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2 OCT 1979

heybob 1978

volume 20



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HEYBOB 1978

volume 20

university
of
queensland
bushwalking
club
magazine

EDITORIAL

"HEYBOB 1978" is here! It is the 20th edition of our Annual Magazine, and as such, is something of a landmark.

Past "Heybobs" have proved popular reading for bushwalkers. Perhaps because they evoke memories of visited places or increase our knowledge and awareness of features in an area we know. Maybe they suggest new bushwalks, or create dreams of walks-to-come. The effort and expenditure needed to produce "Heybob" are worthwhile, if these ends are achieved.

This year's "Heybob" reflects an active year in the University of Queensland Bushwalking Club. Trips have been many, and varied in degree of difficulty, length of time, and areas visited. The equipment and library resources of the Club have been well-used, in accordance with good attendances on walks. Participation in Safety and Rescue activities has been fair.

Some contributions to "Heybob '78" recount experiences on extended walks, which have left a great impression on the writers. There are also accounts of shorter trips within easy access of Brisbane, such as an article on Moreton Island - a recreational paradise on our doorstep now threatened by sand-mining. For those who want to branch out there is information on ski-touring, canoeing, and orienteering, made easy for bushwalkers. An aspect of the club "culture" is set down with an explanation of a bushies vocabulary. Some authors delve more into personal reactions to the bush and its meaning to them. Finally, there is a resume of "Heybob" articles from the 1968 to the 1978 edition, inclusive, for quick cross reference.

To maintain club standard, we must be aware of the club's shortcomings as well as its strong points. One area of concern at present, is the lack of freshers becoming involved in bushwalking. Measures to overcome this (e.g. an orientation day walk as well as the freshers weekend) have been discussed. An effort by old bushwalkers to encourage the new members to feel welcome and accepted would probably keep more freshers in the club. Other areas requiring constant attention are navigation skills and building up numbers of potentail trip leaders.

To ensure a good future for bushwalking we also need to be informed and active in the field of conservation. Bushwalking in S.E. Queensland is fast becoming "track" walking. Many members of the club can remember the Main Range without a foot-worn trail along its rim, and weekends camped in Barney Saddle with no shortage of tent space. There are now more bushwalkers in S.E. Queensland. This is due to greater mobility and greater numbers of people and is part of a general trend toward outdoor activities which need the resources of land in its natural state. It means that our National Parks have become threatened by overuse. The Government must be urged to provide

additional funds to the National Parks and Wildlife Service and Forestry Department and to gazette more National and Environmental Parks in this corner of the State.

I hope that 1979 will be a successful year for the Bushwalking Club and its members. In our wanderings in the more beautiful and less-touched places of the country we could remember this quote from Henry David Thoreau -

....."Heaven is under our feet
as well as over our heads"

Janet Traves.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I would like to thank the many people and organisations who helped to produce this edition of *HEYBOB*

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* The Queensland Conservation Council, and in particular Bob Hoey for his work on the printing and magazine design; and Jane Battisson and Julia Burrows for the typing.
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— MANY THANKS.

Janet Traves.

COVER DESIGN & ILLUSTRATIONS, PAGES 17, 29, 44 ..... Sue Harslett

TITLE PAGE..... Tim Low

SKETCH, PAGE 39 ..... Louise Pillow

PHOTOGRAPHS, PAGES 53 - 55 ..... See photos for credits

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SKI TOURING GUIDE

by Gus Fergus

WHEN HINCHINBROOK GETS BORING

INTRODUCTION

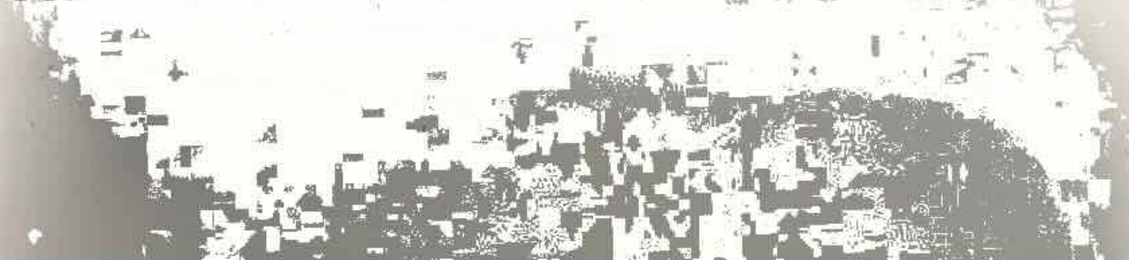
In August this year, instead of the usual pilgrimage to Hinchinbrook Island, four intrepid U.K.B.W.C.'ers braved the nameless horrors lurking south of the border and journeyed to the Australian Alps for some fun in the snow. We return unscathed to report to the unconverted that ski touring offers everything bushwalkers search for, and more. To see a "very Australian" countryside covered in snow is value enough, but add to this a fantastically enjoyable means of locomotion - and you have something really worthwhile. Our enjoyment and the difficulty which we had in collecting information prompts this attempt to help and encourage others to follow.

Ski touring is basically just bushwalking on snow. You have two metre planks attached to your feet which you must learn to control and you slide instead of walk downhill. But you still must slog up those never ending slopes and suffer the cold and the wet. The joys are the same too, except everything is white and, once you've mastered it, skiing down a long slope can be tremendous fun. Learning to ski is probably what frightens most Queensland walkers away from the high country in winter so perhaps I should start with that.

LEARN TO SKI

In fact, skiing is surprisingly easy and much less strenuous than walking. You will find that you will be able to go uphill quite effectively straight away and downhill after only a little longer (if not in complete control!). After only one day's practice we felt confident enough to go off on a three day trip. By the end of this we were getting about quite effectively without packs, and reasonably with packs, which is considerably harder. Some friends had one lesson (private, at about $7.50 each) after a few days mucking about on their own and reported that it was quite useful, but we didn't consider it necessary in view of our budget. It is worth remembering that the object is to cover ground reasonably quickly and with minimal effort, not to win a prize for the best pose.

The best way to start is to do a few day trips close to one or other of the resorts, e.g. in our case, Perisher Valley. The general procedure is to start early (to avoid traffic jams and ensure getting a park), drive up and park in the tourist parking area, get out and put your skis over your shoulder. Now look around till you see the biggest congregation of tourists, turn through 180 degrees, and walk until you are clear of any roads, buildings, etc. At Perisher this puts you somewhere behind the church. Now put



on your skis (the correct one on the correct foot!) and ski off. I'm told it helps if you are drunk.

It does help to read a book or two on the subject and the ones in the club library are as good as any. Don't believe everything you read, however. If you are experienced walkers it is definitely not necessary to have someone along who has been skiing before. Here are some hints which might be helpful:

(I) If you feel the need to fall over because you're going to hit something or are going too fast just slump sideways. This makes it easier to get up again and avoid such nasties as ski tips in the eye and slipped discs!

(II) With a pack on, it is preferable to keep in control by snowploughing and thus avoid falling over - rather than very fast and falling every 20 metres.

(III) On icy snow or when skiing across slopes dig the sides of your skis in. Keep your weight on your downhill ski.

(IV) Going uphill it is much less tiring to avoid lifting your skis at all and to take long strides.

SKIS

You can't go skiing without these, so aquiring them should be your first concern. Hiring is the cheapest and safest way for your first trip. There are basically two types of skis: Downhill or "Alpine" skis are used by rich touri and also plebs who inhabit the resorts in droves and spend their time skiing down the same slopes over and over. These are wide, fairly short, quite stiff and come with huge plastic boots which are attached at both the heel and toe and are designed to break people's legs. They are not intended for going uphill.

The second and real type of ski, the cross country or "Nordic" ski, is designed to go both up and down hills. They are narrower (approx. 50mm wide), and longer (approx. 2m long), and lighter than downhill skis, and have light weight boots which usually attach via the toe only - hence protecting your legs. The ability to go uphill is achieved either by the use of special waxes or by some design on the bottom of the ski which allows easy forward movement, but resists backward movement. Waxing is a complex and time consuming art so the beginner is probably better off with the waxless style of ski (they also go down steep hills slower). There are three main types:

"Fishscales"	have a pattern looking like scabs of a fish moulded into the sole of the ski
"Steps"	have a saw tooth pattern moulded into the ski bottom
"Mohairs"	have two strips of fur attached to the bottom of the ski.

The general concensus seems to be that fishscales are best, though there is probably not much to pick between them and steps. Mohairs seem to have gone out of favour.

HIRING SKIS

You will need skis, boots and poles ("stocks") all the right size for your body. There are two types of ski hire shop: those between Brisbane and Canberra have a limited amount of equipment and charge $2/day while those between Canberra and the snow have ample equipment but charge $4/day. You will find both types in Canberra. Shops from Cooma onwards open every day (and night!) whilst the others are generally day time and week days only. Hiring near the snow has the advantage that if you break gear (which is easy to do!) you can get it replaced immediately and don't need to hire more. Most places will want a deposit (approx. $20) and will accept breakages without payment - be sure to check this as you will certainly break something. "The Ski Barn", Brisbane, offer you a reasonable deal but book early and check your bookings thoroughly if you use them.

Make sure that the equipment you hire is in good order. Especially check that the toes and heels of the boot soles aren't coming loose and that the skis themselves aren't coming apart anywhere. Also check that you have a right and a left ski (they're different!) and that each has a clip for its "rat-trap" binding. Fibreglass poles are preferable to cane ones as they are harder to break but you probably won't have any choice. Boots should be big enough to allow you to wear one thick and one thin pair of wool socks. Most shops will hire waxless skis only.

WHERE TO GO

There are two main areas on the Australian mainland, the Victorian Alps and the Kosciusko National Park. I can only speak for the latter, but I've heard that the Victorian Alps have a lot to offer but often less snow than Kosciusko. People also go ski touring in Tasmania but unless you strike a good season, you're apparently likely to be carrying your skis a lot. Obviously, the place to go would be New Zealand in winter but best you get a few seasons' experience in the Australian Alps first!

The Kosciusko National Park can be divided into two main areas. The area north of Thredbo and west of Perisher around Mts Kosciusko, Townsend, Twynam, etc., which is often called "The Main Range", is fairly small, relatively rugged, mostly above the tree line and prone to whiteout and icy snow conditions. There are few huts, plenty of fine scenery and also ample tourists. Access is via Perisher, the chairlifts from Thredbo, or Guthega Dam.

A better area for longer tours extends 60km north from Guthega to the Snowy Mountains Highway around Kiandra. The area is much larger, relatively flat, mostly below the tree line (though not thickly timbered), scattered with huts, and has ample points of interest. It also has ample people, especially

in school holidays. The preferred access is from Guthega Power Station, up the road (closed to vehicles), though it might be more interesting to come in from Guthega Dam, Lake Eucumbene (involving some walking), Kiandra or Cabramarra. The ideal way to see the area would be to do a through trip from the Snowy Mountains Highway to Guthega, though transport would be a problem.

A five day trip to this area starting and finishing at Guthega Power Station allowed us to see only about half of it. You would certainly not run out of things to do in seven or more days. Points of interest include Mts Jagungal, Gungartan, Dicky Cooper, Grey Mare Diggings and Valentine Falls. The view from any high point on a fine day is superb. A map and guide to the area published by the Australian Alpine Club and titled "Guthega Power Station - Whites River - Mt Jagungal" is available from the chemist in Jindabyne ($3!). There is a much better map of the area which appears on the walls of some huts but I don't know where you could get a copy.

In fact, there are not a huge number of different places to go around Kosciusko, especially if the high tops are icy and too difficult for novice skiers. A good way to spend one of your foul weather days is to have a look at the excellent slide show at the Ranger's Station at Sawpit Creek, and then spend the rest of the day in a Jindabyne Pub. Remember, as always, to use a bit of imagination!

LITERATURE, NAVIGATION AND SURVIVAL

Maps, guide books and so forth seem to be surprisingly scarce (which is perhaps good). Apart from the above-mentioned Mt Jagungal guide, the only ski touring guide I've seen is "Ski Touring in Australia" by the Australian Alpine Club (Jindabyne chemist, $5). U.Q.B.W.C. has some old S.M.C. maps (now available) which are of some use. The Kosciusko 1:100 000 Dept. of National Mapping sheet (Visitor's Centre, Cooma) covers the whole area but is of restricted usefulness because of its scale. "Snowy Mountains Walks" by the Geehi Club has a short section on ski touring.

The shortage of maps, etc., won't help your navigation problems and there is no question that navigation in the snow country is difficult, even in fine weather. The rolling nature of the topography and the lack of a pattern to the drainage make things confusing. Roads and tracks, unless poled, may be lost beneath snow, and huts hidden amongst trees can be very hard to find. The problem takes on another dimension altogether in whiteout (clagged in) conditions. Even when it is just overcast it can become very difficult to pick the slope of the snow only ten feet away. It is essential, in foul weather, that you be able to use a compass competently and that you believe it rather than your judgement. Elaborate navigation procedures are described in ski touring books involving the use of 20m of string to measure distance and ensure direction is correct. I have no doubt that people do have to use these on occasions. Remember that ski tracks can disappear rapidly in a blizzard.

While on this subject, the question arises of how to stay alive if caught out, and so forth. There are lots of good books on the subject which you should read. Make sure you have some knowledge of subjects like hypothermia, windchill, igloos, snowcaves, bivy bags and frostbite. The dangers involved ought not to be underestimated, though I feel that the experienced bushwalker should not overestimate them either. The walker with some New Zealand or Tassie summer experience who is well equipped, should find it quite difficult to get into trouble in the Snowies in winter. It can get quite cold but the country is not very rugged nor are the distances to safety often great. Those who come to grief are usually the ill-equipped or the inexperienced (that is, tourists).

CAMPING OUT

This can become essential if you are lost in foul weather or can't get into a crowded hut. Except in a blizzard, it is infinitely preferable to staying in a grotty smokey, lurgy-infected hut anyway. You don't need any special equipment except a closed-cell foam mat which extends from above your shoulders to at least your shins and preferably your feet. A club Paddy tent is certainly adequate in fine weather. You could even sleep out Queensland style, though you would be cold without an excellent bag. In foul weather, a double-layered style, nylon tent, with a fly that extends right to the ground, would be preferable. Special pegs are not needed if you camp, as recommended, below the tree line. For around the tent bottom standard bulldogs will do, while 20 - 30 mm snowgum sticks are ideal for guys.

The procedure is to choose a patch of reasonably level snow amongst some trees (a bit of civil engineering will quickly level any slight slope). Choose a sheltered spot evidenced by the absence of any obviously wind sculptured snow and tramp all over it with your heels until it is firmly packed. Now erect your tent. Something may be needed under the poles to prevent them disappearing into the snow and snow heaped around the fly bottom will keep you warmer, especially if it is windy. A fire can be lit on top of the snow but it will gradually melt a huge pit for itself, so choose the thinnest snow you can find. Some big logs underneath will help it to float.

Water supply can be a problem, since running water is often scarce. You can melt snow on a fire for cooking but it takes a long time on a stove. The resulting water is foul for drinking and it helps to collect a supply for this purpose beforehand, hence take a 2 litre water bottle. Remember to avoid "yellow patches" when collecting snow for melting and note that anything wet left outside your sleeping bag overnight will freeze solid. This includes wet socks, boots, mits, clothes, water bottles and last night's vesta!

WHEN TO GO

The Kosciusko area generally has good snow from early June until early October with perhaps early August being the best. T.V. snow reports will give you some idea - around 1.5 to 2m of snow at Perisher should indicate that there is ample snow about. Clearly for Uni students it is either the

between semesters' break or the August vacation. The latter usually offers more settled weather and more reliable snow, but there is more chance of striking icy snow conditions. Also, this year, the second week of our August vacation coincided with the N.S.W. school holidays, which meant there were people everywhere. We counted 60 people and one dog in 9 parties on top of Mt Jagungal the day we climbed it. I suggest you do your best to dodge this.

HOW TO GET THERE

The train to Cooma costs around $30 return (student concession) and it is probably possible to hitch from there. There is also a bus from Cooma to the Snow for about $16 return. We drove down and found this neither particularly arduous nor expensive. Via Goondiwindi, Narrabri, Dubbo, Parkes, Forbes, Cowra, Yass and Canberra takes about 18 hours and you have mobility when you arrive, which is a distinct advantage. It will cost you $2 per day or $12 for an annual pass to get your car into the park, unless you arrive after 7.00 p.m. (except on Fridays!). The best place to camp when not in the hills is probably Sawpit Creek camping area near the Rangers Station. Two dollars per tent per night is the damage, but this is collected on an honour system, due, no doubt, to a shortage of staff. Another good campsite is the rest area near Island Bend on the Guthega Road, this one being free.

WHAT TO TAKE

As well as skis there are a number of items of special equipment which you will need. Many of these you will be able to borrow from other club members. This club has a fine tradition of its better-off members freely loaning equipment to others who are not so fortunate. Please avoid damaging this by ensuring that any gear you borrow is returned promptly and in excellent condition. The gear you will need is as follows:

Personal

Essential:

Skis, Boots, Poles
Snow gaiters
Food (usual dehy, etc., but include lots of chocky)
2 litre water bottle
Wool trousers (army, $2 from Henry's)
2 wool jumpers or shirts
Cotton or other light long-sleeved shirt
Balaclava
Hat
Sunburn cream
Bivy bag (groundsheet sewn across the bottom and up one side)
Closed cell foam mat
Pack, Day Pack
Socks you wear with your boots & 1 other pair

Essential: (Continued)

Parker, overtrou (nylon or japara, not PVC)
Ample sticking plaster (handy for repairing broken gear & feet)
Mitts (wool, e.g. Dachsteins $8)
Snow goggles (approx. $2.50 at the snow)
Compass, matches, whistle, map
Warm sleeping bag (you'll be cool in a Club paddy!)
Torch which works
All other usual bushwalking gear

Useful Extras:

Extra wool shirt, duvet or vest
Long woollen underwear
Shorts
Down booties (almost a must for comfort!)
Extra socks
Waterproof overmitts
Ample plastic bags
Edible food! (extra chocky)
Fizzy

Party

Essential:

For each two: Tent
Groundsheet (if tent has no floor)
Choofer and fuel (buy shellite in Brisbane)
First aid kit
Spare ski tip (plastic, $2-$4, Paddy's Canberra or Jindabyne)
Spare snow goggles

Useful Extras:

Spare binding clip
20m light cord (for navigating in whiteouts)
Candles
Waterbag
G.G.W.

Other Hints

Ski Wear:

Dress for comfort, not blizzard survival. It's incredible what some people think they must wear. On many days you'll find a flannel shirt and shorts adequate for warmth but you'll lose some skin if you fall on icy snow. Wool trousers are almost as comfortable and give more protection.

Packs:

I've been told frameless packs make skiing easier because they hold the load closer to your body, but I'm far from convinced. H-frame packs encourage you to lean forward, which is good for skiing. They are also easier to remove if you suffer the dreaded *skiers' tangliferous* during a fall. Also, weight low on your back must be easier to balance than weight high above your shoulders. In any case we found our normal framed packs quite adequate. Keep your pack as light as possible, as heavy packs make skiing difficult.

Day Trips:

You should have the following with you: lunch, compass, map, whistle, matches, bivy bag, mits, balaclava, hat, sunburn cream, wool shirt, wool trousers, parker, chocky, waterbottle, spare ski tip, tape, snow goggles and spare pair. Many people carry less but this list won't weigh you down much and will cover most contingencies.

Cameras:

The safest place for these in fine weather is around your neck inside your shirt. This is where they're least likely to get squashed in a fall.

Boots:

These are usually leather and leak like sieves leading to cold feet. Some sort of waterproofing compound might be useful ("Snow Seal" has been recommended and "Dubin" found useless). We used heavy duty plastic bags between our socks and boots but with only minor success. Apparently, a new type of plastic boot (Paddy's, Canberra) is the answer.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING NEXT WINTER?

There are no words that can tell of the hidden spirit of the wilderness, that can reveal its mystery, its melancholy, and its charm. There is delight in the hardy life of the open ... the silent places ... the wide wastes of the earth, unworn of man, and changed only by the slow change of the ages through time everlasting.

Theodore Roosevelt

Wilderness is one kind of playground which man cannot build to order.

Aldo Leopold

NIRVANA SPUR REVISITED

by Robert Rankin

It was in March when Alan Hobson and I were looking for locations for WALK WITH SAFETY. I was skipping down the ridge out to the end of Tweed Pinnacle and whistling "The Sound of Music" to get some atmosphere, when I tripped over Alan. He had stopped abruptly, beside a black-boy in front of me and was staring northwards along the escarpment.

"What's on your mind?" I asked. "So you have found a second Tweed Pinnacle? Surely it must be a cheap imitation."

CLICK - a photo record with a standard lens. The spur was hardly discernible on the screen. Not at all like it was on that day we stood on Tweed Pinnacle. The eye acts like a telephoto lens when it wants to. I didn't look at the slide again. My memory had a better picture. The contour map helped though. It showed how to get there. Seven kilometres north of The Pinnacle. It would need a weekend.

Weeks came and went - some sunny and wet. I forgot the spur and climbed Mount Maroon instead. Alan poured concrete for his driveway.

The first day of July and four of us were on the Grady's Creek Track - Alan and Barbara Hobson, Robyn Butler and myself. A crisp, clear winter day. A quick lunch at Tweed Trig and a camp just above where we anticipated the spur ran off into New South Wales.

