophisticated locals have not been content to take only what they need and have found nets and spearguns are quicker than flies and rods.

The chances are, though, that if you drop in on Chuchabba about sunset on any fine evening you will find an odd feeling getting into your bones. Timelessness perhaps?

The T.V. Survey:

Some years ago (on my first trip up Mt. Barney) I ran into a bloke by the name of Hugh Peachey and I was most impressed. My later experience suggests that Peachey was a most famous name in the earlier years of bush-walking in Brisbane (say, pre 1965). He had a reputation as an indomitable hard which he shared in part with his Majestic Part Rover Crew. When his name cropped up in 1966 it had some very interesting associations again, for a fellow by the name of Chas. Baines was at that time screening to bush-walkers a film "Of Men and Mountains" which described the investigation of a road location up Mt. Bartle Frere from Lamont's Hill to service the proposed television transmitter. (This survey established that the allowed cost of the road would not see them over 1000 metres and, after other technical problems, it was decided to build the transmitter on Bellenden Ker's Centre Peak and service it by cableway).

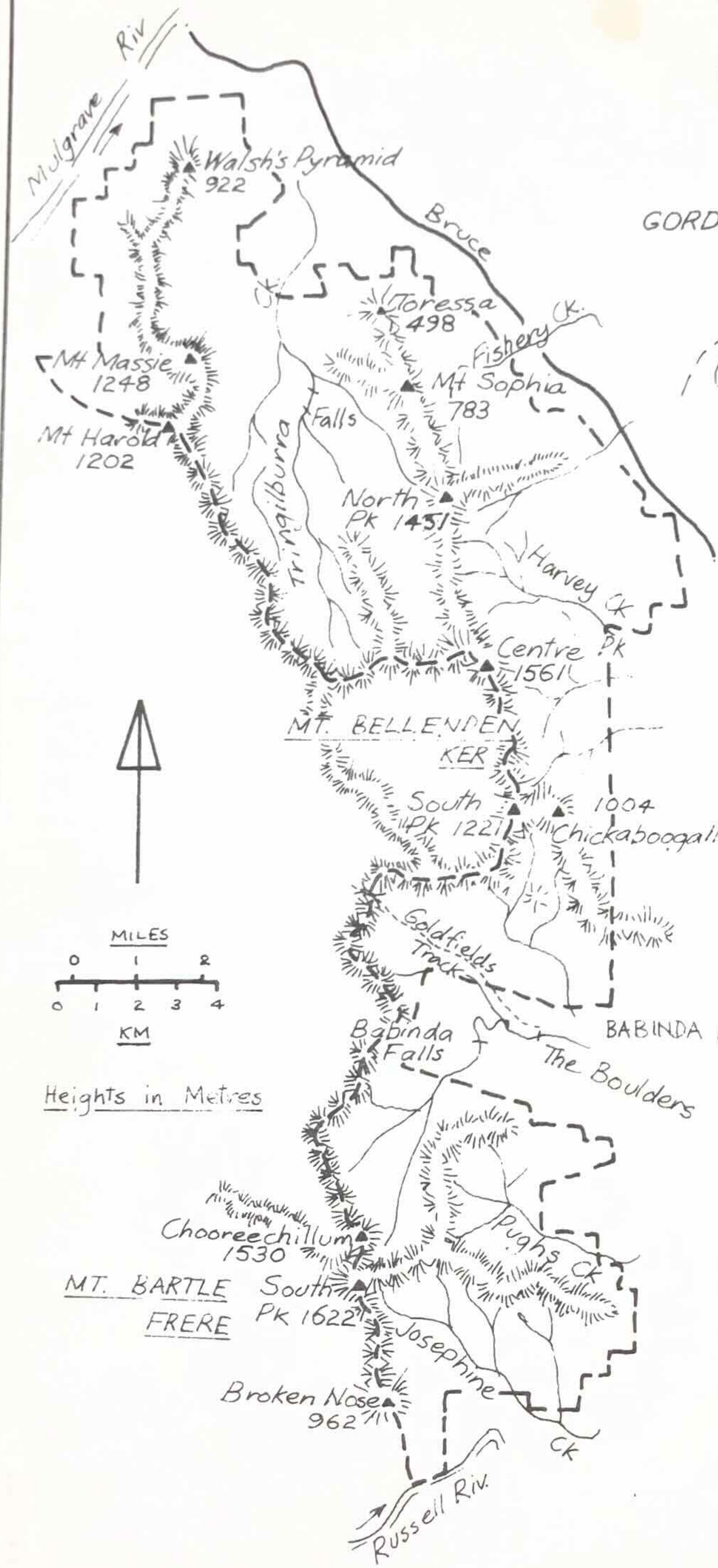
Baines (well known in the appropriate circles as an activist conservationist) was radio operator for the survey team and he took advantage of every possible opportunity to film the work and the mountain. Thus we were shown fantastic aerial shots of the great waterfalls and gorges, daredevil food drops, surveying techniques in severe scunge, repeated glimpses of the glorious views and a quick sequence of Peachey hauling himself up over the North Peak rocks and striding off into the surrounds, pack gallantly shouldered and hat doffed. I never managed to find out why he was there.

If this film can be tracked down it is really worth seeing for its accuracy in depicting all aspects of the mountain (not the least of which is its sheer size). As I remember, the film finishes with a sequence on the "Miriwinni obstruction", the great East Ridge razorback which finally rendered all Bartle Frere sites as unsuitable for a transmitter.

We can only be glad that the mountain did not have civilization permanently impressed upon it for the Bellenden Ker massif is much more accommodating and the highest peak in Queensland remains an aloof other-world, the habitat only of other-creatures and bushwalkers.

Of Men and Madness:

1. The Tin Mine: At about 1400 metres on the South-East Ridge there is an area of grass and boulders. Two enterprising locals from Pawngilby have over the past twenty years or so been scratching out tin from the western slopes here and they have built up a rather striking camp and mining area. I am ignorant of the exact authority under which they operate but they do not interfere at all with the National Park (which is on the east slopes). A rather enormous amount of galvanized sheeting and wooden props squats on a patch of decomposed rock surrounded by deep erosion gullies where the tin was washed. One wonders at times "why" because the chaps obviously do not spend enough time there to make any real money. There are some elaborate water-race systems, great iron bedframes, and copious quantities of old friendless tools, all of which came up the Majuba track on men's backs. An immediate reflection is that someone was a bit too keen but when you hear the old-timers talk about colour and prospecting you realize that some deep inner urge moves them to all manner of strange feats. A rather sorry looking scar offered up to the elements then becomes a sudden winking of a man's lantern in the fog of his dreary life.


Mulgrave Riv
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Fishery Ck
Mt Massie
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Mt Sophia
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Mt Harold
1202
Falls
North
Pk 1451
Harvey Ck
Centre
1561
Pk
MT. BELLENDEN
KER
South
Pk 1221
1004
Chickaboogalla
Goldfields
Track
Babinda
Falls
The Boulders
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Russell Riv.
CAIRNS
GORDONVALE
Gillies
Hwy
BABINDA
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BELLENDEN
KER
BARTLE
FRERE
NATIONAL PARK
7872

2. Timber: Some of the land portions surrounding Chuchabba have more sinister histories. In 141 we find timbergetting: luckily not the winner-take-all fully commercialized variety, but a rather aged contractor working with vile, aged machinery under the supervision of an easy-going forestry official. They might take four logs per month and have worked right through to the Josephine boundary - hence the scunge is spreading. Portion 323 was under threat from two sources, the timber man and the chap Biggs (more to follow) but following advice and information spurred on by two university students, it has recently been added to the Bartle Frere - Bellenden Ker National Park.

3. Farming: Cattle fattening is the current craze amongst the local farmers. A certain Mr. Biggs who owns leases on 141 and 114 was an early applicant for land with this in mind and while he was foiled in obtaining new blocks he did manage to successfully encroach his pineapple farm into the Mining Reserve and by conveniently forgetting about the special 150 feet scenic frontage to the Russell he found a pasture for his very bad-tempered bull, making visits to the Golden Hole quite risky. I might add that Paul Fanti blocked Bigg's attempt to transfer the pineapple farm to a grazing lease by exercising his right to all the Majuba stream water above the farm. (That's one good thing about gold mines!)

Such fringe operations do have an effect on the National Park. The ones I mentioned are quite general along the park's new-world boundary and result in increased scunge, more vermin encouraging more snakes and animals running wild, and general degradation of the natural systems by chemical spraying. I suppose the park is big enough that the manifestations of man are not widely destructive; but sufficient encroachment is evident to argue strongly against development of any of the marginal land portions, bar some small-scale timbergetting perhaps. It is very rewarding to look at the twin hills on portion 323 and know that they will never raise scars like angry fingers into the mountain regions beyond.

A Challenge to Explore:

Being part of a story about big country, this is a story of big challenges. The McGrath brothers, in Babinda, ended nearly a year of week-end work with a blazed trail starting in their backyard and finishing on Bellenden Ker's Centre Peak after climbing Chickaboogalla and South Peak. Quite some effort. Scouts from the Tableland can, with appropriate transport arrangements, walk over the remains of Nine-mile Ridge, North-West and South Peaks of Bartle Frere and down the Majuba track to the east in a day. Scout stuff! There was a government clerk from Brisbane who came up to Bartle Frere when he reached retiring age and climbed it in foul weather - his claim is that he had then been as high as one could go in Queensland. Perhaps the Mad Englishmen story is best. This Pom B. came out to Aussie and landed a job in the forestry office in Atherton. One day he heard about Bartle Frere so he walked off a week later, carrying an umbrella and many chocolate bars. Some C.m.F. men found him just to the east of South Peak after six days, quite pleased with himself.

Bushwalking in this country still offers great challenges requiring leadership, initiative, and endurance. It is a very big country in a lot of ways, both strange and familiar, gentle and harsh. Apart from the tracks and easily found places it is real hards territory. Alternatively, it is a good place to learn what constitutes a genuine hard.

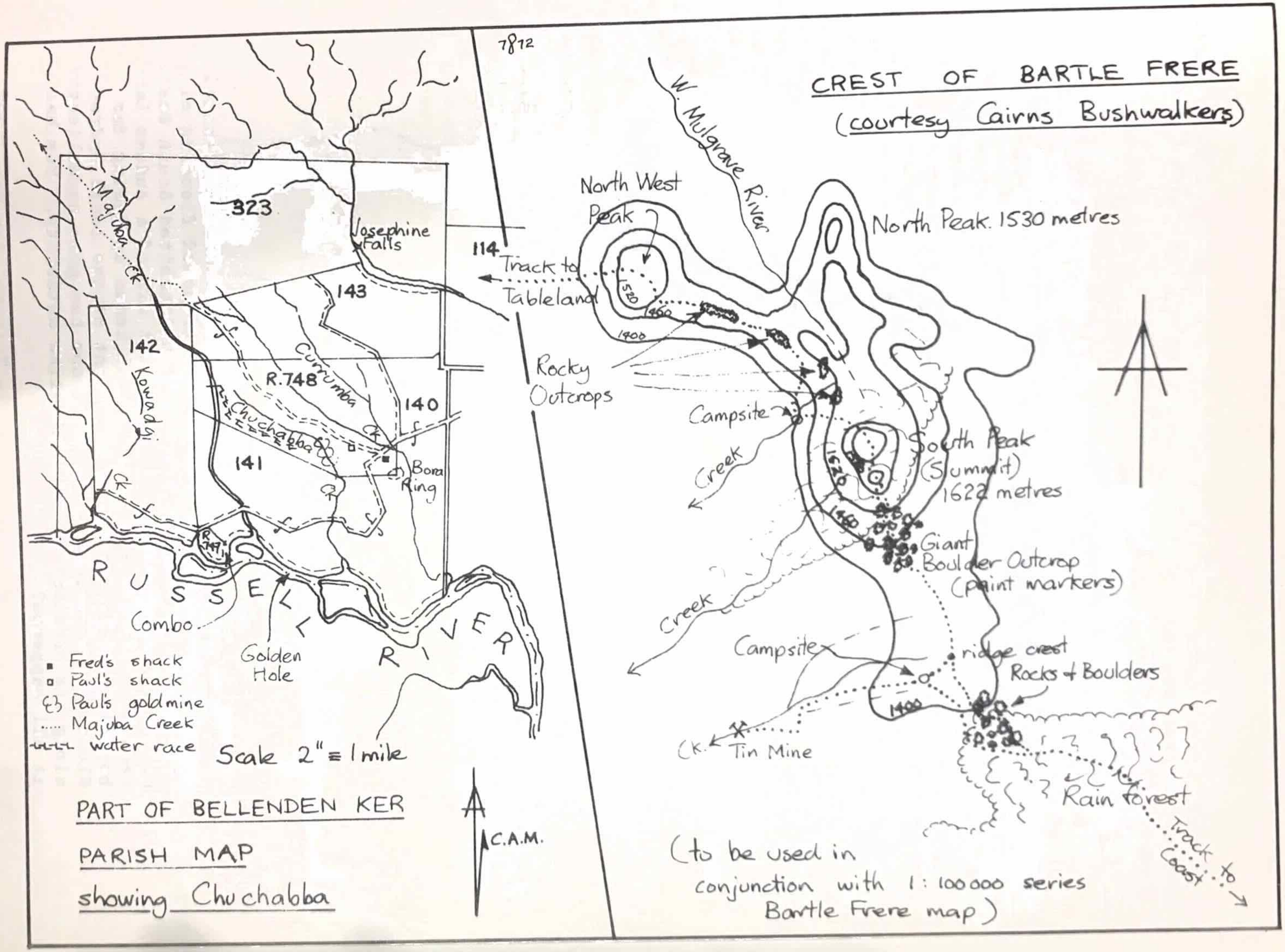
For the following routes consult the 1:100,000 series Bartle Frere map.

1. The Majuba route: (To climb Bartle Frere from the coast side). Refer to the section "Chuchabba" for details to Paul's place and the start of the track from the timber loader. Follow the timber track till an obvious walking track leads off (may or may not still be signposted) after some 15 minutes. You soon come to Majuba Creek which is crossed (it now is on your right). An immediate steep climb of some twenty metres onto the first ridge precedes a more gradual slope. Parts are rather razorbacked and there is one steep up to the Broken Nose. After about 30 minutes the Majuba is reached again at a small campside (altitude 440 metres). Cross creek (now on left) and immediately begin the steep climb on a good blazed track (WNW). At about 800 metres there is a group of huge boulders on the right which can be scaled by means of a strangler fig to give good easterly views. The crest of the main summit (S.E.) ridge is gained at about 1080 metres and the good track continues along up this for about 60 minutes where there is the choice of going over and around some huge boulders on the crest or sidling off to the left on contour to the clearing above the tin mine. (Altitude some 1400 metres). Water can be gained near the hut or in the gullies further west - but may be scarce. By keeping on the main ridge the path can be followed through another giant boulder pile (remnants of paint markers) and into turkey-bush and forest to the South summit. Here some remarkable people have proclaimed their conquest on the same tree that Palmerston carved his "p". Superb views can be had from N.E. to near W. Allow 4½ hours up and 3½ hours down and watch out for mist when in the boulder piles.

2. The Tablelands route: Drive on the Gillies highway past Lake Tacham and take the Peeramon turnoff left. Follow the road past Butchers Creek School. Turn left down a dirt road just before the crest of Lamont's Hill. Turn left then right and the track straight ahead leads into private property (Mr. Soley). Follow this track for some miles past a large clearing (near Gourka Gourka). Passing through you come to the rain forest and the weather determines how far you can drive. From about 720 metres the climb begins, there is no clear route to N.W. Peak and the T.V. survey confuses the issue. Once on N.W. Peak (1488 metres) follow the main ridge ESE, up and down several times. There is then a drop of 150 metres or so to a creek (small campsite) and about another hour takes you up to the South Summit. Parts of this track may not be easy to follow but sufficient common sense and a map will see you through comfortably.

3. The Broken Nose track: As an alternative to the Majuba route follow an old blazed trail "up ridge" (WNW) from the campsite just before the second creek crossing. (i.e. keep the Majuba to the north). Once the main S.E. ridge is gained, views can be had from boulder tops and a patchy track can be followed down to the Broken Nose or up towards the main track. It's at least a full day up to the tin mine, more if the Nose is visited. Views from the Nose are spectacular to say the least.

4. A Pipe-dream walk: I have kept in my original yellow Bartle Frere - scunge-damaged bonnet details of a superwalk. Maybe one day I'll actually do a bit more than think about it but many factors are, of course, involved. Start up the Josephine from Low to High Falls, out onto the eastern ridge razorback and along to the South Summit. Down the S.E. ridge to the Broken Nose and hence to the Russell. Follow the Russell up to the big ridge on the



CREST OF BARTLE FRERE
(courtesy Cairns Bushwalkers)
7872
W. Mulgrave River
North West Peak
North Peak. 1530 metres
Track to Tableland
1520
1460
1400
Rocky Outcrops
Campsite
Creek
South Peak (Summit) 1622 metres
1620
1460
Giant Boulder Outcrop (paint markers)
Creek
Campsite
ridge crest
Rocks + Boulders
1400
Ck.
Tin Mine
Rain forest
Track to Coast
(to be used in conjunction with 1:100 000 series Bartle Frere map)
323
Josephine Falls
114
Majuba Ck
143
142
Kowadgi
R.748
Currumba
Chuchabba
140
141
Bora Ring
R 747
RUSSELL RIVER
Combo
Golden Hole
Fred's shack
Paul's shack
Paul's goldmine
Majuba Creek
water race
Scale 2" ≡ 1 mile
PART OF BELLENDEN KER
PARISH MAP
showing Chuchabba
C.A.M.

south of Kiandra Creek, and thence to Towalla Mine and the Early Diggings. Down and across the North Johnstone gorge and out to Millaa Millaa. Interested?

Fred Flegerbein:

He was born somewhere in the North, the youngest of a large family. Most of his brothers died in the first War and the remaining members took up a selection on the Josephine. Fred didn't go for farming but went shooting crocs by spotlight - thus eliminating the "dangerous" Alice Swamps (subsequently drained for sugar production). When he was the only surviving male, the sisters revolted, sold the farm and turned Fred away. He came to Chuchabba and cleared some land for his shanty. Mrs. Webb, who had been cook on the farm, moved in afterwards when the new owners threw her out. He kept up a living scratching colour and working on the railway, but he never learned to read or write more than his name. For some fifty years he would spend months at a time out in that bush, so he got to know it well. In 1925 two local farmers (Keek and Gabiola) cut the old route up to the Broken Nose. It then took two to four days for a round trip to the Summit, until Fred cut the Majuba track in 1932 in six hours. He became officially an honorary forest ranger just a few months before he died, during the campaign to save the twin hills, but most of his years were devoted to the same selfless bushman's life anyway.

The greed of the land developers greatly disturbed him for he just could not understand the post-War brand of economics. I remember talking at length with him and hearing his talk of being hemmed in - the feeling that "they" are all-out to take all the pleasure out of a bloke's life.

He talked of going to New Guinea for he heard it was "pretty good up there" and a man would have room to roam - "A man needs elbow room y'know". But the last thing I want to set down for Fred is his huge soundless laugh and the great light in his eyes when that favourite silver perch took his ninth fly that morning up at the Josephine - "Wot more could a bloke wantn' t'go chasn' after them fellers!"

* * * * * * * *

"Some years ago a few half-crazed bushwalkers raised their voices in protest against the proposed flooding of Lake Pedder in Tasmania's wild and uninhabited South West. Naturally nobody took any notice, but all of a sudden Lake Pedder has become a major political issue spreading far beyond Tasmania, to the astonishment of the local Hydro-Electric Commission, which until now has gone unchallenged along its ordained way with God-like authority. How has it all happened?

- Tribune, 1st May, 1972.

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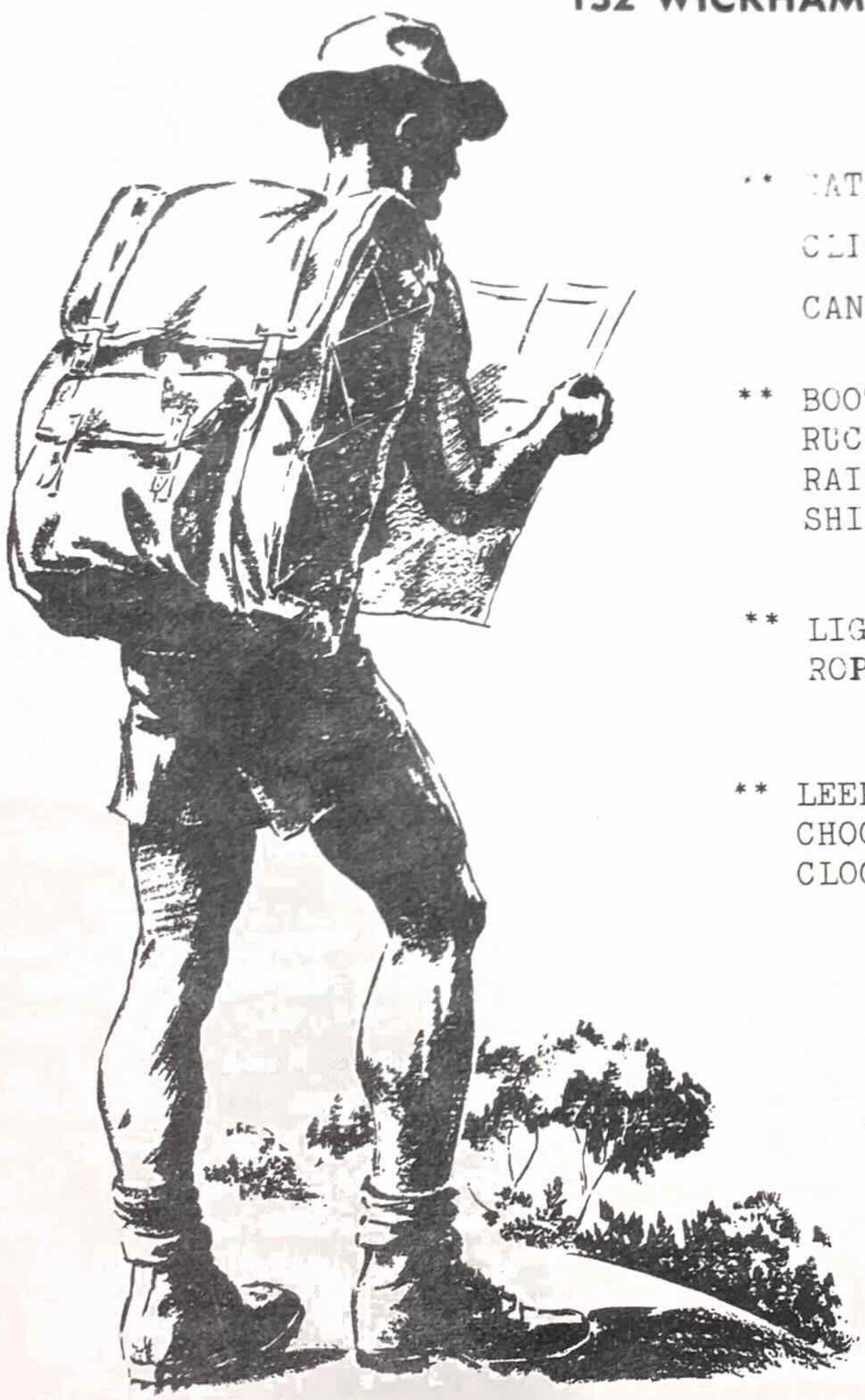

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THE BEST IN

LIGHTWEIGHT GEAR

A TREATRISE :- THE WATER SUPPLY ON HINCHINBROOK IS.

With particular reference to Ramsay Bay, Zoe Bay and the Ramsay Bay, Nina Beach, North Peak, Mt. Bowen, The Thumb, Ramsay Bay circle.

AIM: So future trip leaders know the approximate locations of the life-giving fluid before they set out, not like this one who FORGOT to find out.

APPARATUS: One ½ gallon plastic water bottle per person.
One SLURP TUBE per party - we had a lot of fun with ours and would have survived without it, but then again we might not have.

TREATMENT:

Ramsay Bay

Ramsay Bay has a good supply of fresh water - it's even close to the camp site (2 mins walk in fact). This water was not as pleasing to the palate as I expected but it was fresh water and who wanted to go further up-stream.

Ramsay Bay to Nina Beach

There is no need to carry water across here as it's less than a two hour walk and there's the odd creek en route.

Nina Beach

There is better water than at Ramsay Bay but 15 mins from the obvious camp site at the southern end of the beach. The creek at the northern end must be followed up along the edge of the mangroves to the fresh water - no significant mank. There is also a small creek running over the rocks at the southern end of the beach. Reports state this is usable.

Nina Beach to Mt. Bowen

Unless the party is particularly stroppy there must be two camps in this section. After leaving the creek running into Nina Beach there is no accessible running water until Pineapple Peak (ref 305 972)* has been traversed. About half an hour after dropping of Pineapple Peak it's an easy matter to drop down the Eastern side of the ridge to the creek (about 5 mins down). If you have to camp on or before Pineapple Peak, as we did, water must be carried or survive on the numerous slurp puddles. These abounded in this section of the walk; but it had been raining for two weeks just before we got there. Unfortunately we discovered most slurp puddles dry up quickly with a few sunny days. There are two slurp puddles near the Prophet and reports of numerous ones near the summit of North Peak. We salvaged over half a gallon from one near the Prophet only to return to the saddle between North Peak and Bowen (ref 305 962) to camp and discover a good supply (enough to have a bath in if so inclined) about six minutes down the Western side. If you are partial to eastern sides of saddles there is a poor supply 10 mins down the eastern side.

There is a fine slurp puddle on the ridge from this saddle up to the main Bowen ridge. It's high on a boulder but pot luck to find it and need a slurp tube to reach it, but 7 people slurped 2 enormous slurps each. The main ridge of the Bowen massif is devoid of water, therefore camping is not

recommended. If necessary camp on the north western end and water can be found, but not easily (drop down to the saddle (304 955)).

Mt. Bowen

NO WATER! Bit if it rained there would be slurp puddles on the very summit, but as it hadn't rained for two days there was only one rather grotty one left.

Mt. Bowen to The Thumb

About ref (319 948) a small stream runs over a near vertical rock. This could easily be tapped to produce one pint per min. If one was lucky enough to find it, and one was prepared to tie on for the night one could camp near here, but it's only half an hour to the next camp site.

At ref (321 947) i.e. at the Thumb saddle where one stands in the saddle and faces north, note the wet, slimy cliff slightly to the right, go to it, note all the drips - this is your water supply. A ground sheet makes an efficient collector of drips.

The Thumb

NO WATER! One very grotty slurp puddle - rain would only make this one bigger, it would not produce more.

The Thumb to Ramsay Bay

There is no reported water after leaving the Thumb Saddle and finally leaving the ridge - this should not cause any difficulty as one SHOULD NOT NEED to camp between these two points.

The Thumb Saddle to Zoe Bay

The creek begins 10 mins down from the saddle.

Ramsay Bay to Zoe Bay

This takes about 3 hrs via the "Magic Saddle". However, if caught on the north side of Zoe Creek there are freshwater soaks at the junction of the hills and the mangrove flats (about ref (380 928)). It tastes a bit muddy but we aren't dead yet.

Zoe Bay

The water supply is a two and a half mile stroll from the campsite at the northern end. The wateris at ref (378 895) and is reached by following a track upstream on the northern side of the southern estuary.

CONCLUSION: Apart from the usual type of water supply, Hinchinbrook Is. is well endowed with other types:-

slurp puddles,

drops,

drips.

WARNING: DON'T CARRY AS MUCH WATER AS WE DID, BUT YOU MIGHT NOT REACH THE NEXT WATER EITHER.

* All grid references refer to the Cardwell 1 inch series.

By Ruth Stephenson.

THORNTON'S PEAK

By Marion Darveniza

One of the remaining genuine wilderness areas in Australia lies just north of the Daintree River. It is an area which brings vivid pictures to one's mind of early days - the gold rushes, the jungle, the natives.

Surveying this area somewhat haughtily from its granite 4510 feet summit is Thornton's Peak.

To the south of Thornton's Peak one sees the wide sweep of the Daintree River Gorge ending with its muddy, mangrove exit to the sea. To the east, fabulous Alexandra Bay and a magic coastline sweeping north to Mt. Pieter Botte and Cape Tribulation. To the north and west a sea of wilderness.

The top of Thornton's Peak is one of the most interesting we have visited. A fairly large elevated valley ringed by great granite rocks shelters a mass of tangled growth and spawns a sizeable creek. A winter swim at 4000 feet is an experience to remember.

Our Easter party of seven surveyed the route home from the summit with interest. Of course one follows the well marked track down the south-west shoulder to the creek rising to the south, then south via three great cleared cow pastures beside the creek, over the "saddle" in the hills and then down to the light-airstrip near the Daintree River. Our interest was stimulated by the fact that the obvious route which should normally take one day, took us two full days of blundering through rain forest, wading down creeks to avoid wait-a-while, following incorrect creeks (Deception Creek) and looking for tracks.

Thornton's Peak is really recommended. For first hand information have a chat with Mr. Charlie McCracken of Miallo just north of Mossman.

* * * * * * * * *

" .....The Power is not needed. But the Middle Gordon Scheme is going ahead, a National Park is being invaded, Lake Pedder is to be destroyed, and the enormous Tasmanian and interstate protest at the destruction of the most beautiful area of the island is being swept aside because of a struggle over profits between two foreign monopolies, when even that reason, disgusting as it is, has vanished."

- Tribune, 1st May, 1972.

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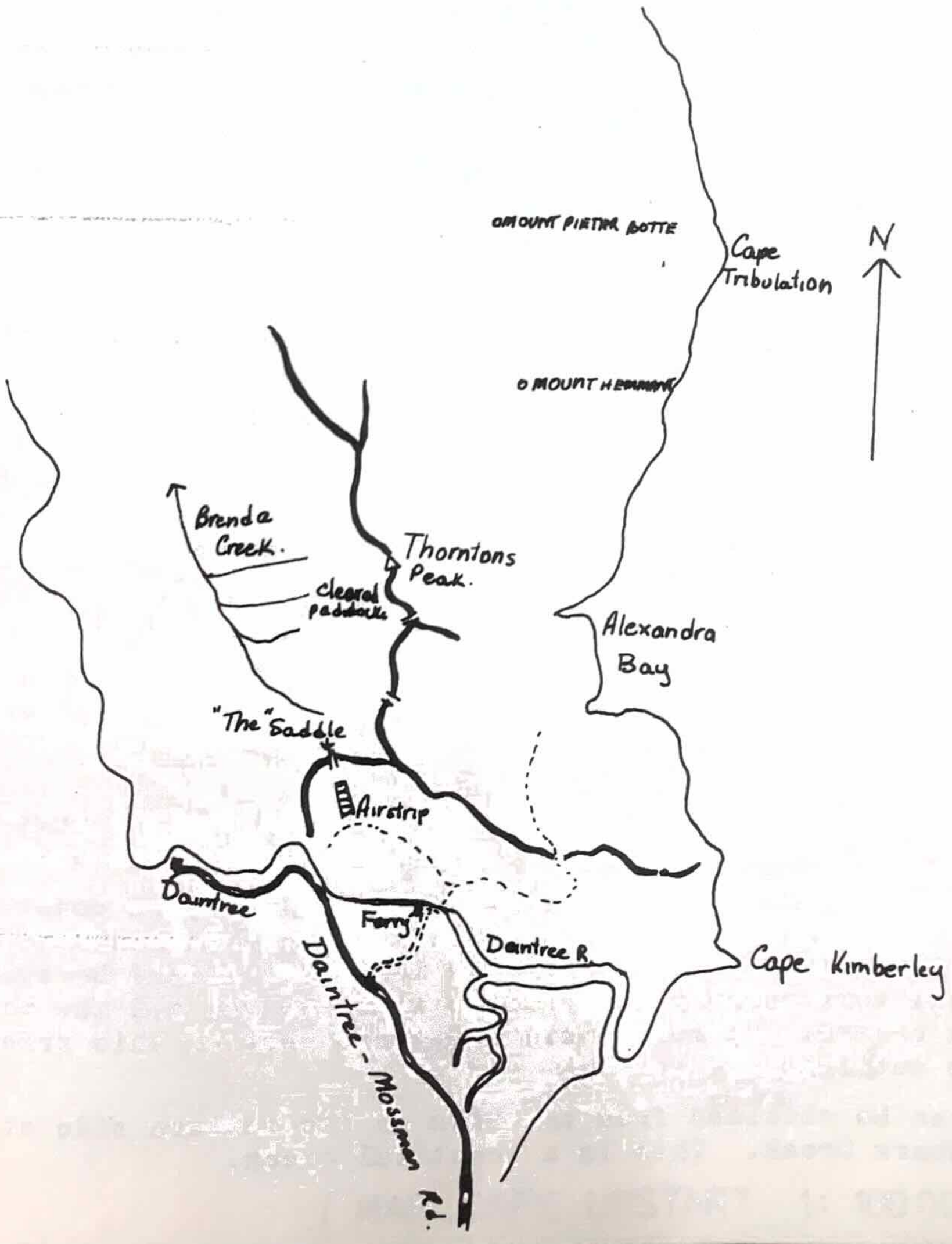


CAPE UPSTART

By Marion Darveniza
with some assistance from Louis

A small piece of paradise. A place where one can escape to explore, to dream, to enjoy oneself for a few days or for weeks at a time.

