

Mini-heybob Feb91



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EDITORIAL

Welcome to all the new, old and really old members of the UQ bushwalking club. This year is shaping up to be one of our best ever, with a lot of interesting and unusual walks that even our experienced members will not have done before. As usual, we are starting off the year with easy daywalks to: (a) avoid heatstroke and (b) give new members a gentle introduction to the art of bushwalking. Day walks are particularly good if you are a novice because there are no worries about what food to bring (just bring what you would normally have for lunch) and there is no equipment to hire, buy or CARRY. For these reasons daywalks are also very cheap. The average walk will only cost you \$10 – about \$6 for petrol and \$4-5 for the traditional take-away dinner on the way home.

Further on in this issue is the all-important trip list. This lists all our official trips until May. (n.b. many “unofficial” trips are also organised. For instance, over the holidays unofficial trips included an exploration of the superb Running creek in Lamington national park, a swim/walk in Noosa, a beach trip on Moreton island and a lilo trip down the magnificent Colo wilderness just north of Sydney. If there is a week-end with no planned walks especially in the holidays, it is likely that someone on the executive is planning a walk anyway, so feel free to ring up Brendan O'Malley (378 0238), Don Roberts (371 4865) or Rob Stevens (371 6462) and ask if anything is organised.

Getting back to the all-important trip list, this lists, as well as destinations, the contact number of the trip leader in case you have any queries and a grading of difficulty. The latter is necessarily subjective, so please use it as a guide only and ask the trip leader if you want to care on a walk but have doubts about the difficulty.

Finally, three things not to forget: (a) meetings are held on the first Wednesday of each month in the Ryan roan (see map inside). General club business is discussed and slides of previous (and forthcoming) trips are shown. There are several excellent photographers in the club, so these slides are well worth seeing, as well as giving you a good idea of what future trips will be like if you are interested in going.

(b) Don't worry if you have no bushwalking equipment. We hire out everything you will need at cheap rates but please return equipment as soon as possible.

(c) Don't worry if you have no transport. Cars are pooled at the start of the trip to save petrol and there are usually more cars than are needed.

So happy walking in 1991 and we hope to see you soon.

Brendan O'Malley.

GEAR FOR SOUTH-EAST QLD BUSHWALKS

(With apologies to Bob Hoey for plagiarism)

Remember all those times you've arrived at the starting point of a bushwalk on Friday night; howling wind, freezing cold, urinating down rain, pitch black etc., only to discover you've forgotten: (a) tent, (b) sleeping bag, (c) torch, (d) raincoat, (e) wool shirt, (f) teddy bear or (g) all of the above?

(Actually I am trying to forget those occasions).



Remember the thrill of taking out one's camera for that never to be forgotten view of that glorious, cloud filled sunrise to find (oh joy, oh joy) you've forgotten the film.

Remember when you've come to take your pill in the morning and guess what – it's at home in the drawer – WHAT FUN!!

Isn't it nice having steak and eggs cooked in an enamel cup – at least the frypan and billy will be nice and clean when you get home (in contrast to their usual state). BUT (drum roll please) these and other euphoric, deliriously (or should I say orgasmic) moments can from now on become vague but warmly pleasant memories because the new ultimate bushwalking list is here!

But first a warning from our sponsors; no list can be all things to all people (unlike Bob Hawke); there will always be additions or subtractions you can make. This list is intended to cover most needs for relatively short trips in S.E. Qld or Northern N.S.W. but not to Tasmania or other places with horrible weather. Not all items will be necessary for any one trip. Some items are repeated under different categories. Question marks are also thrown in to indicate items which probably aren't essential and a matter of choice.

EQUIPMENT

Good quality equipment is moderately expensive, usually possible to survive without much by begging, but it is stealing or borrowing some or hiring it from the club until you are sure you are committed to bushwalking and need some of your own.

The club has a range of equipment for hire at cheap rates (and all for a good cause – Alan Bartram's slush fund) including packs, tents, stoves, and sleeping bags. To enquire about these, ring the equipment officer.