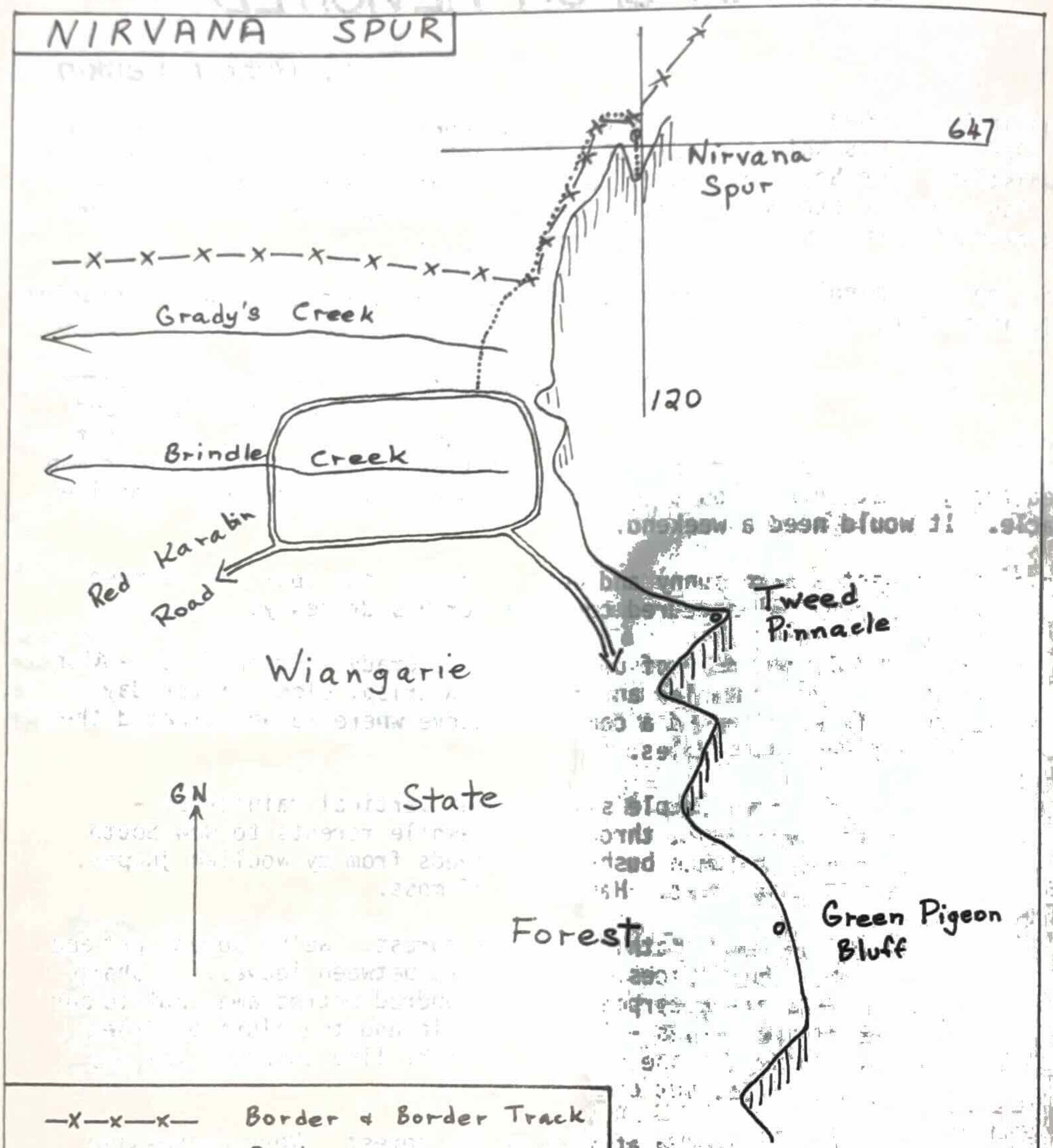
Late afternoon recce - four people sliding down vertical rainforest - sliding down out of Queensland, through wait-awhile forests to New South Wales below. Suspended between bushes by threads from my woollen jumper. Tree stumps decaying under feet. Handholds of moss.

No ridge. Where are we now? Nothing but the forest. We've spread out and I can hardly hear the other voices. A small gap between leaves. A sharp ridge spearing out from the escarpment, five hundred metres away but to our left. Another gap in the leaves - Tweed Pinnacle and the bluff of Green Pigeon - the crests in line - the perfect straight line pointing the way. Alan and the rest see it too but dusk has fallen.

Overcast morning - half a second at f1.7 in the forest. Very oppressive stuff. Five hundred metres along the Border Track toward Point Lookout - the track very near the escarpment. Then a climb into the vertical forest again to take a look over the edge. I belay while Alan climbs a tree. Then suddenly there it is, only a hundred metres across a ravine in front of us.

No rainforest - just blackboys. A long horizontal spur running out with the Tweed Valley behind. A gentle slope leads to it from the Border Track.

NIRVANA SPUR



A quick circle around the top of the gorge. Twenty minutes along the spur and we're in the blackboys. Then we're at the end. It's eleven o'clock on a Sunday morning - the Sunday Mail is on the table at home. It can wait.

The view is very good. And there is Tweed Pinnacle seven kilometres to the south and four months ago. Alan trips over a loose cubic metre of rock - the ridge is one metre wide. He retreats. It rains. We all retreat.

We were only there for four minutes but we were there. It hardly seems so now.

Nirvana Spur revisited - revisited? - yes - we knew it backwards before we even got there. Four months had passed since the first distant view. In the intervening time, the mind had conjured up all sorts of images. I knew the spur backwards - the vertical rainforest - the great ravine - the view of Warning - the tremendous drop - the spur itself and the sunlit farms below. Only the blackboys were a surprise, but then, now that I think back, I should have known about them as well.



"Apparently they die if they're not put the right way up."

TIME

Nature has it in infinite aeons
To shape and remodel in boundless beauty
Man has split it to miniscule portions
Of such immense value they now are worthless.

Daye Collins

GLOUCESTER ISLAND NATIONAL PARK

by Hugh Simmons

Have you ever been where hardly anyone's ever been before?

Gloucester Island is the northernmost of the Whitsunday Islands, which litter the coast from north of Mackay to Bowen. Being part of this group, one might expect the Island to be frequently visited by the dreaded touri, perhaps sporting a variety of jetties, perhaps even the usual touri accessories such as kiosks, beer gardens and thunderboxes. Well, surprise, surprise! This island is very rarely visited by anyone. Never by tourists. Occasionally by fisherpeople and yacht-types, and very occasionally by National Parks and Wildlife Service, apparently to empty a rubbish tin (the only one on the island!)

The island lies about 16 miles off the Bowen Coast, and is roughly 10 or so miles long by 3 or so miles wide. A centrally located mountainous ridge runs along its length and rises to a maximum height of 1800 ft (OK, about 600 metres) at Mt Bertha.

Mick Olsen and I thought it would be a fine place to "unwind" after challenging Mts Bellenden-Ker and Bartle Frère in July last year, and I must admit that the island provided as much fun and good walking as those excellent mountains. Information about the island proved totally non-existant - apart from it being named by Captain Cook in 1770, and that National Parks and Wildlife Service said there was no water at all on the island (and perhaps we'd prefer to visit Whitsunday Island, which had water). So, with 8 gallons of water we went to Gloucester, with the idea of learning something about the place. Apart from a camping permit and accompanying permit for Whitsunday Island, we had a topographic 1:100,000 scale map, which proved to be quite inaccurate and possibly slightly useful (maybe).

Various wanderings revealed lots of secrets that the island held, the most exciting one being that one can readily find water in the creeks there! This was obviously most unexpected, especially since no rain had been recorded anywhere in the Bowen region in the previous 2½ months. To get to this precious liquid, simply follow any creek bed towards the middle 1/3 of its course, and the water's there. Sometimes there are little stagnant pools, but generally the water is "on the move" and very drinkable. The creeks that we had anything to do with each were quite individual in their appearance - one may be bouldery, another bouldery but deeply etched by flood waters, another flowed in "steps" down smooth basalt slabs, yet another was of that type, except the steps were beautiful high (up to 25 ft) waterfalls.

Vegetation on the island was pretty dense and dry on both sides of the mountains, the ocean side supporting mainly pseudanthus, banksia, 2 coconut palms and large stands of hoop pine (Araucaria cunninhamii). Occasionally there were patches of cassuarina at the upper parts of some creeks. On the "inside" (mainland) side of the mountains, trees were mainly wattles, eucalypt, tea tree, one tiny bit of rainforest, and some mangroves in the appropriate places. Cassuarinas were on the beaches on both sides of the island, but that's where any similarity between the beaches end.

Ocean-side beaches were highly indented into the coastline, always bounded on both sides by high, rocky, precipitous headlands, and were very short (only 300 - 400 yds long). Composition was of shell grit, driftwood, plus pulverised anything. In contrast, the opposite side's beaches were long, sweeping affairs, of good sand, dying out to rocks and boulders and cliffs at their northern ends. They were extremely beautiful beaches.

The terrain of Gloucester Island is generally rough, with rougher bits thrown in, the "hairiest" bits being massive great huge boulder piles which look like landslides of rocks from a distance, but which were mainly formed of BIG boulders up to house size. Unfortunately, these patches were pretty unstable - the boulders moved pretty easily, tending to give one that uneasy, insecure feeling of being in a very unsafe situation.

Views from the high points on the island were absolutely terrific. Some of these mountains, particularly toward the northern end of the island, would provide interesting rockclimbing, but on the whole, the mountains are generally high bumps that one can wander up and down pretty easily, if one can tolerate a little scunge bashing. The descents through the western side creeks are particularly enjoyable, the lower parts running through melaleuca forests, home of zillions of the very beautiful Blue Tiger Butterflies.

Generally speaking, a visit to Gloucester would prove to be most enjoyable. The island's bushwalking potential is very exciting. It would be an idea to take sufficient water to the island, just in case there's been a year long drought. We had our "base" at Bona Bay, on the island's South West corner; a better (the best) place for a base would be the next bay to the north, about halfway up the island's west side. Also, the boat charter from Bowen would be far cheaper individually if more than only two people share the cost. I hope this article might slightly influence people to look for new bushwalking areas, or at least visit seldom visited areas - perhaps even this very splendid wilderness area.

Let me live where I will ... on this side is the city, on that the wilderness, and ever I am leaving the city more and more and withdrawing into the wilderness.

Henry David Thoreau

WALKS NEAR TOOWOOMBA

by Nigel Beeke

Ravensbourne, Crows Nest, and Bunya Mountains National Parks are all located around Toowoomba. The first two are suitable for day trips from Brisbane, but a worthwhile visit to the Bunya Mountains would require at least a week-end trip. All are worth visiting, although scope for serious bushwalking only really exists at the Bunya Mountains.

RAVENSBOURNE

Access to Ravensbourne can be made from two directions, either via Esk or via Toowoomba. From Brisbane the route through Esk would be the quicker (about 2 hrs). The park itself lies a few kilometers to the east of Ravensbourne and is well signposted.

Being of small size (100 ha), the whole park can be seen in half a day. About seven miles of graded tracks exist - traversing through rainforest, wet sclerophyll and open forest. The main points of interest in this pleasant, though certainly not spectacular park, are a series of caves on one of the tracks, an abundance of paddymelons, and a beautifully kept look-out area. The look-out is reminiscent of the camping area at O'Reillys - grassy and with paddymelons foraging around the forest edge. There is quite a good view - east to Brisbane and Flinders Peak, and south to the Main Range and Mt Barney.

CROWS NEST

Crows Nest Falls Park (236 ha) is also about a two hour drive from Brisbane. The access road (signposted) is on the southern edge of Crows Nest township, the Park being only a few miles out of town.

In contrast to the relatively unvisited peacefulness of Ravensbourne, the Crows Nest Park tends to be well visited. However, the park is pleasant enough to visit in any off-peak period (i.e. mid-week). Again, the whole park can be seen in half a day - only 4 miles of graded track exists. The granite country provides many interesting pools, falls and cascades, as well as the gorge named 'Valley of Diamonds'. This gorge is 120 m deep, but unfortunately only continues in this form for perhaps a mile. The track stops at the top of this - a trip down into the gorge may certainly be rewarding.

BUNYA MOUNTAINS

Introduction

The Bunya Mountains National Park lies to the north of Toowoomba, about 160 miles by road from Brisbane. Access is gained via Toowoomba - Oakey - Jondaryan. The drive takes 3½ - 4 hours.

The park is one of the largest in South East Queensland (11,610 ha), which compares favourably with Lamington's 19,700 ha. Furthermore, the park has only about 19 miles of graded track, compared with Lamington's ninety odd. However, it is not the paradise for the wilderness walker that these figures would seem to indicate. This is mainly due to the fact that a bitumen road, running along the crest of the range, divides the park neatly in two. Furthermore, the mountains consist basically of a main range with ridges running down into plains in the east and west, in contrast to Lamington's often confusing series of ranges running in various directions. However, this does not detract from the overall beauty of the place.

Maps

The Forestry Department has both a 1:25000 and a 1:50000 sheet (Mowbullan), uncontoured and with errors in the naming of look-outs. A tourist track map is obtainable from the ranger - with look-outs correctly named. At the time of writing the only Military map available was a 1:250000 - obviously useless for bushwalking purposes.

Camping

Camping facilities exist at two spots within the park. Dandabah is the main centre, with a ranger station, kiosk and hot showers. Koonawarra, a few miles to the north, just has the basic facilities. Thus, it is to be preferred (to my way of thinking), since you are much more likely to have the area to yourself. Plus you get a view to the east from Koonawarra. Of course, there is nothing to prevent the bushie from camping on one of the 'plains' or 'balds' dotted throughout the park. Incidently, the prepared camping areas tend to get booked out at peak periods throughout the year (e.g. Easter).

The Park

There is a great variety of vegetation at the Bunyas. Of course, there are the famous Bunya Pines, plus Hoop Pines, rainforest, open forest and grassland. Vegetation tends to be of a drier nature on the western side of the range - most of the pines being confined to the east. However, scattered everywhere throughout the park are natural grassy clearings called 'plains' or 'balds'. Another interesting feature of the park's vegetation is the abruptness of change - you can walk from rainforest to grassland in a matter of feet, with no intermediate type of surroundings. Incidently, you can distinguish Bunya Pines from Hoop Pines at a great distance, due to the Bunya's rounded crest.

The highest mountain in the park is Mt Kiangarow (1135 m), the second highest (not quite in the park) is Mt Mowbullan (1101 m). Thus, the Bunyas are almost as high as Lamington. Consequently, winter weather tends to be very cold, and even summer weather can tend to be cool. Views are quite good - over the vast, flat expanse of the Darling Downs on the west, and over the coastal plain to the Blackbutt Ranges on the east.

On the eastern side of the road, there is about 8 miles of graded track -less than a day's walk. The highlights of this section of track include the aptly named Big Falls (122 m). On the western side there is 11 miles of track - a good day's walking. However, to do all the western tracks in one walk may involve up to a 4½ mile walk along the road, if you haven't transport waiting at the end - since the tracks on this side don't return to their starting point.

At least one short excursion off the graded track is well worthwhile. About 200 yards to the north of where the Valley View Look-out track joins the lower Wescot track, a track worn by usage branches off to the west. By following this well-worn path for a few hundred yards down a steep slope and along the foot of a cliff face, you will come to a series of caves. The largest is a cavern similar in size and shape to the Kweebani Cave near Binna Burra. This is the largest cave in the park.

Thus, it can be seen that the Bunya Mountains National Park is an interesting place to visit; well worth the weekend that would be involved in seeing all of the tracked areas in the park.

One last word: If you're driving around the park at dusk, beware of Roos - the place is alive with them!

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I HAVE A DREAM

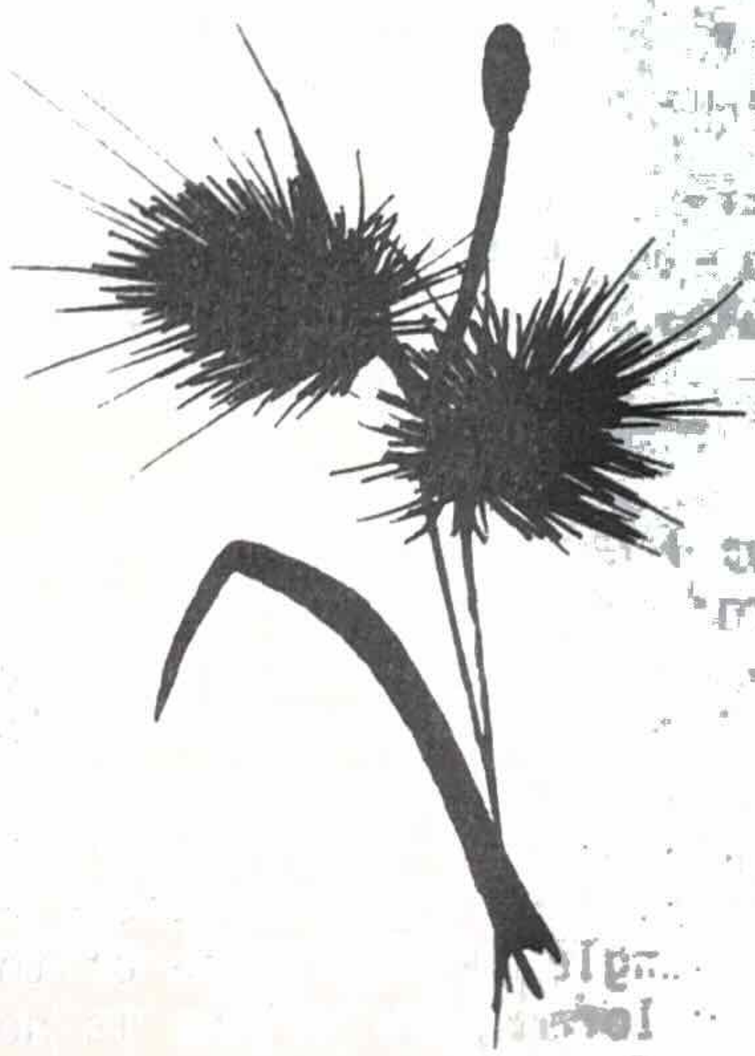
I have a dream about wilderness. I hope and pray that those who wish to destroy the wilderness will see and understand the value of the wild before it is too late. Perhaps they will then think of preserving some of the mountains for man himself; for if we do nothing, what will be left for our children? Certainly, the reduction of the wilderness has been a good thing, but its extermination would be a very bad one. Is not wilderness a legitimate land use? Of what benefit is technology and development without some escape, some refuge, some relief from the steel and concrete traps of our cities?

Many people condone, or are apathetic about, the snipping away of our few remaining wilderness areas. I dream that they will cease to deem the users of the wilderness to be small in number and therefore socially unimportant. Has not the very value of the wilderness experience much to do with anonymity and solitude? Are we, the users of the wilderness, any less important because we are not crowded together on a single mountain top? Hopefully, these people will heed the warning of I.G. Simmons:-

> *"Even for people who do not use it, the wilderness has a function. It is simply there - they may come to its edge and look into it, or they may hear about it or simply know it is there. If it vanishes all men are diminished."*

I have this dream.

Nigel Beeke



THE KOKODA TRAIL

by William Paul

The Kokoda Trail presents bushwalkers with something very different from the popular Tassie or N.Z. trips. The trail winds its way through mountainous country in Papua New Guinea (P.N.G.) where the natives still live an almost subsistance lifestyle. This, I think, sets the Kokoda Trail apart from the usual haunts of the Uni Bushies.

The trail is administered by the P.N.G. National Parks Service from whom maps and a route guide can be obtained. Also Civil Defence in Port Moresby need to be notified of your intention to walk.

The Kokoda Trail starts at Ower's Corner, which is as far as the road goes and is about 30 miles from Port Moresby. The trail passes through 94 kilometres of mountainous jungle terrain to Kokoda from where there is a road leading to the coast. Although the trail does not climb very high by P.N.G. standards (the highest point on the walk is 2050 m (6700 ft) at Bellamy Gap), the difficulty comes from continually climbing up and down 500 metres at a time, over steep jungle ridges. Since the trail winds its way through jungle for the most part, it does not provide many views. However one advantage is that it is much cooler in the jungle than out of it. While we went in winter (July) which is also the dry season, it felt awfully like summer to us and we must have each drunk at least 4 or 5 litres of water a day. We took heaps of glucose tablets too, which helped.

The track is signposted most of the way and is generally quite distinct, being about 2 m wide in many places. Our party struck difficulty around the villages where there was often more than one track heading off, and in the Kuni grass, where the track all but disappeared. However by asking the local natives we generally kept on the straight and hilly.

Most of the villages along the trail have thatched rest huts, for the use of walkers. Also there are lean-to shelters in between villages, some of which are native built out of natural materials and some which are corregated iron, courtesy of the National Parks. Needless to say we did not use our tents on the entire trip (but then it didn't rain).

Our party, which consisted of five blokes, (could not con any females into coming - how slack!) chartered a plane which flew us into Kokoda, from where we took 5½ days to walk back to Ower's Corner. Initially the track heads up the Iora Creek valley to Bellamy Gap. The trail follows rather steep and narrow jungle ridges on which old weapon pits can still be seen. On a lean-to at Templeton's No. 2 Crossing was an old rusted-out Aussie tin-hat - the only relic of the war we came across. However there are probably other left-overs of the war in the jungle on each side of the trail, if you are prepared to go searching. The Iora Creek valley is not heavily populated which probably explains why we found more signs of the past war there, than anywhere else on the trail.

After crossing Iora Creek at Templeton's Crossing and slogging up and over Bellamy Gap, we crossed into the more populated central region of the trail. Here there are many picturesque villages consisting mostly of thatched huts. Just before entering Kagi, we came across the villagers preparing their new gardens. They had cleared an area on the hillside by "slash and burn" methods and Phil, who was in the lead, gave the natives a fright as he came around the bend (well he is 6'6" and the natives are a whole lot shorter). The women picked up their kids and ran shrieking down the track. Generally however the natives were very friendly and we bought sugar cane, paw-paw, bananas and mandarines from them to supplement our diet. Perhaps the best village on the whole trail is EFOGI 1. It has a good rest hut and heaps of mandarines. Each family owns a few trees and once a year they charter a plane to fly a load to Port Moresby, to sell in the markets. So much for primitive natives!

At some of the villages there are local stores, but be warned, in spite of the Coke and Fanta signs, they only sell tinned fish, rice, sugar, etc. Also, there are landing strips at Kargi, Efogi 1, Menari and Naoro. Some of these have to be seen to be believed. At Kagi, the planes land on a very short uphill slope, and when taking off there is a rather steep drop at the end of the runway (a few hundred metres!). These airstrips are serviced once a week from Port Moresby so you can abort your trip half way (as a party of 12 Danes did when we were there), or obtain fresh supplies.

Moving south from Naoro, the populated central region is left behind. The track out of Naoro is real Kokoda Trail stuff. It follows a ridge that climbs 600 metres in about 2-5 map kilometres, and has between 9 and 12 false crests on it (depending on what sort of condition your mind is in to count them). But take heart, there is a sign to tell you when you have reached the top. Of course, from the top you simply drop off down to the next creek only to face another uphill climb.

This section of the track contains some interesting and challenging walking. At one point the trail follows the Ua Ule Creek bed for a kilometre before going up and over Imita Ridge. The map states "the trail goes down the Golden Stairs to Uberi Village and the Goldie River. The Golden Stairs received their name during the war when the army put in log stairs to help soldiers get up to Imita Ridge. However, these have long since rotted away and we could not find any trace of them.