LOCATION:

Approximately 30 km north of Bowen, the Cape jutts out from flat, tidal salt pan country. It is very nearly an island.

The turn-off from the Bruce Highway is at Guthalungra. One follows obvious roads to 'The Cape Homestead' which marks the end of the conventional road.

MAP: Cape Upstart 100,000/1.

CAPE UPSTART:

The greater part of Cape Upstart (with criminal exceptions) forms a recently declared national park. It is roughly 60 square kilometres in area and is made up of mountainous granite country intersected by creeks and bounded on three sides by the sea.

On the western side there are numerous weekend shacks belonging to the boating people in Ayr and Home Hill. The northern and eastern sides are completely unspoilt with a number of fabulous beaches.

ACCESS:

Access is best made from 'The Cape Homestead'. A two kilometre walk through flat country leads to a tidal estuary at the start of the Cape Upstart eastern coastline. The estuary can be forded for tides of one metre or less (invariably at 3 AM).

BUSHWALKING:

Beaches on the eastern and northern coastlines are Snug Harbour, Coconut Bay and Kingfish Bay.

Coconut Bay is the place to camp. At the northern end of the bay (Coconut Rough) an obvious gorge leads to Blue Tiger Creek - swimming pools, waterfalls and a good route inland. Blue Tiger Creek is frequently the only permanent water supply on this side of the Cape (about 500 metres from the beach).

Kingfish Bay is renowned for its fishing and usually water is available in one of its creeks (the second small creek from its eastern end).

The rugged coast and granite cliffs of the northern coastline are well worth traversing. Permanent water is found at Bushwalkers Creek (see sketch). At this point on the coast one is forced inland because of cliffs. The creek drops very sharply down cliffs into the sea and the water is found in rock cracks. Approximately 400 yards west of this creek a tiny island sticks out from the coast.

Water can be obtained from the huts on the western side of the Cape and also in Shark Creek. This is a beautiful creek.

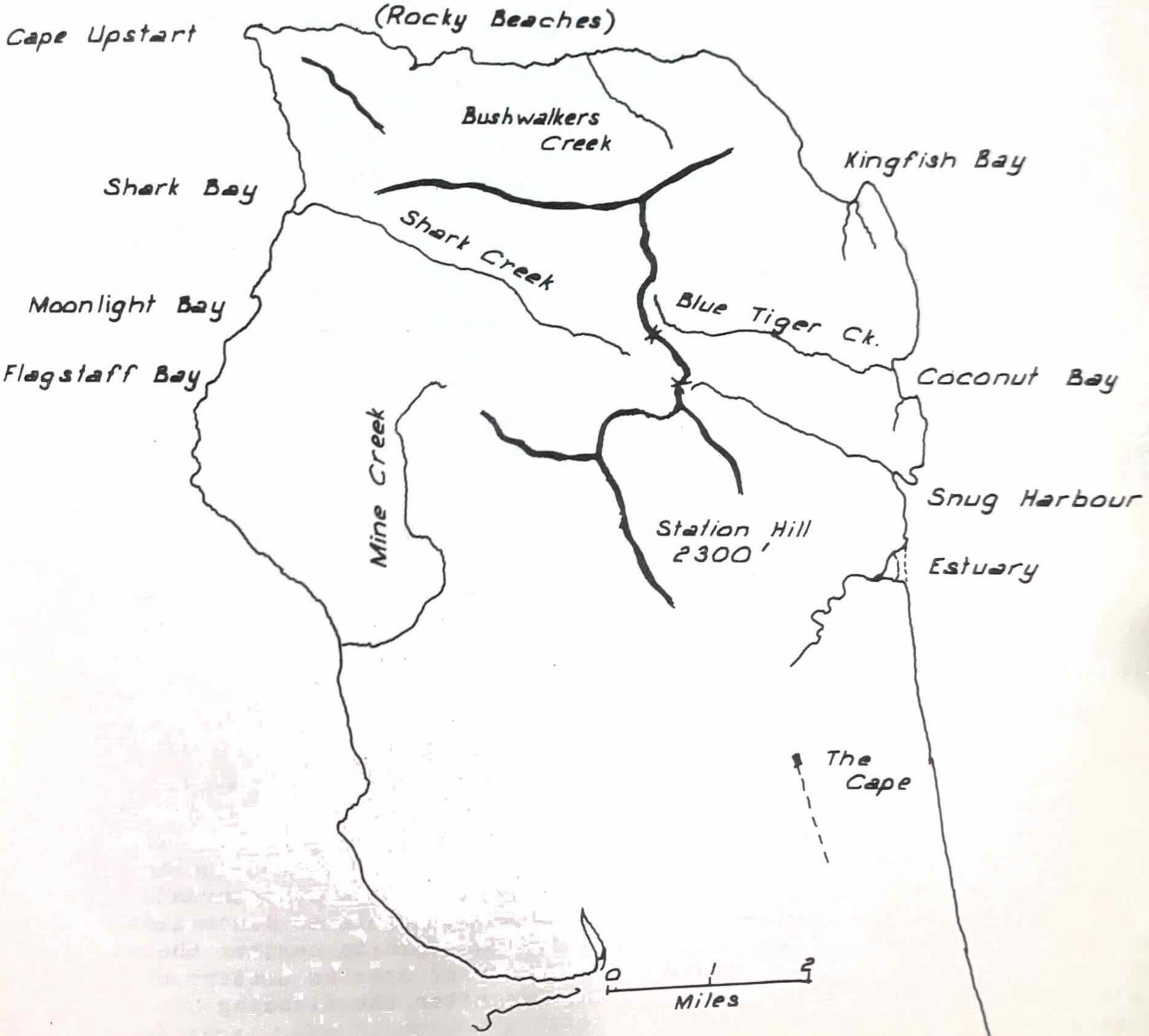
The mountain tops are not difficult and several routes are possible across the ridges. The views are tremendous. Possible points of interest are Station Hill and Mine Creek.

For the barefooted ones - death adders are common.

The fishing is unbelieveable.

Cape Upstart is not just another place. I feel sure that I will meet you there one day clambering around its friendly granites.

CAPE UPSTART



(MAP_CAPE UPSTART 1: 100 000)

MANY PEAKS

By Rob Brodribb

This is a very interesting granite area south of Gladstone. It is extremely rugged and spectacular. It differs from the Wyberba area in that it has more pinnacles and rock faces. It has many balancing tors but none as spectacular as those of Girraween.

The area is the northern end of the Many Peaks Range. There are four roughly parallel north-south running spurs with three intervening creeks. All along the ridges there are rocky outcrops from which spectacular views can be had of rocky spires, balancing tors and large rock faces. Lurking in the background are the sea to the east, Mt. Larcom in the north and the rest of the Many Peaks Range to the south. The creeks are also quite attractive with many deep swimming holes and hard granite slabs.

Grevillea Creek is a bit manky in its lower reaches and should be avoided until it is between the spurs where it becomes very open. The rest of the area is very open and is very good for festering or stropping depending on the M.R. of the party.

ACCESS: The area is reached from the northern side by crossing the Boyne River. All current maps show fords, forget about these. The Boyne has been dammed and is over 100yds across. A boat or lilo is advisable. However, check the weather before crossing as it is quite interesting crossing with six people and gear in a twelve ft. aluminium dinghy in a cyclone.

The best spot to cross is reached from Calliope. Take the Monto road then down to Himbleton or Cliffmead homestead. The road from Bernaraby is very rough in places and best bypassed.

WATER: There are permanent waterholes in all the creeks.

MAPS: The best access map is the MONTO I:250,000. All the maps suitable for showing topography are next to useless. Barmundu I:63360 is the most useless but you can't get lost so don't worry.

An important error of all current maps is the position of Mt. Castletower. It is the peak marked 1680ft. not the peak at 1770ft. further south.

* * * * * * *

"studies of the biota and ecosystems of Lake Pedder have been intermittent and ... it now becomes clear that the ecosystem ... is unique. There is clearly the need for comprehensive biological research" it (petition signed by life scientists of Australian Universities) says " In our opinion neither the ecosystem nor the majority of species present at Lake Pedder will survive after the flooding."

- Mercury 5th July, 1972.

ONSERVATION OF FLORA AND FAUNA

By Harley Smith

Much has been achieved toward this. However, needless destruction is still proceeding in multifarious areas.

The economic laws of supply and demand help explain the rapid growth of the conservation movement and indicate that it will grow from strength to strength. There is a fixed or declining supply of flora, fauna, clean water, clear air, scenic landscapes and wilderness, while the population and derived demand are steadily rising. Conservation of the environment thus has a rapidly increasing value and importance, with social, political and economic significance. When the settlers came, the rain forests were much as they had been in the days when Confucius, Socrates, Cicero and Christ lived. The abundance of the rain forests meant that they were squandered, as they still are in some places, including parts of North Queensland's Wet Tropical coast and the Amazon River system.

It is not sufficient to bemoan; positive action is required. Three spheres of action for us are indicated. We are the custodians of this Earth for our future generations.

1. Establishment of additional protected areas:

Many existing National Parks in the more densely populated regions have undeveloped private or leasehold land adjoining them. These could be extended by fair acquisition of this land.

Timbered and virgin land usually sells at a cheap price because it is undeveloped and is costly to clear for primary production. A few examples that have been for sale this year, all Crown leasehold, are:

*Five blocks near Darwin and the Gulf of Carpentaria, with average annual rainfall in the twenty inch to sixty inch range, total area 4,000 square miles, price just under $2 million.

*One block on Cape York Peninsula, area 2,760 square miles, price less than the above. Virtually all Cape York Peninsula has an average annual rainfall over thirty inches and some over sixty inches.

*"Weymouth" on Cape York Peninsula containing 25,000 acres of virgin lowland rain forest, price $8 an acre.

A leasehold property with fifty two miles of beaches in their natural state was for sale a few years ago. There would have been others since. Without necessarily specifying these particular lands, thepoint is that additional National Park areas could be acquired at a relatively low cost to society. National Parks may not be the only legal status appropriate for protection of flora and fauna in areas such as some of the above or in inland areas. Grazing leases, with conditions protecting flora and fauna in all or part, and access for bona fide hikers, conservationists and tourists with permits may be a more efficient utilization of society's resources. Similarly, Queensland's Wet Tropical coast, the Atherton Tableland and north-eastern New South Wales are high rainfall regions containing many lightly populated areas and much

timbered land, some of it being virgin.

With the continuation of a rapid pace of technological innovation in agriculture, there tends to be overproduction of most agricultural products in relation to a relatively inelastic demand for them. Increases in production per acre frequently outstrip the rate of growth of the population. Australia's major export industry, beef, is an exception in relation to demand, but without going into details here, destruction of trees is not the only method of increasing beef production. Thus the clearing of more virgin or timbered land for primary production is of little or no value to society.

Many conservationists want a minimum of five percent of the nation retained in its indigenous form, this including representative samples of the many diverse flora and fauna habitats and the most interesting and spectacular scenery. Together with the establishment of more marine National Parks, additional protected areas could be established at relatively little cost.

Additional legislative and administrative safeguards against unnecessary and excessive destruction of flora and fauna, unspoilt wilderness and scenery are needed. Let us avail ourselves enthusiastically of any opportunities to persuade society, its political representatives and thus, vicariously, the land administrations in State and Federal governments of the sweet reasonableness of this. For many of you thislast sentence has belaboured a platitude. Remaining rain forests have a scientific and aesthetic value; the sooner the further clearing of them is banned as vandalism, the better. Supplementing the role of governments, individual conservationists who feel so inclined can always buy their own freehold or lease convertible to freehold and nurture it as their private sanctuaries. The buying, of course, has to be astute. Any influence, however minor, that we as individuals can have in attracting and retaining membership for conservation groups including our own Club is worthwhile.

2. Existing protected areas:

In winter 1972, the Forestry Department will be aerial firing substantial areas of State Forests in south-east Queensland. This is known as preventive burning or reduction of fire hazards during the safe period of the year and can be carefully applied even among some fire sensitive species.

Late spring, early summer conflagrations have reduced sections of some real, live National Parks to national parks in name alone, almost devoid of the complex natural balance of flora and fauna which exist in an ecology which has reached fruition. In parts of at least four of Tasmania's major National Parks, for as far as the eye can see there are millions of dead tree trunks where tremendous fires have swept through in recent years after no fires before. In October, 1966, I personally watched helplessly as a small National Park mountain in the Gold Coast hinterland suffered a bushfire. Lit by a careless person and spreading from near the base on a hot, dry, windy day, it swept up the slopes. The whole peak itself was devoured by flames in a minute or two: suddenly the roar of the flames could be heard for miles and the horror-tinted smoke cloud that belched up bore resemblance to that from an atom bomb. Then there was the dry, heatwave night in November, 1968, when the eastern cliffs of Springbrook National Park, 800 feet high in places, were licked by a sheet of flame. Compared with this, a pyrotechnic display would seem puny, but what of the flora and fauna? Indeed, what of the lives of any

conservationists who attempt to fight such a fire before the sudden holocaust? As yet there are mainly overseas statistics to go on.

This fate could easily be suffered by sections of our major National Parks. In these cases, the flora may take generations to regrow then probably not in the same diversity. Fauna will only be replaced by spreading naturally from other areas. Such a catastrophe would, of course, be more critical for endangered species than common species.

Would a fire creeping through the grass from the top down in winter or an uncontrollable conflagration from the bottom up some dry late spring be preferable for well known areas such as Lamington's Castle Crag, north-western end of Lost World, some Running Creek slopes, Mt. Greville and outer parts of Mt. Ballow and the Bunya Mountains? Admittedly there are many non-rainforest sections of our Parks that are too complex and beautiful ever to subject to preventive burning.

To advocate any fires in our National Parks may sound like heresy. Watching a koala in its natural state in a eucalypt section of Lamington National Park on a Club trip in March this year provoked reflection on two principal killers of koalas, uncontrollable bushfires and motor vehicles. We must take practical steps to lessen the risk of devastating fires in wilderness habitats. For hikers and campers to extinguish carefully their campfires on a couple of visits a lifetime is praiseworthy, but this hardly constitutes an integrated or comprehensive bushfire control scheme. There are a few sections of our Parks where grazing leases are permitted now and, where appropriate, this is a useful method of reducing fire hazards.

To sum up, widespread preventive burning in winter every few years would be beneficial for certain sections of National Parks and vast areas of private lands as well as in State Forests. For this policy to be successful, a prerequisite would be for the implementation to be competent and sensitive.

3. Private Lands:

Currently these probably constitute the majority of flora and fauna habitats in Australia.

The Queensland Government is to be strongly applauded for greatly reducing the legal category of pest fauna species from the beginning of this year. Genuine farmers still have plenty of options for destruction or deterrance left open to them.

Section 75 (1) (b) of the Commonwealth Income Tax Assessment Act makes "expenditure incurred in ..... the destruction and removal of timber, scrub or undergrowth indigenous to the land" an allowable deduction from assessable income. As well as farmers, urban dwellers with urban occupations are buying virgin or timbered land outside the cities. A bulldozer is hired or the trees are poisoned to exterminate all or most of the flora and fauna, to "improve" or "develop" the land, and to establish some sort of primary production, whether cattle or a crop. All costs incurred in clearing the land are an allowable deduction from assessable income and this has a marked effect on the marginal rate of taxation of the individual. In this situation under Part 111. Division 16 of the same Act, income from an urban occupation can be averaged over five years, another advantage.

From the point of view of society, this practice creates external diseconomies:

(i) Ample primary production is and will be able to be achieved from existing cleared areas. Excessive production distorts the allocation of resources in the economy.

(ii) The Commonwealth Treasury loses revenue which must then be collected from other sections of society.

(iii) There is an incentive to destroy flora and fauna habitats and this is taking place at an alarming rate near the cities as well as in remote areas. Perhaps it should be remembered that part of the Sahara Desert now lies where cedar Forests once flourished and that our Continent is less richly endowed with forests than most.

To sum up, the Commonwealth Parliament should repeal s 75 (1) (b) of the Income Tax Assessment Act. Such expenditure is, strictly, of a capital nature anyway, a special deduction being currently allowed by the legislation. Section 75 (1) (c), allowing a deduction for the destruction of noxious weeds, should of course be retained. You may wish to write to your local Federal M.P., relevant Federal Cabinet Ministers and the proposed Taxation Enquiry and advise them accordingly.

Conclusion:

Let us not be dazzled by technological innovations and material progress essential or beneficial though most of them are. May the advance of quick plunder and myopic despoliation be mitigated by a humble reflection on our transient roles. This wondrous Earth and Mankind were here long before us. May they survive us for the material and spiritual enrichment of posterity.

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THE BUDAWANGS

By David Bayliss

Some of you up there in warm old Brisbane may have heard of the Budawangs - in fact, quite a few of you may have been bored to death watching other peoples' slides of the "Oh no! Not Again!" Budawangs. This is certainly the way we felt until we actually started to visit and explore the area for ourselves. Now the manifold beauties and allurements of this wonderful country have become irresistable and it is my aim in this article to encourage U.Q.B.W.C. ers to undertake more and better trips to this great sandstone wilderness.

My apologies are due to any reader who expects to find here a complete guide to the Northern Budawangs, but, fortunately, eight or nine trips are not sufficient to cover the whole area; those localities which have not been visited personally will probably be apparent from the haziness of the descriptions. Information on some areas has been supplemented by personal reports and articles in the N.S.W. N.P.A. Journal.

The Area

The dominant features of the landscape, from most viewpoints, are the cliff lines or horizontally bedded snadstones and conglomerates and the associated gorges and ravines. In the east the sandstones seem to be over 1500 feet thick and the Clyde River gorge is approximately 2,000 feet deep while in the west the sediments are only a few hundred feet thick and the rivers and creeks have not cut far into the underlying rocks. These underlying rocks are much older sediments that have been tilted almost vertically and where the overlying strata have been removed they show a series of parallel rocky ribs. In the valleys of the tributaries of the upper Corang R. the unconformity between the two rock types is obvious and the Corang itself flows in a zigzag course generally at right angles to the ribs. In Holland Creek, too, the underlying strata are often apparent. The cliff lines usually occur in two parallel tiers with the upper tier being set back by anything from 100 years to a mile; the cliffs are typically 250 feet high (in places over 500 feet) with a vertical distance of 400 feet between the tiers. Either cliffline may be absent as with the tremendous Byangee Walls where the upper layers have been completely eroded or with the eastern side of Mt. Houghton where the lower tier has degenerated into a steep talusslope. On the summits of Mts. Tarn and Tolaterang may be found the remains of a third tier.

A further interesting feature of the topography is the reticular pattern of lines of weakness which have been preferentially eroded. One axis of this grid runs roughly south-west to north-east and the other axis approximately at right angles. The Corang 1:50,000 map reveals many examples some particularly fine ones being (i) the line of Long Gully Ck., Oakey Ck., eastern side of Shrouded Gods Mt., Darri Pass, western side of Castle Head and (ii) northern side of Byangee Walls, Monolith Valley, southern side of Bibbenluke Walls, Corang. R.

The attractiveness of the Budawangs as a walking area is augmented by the generally friendly nature of the vegetation. The flat sandstone tops and higher open valleys support a swampy heath which is easy going except after rain

and which in the warmer months is the scene of a magnificent display of such wildflowers as Banksias, Hakeas, Christmas Bells, orchids and numerous types of heath. The ridges and talus slopes are covered with a generally open Eucalypt forest which in sheltered valleys and ravines can become very dense and occasionally merges into patches of rainforest. The wildlife in the Budawangs has been relatively undisturbed by man and the quiet bushwalker will come across numerous wallabies, kangaroos, and cockatoos and more timid beasts such as lyrebirds and wombats.

Maps:

1. Northern Budawang Range - 1½ inches to 1 mile (Coast and Mountain Walkers). This excellent hairy-caterpillar map is essential for any serious walking in the area. Where possible obtain the most recent edition as this will have up-to-date place names and more tracks and negotiable routes marked.
2. Corang 1:50,000 (Military). Useful for its 50 feet contours. Covers area north to Mt. Tarn and Castle Head and east to Warre Head.
3. Nerriga 1:50,000 (Military). Contours not as reliable as on Corang sheet but still useful. Covers area south to Mt. Hoddle and Folly Pt and east to Newhaven Gap.

   These maps as well as some Lands Dept. maps are available from Paddy Pallin in Sydney.
4. A good road map such as Robinson's "One hundred Miles around Nowra" is also very handy.

Some Hints:

The weather is quite variable with a fine morning often turning into a wet afternoon. Cloud and mist on the tops occur mainly in summer and can make navigation very difficult. Rain can come from the west, usually associated with cold fronts, as well as the sea. Once a cold front has passed, you are assured of at least a day's fine weather. In winter the days are very short (sunrise after 7 a.m., sunset before 5 p.m.) and long trousers and plenty of woollies are advisable. Strong winds are common so don't forget your parka.

Water is not usually a problem at the Budawangs (or rather, the lack of it is not!). Apart from major creeks many quite minor streams, especially when they flow over flat country, seem to have permanent pools. The numerous small depressions on the flat summits often contain water which, if you don't mind tadpoles or water weed, is quite drinkable except for prolonged dry spells. Another convenient water supply is the soaks and trickles of water found at the foot of a cliff; some examples for the upper cliffline are the eastern side of Mt. Neibelung, the south-west corner of Mt. Tarn, the south-east side of Mt. Houghton and the north-west corner of Shrouded Gods Mt.

Really comfortable camping caves are uncommon but there are nevertheless literally hundreds that can be made use of if you are caught without a tent on a wet night. We noticed (!) during one miserable night that the rain tends to run some distance back into the cave along the ceiling before dripping to the floor. Apart from the caves there are square miles of flat grassy areas in the valleys and sheltered hollows on the tops all waiting to be camped on.

The major obstacles of the terrain are, of course, the long unbroken clifflines and to negotiate these it is a good idea to carry a short length of

rope, say 60 feet, for pack hauling and for use as a hand rail. Most routes through the clifflines (called "passes" on the C.M.W. map) are marked by cairns at the start and from there it's largely a matter of following the signs of wear and tear. Sometimes a long traverse on a horizontal or gently sloping terrace or ledge is necessary and occasionally a concealed gully, i.e. one which runs parallel with the general line of the cliff, is the crucial weakness. In a few cases - Pigeon House, Folly Point, and Hidden Valley on Mt. Sturgiss - mankind has made the route easier by means of ladders, spikes and chains.

Access to the Budawangs:

All roads lead firstly to Nowra and secondly - the Budawangs.

Newhaven Gap - Old Sawmill Site:

This is an excellent starting place for any trips visiting the northern section. Cars may be left at Newhaven Gap (252567) or, better, about a mile further south along the road at 254563 (just off the eastern edge of the Nerriga Sheet) near an old sawmill site. On the southern outskirts of Nowra look for a minor road on the western side of the Princes Highway signposted "R.A.N.A.S. Albatross": this is the Nowra-Braidwood road. Follow this road for five miles and then turn right onto a dirt road marked "Braidwood". Keep right at the T-junction in ten miles time. The road continues past Tianjara Falls, which are only fifty yards off the road and well worth visiting, and soon climbs a steep hill known as Sassafras Mt. On the top of the hill at a couple of old farmhouses 15 to 16 miles from the T-junction turn left over a grid. From here it is seven miles of rough dirt road to the sawmill site.

Wog Wog Ck.:

(Leave cars on crest of ridge at 054444). If you want to do a bushwalk through very easy yet isolated and unspoiled country then Wog Wog Ck. is a good place to start. Take the Braidwood road from Nowra as described above and follow it through Nerriga township (petrol and beer available) to the Corang R. crossing at 056533. About 3 or 4 miles after the crossing turn left ?025499) over a grid onto the Mongarlowe-Charley Forest road. Seven or eight miles further on turn left through a newly fenced entrance to a property with an avenue of poplars (043443).

Little Forest Plateau:

This is the starting point for trips approaching Mt. Talaterang from the east. On the Princes Highway approximately four miles north of Milton turn west along the Porters Ck. Dam road. After four miles you will come to a picnic area and lookout which is the place to leave the cars.

Yadboro C.:

(Leave the cars at 194395 close to where Castle Ck. meets Yadboro Ck. at the foot of Kalianna Ridge). The maze of roads around the southern side of the Budawangs tends to be rather confusing at first so I will give two sets of road directions from Milton. The first route (courtesy of Denis Townsend) is longer but surer because of the accurate mileages.

Continue south along the Princes Highway from Milton for 15 miles and then turn right at the "Pigeon Hours 16" sign (0.0 miles) just north of Termeil At 3.5 miles turn left along the "Pigeon House 12, Brooman" road. At 4.9 keep

left. At 5.9 keep right - ignore the Brooman and Nelligen road. Keep left at 8.8 and ignore Bayne Cr. Road. At 9.4 keep right and ignore Hughes Rd. At 10.1 miles from the highway is the bridge over Bayne Ck. At 2.2 miles after the Bayne Ck bridge (12-3 from highway) is a road marked "Pigeon House 3" which you should take if you want to climb Pigeon House. Otherwise keep straight ahead. At 16.8 take the Yadbora Flat road (on right) and ignore Blue Gum Flat Rd. Cross the Clyde R. at 18.4. At 20.5 take Lang Gully Rd. Take the second turn on the right 21.4 miles from the main road. The cars may be left at the junction or 0.3 miles further on at Yadbora Ck.

The second route is faster but it is necessary to ignore any reflectorized signs with a Pigeon House Symbol; these signs are for getting to Pigeon House from the ridge to the east of it. On the southern outskirts of Milton turn down any of the streets leading west. These roads all join with one leading out of Milton. After about a mile the road turns south and the bitumen ends. Approximately eight miles from Milton you will, after ignoring a fork to the left about four miles out and various Pigeon House signs, come to a prominent dirt road branching off to the right just before the crest of a hill. Follow this road for approximately four miles and then turn right at a T-junction. Soon you will come to the Bayne Ck bridge from which the route is the same as described above.

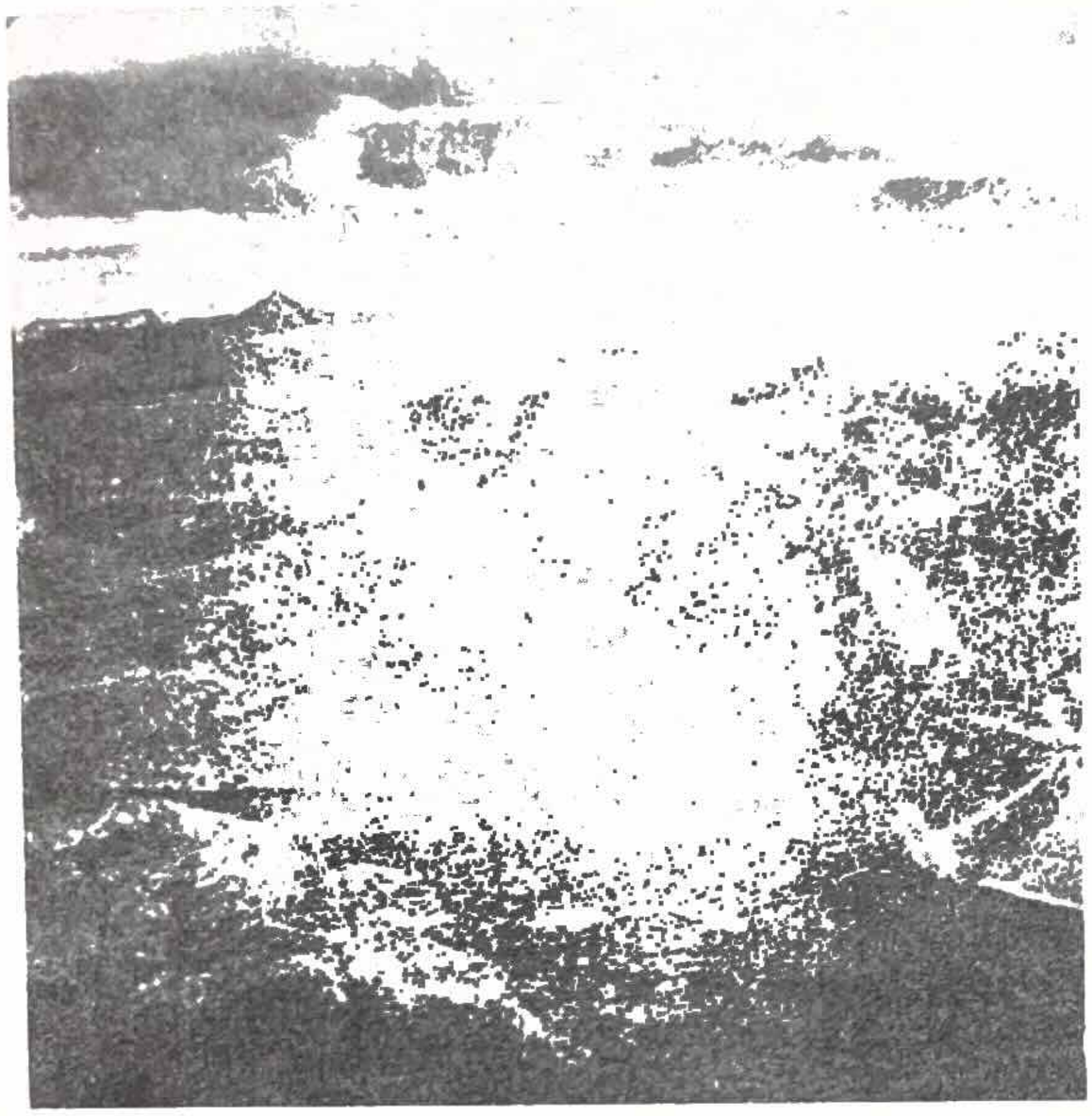
Clyde River:

The Clyde River offers a very easy route into the heart of the Budawangs. Just before the Clyde R. crossing mentioned in the Yadbora Ck. route turn right along Deadman's Gulph Rd. Cars can be taken as far as the first crossing of the Clyde at 246386 or even as far as the second crossing at 244415 depending on the state of the road.