Some advice on equipment for overnight walks:

1. Tents are not essential in Queensland. A fly and a ground sheet will frequently suffice, but in any case there is generally heaps of tent space. Can be hired from the club.
2. Sleeping Bags: a down sleeping bag is expensive but a great investment if you are serious about walking. Can be hired from the club. A cheaper range of down sleeping bags would be suitable for most Queensland conditions – the more expensive ones would be too hot (unless you are an Englishman from Kent).
3. Packs: There are a wide range of packs varying in price, size and degree of sophistication. Internal frame packs in vogue at the moment are very comfortable. The club has several packs for hire.
4. Footwear: The most important thing is that your shoes are well worn in and won't give you blisters. A bushwalker's most vulnerable part is her/his feet. Boots are not essential for most Queensland walking, and sandals will suffice. However some of the best value boots around are Chinese work boots available from such salubrious establishments as K-mart for about \$25. Make sure they have solid rubber (not synthetic) soles. Allow for at least 1 thick e.g. woolen and 1 thin pair of socks inside the boots.
5. Clothes: For Queensland weather, shorts are usually most comfortable, particularly in wet weather as legs dry out easier than jeans. Warm clothing (jumper and trousers) are generally necessary to change into at night, as it can get very cool in the mountains even in summer.
6. Waterproof Gear: Some form of raincoat is necessary for all trips (unless you enjoy getting wet). A plastic raincoat is suitable until you decide to go in for quality and buy Gore-Tex (mention this to Don Roberts and just be amazed at his reaction).
7. Water carrier: Often essential in S.E. Queensland, and always useful. Ask the trip leader what the water availability will be like. Don't rush out and buy an expensive aerodynamic non-rust titanium alloy water bottle, a plastic cordial bottle or wine cask bladder will do (and it is more fun emptying the wine bladder).

And of course the most important thing on a walk is ... Food/Custard.

Food is an area of great interest to a large number of people, including bushwalkers. Generally on short walks it does not have to be worried about greatly, except for the custard and chocolate. No bushwalk is complete without custard and chocolate (for further details of food preparation see Custard Throughwalk).

There are four general aims (and one specific aim) in preparing food.

1. Keep it light ie. no tins where possible.
2. Make sure it will keep.
3. Food should be high in energy and easy to prepare.
4. Bring lots of extra goodies for those people with only a fork!



"Relax, Worthington . . . As the warm, moist air from the jungle enters the cave, the cool, denser air inside forces it to rise —resulting in turbulence that sounds not unlike heavy breathing."

5. BRING CUSTARD.

There is available a wide range of dried foods – chicken supreme, beef chow mein, surprise peas. Alliance dried meals are considerably more palatable, but correspondingly more expensive. Dried meals are useful for very long walks or when you are excessively tired.

However, with a little inventiveness, and a few decadent friends, bushwalks can be turned into gourmet events. Fresh vegetables (e.g., carrots, zucchinis, tomatoes) can be carried for several days. A weekend trip will usually involve two breakfasts, two lunches and one dinner. Trips longer than three or four days require careful planning regarding amounts and weight of food (must make sure you have enough custard for the whole trip). This article should not be considered a guide for an extended trip.

Some basic menu ideas are mentioned below, but if you don't like custard, you are in deep trouble.

Breakfast:

Porridge or muesli
Powdered milk
Sugar
Tea or coffee or milo
Fruit

Lunch:

Bread or biscuits
Margarine
Cheese
Salami

Sardines

Tomatoes

Various spreads – jam, vegemite etc.

Dinner:

Dried soup

Pasta

Pizza on pitta bread

Vegetable curry

Omlette and/or bacon

Steak or sausages - if carried frozen

Lentil curry

Rice pudding

Boiled fruit and CUSTARD

Munchies:

Chocolate, sweets, nuts and dried (together known as scroggin)

Sweet biscuits

Muesli bars

SLEEPING GEAR

Sleeping Bag
Inner sheet
Groundsheet
Sleeping Mat
Li-lo (river trips?)

FOOT WEAR

Boots
Sandshoes
Gaiters
Ankles bandages/elastoplast
Thongs

CLOTHING

Spare clothes (leave in car?)
Wool shirt/Jumper
Balaclava/beanie
Shirts
Shorts
Spare underclothes
Sacks
Hat
Towel/tags
Handkerchiefs
Raincoat/jacket
Overtrou
Scunge gloves
Garbage bags (to store)

OTHER GEAR (OPTIONAL)

Map/Map case
Compass
Pack hauling rope
Torch and batteries
First Aid kit
Daypack
Repair kitt
Waterbottle/wine cask
Book/cards (for Budawangs especially)
Change for phone

COOKING GEAR

Frypan or wok
Billy and lid
Plate/Bowl Cup
Knife, fork, spoon
Matches in waterproof container (e.g., film)
Cigarette lighter
Stove (full!)
Sig bottle/primer
Candles
Scourer/Chux

TENT GEAR

Tent
Fly
Poles
Pegs, spare guyropes
Chux (for wiping floors)
Groundsheet

TOILET GEAR

Biodegradable soap
Toothbrush and paste
Toilet paper !
Sunburn cream?
Insect repellent (Rid)
Medications etc.