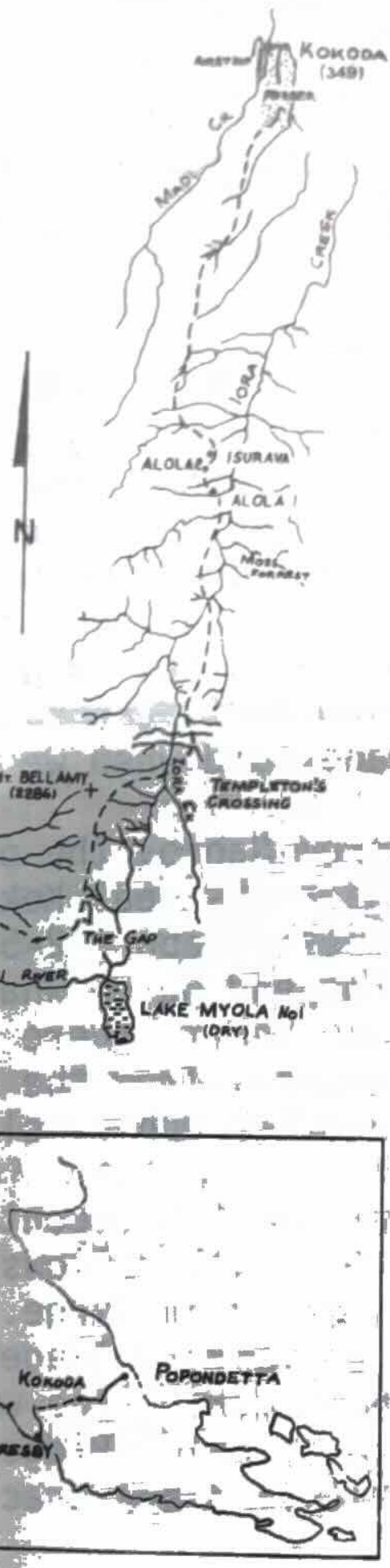
From the Goldie River it is a short hour's walk up to Ower's Corner and the end of the trail. The party reached the end with mixed feelings. On one hand we needed new clothes before the ones we were wearing fell to pieces from being saturated with sweat for 5½ days but then there was the sense of anti-climax of reaching the end of a trip. Next time I will take longer and spend more time in the villages meeting people.

THE KOKODA TRAIL

KOKODA - ISURAVA	6 HR	45 M
ISURAVA - ALOLA		35 M
ALOLA - KAGI	12 HR	50 M
KAGI - EFOGI 2	1 HR	40 M
EFOGI 2 - EFOGI 1		20 M
EFOGI 1 - MENARI	3 HR	00 M
MENARI - NAORO	3 HR	15 M
NAORO - IORIBAIWA	5 HR	40 M
IORIBAIWA - UBERI	4 HR	30 M
UBERI - OWER'S CORNER		45 M

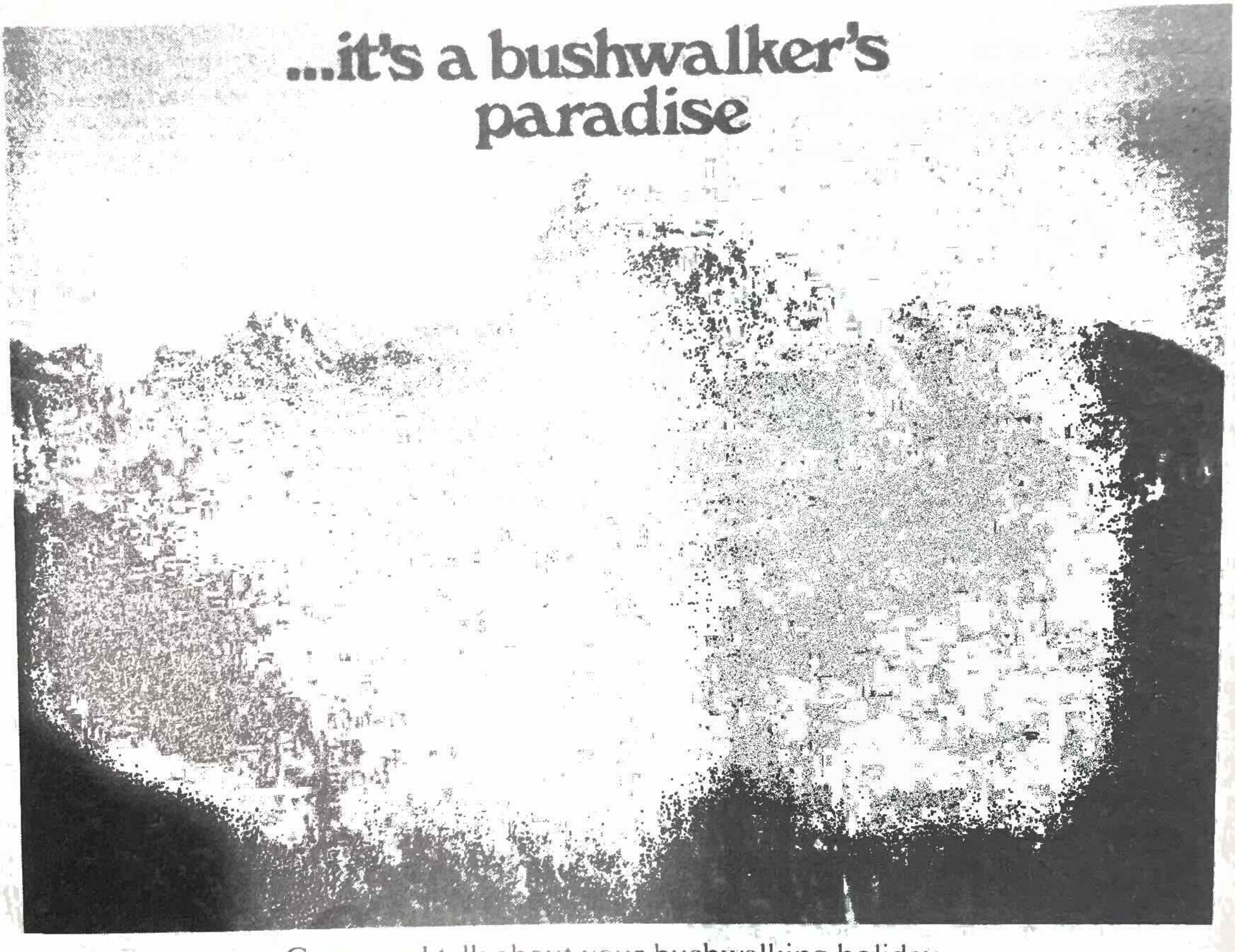
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JOURNEY IN TIME

by Reg Pollitt

A subtle light filtered through the darkened leaves imparting a haunting feeling to the early morning forest. Softly the wind was heard to whisper through the overhanging branches, while small birds were vaguely seen to flit amongst the warm decaying branches on the shadowy forest floor.

A sensuous warmth pervaded his whole body as he lay there gazing through the haze of undefined feelings. He had often wondered just why he had embarked on such a journey alone, was it some atavistic calling to the bush, or was it more simply a feeling of alienation from society, a mutual rejection? Or did the existing social structure really know that he even existed at all. He rather suspected that his last supposition was more correct. Lying here he certainly felt that it was so.

The pain was only vague now, suppressed as his feelings were towards her, and yet they always had been, perhaps like the pain he never thought was real. There was a time, where after a long climb he had stood by the cliff edge gazing at the luxurious growth far below, when she had embraced him. Yes. Through the dead pain it came back to him. The feeling of warmth and love suddenly overcame him and his mind was thrown back through the years until time was telescoped almost completely. The mountains were there again, sharp and clean before his minds eye, the snow was crisp, the air heavy with the scent of rhododendrons.

It was there that he had spent many happy days trekking and photographing. There the image recreated in time was of a little Nepalese girl who was so shy and yet so keen to understand ... which was quite extraordinary for someone, who in the Western world, would be regarded as an illiterate peasant. Ah! Those sad creatures - how could they hope to understand when they lacked the feeling and the warmth of this child.

They repaired the hole in the earthenware pitcher with a twig, and both smiled at the result. The game, the name of which he never did find out, continued to the merriment of her brothers. It was played with cylindrical pieces of wood, which had a groove encircling the block just above a conically tapered section. A thin leather strap which was affixed to a handle, was wound around the groove. The first player flung his top to the ground, while his opponent's objective was to topple the spin of the first top, with that of his own. The game continued on into the afternoon amongst the dust and pieces of seed, which strange pecking hens would snatch up surreptitiously.

Guttural sounds were heard and the old man emerged from the hut, his lazarine appearance suddenly warmed in the glory of the afternoon sun. Yes. It was great to be alive, and this man knew perhaps more about it, despite his somewhat lugubrious aspect.

Years before the old man's wife had died - they had met and a strange friendship had grown, which was consolidated on subsequent visits to the high country. The empyrean world had always attracted him, an Olympian world perhaps, certainly a world removed from the coldness and alienation of the cities. Cities, yes, far away, like the pain, the ache in his crushed leg. The old man's face returns to him and he bathes in the benign light of his love. The girl, the old man's granddaughter, serenely carries her pitcher, which is suspended from the dark plaited leather band which she balances on her forehead. She moves before him now in the nebulous haze of his lingering thoughts.

Here reality returns sharply as another spasm of pain shoots up to his clouded brain. Overhead the day unfolds, the azure sky bathing the wounded forest, a forest of hidden pain and anguish, for he knows that he is a long way from assistance. Foolish ... Yes! Although he knew that before he undertook the journey.

Journey ... It seemed more like an eternity in time as more visions sought refuge in his brain. From a distance he could hear the muted thunder of the falls, where days ago he had slipped with that horrible rock mangling his former muscular leg, now lying useless. His thoughts ran to the anaerobic bacilli multiplying within the leg, and the futile situation in which he found himself. "Enough!", he exclaimed, as he saw the lively rays of sunlight cut sharply through the foliage now, as the sun rose to its zenith.

Its vitality reminded him of her again; his mind formed pictures of her smiling face against a huge backdrop of trees. Yes, they were both in love with the trees and had made many walks together. Both had an affinity with the bush, a deep love. And now towards the late afternoon he lay in anguish with the overpowering realization that now all was past. The feeling of the mountain was lost to him, the little Nepalese girl whose eyes so reminded him of her, whose love was so ephemeral had passed beyond time, just as her image was now fading.

The forest now grew dark with only a faint wind ruffling the tent. The trees stood like monuments frowning down enveloping the scene. A sound was heard as he rolled over, the alarm had been ringing for five minutes and now it was time for action since he was going walking that day. They called for him, shortly after, and as he sank back into the car seat he exclaimed, "I had quite an extraordinary dream last night". The others only laughed as the car sped off through the early morning mists.

Save a piece of country like that intact and it does not matter in the slightest that only a few people every year will go into it. That is precisely its value. Roads would be a desecration, crowds would ruin it ...

Wallace Stegner

HINCHINBROOK JULY '78

by David Bayliss

INTRODUCTION

Hinchinbrook Island, that small piece of paradise 1500km north of Brisbane, was again the destination of a pious pilgrimage in 1978. Since we had heard "rumours" of persistent foul weather on the mountain tops of that magic isle, the keynote of our planning for the trip was "flexibility" - flexibility in routes taken, in waiting for fine weather, in abandoning mountain attempts, and in composition of parties. In looking back over the trip and comparing the actuality with the plan, I realize that the success of the trip was not due so much to "flexibility" but more to magic or luck. As evidence of the metamorphosis wrought in the minds of the pilgrims, I can say only that verbal, analytic concepts like flexibility, plans, and goals soon faded into functional unawareness and that the keynote of our stay was really a little song that goes, "In a cottage in a wood ...". (ask for a demo sometime) The true meaning of the Hinchinbrook experience is ineffable and it is the hope of this article both to encourage people to go and also to help them enjoy themselves a little more while there.

THIS TRIP

What we did this time:-

Despite boat engine troubles in Cardwell we were on Big Ramsay Beach by late morning. As usual the Bowen massif was in heavy cloud but the "hards", a group of five rather unfit people, decided to start on a Bowen traverse anyway. After lunch we headed up the creek running into Gold Beach and camped in a fine spot in a saddle on Pineapple Ridge at 231 725. (References are to the Cardwell 1:100 000 map) Meanwhile, the remaining nine unfit members of the trip, hereinafter referred to as the "mongrels", decided to move slowly along the coast to Zoe Bay.

Our second day dawned beautifully fine and clear and so the hards decided to head for the top. We made good progress on Pineapple Ridge and admired some magnificent rock formations along the way. On one knob where we stopped for a view, an apparently stable 1.5 m diameter boulder decided to fall and nearly wiped out two members of our party. Very interesting! We stopped for lunch and water at Casuarina Saddle (219 717) and then went through an incredible scunge bash up some cliffs to the saddle between the Wart and North Peak. From here it was a quick contour around to our campsite at the Bowen-North saddle.

Amazingly enough, our third day also dawned beautifully fine and clear! The fine weather traverse of Bowen was on! From the camp to the top of Bowen was about three hours moderate walking. In our two hours on the summit, we boiled the billy, ate lunch, admired the views, admired the views, admired

the views ... We then headed off to camp at the Thumb Saddle which was reached after quite a bit of navigational fooling around and some pretty thick scunge. The view from a rock slab just S.E. of South Peak (229 697) was quite fantastic. On this day, several of the mongrels attempted Bowen as a day trip from Little Ramsay Bay by following the creek which rises at the Bowen-North Saddle. But for some completely typical navigational bungling on the part of a person who shall remain nameless, the mongrels probably would have succeeded in this audacious venture.

Although Thumb Saddle is a delightful campsite, our pleasure in this spot was somewhat marred by the lower alimentary productions of another nameless person. (For your own protection, find out who by sending S.A.S.E. with $50 to the author.) Needless to say, now that we had traversed Bowen, our fourth day was cloudy. Nevertheless our views from the top of the Thumb were superb and we were able to restore to this point a 600 g crystal memento of an early U.Q.B.W.C. trip. We then had a slack day down Zoe-Thumb Creek to camp on an island in Zoe Creek just upstream from its junction with Zoe-Thumb Creek.

On our fifth day (again cloudy) we wandered down Zoe Creek, swam the estuary, and made camp at the southern end of Zoe Bay. Late in the evening the mongrels arrived from Little Ramsay Bay after some completely typical navigational bungling by ... etc.

The next two cloudy days were spent at Zoe Bay during the annual southern hemisphere sandfly convention. Even at the swimming hole some 1,000 m inland there was no escape from the brutes. Some vicious hockey games were played on the beach to while away the time.

On the eighth day, goaded by the sandflies, we managed to convince ourselves that the weather was improving and that the time was ripe for a two-day trip to Mt Diamantina and back. So we set off in the rain for the north shoulder of Diamantina (756 m at 260 630) via the ridge that runs S.W. to the shoulder from the creek junction at 280 640 upstream from the waterfall. About half way up this ridge we were wondering whether to turn back in the rain (we had already seen a lightning-fast group of the mongrels retreat from their one day attempt) when a patch of blue sky appeared and the sun shone through for several minutes. It was definitely an omen. So the hards pushed on over the shoulder and camped in the saddle at 258 628. By now the weather was definitely clearing and we were treated to some beautiful, misty-cloud-around-mountain effects.

Naturally enough, the next day (the ninth) was fine and we wandered up the summit of Diamantina to the Butterbox with splendid views in all directions. After making suitable incantations and sacrifices to Huey for the clear weather, and writing entries in the log book, we started to descend and met the mongrels making their second attempt on Diamantina. By following in the path made by the hards they were able to ascend and descend the mountain in record time. That night we camped at Zoe waterfall away from the main mass of sandflies.

On the following days, mostly cloudy, the hards wandered northwards along the beaches to Big Ramsay Bay, stopping on the way at Little Ramsay Bay and Nina Bay. The hards and the mongrels spent a night together at Little Ramsay. For a really freaky swim we can recommend the lagoon immediately west of Little Ramsay campsite; the top 30cm of water was fresh and really cold while the remaining 60cm was salty and really hot. Woe betide anyone who disturbed the layers!

It was a highly satisfying and enjoyable trip - and the hards were certainly lucky with the weather. You should visit Hinchinbrook sometime.

Now for some practical points:-

WATER SUPPLY

As most other writers on Hinchinbrook mention the water supply, I shall continue in this tradition. A slurp tube is indeed essential for obtaining maximum benefit from slurp puddles by sucking and siphoning into bottles. We found a good puddle on Pineapple Peak which is not mentioned in other accounts. It is about half way up the summit rocks at the extreme S.W. end (i.e. towards the Wart).

Water is also available near Casuarina saddle but this saddle is the second, not the first, dip you come to as you travel from Pineapple Peak to the Wart. Water is reputedly available to the east of Casuarina saddle but we were halted here by massive cliffs. Consequently, we dropped N.W. from the saddle and found water in about 20 minutes.

At the Bowen-North saddle we dropped east for water and reached it in about 25 minutes. At the Thumb saddle, water was found by dropping south in only about 10 minutes at the base of cliffs rising up to the Thumb. On the Diamantina Shoulder we found water in the rainforest gully about 10 minutes east of the campsite. The only camp where we didn't obtain water was on Pineapple Ridge, but it is probably available if you head south from the campsite towards Nina Creek. Obviously, the amount and location of water will vary from time to time but we found Baker's (1975) and Stephenson's (1972) articles useful.

ROUTE-FINDING

We found Baker's (1975) article fairly accurate for travelling times but generally there was little sign of tracks forming over the Bowen traverse; the only exception was the steep climb from Bowen-North saddle up towards Bowen.

I would now like to add to the confusion surrounding two parts of the route. First, how to get from Casuarina saddle to the North-Wart saddle? A good way seems to be to head up the ridge towards the Wart until you reach a prominent rock formation on the west of the ridge. From here, contour south through very thick scunge to the gully on the north side of the North-Wart saddle and then proceed directly up the gully to the saddle.

Second, how to get from South Peak (229 697) to the Thumb Saddle (233 690)? In cloud, this is very difficult. A reasonable route seems to be to head S.E. along the crest of the range until you come to the east knob on the range which overlooks the Thumb Saddle. Don't climb this knob but instead drop straight down to the north for about 100m keeping bare rock slabs to your right, until you come to a tree-covered shelf. Once on this shelf, contour east to a horizontal slab which directly overlooks the saddle and which is about 20m above it. From this look-out point retrace your steps for about 20m and go down the gully that runs down northward. Descend this gully, keeping right where possible, until the rainforest is reached. Once in the rainforest, contour south about 70m to the saddle. Route finding should be easier in the reverse direction.

RUBBISH

There was a considerable amount of rubbish, mainly bottles and cans, at the southern end of Zoe beach and Zoe waterfall, as well as large quantities of plastic tape between Zoe estuary and Lost Property Beach. If you have room in your pack, do your bit and carry some of this rubbish back to civilisation. Don't forget to carry out all your own rubbish that you cannot completely incinerate.

BOATS

As boat charges to the island seem to be increasing rapidly, you will need to start organising your boat transport early if you are to find transport that is cheap, reliable, and convenient. Some possibly useful information concerning boats has been deposited with the U.Q.B.W.C. Outings Officer.

Obtaining a permit to camp from the National Parks and Wildlife Service is a good idea as the park now has permanent rangers.

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THE USE AND ABUSE OF WILDERNESS AREAS

by Mick Olsen

With ever-growing pressure falling on our remaining bushland areas, we must not lose sight of their need for care and respect lest they be irreparably damaged. There are many areas of our state forests which are just as aesthetically pleasing for the layman as an area of untouched forest. Although many of these areas have been and are being utilized, the resultant product can usually withstand fairly heavy human impact. Wilderness areas, on the other hand, are untouched areas of trackless land that show very little or no sign of human presence, past or present. They are vulnerable and their value is easily lost by even minimal human disturbance. The majority of people fully enjoy forest areas that have been utilized, as they don't recognise the changes caused by man's use. It takes a trained eye to detect the changes in species diversity and composition that occur in properly managed areas. Of course, with poor management, the vegetation can be so drastically altered as to change or destroy its integrity entirely.

Bushwalkers, perhaps moreso than the average person, have a special responsibility towards bushland areas because they venture into them more often than most people. This applies especially to wilderness areas. They must respect their sensitivities and care for them accordingly. For example, a campsite would not, or most definitely should not, be cleared in an area that shows little or no sign of human impact. An alternative site would be sought and then utilized by the party so that others, including themselves, can gain the same wilderness experience from the area. This applies equally well to indiscriminate placing of alfoil, etc., in fireplaces, or to discard orange peels, etc., which take considerable periods of time to degrade. This philosophy has been applied to several club activities over past years e.g. by limiting the numbers on trips in wilderness areas to reduce the impact, and by using lesser known routes in preference to heavily traversed routes.

The mentality of some of the earlier bushwalkers has been shown to be a little negligent in the sphere of retaining an area's integrity as a wilderness or remnant preservation area. This has resulted in some unfortunate attitudes being disseminated to us from our forebears still surviving today. These attitudes are harmful in today's world where bushland areas are more pressured from the public. Fortunately, over very recent times, a greater awareness prevails as to the fragile and delicate nature of these most vulnerable wilderness areas. People should therefore accept the responsibility themselves to determine an area's value, its assets and its fragility before they enter the area. So that others might gain most enjoyment from it, they should leave the area exactly as they found it.

Education is an essential part of this form of objective management of our wilderness areas. We, as users of these areas, should face and accept this responsibility so that we may help others come to enjoy and respect our few remaining wilderness areas. Above all, immense enjoyment is to be gained by traversing these wilderness areas and observing all that they have to offer. The fact that the wilderness areas are still intact, is quite often due to their rugged and inaccessible nature. Therefore, for a comfortable visit to these areas, experience in the basic skills of navigation and bushmanship are an essential prerequisite before a visit is planned. Some considerable experience in the bush is necessary and this is best gained through bushwalking clubs, where experienced people are willing to pass on their knowledge to new members. In this way, the greatest benefit can be gained from our wilderness. It also ensures that inexperienced people do not unwittingly damage an area. Often inexperienced people jeopardize their own safety as well as the safety of other people who may be required to help them out of a difficult situation.

With adequate planning, preparation and awareness of the area's sensitivities it is comforting and reassuring to know that if one revisits, or if others venture forth, the unchanged wilderness will be seen and appreciated. In this way, with careful use rather than abuse, our wilderness areas will be maintained and nurtured in their entirity not only for present generations but also for the future.



In wilderness is the preservation of the world.