Walking Routes and Places to Visit:

Monolith Valley Area - Cole, Owen, Castle, Shrouded Gods, Donjon, Neibelung, Mooryan and Byangee. This region must be, for the walker, the highlight of any trip; with its massive clifflines, fantastic views, excellent campsites and great variety of rock formations it is a really outstanding walking area.

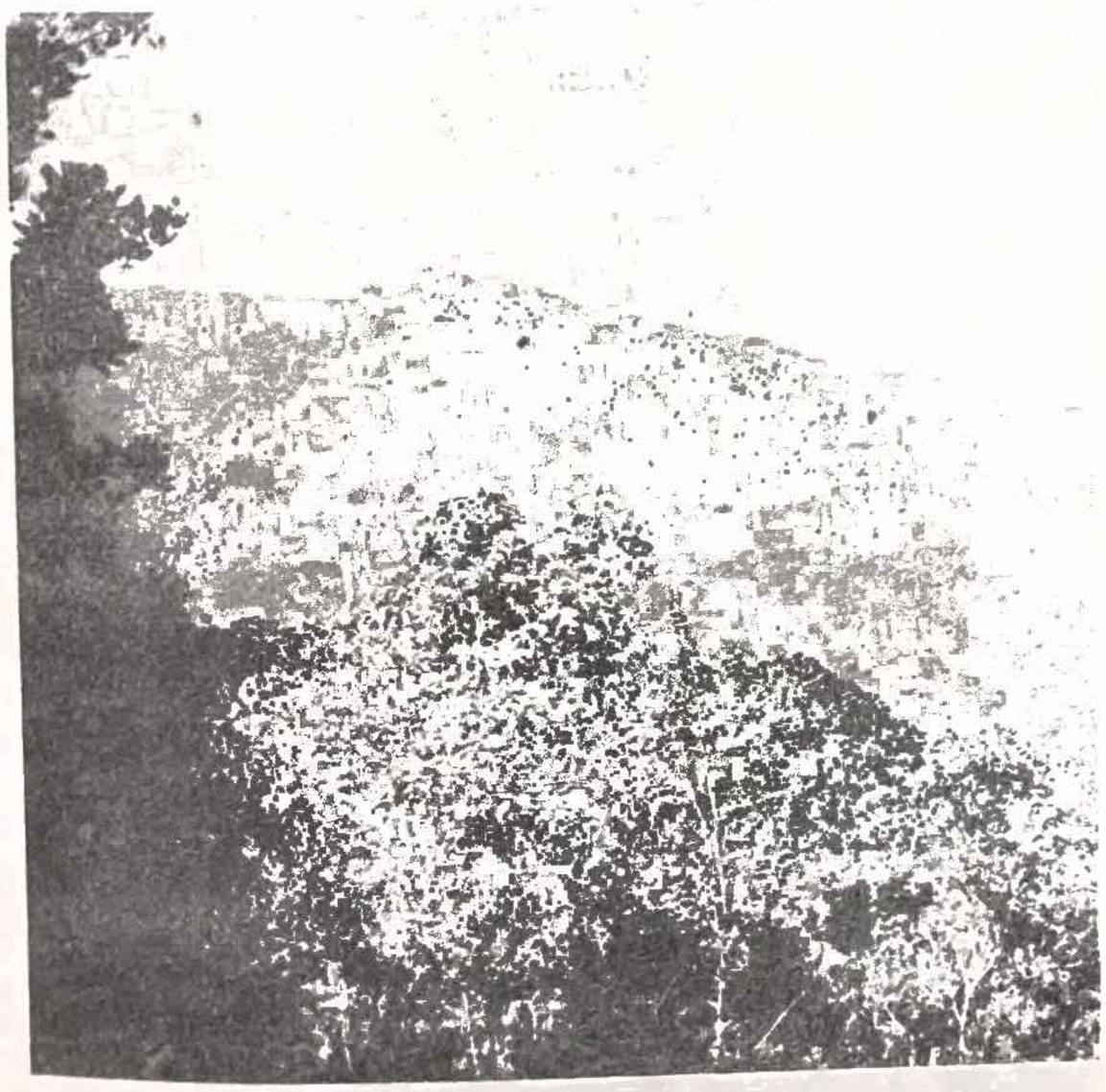
The standard route into Monolith Valley is via Kalianna Ridge. From the junction of Castle Ck and Yadboro Ck. follow the road up the ridge for about 45 minutes by which time you will be near the foot of the first cliffline. A cairn on the left hand side of the road indicates the start of the foot track. Right at the head of the ridge it is necessary to scramble up a 30 feet conglomerate cliff from the top of which one may obtain a marvellous view of Pigeon House and the hills to the south. The rough track continues north along the foot of the cliffs until the head of the gully is reached. Just before this, where a small tributary of Oakey Ck crosses the track, are a couple of convenient camping caves (199428). From here several tracks now head up the slope to the northern tail of the Castle, where they converge, and then drop down to the saddly between the Castle and Neibelung. There are now two ways into the Valley; if you follow the track north and take the first major gully on the left you will enter via Neibelung Pass between Neibelung and Mooryan but if you take the second major gully this leads directly to the eastern end. If you are on this latter route climb out of the ravine as soon as possible via the southern wall: this is much easier than continuing up the ravine. From Yadboro Ck into the Valley is three to four hours. At the extreme eastern end of Monolith Valley is a platform with a hollowed out sand-



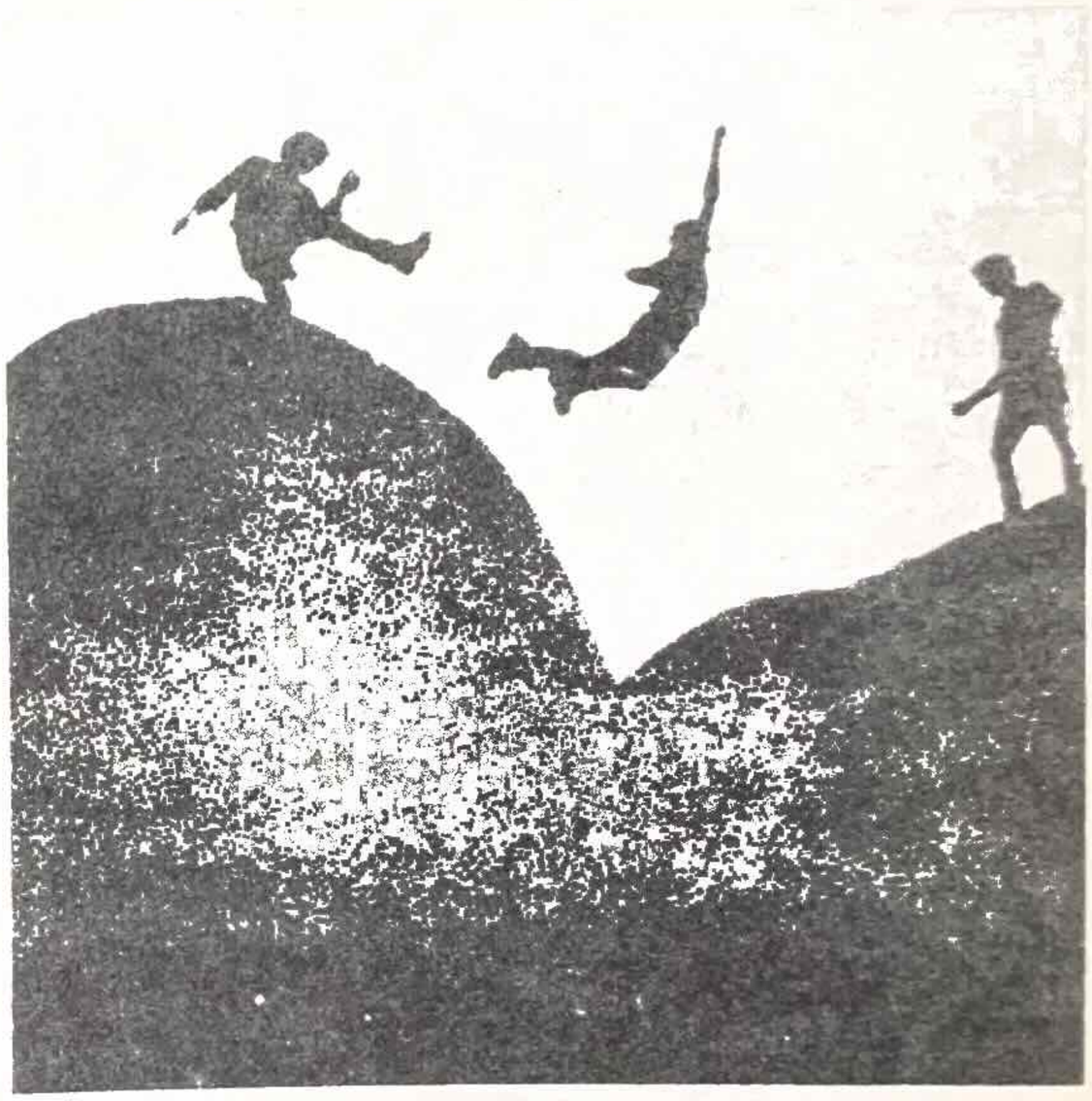
BUDAWANG RANGES: PIGEON HOUSE, TALLATERANG AND BYANGEE WALLS FROM FOLLY POINT.



BUDAWANG RANGES: DARRI HEAD FROM FOLLY POINT.



MOUNT BARTLE FRERE, NORTH QUEENSLAND.



AT POVERTY POINT, NEW ENGLAND.

stone"pudding" on it and from this point one can watch the sunrise over Talaterang or gaze in awe at the cliffs of the Castle and Byangee. Water and campsites abound in the Valley; there is a very comfortable camping cave right beside a creek at 193441 and a very sheltered site in a canyon at 192440.

Monolith Valley is so interesting that it is worth spending a couple of days wandering around it. One good day trip may be described as a circumambulation of Mt. Cole. From the canyon site at 192440 climb westward up a steep gully and then down into the western extension of the valley. Keep travelling westward, close to the northern side of the ravine, until you are about 50 yards past the head of a valley that opens out to the south. At this point (189441) look for a route up the southern wall; there is a tree here marked inconspicuously with tinsell and plastic. This is the trickiest part of the route onto Mt. Owen and the rest of the way is well marked by cairns. The top of Mt. Owen is mainly bare rock slabs and swamp. The southern point has a terrific view and is easily reached. Cairns also mark the way off Mt. Owen down into the high saddle between it and Mt. Cole at 182443. Travelling down the far western end of Monalith Valley involves some scrambling down steep slabs and this is not recommended as an up route. There is quite a good track around the base of the cliffs on the western side of Mt. Cole with a number of camping caves which are fairly exposed to the weather. A very obvious gully leads up to the saddlebetween Mt. Cole and the Donjon at 187451. Mt. Donjon has been eroded into a number of isolated domes, the largest of which is the huge block at its northern end. The other domes are smaller and separated by small grassy valleys. The southern half of the Donjon has a large balancing rock and some hollowed-out puddings; it is best approached from the saddle at 187451. From here do not stay in the valley that leads down to Flying Fox Gully but traverse around the side of Mt. Cole to the Seven Gods. The track then runs through a fascinating rainforest-filled canyon before coming out into the open part of Monolith Valley.

The south-west corner of the top of Shrouded Gods Mt. should be visited as it offers the most magnificent view of the whole valley. The mountain is climbed via the large gully on the southern side of the south-west corner which drains into Flying Fox Gully. (This area is not represented correctly on the Corang Sheet). Follow up the gully for a few yards until you come to a cairn which marks a convenient route onto the ridge forming the southern side of the gully. Follow the crest of the ridge to the head of the gully; then traverse around the head of the gully onto its northern side before scrambling on to the top of Shrouded Gods.

The Meakins Pass route onto the Castle is one of the most spectacular scrambling routes in the Budawangs. A rope is not necessary but there is plenty of chimneying and friction work along the crest of therazor back that is the "tail" of the Castle. The easiest way to find the pass is as follows: from the saddle between Neibelung and the Castle walk up to the very end of the tail and then follow the track on the eastern side of it. You will probably notice along here signs indicating the tunnel which cuts right through the tail. Shortly after this the route starts to zigzag up the eastern side of the tail and onto its crest. The southern end of the Castle has very good views, especially looking down onto Byangee Walls.

Another very spectacular route is the traverse of Byangee Walls itself, starting from Castle Gap. The Gap may be reached in about 1½ hours from Yadboro Ck by following the ridge on the eastern side of Castle Ck. up to the

lower tier of cliffs on Mt. Castle and then traversing around to the east. Alternatively, the Gap may be reached from the Clyde R. by taking the ridge which starts at 228428. The cliffs at the western end of Byangee are some 500 feet high and take about 1½ hours to ascend. We started our climb from a place about 30 yards along the southern side of Byangee from the western tip. Cliffs then forced us to cut back westward onto a large flat-topped "gendarme". From the top of this conglomerate gendarme it was a ten feet drop down to a saddle on its eastern side and then a 10 feet climb back onto the main mass of Byangee. From here we made a sloping traverse to the east (involving some pack hauling) up onto the Summit. The start of the descent off the eastern end is right on the northern side of Pickering Head and is marked by a large cairn. The route goes down a very steep gully which is sometimes just a crack to a shelf. It then traverses south along theshelf back to the point of Pickering Head. Here there is a 20 feet drop into another gully which leads down to another shelf. This shelf is followed for several hundred yards north to 245399 where a ridge runs north-east down to Deadman's Gulph R. Pickering Head to the road takes about 1½ hours.

Other Approaches to Monolith Valley:

1. From Augel Ck. above Augel Falls.

One route is to leave Augel Ck at 192463 several hundred yards from the falls and scramble directly up to the base of the cliffs of the northern block of Mt. Donjon. Then traverse east around the Donjon to 193455 and use the gully here to get on to the Donjon and thence to the Saddle between it and Mt. Cole.

Alternatively, leave Augel Ck at 185457 and climb up to the western end of the Donjon (185452).

2. From the West:

Trips to the Mt. Tarn, Bibbenluke Walls area may reach Monolith Valley via a well-worn track across the low saddle at 176452.

3. From the southern point of Mt. Owen:

The lower tier of cliffs may be reached by a number of ridges from Yadboro Ck. Thelower cliff line is scaled by means of a gully on the eastern side of the point and the upper cliffs by a gully just on the western side. From Yadboro Ck. to Monolith Valley by this route takes almost a day.

4. From the campsite at 231471 on Holland Ck.

One route from this campsite is via Darri Pass, which takes the ridge starting at 232467. Once through the lower tier of cliffs it is best to keep near the tip of them because here the vegetation offers least resistance. The climb from Cooyoyo Ck. up to the eastern end of Monolith Valley is very scungy and it may be easier to make for the gap between the Castle and Neibelung. A better route is to take the ridge directly behind the campsite and this has been clearly described in Heybob, 1970. Near the top of the lower cliffline the ridge is very rocky and broken and a rope is necessary for most gullies through the upper cliffline.

The Central Creeks - Clyde R., Holland Ck., Camping Rock Ck., Angel Ck., Dummal Ck.

The central creeks often provide very fast and easy routes between widely separated paths of the Budawangs. However, these creeks are appreciated

not only for their convenience but also for their swimming holes (well, in summer, anyway), sand banks, marvellous campsites and overhanging Casuarinas and Eucalypts.

Deadman's Gulph Road may be followed up the Clyde as far as Tingha Clearing; from here it is best to keep close to the river, crossing where necessary to keep on the inside of the curves. From the Clyde R. crossing at 246386 to the Holland Creek junction is about 3½ hours walking. Dummal Ck., the western access to Mt. Talaterang is only a few hundred yards upstream.

Progress is slower up Holland Ck., depending on the flow of water, but the Angel Ck. junction can be reached comfortably in about 4 hrs. The Camping Rock Ck. junction (231471) is the start of the Watson's Pass route to Folly Pt. The beginning of this route is easy to miss and the only thing to do is to walk up Camping Rock Ck. for a few hundred yards and then cross to the true left bank and look for the metal signs posts on two prominent trees.

The ridge which rises immediately to the west of the Angel Ck junction (206475) is a good route up to Mt. Tarn or the upper Section of Angel Ck. This open ridge rises steeply for about 1000 ft. and then levels off as the foot of the lower cliffline is approached. One can continue up through the cliffline to the south-east corner of Mt. Tarn or traverse south around its base and descend a few hundred feet to Angel Ck. Excellent campsites on the creeks are at 234430 (Tingha Clearings), 231471, 206475 (fairly small) and 192463.

<u>The North</u> - Quilty's, Sturgiss, Elliott, Folly Pt., Castle Head.

If you are visiting only the northern section of the Budawangs, then the best place to start is New haven Gap or the old sawmill site, partly because you start at the level of the tops andnever have to drop below the low cliff line.

A word of warning:- The Nerriga sheet is generally inaccurate on the eastern side of Quilty's Mt. especially in the grid squares centred on 205535 and 205515. Also the road in this area is hopelessly marked and it is best to rely on the C.H.W. map.

The route described below is a fairly standard trip with lots of fantastic views, rock scrambling, waterfalls and other goodies. From the cars at 254563 it is very straight forward walking along the road to the fork at 214536 in The Vines. (At 249551 is the clearly marked start of the track to Folly Point). Take the branch to the left which leads along the eastern side of Quilty's. After a few hundred yards from the fork it is possible to leave the road and climb up to a bora ground on Quilty's. Once you've climbed onto the mountain it's most worthwhile to go on to Endrik trig. and from there south to a route through the cliffs at 191526 and down to a tributary of Styles Ck. If you don't visit the bora ground keep on the road, which becomes very overgrown, until you have crossed the upper section of Kilpatrick Ck. and reached the saddle between Quilty's and Sturgiss. At this point (197517) watch for a large log on the eastern side of the road which is adorned with stones and other acrious objects and which marks the start of a well signposted route to the Hidden Valley. To climb Sturgiss from the Hidden Valley cross to the eastern side of the valley and walk towards its southern end; about 50 yards before the end of the valley cairns on the western side of Sturgiss about 30 feet up the cliffs mark the start of the route. The route makes a sloping traverse to the south before rising to the top. Probably the

best way off Sturgiss is via a cairned route (requiring some pack hauling) from the south-east corner at 203495 down to the saddle between it and Elliott. A truly magnificent view may be obtained from the precipitous southern end of Mt. Elliott, which mountain can be easily climbed by its north-west shoulder. It is also possible to reach the Elliott-Sturgiss saddle from Styles Ck. by traversing around the base of Pagoda Rocks and the southern side of Sturgiss. Sluice Box Falls, which are in a narrow canyon of rough conglomerate, one quickly reached from Mt. Elliott and there is a good campsite on the platform above the eastern bank of Kilpatrick Ck. It is reputedly easy going from Sluice Box falls around Nunnuldi Falls but theday we tried this was very wet, cold and misty and Nunnuldi Falls wereunofficially dropped from the itinerary. Apparently they are most spectacular as is the view from the point on the ridge to their west at 230480. The upper section of Watson's Pass on to Folly Pt. is obvious and well marked. Folly Pt. is a very dissected headland with permanent water and comfortable, sheltered campsites - apart from which it has one of the best views in the Budawangs, a view that should not be missed by any visitor. From the Point to the cars is about 2½ hours walk through generally open country along a track marked with paint, metal tags, blazes, cairns and poles! It isalso easily reached in about 2½ hours from Holland Creek on the well-marked Watson's Pass route. There is a good camping cave and plenty of water at 243480 where the pass cuts through thelower cliffline. From this point it is possible to traverse east across the creek and out onto Castle Head.

<u>The West</u> - Houghton, Hoddle, Hoddle's Castle Hill, Tarn, Bibbenluke.

This area is the perfect excuse for taking the long route from Folly Pt. to Monolith Valley! The country is not rugged and there is virtually no scunge; the top of Mt. Tarn is truly delightful with its small pond and great grey sandstone battleships; it is also the highest mountain in the area at 3030 ft. and consequently the views are even better than is usual from the tops. From Style's Ck. Hoddle's Castle Hill appears an enormous red-brown anvil.

The cliffs on Mt. Houghton are easily reached from the North by following the ridge running north-east from the mountain. The walk around the eastern side of Houghton is very quick and made very attractive by several ferny grottos which often conceal mossy pools or a tiny waterfall. There are also good camping caves at 181491 and 173485. The top of Mt. Houghton looks as though it would be worth exploring and it could be climbed easily from the southern end. It would also be interesting to travel from Style's Ck to Mt. Tarn via the valley between Houghton and Hoddle's Castle Hill and the Hoddle-Houghton saddle.

Mt. Tarn may be approached from the north, the east and the south-west. None of these routes requires a rope. To ascend Mt. Tarn from the north is simply a matter of following the track across the Houghton-Tarn saddle. The best way to find the route when descending is to walk along the western side of thenorthern peninsula and look for cairns. The eastern route is also cairned and the break in the upper cliffline lies due east of the tarn at 177475. Thisroute is used by parties travelling to or from Holland Ck via the gap in the lower cliffs at 193467; this ascent takes about 2½ hours. The south-west route off Mt. Tarn cuts through the cliffs in a small tree-filled gully (167471) just to the east of the highest part of the mountain. Once through the cliffs it is best to traverse west to 165471 and then to go down

the long ridge running from here out towards Mt. Cole. From Mt. Tarn to the old sawmill site is half a day without any excursions and to Monolith Valley 2½ hours. A good track, which may be picked up at 170456, runs around the eastern side of Bibbenluke and across the saddle west of Mt. Cole.

The Far West - Wog Wog Ck., Corang Pk., Corang R.

This area is seldom visited and gives one, more than any other part of the Budawangs, a marvellous feeling of wilderness and isolation. Here is a two-day trip that we did one perfect weekend.

We left the car at 054444, decended to Wog Wog Ck. and walked east across open paddocks keeping several hundred yards north of the creek, to a green-painted galvanized iron hut at 080432. From here a bridle track leads onto the open tops at 085431 and then around to Corang Pk which is a prominent conical hill and worth climbing for the view. Then we continued north-east and descended the conglomerate cliffline at 118-446. The sand-blown caves on the western side of this point are enormous. Burrumbeet Brook, which is in the most beautiful little valley I have seen in the Budawangs, was then followed to its source on the ridge running roughly west from Bibbenluke. A few aboriginal sharpening grooves may be seen on the bare rocks around 151454. From the ridge we walked around the western side of Bibbenluke and then followed a gully down to the upper reaches of the Corang R. This section of the Corang is surrounded by extensive grassy flats and we made fast time to our campsite beside the river at 144473. Next morning we continued down the true left bank through great flocks of kangaroos and wallabies, to a lagoon on a bend of the river at 101471; the only difficulty was a rough canyon section around 116460. Below the lagoon the Corang flows over a series of cascades with numerous sun-basking pools. Here also may be seen the remains of a dam and the sheets of galvanized iron that once formed the start of a water race leading to gold diggings west of the Nerriga-Braidwood road. From this delightful corner of the Corang we travelled south-west through a small valley at 091462 and down into The Gorge at 082458. After this we pushed our way through thick scunge to the broad, open saddle at 073455 and so back to the car.

The East - Talaterang, Warre Head, Pigeon House Ck.

The Baylisses have not visited Talaterang yet but this grave defect is due to be rectified shortly. People who have been there rave about the views from the summit of Talaterang and from Warre Head. The vegetation is no obstacle to progress except on the eastern side of the mountain between the cliff lines.

The only approach from the west is by Dummal Ck; the route through the lower cliffline is straight-forward but very rough and rather steep. Once through the cliffline it is possible to travel south-west to Warre Head, which is a most spectacular place to camp, or continue to the top via a gully in the upper cliffs due east of the Head. From Warre Head one can traverse around the southern side of Talaterang to its southern point and then drop down to Pigeon House Ck. From Pigeon House Ck. some parties have ascended Wombat Ridge, continued north to Rusden Head (end of the south-west ridge off Little Forest Plateau) and along the road to the Lookout at Little Forest Plateau. Pigeon House Ck. can also be followed downstream to the Clyde R.

The easiest access to Mt. Talaterang is from Little Forest Plateau via Mt. Bushwalker. This latter hill is very easily climbed and it offers

magnificent views of the Clyde R gorge. From here continue south to Gadara Pt., down through the cliffline, along to Pall Pass and up on to Talaterang. From Little Forest Plateau to Warre Head is a day's walk.

Cradle Ck. and Porters Ck. seem to be worth exploring and there is a camping cave at their junction.

KEY:

1. Corang Peak.
2. Bibbenluke Walls.
3. Mount Cole.
4. Mount Owen.
5. Mount Neibelung.
6. The Castle.
7. Byangee Walls.
8. Mount Mooryan.
9. Shrouded Gods' Mountain.
10. Mount Donjon.
11. Mount Tarn.
12. Mount Hoddle.
13. Mount Houghton.
14. Hoddle's Castle Hill.
15. Quilty's Mountain.
16. Mount Sturgiss.
17. Mount Elliott.
18. Island Mountain.
19. Folly Point.
20. Castle Head.
21. Mount Talaterang.
22. Warre Head.
23. Pigeon House.

* * * * * * * *

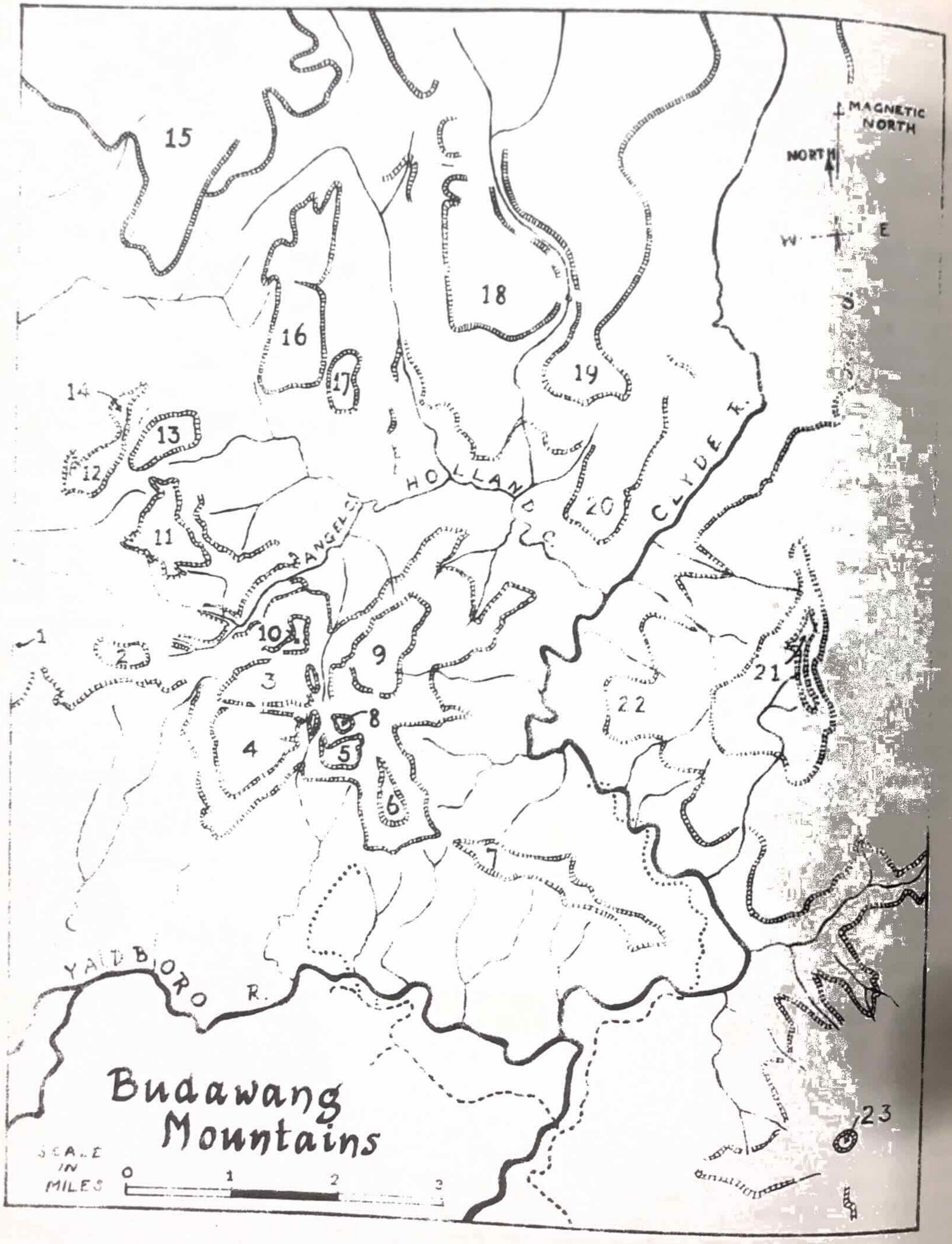
A FRESHER'S IMPRESSIONS OF U.Q.B.W.C.

The fresher concerned belongs to a rare breed of U.Q.B.W.Cer--- female Art's student; possibly this information will help you to understand the impressions.

The reason for joining is vague but probably falls into Class 2 of Kelk's types of new member ("The Sexual Behaviour of Bush-Walkers" ---.N.J.Kelk. Heybob 1970.) that is, "those who regard the club as a potentially significant sporting group within the University". Mummy's idea of Saturday afternoon tennis did not appeal and bushwalking seemed like a good escape, though the bearded gentlemen behind the ironmongery covered tables during Orientation Week did look decidedly ferocious.

Fresher's Trip to Mt. Barney:--- Thank goodness for Professor Grimsly's article in Mini-Heybob, had been worried about that. Am gradually learning the peculiar vocabulary, except "kark"? Good topic of conversation is equipment--older members will go on for hours. Doesn't anyone ever clean their teeth?