STILL MORE GEAR

Camera, lens, film
Binoculars
Field Guides
Handlens
Money
Housekey
Pen and paper
Plastic bags
FOOD (including last minute items in frig)

BUSHWALKING GEAR HIRE

The club has a range of gear for hire to any financial club members. From the 12th May, the gear resides at my (Rob Stevens) place at 7/14 Bishop St, St. Lucia. Ph. 371 6462 after 5:30 pm to check on gear hire.

When hiring equipment:

- Book gear by the WEDNESDAY BEFORE the trip, preferably.
- Pay for the gear when you pick it up. A receipt will be issued.
- Return the gear by the WEDNESDAY FOLLOWING the trip.
- Return the gear in the condition you hired it in (or better). For example:
 - DRY out all wet or damp gear.
 - Sleeping Bags are provided with inner sheets: these MUST be used, and then WASHED after use.
 - Check ALL pegs, poles, ropes, etc. are found before returning tents. New pegs WILL cost you \$1.50 each.
 - Camping Gaz stoves are provided with an extra Butane cylinder. Replace when necessary – if you don't, the next person hiring it will have to.
 - First Aid kits are available at no charge, providing all items used are replaced.

The following Gear Hire rates apply for 1991 :

Item	Price per Day/Night	Price per Week
Rucksacks		
'Lowe' Weekend Packs..	\$1.00	\$5.00
Day Packs.....	\$0.50	\$2.50
Sleeping Bags		
2-3 Season.....	\$1.00	\$5.00
4 Season.....	\$2.00	\$10.00
Sleeping Mats.....	\$ Please ask!	
Stoves		
Camping Gaz (Butane)..	\$0.50	\$ N/A
Trangia (Kerosene)....	\$0.50	\$ N/A
Tents (with Groundsheet)		
Outer Fly only.....	\$0.50	\$2.50
Inner + Outer.....	\$1.00	\$5.00
Snow Tents		
Ultimate.....	\$1.50	\$6.00
Black Ice Meridian....	\$2.00	\$8.00
Macpac Olympus.....	\$ N/A	\$20.00
Rock Climbing Gear.....	\$ Please ask	

COLO RIVER LILO TRIP 26/12/90 – 1/1/91.

Walkers: Don Roberts, Angelo Costanzo, Brendan O'Malley

We were all glad to leave Brisbane. Angelo because this was his first bushwalk in almost a year, Don and I because we were always glad to get away from the drudgery of our workplaces.

The drive down to the Colo river, in the Wollemi national park just north of Sydney, was far more pleasant than I had hoped. Only the dreadful cacophony of Angelo's Hunters and Collectors and Talking Heads tapes marred the air-conditioned comfort of the Telstar. After some minor navigational hassles we arrived at the Colo campsite at 11 pm.

This campsite is best experienced in darkness, so next day, not long after the night had vanished, we had vanished as well. Our intention was to enter the Colo 25 km by road upstream from Colo Heights, lilo downstream 40 km (the river meanders a lot) and then I would ride my bicycle back up to the car, strap bike on car roof and drive back down and pick up the waiting walkers.

Cruel fate was to change our plans dramatically ...

We stashed my bike in bushland beside the dirt road where we planned to exit. I was not worried about the Sensational Shogun Sports 2611 Racer being purloined, but I was a little uneasy that the bushfires raging only 4 km away would reduce it to ashes by the time we returned.

Much later in the morning than we intended, we set off for the other dirt road where we were to leave the car and start walking. Due to the dreadful state of that road we did not actually set off with our packs until 1 pm.

This was the kind of day which was fanning bushfires right throughout national parks around Sydney: blazing hot, dry and windless. Clouds were replaced by the smoke of countless thousands of burning trees. The haze was extraordinary, and we wondered if the Telstar as well might not be burnt to ashes by the time we returned.

The combination of heat and phenomenal heavy packs slowed our progress enormously and forced us to stop every 20 or 30 minutes for water and rests. The road seemed to go on endlessly. To make matters worse, the 1:25,000 map contained roads which were not to be found on the 1:100,000 map of exactly the same area. We were not sure of where we were until, at 6 pm, the road ended abruptly and the Colo could be seen glinting through the trees some 300 metres below. We had covered approximately 8 km in five hours - a record slow pace!