Henry David Thoreau

IN ANTICIPATION OF ACQUAINTANCE

People the question lying before us
Is to rise above trivia and to see life truly
Our role is to add to the wonder
Of earth's backyard by our presence and
Joyous participation
A long and weary track
With only the comfort of contoured sand
At night
Sad expectations are allowed only
To add to the reality of life
But take heart for this is our
Freedom and we can grow strong
In it
A long and weary journey
For body and soul
With only dehy and beans to keep them
Together
We will walk for days of creation
And new life will come
A new dimension added to being
Still and all pray for the fish to bite
An exercise in survival and
A challenge to do more
No homely comforts or conveniences
And the quality of the experience
Depending on your ingenuity
Thus we shall believe in natural superiority
Over those who travel in 4WD's
And be thankful for the lack of
Drinking ... and fraternizing.

David Jago

GNOORGANBIN

by Janine Banks

HOW ABOUT A WEEK ON MORETON?

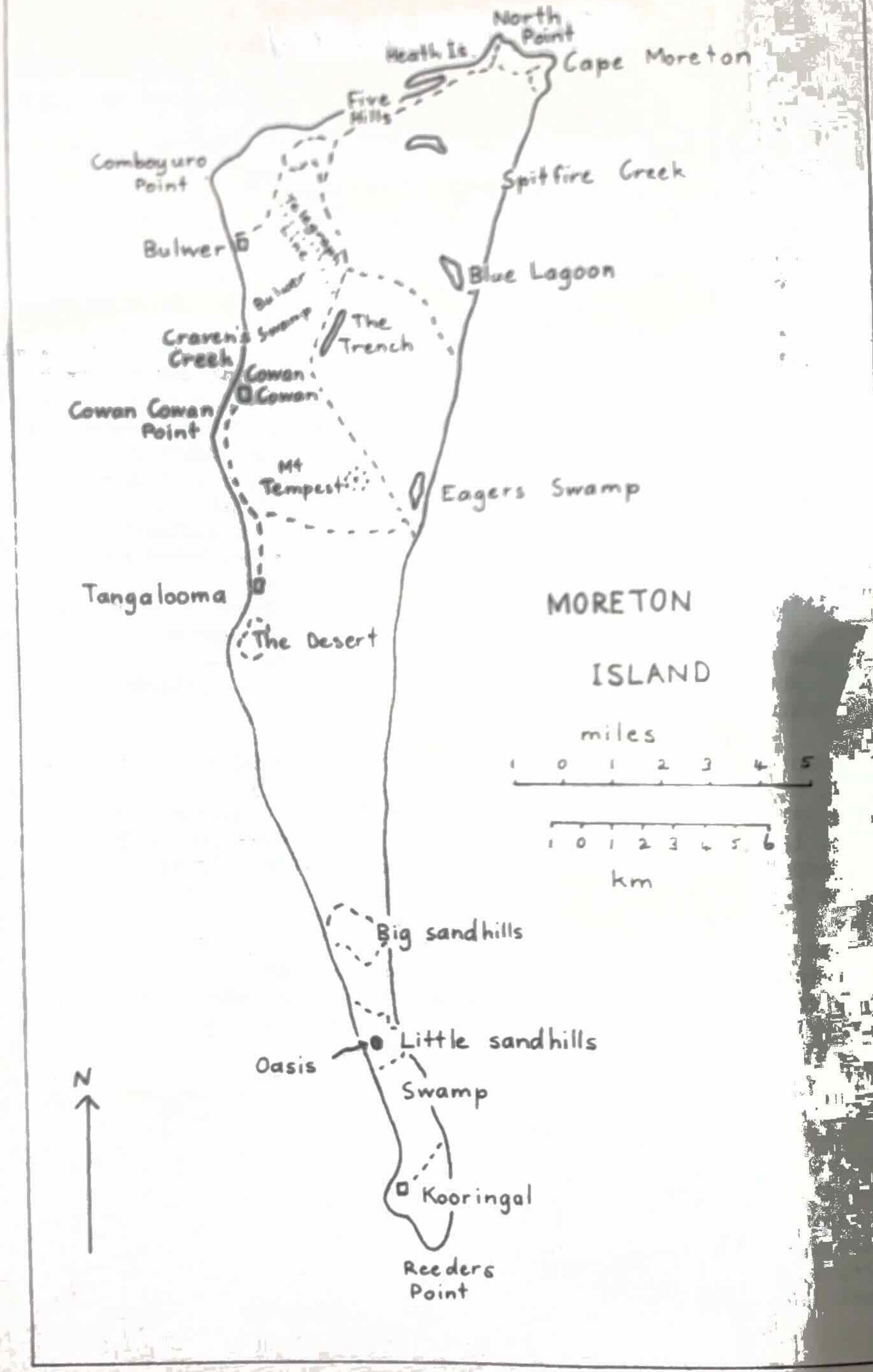
An island relatively neglected by the club these days seems to be our closest, Moreton Island. An annual freshers' trip to the southern section and the Big Sandhills seems to be the maximum interest shown in this beautiful wilderness area.

Despite its proximity to Brisbane, Moreton has remained until recently essentially wilderness due to its inaccessibility. In contrast to North Stradbroke and Fraser Islands, the numbers of vehicles and tourists were relatively few. This is rapidly changing. On weekends the beaches are places to stay away from to avoid being run down by intoxicated four-wheel drivers. Several local barge companies now run irregular and regular trips to the island, so lack of access is a problem of the past. This indiscriminate flood of vehicles is the most apparent problem, but another threat is lurking - the sand miners are moving in. It has been reported that they have already built barracks in preparation for the workers. Vast areas of this beautiful island are doomed unless conservationists can stop the Qld Government's "develop at all costs" mentality. So, if you want to see Moreton remain as it was, you had better visit it now, and start writing letters to your local member so that it will still be wilderness in the future - instead of another Gold Coast.

The best maps to use are the Queensland Topographic Survey 1:25 000 series Kooringal, Mt Tempest (Special), and Moreton (Special). These divide the island up into 3 sections form south to north. So, if you plan to leave the beach, take these and a compass. A lack of significant landmarks apart from Mt Tempest and Cape Moreton make navigation difficult as soon as one leaves the beach.

If you plan to move from the one spot, it is best not to go in Summer. Instead of Hinchinbrook in the mid-yearly break, why don't you try Moreton? It can be cold at night, but warm clothing is shed as soon as the sun comes up again. In August and September, the array of wildflowers are a big attraction. And if you can make it during the week, you'll see few other people apart from the few permanents, and the small but increasing number of squatter fishermen.

Depending on the amount of time available, your finances and your trip plan, there is the matter of transport to the island. There is a choice. A bi-weekly passenger ferry travels between Bulimba and Kooringal. This costs $8 return and concessions are available for large parties. Another passenger ferry servicing the resort of Tangalooma makes several regular crossings each week leaving from Hamilton. A one way trip costs $10, but free tea


North Point
Heath Is
Cape Moreton
Five Hills
Combayuro Point
Spitfire Creek
Bulwer
Blue Lagoon
The Trench
Craven's Creek
Cowan Cowan
Cowan Cowan Point
Mt Tempest
Eagers Swamp
Tangalooma
The Desert
MORETON ISLAND
miles
1 0 1 2 3 4 5
1 0 1 2 3 4 5 6
km
Big sandhills
Little sandhills
Oasis
Swamp
Kooringal
Reeders Point
N

and biscuits are part of the deal. If time is limited and you want to visit the northern sector, this boat could be your answer. Tangalooma is also serviced daily by a light plane costing $18 one way. Another alternative, and perhaps the best, is to have a friend with a boat who can drop you off wherever you please. If this is the case, I'd like an introduction please!

There are several possible trips for either weekends or longer periods of time. Weekends do restrict you to areas within a day of the boat. This means that from Kooringal, the best you could do would be the Big Sandhills. From Tangalooma, you could head south to the Big Sandhills, north to Cowan Cowan and Bulwer Swamp; or east to Mt Tempest and Eager's Swamp. The Desert is also easily accessible from here.

For a weekend trip from Kooringal, you will need water for Saturday's breakfast and lunch. Upon leaving the boat, a thirty minute walk along the road which crosses the island will bring you to the ocean beach, and several comfortable sleeping spots. The walk on Saturday is leisurely and can be broken to visit the swamp (abundant in bird life, ti-tree reflections, etc) and the Oasis, a seasonal freshwater lake area found in the Little Sandhills.

The Little Sandhills stretch right across the island and are an interesting feature in themselves. Driftwood of delicate shape and design carved by the wind and sand is to be found throughout. Huge flocks of white ibises, royal spoonbills, egrets and whimbrels are to be seen here.

Water is obtainable in the Big Sandhills from various springs and soaks, or an easily-dug well. Several sheltered camp spots are to be found amongst the groves of casuarinas, banksias and cypress pines. Unfortunately, quality firewood is difficult to obtain here, but the seed cones of the Banksia integrifolia make wonderful hot coals. The eerie sandhills can be climbed at night for a view of the bright lights of Brisbane.

The walk back to Kooringal on Sunday could be made on the bayside where numerous water birds collect as the tide recedes leaving sandflats, armies of soldier crabs and isolated pools filled with life. This is a superb place for bird watching as they feed from these pools. Some of the infinite variety include crested terns, lesser crested terns, pied oystercatchers, pied stilts, caspian terns, whimbrels, greenshanks, etc. As the mangroves take over the beach nearer Kooringal, the beach gives way to a road that winds through the cypress pines, banksias, tristanias, and lantana.

The walk from Tangalooma to the Big Sandhills is impossible at high tide due to the steep sandhills encroaching on the beach and the tangle of fallen timber at their base. Care must be taken to plan this walk at the right time of day. Water must be carried also, as attempts to find a stream marked on our maps have failed. Birds seen along this quiet stretch include an Osprey, forest and azure kingfishers, spurwing plovers, and beach stone curlews.

This walk takes 2½-3 hours so there would be time for a brief visit to the Desert. This is located about 3/4 mile south from Tangalooma jetty just behind the first row of hills. Two leadlights mark a track leading into it. The Desert is an area of white sand and wind-blown formations with a sharp sand ridge crossing its centre. A small swamp separates it into two parts. A road leaves from the eastern side of the Desert and winds back to Tangalooma.

The walk from Tangalooma across the island to Eager's Swamp and Creek takes 1½-2 hours. The road leaves from the southern end of Tangalooma or about 2 miles north of Tangalooma. Mistletoe birds and a variety of honeyeaters are common in this area. There are some good camping spots near Eagers Creek, the largest creek on the island, but due to its popularity firewood isn't always easy to find. Wild horses tend to come around the campsites after dusk and early in the morning.

Mt Tempest is to be seen directly behind Eager's Swamp. The track to Tempest leaves the Tangalooma-Eager's Swamp Road about 10 minutes from the ocean beach. This side-track appears to be very seldom used by vehicles, and both wild pigs and birds are to be seen aplenty. So far I have had no trouble with the pigs. Our noises and appearance seem to be enough to make them move on. There is much evidence of their destructive powers in this area as large patches of ground are uprooted all along this road.

The walk, from the fork where you leave the Tangalooma-Eager's Swamp Road, to the spot where you leave the road to 'climb' Tempest, takes about an hour. This 'spot' is very conspicuous as it is the only steep soft sandhill you will meet on this entire road. Rainbow bee-eaters seem to nest somewhere near here as several sightings have been made. There is only one way to go when you leave the top of this hill on the left-hand side - and that is up Mt Tempest. Within an hour you will be standing next to the beacon on the highest reputed sandhill in the world. The panorama of the whole east coast is spread before you. Unfortunately, a ridge that includes Storm Mountain which is only 6 metres lower than Tempest blocks most of the view west to the bay. But the view north, south and east compensate for this. It is interesting to note from this vantage point the vast network of roads the sandmining surveyors left behind them. Patches of blue can be seen here and there revealing the many freshwater lakes in the north-east sector.

The walk between Eagers Creek and the Big Sandhills always seems to take a long time. I find that about 5 hours must be allowed (including lunch). There are no creeks along this stretch but a small soak on the beach about half way has been noted on the last two visits. It is advisable to have at least enough water for lunch for this trip. There are several large midden heaps along this part of the coastline revealing the centuries that the island supported an aboriginal population. Various artifacts can be found in different parts of the island.

Moreton Island has several old army installations. Some bunkers and pill boxes can be seen near the Sandhill end of this walk. With the beach

erosion, one or two have even collapsed down on to the sand.

The walk from Tangalooma to Cowan Cowan takes a little over an hour. There is a camping spot about a third of the way at Cowan Creek, the southern tip of the Bulwer Swamp. This is about 5 minutes north of the point where the Tangalooma-Eagers Creek Road comes out onto the beach. The airport that serves Tangalooma is to be found a few minutes inland from Cowan Cowan Point. The Point is marked by two gaudy beacons. These now stand to replace the old wooden lighthouse that was burnt down a couple of years ago by some careless youths. Some rusty wire and crumbling bricks are all that remain of this historical building.

About one hundred yards in from the beach along the stretch between Cowan Cowan Point and Cowan Cowan township, there are several war-time bunkers full of moths and bats. Take a torch as these are interesting to explore.

Cowan Cowan township is marked by a signal tower now in disuse, but housing the large shell collection of Jessie Wodsworth. The oldest inhabitants of the island, Jessie and Harry Wodsworth, live just behind the tower. Harry was lighthouse keeper for many years and Jessie was born on the island. A canon situated on top of a large bunker with a maze of corridors and doors stands guard over the town.

Half an hour north of Cowan Cowan is Craven's Creek, another pleasant camping spot. Permanent freshwater is available here fed by the Bulwer Swamp. A narrow belt of sand, eucalypts and casuarinas separate the beach from the Bulwer Swamp which stretches from Bulwer to south of Cowan Cowan.

It takes over an hour to walk from Craven's Creek to the Bulwer wrecks. Bulwer township is situated a little back from the beach. Permission should be gained to obtain full water bottles here as natural supplies are not readily available in this area. Tank water is therefore your best bet. The road leading inland from Bulwer follows a narrow neck of higher ground bordered on both sides by the swamp. Unfortunately water seems to be particularly difficult to obtain from this swamp due to the closed-heath vegetation type. Probably the best idea would be to camp as close as possible to the Bulwer settlement. About a mile past the township, at the eastern edge of the swamp, a relatively unused track leads off to the south. I have camped along this track and procured water from a trampled horse track through the swamp - but this is not to be recommended.

It is possible to make a trip to the Trench from this area. The track at the back of the swamp follows an old telegraph line that is marked on the recommended topographic map, and isn't too difficult to follow. Although the line has fallen into disuse and disrepair, most of the 15 feet high metal poles are still standing. The track peters out after a short while, and the telegraph line heads south-east up over the ridge bordering the swamp. A map and compass are fairly essential in this area. Fire has ripped through here and the regrowth of vegetation tends to cut down on visibility. It is thus a good idea to take a bearing from the first ridge where

it is still possible to ascertain your position. The telegraph poles are situated every few hundred yards. If you want to get away from everybody else on the island, this walk is a must. I guarantee you won't see a soul. Views of the northern sector can be obtained from the highest point along this route. The telegraph line eventually meets with a road running in a north-south direction. A half hour's walk south along this road will bring you to a melaleuca swamp on the western side of the road. About one hundred yards to the east of the road is the edge of the Trench, the only rainforest area on the island. The lush growth of staghorns, ferns, mosses and prickly vines amongst some of the largest trees growing on Moreton add an extra dimension to this sand island.

An alternative return route to make this a round trip is to follow the road towards the Five Hills then veer west towards Bulwer again. This takes approximately two and a half hours.

An alternative route to the Trench is by way of the road running past the base of Mt Tempest. Lack of water renders camping close by the Trench virtually impossible. From Eagers Creek to the Trench takes about 3 hours so a full day would be required if you were returning to a base camp. During spring this track becomes a colourful garden ablaze with a variety of wildflowers. Masses of bush irises form a purple carpet beneath pink boronias, acacias, bush peas, banksias and many others. These flowers attract a variety of honeyeaters as well as many other birds.

If you set out very early in the morning, you could make this walk a very long round day trip. After leaving the Trench, head north until a prominent fork in the road means you must head either east or west. The road east veers south again and takes you past Blue Lagoon, a beautiful freshwater lake only ten minutes from the ocean beach. From Blue Lagoon back to Eagers Creek takes about two hours.

It is possible to walk to Blue Lagoon from the ocean beach via a sandblow. In fact, there is now a regular pot-holed four-wheel drive track into the lake. This is about 10 minutes further north of the track that comes from the centre of the island.

A full day must be allowed for the walk from Bulwer across the top of the island to North Point or the Cape. The hot, dry, dusty road winds through some of the most unattractive country on the island. Low scrubby heath, with xanthorrhoea spears prominent, stretches for miles around. A filled water bottle is vital. The stunted vegetation means that it is even difficult to locate a shady lunch spot. A track leaving this main road climbs one of the Five Hills, thus affording a view of the northern sector of the island as well as Heath Island and the sandflats between there and Comboyuro Point. Another side track a few miles further on leads down to this northern beach. From here it is about three quarters of an hour past Yellow Patch and a settlement of squatter fishermen to North Point. Pelicans are numerous here due probably to fish scraps provided by the fishermen.

A small, white unmanned lighthouse is situated at North Point. Camping is not permitted out on the Point due to the damage to the trees surrounding and protecting the lighthouse by campers chopping firewood. But there are several spots just behind the Point that are quite adequate. Water is available from tiny streams trickling down the cliffs into the rocky bays east of North Point. Australasian gannets perform their spectacular dives for fish just off the Point. This northern corner of the island seems to support a large number of various raptores including Brahminy kites, Whistling kites, Crested hawks and others. In this area of the island from North Point to Cape Moreton is found the only hard rock. These rocky cliffs are ideal nesting places for these birds.

Other 'rock' outcrops occur as concretions of the coloured sands. This 'beach rock' found along the ocean beach between Blue Lagoon and the Big Sandhills is periodically exposed by sea erosion of the ocean coast.

The Cape Moreton lighthouse is less than an hour from North Point. A couple of families live here maintaining this historic lighthouse. Their food supplies are dropped by helicopter. This lighthouse was built in 1857 by prison labour. The sandstone blocks were quarried five hundred yards down the hill towards North Point, leaving a permanent scar on the hillside. Excellent views of the island are available from the Cape. The network of swamps and perched lakes, 'apparently a rare phenomenon on a world scale'+ of the north east lakes district, can be seen glistening blue amongst the sandhills and vegetation.

Another good camping spot between the Cape and Blue Lagoon is Spitfire Creek. A large shallow freshwater lagoon sporting water-lilies is to be found amongst the foredunes. A stream crosses the beach so it is fairly easy to locate. Firewood is a little scarce but if you scrounge around there's usually enough. Flocks of white-breasted wood-swallows have been sighted here. Blue Lagoon is a little over an hour from here.

Another interesting walk to fill in an afternoon if you are at the southern end is to stick to the beach and walk down the ocean side, around Reeder's Point, then north again to Kooringal. Squatters' huts tend to marr the landscape a little but the birds, driftwood and water life tend to compensate for this.

We've now almost circumnavigated the island and made several forays into the interior. This should encourage you to explore some of this beautiful island yourselves. I'm sure the north-east lakes district would be a fascinating place to spend some time. As you can see, depending on the time available, there are a variety of trips you could make from one end of the island to the other. The author would be glad to answer any questions you have regarding Moreton Island.

+ Committee of Inquiry - Future Land Use: Moreton Island (1977)

There is an abundant variety of birds to be found on Moreton Island. A bird list has been published (see bibliography) but printed here is a list compiled by the author, Richard Watson and Billo Anderson during trips throughout a year.

Australian Pelican
Australian Gannet
Little Black Cormorant
Rainbow Lorikeet
Scaly-breasted Lorikeet
Boobook Owl
Reef Heron
Jabiru
Royal Spoonbill
Welcome Swallow
Tree Martin
Crested Hawk
Brown Thornbill
Rufous Whistler
Golden Whistler
Rufous Fantail
Grey Fantail
Willy Wagtail
Greenshank
Caspian Tern
Mistletoe Bird
Olive-backed Oriole
Crow
Crested Tern
Little Pied Cormorant
Green-winged Pigeon
White-necked Heron
Pallid Cuckoo
Plumed Egret
Laughing Kookaburra
White Ibis
Straw-necked Ibis
Black Duck
Osprey
Brahminy Kite
Whistling Kite
Swamphen
Satin Flycatcher
Spur-winged Plover
Pied Stilt
Whimbrel
Silver Gull
Brown Honeyeater
Silvereye
Spangled Drongo
Lesser Crested Tern
Bar-shouldered Dove
Lesser Frigatebird
White-faced Heron
Mangrove Heron
Azure Kingfisher
Forest Kingfisher
Sacred Kingfisher
Rainbow Bee-eater
Australian Pipit
Black-faced Cuckoo-shrike
Varied Triller
White-breasted Sea Eagle
Beach Stone Curlew
Pied Oyster Catcher
Red-capped Dotterel
Noisy Friarbird
Noisy Miner
Mangrove Honeyeater
White-cheeked Honeyeater
Scarlet Honeyeater
White-breasted Wood-swallow

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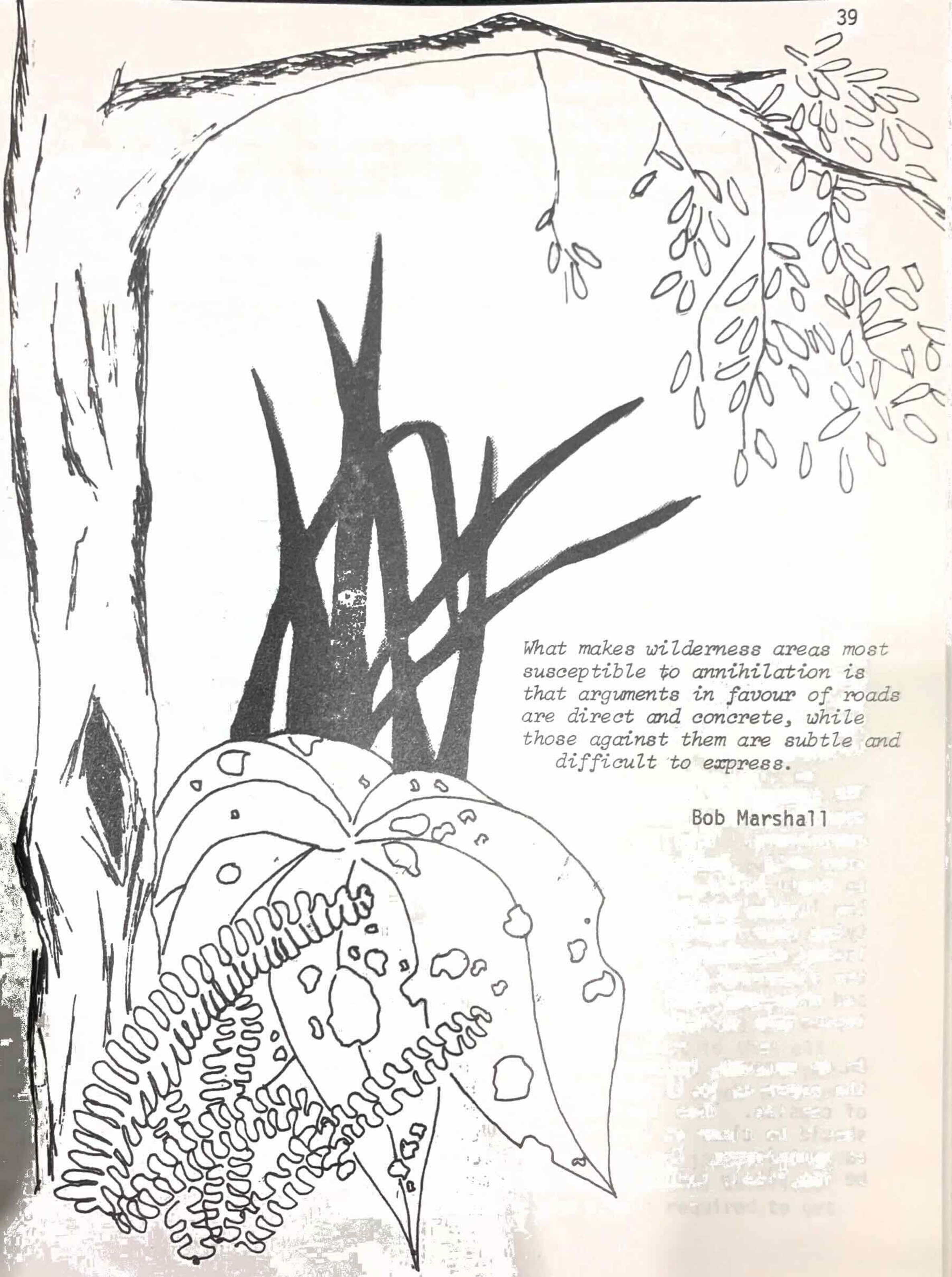
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What makes wilderness areas most susceptible to annihilation is that arguments in favour of roads are direct and concrete, while those against them are subtle and difficult to express.