First Trip:---Running Creek to Goldcoast. Walking in a cyclone with people who tie leeches in knots and eat dehydrated stew: Crazy! Wonder why the proliferation of beards in the club? Now know what "kark" is, as well as the translations of various other strange words and initials.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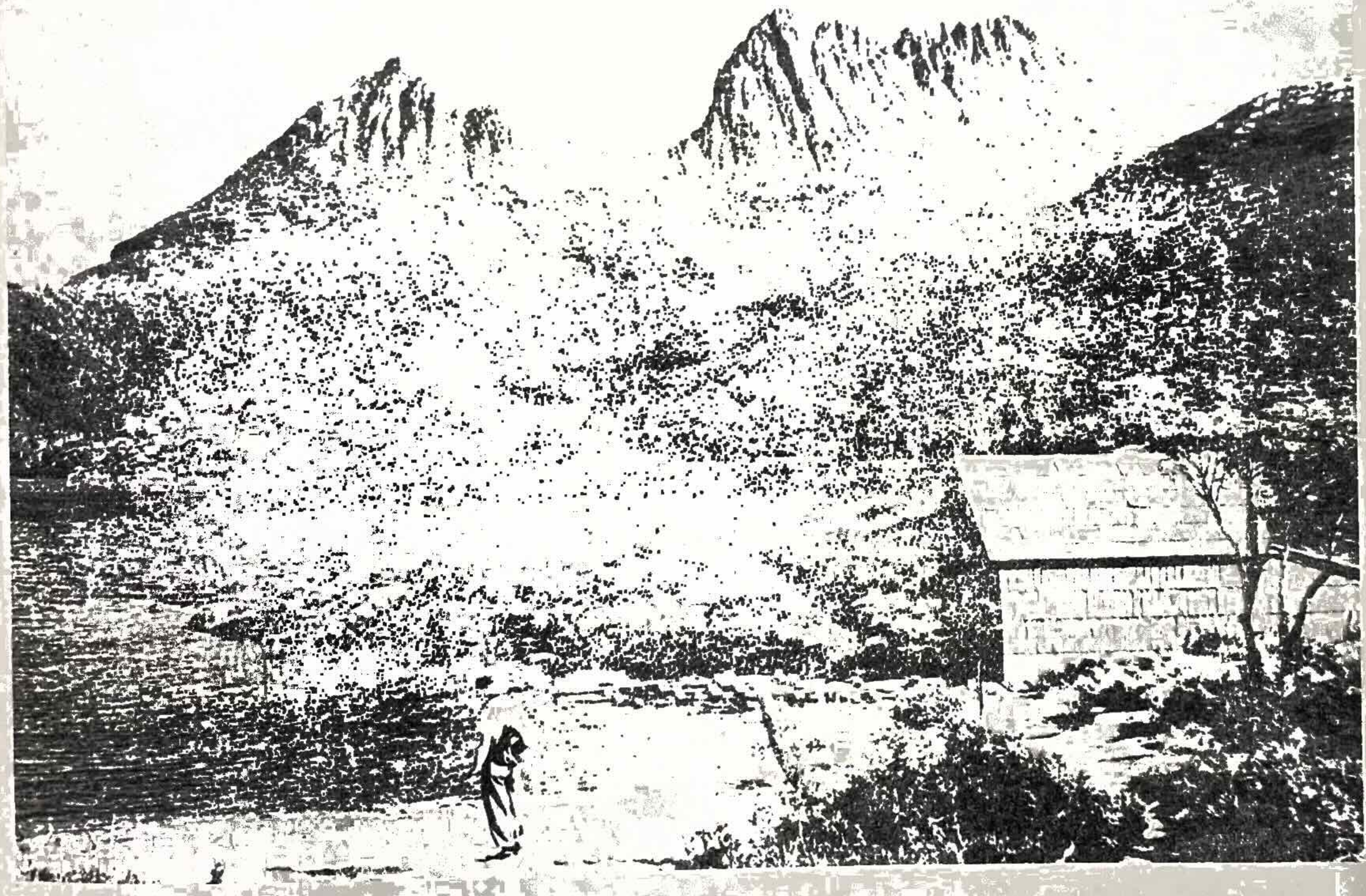

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NORTH STRADBROKE ISLAND

By Bob Harvey & Doug Crossman

North Stradbroke Island is a large sand island which with Moreton Island in the North and South Stradbroke Island in the South, forms the eastern barrier resulting in the formation of Moreton Bay. North Stradbroke Island (aboriginal name Minjerriba) was proclaimed a Reserve for the protection of Native Birds and Animals in 1920 (G.G.1920 .2. 579-580). A small scenic wildflower reserve was proclaimed in 1963 (G.G.1963 .2. 212) while the area around Blue Lake was set aside as the Blue Lake National Park in 1962 (G.G.1962 .2. 118). A very large portion of the remainder of the Island is held under mining leases, the main attraction being mineral sands. Strangely enough, some coal mining leases have been surveyed on the Island.

Access to the Island is by ferry or air. The air service by Island Airways from Eagle Farm to Dunwich costs $7.00 return. The ferry services are as listed:-

Hayles Wharf to Amity Point and Dunwich (about $2.00 return)

Hayles Cruises, Phone 21-0020

Cleveland to Dunwich (Passengers only, $1.00 return)

Dunwich Ferry Service, Phone 86-1284 (Evenings only)

Redland Bay to Dunwich (Vehicular) Phone 68-3828.

The most convenient way for walkers would be the Cleveland to Dunwich service. Bookings must be made for the vehicular ferry. This would be the most expensive method, as cars are not needed on the island. Hitching from Dunwich to Amity Point or Point Lookout is not difficult. Food is readily available at Dunwich and Point Lookout, but Amity Point could not be relied on.

Unfortunately North Stradbroke Island does not offer much in the way of weekend walks, the ferry times being the limiting factor. By far the best way to see the Island is a five day walk incorporating all of the points of interest. Starting from Amity Point about midday on the first day (the morning being taken coming from Brisbane), an easy afternoon's walk along the north coast to Rocky Point brings one to a acceptable campsite on the Point Lookout side. The water in the swamp and creek on the North Coast near Rocky Point is quite drinkable. Next day, the walk around Point Lookout is interesting, the Gorge being of particular note. Fresh bread, milk etc. is available here (an unheard of luxury on a bushwalk). Camp this night is best made on one of the vegetatol intrusions back into the North end of the 18 mile swamp (refer Map). These make good sheltered campsites all down the coast. Driftwood is available from the beach although it may be an unnecessary precaution, the water from the swamp is best boiled before drinking.

The third day includes an excursion into Blue Lake after the road on the causeway across the swamp is seen (this is not visible from the beach), cross the swamp where the remnants of buildings lie behind the frontal dunes. A system of "duck-boards" crosses the swamp here. These afford easy walking but are known to end abruptly, placing one waist deep in water and surrounded

Moreton Bay

Moreton Island

N

magnetic north

W

E

S

Amity Point

Rocky Point

Gorge Point Lookout

Lagoons

Wellington Point

Peel Island

Brown Lake

Swallow Lagoon

Mt. Hardgrave

Causeway across Swamp

Cleveland

Mt. Vane

Blue Lake

Blue Lake turnoff. Iron Remnants of Building Frames.

North Stradbroke Island

Coochiemudlow Is.

Victoria Point

Blaksley Lagoon

Shag Lagoon

Redland Bay

Macleay Is.

Black Snake Lagoon

Ibis Lagoon

Russel Is.

Tea-Tree Lagoon

Native Companion Lagoon

Duck Lagoon

Pacific Ocean

Swan Bay

Jumpinpin

LEGEND:

- High Dunes
- Eighteen Mile Swamp
- C. Campsites
- —Roads
- ---Sand Tracks
- -.-Vehicular Ferries

South Stradbroke Island

SCALE:

4 miles to 1 inch.

by tall reeds. Should this happen, don't lose heart. Aim for a gap in the dunes and push on regardless. When the dunes are won, follow the creek or one of the myriad of roads heading west. All of these lead to Blue Lake. Lunch can be had here, or if one prefers not to carry anything across the swamp, back on the beach where the packs are best left. Easy walking down the beach on top of the frontal dunes leads to the campsites further down the swamp, as marked on the map.

After a short walk down the beach on the morning of the fourth day, pick a place at random to start the unwielding and disheartening task of crossing the swamp (with packs this time). Allow about 2½ to 3 hours for this. After landfall is made at the high dunes, head over these and link up with the diverse road system. One of these roads is obviously well used and leads close to Ibis Lagoon, a suitable campsite. Friendly sandminers are a good source of directions. Good water is available from Ibis Lagoon.

The last days walk takes one along the back to Dunwich. Heading in the obvious direction along the "main" road which skirts the North side of Ibis Lagoon, take the second track on the left (quite undefined) for the short excursion to Black Snake Lagoon. Return to the road and follow it to Shag Lagoon. These two lagoons are unsuitable for water. Skirt around the south side of thislagoon, this giving a direct line on Blaksley Lagoon. This has good water, it being the only lagoon with a really open expanse. From here, head due West to the top of the western line of dunes and pleasant walking along these finally returns one to Dunwich about lunch time. At time of writing, a 4-30 p.m. ferry service back to Cleveland was running.

North and South Stradbroke Islands were originally joined at Jumpinpin, and is shown in an 1886 atlas of Queensland. A ship carrying whisky and explosives founded in the Jumpinpin area early this century. The whisky mysteriously disappeared but the explosives were buried on the beach and detonated. This weakened the dune structure resulting in the sea breaking through at Jumpinpin. Since then, a colony of dingoes was introduced to South Stradbroke Island and wiped out the marsupial population. North Stradbroke Island has been saved from this fate, and quite a large and diverse marsupial population remains. Tracks of large Wallabies were seen on the edges of the swamp, and also along the roads. A black snake was sighted in the swamp. Lizards, particularly goannas, are to be found towards the centre of the Island. Black swans and ducks were present in the fresh-water lagoons along the swamp. The usual types of gulls and terns frequent the beach, ensured of a good supply of food as Swan Bay is a recognized fish breeding ground. Point Lookout is a popular fishing area. The Moreton Bay coastline supports a rich marine fauna. Oyster beds are found both north and south of Dunwich.

STRADBROKE ISLAND

FLORA:

Coastal:-

Seeing the island is virtually a triangle, the discussion will be in three parts; viz. 1. The North Coast. 2. The East Coast. 3. The West Coast. Vegetation described is that immediately behind the beach and on the fronted dunes.

1. The North Coast:-

Near Amity Point the scrub is virtually exclusively the beach she-oak Casuarina littoralis interspersed with the spinifex grass common to frontal dunes, but further towards Rocky Point some swamps appear near the coast. Plant types of the swamp are predominately tea trees and sedges. From Rocky Point to Point Lookout the forest is mainly she-oak and Pandanus Palms, with a few grasses underneath.

2. The East Coast:-

The whole of the frontal dunes on the East Coast have been mined from Point Lookout to Jumpinpin, except for a few small pockets intruding into the swamp. These pockets are rapidly being covered, along with the 18 mile swamp, by sand blowing in from the mined dunes. Banksia integrifolia is the main species with tea-trees and lantana nearer the water. Grasses such as cooch and scattered bladey grass form the ground cover. Immediately behind these dunes is the 18 mile swamp which becomes more impenetrable as one goes south. The genus here is Leprionia in deep water and in the wet areas one gets tea-trees and sedges.

Along the high dunes behind the swamp is mainly a low Tristanic forest which gives way to high Schelrophyll forest in the gullies. Further south the Tristanic forest merges into palm groves (Piccabean and Cabbage) and patchy rain-forest.

3. The West Coast:-

The high dunes have a schlerophyll forest of about 50 feet in height and fairly open underneath. Down lower there is a fresh water swamp with Gahnia sieberiana the main species. The leaf of this plant will cut very easily so care is warranted. This swamp gives way to mangroves along the shore-line, particularly in the Swan Bay area at the Southern end.

Near the coast there can be clumps of long-stemmed grass with tufts of bladey-grass-like leaves which cut easily and are not to be grabbed in any situation. It is far better to fall in the water if you overbalance.

4. The Interior:-

Mostly schlerophyll forest with a dense understory. There is plenty of good wood from gum-trees and good water in lakes. The best place for walking is on the ridges or on miners' roads as the low shrubs particularly the Epacrids Leptospermum will make walking very uncomfortable with bare legs.

In conclusion, North Stradbroke Island could be but described as a "once only" place for a walk, as its beauty and diversity would not be obvious in a series of short walks. Walking on the Island is easy and interesting, rather similar to other coastal areas of Southern Queensland.

Sketch map and trip report based on Queensland Visual Map Series, North Stradbroke Island. The Island is also covered by Brisbane and Beenleigh military 1ml. Sheets. The date of aerial photography for the visual map is May, 1967.

ROCKCLIMBING in SOUTH EAST QUEENSLAND - HISTORY & MODERN TRENDS

By Robert Rankin

Rockclimbing in South East Queensland began on the rhyollite plugs 40 miles north of Brisbane - the Glass House Mountains. The obvious routes came first - Cave's Route, Salmon's ... But it could not stop here. The vast expanse of Tibro's East Face, the narrow confines of East Crookneck, Beerwah's Reverse Staircase - The Organ Pipes - all lay waiting. To the climber it was a goldmine.

The 50's and 60's saw most of the routes done. It was all wall climbing - with one exception - East Crookneck - The line that can be seen for miles. Ron Cox first climbed it by artificial means in 1959. Today it is done totally free, (16), 230 feet.

Fiery new leads were still being put up on Tibro and probably the fiercest would be John Oddie's and Rick White's "Over-Exposed Direct" (16), 1970, which takes a good line up a blank wall near the top of the mountain.

However, there are many fine routes of an average standard to be found in the Glass Houses, some examples being Carborundum, Faith, Prom II, (8).

In the later sixties climbing began to spread to other areas. 1967 saw the ascent of the "impossible" East Barney (1,000 ft) by John Tillack, Les Wood and Doug Groom. The line is direct and follows a long chimney up the face (14).

Climbing was also being done on many other cliffs in the south west - Mt. Greville, Glennie's Pulpit, Mt. Maroon, but these were all to be overshadowed by a hundred foot cliff not far from the town of Boonah. November 1968 saw the discovery, by Rick White and Chris Meadows of the North Cliff of Mt. French as a climbing area - Frog Buttress. The routes were obvious, protection excellent - it was jambing - a new concept for Queensland.

"The Infinity" (19) came early in its history and was a major break through in extreme jambing. Many class routes followed but it wasn't until March 1970 that the ultimate line was finally climbed and named "Odin". It had one aid more which had to go. June 1971, more than a year later and "Odin" was at least free (20) - Rick White and Barry Overs.

Also at this time activity was reawakened in the Glasshouses where, at the Hands of Sid Tanner and Andrew Speirs, Leviathan (M3) was completed on the Beerwah Organ Pipes. Several days and four nights were spent on the face.

Early in July Mt. Maroon also received its ultimate climb when Rick White, Ron Collet, and John Oddie put up "The Antichrist" (18M7) resulting in one of the fiercest leads in Australia.

On the technical side, the last ten years have seen a vast improvement in equipment available to the rock climber. Kernmantle ropes (50 metres), chromolly steel pitons, aluminius alloy chocks and krabs and nylon tape are now all standard equipment. For the climber interested in artificial methods the confusing array of "junk" includes such diverse things as

cracktacks, rurps, skyhooks, microhexs, and knife blades.

Conservation is also playing a big role in rockclimbing. No longer is the amount of rock limitless and erosion on popular climbs is now becoming quite apparent. Thus today it has reached the stage where the use of the piton and piton hammer is looked upon with scorn. "Silent" protection where possible is the rule. It is quick to place, asthetic to use and does not mar the rock.

The use of bolts is diminishing with the increased use of the bathook. (a shallow hole used in conjunction with a cliff hanger). Not only are they faster (the main reason for using them) but also less obvious. Studs (short bolts) are another alternative but they do show up on the rock.

Rurps too are helping to eliminate the bolt. These micropegs are used in incipient cracks. Their blade is slightly thicker than the thinnest peg available (thin knifeblade) but their construction is such as to allow the heavy pounding necessary to force them into the fine cracks. Their blade is ¼ inch long and their folding power very limited. So it is the case that most rurps are found on keyrings and not dangling from the climbers gear-sling.

A fitting ending to this article would be to answer the rather dubious questions, "What's the point in climbing?" Allen Steck gives one answer to this question when he says, "We do not deceive ourselves that we are engaged in an activity that is anything but debilitating, dangerous, euphoric, kinesthetic, expensive, frivolously essential, economically useless, and totally without redeeming social significance. One should not probe for deeper meaning ... "

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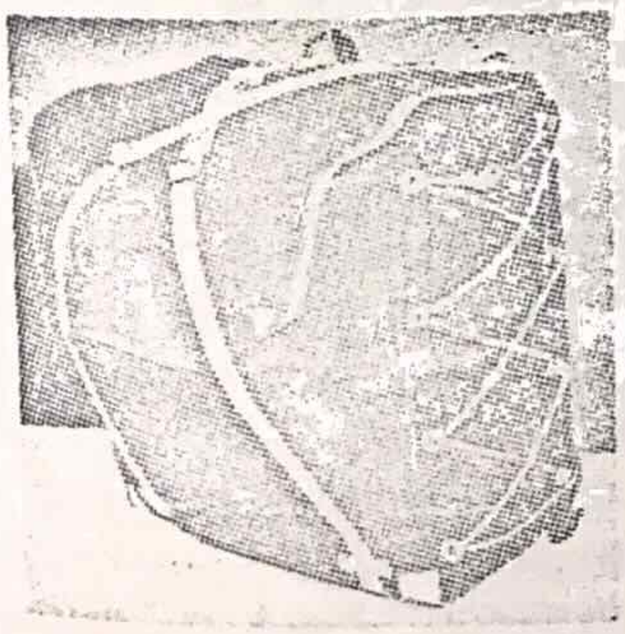

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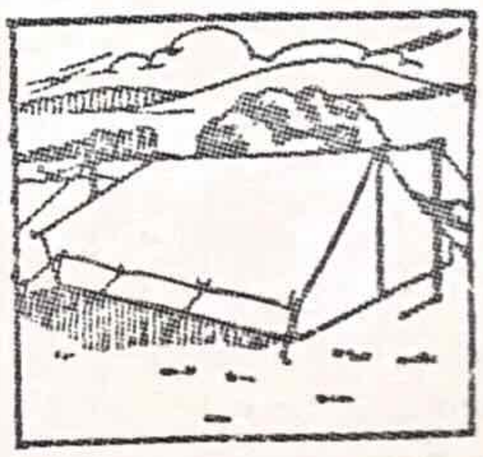

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9' Long, 5' Wide
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BOOKOOKOORARA GORGE

By Harley Smith

On the long weekend at the end of April this year, twelve members of the Club went to the Boonoo Boonoo area in the Upper Clarence River system north of Timbarra.

Proceeding independently in three cars, by coincidence we all arrived at the same time at Boonoo Boonoo Falls after the one hundred and seventy six mile drive. Thus the carouselling of late arrivals was obviated. In the morning as the first rays of sunlight touched the tree tops, I was awakened by the wistful notes of a ventriloquial olive whistler. Six members set off on a throughwalk down the river and then along Wallaroo Range to Undercliffe Falls. This account relates the activities of the other six of us.

Having explored upstream a little, we gazed upon the remoteness of the rugged valley from the top of the 695 feet high Boonoo Boonoo Falls: the throughwalk party at the base of the falls looked like ants on the rocks, while the sunlight shimmered on a placid pool beside the falls. Later Peter Blaney snoozed on a granite slab near the base of the falls. As time came to move on, I creptaround the rocks and tipped a cup of water on him.

Further downstream, there was a large swimming pool with a picturesque waterfall flowing into it. Here some of us went swimming in the really cool autumn water. The others put on their swimming costumes and gave deep consideration to swimming but that was all, apart from putting their toes in. We ventured well down the gorge with a day pack and had lunch on a large flat granite slab in the middle of the river. On the way back, Peter Blaney and Margaret Cassidy staged a really successful (or startling) ambush on me from behind a heap of boulders. This was revenge on me for the morning.

We drove around to Undercliffe Falls for the evening meal. As my culinary talents were limited, it was suggested that I fill some waterbottles and billies. So I set off naively toward the sound of the running water with rays of moonlight filtering through the trees. Sometime later and somewhat lower down, there was a magnificent view across to the 234 feet high Undercliffe Falls bathed in the light of the full moon. "Better try upstream for the water," I thought. After tangling in pumpkin vines, the great open granite slabs above the falls were reached and water was obtained. Somehow I managed to return without spilling it and some delicious soup was ready waiting.

Next day we set off on a two day trip to explore Bookookoorara Gorge which lies below the Undercliffe Falls. This is one hundred and fifty eight road miles from Brisbane with a reasonable road right to it. According to a military map, this gorge is approximately six miles long and deeply incised throughout its length. It is little known as bushwalking parties coming from Boonoo Boonoo tend to follow the tablelands on each side without suspecting what lies beneath them. The difficulty of acquiring maps is compensated by the ease of navigation: the gorge and adjoining ridges generally run north-south. It can be classified with Boonoo Boonoo on the grounds of geographical proximity alone: Bookookoorara gorge has a characted all of its own.

The narrow gorge has strips of rain forest beside the stream for much of its length, while its steep slopes are open eucalypt forest and kangaroo grass.

After admiring the view from above and below the Undercliffe Falls, we headed down along the stream. At one pause, there was a delightful view framed by an oak limb entwined with vines, across a pool from rock slabs to where sunlight sparkled on cascades. At the frequent stops, we laughed and joked and all the party were most generous in offering morning tea. For example, Margaret had this phenomenal scroggin, a mere two of its ingredients being cashew nuts and Turkish delight chocolate.

As we progressed, the gorge became steadily more choked with boulders of enormous size, necessitating occasional forays into the rain forest where here and there nettles lurked. The gorge is interesting throughout its length: the great boulders, dappled with lichen, have a rugged grandeur that contrasts with the fringe of dark green rain forest on each side. Finally, coming out on the flat top of a huge boulder we really had to stop and ponder and this was a good excuse for lunch. On the boulder lay ample twigs and it was an ideal place to set a record time from taking off packs to billy boiled. During lunch we contemplated the rugged spectacle that lay beneath us: a two stage waterfall flowing into a very large swimming pool.

It would be virtually impossible to take packs any further. On the side of the stream was a ledge, probably the only suitable campsite in the whole length of the gorge and what an idyllic place. A soft grassy patch on the ledge made ample room for us all. The rainforest extended well up the slope above it. Here were silky oaks and a cedar, while further up the majestic grey and white trunks of several gum trees towered out of the rain forest. From the edge of our grassy ledge, we could look over the sheer drop to the large pool eighty feet or so directly beneath us. Right beside us was a decaying stump with fifty seven elkhorns on it. For the third successive night we would sleep to the murmur of a large waterfall.

Jan and Lee decided to stay here to gather firewood and rest for the remainder of the afternoon. The other four of us went to explore further downstream, carrying nothing with us. The terrain was completely covered with a thick mat of dark green vines which looked deceptively easy to traverse. Underneath were a jumble of huge boulders. For some distance, the only way was to climb underneath and between them, twelve feet or so beneath the surface. Untimately we came out at the creek just below the large pool. Then we went rock-hopping downstream.

Being ahead of the others, I went on further. Epiphytes and orchids adorned the trees, boulders and walls of the gorge, like works of art in a gallery but with the added charm of random spacing. Above this in places, black grass trees abounded and provided a contrast. Now here on a little flat sandy patch between the rocks were the bleached bones of two cows. Somehow they had found their way down the steep slopes from the tablelands and then had been unable to climb out of the gorge. Here amidst this enchanting beauty, they must have died a slow, lingering death from starvation with only water and epiphytes for sustenance.

Flitting from rock to rock was an exhilarating sensation. On and on I went as each meander of the deeply incised gorge revealed different combinations of flora, cliffs, waterfalls and cascades. Here and there wallaroos had come down to quench their thirst at the stream in the late afternoon.

On seven or eight occasions, the vivid plumes of kingfishers flashed from the foliage of shrubby trees overhanging placid pools and beneath the water with hardly more than a ripple.

Then there was a cascade in which a piece of wood or rock was stuck so that it reverberated with a clapping noise as the water tumbled over it. Later a waterfall poured into a rockwalled pool at least as big as Barney Creek's Lower Portals. A section of the rock walls around the pool were vividly stained by weathering rock. Further on at a deeply incised meander, sheer cliffs rose on one side for hundreds of feet. Later Wallaroo Mountain towered far above, its almost vertical slopes virtually devoid of trees in contrast to upstream and the grass of its slopes eaten only by its namesakes.

The whole effect was overwhelming. Perhaps I would never have another opportunity in a lifetime to explore this fascinating stream. The desire to see more was tantalizing. I spent more than half the available time in the afternoon going downstream and thought that if darkness came before I arrived back at the campsite it would be full moon anyway so there would be no difficulty. Finally after two and a quarter hours of high speed rock hopping, I reluctantly started to return. Was the junction with the Boonoo Boonoo River really around that last bend?

But now above in the gloriously clear blue sky, the last rays of sunlight were giving a beautiful glow to appearing clouds. Gradually the glow faded. Three quarters of an hour later as darkness gathered - horrors! An ubiquitous cloud cover filled the sky. The expected moonlight failed completely to eventuate.

Bookookoorara gorge was as it had been for hundreds of years. As before, humans in it were virtually unknown. Probably it will be little changed in hundreds of years time. How insignificant was the presence of one mortal life here. Civilization was miles away from this incredibly rugged terrain in who knows what direction. The folly of my action was fully apparent. The others would all be at the campfire now. If I didn't return that night, they might be anxious and come looking for me. What if they did and sustained an injury in the dark? I would have to continue on the return rather than spend the night where I was. Progress would have to be meticulously slow: for my sake and for the sake of the others, there must be no risk of my having a mishap.

The darkness was almost total, there weren't even any stars. Eventually the Portals were reached again. There was tension in the toes as each step was carefully tested around the side that was not all vertical. Further upstream later, as I pushed a hanging vine aside, something lunged at my face. Urrghhh! Snake? The shocked gulp of breath, the terrorized leap of my heart and the instant recoil occupied but a split second. A dead branch fell to the ground.

It was unwise to head up the slopes of the gorge as one attempt reminded me. In many places they were too steep to obtain firm grips. Next a large pool occupied the floor of the gorge. Remembering its shape, I proceeded around one side along the top of its rocky wall. Suddenly a branch I was holding broke. Rocks rolled as feet slipped. There was the sound of rocks splashing into the pool beneath. There wasn't even a ray of moonlight to sparkle on any ripples there may have been. Fortunately another branch held. A sore that had taken weeks to heal was gashed and started to bleed:

somehow it didn't really seem to matter. Probably there was no danger as a fall would have been a clear fall into the black waters. The result would have been a deep immersion, the psychological impact, a wet watch and a long slow swim in search of a break in the rock walls as then it would have been even more necessary to reach the campfire upstream because of wet clothes and possible exposure to chill in the late autumn night.

On and on, laboriously, I went upstream. Several times steps had to be retraced a short distance where the way was blocked. Now gradually the sound of the cascade that clapped drew nearer. Again and again it clapped with monotonous regularity. A frog slithered on my arm. Had a dusky shape that loomed beside the way moved now, the dark waters of the stream would have been the river Styx flowing through a haunted Hades. Later the white bones of the cows were dimly perceived underfoot: they were mocking now.

I remembered the time sixteen months earlier on a visit to Wallaroo Range in the wet season when there had been a dull rumble deep in this gorge below. As the rumbling sound slowly died away, a chill shudder had run through our spines. It could only have been a slide of rocks down the then sodden cliffs. Momentarily there was the same chill shudder of the spine again.

Exhaustion was growing now after seven hours of continuous movement, four of them in the dark. Nevertheless, morale was still reasonable. Most boulders were tackled by crawling up one side and sliding down the other to avoid the possibility of a fall. Fumbling over the rocks, I reflected on the hardships of the situation, such as missing out on one of the home made peanut biscuits that Margaret might be offering at the end of the evening meal.

Then the flickering light of the campfire came into sight ahead and well above, and a grey haze of smoke drifted out over the black gorge. Soon I was at the swimming pool but a shout would have been lost in the sound of the waterfall. Now a flat "sandy" patch was faintly discernible: both boots were immersed as I stumbled through the froth encrusted surface of a stagnant pool. It remained to negotiate thelabyrinthine tunnels, black as pitch, through the boulders beneath the vines. Lo! In the distance, a pinpoint of light more intense than any of those glowing things that had lurked beneath the boulders along the way! "Heybob", I shouted. "Heybob" came the reply. Here were Bill and Peter coming down with torches on another search for me. I was really grateful though ashamed at the nuisance I had been. Soon we were through the tunnels. At the campsite, cheery voices spoke. We were laughing. Six happy faces shone in the light of the campfire. I couldn't have eaten a meal even if I had tried.

Next morning we climbed up the eastern side of the gorge. Perched on a rocky crag, we admired the view of a large fan shaped cascade through a break in the fringing rainforest far below. Wrens twittered softly in the trees nearby. Whatever its legal status, the whole gorge is an intrinsically protected fauna sanctuary. Morning tea was spent with a distant view of Undercliffe Falls and eating all sorts of chocolates that still seemed to come out of well stocked packs.

Heading back to Brisbane, it started to rain as we approached the Main Range. The highest peaks were draped with swirling mist and showers of rain drifted along the range. Bellbirds tinkled as we passed through Cunningham's Gap National Park.

What a time we had on that trip!

SPELEOLOGY

By Janeen Grimes

My first caving trip was to Mount Etna, that once-beautifully-conical mountain, 20 miles north of Rockhampton, which must contain the highest concentration of caves of any area in Queensland. Most of my time was spent with a surveying party in Winding Stairway cave, close to the advancing quarry. (That was in 1969; the quarry has since broken into the upper "stairway").

When the weekend was over, I was a committed caver. Sometime during our hours underground, I had spoken those fatal words: "I wonder where that hole leads to", followed by my disappearance, squirming and choking in the red dust, into one of the small apertures with which the cave abounded. Those, I believe, are the words with which many an incipient caver pronounces, unwittingly, his own bondage. The size of the "hole" varies with the geographical location of the caves. In North Queensland - Chillagoe and Camooweal - caves are so large and so plentiful that, as one caver put it: "Anything too small to drive a land rover through they don't bother about". Whereas the cave-starved Southern Queenslanders, in their endless search for the "new extension", seem bent at times on achieving the equal of the proverbially impossible passage of the camel through the needle's eye.

It was in Winding Stairway that I first learnt the joys of "the squeeze" and "the crawl": bruised knees and elbows, overalls and lungs filled, like a pair of efficient vacuum cleaners, with the fine red dust which is compounded of dirt and bat guano, and which floors most Queensland caves. (It floors most southern caves too, but in these it is frequently mixed with iced water). It was there too that I began to acquire that oddest of tastes, a love of the smell of caving. Bushwalking has its distinctive smell, compounded, at least in Queensland, chiefly of leaf mould, smoked canvas, and sweaty body. Caving too has its smell, the chief ingredients of which are bat guano, acetylene - and sweaty body! The aura of acetyline, of course, belongs only to those cavers who cling to the old-fashioned carbide lamps, in spite of their nasty habit of turning on their owners and singeing them at awkward moments. The smell of carbide seems to carry all the excitement and expectation of first entering a cave, with the cold, dark air rising from the entrance, the lamps being turned on, shaken, "pricked", shaken, cursed, and finally, with a "kwoosh!" beginning to burn.

That first trip also corrected some of my illusions. My idea of caves, taken from books such as "Tom Sawyer", was of cold and clammy mazes of passageways, all conveniently level-floored and above head-height, in which one might lose oneself and wander forever. (Mind you, anyone who smokes his name on the walls, as Tom did, deserves to be lost forever). There are such caves of course, but most Queensland caves are warm and humid, and, whilst one might become at least temporarily mislaid in some, the majority of Mt. Etna's caves are formed on a vertical plan, with a minimum of opportunity for walking and a maximum of crawling, scrambling and climbing.

The caves of the Mount Etna system, like all extensive systems, are of limestone, formed over many years by water draining down from the surface.

My next two caving trips were to lava tunnels: Holy Jump cave near Warwick, and in the Bunya Mountains. The former reinforced the (erroneous) impression, gained at Mount Etna, that the Lord seeks to discourage trogs by placing all caves at the tops of mountains, also (and this is pretty true) that the hardest part of caving is finding the entrances. The Bunya Mountains caves provided my first experience of bats en masse; we disturbed a colony in the inner chamber, which began to fly out in large numbers and at high speed, down the crawl way along which we were proceeding in. Bats being, of course, equipped with ultra sonic "radar", there were no collisions, just a fine sprinkling of fresh guano.