After stuffing around with photography and route finding the afternoon had advanced further, although the bush still remained bowed under the stifling blanket of the sun's heat. It was very hot. We were very thirsty. We had no water left. There were at least 10 mega-litres of gloriously cool water at the bottom of the cliffline.

We descended.

Right from the start the terrible folly of our decision became apparent. There was supposedly a small cliff-break to our north which was marked on the map but was not at all obvious from where the road ended. So instead we chose a gully which I had estimated was just 'do-able'. Even without heavy packs we had no chance of making the huge descent in the hour before sunset.

At 8 pm we hit a large cliffy downclimb. We had no choice but to camp above it, on a 45 degree slope, propped against trees, wondering if the disappearance of the stars overhead might not have something to do with the presence of enormous rainclouds intent on turning our campsite into a riverbed.

Since we had only 100 ml of water left we could not cook dinner. I ravenously devoured one apple, sucked some yoghurt and shared a lemon with Angelo for the little moisture it provided.

We waited impatiently for the dawn.

Finally, the grey light of the new day stretched its fingers into the gorge, bringing the huge cliffy hillside opposite us to life. It was not an encouraging sight. Approximately one-third of the way below its summit the hillside plunged straight down, fanning a cliff maybe 100 m high, before finally falling at a 45 degree angle into the river below. If the gorge walls were fairly symmetrical, as they appeared to be, then just beneath us our progress might be abruptly halted by a similar cliff-face.

Don and I set out at 6.15am to find out.

Without our packs we made quick progress, but although the walls of rock around our ravine closed in on both sides we did not hit the cliffline we had feared. Some 35 minutes later we encountered a small but tricky downclimb. The river was only 40 metres away, tantalising our thirsty bodies, but we did not feel confident we could get back up again so we were forced to retreat without a drop of liquid relief.

Back at camp we ate breakfast – one orange divided between the three of us. By that stage even the meagre 100 ml of water that Don had saved was drunk.

Seven thirty saw us attempt the first pack-haul on our descent. This took over an hour since it had to be attempted in two sections – we despaired even of seeing the river before lunch. Fortunately we made better progress on the smaller down climbs and steep scree and got to the cliff we had stopped at earlier that 100ming. It was ten o'clock.

Don's trusty clothesline was showing none of the wear that our hands were from lowering down packs, so we negotiated this cliff, the trickiest so far, without mishap.

It was at the bottom of this cliff that we found ... another cliff!

Eight metres high, completely vertical, and no handholds! Intense argument and cursing followed this discovery. At this stage we had no choice but to descend, because an ascent out of the ravine would have been technically difficult, utterly exhausting and would have left us severely dehydrated and back on the road by mid-afternoon, with still no clear idea of where to go.

We were fortunate.

Angelo had gone totally stir crazy by this time, and succeeded in sliding down the trunk of a tree growing close to the cliff. Reckless as I usually am, and desperate and desperately thirsty as I was, I would certainly not have pioneered such a route, nor probably would Don have. So after hauling down the packs again – with some difficulty this time – Don and I also slithered down.

Minutes later I came across Donald's body, prostrate in the glorious waters of the Colo. I quickly followed suit, lying head upstream and mouth open so the water could flow inside as well as outside. Angelo joined us not long after.

It was eleven thirty and not surprisingly we made no progress along the river until four thirty that afternoon. In the meantime we explored a bit upstream, swam a bit, and ate a lot.

That afternoon and for the next two days we made only one kilometer an hour downstream: the river was so delightful there was no incentive to travel quickly, but a lot of incentive to just drift, only paddling in the big pools where there was no current. Donald had problems with keeping both himself and his huge pack on his lilo at the same time. This caused Don a great deal of frustration. I was luckier since my seven dollar psychedelic Hungarian lilo was twice as thick and so very stable.

The Colo gorge is an immense expanse of eroded sandstone, very reminiscent of Carnarvon gorge. As we floated downstream great orange and black and brown and white cliffs unfolded on either side of us. Their uppermost heights were carved into shallow caves and numerous terraced shelves, like so many patios on high-rise apartments. The rock whom off these cliffs was deposited as great, white, steep sandy beaches, above which acacias and other small woody trees grew in dense profusion. The river mostly fanned huge pools which were blocked every 100 or 200 metres by piles of weathered sandstone.

We usually attempted to paddle through the small rapids in these blockages, but always ended up carrying our packs and lilos over them to start another section of paddling.