Bob Marshall

CANOEING

by Peter Young

The simple title to this article betrays the subject. Like almost any activity these days, canoeing has its array of experts and many books are available which cover every aspect of the sport. This article attempts only to introduce the subject to the would be, or occasional canoeist.

Serious involvement in canoeing means expense. However, an early introduction at moderate cost can be achieved by hiring equipment. The choice of canoe is purely a personal one. Each type has its own characteristics and shortcomings under varying conditions. The open-style Canadian canoe is the easiest to master and the most versatile. A 16 footer can be hired for about $10 per day. This includes paddles, which of course are essential. The purchase price of such a unit would exceed $400 new, with second-hand models available at varying prices and quality. This canoe normally is for 2 people, plus baggage for up to 5. The heaviest person sits in the rear and is captain of the crew. Steering in most circumstances is done from this position. The canoe should be trimmed so as to sit a little down at the stern. Paddlers stroke on opposite sides to each other, with single bladed paddles. The paddle for you is chosen in the following manner. When standing erect the butt of the handle should be level with your chin when the blade is on the ground. If the paddle is not close to the correct length, choose another one as considerable difficulty will be experienced otherwise. The paddle should be grasped as close to the water as possible with the lower hand, and equal force used with both arms when stroking. Teamwork is important for the best results.

The storage of equipment, clothes, food, etc. should receive careful thought especially on a touring trip. Beer brewing drums make excellent watertight containers. They are sturdy, contain about 20 litres, and normally float very well. Bushwalking packs, on the other hand, are not recommended, due to their bulky and awkward nature. Packs will float but buoyancy approaches low levels in confused aerated water. Two schools of thought exist about tying gear together. The first school opinionates that drums should be lashed together to make retrieval easier should a capsize occur. However, the alternate school proposes the folly of this idea to be the problem caused when the ropes become entangled around trees and rocks, making retrieval impossible in heavy water.

On no account, however, should equipment of a heavy bulky nature be tied to the canoe as it is much safer to have canoe and equipment separated in times of capsize. Thus the importance of equipment being able to float. (It should be clear at this point of the general unsuitability of garbage bags as containers. The results of a capsize although comic at the time, would be the likely total loss of equipment stored therein).

Safety is a prime consideration and cannot be over-emphasised. Buoyancy vests are a minimum requirement and full life-jackets are recommended for whitewater trips. Canoeing helmets are a must for dangerous water and generally always advisable for kayakers. Gym shoes or sandshoes should always be worn to protect the feet on wet rocks. Boots are unsuitable. A good hat and sunburn precaution will avoid discomfort at the end of the weekend. You should be able to swim to a sufficient standard to save your own life. However, the ability to save others might come in handy one day. Canoeing can be dangerous and the obstacles and challenges presented by any river should be afforded the respect they deserve. Moving water presents a powerful foe. A wave only a few inches high against the side of a canoe can force you against an immovable object with more power than you will be able to counter. For this reason flooded rivers are very dangerous especially when they flow through trees. Trees are always a dangerous obstacle, to be avoided at all costs. If the canoe is, nevertheless, forced against such an obstruction, the natural reaction is to lean away - this will cause immediate disaster. If possible, lean towards theobject; this may cause the water to pass under the canoe and give you sufficient time to scramble up on the object and away from trouble. In a capsize, swim a few strokes upstream. This will very quickly put you on the correct side of the canoe. Do not get in front of the canoe. One person looks after the canoe from the rear and guides it into the bank - the other salvages equipment. Do not allow the canoe to turn broadside in the current; this will account for its almost immediate destruction. Remember a canoe full of water weighs effectively 1000 lbs, and this mass travelling at even only a small speed will be sufficient to crush all or part of you, should you be trapped between the canoe and an immovable object. Also, when floating downstream, do so lying on your back with your feet forwards. This will minimize the chance of injury. One more point on this subject. Touring trips in isolated country should not be undertaken lightly. This means also that the party should have at least 2 boats. Also, as the majority of canoes will be constructed of fibreglass, some knowledge of repair technique (either temporary or permanent) should be gained before departure.

The big problem for Southern Queenslanders is to find a place to canoe. If still water appeals, then the Noosa River is an excellent choice. As the only turbulence likely is that caused by illegal power boats, the Noosa River is ideal for learning how to handle the canoe. Probably the most convenient entry to this area would be at Harry 's Hut. The Southport Broadwater is quite exciting especially if you get caught in an outgoing tide, but unless you hug the mainland side it is not really ideal for canoes. Parts of the Coomera, Nerang and Logan Rivers are possibilities and the Brisbane River itself can be considered. The unfortunate fact is that all of these places tend to exhibit the excesses of man and unless you are personally aware of attractive exclusions to the general rule, a canoe trip on the Brisbane River could be quite disappointing.

The area west of Grafton (which is located on the following 1:100000 series maps: Grafton, Newton Boyd, Ebor, Dorrigo and Coaldale) contains excellent canoeing possibilities. The drawback is the time and effort required to get

there. The trip takes about 7 or 8 hours driving and stopping. The canoes can be tied to roof racks. It is important to tie the canoe firmly and check its security often.

In conclusion, I point out again that this article does not pretend to be a definitive work. Many suitable publications are available, and there are abundant canoe clubs where advice and direction may be sought.

FREEDOM

The sun is slowly fading in the cloudless sky,
A chill wind blows across the border;
I'm on top of my world, and content
To watch the eagles fly.

Eagles soaring free, unfettered by man's machinations;
Wings touched golden by the dying sun,
As they soar ever upwards, borne aloft
On wings of silence.

But I feel the cold shadows of change,
Hear the harsh discord of man's intrusions,
As they bring in more roads, more people,
More scars upon the land,
And force the eagles and their kin
Back from the ramparts
Of nature's last stronghold.

Yet, still I can know serenity and peace
In watching the eagles perform their graceful artistry
For they seem to say with proud authority
"This is how it should be".

Nigel Beeke

SNOWIES LAST SUMMER

by Hugh Simmons

Seventeen bods crammed into five vehicles dribbled into the Sawpit Creek camping area very late last Boxing Day, after a (sort of) long day's drive from Brisbane. This must be the largest contingent of U.Q.B.W.C.ers to ever storm this great part of Australia in one go. The most common excuse for this was to get out of town over the Christmas/New Year holiday period, although there were a few more interesting ones such as "on the way to Sydney" or "to fly kites higher than anyone else in Australia has!" Don't laugh - this ambition was very successfully achieved.

Originally, the U.Q.B.W.C. party planned to divide into two sub-U.Q.B.W.C.'s each completing a similar journey, but in opposite directions. The basic idea was to get to Schlink Pass by road (via Guthega Pumping Station), then to stop off north to Mt Jugungal, then, back south to Dicky Cooper's Bogong. Thence would be reached the highest walking in Australia - along the Main Divide south, over Mountains Tate, Anderson, Twynam, Carruthers, Lee, Clarke, Northcote, and so to the lump of Kosciusko, and down to Charlotte's Pass. After a fine dawning to the first day, we struck bad clag and its associations before reaching Smiggins Holes. The south to north mob courageously managed to get to Charlotte's Pass, only to realise nobody knew where to go after that, so they piked and we (north to south mob) were almost run over by them when they returned to Smiggins. So the day passed on, with visits to the Kossie National Park Headquarters to look at Rob Rankin's Hinchinbrook film - discovered when Janet Traves heard herself speaking in another room! That evening it snowed!

Scraping ice off the tents next morning (Doc found this ice quite edible) it was agreed to be daring and go to the "low" hills for a day walk - from Perisher Gap, up on to the Perisher Range through heaps of fresh snow and the occasional snowball, over to the Blue Cow, and back to Perisher. By mid-afternoon the weather had settled into a finer type and hopes of some longer walking built up. And so it was no surprise next morning to see Ranger Maureen being grossed out by certain U.Q.B.W.C.ers en route to Kossie by way of National Park's chartered bus from Charlotte's Pass.

After a wander down to Lake Cootapatamba, we strolled over the flank of Kosciusko, and on to Mt Northcote, above Lake Albina. It was here that Doc and Janine managed to get Janine's kite over 100 ft above the summit of 7,000 ft. This is as high as Copland Pass in New Zealand where some freaks thought "Boy! We're high up!" Anyway, an afternoon's wander over Carruthers Peak, etc., took us to a lovely snow patch, where all frustrations possessed by anyone were vented energetically. Tired of this activity, camp was set up above Blue Lake, where a dizzy co-ordinate of tents was set up - from the humble Paddy wall tent through to the latest in alpine styles, and over the bog to "Blue Lake Heights", home of Jolyon and Robin's Jansport Dome and Doc's Fjallraven. Blue Lake was our base for the following day, which

was spent over on Watson's Crags and the Sentinel - exciting, exposed ridges off the west side of the range. Then a swim in Blue Lake! (or rather, a quick dip. Swims in real alpine lakes are a bit of a rarity).

One interesting note about these mountains - they are quite big, i.e. massive in bulk, and further apart than realised. Distances travelled in these areas can be quite boggling, since little is really covered in such distances - a few hills, miles apart. In these areas it becomes more obvious how people can be caught completely off guard by sudden changes in weather.

Second last day, and would you believe, we lost a bod! Breaking camp early, we agreed to all meet at the top of Mt Twynam. MUCH later, bod No. 17 still hadn't arrived, so search party No. 1 went back to look. An hour later, we were still a group of 16, so eight became search party No. 2, and stropped off in the direction of Mt Tate, whilst the other eight stayed put on Twynam. Communication was by waving bright orange Cagjac's (OK,"greasies") in the event of a positive sighting of the source of embarrassment. Happily this occurred only a few hours later, when the "odd man out" was found atop Mt Tate. These things do happen, although they shouldn't. The overall effect of this event was one of extreme frustration, etc., to which tune our group finally split up, some going down to Guthega for New Year's Eve, whilst the rest strolled on to Consett Stevens Pass. This was a good place for New Year's celebrations, such as bum sliding and other means of tobogganing, night-time snow fights, pog for dinner, etc.

Thus, a brief holiday was spent out of cooee of Brisbane and out of excessive heat. The population of tourists like ourselves was at a minimum (few people walk in the Snowies in Summer, for some reason) ... and good company was enjoyed by all.



JUNGLE OF THE HOOTING APES

by Tim Low

It was an oppressive summer's day on June 16 as our party departed from hazy Bangkok. The destination was Khao Soi Dow Wildlife Sanctuary, a range of steep, rainforest-covered mountains rising from the plains of Thailand about 70 km from the Cambodian border.

Dr. Warren Brokelman, our leader and Ecologist at Mahidol University, was seeking out the study area of one of his students, Sompoad Srikosarmatara. Sompoad was studying the pileated gibbon (Hylobates pileatus), a rare and endangered ape found only in the tall forests of South East Thailand and parts of Cambodia. His study area, in hilly rainforest beside a small stream, was the destination of our party.

Accompanying Warren were Dr. Jeremy Raemakers, a primatologist, Kumpol Meeswat, an ecology student, and myself, posing as a mammal ecologist.

The decadent Bangkok metropolis was soon lost to view as our vehicle traversed plains of rice paddies, undulating slopes carpeted in cassava, and finally groves upon groves of rambutan trees, each tree sagging under the burden of scarlet fruit clusters. By late afternoon we had roosted our vehicle in a small village (populated by hostile Cambodians) and had trudged along dirt roads to a ranger outpost on the edge of the sanctuary. Here we stayed the night. This outpost had been established to deter the poachers who collected aromatic woods and shot at the wildlife. Unfortunately, an unarmed wildlife ranger had recently been shot dead by a poacher and there was little incentive for the surviving rangers to venture further from their outpost than the nearby latrine. Nonetheless, we learned that gibbons gave their hooting calls from the nearby hills, and that tigers and the rare red wild dog had been seen near the outpost.

Morning was predictably overcast and raining as we forged into the shadowy world of the tropical rainforest. Our narrow trail meandered from incestuous thickets of vinery into ethereal groves of bamboo, crossing and recrossing the raging mountain stream. Although awe-inspiring in its beauty, the growth of bamboos indicated that these slopes had been logged, the usual fate of forests destined to be preserved as sanctuaries.

Sompoad's campsite was supposedly only three hours upstream walk. We were not destined to arrive on time. Our first misfortune was to misplace the trail. In a forest where the tracks of deer, pigs, tigers and elephants crisscross the people-made trails, and where animals and people use each others

trails, the potential for becoming lost is great indeed. In vain we searched for vegetation slashed by jungle knives but there was no evidence of anyone ever having passed our way. Armed with map, compass and a misguided conception of our locality, Warren suggested forging uphill and over a ridge. Thickets of lawyer vines and spikey palms dictated otherwise and we retreated down a slippery gully. Battling upstream through more bamboo we came upon deserted poachers' campsites and old logging trails littered with elephant dung, but still found no sign of Sompoad.

Day was dissolving into night and still we rushed onward, naively expecting Sompoad's campfire around each corner. I paused to wait for the lagging Kumpol and soon found that my leader and Jeremy had vanished from sight. Searching and calling proved futile, so Kumpol and I used the remaining half light to erect a fly, choosing a campsite far from the dangerous elephant trails. The night was uneventful and we were pleasantly surprised next morning to find Warren's face beaming from amongst the undergrowth. He had found Sompoad. By lunch time we were all united.

Sompoad was living in a thatched shelter crouched insignificantly amongst the pillars of giant rainforest trees. We sat around his smouldering campfire watching red squirrels flit through the canopy and listened to accounts of his progress. Apparently the gibbons were still very shy and he was having difficulty observing them for very long. They had not yet learnt to ignore his prescence and still fled off hooting whenever they spotted his face amongst the undergrowth. Gibbons live in family groups of an adult pair and up to four children and maintain small territories in the jungle canopy. As territories are advertised every morning by loud hooting and bubbling calls it is easy to locate wild troops. This we did the subsequent morning and caught fleeting glimpses of these magnificent black and grey apes as they brackiated through vinery and gulped down handfuls of berries.

Later I wandered up a hillside on my own. Red squirrels coughed their alarm calls as I passed, flying dragons soared from tree to tree, and occasional giant hornbills cackled from distant hilltops. Pausing in a clearing, I watched silver pheasants strut by, while tree shrews scampered along nearby logs. My love affair with the jungle was reaffirmed, and I vowed to stay at Khao Soi Dow as long as possible.

We discussed our plans that night. My party had to return to Bangkok tomorrow but I was welcome to stay for as long as my food permitted. Sompoad had the company of two Khmer bushmen and did not want me blundering about in his study area, so I arranged to stay under an old thatched shelter half a kilometre from his campsite. Here I had a bamboo sleeping platform and a sheltered fireplace.

As of the next morning I began a lifestyle that continued for the next eight days. Rising at dawn, stoking up the everburning fire, consuming a huge volume of rice, donning wet clothes and creeping off into the jungle. Jungle animals are shy and can only be observed with the utmost caution. This involves walking stealthily for a short distance and then freezing whilst

scanning the forest for the subtle signs of mammals - the rustle of a branch, the swaying of a dangling monkey's tail, the tapping of seeds dropping to the forest floor.

Khao Soi Dow, like most South East Asian forests, was well used by elephants. Their paths connected all the major spurs and streams and provided obvious pathways for observation. It was along these trails that I saw mammals - giant balck squirrels, the rare Cambodian tree shrew, a tree martin, mouse deer, occasional gibbons and large troops of pigtailed monkeys. Interesting though these were, after a while I yearned to see a big game animal - a bear, elephant, tiger, or wild cattle.

Boredom set in. I became bored with being drenched by rain every day and having to dry my camera every time it stopped. I was annoyed by the leeches. I became tired after rats kept me awake at night running over me and stealing my food. The only non-boring experience was spotlighting at night. Thanks to my rational and irrational fears, and capacity for getting lost in vine thickets, this was terrifying. I could laugh about tiger anecdotes by day, but not at night. Oddly I saw little wildlife at night - a few rats and bats. At the end of the eighth day, I'd seen nothing exciting and was fast running out of food. I was by now supplementing my diet with wild fruits, weeds, and the land crabs which scuttled about high on mountain slopes. I'd eaten one of the rats which were depleting my rice and was trying to catch small fish the jungleman's way - tie a leech to a thread lowered in the water and when the fish swallows the leech, reel them both in).

Sompoad had invited me to tea at his campsite for my last night and when I arrived with the Thai whisky he asked if I'd heard the elephant roar early that morning. I groaned in dismay. So there were now elephants in our valley but I had missed the opportunity to see them. For I'd heard nothing that morning and had never seen or heard wild elephants. Simmering with frustration I wandered from Sompoad's campsite to a nearby hog-badger's burrow. A sudden screech jolted me. Crossing the path which connected our campsites was a small grey hump, not more than five foot high. I had found my elephant.

Jungle elephants are mostly social animals, travelling over large distances in groups of five or more. Normally it is only old bulls which travel solitarily, and these angry beasts are one of the jungle's threats to human life. Yet here was a single baby elephant, feeding and roaming through the tall forests, alone and virtually defenceless against tigers. How this came to be I shall never know. Yet it afforded the opportunity to watch a wild elephant without the risk of being trampled to death. So, for the remaining one and a half hours of daylight I followed the baby elephant, watching it feed upon leaves and fruit and rubbing its itchy back against trees. Myopic and near deaf it was easily observed and often I stood less than 25 metres from its wrinkled form. I was unprepared however when it suddenly turned and started walking towards me. Surrounded by spiney palms I was without retreat when it caught my scent and cautiously approached me, ears flapping and truck extended. As it sniffed me from arms length I realized with amazement that its attentions were friendly, or at least only curious, and I offered my arm. It shrank back

so I withdrew my arm, at which it again extended its trunk. A pause, then it gently turned its back upon me and not once looking back strutted off into the thickets.

In retrospect I wonder if this encounter was not some flash of empathy between lonely jungle animal and lonely naturalist. In any event my elephant recommenced feeding and in no way acknowledged my continued presence, until failing light forced me to blunder back to the campsite.

The last morning was crisp and sunny and I was filled with regrets at leaving this wonder-filled playground of hooting apes and iridescent butterflies. My everburning campfire had been somewhat overzealous and had the previous night consumed one of my jungle boots. So, with asymmetrical footwear I bade Sompoad farewell and set off along the non-trail. Inevitably I became lost, inevitably it poured with rain. Crossings of the now dangerously flooded creek depended upon lawyer vines tied with grannies and I was relieved to be still alive when I crawled into the ranger station that night. A meal of raw noodles did not agree, and after vomiting in the night, the four mile walk to the Cambodian village began. The only morning bus to Bangkok left at 7.00 a.m. necessitating a muddy jog through the predawn drizzle. I dreaded becoming lost in this remote farmland peopled by aggressive Cambodians. Fortunately, the bus was late so I procured a seat and the mountains were soon lost to view.



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WEST OF CARNARVON

by Nigel Beeke

GEOGRAPHY

Salvator Rosa National Park is situated on the Great Dividing Range, about 90 miles north west of the Carnarvons (which are in turn about 500 miles N.W. of Brisbane). In its original form the park's area was about 65,000 acres. However, recent extensions of several times that area have been added in the direction of Carnarvon National Park. Salvator Rosa is undeveloped and little visited, but unfortunately is under a special grazing lease.

The park is sandstone country, much eroded, with large sandy flats between the outcrops of sandstone. Much of it is rolling country, but the western part and the southern and eastern boundaries consist of very rugged ridges and peaks. Characteristic of these areas are the isolated peaks of sandstone remnants, of which Spyglass Hill is typical. This impressive hill has a thirty foot diameter hole in its crest.

Vegetation on the plains is mostly Cyprus pine with Eucalypt by the water courses, in general, country which makes for easy walking. The ridges support a more scungy type of vegetation - low bushes and stunted trees. The relative fertility of the country is due to the Nogoa River and its associated tributaries. The Nogoa, a ceaseless flow of crystal clear water over sandy beds, is fed by springs, both seepage areas and point sources. Louisa Creek, the major tributary, is fed by Major Mitchell Springs (essentially a seepage area) and further downstream by Belinda Springs, which has at least one point source where the water gushes forth from weak jointing planes in the sandstone.