Cave dwelling bats are small and insectivorous, a separate order from the fruit-eating flying foxes. They are incredibly light, like birds, and fit easily into one's hand. In a corwd, they are smelly, and noisy; individually they are rather nice (cf. humans). At least two species have special breeding caves on Mount Etna, where they congregate in many thousands. If the caves are quarried or the blasting drives them away, their population will be doomed.

Relatively late in my caving experience, I made my first visit to the only limestone caves in South-East Queensland, the Glen Lyon-Viator system near Texas. For many people, this serves as an introduction to caving, for the caves are fairly small and easily entered. Here I met my first wet cave, Glen Lyon, the only cave in Queensland with a permanent river flowing through it, and I learned the joys of sinking into icy water and smelly mud, carbide lamp held carefully aloft. There is a true sump in this cave, a place where the roof comes down to below the water level, as in the S-bend in a lavatory pipe, but this is not to be tackled lightly. Cave diving is a hazardous sport, not for the unprepared.

Add a trip to the Underground River at Wyberba and that, with a few more very small caves, covers the cave areas of Southern Queensland. What is more, if the Government continues its present policy, most of Mount Etna will soon be turned into cement and the Texas caves will be inundated by a white elephant in the form of the Pike Creek Dam; then the few small, non-limestone caves will be all we have left. In our attempts to stop this destruction, we often come up against a battery of half-bewildered, half-indignant questions: "Why do you want to save the daves?"; "What's so wonderful about caving anyway?". It is very hard to explain to many people; it should be easier, however, to convey to a bushwalker. After all, caves are part of our wilderness area, just as rainforest, sand dunes, or mountains are. They are in fact almost our last unexplored region, our last chance to set foot where no man has ever been before. In a dry cavern, there is nothing to erase the traces of man; the footsteps of the first explorer will lie unchanged, for years if necessary, for the next to see. Some of our best caves have been discovered in the last five years and there are undoubtedly more awaiting discovery.

Bushwalkers, who claim an element of masochism in their motivation, should understand this aspect of the caving urge too. Who but a masochist would plunge neck deep into icy water, squirm over rocks which seem especially designed to poke into all the tenderest part of the trog anatomy, sit for hours in the cold at the top of a ladder pitch waiting to belay people up ... on their return, struggle through squeezes, nose down in bat guano - and enjoy it all?

Yet the rewards are great. People ask "Are they as good as Jenolan?", a rather meaningless question, akin to inquiring of a lion, "Is it as good as a tiger?". Some of Queensland's caves are profusely decorated; others are not. Beauty is relative and every cave is unique. A tiny cluster of pure white stalactites, each with its slowly forming drop of water, while it would be lost amid the wire netting and coloured lights of a tourist cave, can be breathtaking when seen by the yellow glow of a carbide lamp, at the end of a long and arduous crawl.

But the greatest reward, for me, is simply that of being in a cave. I love to sit down in a small cavern, turn off my light, and wait. Perhaps there are the lights of companions, in the distance, the steady drip of water, squeak of a bat. Perhaps - nothing. In a cave, and almost nowhere else in the world, one can find absolute darkness and absolute silence. It is an experience of isolation almost unique, in the journey from womb to tomb.

Unfortunately it is also an experience which, together with the excitement and challenge of caving, will soon be unobtainable in Southern Queensland if the Government has its way.

* * * * * * * *

Dear Grand-daughter,

Grandma has informed me that you are trying to write a somewhat light-hearted account of your recent Expedition. Also she has suggested that you often find it difficult to include humorous touches in your narratives. Accepting these premises I humbly tender a few suggestions.

(1) Make fun of the two boys not facing up to the mountain climb and ordeal generally.

(2) Comment upon the relief felt by the girls on finding them where they had left them. Not lost etc.

(3) How proud Germaine Greer would be if she knew how the five girls of the expedition had tenderly led the other boys safely through the ordeal to the mountain top and back.

(4) In fun it is not necessary to adhere very closely to the truth in such a story.

For example:- The mountaineering party of five girls and five boys arrived safely on the Island presumably all resolutely determined to scale the heights regardless of danger, privation, leeches, discomfort, fatigue and scrub itch. In the noblest tradition of the teaching of Germaine Greer, the five girls girded up their loins etc. with enthusiasm and purpose and proceeded to scale the heights. Here unfortunately the resolution of two of the male members of the expedition faltered, lured by the flesh pots and fish traps of the delightful beach. The task required enthusiasm and determination so we left them behind. Later we worried a little about their safety, some thought that we should have left one girl behind to mind them. However, all is well that ends well and we were greatly relieved that they had not got lost or something, while we were scaling the mountain.

The above is purely suggestive and very roughly put together.

Love from Grandpa.

"...Not a Walk, but a Way of Life."

By Doug Crossman

Can you imagine thirty-one days (740.5 hours to be precise) of near perfect weather in South West Tasmania, where one's biggest worry was whether one's right boot would last the distance? Since thirty-one days of fine weather in Tasmania would defy even the most vivid imagination, I should correct it - imagine twenty-nine days fine weather. This was, in fact, experienced early this year by our party on what was something of an epic trip. It is my purpose to write about our experiences and impressions during this trip.

About mid-year, Doug Cook began to organize a trip in the South-west. The original aim was Lake Pedder - Western Arthurs - Eastern Arthurs and out. A smouldering interest in the South coast track was activated by a photograph of Cox Bight in the Women's Weekly. Since the shortest way from Federation to the South coast track is via the Old River route, it was decided to include this in the trip. A total of 15 people were coming or not coming on the trip at different stages of organisation. The party finally consisted of Doug Cook, Dan Johnston, Jane Bourne, John Webb and myself. After climbing Federation, John walked out to Geeveston and joined some speleos to look at Tasmania from underneath. Consequently, only four brave souls risked psychological destruction by attempting the Old River Route.

We left the Strathgordon bus at the start of the L. Pedder track at 6.30 p.m. on Monday, 10th January. Needless to say, with 32 days food for 4 people (John being a "self-contained unit"), plus all our gear, packs were somewhat heavier than usual. Before our packs changed our minds for us we struggled to the top of the Sentinel Range before camping. Owing to heavy use during what is expected to be L. Pedder's last summer, the track was in bad repair - we measured it in all three dimensions.

Lake Pedder was something of a rude shock to us all (except Jane who was on her second South West Trip for the season). We cleared away some rubbish to make way for a campsite. A quick survey of the activity disclosed planes landing and taking off, kids with spears chasing wallabys, leghargic males sinking coldies while the next dozen or so were cooling in the lake, and a large group of rather idle rich "tourists" surviving on a fresh food diet. For no apparent reason, the timber surrounding thelake had been devestated - probably to accommodate the 500 people who could be found there on a fine weekend, while the Pedder campaign was in full swing. The lake could not tolerate such a volume of use (and misuse) and will surely be ecologically disturbed beyond repair if it is not flooded. It was rather disappointing to see the Lake being destroyed by those fighting for its reprieve.

The next thought provoking aspect of the trip was the traverse of the Western Arthurs. After packing our food-dump into a 16 gallon plastic rubbish tin which we had carried in (surely the most talked about feat of contemporary walking the South West), we left Junction Hut in perfect weather to follow in the footsteps of Higgins, Elliot and Caraghan who completed the first traverse from west to east in 1960-61. We ascended the Range by Moraine

A, and our campsites were those indicated in the HWC guide. The seemingly endless chain of mountain peaks and lakes makes the traverse both challenging and rewarding. The weather we experienced, hot, virtually cloudless days and quiet still nights, allowed us to view the South West at its best. Owing to the paucity of good campsites, a day's walking is by necessity long. We found it best to disregard the route guide and follow the beginnings of the definite track (Heaven forbid). Where the track is not obvious, the route is. Since we considered ourselves average walkers in exceptionally good conditions, we fully expected to walk within route guide times. This was not to be. It is difficult to conceive how these times were established.

The traverse requires care and sure footedness, particularly on the descents of the peaks, but it is not beyond an experienced average walker with a moderate degree of intestinal fortitude. It is a pity that the campsites are so far apart - we just wanted to sit and revel in the majesty and wilderness of the country (if one disregards the Scotts Peak Dam site, the scourge of the South West). The views from Mt. Capricorn and the Western Portals are particularly inspiring. The settings of the lakes defy description. It is amazing that the Western Arthurs were ignored for so long and are not successfully traversed more often today. I suspect that we gained a false impression owing to the glorious weather. I would only traverse the Range again if I were carrying a written guarantee of fine weather. It would be most unpleasant to do all the hard work and be deprived of the reward of seeing what one has accomplished.

A long and hard day's walk from Lake Promontory to Cracroft Hut (1.5 route guide days) compensated for the extra day taken from Lake Pedder to Junction Hut, attributed to lack of fitness and our mammoth packs. Two days were allowed here. Doug, Dan and John walked a total of twenty-three miles to Junction Hut and back in one day to collect our food dump. This was a feat worse than and almost immediately preceeding death. Jane and I spent a rather lazy, enjoyable day feeling guilty beside the River. Food and gear was prepared for the remainder of the trip.

Walking under drought conditions is good with respect to bog plains, river crossings and comfort, but carrying water up Luckman's Lead (I prefer to call it Masochist's Moraine - geological licence permitting) is not a good trick. Goon moor is a long way from Cracroft Hut in hot, dry conditions with 90 lbs on one's shoulders. A few minutes solitude at Stewart's grave brings one back into touch with reality. To realise that, just as man can conquer mountains, mountains can call in nature and conquer man, destroys any overconfidence or frivolous attitudes. This was reinforced by our two days of comparitively foul weather. I don't doubt that in reality it was nothing more than mildly bad for this area. We slept one day and walked through to Goon moor on the next. This short walk was sufficient to demonstrate the navigational difficulties which would be encountered in such conditions.

The morning at Lower Goon Moor was perhaps one of the most beautiful mornings I have seen. With clear blue sky above and all the valleys below filled with cloud, the sun slowly rose over the flat top of Mt. Hopetoun. This sunrise heralded the end of the bad weather and the start once more of the fine weather which was to last until arriving back in cyclone ravished Queensland. This fine morning revived us and it was a most enjoyable day's walk to Hanging Lake. The setting of Hanging Lake is superb. We were

fortunate in being able to camp right beside the Lake (in the middle of the D.Z., I suspect). When the mist cleared next day we made ready for the ascent of Federation. Owing to the time that would be saved, we chose the Hanging Lake - Summit Direct Route as described in the HWC Guide. We actually reached the summit in route guide time. The climb up for the Traverse is exposed and all "in balance" climbing, good handholds being scarce. Since no belay stances are in the offering, a rope is of no great use outside its psychological value. To fall would not be profitable, one would have plenty of time to think on the way down to Lake Geeves.

On reaching the Summit our first reaction was to rather aimlessly wander around the rather limited area on top, and wonder why the ascent of this peak carries such status value. We decided that it was probably because such a high percentage of trips fail to reach their ultimate objective. To reach the Summit is more a factor of weather than tenacity and ability, in fact, I'd go so far as to say that to conquer Federation is to be lucky with the weather. The walking itself, along the well defined track is not arduous. To conquer the Western Arthurs, although equally influenced by weather, was to us a more ego satisfying and physically testing experience. The mightly Federation, which had dominated the skyline since the top of Moraine A left us somewhat disappointed and unsatisfied. To quote Doug Cook: "It's the sort of mountain you look at, not climb". However, don't be discouraged, to have one's signature in the log book is undoubtedly an honour, and to see Hanging Lake from that particular direction is indeed beautiful. The next morning John walked off into the mist and we all began to wonder if we would see him again. It seemed so strange to besaying good-bye to someone out in the middle of the wilderness.

Had there been any potential physical or medical shortcomings, they would surely have become evident after the two mountain traverses taking us to our halfway point in time. The Old River Route was to try us to the mental extremes. Modesty aside, it is not a place for the weak willed. I feel that it required more application and dedication to the job at hand than did any other part of the walk. The H.W.C. guide describes it as a trip only suitable for experienced walkers. The route is used only occasionally as a route into Federation, and only very rarely as a route out. We were according to Kings at Pt. Davey, one of the few people down the route in the last decade. To walk for days on end through thick scrub in a hot dry valley and not achieve the ascent of a peak, or even a change in scenery is trying. One suffers under a feeling of complete aimlessness and isolation. To meet a bushfire in such a dry, isolated valley would spell disaster. The vegetation beside the streams is really thick. It is almost impossible to penetrate without the estra weight of a pack, as Dan found when he took almost an hour to push 30 yards. The last mile or so, where the River is tidal is the worst. Most people using it as an access route to Feder avoid this section by being given a lift up to the top of the tidal inlet by Denny King from Pt. Davey. Perhaps the most shattering day of the trip was along this section. We set out fully expecting the going to get easier and we were quite sure of reaching Bathurst Harbour by mid afternoon. After 400 yards we gave up, physically fit but mentally destroyed. We sat down and planned a raft. I think we all secretly knew right from the concept of the idea that it would not work, but we just had to do something - we needed to feel that we were creating and achieving, not being defeated. By mid afternoon we had given the idea away, having vent our fury on the timber, and not, thank Heaven, on each other.

Had there been any build up of tension over the preceeding three weeks, it would have been obvious that day. I often wonder what would have happened had there been a general "falling out" that day. We were entirely dependent upon each other and there was nowhere anyone could have gone anyway.

We solved the problem by crossing the river to the North side, walking a mile or so through open country to the mouth of the river, and crossing again to the south side, for the last mile. Bathurst Harbour, that far distant goal seen from the top of Moraine A on the fourth day of the trip and looking just as far away from the top of Federation, when it had been reached. The Harbour is beautiful beyond description and the campsite on the Eastern beach was by far the best of the trip, even dominating the setting of Hanging Lake. The next day's walk took us around Mouters Inlet to the Ray River and with a cry of "once more into the mank, my men," we literally pushed through to the Kings Memorial Hut on Melalevca Inlet. We had a very relaxing rest day in the Hut. We were all mentally and physically fatigued, at our lowest ebb for the whole trip. I feel that I must, as many before me have done, comment on the extreme kindness and hospitality shown towards us by Denny King and his daughters. Having people to talk to after seeing only each other for so long was refreshing to say the least. We were in no hurry to leave Kings for the South Coast track.

This final section of the trip was a definite reward after the rigours of the mountains and the Old River. The walking is easy and scenic, particularly in the fine weather we had. The only great energy expenditure was the rather tedious chore of crossing the Iranbound Range. The beaches are beautiful and the forest on the intervening ridges very pleasant. We virtually beached hopped on the way to Catamaran. It was obvious that we were delaying our final day as much as possible. It was very difficult to turn our backs on the South Cape Bay and begin the walk north. Once we left the beach, I think we all decided that the trip was over and this was just the walk out. Not much was said as we set a very fast pace (I seem to remember Jane almost running to keep up) across the flat plains to Catamaran and civilization as we thought. This was not to be. We walked from South Cape Bay to Lune River where we had tea in the backyard of the Post Office. Being keen to get back to Hobart we pushed on after dark, the objective being Dover from where we could catch the bus. Doug and Jane fell by the wayside about 11.00 p.m. but Dan and I plodded on and reached Dover about 1.30 a.m. We were on the 7 a.m. bus to Hobart, Jane and Doug hitched in later. The next morning found us in Melbourne and soon we were in worse weather in sunny Queensland than we had seen anywhere in Tasmania.

I feel safe in saying that there have been few trips of the magnitude of our undertaking, and even fewer (if any) not relying on air drops for supplies. Stories of "I carried 'x' lbs for 'y' in 'z'," seem not to impress us anymore. I often look at the map and find it hard to believe that I have been over that particular country, only six months ago. The trip just happened, no one led and no one followed. Although I concede that we were very lucky with the weather, we can justifiably feel proud of our effort. I learnt a lot about living in that month. It seems to be a period set apart from the progression of time, January 10th to February 10th being a void in 1972.

FOOTNOTE: I have not discussed in detail the routes we followed as there is sufficient contained in the below references:- (All available in the U Q B W C library).

1. Western Arthurs.
   - (a) Heybob Vol 2 1964
   - (b) The Tasmanian Tramp No. 16 1963
   - (c) H.W.C Route Guide

2. Federation.
   - (a) The Tasmanian Tramp No 8 1948
   - (b) The Tasmanian Tramp No 14 1959
   - (c) The Tasmanian Tramp No 17 1966
   - (d) Heybob Vol 8 1966
   - (e) Heybob Vol 10 1968
   - (f) Heybob Vol 11 1969
   - (g) H.W.C. Route Guide No. 3

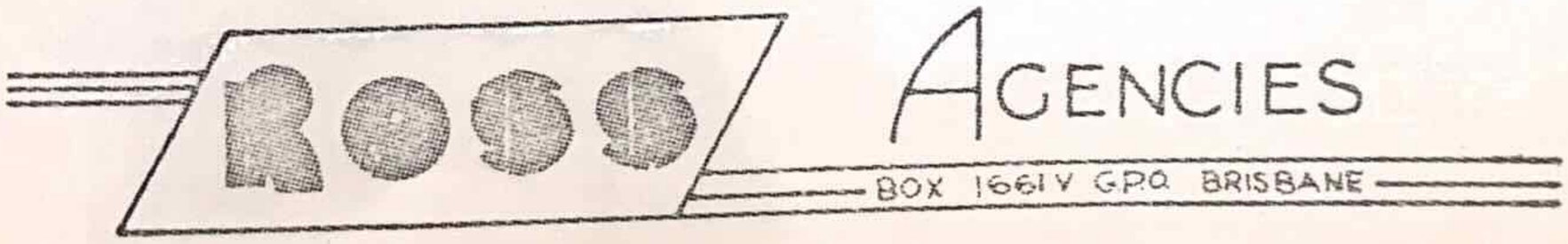
3. Old River Route.
   - (a) The Tasmanian Tramp No 14 1959
   - (b) Skylone No. 20 1970
   - (c) H.W.C. Route Guide No. 3.

4. South Coast Track.
   - (a) The Tasmanian Tramp No. 15 1961
   - (b) H.W.C. Route Guide

WALKERS NOTE!

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

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

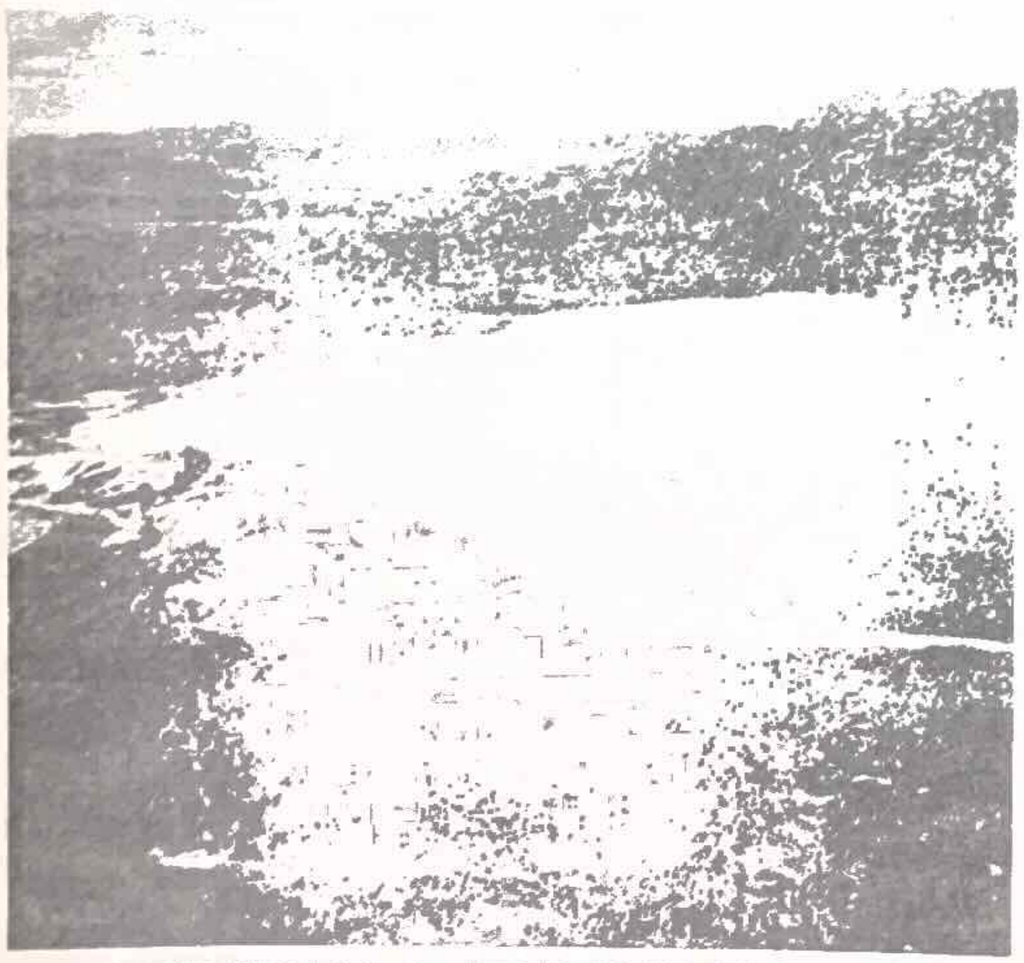




CREAKING UNDER SUPPLIES FOR 31 DAYS.



CLIMAX TO THE 31 DAY TRIP – THE TOP OF FEDERATION.



LAKE PEDDER [illegible] AS THE NEW LAKE APPEARS IN THE [illegible].



THE SUN SETS OVER LAKE PEDDER.

FOOD-FOR-LONG-BUSHWALKS

By Doug Cook

This article is written about the food carried and eaten by four of us on a 31 day trip in South-West Tasmania. Hopefully, some of you who are planning long trips will get some idea of food types and amounts for a long trip. Although none of us got sick, except on two nights when we had too much milo, I would say that this was just good luck and not good management. Inadequate amounts of certain foods could leave you looking pretty sick by the end of the week, but I'll leave you to figure out just what is or isn't necessary because I don't really know.

On Airdrops. If you intend staying out for more than twenty days you would be wise to consider them, as they would certainly save a bit of hard work. If you decide on airdrops, then after picking them up, CLEAN UP THE MESS. The mounds of dead air-drop tins, straw, hessian bags and assorted garbage at D.Z.'s through the S.W., do not enhance this area's natural beauty. An air-drop for less than 10 days walking hardly seems worthwhile, and is certainly encouraging a bad habit, and the slow destruction of the S.W. A mattock and shovel are provided at most of the D.Z.'s, so use them. While on the subject of rubbish, burn what you can and carry the rest out. If the weather isn't too good, then carry your rubbish until you can burn it. As we didn't have any air drops (expense and uncertainty of numbers) we carried all of the food for three days until we could make a dump at Junction Creek hut (J.C.). A week later we returned and picked this up. Some rules relating to air drops.

1. Do not touch an unexpired airdrop or food dump unless you think its a life or death matter.
2. If you have to use an unexpired air drop, inform its owner as soon as possible and pay for it.

Here is a list of the food we took in, and some which we found in expired airdrops and that which was given to us by Kings at Port Davey.

32 DAYS FOOD FOR FOUR PEOPLE

Weight	Item	Cost	Remarks
10.0	Bacon	7.65	19 meals, tasty and chewy
24.0	Sugar	2.80	12 lb used in Milo mix
2.5	Vegetables D	3.20	Kraft, 4oz pkts mixed veges
1.0	Vegemite	0.83	just enough
0.4	Curry P	0.76	used in all meals
2.2	Custard P	0.63	used very little,Uncle Tobys
3.5	Potato D	2.10	Proto, used to thicken stews
-	Tea	-	-
8 Rolls	A.P.	0.84	less than 3 rolls used
0.3	Cenovis	0.50	we didn't like it
3,0	Fizzy	1.35	could always use more
0.4	Coffee	0.90	goes well with milo
6 cakes	Soap	1.12	2 cakes used (only had 2 baths.)

Weight	Item	Cost	Remarks
-	Stericaps	-	40 capsules, used once
3.0	bags plastic	4.30	used in packaging
-	Twisters	0.80	36 x 25 - 18 20 x 17¾ - 20 16 x 12 - 250
-	Scotchbrite	0.28	very good
-	Pan scourer	0.15	useless
3.5	Jam	0.70	not worth the weight for us
-	soup cubes	0.66	as good as useless
5.6	beef mince D	25.20	cook all dehys exactly to instructions, we had Alliance, very expensive.
5.5	Egg powder	15.95	⅓ tin per day
14.0	Milo	7.20	used in Milo mix
26.8	Milk Powder	11.80	21 lb used in Milo mix
6.0	Butter Conc.	2.88	made by Q.B.B. buy here before leaving
6.0	Rosella D	8.50	get used to the taste
5.0	Fruit cake		good for morale
3.0	Peanut Butter	1.58	lasted for 23 days
11.8	Cheese	7.34	some types go very hard after a few weeks
10.5	Peanuts	5.00	used for snacks in latter part of trip
68 pkts	Soup	11.00	could easily have used 100 or more
10.5	Fruit	3.50	best value in apples
8.0	Sultanas, Raisins	3.20	used to make the pog taste O.K.
4.0	Creamed honey	1.36	just enough but we only had 12oz biscuits to put it on
18.0	Plain biscuits	9.72	8oz Packets take those with a large number of biscuits
8.5	Antarctic	-	chewy
1.0	Sago	0.21	makes a change, nothing spectacular
8.0	Rice	1.08	initially used in stews, then as dessert
0.5	Salt	-	not enough, at least 1 lb needed.
8 pkts	I.P.	0.80	need milk P as well
5.0	Pog.	0.93	could have used more for the twelve days used 1/person/day
150	Multivitamins	-	
221	TOTAL	$146.82	Weight of food only abt 10 lb packaging)

Weight	Item	Cost	Remarks
	Found in a drop at Goon Moor		
1.5	Ovis Rye Bread		
0.5	Salt		
1.0	Rice		
5 pkts	Soup		
1.0	Pog		
1.0	Peaches D		
0.2	Tea		
0.2	Noodles		
2.0	Cheddar Cheese		
	Given by Kings and in Memorial Hut		
0.5	Rice		
5.0	Flour S.R.		
0.5	Sugar		
2.0	Fresh Broad Beans		
1.5	Loaf of Fresh Bread		
	Jam		
N	Gooseberries & Mulberries		
	Found in a drop at Prion Beach		
0.3	Barley Sugar		
3.0	Flour		
0.5	Pog		
1.0	Macaroni		
8 pkts	Soup		
243	Total Weight of all Food Taken and Found.		

D - Dehydrated P - Powder

Before leaving Hobart, this food was broken into two bundles, one being about 2/3 of each item which was to be left as a food dump at J.C. Each of these two bundles was then broken into four, each of us getting a heavy bundle and a light bundle. The ⅓ was to be used in the first 12 days before picking up the dump. This pre-sorting meant that when we reached J.C. we would not have to spend valuable time sorting our food. Sorting food in rain could be a miserable affair so do as much as possible before you go. The day after picking up the food dump we had a rest day to wash ourselves and clothes and spent some time breaking the 20day food dump into two 10 day bundles, each of which was then broken into four. During the first ten days it was found to be best if one person carried most of the breakfast food or mostly lunch and so on. This increases efficiency at breaks and in the morning when getaway time is murder. This way its easier to dig out of a pile just what you have to carry. The idea of having one bundle for about 10 days is good, as when some food item runs out in the bundle in operation at the present time, then too bad. At least its only for a few days and not until the end of the trip. The great number of plastic bags was used to waterproof soggable food items. I would say that this is necessary unless you're keen on soggy mouldy food.

Generally your food will need to be prepared in a couple of different ways with or without condiments to make it exciting. Extra and different food is needed for rest days. Something special like the fruit cake is necessary

just to have something different to look forward to every week or so. I spent a lot of my time thinking about food on the trip and I imagine the others did also, so have a variety to keep from going batty.

Some Suggestions Are:

Ovis Rye Bread at about $0.35 for 12ozs compares with biscuits. It tastes different but I don't know where you could get it. (Not made in Tas. $0.60 from Melbourne.) Noodles and macaroni are cheap and go well in stews and soups. Flour is good because you can do tricks like make dampers and pizzas, provided you take enough cheese and salami. Salami will last at least 35 days in a pack (proven) provided that you buy the stuff which doesn't need refrigeration. Tomato paste can easily be made from a packet of tomato soup. Dessicated coconut goes well in I.P's and you could probably do other tricks with it. Coffee can be added to Milo and chocolate I.P.'s.

Our cooking and eating implements were just sufficient. Each of us had a cup, knife and spoon for eating out of. There was one fork in the party which didn't get a lot of use. We shared a 3 pint and a 5 pint aluminium billy, 1 thucker, 2 paddy grippers and a teflon frypan. Two pairs of paddys are necessary as invariably two billies both look like falling over or boiling at once.

Had we not found food other than what we carried in, our diet would have been just sufficient. However, we had good weather for nearly the whole of the trip. Cold, wet and windy conditions would, I think, have shown that the diet was insufficient.



THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM

By Ruth Stephenson

The Walls of Jerusalem is a small but complex area in the Central Plateau Region of Tasmania, that has rarely if ever before been visited by U.Q.B.W.Cers. Lyndria and I visited it in December 1971. This is an attempt to encourage more U,Q.B.W.C.ers to visit the area, but it has a disadvantage - one must be mobile.

To situate the area more precisely it is about 14 miles East of Pelion Plains[1] and has a general elevation of 4800 ft. The highest point is part of Western wall at 5680 ft. while Mt. Jerusalem itself is 5590 ft. The names of features here are all of Biblican origin e.g. Wailing Wall, Damascus Bluff, Gate of the Chain.

The best way to give directions to the area is just to say: proceed through Deloraine to Mole Ck. and then use the contour map to get to Lake Rowallan (a hydro dam in reality) and then on[2] to where "the road turns back on itself" near the Fish R (ref. 374746). This isn't as easy as it sounds - we got lost twice on the way in on Friday night but eventually got to the hydro huts where we aimed to spend the night (I don't know where these are but they are up a side road somewhere) and proceeded to the Fish R. next morning.

An old bull dozer track leads down to the river from the bend in the road and a track wanders upstream for about 200 yards before petering out - cross the river before the track peters out. The river was swollen as a result of the blizzard 10 days previous, but we didn't get our feet wet in the crossing. It's crossed easily by rock-hopping or carefully balancing across fallen logs (they even have steps cut in them). Picked up the track (quite obvious) on the other side and wandered up through a forest of tall Eucalypts (Eucalyptus obliqua and Eucalyptus gigantea) and waratah. Looking back north revealed tremendous views of Clumnen Bluff. This bluff is a cliff line about 400 ft high broken by long scree slopes. These high cliff lines and long scree slopes are characteristic of the Walls area. Just after the track crosses a small creek (ref. 379732) there is the Trapper's or Howell's Hut. (1) This is a draughty, dirty hut but has good campsites and water supply near by. Walking up to here the night before would give more time in the Walls area. From the Trapper's Hut the track continues up to the gap (ref. 378-731) 1200 ft above the Fist R. The turn-off to L. Adelaide is just through the gap. We followed the main track up over fairly open moor - scraggly snow gums on rocky outcrops and plenty of tarns. The track is mostly fairly obvious but it is also well marked with cairns. The weather turned against us here but we accepted mist, drizzle and driving wind. The Queensland hards were a little cool in their shorts and cotton shirts.

After about 2 miles of moor we climbed the last few hundred feet and through Herod's gate - end of track (Golden Gate about 1 mile N.E. could also be used as a door to the walls). The walls hit us immediately we stepped through the gate. To the right Western Wall rises about 600 feet shear from a 100 feet scree slope and straight ahead through the Gate of the

Chain, Eastern Wall rises 400 feet vertically to the Summit of Mt. Jerusalem. There was still the odd patch of snow lingering in the cracks in the cliffs and in sheltered areas.