Campsites were easily found since the river was at least two feet below its normal level (due to the drought) and large flat sandbanks had become exposed.

On the morning of our third day on the Colo we had resolved to get up at dawn, float quickly downstream for two hours or so and start the walk up Canoe creek and back to the car. Actually, we set off after Barn, arrived at Canoe creek at lunch and did not leave the river until 4 pm. I think I may have expressed some concern at this delay. I cannot recall Angelo or Don expressing anything particularly.

After a hot and steep slog up the track beside Canoe creek we arrived at the next track at five o'clock. We walked until the first conventional vehicle was sighted and then I volunteered myself for a 15 km jog back to the car.

“Do not expect me back before 9.30,” I said, before disappearing into the gathering dusk.

Actually, I fancied myself as a runner in my younger days and I believed I could get back not long after nine. But vanity and self-delusion are the bane of all men (and women) so the headlights of the Telstar did not shine on my companions until 9.45.

My calf muscles spent the next day exploding.

So ended a trip which combined true horribleness with great fun, but was, overall, really worth it.

Brendan O'Malley

Japan's reef vandalism scoop just a little fishy

PETER WILSON reports from Tokyo

"REEF shame" and "Mindless Vandalism" was the theme when a respected Japanese newspaper carried a report last month on marine vandalism.

But trouble came in the next few days, when the underwater scoop started to look a bit fishy.

Japan's most respected newspaper, *Asahi Shimbun*, reported the vandalism on a rare and protected coral reef in Okinawa.

A front-page color photograph showed the large initials "K.V." carved in large letters into a beautiful 4m high coral colony — the largest of its type in the world.

The *Asahi*, which had sent two photographers to the reef to investigate, even carried an editorial calling for the protection of coral reefs and tough action against such idiotic vandals.

Such good, hard-hitting journalism showed once again the *Asahi's* much-touted social conscience, its concern for the environment and its willingness to go where the story is — even if it is

15 metres underwater near a remote island.

But the diving guide who took the *Asahi* team to the reef told local divers there was no vandalism on the reef when he took the cameramen diving.

It may have been there when they left, he said, but it definitely was not there when they started.

One of the photographers eventually admitted to faking the photograph by carving the initials himself after he had been "tempted by the devil".

The cameraman insists there were some faint initials on the coral in the first place, but even that sounds unlikely because local divers say the colony was untouched.

The truth of the incident was televised on Monday and the *Asahi*, which has a daily circulation of 13 million, ran a front-page apology the next day admitting that its men had "artificially changed the reality upon which a story was due to be based".

In other words, they faked it. The editor-in-chief and photo

editor were demoted to accept responsibility for the incident, and the photographers were suspended without pay for three months.

Local officials are now planning legal action against the cameraman; but, whatever else happens, the incident has highlighted the intense pressure on Japanese journalists.

To Western eyes the Japanese press is sodate, with the five mainstream broadsheet newspapers selling about 38.5 million copies a day in a nation of 120 million.

Those newspapers are polite, responsible and rather gentlemanly. They have similar designs and all occupy the educated, "upper" end of the newspaper market. They attract about seven times the market share of similar newspapers in Australia.

According to local reporters, intense rivalry in Japanese journalism is mainly felt within one's own newspaper rather than in a race to outdo other newspapers with eye-catching stories or screaming headlines.

The pressure comes from the fact that the *Asahi*, for instance, has more than 2000 journalists, making it rather difficult for an ambitious cameraman or reporter to stand out.

Such pressure to get one's story allowed one senior reporter to shrug off the vandalism as a case of "excessive zeal".

An even more excessive case occurred four years ago when a Japanese TV station was producing a special report on teenage bikie violence.

The program was a sensation because it had live footage of a bikie gang arriving at a riverside party where they beat up the young male guests and attacked several women.

As the euphoria of the top ratings eased, people started to ask the obvious question — how did the cameras happen to be on the spot for such an exciting event?

It turned out that a producer, desperate for good footage, organised the party by providing free food and drink to university students, and then paid the bikies to turn up and do their stuff.



"Sandwiches!"



Inevitably, their affair ended: Howard worried excessively about what the pack would think, and Agnes simply ate the flowers.

NOOSA RIVER CANOE TRIP (1 – 2 DEC 1990)

Rob Stevens

Although I arrived at Elanda Point at the late hour of 9:30 am on Saturday morning, only about five other people had turned up, out of projected total of 22. Some half an hour later, most of the others had arrived and the usual scramble for paddles, lifejackets and paying-up began. A record late start was finally achieved and by 10:30 am most canoes were underway a cross Lake, Cootharaba.