MAPS

The national standard topographic maps of the area including Salvator Rosa have not yet been published. The maps we used were an inch = 100 chains photomosaic and the map drawn from this by Ken Grimes. We found these maps quite sufficient to orientate ourselves in the strange country, although they are admittedly not perfectly accurate.

ACCESS

In dry weather access to the park by conventional vehicle would be fairly easy, however, when conditions are even the slightest bit wet, access by two wheel drive is all but impossible (as we found out!). The turn-off to the park is about half way along the Springsure - Tambo Road, 119 km from Springsure. From the turn-off (signposted Goodlife and Cungelella) it is 43 km to Cungelella station, through which the road passes. From Cungelella

SALVATOR ROSA

N

SCALE

1" = 100 chains

After K. Grimes

Lake Salvator

Mundoon Waterhole

3-5178

3-5180

(7)

Finnegans Plains

Sentinel Bluff

RIVER

Camp site

NOGOA

Mt Pythagoras

Three Sisters

(10)

(9)

Spyglass Hill

(1)

Belinda Spring

(2)

Creek

(8)

(6)

(3)

Louisa

(4)

Mt Salvator

(5)

Major Mitchell springs

4-5198

4-5196

one drives across the dry bed of Lake Salvator and along a rough track to a campsite on the Nogoa River, about 10 km past Cungelella. This campsite is where the four wheel drive track to Major Mitchell Springs crosses the River. From Springsure to the campsite should take 4 - 5 hours in dry weather, it took us two days after the best July rain on record.

THE WALK

First Day. By climbing a short distance up the ridge behind the campsite we were able to see Spyglass Hill and take a bearing. (There is a faded aboriginal painting at the foot of this ridge.) The walk to the hill took a mere twenty minutes through Cyprus pine country that made for very easy walking. The Spyglass can be reached by climbing from the eastern side; like all the hills in the park the sandstone is treacherous and tends to crumble easily. The view from the Spyglass enables one to become acquainted with the nature of the country. Distances are deceiving - mountains appear further away than they actually are. Mt Pythagorus looked particularly impressive.

Since our early start that morning was 10.30, lunch was had at the Nogoa-Louisa Creek junction(1) (see reference numbers on map), some of us finding on the way that it is better to go around a swamp than through it. In the afternoon we progressed up Louisa Creek to one of the Belinda seepages before heading east and climbing a low range(2). This afforded us good views in a westerly direction, i.e. Pythagoras - Finnegans Plains - Spyglass. Also, we were able to see Mt Salvator and the other high mountains to the south and south west of us, and determined that we would head in that direction the next day.

On returning to the creek to camp, we by chance discovered one of the Belinda Springs point sources, a flow (estimated to be 125,000 gallons a day) of crystal clear water emerging from a little grotto surrounded by ferns. This water, plus an overabundance of firewood for pyromaniac Trevor, made for an excellent campsite.

Second Day. Another "early" start, characteristic of the trip, saw us walking by about 10 o'clock. We climbed the same range as the previous day, and after a short scunge battle reached the top of Mt Salvator via a break in the cliffs. Good views were obtained to the north and west; an un-named mountain(3) appeared to be the highest in the western section of the park.

Soon we were back on the easy walking of the plains. The creek(4) we found to be dry. A hill(5) which we had observed from Mt Salvator to contain caves was as expected:- riddled with caves on the eastern side. We searched in vain for aboriginal paintings, and then continued on to Louisa Creek and Major Mitchell Springs. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in reaching the Nogoa, having a look at an unclimbable peak on the way(6). The 'high mountain'(3) also appeared difficult to climb from the eastern or northern sides.

Third Day. This mountain(3) was climbed in the morning from the west. By getting onto the ridge running N.W. from the mountain, the top can be reached via a break in the cliff. Views were the best seen on the trip; the country to the west of us appeared very broken and rugged. Mt Faraday (to the S.E.) appeared as a particularly large flat-topped mountain, the Divide marched away towards the Carnarvons. Another un-named mountain(?) on the far side of Finnegans Plains, was apparently as high as the one we were on.

On returning to the Nogoa we walked upstream for some distance before following a dry watercourse(8) that ended in an ampitheatre(9) surrounded by steep ridges. Our intention was to reach Finnegans Plains directly over the ridge on the northern boundary, this appeared impossible, although the saddle shown(10) was passable. Eventually we climbed the eastern ridge and camped by the river yet again.

Fourth Day. Our last day at Salvator dawned cold and overcast with a little rain. We later learnt that this was the fringe of our second phase of unseasonal rain. Under this gloomy sky Mt Pythagoras and the Three Sisters were reached, these being the spectacular remnants of an eroded range. A march across the mouth of Finnegans Plains followed; our destination, the high mountain(7), was deemed unclimbable from the eastern side. A few spots of rain, coupled with our recent experiences de-bogging our transport, prompted a bolt back to the cars. On hearing the weather forecast we departed from Salvator Rosa and headed for Springsure, the Carnarvons, more rain and more mud.

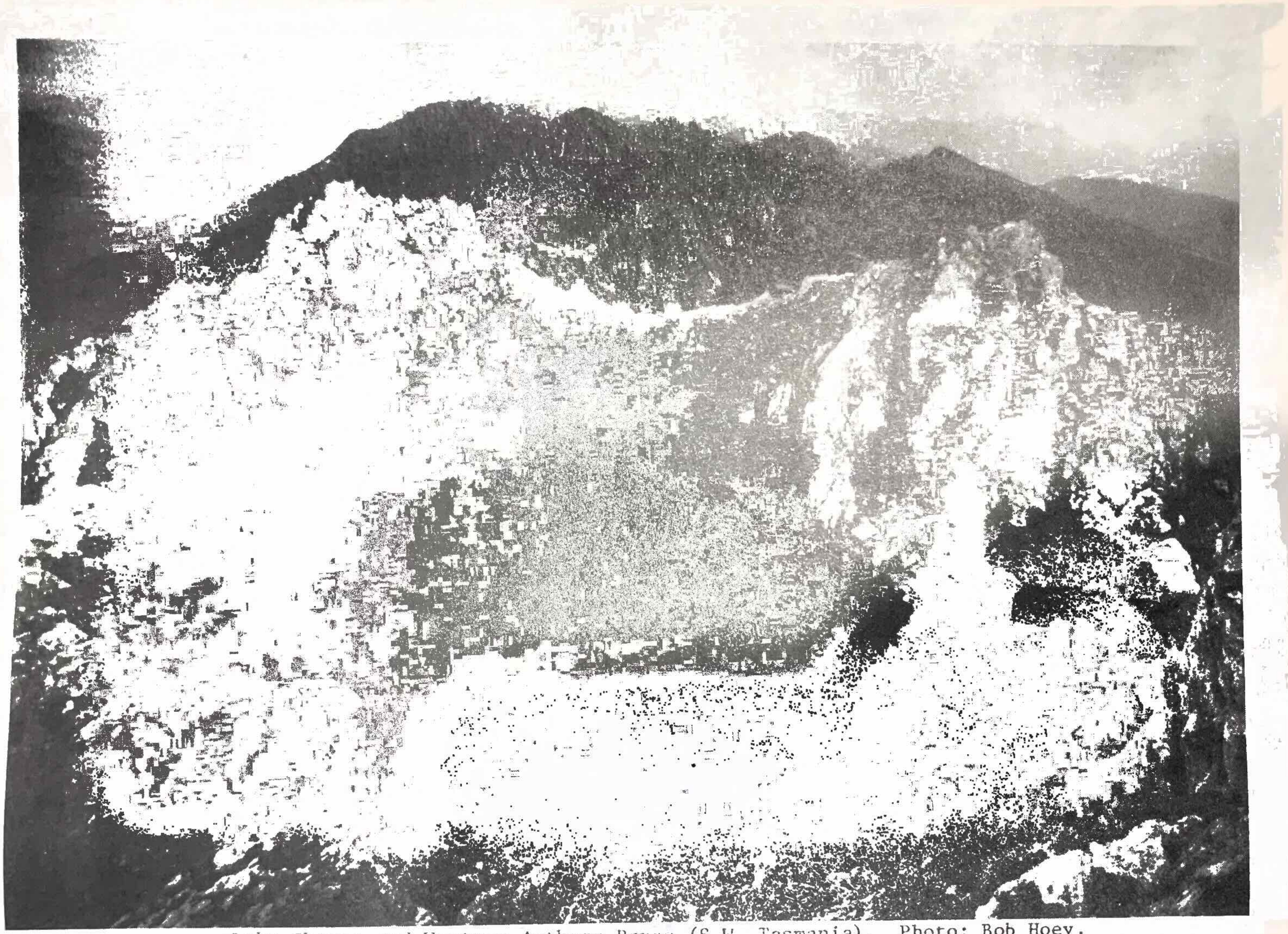
CONCLUSION

In four days we saw only a fraction of Salvator Rosa National Park, which is itself only a fraction characteristic of the whole region. The Nogoa was beautiful, the Springs fascinating, the mountains haunting in tone and mood. And it is wilderness, where one can climb any mountain and see no evidence of man's presence for hundreds of square miles. In fact, my only complaint rests with the cattle, which due to their surprisingly large numbers have trampled many of the Springs into messy bogs and put an element of doubt into some of the water supply. One cannot but agree with the comments of the ranger at Carnarvon - the sooner that politics becomes divorced from National Parks, the better.

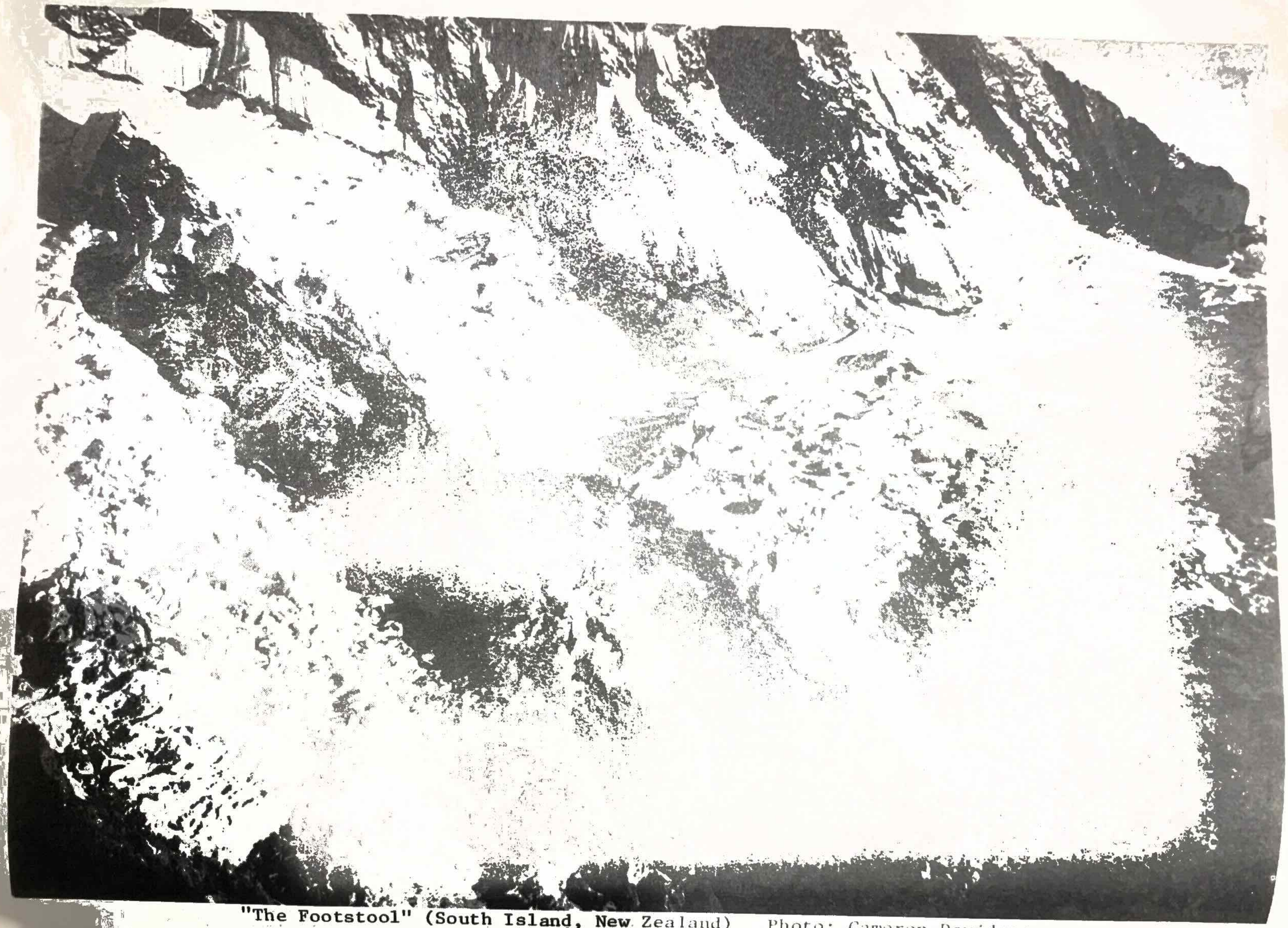
EAGLES

Eagles possess it in solitary soaring
Man has lost by reliance on crutches
Crutches not of a physical kind
But those little concessions of civilization.

Dave Collins



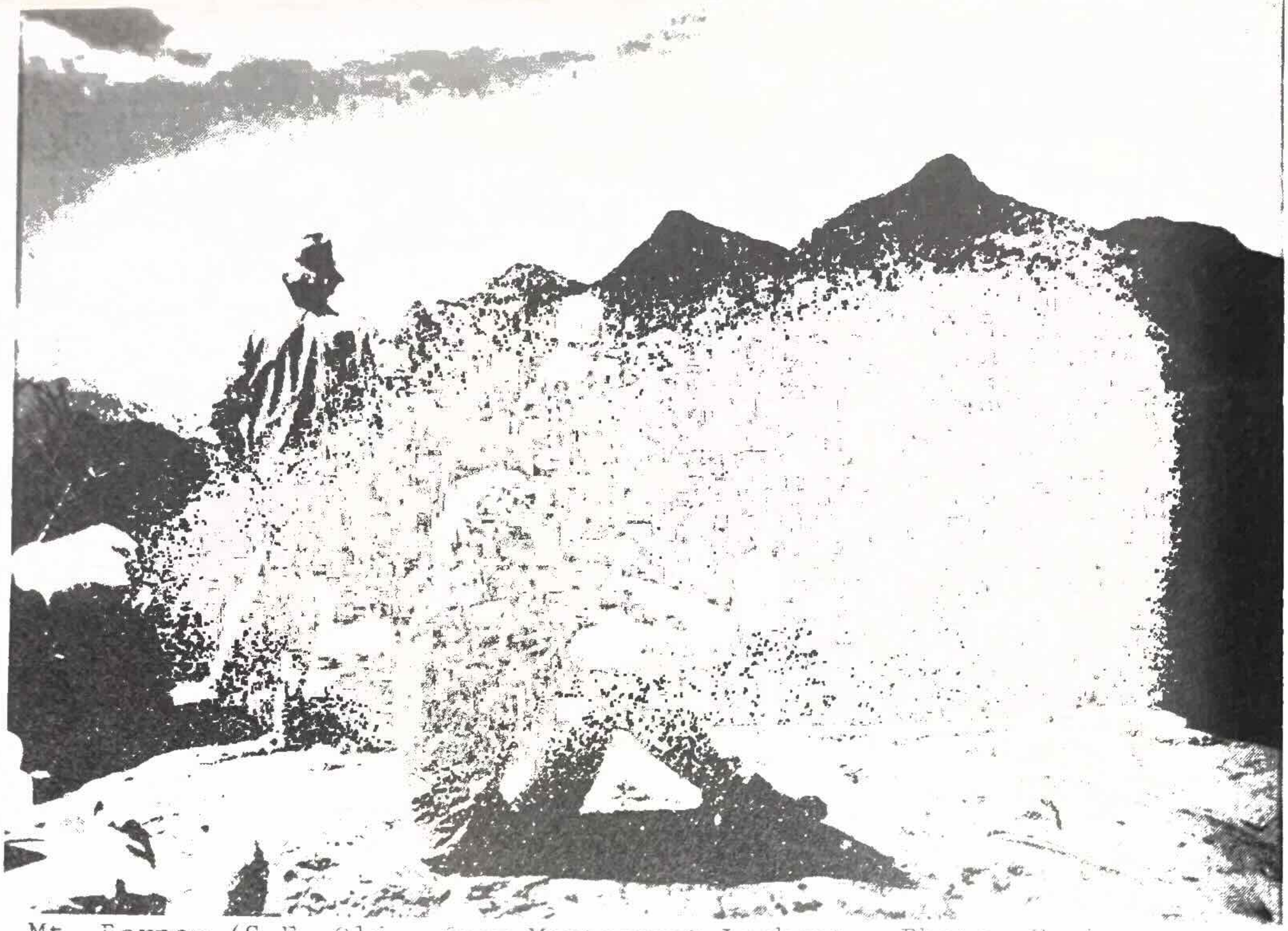
Lake Oberon and Western Arthurs Range (S.W. Tasmania). Photo: Bob Hoey.



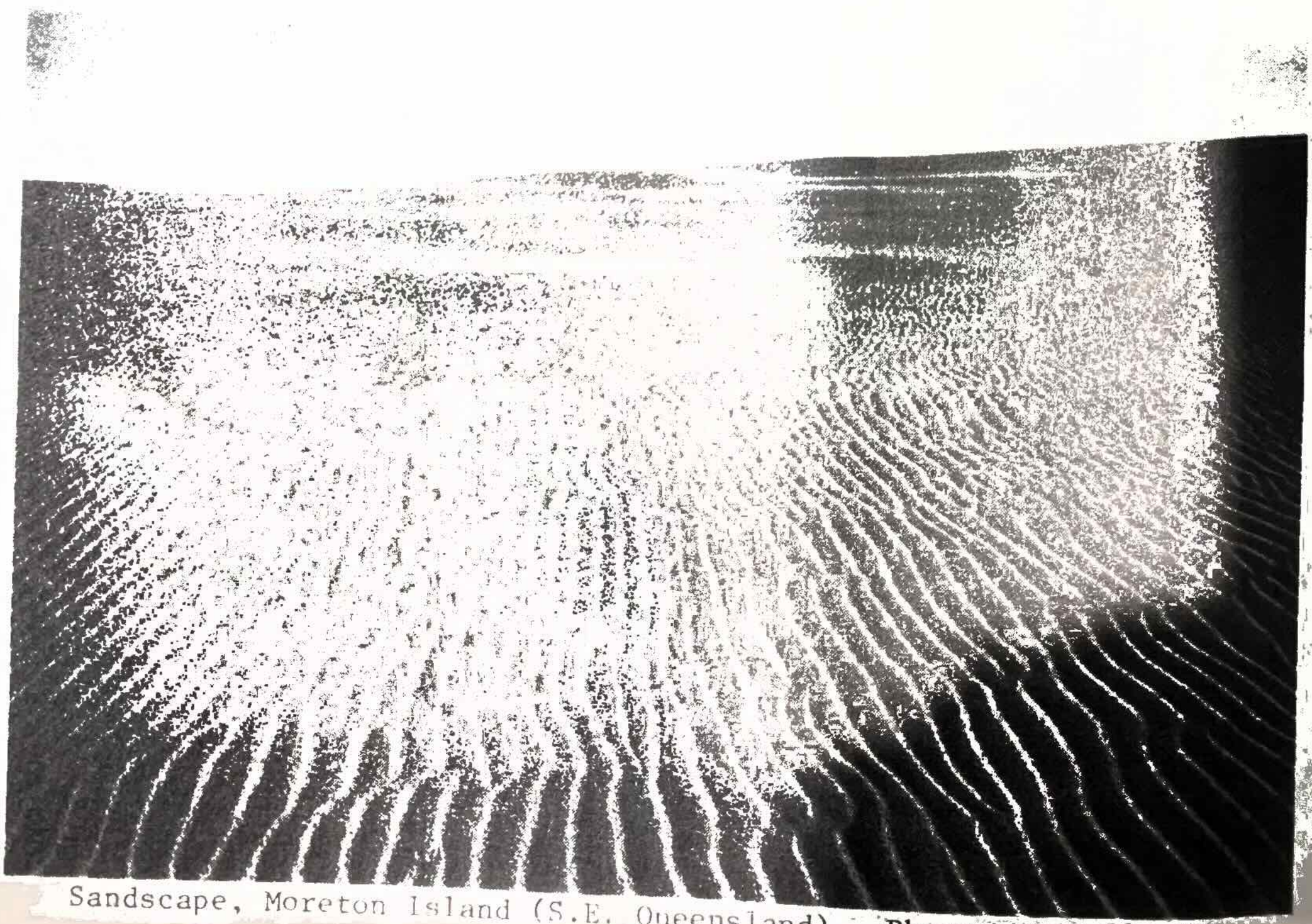
"The Footstool" (South Island, New Zealand) Photo: Cameron Davidson.



Lake Poona (Cooloola, Queensland). Photo: Cameron Davidson.



Mt. Barney (S.E. Qld.) from Montsarrat Lookout. Photo: Hugh Simmons.



Sandscape, Moreton Island (S.E. Queensland). Photo: Janine Banks

BUSHWALKING AROUND MT. ISA

by Christine Dawes

Mt Isa and the country surrounding it isn't exactly what you'd call a bushwalker's paradise. There are no mountains worth mentioning, the rivers are dry for most of the year and flooded in the wet season, most of the country is covered in spinifex and dead-looking grass, and roads on the whole are long and rough. Despite a few setbacks like these, however, there is a surprising amount to do for anyone around Mt Isa who likes the bush.

Obviously, bushwalking for just a weekend is out as the country doesn't allow it. For example, the nearest National Parks to Mt Isa are Katherine Gorge (1340 km), Simpson Desert (800 km), Ayers Rock (1500 km), Hinchinbrook Island, Bellenden Ker, Mossman River Gorge (900 km), etc. For shorter trips however, good alternatives can be found in canoeing, caving, fishing at the Gulf and if you've got plenty of money, exploring off the beaten track in a four wheel drive.

Canoeing is very popular despite the fact that the nearest permanently running river, the Gregory is 200 to 300 miles away depending on which road you take. Each year on the May long weekend, a 28 mile canoe race is held there which usually attracts 70 - 100 entrants, most of whom train at Lake Moondarra, 10 miles from Mt Isa. In the wet season when the Leichhardt River is running, it is possible to canoe from Lake Moondarra down to Lake Julius, a recently built dam. This can be quite hazardous and a number of canoes have been holed or completely wrecked on this stretch.