Just inside Herod's gate we at last found shelter from the wind to have lunch in peace - a large rock - and promptly spent over an hour getting a fire going. Why won't chocolate paper burn? The weather cleared during lunch to reveal the snow capped peaks of the Pelion area and Cradle Mt. and Barn Bluff framed by Herod's gate. Wandered on past L. Salome over the most fascinating terrain of the trip. A maze of little cracks and tarns - walk two steps and jump a creek. What ground there was, was covered with sphagnum moss, pineapple grass (astelia alpina) and cushion plant. The creeks supported a living fossil - namely the mountain shrimp (Anaspides tasmaniae).

After making noises at another party on top of Western Wall we wandered up through Gate of the Chain and decided to investigate Peter Sim's hut (2) (ref 423697), so climbed halfway up the temple to do so. This hut is untidy but clean and would be quite comfortable for 2-3 people - it's water supply is quite civilized - guttering from the roof to a tank. This hut even had a good supply of sugar and powdered milk and possessed a thermometer - registered 38 degrees F on our visit. From here down to Jaffa Gate was the only rough part of the trip - scrambling down over large boulders and scoparia. Once through Jaffa gate water drained out to the Derwent instead of the Mersy.

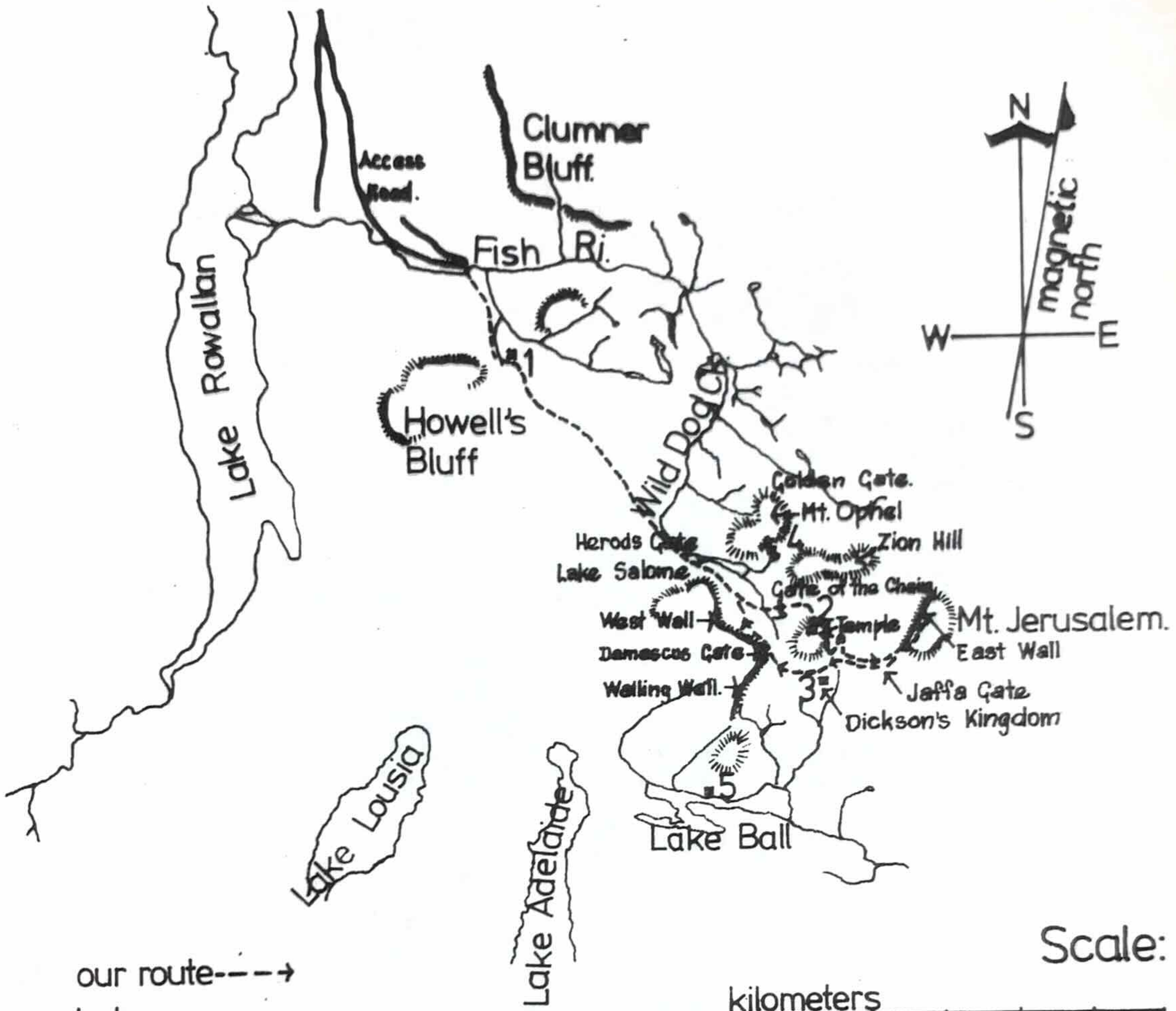
The Walls were well populated with bushies that weekend. We heard a large party of scouts playing in the snow on the temple and still had two more parties to meet. Made our way to Dickson's Kingdom (3) (ref. 424689) intending to spend the night there. This hut is set in a grove of the tallest pencil pines in the world, and is constructed of split pine logs - but for all its impressive setting we didn't stay - it was a mess. Anyone who complains about the huts in the Reserve should visit this hut. We backtracked through Jaffa gate to camp out of the wind. Emerged from bag next morning to a corker frost. Three of us zapped up Mt. Jerusalem while the fourth did some collecting. Visiting the area and not wandering up Mt. Jerusalem would be like climbing Barney and not looking at the view. The panorama that spreads out from the summit of this peak would be hard to beat. We had a clear day and could see Cradle, Barn Bluff, theDuCane Ra. and south to Frenchman's. From the south round to the north east millions of lakes and tarns (well, maybe only a few thousand) shone in the sunlight.

Headed for home then via Dickson's Kingdom, where a Tasmanian spelio impressed us by climbing a pencil pine, and on to Damascus Gate, stopping en route to slide in the snow on a hydro coat (a Tassie greasy). The waratah on the way down from the Trapper's hut gave us a pleasant surprise - it was in full bloom - had only been in bud on the way in.

A last word: Lyndria and I thoroughly recommend this trip to anyone who is mobile while in Tassie - it's not a place you can hitch to. Although it's only a small area 3-4 days wouldn't go astray.

Other huts: Pool of Siloam Hut (ref. 417707) (4)

Lake Bell Hut (ref. 409-673) (5).



WALLS OF JERUSALEM

TRAMPING IN NEW ZEALAND

By Jenny Bauer

As far as tramping (i.e. bushwalking) is concerned, New Zealand is a land of endless opportunity. On our recent holiday - cum- honeymoon there, we took the chance to sample some of this, and proved, in case anyone is dubious, that you don't have to be a "hard" or even an experienced climber to see some of the best country NEW Zealand has to offer.

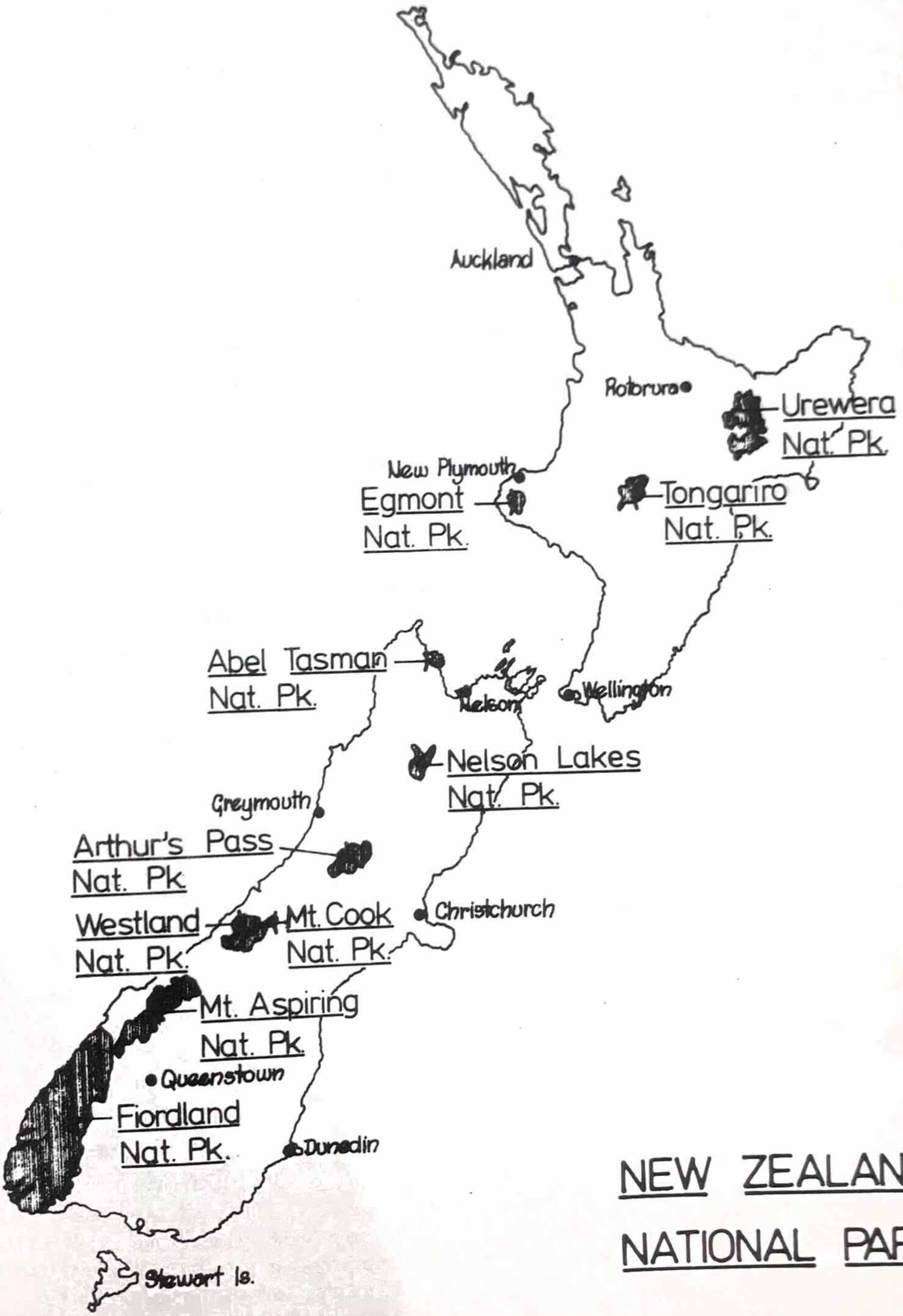
Equipped with tent, boots, warm clothes, and a tireless hitch-hiking thumb, we set out from Auckland. Owing to the time of year, mid-December, there were many others doing the same thing, but also, since it was the tourist season, we obtained lifts fairly easily (most times anyway). First port of call was the Rotorua thermal area. The only way we found of seeing this was to pay for a guided excursion, and for an outlay of $6 each, we saw the renowned geysers, mudpools, crater-lakes, steaming cliffs etc. all of which was a novel experience.

Step 2 - Tongariro National Park. This is situated on North Island's Thermal belt. It contains the three main mountains Ruapehu (a ski-resort in winter, and a semi active volcano), Ngaurohoe (a visibly active volcano), and Tongariro. We did a 4-day circuit encompassing these 3 mountains. Mts. Ngaurohoe and Tongariro form part of a plateau which consists entirely of old craters, some of which now contain lakes - these create wierd moon-like landscape, which is unforgettable. We almost climbed to the top of the snow-capped Ruapehu, and would have made it easily except for adverse weather.

Step 3 - Egmont National Park. This is a small Park including Mt. Egmont and an encircling area of virgin beech forest. On Egmont (8,000 feet) is a parasitic cone called Fantham's Peak which is 6,500 feet high. On New Year's Day we climbed this; the peak of Egmont itself was ice-covered and would have called for more experience than we had.

After Mt. Egmont, we thumbed to Wellington and caught the inter-island ferry across to Picton. From there we went to Christchurch (probably one of the better of New Zealand's larger cities) and then west to the Arthur's Pass National Park which includes a chunk of the Southern Alps. Here we did one of our more memorable trips, a 5-day tramp through 3 passes which took us from the eastern side of the Alps to within 15 miles of the west coast, near Hokitika. This was our first real introduction to snow-walking, a most tiring occupation when done for prolonged periods uphill. This was also where we learnt the art of snow-bumming, i.e. sliding down steep snow-slopes on the derriere. The mountain scenery we encountered here was incredible - from one vantage point in particular we were able to look out across the countless snow-covered peaks of the Southern Alps. Since this section of the Park was not often visited, we gloried in an aura of almost complete isolation.

This through-walk brought us out onto New Zealand's famed West Coast, famed, I would say, as much for its deplorable weather as for its spectacular scenery. Nevertheless, we were lucky - of the 300 inches annual rainfall there, not much fell on us. We visited the Franz Joseph and Fox Glaciers of the Westland National Park. These glaciers have their sources high in the



NEW ZEALAND'S NATIONAL PARKS.

Alps and travel several miles downwards, till, at the terminal face less than a thousand feet above sea level, they become meltwater streams. The history of the numerous advances and recessions of the terminal face of each has been documented.

Travelling further down the West Coast, we passed through the Haast Pass and were in the Mt. Aspiring National Park. The only part of this that we sampled was its southern extremity, where we walked the Routeburn Track, which you may read about in the tourist brochures. This track, although pleasant, has not the grandeur of scenery which the more famous Milford Track has to offer.

The Milford Track is in the Fiordland National Park, New Zealand's largest; for the uninformed, there are two ways to walk this track, either as a paying guest on a guided excursion (to have all your food and clothes carried for you, and to have a hot shower and a meal served up to you at night in an almost hotel-class "hut"); or as a so-called "freedom-walker", who does things in the usual manner for a tramper, and pays much less for the privilege. The latter course naturally is the only practicable one for the normal run of trampers. Despite the large numbers of people who walk the track, and despite all the tourist propaganda that goes with it, the Milford track has a lot to offer and is well worth doing (good weather being a distinct advantage.)

One of the more spectacular features of the Fiordland National Park as a whole is the fact that the landscape bears the marks of past glaciation, very evident in features such as unmistakably U-shaped valleys, hanging valleys, which often have waterfalls associated with the perched glacial lakes etc.

The Milford Track brings you out at Milford Sound, where you may take a launch ride out to the Tasman Sea. We left the Milford area and went NW, crossed the Alps, and headed for the Mt. Cook National Park. Here for the first time the weather was really unkind to us, and we spent much time virtually confined to our tent. The Park does not have a great deal to offer for the non-climbing tramper, but is, of course, a climber's paradise. Nevertheless, we managed to see a little of the Park by various means, though left a little dissatisfied with ourselves for not having attempted more.

By this time it was almost February and our time was running out. We had planned firstly to see the Nelson Lakes National Park, in the north of the South Island, and then to go back to the North Island, travel up the east coast, visiting the Ureweras National Park on the way, and then back to Auckland to catch a plane home. Since we were running "behind schedule" (not that we had attempted to organise our trip to that extent), something had to be missed out. After a painful decision, we decided on our scheme:- have an extended super-bludge at Nelson Lakes, and forget about seeing the rest of the North Island.

So that's what we did, and what a perfect place we had chosen for our final tramp. We spent 8 days there, glorifying in beautiful valleys with grass-verged streams flowing into the bluest lakes imaginable. Therewas just the right amount of hard work to make you feel you deserved itall. We did a circuit - up one river valley, over a saddle, down another river valley, (after a trip upstream to visit a rather unfrequented lake) and then a climb up onto a ridge and along it to complete the circuit. The good thing about the

ridge was that it was above the tree-line and hence afforded views in all directions, free from interfering vegetation.

One notable unpleasantness associated with the Park, and for that matter much of New Zealand, is the sandflies. These are much larger than any Australian sandflies, and much more numerous. Many were the tales told about them:-

Two sandflies ventured into a tramper's hut one afternoon. Said one to his companion, "These trampers will make a lovely meal. Shall we eat them here, or take them down to the swamp?"

"Oh no!" cried the other, "Don't take them down to the swamp; the big ones will get them there!"

There were also rumours that a landing strip was to be constructed for use by the sandflies that found difficulty in landing otherwise.

Be warned, always have your repellant nearby. Most New Zealanders recommend Dimp, which we found quite effective.

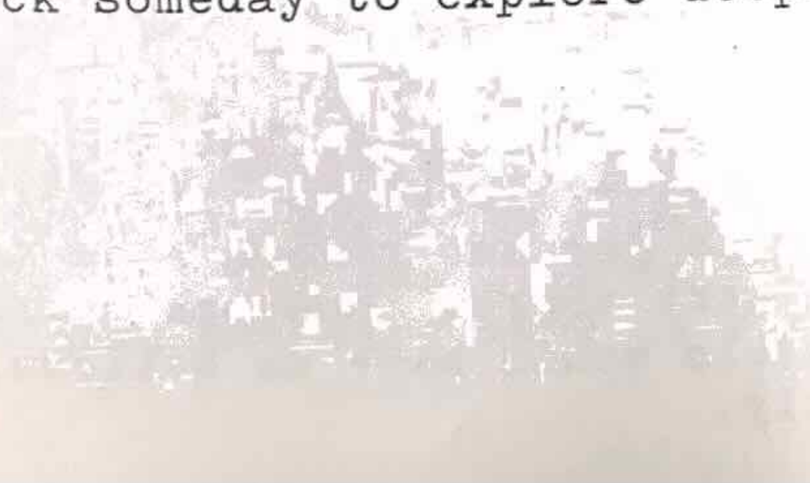
Anyway, having emerged from our 8 days of isolation at Nelson Lakes, we enquired about planes from Wellington to Brisbane, found there was one the following day, so by buses and a ferry across to Wellington, made it in time to catch our plane home.

We were very fortunate in one aspect - of the 9 weeks we spent there, very seldom were we confined by bad weather. It is possible to be extremely unlucky with the weather, as some of the people we met (other hitch-hikers) had been. The best time to go, of course, is late January - February.

For the type of trip we did, the expenses are not great. We found that living costs amount to $3/day/person, excluding major items like our tent and a new pair of John Bulls which we bought over there. The cost of living, despite what we had been told, was no cheaper than in Australia. The only items of food which were notably cheaper were milk, butter, and ice cream cones (which are fantastic), and these become more expensive in very isolated regions of New Zealand, of which there are several.

We found trains of little use (though we didn't really have much occasion to use them), and buses tend to be rather expensive, though more convenient. Once again, we only used buses on a couple of occasions. The hitch-hiking is fairly easy on the main roads, but damned frustrating on backroads such as those into and out of the National Parks.

New Zealand was a great experience for us. It has great variety which one has to travel farther for in Australia. Many of the areas have nothing even approaching a counterpart in Australia. For a tramper, the scope is remarkable; however for a climber the opportunities are even greater and we sometimes regretted our short-comings in this respect. Climbers or no, we are going back someday to explore deeper into the Parks.



BALI

By Eileen Beswick

Why go to Indonesia? I was asked this question many times when I said I wanted to go there at Christmas. At the time, I said I wanted to visit a place which had a non-European culture and Indonesia was the closest and cheapest. Now I would say that the opportunity to submerge oneself in a foreign culture can be the most enriching experience in one's life. In this short article I can give only a few impressions and pass on some information which may be of help to intending travellers.

Arranging for passports, customs, immunization, travellers' cheques, visas; learning about malaria, polluted water, tropical medicine, assembling a comprehensive first aid kit; reading about Indonesian history, culture and politics: these took the best part of three months before we left. The only thing that didn't go smoothly was obtaining travellers' cheques. An international money crisis, which was resolved only the day before we left, gave us visions of landing penniless in a foreign country.

DARWIN:

Briefly, our plan was to travel by bus to Darwin, catch a plane to Timor, another plane to Bali, and return via the same route. We would be away from Brisbane for four weeks. Travelling from Darwin is potentially the most expensive part of the journey. Christmas time is fraught with monsoons and cyclones, and it doesn't gake much rain to make the roads impassable. If this happens, and time is limited, the only alternative is to fly, which costs approximately $130.00 each way.

TIMOR:

Ansett Airways runs the flight from Darwin to Bacau, a small town on the west of Timor, so it was not until we landed at the airport, to be confronted with officious Portugese Customs Officers in one tiny dilapidated building surrounded only by ricefields and a few thatched huts that I first experienced the feeling of complete foreign-ness, and I was the foreigner, the stranger, the intruder. Although my initial fear mellowed during the ensuing weeks, the feeling of intrusion never really left me.

The trip from Bacau to Dili, the capital, is by bus or plane. Although we travelled by plane, I wish now we had gone by bus. Though at the time, clutching my purse and travellers' cheques tightly and ready to ward off any attackers, I was loathe to leave the security of a familiar object, such as an aeroplane, for a plank on the back of a converted truck loaded with Timorese clad in saris, chooks, ducks, piglets, bananas, betel nuts, etc., which was disguised under the name of "bus".

Timor, like the islands of Indonesia, is volcanic in origin, with peaks reaching up to 13,000 ft. Timor has no live volcanos, but this is not true of all the islands. Timor also has extensive limestone caves with fascinating rumours about their history. Christmas is the wet season and the highlands were in almost constant cloud while we were there. Monsoon rain, as we experienced it, was not as heavy as novels would have us believe, but it was necessary to carry a raincoat constantly.

Dili is a town of people - arrogant Portugese, aloof Chinese and subservient Timorese. The Timorese are by far the most interesting, but in Dili they are dominated by the Portugese in a manner which appeared to be colonialism at its worst. It is better to get away from Dili where the Portugese influence is less obvious. If one takes the trouble to get to know the Timorese, it is a very rewarding experience as they will accept you and it is only then that one can appreciate their way of life. A New Year's Eve party, to which we were invited, was a memorable night.

But on to Bali? We thought we would never get there. One of the only two planes on the route had broken down; it had landed from its last flight on only one engine. Another time, it coasted into the airport after it had run out of fuel. The mechanic was on holidays. It was no use complaining because no-one on Timor was worried about it. So it was with a sigh of relief that we finally stepped off the ancient DC 3 on to Bali.

The islands between Timor and Bali would have been fascinating to visit. They are almost untouched by tourism and one can observe a gradual transition of their physical features and their crafts from a Irianese type to a more Asian type.

Again the people of Bali are the thing that I remember the most. It is possible to get to know Balinese families by staying at a "losman" at places such as Kuta Beach. Their culture, religion and art is part of their way of life. Their crafts are employed in making offerings to their Gods (every house has a small altar in its yard) and in maintaining their Temples. Their dancing and music, art, woodcarving and weaving, and cock fighting, are encompassed to a greater or lesser degree in the lives of every Balinese we met. One couldn't help feeling how empty western spectator culture is compared with the participatory nature of that of the Balinese.

The countryside is fascinating. Most of the land is covered by rice fields irrigated by a gravity system of imcomprehensible complexity engineered by village peasants. Houses are built of bamboo poles bound together with coconut fibre ropes and covered with thatch and lontar palm. Bridges are constructed using rope supports, large buildings by wooden scaffolding. Roads are built, mainly by women, who carry the rocks on their heads from the quarries to the site.

Bali has two volcanoes, one constantly active, both of which would be worth climbing. Balinese guides are available to show you the best route. The Balinese are eager to speak English (a status symbol?) and welcome the opportunity to take you on a tour for, usually, a very small fee. Again, you have to be lucky with the weather. We caught only tantalizing glimpses from great distances of the tops of the volcanoes some days after we had sat near the foot of one for 24 hrs hoping the fog would lift.

The cost of living is extremely cheap. If one is prepared to live Balinese style, one can exist very comfortably for about $2.00 a day. This includes overnight accommodation, three meals a day, and travel in Balinese buses (which are a little better than Timorese buses). Motor bikes, mostly Honda 90's, are available for hire at $3.00 a day. As the island is only about 60 miles from north to south, one can easily cover the length and breadth of the island. If you like to wear a crash helmet, you had better take it with you as they are very rare in Bali and the traffic is wild.

The trip home was uneventful. Our luggage was grossly overweight because of the goods we had acquired; batik and other types of hand woven cloth, baskets and leather goods, wood carving, etc. A word of warning. The basket I had bought to carry home my extra luggage was confiscated for fumigation at Darwin and I was almost left in the unenviable position of carrying home all my purchases in a large plastic bag.

Customs can be a problem. Darwin officers searched our luggage from top to bottom and, if one isn't well washed, one can be searched personally from top to bottom as happened to three people on our plane. Indonesian Customs Officers won't let you into the country unless you have short hair, a ticket out of the place, and $10.00 per day in your pocket for the length of your visa.

Would I go again? Definitely! The only question is, should I go on to other parts of south-east Asia, or should I spend my time exploring those beautiful untouched islands between Timor and Bali.



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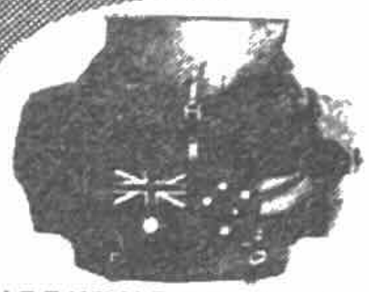

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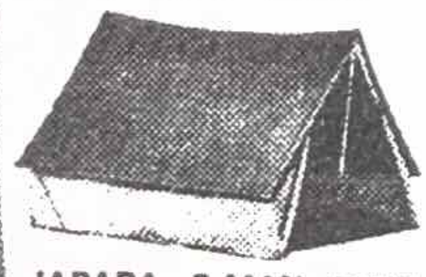

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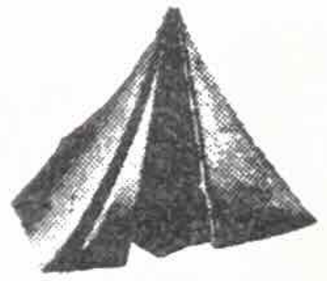

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RESCUE TECHNIQUES

"ON CLIMBING" By Sid Tanner

Over the last few years an evolution has come about in the climbing world. This has been due to the advent of new thought, spawning better technical products such as chrome/nickel alloy pegs and the application of these new ideas et al to the cliff face.

What we'll attempt to do in this article is give an idea of the variety of techniques, equipment and tactics available. Hopefully these will be of use to the "average" bushwalker, if such a beast exists, and to those wishing to start climbing. There are other items of equipment and an infinite variety of techniques but we aim only to cover the significant and "battle proven" ones.

Equipment:

We might discuss equipment first off. Over the years I've noticed that it pays to buy perfection equipment rather than cheaper gear. It has better survival value and lasts longer.

Clothing:- A pair of shorts and a shirt, preferably with long sleeves and a collar. T shirts are also popular. It must provide freedom of movement.

Boots:- Tight fitting, with rubber soles and narrow, neat welts. Either specialist boots or tight sand shoes.

Helmet:- Comfortable, protective against falling rocks and a good fit so it stays on in a fall. It should also have ventilation holes if you're to use it in Queensland.

Waistband:- 2"-2½" terylene seat belt webbing. It spreads the load of a fall and must always be tied with a proper tape knot. It is often teamed with a swami seat.

Slings:- Endless pieces of tape, made from 5' lengths of 1" climbing tape. They have a variety of uses.

Gloves:- Leather gloves for belaying with. They should be fitted with loops to hang from or D-rings for krabs to be clipped through.

Krabs:- Snap links made of alloy which are used to attach the rope to the pegs etc. They are also good in fights with the local hoons. Superb knuckle dusters (gates in side the fist).

Pitons:- Pitons are various steel alloy pegs which are driven into cracks in the rocks as anchor points. They should be of either a chrome/nickel/molybdenum steel alloy. Correct placement greatly enhances their holding power. Correct placement usually holds loads circa 4,000 lbs. See anchors.

Crackers:- Hexagonal pieces of Aluminium alloy usually. These chock stones are jammed in cracks. Often a rock or block can be used, or improvised, to be just as effective.

Hammers:- Most climbers carry hammers you'll have noticed. Now in Europe there are many climbers and few ledges. Hence the hammers come in useful in settling ecological arguments as to who sleeps where on the ledge; or even if you sleep on the ledge at all. On the Everest expeditions climbers carry multiple spiked axes to expediate sleeping arrangements. This explains the legends of the Hammer of Thor, the fastest hammer in the Alps. Really just a Neolithic ice climber.

Ropes:- 2 types of ropes are available; the traditional hawser laid or the kern mantel type. The hawser laid rope should be replaced after a 100 climbing days or when excessively worn. If you twist the strands open and internally its flurry - then new rope time has arrived. Kern mantel ropes consist of an outer protective sheath and a central core. The sheath provides roughly 20% of the strength - it's main functions being to protect the inner core. Any damage is readily apparent once the outer core is cut or, if a red strand fluffs out, the rope is honourably discharged. The inner core consists of continuous filaments. Kern mantel ropes are much easier to handle and weight for weight are stronger - they also tend to twist less and last longer.



Care: Don't tramp on the rope wearing hobnails or grind grit into it. An occasional wash in warm water and detergent (followed by a rinse) helps remove abrasive grit and prolongs a rope's life. Don't expose a nylon rope to petroleum products - they tend to plasterize. Nylon ropes also should not be stored in sunlight as the U.V. component seriously reduces the operating life.

Coiling: I find it best if the rope is coiled in halves. The half way should be marked and it is helpful if the ¼ ways are too. You roll from the centre to the ends. The coils should be the same size roughly as slings. As you complete each loop you have to twist the rope in a direction opposite to the loop 1 turn; so the rope lies straight in the coil. The ends are lashed down in sail makers whippings. If you wear this with the knots just behind the shoulders you'll find this a very convenient way to carry a rope.

A Shopping Hierachy

I might suggest a possible order of acquisition. The prices shown are for premium gear.

A.	Waistband -	$ 1.50	Seat Belt webbing.
	Waist krab-	$ 2.70	Simond alloy screwgate krab. 2nd choice, 1800 kg. Bonatti or Stubai D.
B.	5 crackers 5 slings 5 krabs	$25.00	The slings should be made of 5' lengths of tape. The knots should be tightened by body weight. There are 3 brands of alloy krabs available which are very good. Chounaird, Simond or Cassin "Bonattis" - take your pick, although it helps if all your krabs are the same brand. The Bonattis are the

cheapest, while the Chounairds best for aid climbing and the Simonds are stronger. Choose a range of Hexagons - either Odins or Hexametrics would be the best.

C. Helmet - $12.00 The best helmet and the optimum between many factors is a German one called the Romer Super. It is light, comfortable and ventilated. Others I find too hot, heavy or bulky. An equal machine is the "Joe Brown" lightweight.

D. Boots - $20-$30 The best boots for Queensland are either R.D.'s or R.R.'s both made by the French maker, Galiber. The R.D.'s have the edge for straight climbing in Queensland, although the R.R.'s are more versatile elsewhere. They cost $20 and $30 respectively.

E. Rope - $40.00 The optimum rope is, in my opinion, a 165' "Mammut" 11 m.m. kern mantel. You can however buy a No. 4 hawser nylon (165') for $25.