A beautiful, hot, typical day ensued: quiet paddling along the ink-black river, mirror-like reflections of overhanging trees broken by the wake of the canoe, the luke-warm river inviting a swim at every opportunity. And the seemingly endless stretch of river before Harry's Hut, the lunch spot!

Due to the general lassitude of five pairs of canoeists after lunch, due no doubt to the consumption of certain liquid refreshments, and the availability of an outboard motor attached to one of these canoes, the afternoon was spent motoring up the Noosa River in convoy. The occupants of all but the motorised canoe slept...

A gourmet feast was prepared on arrival at campsite #3, and the sound of gas stoves, choofers (shellite burning stoves) and other heating appliances, soon filled the air. Much later, our appetites sated, the usual discussions on life, the universe and everything began and occupied the remainder of the evening. A midnight dip and/or canoe in moonlight concluded the festivities.

Sunday morning dawned, an event missed by all but a few keen photographers, and only by 9:15 am were a group of the less hung-over walkers ready for the annual pilgrimage to the Cooloola sandpatch. This year, the extended walk was made to the beach, near the coloured sands. Estimates of the time required for this additional sortie were way out – 15 minutes turned out to be 1 hour! However, the water was refreshingly cool and the waves excellent for body surfing. The return from the beach was horrendous – hot, soft sand uphill, across an approximation to the Sahara desert, for 2 kilometers. The river was regarded as a desperate goal - make it or bust! I think everyone made it...

On the return, general slackness occurred, and almost all canoes were towed by the two outboards – one on a hire boat, the other my long-suffering 2 HP job. All was well until my engine got a fuel blockage and refused to clear itself. The “canoeists” were now forced to canoe from Harry's Hut back to Elanda Point, starting at 5:15 pm. We did make it, by darkness, but found that the Elanda Point shop had shut two hours previously, and our cars were locked in the camping area! Some fast-talking later, the proprietor sulkily let us out, mumbling about Daylight Saving and shop opening hours.

Various junk food cafes were attended by the carloads of hungry, salty and tired canoeists on the way back to Brisbane, as usual, ending another classic canoe trip.

Such was the 1990 Noosa River canoe trip... see you all this December.

WOLLAMGAMBE CANYON: BLUE MOUNTAINS (31st DEC 1990)

Walkers/Liloists: Angelo Costanzo, Brendan O'Malley, Donald Roberts.

The Blue Mountains' canyons are justifiably famous for their unique combination of spectacular scenery and committing country. The Wollamgambe is the beginners' canyon, uncomplicated by abseiling or frigid rivers. As the finale to our tremendously enjoyable Colo lilo trip we decided to visit the Wollamgambe.

The Wollamgambe is such "consumer" canyon that there is a very well beaten track to it from the Mt Wilson War Memorial, a track that takes only thirty minutes to reach the beginning of the Wollamgambe. The term "canyon" is, perhaps, misleading in describing the Wollamgambe as it connotes the sort of tight gorge, with a frigid torrent bisecting it, that is more commonly associated with the glories of Claustal Canyon. The Wollamgambe is really a small river that has several, long, constrictions that are neither as close together nor as high as is the case with the typical Blue Mountains Canyon.

The first stages of the Wollamgambe are pleasant liloing through some sandstone cliffs, with the attendant sandy beaches common on the Colo. Then the canyon widens and enters some pleasant, but unspectacular country, before reaching the first constriction – which is several hundred metres long. The sides of this constrictions are interesting for their exposed strata and weird contortions. After this constriction the river doglegs through a tight bend, with imposing aretes. The following section best approximates a true Blue Mountains canyon – a straight, and tightly compressed gorge with much rock scrambling.

This section finally terminates into a very attractive beach, at the intersection of the Wollamgambe and another (more impressive) canyon from the north. We ventured up this treat until we encountered a pitch black constriction with a frigid pool barring our way. Brendan and Angelo began to appreciate what I meant by saying that in true canyoning a wet suit is essential. Whilst at this corner, we met up with some people who had taken three days to come as far as we had in three hours of gentle liloing!

One final section awaited us before exiting. This was practically identical to the first section terminating in a small waterdrop that we avoided by a short scramble.