Even if you don't like canoeing, the Gregory River is well worth a visit from a bushwalking point of view. It is especially good for liloing as it contains a series of rapids and flat stretches. The river itself is sandy and the water crystal clear, unlike a lot of the muddy waterholes around Mt Isa. The banks are covered with ghost gums and pandanus palms, and there are plenty of lovely grassy campsites running down to the river. In many ways, it is very similar to the Cataract River and Barney Creek, but without the cliffs and waterfalls. The belt of trees along the river only extends about ½ kilometre on either bank, and after that there are just flat plains covered in grass, spinifex and saltbush.

In the evenings the area comes alive with wildlife. Kangaroos, wallabies, wild pigs, cattle and of course birds are all attracted to the river. Flocks of snow white ibis, grey and pink galahs, black swans, hawks and plain turkeys are a very common and beautiful sight.

The road to the Gregory is quite good bitumen for 250 out of 300 miles. From Mt Isa take the road to Cloncurry, then to Quamby (a "town" consisting of one hotel), then to the Three Ways where you turn left to the Gregory. There is a shorter way, about 200 miles, but the road is a lot worse. About

60 miles along the Camooweal road take the turnoff to Gregory Downs and Burketown.

At Gregory Downs there is the station homestead and a hotel which is falling to bits. The pigs from the station run around the bar so it's not Lennons - but it's interesting to see once.

Around Camooweal there are literally dozens of limestone caves, many of which are as big as the Jenolan Caves systems. As the area tends to be dry most of the year, stalagmite and stalagtite formations are not very well developed, but there are a few good examples of these. There isn't space for a full description of these caves. The most spectacular cave, Niggle, starts with a 90 ft rope ladder or abseil down a large chimney, opening out into a huge cathedral type cavern. From this cavern, numerous passages over 20 ft high lead off for miles. This cave contains good stalagmites, etc., and some quite large underground pools. Anyone interested in these caves would be advised to contact the Mt Isa Caving Club for information.

To finish, North-West Queensland can probably be summed up by saying that it is full of contrasts. At midday in summer, the land looks very harsh and dead but with the evening, the light softens everything and the land comes alive with wildlife. Storms and sunsets out on the plains can be very spectacular. One need never feel closed in out here as sometimes happens in the cities.

MOUNTAIN EXPERIENCE

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SUMMER TRAMPING IN NEW ZEALAND

by Helen Phillips

If you can imagine sunny green valleys, rushing glacial streams, aged beech trees mirrored in still, blue lakes, all shadowed by mighty peaks clad in white, then you have an idea of the beauty contained within the southern alps of South Island, New Zealand. In mentioning a few of the "Hows" and "Wheres", I hope to help any keen bodies with sufficient time (you never have enough, but say, a four week minimum) and finances, to find their way to utopia.

TRANSPORT

(a) Getting There

This involves a short visit to Air New Zealand or Qantas. Our party found that "Epic fare" and A.U.S. travel were the cheapest - just over $200 return (1977) to Christchurch, which is a convenient starting point for your wanderings.

(b) Travelling Between Towns

Hitching is certainly the most enjoyable mode of trundling around and generally fraternizing with the natives. They are friendly folk, eager to tell you about their island, although females travelling alone should be warned against vicious Aussie touri. There may be times when your thumb (or hat) lets you down, but by making an effort to look as couth as a bushie possibly can, hitching alone or in pairs is surprisingly efficient.

Bus services run regularly on all main highways and often come in handy where hitching is reputed to be slow (with particular reference to the west coast highway up to Fox and Franz Joseph glaciers) or when forwarding excess gear. Gear can be stored cheaply at the depot, but we found it more convenient and less traumatic to breakables within, to leave a kitbag of extras with the Motor Camp proprietor. Two large bus services are "N.Z. road services and Mt Cook coachlines". Railcar is an excellent way of travelling to Arthur's Pass from Christchurch. Local flights in the Mt Cook area can be organised at Mt Cook aerodrome. Touri ferry boats run on Lake Wakatipu and Milford Sound and bicycles can be hired to cycle out to Lyttleton Harbour from Christchurch or just to cruise around the bigger towns. Finally, in the transport line, there is a very reliable taxi mini-bus which aids access to Mt Aspiring National Park from Wanaka. The ranger at Park headquarters in Wanaka (worth a visit in any case) will show you where to find them.

GEAR

Being ill-prepared for the cold and wet can take more than the fun out of tramping, so don't skimp on your woollies! Take wool shirt, jumper, woollen trow, balaclava, mittens, greasy (of the waterproof variety) overtrow, thick woollen socks, a sturdy pair of comfortable boots and, of course, your favourite hat. Those bound for snow also need snowgaiters, overmitts, woollen singlet and sunglasses/snow goggles. A little sunburn cream will keep your nose from glowing in the dark and if you don't fancy being carried off by the sandflies (two feet between the eyes, at least) take some "Dimp". Several "Kiwis" have assured me that a concoction of olive oil and Dettol also keeps the monsters at bay.

When doing a walk which is likely to cover sections of snow or ice, ice axe, crampons, rope, etc., will also be necessary. A stove comes in handy when camping above the treeline or in the rain, and those "hards" accustomed to risking life and limb with a choofer may be consoled that Shellite is sold cheaply and in bulk at most petrol stations. Carrying a tent is advisable as they allow you freedom to choose a pretty campsite away from the sometimes unpleasantly crowded huts. A good down sleeping bag is essential (the club has a few) and a sleeping mat acts as an insulator as well as ironing out the bumps.

Lastly, to carry it all, a largish pack which should (like yourself) start out in good condition. A light day pack comes in handy for day excursions and around town. Before buying gear in Australia, it is worthwhile looking at New Zealand prices which are often better. Alp Sports, Mountain Equipment and Oscar Coberger are good shops in Christchurch. Dunedin also has a few.

FOOD

Needless to say, it is mainly dehydrated, or if you're wealthy, freeze-dried. Both are available at gear shops. Suburban discount stores, however, have all you need more reasonably priced. Remember, THINK COLD, with respect to quantity and quality of the food you buy. Chocolate, soups and heaps of tea go down well. A word to fellow fizzy freaks - B.Y.O.F. - it hasn't caught on in N.Z. yet (plebs). If possible, avoid buying all your food in tourist rip-off-towns such as Queenstown. In between going bush, one can (and we did) live quite happily and cheaply on bread, butter, milk and ice-cream.

MONEY

Banks never seem to be open when and where you need them, so that N.Z. travellers cheques are a better way to carry money. These can be cashed at any shop. Just as a guideline, I will include here that during the nine weeks I spent walking in N.Z. in 1977, I spent $600 which included airfare and gear.

ACCOMMODATION

(a) While In Towns

Motor camps provide tent sites around $2 per night and are well equipped with kitchen, laundry and hot showers. Those run by the Automobile Association give a discount to R.A.C.Q. members. In Christchurch, Addington Motor Camp is conveniently situated near a supermarket, ice-cream shop and bus route, less than ten minutes from the G.P.O. (your temporary mailbox). The owner is a tolerant gentleman who will mind your smelly kitbag until your return. In Dunedin, the motor camp at St Kilda has a pleasant spot by the shore if you happen upon it between thunderstorms. Youth hostels are also good throughout the island with the exception of that at Mt Cook which is usually full.

(b) On Walks

Not only is tramping in N.Z. often along tracks, but at the end of the day, you are quite likely to find a hut offering bunks with mattresses, dry firewood (to be replaced) and fireplace or wood stove. In most cases there is a small fee (up to $2 per night) to be deposited in an honesty box or with the ranger. In the Mt Cook area, huts often supply stoves, cooking utensils and blankets. Both huts and campsites in N.Z. are spacious and do not limit the size of your party.

WALKING CONDITIONS

New Zealand weather is extremely unpredictable and it is not uncommon to be rained, sleeted, snowed and shone upon all within the space of an hour. Having in mind that many of Hughie's fouler efforts arise from the north-west, it is best to keep an eye on the clouds in that direction. The climbing season extends from late November to early February. Trampers are also advantaged in the summer months when it is light until 10.00 p.m., allowing enormous scope for slack starts. I should mention here, that one "pays" for that view from the top in no mean terms. Steep climbs of 1000 m or more are not unusual and, given the loads you carry and the weather (usually either boiling hot or freezing cold), a high level of fitness is desirable.

In many cases, streams are more like raging torrents and anything over knee-deep should be taken seriously. The rumbling of rocks on the bottom indicate a very real threat.

Snowgrass, though exciting to walk on at the best of times, may cause avalanches when covered with snow, which brings me to scree-running - a fast and highly developed sport where one aims to outpace the moving rocks underfoot. Before and during walks, your intentions can be left with the ranger and in hut log books. Don't forget to sign out if you survive the trip - this says that you have succeeded in fending off the Keas - obnoxious mountain parrots which delight in taking hunks out of your boots and pack or in stealing your goodies!

ROUTE GUIDES AND MAPS

"Moir's Guide Book" (published by the N.Z. Alpine Club) is the best available route guide to tramping tracks and routes in the southern lakes area and is well worth getting hold of. Its two parts (southern and northern sections) can be purchased, along with maps and guides covering other areas e.g. Arthur's Pass and Mt Cook National Parks, at most gear shops. The National Park maps are generally quite adequate, though inch to mile maps are also available where more detail is required. Both show marked tracks and routes, as well as huts in that area. A simple map of the main towns and highways is helpful when hitching.

PLACES TO GO

When at last you find yourself in this new land, the burning question is "Where to start?". Below, I have suggested a few walks whereby you can become acquainted with New Zealand's splendour: Routeburn track; Greenstone Valley; Lower Hollyford to Big Bay; West Matukituki - Dart - Rees Valleys including Cascade Saddle; and any of the lower tracks in Arthur's Pass. In Mt Cook, Mt Aspiring and Arthur's Pass National Parks, tramping can be combined with climbing for those with sufficient experience. Some really magnificent walks, such as the Copland Pass in Mt Cook National Park, Waimak Col in Arthur's Pass National Park, can be done with only a little climbing experience, so you might think seriously about getting onto the snow and ice. From "The Hermitage" at Mt Cook, Mueller Hut, Hooker Hut and the Ball Hut sites are easily reached and offer magnificent views. Climbing courses and hire of guides can also be arranged at "The Hermitage".

After a few trips, the problem of "Where to go" soon becomes "How to fit all that you'd like to do into the time that is left". This is an impossible task which brings you to going-home-time with very firm ideas on how to fill up your next summer vacation. The string of memories of those mystical alps and prospect of further experiences waiting there ensures that "next time" becomes a reality.

"Let us probe the silent places,
let us seek what luck betide us,
Let us journey to a lonely land I know.
There's a whisper on the night-wind,
there's a star agleam to guide us,
And the wild is calling, calling ... let us go."

- Robert W. SERVICE

IN THE BEGINNING ....

by Dave Sheehy

About four years ago I was sitting on a tropical beach with a coconut between my feet and a machete in my right hand, vowing to myself that bushwalking was all that mattered in this world. That was my first long walk and, as they say, the dawn of a new era.

Since then as I've balanced on tiny rock ledges hundreds of feet above nothing, or slept (floated) in a wet sleeping bag, or even as I've picked hungry leeches off my ankles, the thought crosses my mind, "Well, here I am again!" - and some day I'll ask myself why!

That first walk started like any other walk with a group of people sitting on a beach deciding which way to go, and after two days of sleeping and inactivity prior to our arrival, it wasn't easy to get the bones moving in the right direction. We soon all learnt the true meaning of the much quoted phrases such as "just around the next headland", or "there is the top now" as we struggled to reach our campsite that night. But the next morning, I experienced a first inkling of what it was all about. The glow of a brilliant sunrise reflected off a calm sea, a virgin beach, and the mountains behind.

Our little party trod off that morning with no real leader, just an idea that we were heading up into the mountains with an approximate course planned - our target for that night being a saddle where we thought there was water. There was much anticipating of our imminent arrival at the saddle, but it took us two full days including a rather dry night until we reached the saddle. Such was the expectation of our arrival that we put off lunch on the second day until we arrived. Hence, it was a hungry and thirsty group that enjoyed a rewarding feast that night. If the same meal was dished up under other circumstances, I am sure the response would not have been so eager.

The next day we felt revitalized and headed up into the clouds and after a solid day's climb we reached the summit. Again there was no water except that which we carried. The view consisted of the front of our noses and campsites were hard and rocky, but we didn't care - we had reached the top. We clowned around, took pictures of each other, and put our names in the logbook, even though as far as we were concerned we were the only ones who had trodden on that bit of countryside, and that was our reward.

On the way down the other side further rewards for our efforts unfolded themselves. The cloud lifted as a curtain from a stage, staggering us at the distance to the horizon and the beauty of the wilderness.

After so many nights with limited water, we came across a campsite at the

top of a clear cool waterfall with a view to distant mountain ranges, soft grassy sleeping places and a night that was as clear as only a sky above a wilderness could be. That night we saw the southern cross rotate 60° as we sat there with the world at our feet.

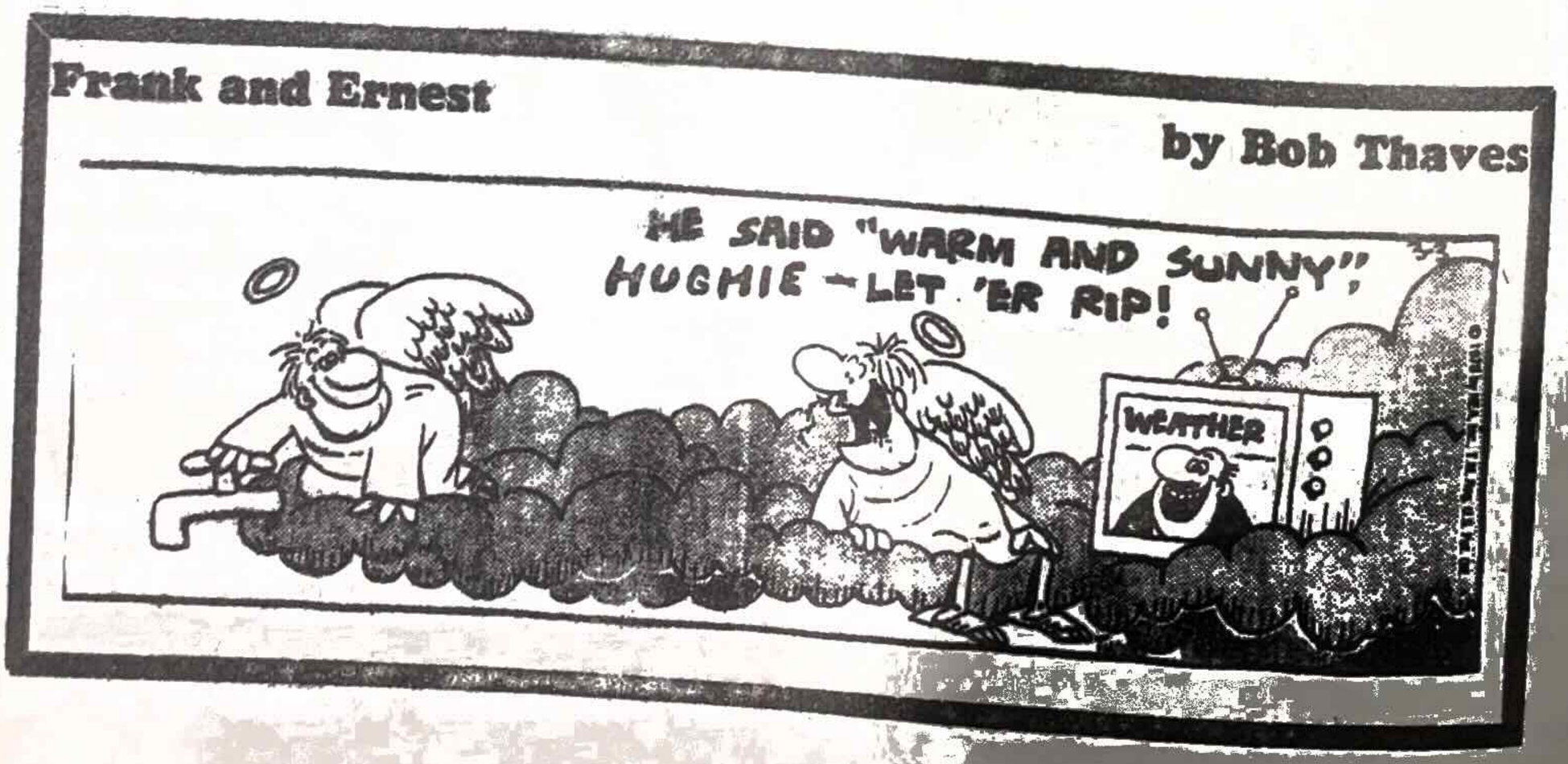
We then proceeded down the creek to the sea. The following morning three of us sat above a creek which tumbled over a waterfall and out into the ocean, and we watched the sun rise. For more than one hour not one word broke the binding spell of the sun as it gradually peered above the horizon and lit up the sea, the beach and the mountains.

Of course, it wasn't all sunrises and beautiful scenery. At one stage, in the dead of a rainy moonless night, six figures draped in black hooded coats with only the dim light of a torch reflecting off pale faces, stood waist deep in a black boiling surf looking for a way to cross a creek presumably at low tide. Needless to say the attempt was unsuccessful.

Not to mention the time when rumbling stomachs surrounded a carefully metered quantity of stew which had been gurgling merrily for sometime on a billy when a loud crack, a shower of sparks, and a pall of smoke replaced the peaceful scene. But as the smoke cleared all that was left was the billy and the stew (what do they put in it?), and of course the much relieved rumbling stomachs. An exploding fire can sure come close to ruining a good meal.

All these things added up to make that walk a memorable one. Memorable people, scenery, experiences, and unforgettable meals!

It's hard to say what makes a walk so special - the sunrises and sunsets, the scenery, the people, the weather, or the changes in nature. Or is it just being out in the timeless wilderness away from the pressures of modern living and to have time to think, to be able to just sit down on a tropical beach with a coconut between your feet and think?



HIGH COUNTRY IN VICTORIA

by Mick Olsen

One warm, September, Friday lunch-time, Hugh Simmons and myself were winding our way up through Cunningham's Gap. Then followed many miles of hectic driving. After several less than appetizing pies and hamburgers, we saw the early morning light shining brightly on the Bogong High Plains forming a barrier at the end of the Kiewa Valley. We notified the authorities, left numerous touri wondering what we were doing, spread most of our gear over Mt Beauty, organized a lift to Harrietville and enjoyed our last bit of warmth for the next six days.

Slogging our way up Mt Feathertop in the hot afternoon sun was less than enjoyable, with the heavy packs and carrying our skis. As we reached the snowline, we realized that there would be no ski-ing till the morrow as darkness was approaching faster than good snow. So, instead, it was trudging uphill through thigh deep slush until we camped at Feathertop hut.

The next day saw us on top of Feathertop and the weather looking ominous. Below the disgusting monstrosity of the Melbourne University Mountaineering Club igloo on Bangalow Spur reflected the light from all angles. Apparently they have already had to blacken out the panels. Like most people I have spoken to who use the area, I find this form of abuse one of the most unaesthetically pleasing features of the Victorian Alps. Whilst exploring the summit cornices, we came across a couple of climbers plodding through rapidly thawing snow on the N.W. spur. We ran into them a week and a half later at Guthega on our way into Blue Lake. A violent battle broke out when we informed them that their trip from Wagga to go night-climbing at Blue Lake coincided with the total eclipse of the moon. Casualties:- 1 ski pole, 1 torn pack and several distressed tourists.

Anyway, the next day looked foul, but we decided to move onto Dibbin's Hut at the southern edge of the Bogong High Plains. To get there, we had to traverse the Razorback between Mt Hotham and Mt Feathertop. This is perhaps one of the most spectacular routes in the whole of the Victorian Alps affording views in all directions. It can also be hazardous, having already claimed one life. After we had a very belated lunch we headed rapidly past the scarring development of Mt Hotham. After passing the Charles Derrick Memorial Cairn, we ended up in the gloom of evening once more. It is rather unnerving, but sobering, to keep passing memorial structures in the Victorian mountains for those who were inexperienced or careless. As we were going strongly, however, and the moon was shining brightly we skied on into the night till the snow ran out and we then plodded downhill to Dibbin's Hut. In recent

proposals, a number of these huts, like those in Kosciusko are to be removed. They tend to create rather than alleviate situations in these mountain areas. Several people on Mt Bogong, in fact, perished yards from the Summit Hut trying to reach it at the height of a blizzard. That evening the weather was looking bad again.

Intermittent sunshine the next morning betrayed what was to follow later in the day. As we climbed onto the Bogong High Plains, the wind rose, the cloud settled and a near white-out occurred at times during the day. That night, the temperature dropped to -13°C, which was exceptionally cold for that time of year. It snowed heavily all night and we later found out that winds topped 100 km/hr. Earlier in the afternoon, a couple of yo-yo skiers (downhill of the sport) got lost at Mt Hotham. One of them had spent the night out at Falls Creek the previous year. Unfortunately, they both perished in the blizzard that night and one body was found only 100 yards from safety in the Mt Loch car park. This incident highlighted the unyielding nature of these mountains.

The next day was spent slacking around. To our surprise, Paddy Pallin skied into Cape Hut on a day trip with others from his party. It was easy to see that a man of his wide experience was at relative ease even in bad conditions knowing that he could safely cope with the fickle mountain weather.

A late start the next day saw us pitching the tent in a grove of snow gums just south-east of Mt Nelse. Again, a very cold night, but the wind had eased slightly and it was only snowing sporadically. An uphill grind met us first thing after breakfast. Much to our delight, the view was enhanced by a snow-cat dragging yo-yo skiers up Mt Nelse belching fumes out of its exhaust on its way. Apparently, they are not content with the slopes prepared by clear-felling the snow gums at Falls Creek.

It wasn't too far along from the top of Mt Nelse that conditions on the ridge became very icy. The strong winds of the past few days associated with the freezing conditions turned the tops of the mountains into great sheets of ice. We knew after a very short period of time (being blown sideways and skating across the ice) that it was too treacherous with heavy packs to continue. So we about-faced and headed off to Falls Creek just making the last bus down to Mt Beauty. After a decent(?) meal we then set off for Blue Lake and hopefully some ice climbing, but that is another lengthy tale with its own trials and tribulations.

A ski-touring trip in this true sense of the term is a very enjoyable experience which has to be undertaken to be fully appreciated. It must be kept in mind though that if a trip is planned to our high country in winter time, adequate preparations should be made and experienced people be included in your party. In this way, everyone can have a safe and unforgettable period in yet another of Australia's unique areas.