F. Pegs, hammer - $25.00



Pegs A selection 2 "Hitens" (a long & a short, thins)
2 "Lost Arrows" (a short thin & long thin) by Chounaird.
3 "Leepers" (A,B,C in the longs)
2 "Angles" (a ¾" and either 1"/1¼") by Chounaird.

These are my personal armament in "crunchy" situations.

Hammers The best I've used is a steel handled CM 1. A Stubai or a Cassin serve as cheap alternatives. It is advisable to also make or buy a hammer holster. Also the hammer Must be tied to the climber by a 5-6' piece of cord, so he can't drop it.

This order from B-F could be rearranged to suit the individual. A waist band is universally useful. It is a good idea if you can arrange it with a mate to buy complementary gear - it helps cut the cost.

Marking of Gear - it is a good idea to mark your gear in some manner. A colour code of 3 colours is extremely useful. It allows gear to be pooled for big "deeds" and ensures you get your gear back. It helps your friends keep their lust for your shining new karabiners within human bounds.

A final point - this gear is brassy to buy. Please ask some one in the Club before you buy it. You can expect 2-4-6 years usage depending on whether your super fanatical, fanatical, or slack.

Abseiling (Roping down, Rappeling)

The general idea is to slide/fall down a rope and stop on a ledge and/or the ground. The idea is to use a friction brake to slow down the rate of descent/fall. If you have a large body mass, and therefore require a large frictional force, you can readily see the reason that the dreaded classic and "hot shoulder" methods have suffered a wane in popularity.

We might consider the following classes of abseiling. Actually there are 2 superclasses beyond these - controlled and uncontrolled. While we applaud the spectacle afforded by the latter, we regret to advise that it is usually extremely messy.

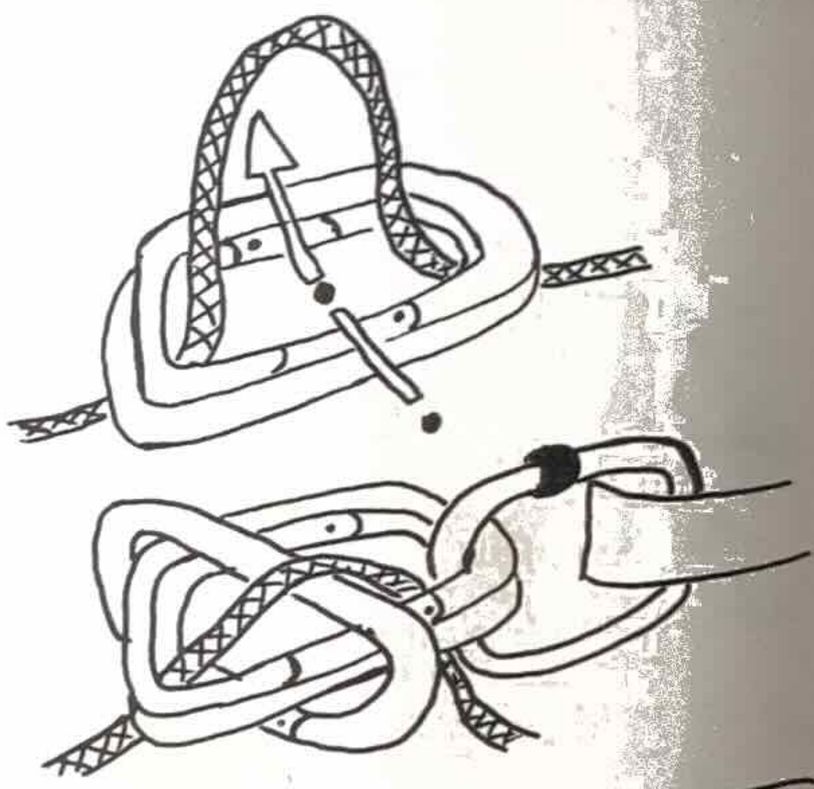
Mechanical	1.	crossed krab
	2.	twisted knot
	3.	angle brake bar.
Semi mechanical		hot shoulder
Classic		the dreaded hot crutch.

A few general points:- descend smoothly and evenly. Relax, though it helps if you don't go to sleep. Keep your legs apart, one slightly above the other. Stand out from the cliff face, keep your thorax away from the cliff. The most important part of the system is the rear braking hand, its effectiveness is multiplied by the brake. Always use gloves if possible.

Another point:- 75% of climbing accidents occur on retreats. Moral of the story - never retreat.

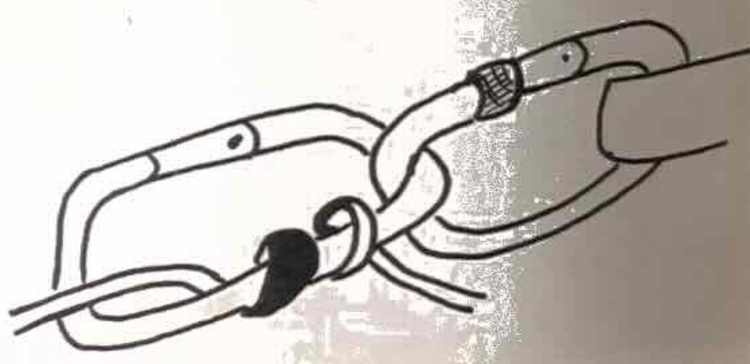
Crossed Krab (Brake Bar)

Basically we have 2 nexted krabs, with the gates on opposite sides. We grab a loop of the rope/s up through the krab. We then clip 2 krabs, spines upmost (i.e. gate down), across the gap. This is shown to be a dotted line. We then attach this to our waist band by using a gated krab, preferably. The gate on this is towards the stomach. Combinations of 2,3,4, and 5 krabs can be used depending on the job. The no. of cross spines increases the friction and hence the braking effect.



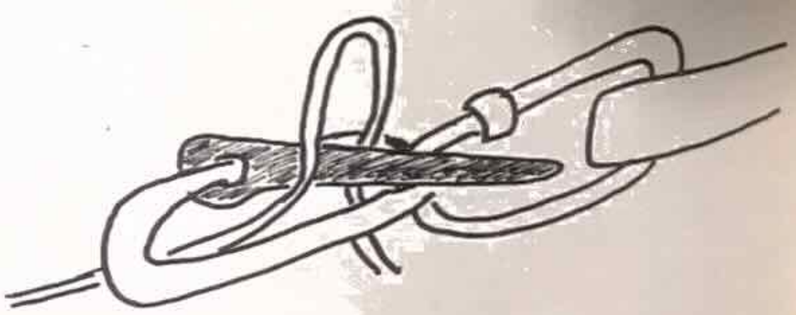
Twisted knot

This involves a few twists (1½ - 5) around the spine of a krab. It can be done on only one krab, though 2 is best. It is simple and very useful on thin or wet muddy ropes. It can be used to lower from below. However, if done incorrectly it will twist up the rope, particularly hawser laid ropes.



Angle Bar Brake

This is a rapid escape system. It can be set up lightningly fast. However some care is needed. A ¾" or a larger angle or 2 is placed on a spine. A loop of the rope is pulled up through the krab over the angle and dropped. It now forms a Bar Bar configuration.



Please Note: all these methods can be used on single or double ropes. The diagrams show only 1 rope for clarity.

The Classic and Hot Shoulder Abseils

The "hot shoulder", involves passing a rope through a krab at the waist, over a shoulder across the back and through a gloved? hand on the opposite side. The dreaded Classic ("hot crutch") involves passing it through the legs, around a buttock, across the front of the opposite shoulder and hence to a rearward braking hand on the opposite side.

When it comes to classic abseiling women have distinct biological advantages over men, apart from a smaller body mass. Hence the popularity of hotpants amongst women and leather ones in the Alps. The classic, however is worth knowing as sometimes it offers the only hope of salvation.

A few survival tricks have become obvious by now - first it helps if you've a rope. Second, it helps if it reaches the next ledge. Hopefully the route you have chosen is abseilable, i.e. there are enough anchor points at the right intervals for your rope to reach them. It is a subtle trick to try knots or a knot in the end/s. This stops the dreaded "overshooting." It also helps if the rope is untangled as this avoids the much dreaded Rope-tanglous midairoes - an extremely nasty complaint. The symptoms are relieved by stop tieing yourself off somehow (prussick or feat of strength?), putting a foot loop inthe rope <u>below</u> the knot and thus forcing the jam out of the krab system. If there is mank in large quantities often it is better to lower first a "scunge basher". Another superb trick is being able to pull down your rope. Often a 1", ¾", ½" nylon sling will be surrended.



It is best to belay people down if you have a spare rope and the time. The last man can be guarded from below if he uses a <u>mechanical</u> abseil device. Should he undergo the transition from Controlled to Uncontrolled his mate can brake him by pulling the rope/s tight.

There are a large variety of Grim ends available for the non discerning. I might refer the reader to "The Climbers Bedside Book". This describes the many and various ways the reader might "bomb out". Such things as 10 great Alpine Accidents, body flight paths. We might warn that the possession of a macabre sense of humour is highly prized by climbers.

A few possible hilarious incidents follow:

1. Anchor failure - the anchor gives out while the abseiler is abseiling. This is often geologically embarrassing.

2. Losing Control in mid air - try to get your arms, legs, but not your teeth wrapped around the rope <u>below</u> the brake. Otherwise the transition from Controlled to Uncontrolled begins.

3. Running out of rope in mid air - While not personally familiar with this, I have witnessed one such episode. As you can imagine this is apt to cause a certain loss of self esteem - sometimes even the loss of the self. I do trust you knot the ends of the rope before abseiling over huge drops.

<u>What to do</u>: As soon as you're aware of what's happening - stop. Often you can pendulum to a ledge to one side. However, the tantalizing prospect remains "What if?". You will have to either (1) brake out the spinach and haul yourself bodily up the rope (few make it) or (2) put prussicks around both ropes and chug up. No prizes are given at this stage to those lucky players who have cottoned on to what happens if you try prussicking up one strand. Often you can pull up in mid air and tie yourself off by twisting the rope around your leg twice and hence to a foot lock. But be sure to release this every 20 minutes or the leg tends to blacken up a bit.

<u>Belaying</u>:

Belaying involves guarding a climber against a fall. If you're extremely lucky however you may be able to push the second off the ledge or peel the leader off a delicate wall and thus gain valuable practise. The stopping of a force with a rope is done in 2 manners:

1. Dynamic - stopping over a distance - like a lift.
2. "Dead" stop - which is just that - a static belay.

Should a leader weighing 150 lbs (10st 10lbs) fall 40' (a 20' lead fall) he puts a load of 6150 lbs on the system. You'll now be aware of the sport offered by a tieing large boulders on to the rope and hurling them over the head of the hapless second. If this load is spread over 1' of rope the load = 6150 lbs ; 10' of rope the load = 750 lbs
20' of rope the load = 450 lbs.

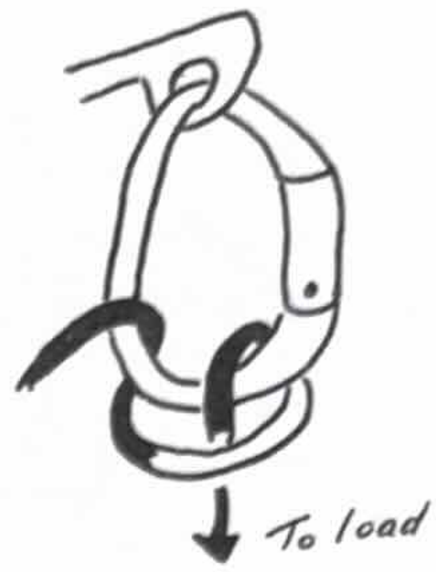
Hence the popularity of dynamic belays. (See diagram on hi-speed abseiling). Note similarity to E.S.A. sheep. With ropes of nylon, 33⅓ stretch a static belay by mistake will hopefully not snap the rope (though it's sure going to elongate the "Fallen Man.") The concept of running belays to lessen the distance to impact can be seen. If an anchor point of some sort is fixed into the rock you can see that the falling climber will only be able to fall twice the distance he is above that runner. (Unless of course, he cunningly unclips from the rope in midair). We'll consider the following belays:

Good anchors -	Dynamic	1.	Italian Friction Hitch
		2.	Stitcht plate
		3.	Glove Belay
	Static	1.	Brake Bar Belay - special use or desperation only
		2.	Clogger belay
Bad Anchors -	Dynamic only		Waist belay.

No Anchors - The second is advised to buy Little Gem rope snippers while the leader should wear Little Gem parachute.

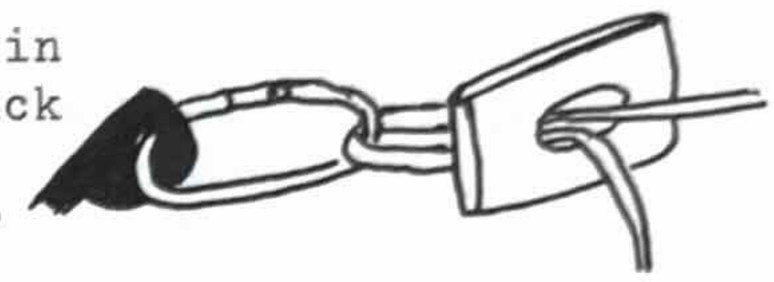
Italian Friction Hitch

It can be used to stop really savage falls and can be converted easily into a glove belay without taking the climber off belay. If you're caught without gloves or on a thin 9mm rope this method offers salvation. It is usually capable, operator willing, of stopping a fall in approximately ⅓ of the fall distance. This and the stich plate offer the only really easy methods of stopping big loads safely.



Stitch Plate

A plate of aluminium with an elliptical hole cut in it. In the event of a fall the plate is moved back ward and acts like a brake drum on a car. It is effective and 2 types are available, one used for single 11 mm ropes or one for double 9 mm ropes. The former is the only one used locally.



Glove Belay.

This works by the friction of the ropes being pressed against each other stopping the load. Gloves are a must. However, socks, t-shirts have been used as adequate substitutes in the past,in jams. It works well on hawser laid ropes. On big falls using kern mantel the friction hitch is more effective. Please note that one can be rapidly converted to the other by adding another twisted loop. Once one or two runners are placed a glove belay can be resumed. The temptation to grip tight on impact must be resisted. Slowly squeeze the ropes toward <u>very</u> hard. It helps if the rope is held as close to the krabs as possible.





Brake Bar Belay (Static)

This method is used where a big load must be stopped dead, i.e. belaying a stretcher <u>up</u> from above it. It is made of 2 krabs in the cross krabs manner with <u>one</u> cross spine. The rope is looped through the back and inside the gate opposite the load bearing spine. A more dynamic alternative is not to pass the rope through the gate. The spine doesn't then cock off like a buckle on impact.





Tie Off

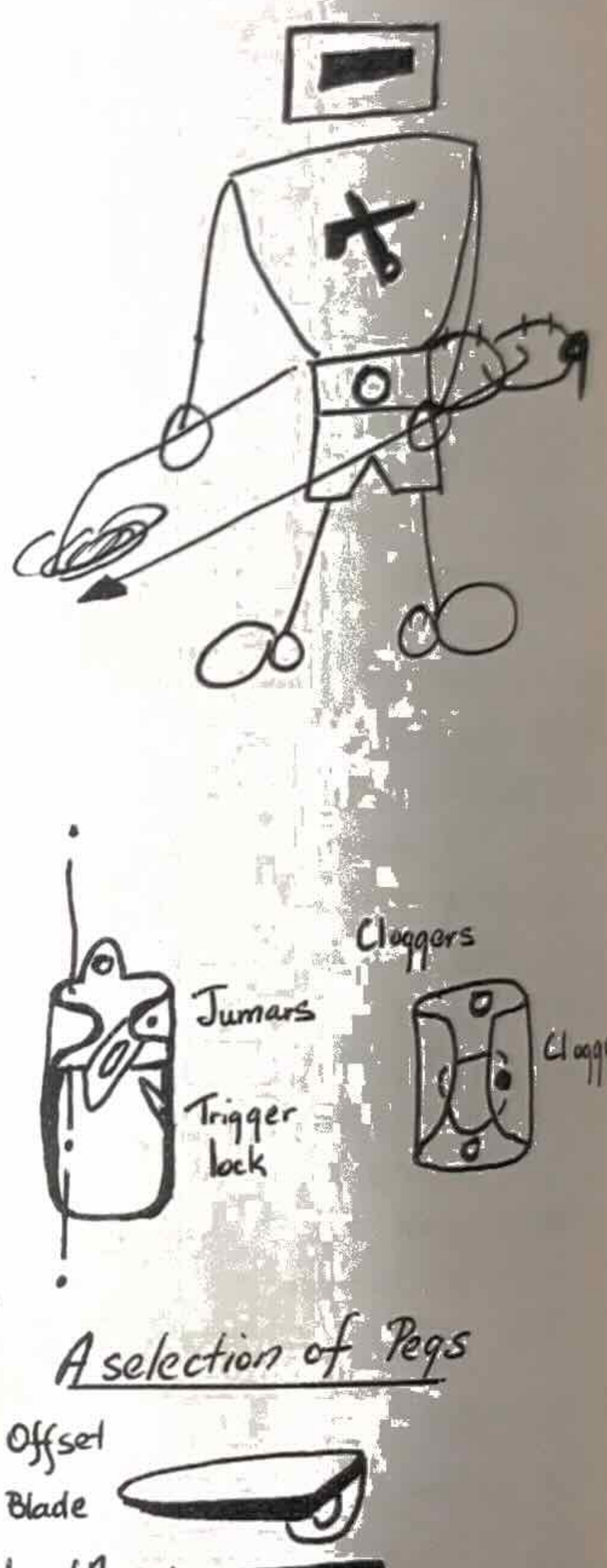
When a fall has been stopped the rope must be tied off safely. The following method is effective <u>even</u> if the rope is still moving. The climber can either try again, be lowered to the ground? or his mate may have to Z-belay down to his aid <u>on the</u> climbing rope or preferably on a second rope.

Belay Practise

Simulated falls using a 150 lbs mass will prove most interesting. If you slowly work up to it in the following manner you'll be O.K. Practice runs at home till you know the pattern; 5', 10', 20', 30' drops with the weight these follow. Alternatively you can simulate the falls on flat ground by having 4 mates tie onto the rope at 5' intervals (so they don't collide). They then run like fury and the practise is to stop them. Once stopped only 1 man pulls (= real body weight of stopped climber). A motor bike can also be used if the rider doesn't mind getting "floored" every shot.

Waist Belay

This is used where the anchors' strength is doubted. The theory goes that you absorb as much of the impact as possible on your hands, gloves, back and legs. Eventually the weight falls on the anchor which hopefully doesn't give up the ghost (yours). You'll get chucked around a bit especially if you aren't anchored against both up and downward forces. The rope runs through the 2nd karabiner from the body. This facilitates escape by the belay via a tie off.(otherwise one tends to get cut in half by the tense rope) Escape takes both strength and practice. This method should never be used on stretchers unless you want a cheap kidney transplant. On impact keep your hands in front, close together. Don't twist the rope around your arms - unless you want it ringbarked.



Clogger Belays (Static)

An automatic belay can be set up using a Clogger preferably or a Jumar (the Clogger has a stronger cam). The Clog is anchored front and rear and the rope pulled through as the stretcher is pulled up. However, it is not easy to release unless a tar buck knot is built into the system. It offers the advantage of extreme easiness in operation, however.

Floating Belays

The general idea of a floating belay is to put you near the edge in line of sight of the "action." Make sure that if you do this that you won't get sucked over the edge (Nylon stretches) on impact. While this is very entertaining for the gathered touri (tourists in hoards) it is extremely uncomfortable.

Belays in General

You must attach the spare rope to yourself or to an independent anchor. If possible anchor yourself against both up and down forces. Always lay the rope out neatly in reverse order to stop snagging. Other belays exist but it is too easy to drop the rope or get sucked into the wild blue yonder. Unfortunately sometimes a traditional waist or shoulder belay may have to be used by force of circumstances.

On Rockdropping

No article on climbing would be complete without a section on rock dropping (bricking, stoning, bombing, shift engineering). It is considered both sporting and British to let those below know of a "down-going" brick. The sport comes from watching them dodging frantically about in a vain effort to escape the holocaust. It is particularly sporting if they're Pommies. The traditional call is "Rock", "Rock Below". With practice a well aimed rock can look like an accident. You'll develop expertise in ranging, bracketing and lobbing as you come to recognize the various tones of "BASTARD" as you score direct hits or near misses. Consider the possibilities of a hammer dropped 500' - it has a terminal velocity circa 120 mph. Best tie it to yourself with a sling.

Anchors

"Never use one peg where four can be used" J. Brown. The job of an anchor system is to provide a "Bomb proof" safety point or a runner. They can be natural or improvised. Big trees or little trees in a pulley system are a local favourite. Other methods include pegs (pitons) or crackers (chockstones) and masonry bolts as a last desperate resort.

Pitons are hi tensile pegs. They come in a wide variety of shapes and sizes. See the buying list for a fair selection.

The peg is placed ½/⅓ of the way into the crack and driven in firmly with a few (3-4) good thumps of a hammer. If it rings loud and clear the peg is solid. If a dull sound comes out beware - the rock may be loose (rotten) or the peg the wrong size. The last man up removes the pegs by hitting them from side to side. He must be careful not to drop the pegs out completely. Over driving is a problem. Try and place the pegs in cracks where the crack narrows above and below the peg.

Hammering of Pegs:-

The right pegs should be selected for the size of the crack. You should be able to place ½ of the peg in the crack and then drive it home with 3 or 4 good swings. If the peg rings loud and clear it should be good. Give it a slight side tap to see if it is holding if you're in doubt.

Runners:-

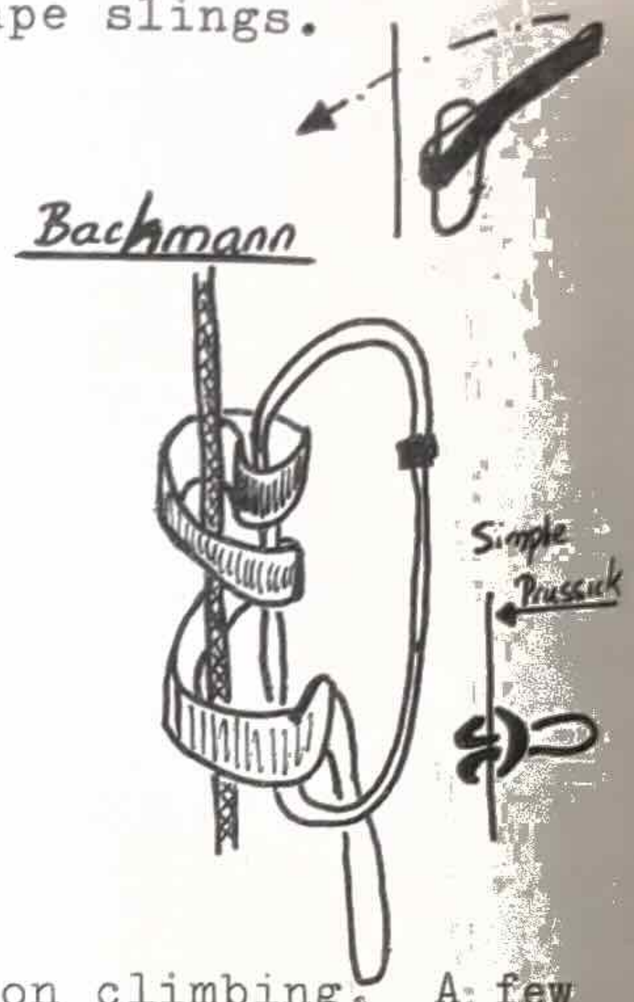
Anchors with krabs attached for the rope to run through. The idea being the climber pendulums off the runner in the event of a fall. On a transverse, the leader falls can happen to either man. It is a very good idea to place one about 5' above each belay point as it very much lessens the chance of an anchor failure. Often to lessen the rope drag a sling is attached between the peg and the rope. All krabs have the gates placed down and out (like most climbers). This helps lessen the chance of an accidental gate opening.

Prussicking

This involves climbing up a rope using some device. You can use it on double ropes with practise. You use two knots (some people use 3) with foot slings attached or 2 knots with one foot sling and the other attached to your waist band/swami seat. This second method is very secure in dangerous places and is recommended. Mechanical methods involve various devices, the best are Jumars and Cloggers, a combination of one of each being the "supreme machine".

Usually used only once in a life time. There are both left and right hand machines - you face the cam slide towards yourself. They both operate on a cam system closing on the rope. A semi mechanical method is the Backman knot. A sling on a krab is wound round both the rope and the spine, this locks off when body weight is applied. The fourth best method is the traditional prussick knot. A device to be avoided are Heeblers as they tend to jump off the rope.

The tape knot can be tied in either rope slings or tape slings.



Fixed Ropes

A rope strung between two anchor points is often a very good safeguard. It speeds up transit across ledges etc. which otherwise would be dangerous. If in doubt as to whether to use a fixed rope - play safe and use one. You can self belay by attaching yourself to the rope via a prussick knot in a standard 5' sling. Don't use a krab as a runner - if you peel off you slide to the lowest point between the two anchors or off the end in case of an anchor failure. You should always slant the fixed rope so that ropes accidentally or otherwise don't fall on other climbers.

Free Climbing:-

In a climbing article we might say a few words on climbing. A few words. Actually free climbing involves the progression up a rock face using the natural holds. These can involve straight holds, jam holds or others. A very good book for beginners is Royal Robbins "Basic Rockcraft", available in U.Q.B.W.C. library. The art of balancing and resting on small ledges etc. comes with practise. Later will come desperate "thrutching", leaping at microscopic holds, hold, committing moves and other glorious and gallant deeds.

Aid Climbing:-

Involves ascent using pegs, crackers, microcrackers, bathooks, skyhooks. You stand in etriers (ladders) and generally hang around in the most incredible places. This generally comes when you have a bit of gear and after a bit of climbing experience. A few points: 5 step etriers are the most useful. This allows you to scamper about like a fly in comfort. Chounaird equipment such as hammocks and belay seats is the best gear. A swami seat or thigh harness is often extremely useful.

Getting Knotted

It becomes important to tie knots to the climber securely. In this section we feature a variety of methods to get knotted by. The two most reliable knots are the Figure 8 and the Tape Knot. Other knots except special ones tend to creep. A good section on knotting appears in Blackshaws "Mountaineering" and a good coverage of both knotting and belaying in John Davis's "Rope and Rucksack."



The figure eight is very simply done in a loop of rope at the end. A figure of eight (single) done 10-15 from the end allows you to use this round an anchor tree or big boulder. You then dome back and follow the rope through.



Tape Knot. This is done by doing 2 thumbs knots one in side the other. Left over right, bring the tail up on the inside, over and under itself. The second strand follows the first. 6" slack should be left to tie ½ hitches to finish it off.

The bowline and fisherman's knots should also be learnt.

Falling Off

Of course no article on climbing would be complete without a section on falling off. It is the ultimate aim of each and every climber to "pop off". Traditionally this is accompanied by the sweet melodious bell like tickle of hi tensile steel pegs, clinging around the climber's waist in mid air. Depending on the skill of the player he may be able to wipe out, splatter or just plain scare himself. It is also traditional to come to rest in mid air upside down, wearing a look of blank surprise. You then mutter, collect yourself and with a shout of "gung Ho" furiously hurl your self back up. You can, of course, Pike out of these dangers in numerous ways. You can adapt Subtle Pikes such as claiming illness etc., pay your self out of it or flip with a double headed coin against your unsuspecting partner. This last method as well as offering personal safety also offers good sport. People invariably ask why do you climb - the answer being mainly evolutionary. Others retort with "Cause it's there" or some just climb to nark the assembled peons. You'll note the strong egomaniacal overtones of "I came, I saw, I conquered" uttered by one famous social climber. Climbing is a sublimatory sport in an acute sexual sense. Climbers talk of raping virgin peaks, conquering mountains and boasting of their number of successful conquests. All in all you'll find it offers great rabbling and stirring potential.

Local Contacts

Equipment: Odin Equipment c/- Rick White, 13 Fowey St. Sunnybank.

Brisbane Rockclimbers: Robert "Squek" Staszewski, 33 Montrose Tce.,Taringa.

U.Q.B.W.C.: c/- University of Queensland Students Union, St. Lucia. Bne.

In the event of an Accident:

Serious accident/fatality - ring Brisbane Police 000 for the mountain rescue squad and give exact details.

For members of U.Q.B.W.C. please ring the Contact Office if help is required.

RESCUE TECHNIQUES

"Communications in Rescue" By G. Brownlie & B. Burley

In any search and rescue operation good communications are vital for efficient co-ordination and control. F.M.R. requires a pool of people trained in the operation of radios and telephone equipment for this purpose. It is necessary to be familiar with the basic principles of radio communications and the operational proceedures for running a radio network or net.

Basic Principles

Any means of communication over long distances involves the transmission of electrical energy by some means. In a telephone system, the energy is guided from the transmitter to the receiver by a pair of wires. The form of the electrical waves contains the information picked up by the microphone at the transmitter, and the receiver interprets these waves to give audible signals.

Electrical energy containing voice information may also be transferred from a transmitter to a receiver without the need for wires by means of radio waves. These waves are of a very much higher frequency than audible waves and travel in a manner similar to light waves. The transmitter aerial radiates the energy into space (i.e. the surrounding environment), and a receiver turned to the frequency of the waves picks up a very small part of the radiated energy, amplifies it, and detects the information contained in the shape of the waves to give an audible signal.

All radio waves have a distinct frequency, and to receive a signal the receiver must be tuned to exactly the same frequency as the transmitter. Another important property is the wavelength of the waves. As radio waves travel at the velocity of light, c, (300,000,000m/sec) in air and the wavelength or distance between successive peaks of electrical energy in the radio wave, is given by:

$$\text{Wavelength } (L) = \frac{\text{Velocity } (c)}{\text{Frequency } (f)}$$

Simply, this gives

$$L \text{ (m)} = \frac{300}{f \text{ (in MH}_2\text{)}}$$

Radio waves of different frequency and thus wavelength have different uses. The following categories are useful:

Range	Frequency	Wavelength
Medium Frequency M.F.	300 - 3,000 KH_2	1,000 - 100 M.
High Frequency H.F.	3 - 30 MH_2	100 - 10 M.
Very High Frequency V.H.F.	30 - 300 MH_2	10 - 1 M.

M.F. waves are used by broadcast radio stations, H.F. used for short wave or long distance communications, and V.H.F. for shorter range communications e.g. T.V. Stations, radio cabs.

F.M.R. mostly uses the H.F. range. Army sets cover the low H.F. band (3-6 MH_2) and walkie-talkies are generally on 27 MH_2. The details of how a radio set works will not be entered into; F.M.R. will train people in their use to a sufficient standard for rescue operations. However, it is important to be aware of some aspects of radio wave propagation.

Propagation of H,F. radio Waves.

Radio waves in the H.F. band travel by two means:

(i) Direct or ground waves, travelling line of sight between transmitter and receiver.

(ii) Reflected waves, which travel up through the atmosphere and are reflected back by layers of ionized gas at heights of 100 to 300 km.