Despite the easiness of our trip, and the obvious existence of an "escape" gully, so oafs had painted a large, repulsive sign indicating the obvious ascent gully. Further downstream the Wollamgambe travels for many kilometers before merging with the Colo River. During our visit we conceived the idea of a great lilo trip that, unfortunately would necessitate a 200KM car shuttle. Within an hour of leaving the Wollamgambe we had returned to the Mt Wilson War memorial.

The Wollamgambe is an excellent, easy canyon trip - but be warned a lilo is essential and no canyoning trip should ever be undertaken at high waterlevels or when there is the chance of heavy rain (during the 1978 flood, the Colo's level rose 12m in three hours !!!).

Don Roberts.

TRIP LIST SUMMARY

FEBRUARY

23rd – Barbecue by the uni lake. Head for the architecture and music building and follow the signs from there. Time: 5pm-7pm. Cost: \$2 for those who sign up, or have already become members, \$5 others. Includes burger, cheesecake and wine or two stubbies.

24th – Noosa beach bun trip. Departs 8.30am. Leader: Brendan O'Malley (Ph 378 0238).

MARCH

3rd – Bluepool/Toooloona Circuit. Departs 7.30. Leader: Les Tillack (Ph 378 7551).

6th – MEETING, 7 pm, Ryan Room. Slides, a movie, tea and bikkies. All welcome.

8th – Frogging night. Bob Hoey will be conducting a fascinating exploration of Brisbane's nocturnal animals. Ring 371 6806.

10th – Coomera gorge. Departs 7 am. Leader: Les Tillack (Ph 378 7551).

16/17th – Wiangaree base camp. Leader: Don Roberts (Ph 371 4865).

24th – Northbrook gorge. Leader: Rob Stevens (Ph 371 6462).

31st-1st – (Easter) Nothing definite is planned as yet. Brendan O'Malley (Ph 378 0238) is considering a trip to Fraser island and Karen Gerry (Ph 371 7657) is considering a caving trip to Mt Etna. Please ring one to two weeks beforehand for details.

APRIL

6/7th – Fast & West Canungra creeks. Leader: Rob Stevens (Ph 371 6462).

10th – Meeting. 7 pm Ryan Room. There will be tea, biscuits, slides and a talk on the essentials of first aid.

13/14th – Nightcap/Terania Creek Falls. Leader: Brendan O'Malley (Ph 378 0238).

20/21st – Lost World. Leader: Rob Stevens (Ph 371 6462).

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FEDERATION BUSHDANCE

Where? Jimboomba Hall. **When?** Saturday, 23 March, 8pm.

The fabulous Moreton Bay Bushband will be providing the evening's entertainment. Purchase tickets at the door.

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TRIP PREVIEWS

If you are interested in coming on any of the following walks please ring the trip leader by the **Wednesday beforehand at the latest**. All trips start at 7.30am at the hitching post carpark (see map in this edition) unless otherwise stated. If you can't make it out to uni at this time the trip leader may be able to arrange to pick you up. Please ring to let him/her know beforehand.

Noosa Heads Beach Trip. Noosa Heads is a rocky ocean headland national park one and a half hours drive north of Brisbane. We will be leaving the hitching post at 8.30 am and should be back around 7pm. This is an exceptionally easy and pleasant daywalk, involving short walks along graded tracks interspersed with long swims on beautiful beaches. There are pleasant stands of sub-tropical rainforest as well as coastal scrub. You need to bring; (a) small knapsack, (b) togs (swimming costume) and beach towel (c) sunburn cream, (d) lunch and 1-2 litres of water/fruit juice etc. n.b. Since it will probably be hot, frozen drinks would be good. Approx. cost: \$6 for petrol plus \$4-5 for dinner if people want takeaway on the way back. There will be transport for those without cars.

So care along, soak up the sun, swim in the surf, and have a great day. Grade: Very easy. Leader: Brendan O'Malley (Ph 378 0238).

Border Ranges National Park (N.S.W). Base-camping at Wiangaree, we will be able to take a variety of daywalks around Grady's and Brindle Creeks. The Border Ranges has one of the best surviving areas of rainforest in the near-Brisbane vicinity. The high altitude provides a number of excellent lookouts and cool conditions will provide excellent conditions for a bit of base camp sluggery. Grady's creek and Brindle Creek offer some superb rainforest, whilst the Tweed Pinnacle provides a tremendous panoramic view from Nightcap Ranges to the coast. This trip is a must for photographers. Grade: Easy. Ring Don Roberts on 371 4865 for details.