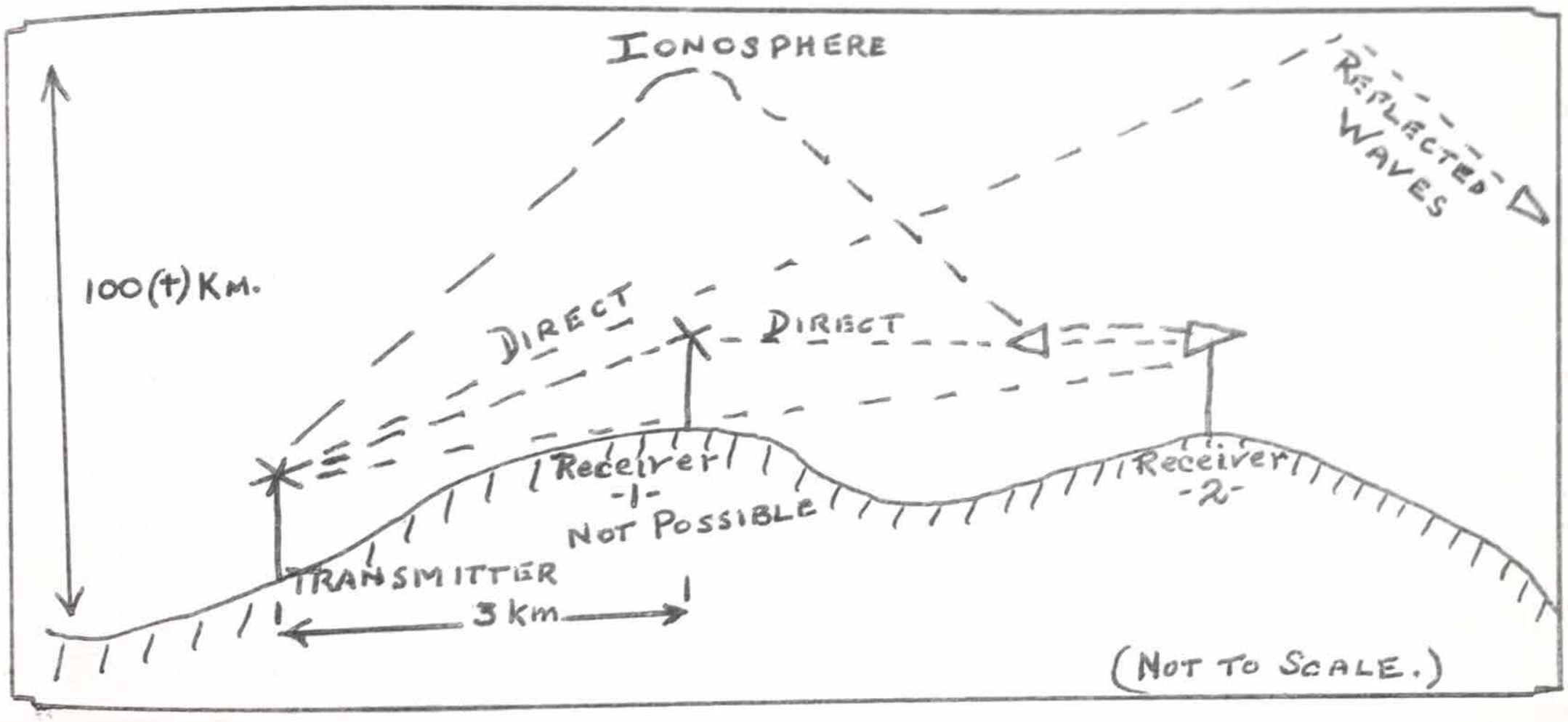
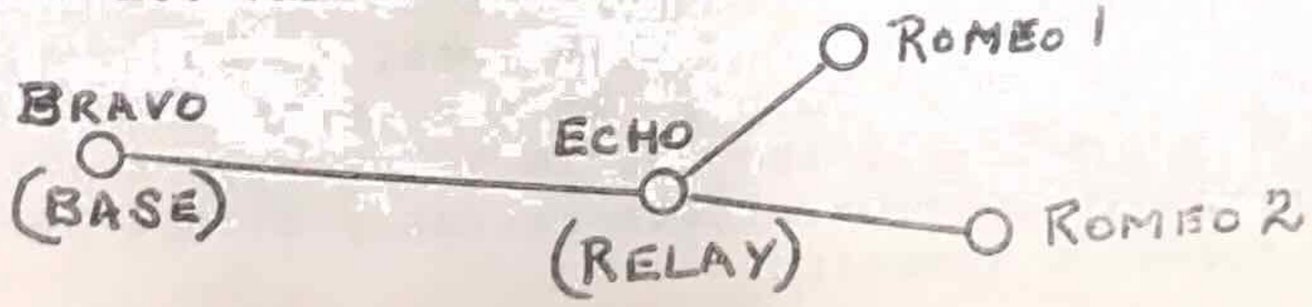


Diagram 1 shows the propagation paths likely to be encountered in hilly terrain. We may pick up reflected waves, but the Direct waves are generally stronger for short (less than 3 km) distances. In the situation shown, the transmitter may only talk to receiver 2 by relaying messages through receiver 1, unless the reflected wave is strong, but this is generally not the case. A point to note is that reflected waves sometimes bounce between the earth and the ionosphere many times, so someone many hundreds of kilometres away may be receiving our waves, so observe correct radio procedure at all times.

Operations on a rescue:

Radio sets are usually provided by the police (27 MH_2 1 watt walkie talkies) from the store at Petrie Terrace Barracks. Some clubs also have their own sets (some on different frequencies which adds complications). Generally 5 or 6 sets are needed, so what is known as a radio net is set up. The design of a net varies with each operation but the basic design is:



Words from the standard phonetic alphabet are used to denote the various stations as shows:

Brave - Base station only

Echo - Relay stations only

Romeo - Field search stations.

As a number of sets share the same frequency a definite proceedure must be followed to ensure efficient communications. These rules follow Army proceedure closely.

1. While two stations are using the net no other station may use the net.
2. When sending a message the operator will be brief and precise so that the net will be free for use as much as possible.
3. Correct voice proceedure must be used at all times.

Voice Proceedure

4. To begin transmission the caller gives the call sign of the wanted station twice, followed by his own call sign. e.g. "Bravo, Bravo, this is Echo, over".
5. All transmissions will end with the word "over" and no other word.
6. When finishing conversation, only the original caller may finish. He will terminate with his call sign, followed by "out". e.g. "Echo, out".
   The other station will acknowledge with call sign only.
7. If a message is not understood, the operator will say "Say again."
8. "Roger", "O.K." may be used as acknowledgement, but "Affirmative" and"Negative" should be used rather than Yes and No.
9. When transmitting, an operator will speak slowly and distinctly and no offensive language will be used.
10. Time checks will be given:
    (a) On close-down at night
    (b) On opening the net in the morning
    (c) Calls will be given to field stations every half hour.

The base and relay stations will be on continuous standby, but the field stations will only report every half hour.

The main use of radio in a search and rescue is co-ordination. When the first party arrives in the search/rescue area, a radio link is first set up to the area for the search or rescue. As the operation progresses and more parties are put in the field, the net is built up. Relay stations are used when field parties cannot communicate reliably direct to base because of hilly or thickly forested terrain.

As well as radios, F.M.R. uses telephone equipment. Two field phones using up to several km of wire can provide a positive link between the base radio and the base for rescue operations if radio reception is poor. This allows the base radio to be closer to the rescue site. Two headsets and 100m. lengths of cable are available for a speech circuit when lowering or raising a stretcher in difficult terrain. The stretcher bearer can then be in direct contact with the person operating the raising or lowering device, and makes the operation smoother thus lessening the possibility of mishaps or further discomfort for the casualty.



"I want to spend a penny!"



"Sidney, your friction boots!"

RESCUE TECHNIQUES

"FIRST AID"

By Roy Goodman

What to do at the scene of an accident depends on the particular circumstances and a lot of common sense is required, but the First-Aider must understand the principles which underlie First Aid. The aim of First Aid is to keep the patient alive until he is presented to medical help.

Three things are vital to life:

1. Keeping the air passage to the lungs open (airway).
2. Getting air through this passage into the lungs (ventilation).
3. Having an adequate volume of blood which is circulating (circulation).

When we breathe, air carrying oxygen passes down the airway to the lungs where it passes into the blood and is carried to the tissues of the body. Unfortunately, the brain can survive only a few minutes without oxygen.

The "pulse" is an external manifestation of heart action which is obviously necessary for circulation of the blood. The blood must be where nature intends it to be i.e. inside the blood vessels. If it is anywhere else, then the patient's blood volume has decreased and if the blood volume falls below a certain level, serious effects will occur. The bleeding (haemorrhage) need not be external; it can be into body spaces i.e. the abdominal cavity, or into tissues, e.g. between muscle fibres.

Some of the vital functions can be absent, e.g. he can have stopped breathing yet still have a heart-beat, but he won't stay that way for long so your job as a First-Aider is to:

(i) Make sure the airway is open and stays open.

(ii) Stop bleeding when possible.

(iii) External Cardiac Massage and Mouth-to-Mouth breathing will be necessary if the heart has stopped beating.

Apart from doing these, there is not much else you can do for the patient apart from getting him to medical help as soon as possible.

1. The airway is chiefly a problem in unconscious patients. In these patients the air passage may be blocked if the patient is lying on his back especially if his head is bent forward. This can be simply remedied by tilting the patient's head back. The airway can also be blocked by vomit or blood and in these cases the patient should be on his side so that the material can drain out. You may have to use your fingers or a piece of cloth to remove vomit and blood clots. Sometimes there are foreign bodies like false teeth blocking the airway. To prevent blockage to the airway, unconscious patients should be placed on their sides with their heads held back. Remember that noisy breathing is obstructed breathing.

II. Haemorrhage can be external or internal.
There isn't much you can do for internal haemorrhage, but external bleeding must always be stopped. External haemorrhage can roughly be classified into "arterial"or "venous", but both types can be stopped by <u>direct pressure</u>. Arterial bleeding is synchronized to the heart beat and "spurts". Venous bleeding tends to be continuous and oozing, and of a darker red. Venous bleeding can sometimes be stopped by elevating the affected part e.g. as in bleeding from varicose veins of the leg.

Direct pressure can be applied by the fingers, though, if available, it is best to press a clean handkerchief directly on the bleeding area. Firm pressure may be required. It may be possible to apply a pressure bandage which can be made by wrapping a rock or piece of stick into a suitable piece of cloth. The part of the bandage containing the rock is then applied directly to the wound and tied fairly tightly but not so tightly as to cut off the blood supply to the rest of the limb. Only if severe bleeding cannot be controlled by other means, should a tourniquet be applied.

III. The patient has no pulse and you cannot hear a heart-beat?
If his heart has stopped, his breathing will have stopped too. As it takes only a few minutes for permanent brain damage to occur, the First-Aider must <u>ACT QUICKLY</u>:

(a) External cardiac massage.

(b) Mouth-to-mouth or mouth-to-nose respiration.
(N.B.: The First-Aider must know how to perform external cardiac massage and mouth-to-mouth breathing and should have had an opportunity to practise on a mannikin.)

(c) Move the patient to a place of help but (a) and (b) must be continued. The patient will have to be on a firm surface for the external cardiac massage. Massage about 60-70 per minute, keeping the arms straight and putting the weight of your body into it - otherwise you are going to get very tired.

Usually two First-Aiders are required, one for the external cardiac massage and the other for mouth-to-mouth breathing. Don't forget that the airway must be clear and the patient should be on his back with his head extended. If performing mouth-to-mouth breathing, pinch his nose and breathe for him about as fast as you normally would i.e. 16 times per minute. Look at the chest to make sure it does actually expand when you blow into the patient. If only one First-Aider is present, he should alternate 15 heart compressions with 2 quick inflations of the chest.

<u>Shock</u>

This can roughly be defined as a state which occurs when the volume of blood in the blood vessels is less than the volume of blood which they normally contain. The usual cause of such a state is blood loss which may be either external or internal. In a crush injury of the fleshy part of the thigh as much as 25% of the total blood volume may be withdrawn from the

circulation. The blood volume may also be reduced by loss of plasma as in a case of burns: the plasma exudes from the burnt area. Also the blood volume may drop if water and salts are lost from the body as in vomiting, ciarrhoea, or excessive sweating.

It is important for the First-Aider to recognize the features of shock which appear in the patient. When they occur, it means that the condition of the patient is serious and medical help is urgently required. First of all the patient becomes pale. He becomes even paler as time goes by and feels cold and thirsty. He may shiver and his skin will feel cold and sweaty. He will be restless and anxious, and may become confused. Feel his pulse: it will be rapid and weak.

The treatment is to look for the cause and treat it if possible. Keep the patient at rest with the head lowered. The patient can be given oral fluids if he is not vomiting. Get the patient to medical help as soon as possible.

Head Injuries

The patient with a head injury may be conscious or unconscious. If unconscious, place him on his side with his head extended (unless, of course, cardiac massage is required). Do not let his head become lower than the rest of his body as this encourages bleeding inside the skull.

If a patient has damage inside his skull, bleeding causes the pressure to build up inside his skull and the level of consciousness deteriorates. It is, therefore, of vital importance that the patient who has sustained a head injury is transported to medical help as soon as possible. It will be of great assistance to the doctor if the First-Aider has kept accurate observations on the patient e.g. the time of the injury, the condition of the patient since the injury. The doctor will be particularly interested in the patient's level of consciousness and the First-Aider should check on this as the patient is being transported to medical help.

Note exactly your observation e.g.

"Alert, knows who he is, where he is, and the time".

"Answers yes or no only".

"Obeys commands but does not answer".

"Pulls hand away if pinched".

Spinal Injuries

If you suspect a spinal injury, you must keep the patient's back straight i.e. avoid any movement which will twist his spine. Strap the patient to some rigid object in the same position as you found him and transport the whole lot. Similarly, if a neck injury is suspected, avoid any movement of the neck.

Burns

If possible, it is best to keep the burnt area open to the air. Alternatively, the burnt patient can be wrapped in a clean sheet.

In burns of any extent, the important consideration is loss of fluid. If the burn covers more than 20% of the patient's body surface, an intravenous infusion of plasma will be necessary to prevent the patient becoming shocked, but in the meantime, while being transported as quickly as possible to medical

help, the patient can be given fluid to drink, preferably fluids containing salt and protein, e.g. milk, soup.

Fractures

Immobilize the injured part as you find it. Don't try to straighten it out - this can be very painful and cause additional damage. Fractures sometimes cause considerable blood loss and blood transfusion may then be necessary to prevent shock.

Snake-bite

Tourniquet to affected limb to cut off all blood supply. Release every 20 minutes to half-an-hour. Immobilize the patient. You may wash the area of the bite with water, but do not cut the skin. Identify the snake or take it back with the patient if possible. Get to medical help as soon as possible.

Finally, it is important for the First-Aider to understand the treatments which are required for various injuries. It is not a matter of trying to remember what the First-Aid book says, but of thinking about what you are doing. Many lives can be saved if the simple principles of First-Aid are understood.

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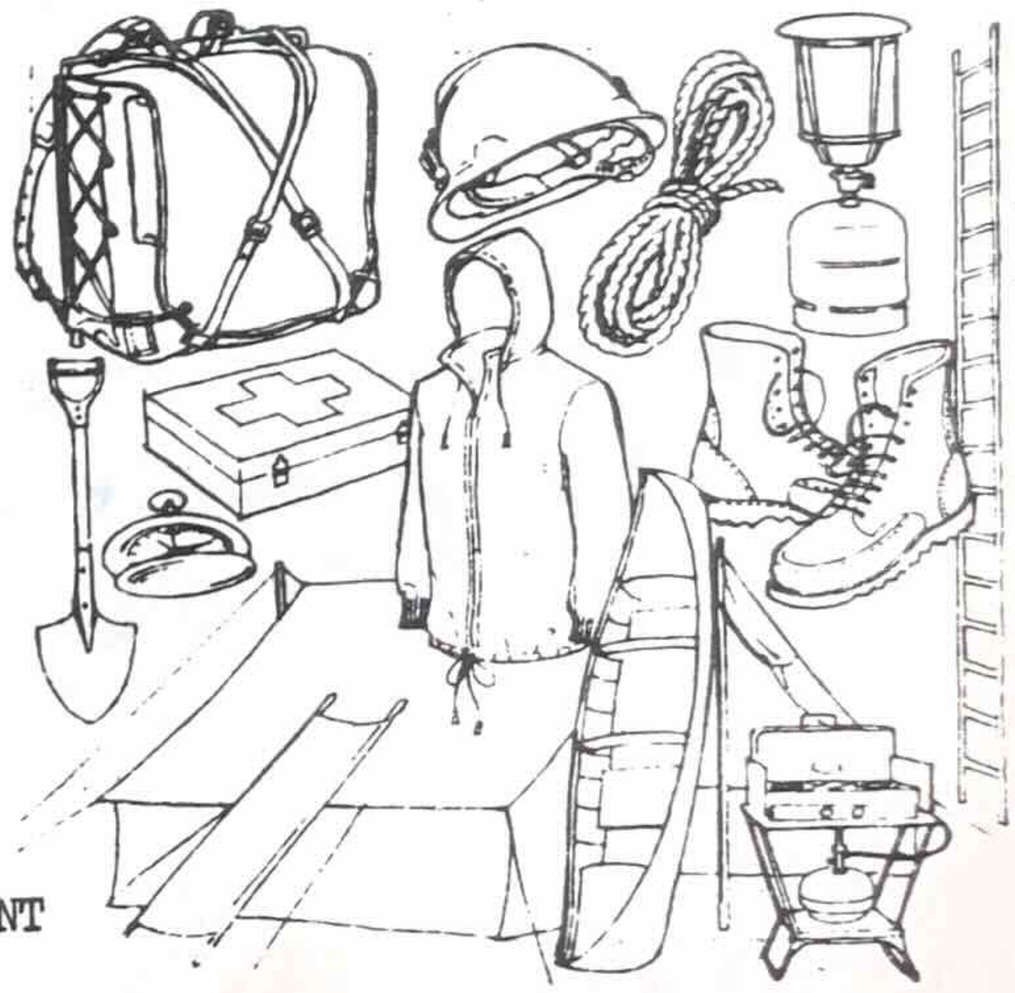
* Stretchers
* Canoes
* Air Beds
* Compasses



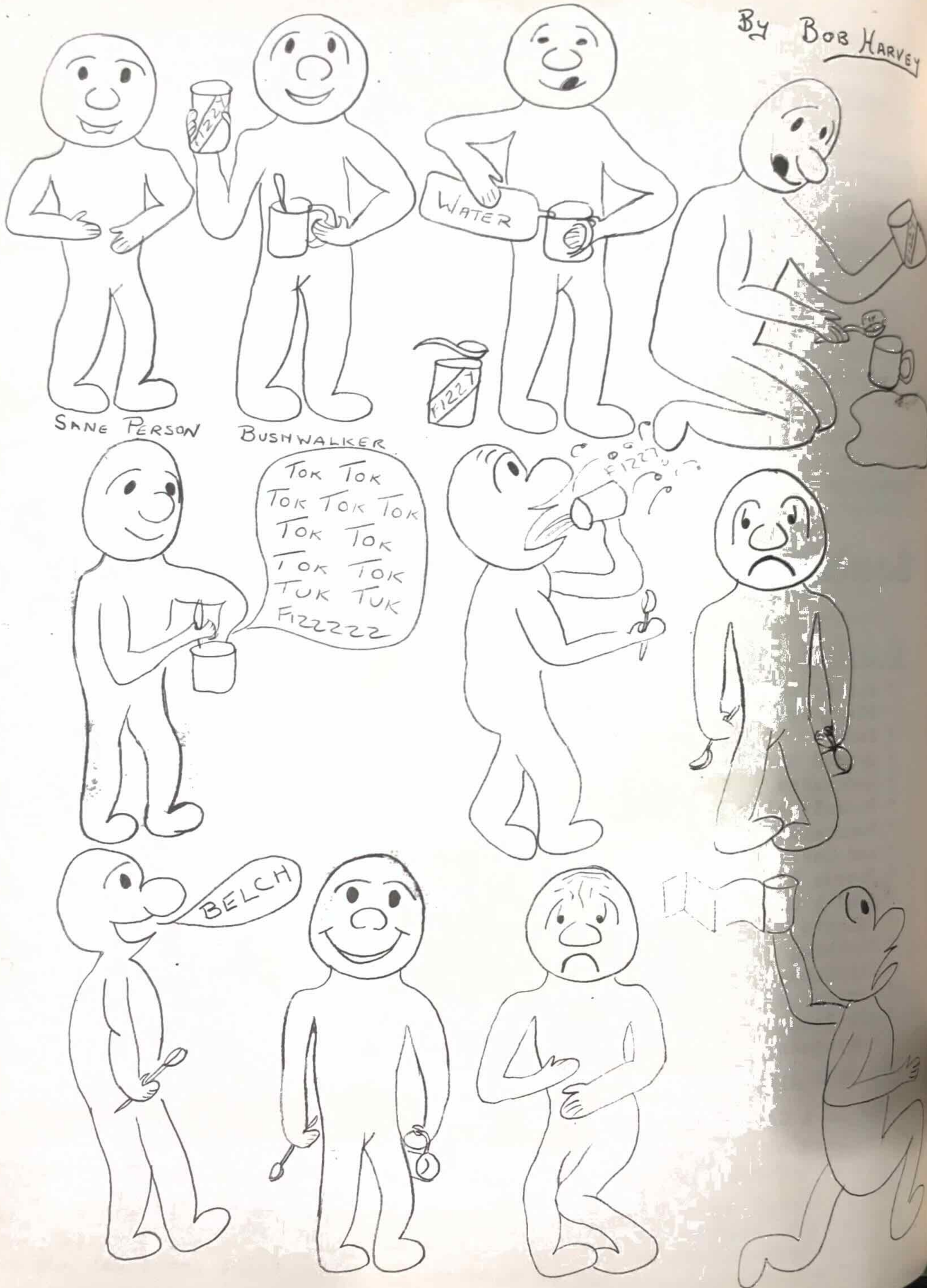
In Fact - ALL LIGHTWEIGHT OUTDOOR EQUIPMENT

THERE IS A CATALOGUE IN THE CLUB LIBRARY

The right equipment can make all the difference to your trip

FIZZYOLOGY

By Bob Harvey



DANGEROUS ANIMALS ENCOUNTERED IN FIELD WORK

This is a brief list of some dangerous or common venomous/ toxic animals in Australia.

This article tells something of the first aid treatment effective in the event of a bite or sting.

REFERENCE:

1.	St. John Ambulance Assoc.	1969	"First Aid"	1st Ed.
2.	Garnet, J.R. (Ed.)	1969	"Venomous Australian Animals Dangerous to Man"	2nd Ed. Melbourne CSL
3.	Worrell, E.	1969	"Dangerous Snakes of Australia and New Guinea"	Sydney Angus & Robertson

By Col Limpus B. Sc. Dip. Ed.

Lecturer in Biology,

Kelvin Grove T. C.

ORGANISM	VENOM APPARATUS	SYMPTOMS	FIRST AID
MAMMALS:			
1. Platypus (♂ only)	horny spine inside each hind limb near heel.	- non lethal - swelling - immediate intense pain - shock	check with doctor
2. Echidna (♂ only)	as above but smaller	?	
REPTILES:			
1. Snakes (Venomous) Over 120 species of Australian snakes but about 35 species are non-venomous. Of the remainder, the majority are venomous but probably non-lethal to healthy people. The following species in Queensland are to be regarded as dangerous: Rough Scaled Snake (*Tropidechis carinatus*)EQ Taipan (*Oxyuranus scutellatus*) Q Tiger Snake (*Notachis scutatus*)SEQ Death Adder (*Acanthophis antarcticus*) Q Larger "Brown Snakes" (*Demansia spp*) Q "Black Snakes" (*Pseudechis spp*) Q King Brown Sea Snakes (approx.25 species)	Venom from specialised salivary glands of upper lips is delivered via ducts to grooved or hollow teeth (fangs) in upper jaw. Most venomous snakes have fangs at the front of the mouth. Some species (e.g. Brown Tree-snake, *Boiga irregularis* have fangs in the rear of the mouth. Teeth other than fangs may also cause punctures. (No snakes sting through the tail)	Major effect of Australian snake venoms is neuotoxic. Death is essentially from paralysis of respiratory musculature. First obvious effects are:- - flaccid paralysis of jaws lips tongue eyelids - paralysis of chest and diaphram and breathing becomes difficult.	In the event of a bite from a dangerous species. (i) Don't panic - keep movement to minimum (ii) Apply constrictive bandage to upper part of limb (Release every 20 mins. for ½ min.) (iii) Wash off surface venom (Immediately suction may be of value) (iv) Proceed quickly to medical help. (v) Apply <u>artificial respiration and external heart massage</u> if necessary (If possible bring in the offending specimen for positive identification- don't waste time chasing it.)
2. Snakes (non-venomous) e.g. Pythons Lizards	no venom apparatus teeth and claws cause lacerations		treat as for any cut or abrasion.

AMPHIBIA:			
1. Toads (Bufo Marinus)	venom gland on each shoulder secretes white fluid		avoid contact between toxin and eyes/mouth. Wash if eyes affected. Cause patient to vomit if eaten.
2. Frogs	toxic chemicals elaborated in skin of most.		
FISH:			
1. Stingrays -	venom glands associated with spines on base of tail	severe local pain and swelling	If spine is embedded cut it off. If possible remove spine and wash wound thoroughly. Immerse in hot water to ease pain. Seek medical help.
2. Stonefish (Synance ja spp)	13 dorsal spines each with a pair of venom glands	- immediate unbearable pain - swelling - paralysis - spreads - death	Seek medical help. Antivenene available. WITH STINGS FROM FISH IMMERSE IN HOT WATER TO EASE PAIN.
3. Bullrouts (Notesthes robusts) - fresh and brackish water	15 venomous dorsal spines	- severe pain - swelling	see above
4. Cat fish - fresh water to marine habitats Numerous fish are venomous- venom glands always associated with spines.	venom glands associated with dorsal and pectoral spines.	as above	as above
5. Poisonous Fish:	A number of fish have toxic flesh; especially the toadfish and porcupine fish. Don't attempt to eat these		Treat as serious - seek medical advice.
6. Ciguatea:	(Tropical Fish Poisoning) This toxin in the flesh of some fish is thought to arise from the fish eating some blue-green algaes - the toxins accumulating in the muscle. (of shell fish poisoning). Most cases have been from North Queensland waters - some lethal. General type of symptoms: nausea, vomiting about 3 hours after eating - followed by tingling sensation and numbness of lips, tongue and throat - reversal of sensations - muscle weakness and loss of muscle control - coma and even death.		Treat as serious - seek medical advice.

(Per) G504.113.

ARTHROPODA:			
1. Centipedes (Chilopoda)	venom injected via a pair of jaw-like chelicerae at anterior end only.	large specimens cause severe pain	seek medical advice in event of severe pain - ease pain with hot water.
2. Millepedes (Diplopoda)	some species reported to exude pungent corrosive fluid from side of body.		avoid transfer of fluid to eyes.
3. Arachnida (a) Scorpions	venom gland in terminal segment of "tail" opens via sharp spine on tip "tail". (collect using forceps)	(no lethal stings from Australia species.) - local pain - numbness - possible collapse of victim	ensure rest, use hot compresses if severe.
(b) Ticks	While feeding blood sucking ticks secrete "saliva" into the surrounding tissue. This saliva may: (i) be toxic (ii) transfer microorganisms (iii) cause an allergy type reaction in hypersensitive people.	(i) paralysis in severe cases (ii) anaphylactic shock	Remove the tick with kerosene, chloroform etc. Ticks not firmly imbedded into the skin can usually be pulled off but check that the head has not broken off. - seek medical help in severe cases.
(c) Spiders - essentially all spiders are equipped with venom glands but only 2 species regarded as dangerous. (i) Red-backed spider (Latrodectus m.hasseltii) (ii) Sydney Funnel-web spider (Atrax robustus)	Venom glands elaborate venom through a pair of "fangs" (chelicerae) at the anterior end.	- pain at site of bite - inflammation, swelling - pain spreads - nausea and vomiting - weakness - respiratory failure	- treat as for snake bite - antivenene available for red-back only - bring in offending specimen if possible - loosen constrictive bandage in the event of severe swelling.
4. Insects e.g. Bees Wasps Ants	A serious problem exists with stinging insects for some people, there being some who are hypersensitive to the foreigh protein injected by the insects. This is not a toxic reaction but an allergy reaction on the part of the victim's system. These people should avoid close contact with stinging insects many of which are social. With these there is a distinct possibility of multiple stings which may be fatal.		

ECHINODERMAIA:			
Seaurchins: include e.g.			
1. Long-spined sea urchin e.g. Diadema spp.	venom in long hollow, barbed spines which easily puncture skin and break off.	local pain and swelling	Remove spines.
2. Toxopneustes pileolus (numerous pink flower-like pedicellaria)	venom ducts open through small jaws on pedicellaria	- immediate pain - periferal paralysis - respiratory failure	treat for snake bite seek medical help
3. Holothurians	toxic compounds in skin and cuvarian tubules.		
MOLLUSCA:			
1. Cephalopoda: e.g. Blue-ringed Octapus Hapalochlaena Maculosa	venom (?) glands associated with chitonous jaws in mouth located between tentacles	- often no pain at site of bite - weakness after 10 - 15 mins - numbness of face-neck - difficulty in breathing - death due to respiratory failure	treat as for snake bite seek medical help
2. Gastropoda: Cone shells (Conidae) Fish eating cones, regarded as dangerous to man, include:- Geographer Cone (C.geographus) Tulip cone (C.tulipa) Striated cone (C.striatus) Cat cone (C.catus) Magicians cone (C.magus) Flyspotted cone (C.stereus - muscarium)	Venom elaborated by gland into duct which opens into pharyngeal region which is extended to form a protrusible proboscis. A hollow barbed harpoon (modified radular tooth) is held in tip of proboscis and can be jabbed into victim. Venom is forced through the harpoon which functions like a hypodermic needle. (Handle cones by thick end only - avoid prolonged handling)	A. Stings from fish-eating species: - initial sharp sting - numb around puncture - severe pain/swelling - paralysis of voluntary muscle - death from respiratory failure B. Stings from worm-eating species: - cause local effects in vertebrates - pain - bleeding/swelling - necrosis C. Mollusc-eating species appear to have no effect on vertebrates.	Treat as for snake bite Seek medical help - when respiration and heart beat cease maintain artificial respiration and external heart massage for extended period. The effect of this venom should wear off.

ANNELIDA:

Polychaetes: A number of these have muscular jaws and some have been reported to have associated venom glands.

A common problem with bristle worms is that when handled the long chaetae penetrate the skin and break. These can cause pain and irritation.

CNIDARIA: (COELENTERATA)

1. Box Jellyfish (Cubomedusae) e.g. Chironex spp. (from Mackay north - other species even in Moreton Bay)
2. Blue Bottles Physalia spp.
3. Giant Blubbers Cyanea spp.
4. Numerous hydroids and anemones.

All cnidarians with "stinging cells" on tentacles

- terrible pain
- massive and linear weals
- severe envenomation causes sustained contraction of cardiac muscle --death (death may occur in a few minutes)

For severe stings:
- constrictive bandage if sting confined to a limb.
- pour alcohol (acidified) over adhering tentacles i.e. wash with metho and vinegar.
- lift off adhering tentacles carefully
- NEVER RUB WITH SAND ETC.
- apply artificial respiration if necessary.
- seek medical help in cases of severe stings.

5. Coral Cuts, scratches (also oyster, barnacle cuts)

Cut and scratches from these normally contain fragments of the organism. These foreign bodies, besides causing a reaction themselves are always rich in infectious micro-organisms. Rapid and severe infection is to be expected with untreated wounds.

- remove foreign material
- bath (scrub, syringe) with raw dettol
- apply antibacterial ointment (loose flaps of skin are best removed).