Bluepool/Tooloona Circuit. This walking track covers some of the most beautiful areas of Lamington National Park. Les Tillack will be leaving the hitching post carpark at 7.30 am. Arrival at Lamington will be about 9.30 am. You will need to bring lunch (e.g., sandwiches, fruit, water or fruit juice, note – the latter is essential, bring 1-2 litres), a raincoat, even if it looks fine, old clothes and sandals since the tracks may be muddy, a torch in case of emergency and insect repellent. Socks are advisable since there may be leeches, especially if the tracks are wet. This will be a fairly long walk, but technically easy since it is on graded tracks. Approximate cost - \$5 for petrol, plus about \$5 for takeaway food on the way home. Ring Les on 378 7551 for more details.

Coomera Gorge. Ring Les Tillack for details on 378 7551. This walk is probably medium to difficult technically (I am not aware of Les' proposed route so I cannot be certain) since there are off-track sections. It may also be quite long. The rewards for your exertion are a close-up view of Coomera falls, one of the highest and most spectacular waterfalls in south-east Queensland.

Terania creek. Excellent pristine rainforest in this famous northern N.S.W. region will be visited. This is a base-camp with two easy daywalks. Ring Brendan O'Malley for details on 378 0238. This is a great beginners walk.

NORTHBROOK GORGE (Day Walk)

Start: 8:00 am, Sunday 24 March 1991

Finish: 5:00 pm same day.

The area around Northbrook Creek is exceptional for having almost totally untouched rainforest while being only 1/2 an hour from Brisbane.

The walk starts from a point just uphill of the Wivenhoe Lookout, and ascends very steeply down to Northbrook Creek, several hundred metres below. The creek meanders through tall Piccabeen Palm forests, Strangler Figs and other rainforest species, remaining open and clear for an easy day's rock-hopping downstream.

The Gorge itself is actually three separate pools with sheer sides, two of which have to be swum through, before reaching an easy exit point from the creek.

This is an easy day walk, although the initial descent is guaranteed STEEP. Bring some water (2 litres), as the creek water may/may not be drinkable. Also bring: Lunch, Swimming togs, Jogging shoes or better, and a plastic bag to keep your things dry, as the swim is NOT optional.

EAST & WEST CANUNGRA CREEK (Through Walk)

Start: 7:30pm, Friday 5 April 1991

Finish: 5:00pm, Sunday 7 April.

This walk covers two of the most scenic creeks in the O'Reilly's area of Lamington National Park. The area is untouched rainforest, with many rock pools and waterfalls along both branches of Canungra Creek.

The trip starts on Friday night, when we will arrange to leave most of the cars at the end of the walk (Top of the Duck Creek Road), while we walk out to the end of Black Snake Ridge to camp (1/4 hr walk). Saturday will see us heading down a very steep grassy slope to the creek below, then down to the junction of East and West Canungra Creeks, and so upstream along the East branch. Fountain Falls and Curtain Falls signal the end of the first day's walk, a small campsite is next to Fountain Falls pool. Day two, and we go uphill over the Central Traverse and so back to West Canungra Creek, and Blue Pool. A final ascent up Bull Ant Spur to the cars completes the weekend.

The trip is over two days, and there are fairly strenuous sections on each day. If you are not expert at walking up boulder-strewn creek beds, you will be by Sunday afternoon! One litre of water is all that is required, as the creek is drinkable. If it is hot, a swim is a possibility, although the water is usually freezing. Definitely photographic country...

LOST WORLD & MT. RAZORBACK (Through Walk)

Start: 7:30pm Friday 19 April 1991

Finish: 5:00pm Sunday 21 April.

The Lost World area of Lamington National Park is an isolated rainforest plateau, surrounded by the two branches of the Albert River, and only accessible from each end by two fairly precipitous routes along narrow ridges. To make up for this, the views are fantastic and the route we will take covers most types of walking terrain: rainforest, creeks, open forest, grassy slopes and rocky ridges.

The walk starts on Friday night, by driving to a point near the start of the climb up to Lost World, to camp prior to an early start on Saturday. A steep climb up to Lost World plateau, an easy traverse across the plateau through rainforest to its other side (collecting water on the way), and a fairly steep descent to an open saddle, is the plan for Saturday.

Sunday's walking involves heading down into the Albert River's right branch and so downstream to return to the starting point, and the cars.

The walking is strenuous, and there are parts of the walk where a head for heights would be very handy. Most of Sunday will be boulder-hopping down the Albert River, and possibly wading through pools.

About 3 - 4 litres of water will be needed, for Saturday night's camp is dry, and the ascent up to Lost World can be hot work.