THE WARATAH STORY

a legend

Back in the dreamtime of the Badjelang people - goes an old Aboriginal legend from the Clarence River - a warrior, Balugan, was chosen to lead his tribesmen in a vengeance raid to recapture the beautiful women of the tribe, stolen by marauders from over the mountains.

As the warriors set out they were accompanied to the edge of the tribal lands, the top of the range, by the beautiful young lubra Guangan, promised in marriage to Balugan.

In the evening Balugan killed a wallaby and a crimson-plumaged mountain lowry. As the men slept he made for Guangan a cloak of wallaby skin, and as they spoke of their love he decorated her hair with the brilliant feathers of the mountain parrot; late into the night they made love, then slept. In the morning Balugan led the warriors over the range while Guangan waited on a great rounded boulder.

At the end of the day the survivors returned. Balugan was not among them. Guangan watched and waited, and longed for her lover, sobbing out her grief through the night.

Her tears cut rivulets into the side of the granite boulder, and, dropping to the ground, formed two creeks known today as the Waratah and the Coombadjha. For seven days Guangan wept, refusing all comfort from her people. Her slim body slipped slowly from the rock, and she sank feet first into the earth.

Through the cold, sad winter months that followed nothing grew around Guangan's rock. Not until the sun was warm and the first spring storms rolled over the mountains did the spirit of Guangan stir beneath the ground - a tender shoot pushing from the earth near the great boulder. Watered by the Waratah and the Coombadjha it grew swiftly to a slender, supple tree, leaves pointed like the hunting spears of Balugan, and flowers growing like the hot sun, red as the mountain lowry's feathers in Guangan's hair.

Four thousand hectares of Waratahs now bloom around Guangan's rock, which still bears testimony to the story. Long white streaks of tearmarks, and the rivulets, are still easy to distinguish. Nothing grows in the course granite soil at the foot of the rock through the winter until the New England spring storms awaken the scarlet Waratahs, drawing them from the course granite earth to rival the brilliant plumage of the parrots nesting in the tall gums overhead.

Gibraltar Range National Park now covers part of the Kumbainggiri tribal lands. Of the Park's 15,400 hectares three thousand are profusely covered

with Waratahs through October and November. Their scarlet blooms, moving endlessly in the mountain breeze (say the few remaining tribesmen) are symbolic of Guangan's restless love; their pointed leaves are Balugan's spears.

DEATH OF A TREE

The power saw screamed,
then turned to a muttering.
She leaned forward,
fell.
A sad abruptness
in the limpness of foliage,
in the final folding of limbs.
I placed my hand on what was left:
one hundred years of graceful beauty ended,
and the underside of leaves pale
blended with the morning rain.
Better for her to have been overpowered
by wind or storm.
That would have been a battle,
a fitter end for such a forest giant
than this ignoble inevitability
because man was involved.
Man is pain.
I walked away and left her,
saddened,
aware of my loss.
Yet - still,
part of the gain.

Jack Davis

WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN

by Neil Gibson

FIRST EDITION - DEDICATED TO ALL PHILLISTINES

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION:

It has often been commented to me by non-bushies that they don't understand what we (i.e. us bushies) are talking about. I thought everyone would know what was meant by "The peckish phillistine while skulling a huge triffic triple fizzy noticed a big dolip of groit in the bottom of the cup which made him feel chunderous." - But apparently they don't. When I read a sentence like that I immediately know that while Bayliss was having a fizzy he noticed in the bottom of the cup Hoey's half a toothbrush with which he had cleaned out his navel (at least once every six months) after he'd brushed his teeth the previous week. And Dave understandably had felt better. Because I'm so good at this sort of interpretation, I decided to write this monograph to correct this lack of understanding. This being the first edition, there will no doubt be a few omissions and mistakes. These will be corrected in future editions. Though many people have helped in ideas for this work (i.e. you groits) the interpretation of these ideas rests with the author. Much time, effort and expense was spent on preparing this manuscript so I hope you appreciate it for what it is worth. This work is copyright - it cannot be reproduced in whole or part, (or even little bits) without prior approval and receiving of one bottle of B.R. by the author (a one litre bottle).

INTRODUCTION

This work is very simple and any plebs who are willing to spend a few days conscienciously studying it will find that he can begin to appreciate the finer points of the English language. Below may be found a few helpful pointers to get you started:

Pronunciation - the trick here is to co-ordinate your vocal cords with the opening and closing of your mouth.

Inflection - I hear it is very good on toast with vegemite and sardines and a little soy sauce, besides that I don't use it.

Etymology - The derivation of words found in this *Dictionary* have two main sources: (1) Bastardisation of just about any word ever invented in any language back to about 36000 B.C.; (2) Spur of the moment flashes of brilliance by certain bushwalkers when faced by a situation that can't be covered by (1) above. For these reasons no derivatives appear in this work, except in

Editor's Note: B.R. is Bundaberg Rum.

a few special cases (where the derivation of a word has been indisputably accounted for by at least three sober eye witnesses or 20 eye witnesses of the other variety. Generally acceptance of a new word can be calculated by the formula:

$$A = \frac{l \times s \times (f)^2}{p} - v$$

Where A = acceptance
l = length of trip on which it was first used
s = aesthetic sound value
f = frequency of use
p = ease of pronunciation
v = total vocabulary of party

This formula has some interesting properties which will be fully discussed in a later paper but suffice to say here that the smaller the vocab of the party, the quicker they latch on to any new word their tiny brains generate.

DICTIONARY OF TERMS:

Abbreviations :
(GU) Fergus
(N+P) Pete and Noel
(P+N) Noel and Pete
(UQB) UQBWC
(M) Mervet the elder

A

Austin - English design motovehicle, premiaire bushwalking car, driven only by the best.

B

Bag - Sleeping bag, other uses: go to bag = go to bed, get out of bag = get out of bed.

Beast - Anything that won't do what you want it to, i.e. car, person, fire.

Belch - After effect (oral) of fizzy (see fizzy).

Beauty (M) - Beauty, good one, triffic, etc., generally used in the context "What a beauty" can also refer to pickyograph device.

Blurb - Information

Bog - Generally has a high concentration of organic matter, two types (a) Tasmanian variety (b) Non-Tasmanian variety

Bum-slide - Use to which 200m and 30° snow slopes are generally put.

Bushies - Us, as opposed to them.

C

Chuck - Reaction to Vesta, Hoey, etc.

Chuffer - The thing on which you cook your din-dins above the snow and/or wood line.

Chunder - Reaction to vesta, Hoey, etc.; can act in unison with chuck; also /-ous referring to vesta situations.

Clag - Rain, cloud, mist or fog; /-y rainy, cloudy, misty or foggy.

Crud - Refers to any piece of unidentified garbage, fingernail scrapings, etc.

D

Dolip - A measure, bigger than a smiggin but smaller than a heap; generally used in relation to food.

Drop Bears - "Because these are protected animals no information will be given to Plebs through this work."

E

Fart - After effect (not oral) of fizzy (see fizzy).

Fizzy (UQB) - The wonderful, marvellous, pearly-white, fine-grained cure-all, of all known diseases carried in vast quantities by all bushies.

G

Geriatrics - Bayliss (i.e. anyone from the lower Jurassic)

Giday - Greeting to be used at all times of the day and night from rags to tails.

Greasy - That wonderful black (lately seen in hybrid orange and blue) device supposed in ancient mythology to have marvellous water repellancy powers.

Grebbley - Little beast.

Groit - Term of affection applied to fellow bushwalkers, roughly means to have close camaraderie with the dirt; also /-ty and /-es.

Grouse - Triffic, beauty, ace, etc.

H

Hairy - Involves the use of adrenalin glands, can be prefaced by very or little.

Hoolies - Doolies (P+N, N+P) - Means grouse, beauty, ace, etc.
x 10,000 - generally heard in New Zealand.

Horny Toad - A very old word of unknown meaning used by geriatrics.

Hughie - The wonderful, all powerful, all knowing, all seeing, sacrifice-accepting (as long as the sacrifice is a vestial virgin, or 8 non vestial virgins), hard-to-please controller of the clag or klag.

I

I.P. - Instant Pud.

K

Klag - Identical with clag except for the first letter.

Knee-caps - Very near and dear parts of most males, (cab driver excepted).

M

Mank - Tassie scung.

N

Navel pickings - Pickings of navels, especially appropriate after a long trip.

Nit racker - Comb or brush used to rake nits.

P

Peckish - Hungry; grades through to starving.

Phillistines - If you don't know what a Phillistine is then you know one.

Photon emitter - Torch, candle, etc.

Pickyograph device - Camera

Pleb - One who isn't in the know.

Pog - Porridge, breakfast, yum-yum, etc.

Pseudo-fizzy - The other stuff.

R

Ripper - Ace

Rosella - Big vestas.

R.T.P. - Rare tropical plant; gone searching for after fizzy, vesta, etc.

S

Scung - Vegetation which is an impediment to progress and everything else.

Skulling - The art of drinking a pint of tocking fizzy in one gulp.

Snowrodynamic - What your bum must have a high degree of to win the bum sliding competitions.

Speil - The process of giving the blurb.

Slurp - Action done to a slurp hole by the use of a slurp tube.

Strop - Hard walk, /-py: one who undertakes a hard walk.

Stuffed - The feeling you get after 1 litre of vesta, half a cheesecake, 100gm of chocky and a billy of tea.

I

Triffic - Wonderful, marvellous, etc.

V

Vesta - A little rosella

V.W. - Also pronounced vee-wee; an inferior species of motovehicle which Austins oft have to rescue.

W

Wee walk - As opposed to long walk, R.T.P., etc.

We'll be off then - Heard prior to departure from camp.

What a bind (GU) - Equivalent to endless bitching and moaning.

Y

Ya not wrong Nerrille - You're quite accurate in your estimation of the situation.

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.... AND MORE TERMS

by Bob Hoey

I have just finished reading Neil's article to see if the typist can follow it. Boy, is it sic. The writing is terrible, but apart from that the spelling is all wrong. Upon being asked, Neil stated that he wanted the spelling left as is. (which confirmed my suspicions - who but a philistine would spell philistine: "phillistine"). I decided that Neil's article would have to be interpreted for those who don't think along the same lines as he does (i.e. everybody).

Firstly to interpret the incorrect and unusual spelling. (Listed in order in which they appear in Neil's article; s.r. stands for should read). Phillistine s.r. Philistine; skulling s.r. sculling; dolip s.r. dollop; groit s.r. grot; Mervet s.r. Mervert; grebbley s.r. grebely; vestial s.r. vestal; scung s.r. scunge; nit racker s.r. nit raker; speil s.r. spiel; Nerrile s.r. Narelle.

Secondly to add a few terms that Neil has left out. (He has made his weak and feeble excuses in his article, so I won't be too critical).

A.P.: Abbreviation for "all purpose". Paper used for wiping everything. (not to be confused with shirt tails - used for wiping almost everything).

Barney Monster: Subtropical Yeti found on Mt. Barney (and occasionally elsewhere). Milton is in training as his offsider.

Canyon Bag: N.S.W.? term for giant plastic bag (heavy grade) to line your pack for trips through wet gorges etc. where swimming is involved.

Dry Horrors: Caused by lack of water after sweating all day then eating dried food (Vesta, Rosella, etc.). Occurs at night. Solution - keep solution in bottle at tent door.

Foamie: Snow mat, foam mat, etc. Closed cell foam mat, takes some of the "hard" ship out of sleeping on cold ground, snow, etc.

Freeze dried: An expensive alternative to Vesta, Rosella, etc. According to the three bushwalkers in Australia who have been able to afford it so far, it is quite tasty.

"Gee if I had some - chocolate, nuts, fudge, etc. - I'd share it with my friends" Form of begging that plays upon the guilt of those who have the chocolate, etc. Best dealt with by saying "Gee if I

had some .... I'd eat it myself".

G.G.W.: Green ginger wine. Used as high octane fuel for person or motorvehicle.

Hard: To be this your muscles need to be this. Very stroppy walkers. Indestructible despite all adverse conditions.

Poxy: Melbourne hards' term for foul - applies to weather, etc.

Scroggin: Bag of peanuts that contained lots of different goodies before you passed it around.

Soap: Processed Cheddar cheese. "No self-respecting bushie ever uses soap". (Mick Olsen pers. com.)

Tourii: (Singular tourist - rarely used). People of the kind who brag that they walked all the way through Cradle Mountain - Lake St. Clair National Park. (Also anyone less hard than that).

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ORIENTEERING FOR BUSHWALKERS

PART 1 by Roger Bourne
PART 2 by Jolyon Parslow

PART ONE

Those of you who read Fergus and Bayliss's article "Bushwalking Navigation for Beginners" in a recent Mini-Heybob will no doubt be anxious to try your navigational skills in some real bush, but are perhaps a little apprehensive about attempting this art in the very wide open (or even worse, dense) spaces, lest you become lost.

The answer is Orienteering. When orienteering, that dark fear that lurks in the back of every bushwalker's mind - the fear of being searched for by the S.E.S. when you become lost - is almost completely forgotten, since it's nearly impossible to become seriously lost when orienteering.

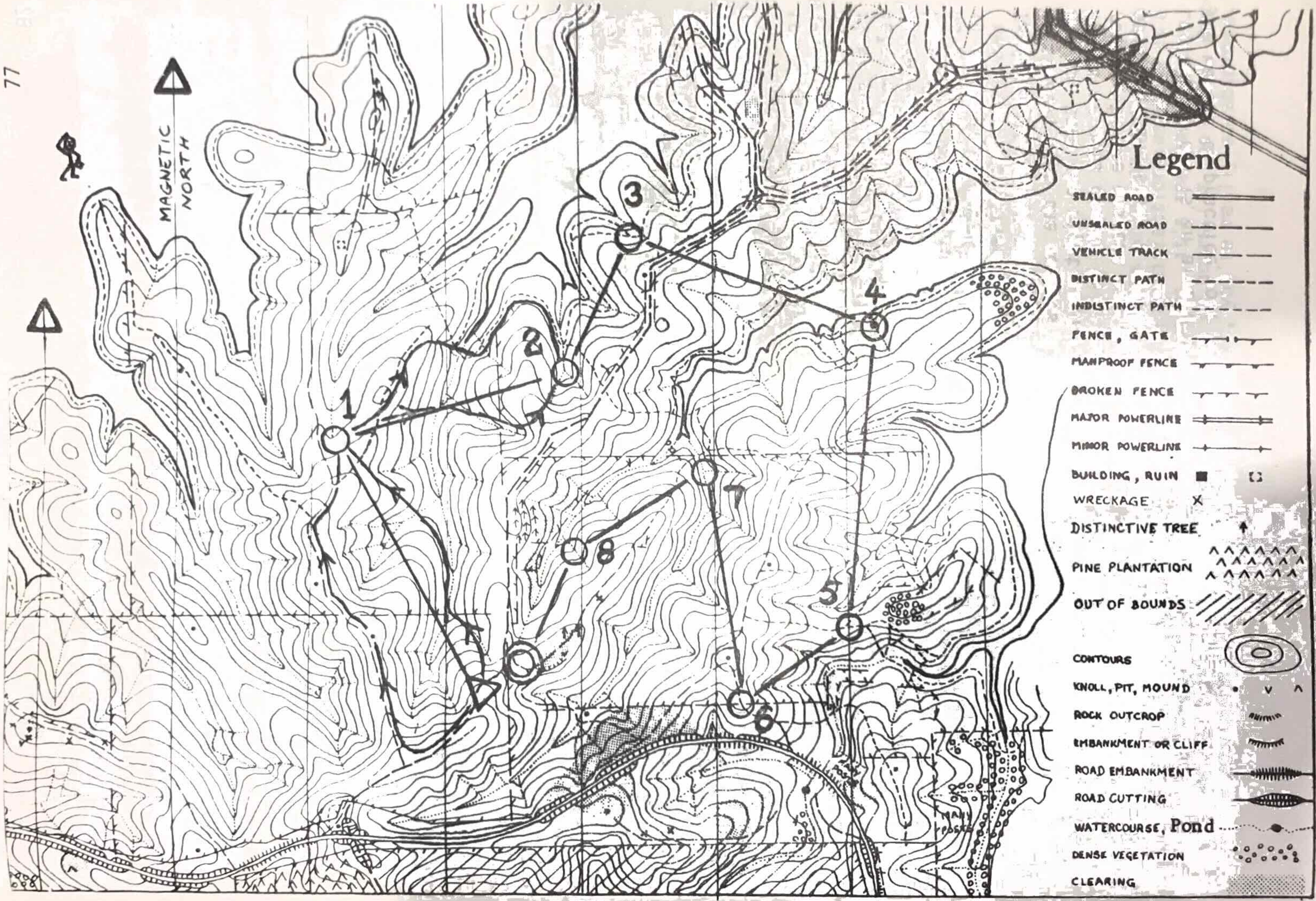
Free of this burden, your mind is free to concentrate entirely on the navigational problems ahead, and this is what Orienteering is all about - navigating your way through the bush with the aid of an extremely detailed map and a simple compass. (Note: Some orienteers, unable to control their desire to navigate and unable to find any bush, have been known to resort to canoe-orienteering and in desperate straits, to street orienteering.)

THE ORIENTEERING MAP

A good O-map contains an amazing amount of information and is the result of hours and hours and some more hours of field work and cartography. Most good maps are five-coloured and have a scale of 1:20,000 - that means 1cm on the map represents 200m on the ground. The most difficult to interpret symbols on the map are the contours but once the art of reading these brown lines is mastered, one is well on the way to becoming an expert map reader. Bushwalkers accustomed to a 50m contour interval will get a shock to find this reduced to 5m on O-maps and on very rare occasions, e.g. world championships, this may be further reduced to 2.5m. In this way the course setter can utilise almost every undulation in the earth's crust to force the orienteers to navigate with great precision.

Most natural and man-made features which are large enough to hide a one foot square red and white control marker are shown on the map, this may include creeks, wells, pits, mounds, erosion gullies, boulders, unusual trees, fences, tracks, and even termite mounds. In fact there is sometimes so much detail that one ignores most of it until in the vicinity of the desired control.

Because O-maps cover relatively small areas, there is no necessity to become entangled in the vines of magnetic variation so the grid lines on the map


MAGNETIC NORTH
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
Legend
SEALED ROAD
UNSEALED ROAD
VEHICLE TRACK
DISTINCT PATH
INDISTINCT PATH
FENCE, GATE
MANPROOF FENCE
BROKEN FENCE
MAJOR POWERLINE
MINOR POWERLINE
BUILDING, RUIN
WRECKAGE
DISTINCTIVE TREE
PINE PLANTATION
OUT OF BOUNDS
CONTOURS
KNOLL, PIT, MOUND
ROCK OUTCROP
EMBANKMENT OR CLIFF
ROAD EMBANKMENT
ROAD CUTTING
WATERCOURSE, Pond
DENSE VEGETATION
CLEARING
MANY POSTS

point to magnetic north. This makes taking bearings very easy with no need to add or subtract funny numbers.

Should you ever achieve a state of geographical embarrassment, there's a good chance that some other orienteer will be thrashing around in the same piece of bush and he/she might be able to tell you where you are, although quite often two orienteers approach, and with heads bowed in shame simultaneously ask each other, "Do you know where we are?"

CROSS COUNTRY O-ING

This is the most common and best type of O-ing event. The orienteer must visit controls (features on which the red and white markers are hung) in a set order and return to the finish in the least possible time, however, many orienteers do not hurry and prefer to stroll through the bush, only going fast enough to return in time for lunch. With five courses of different lengths and navigational difficulty, there is plenty of scope for people of all levels of fitness and experience.

Once on the course, which may be between two and twelve kilometers long, the orienteer must decide how to get from one control to the next without getting lost. The final route choice is often a compromise between the fastest route and the safest.(A safe route is one on which you are unlikely to get lost but is often long and time consuming.) This is where the terrible decisions come into the game and the reason O-ing is called "the Thought Sport". The beauty of orienteering is that there is no "correct" way to do it and no "wrong" way since the route chosen will depend not only on the map but also on the particular strengths and weaknesses of the orienteer. A good navigator will usually choose a direct route between controls, while a good runner but poor navigator will prefer to stay on tracks.

Look at the course on the map (scale is 1:10,000, contour interval 5m). The start is marked with a triangle and the first control is at the centre of the circle marked "1". All controls have a description, in this case the first control is the "Gully Head". From the start there are several sensible routes to this control and an infinite number of idiotic routes. The marked route to the left of the direct line is quite safe but a little long, however, unlike any routes to the right, this one is relatively flat with no need to drop into the gully and then climb out again. The gully route is shorter but the navigating is more difficult with extra climbing.

To decide on the route, hold your compass horizontal then when the needle is steady, toss the compass about 20ft into the air. If it lands the right way up, take the right hand route, otherwise the left. If the compass breaks or gets caught in a tree or falls down a wombat hole, then take the route with the easiest navigating. This is a simple route choice method I developed and saves a lot of time wondering which way to go.

Leg number two is an around or over problem, with two routes marked. If you wanted to practice your bearings, then you could take the super-direct

route, but when doing this be sure to check for mank patches before getting too carried away.

This is a typical orienteering course with plenty of route choice and easy navigating typical of Queensland (perhaps someone organised this so the Mines Department wouldn't lose all its prospecting staff looking for "riches" in the wasteland). O-ing in the southern states is much more interesting.

The rest of this course is left for your brain to do, but note that the plain white patch between 3 and 4 is deep water.

It would be quite easy to write a book about all this but not being a piker; I'm going to stop now. If you want to know some more about orienteering then ask me or contact the Queensland Orienteering Association, P.O. Box 114, North Brisbane. 4000.

* * * * * * * * * * *

PART TWO

PUT ZING IN YOUR BUSHWALKING SPRING!

AND SPICE IN YOUR BUSHWALKING LIFE!

You know the feeling. The horrible, sinking feeling at the start of a bushwalk when you're not fit enough. Lead-like legs, heaving lungs, sweat in the eyes.

You may not know another feeling. Cold, wet, clagged in, too scared to move because you're not sure where you are, and you might just die if you're wrong.

Funnily, there is a way you can solve both these problems, and have a lot of fun. Put spice into your bushwalking life - go orienteering! "What's fun about racing around in the bush with a compass and map?", I hear you say. To dismiss it like that would be like dismissing bushwalking as slogging around with a lump on your back. Quite simply, orienteering can add a new dimension to bushwalking - and your life. Like no other sport, it complements bushwalking.

Here's why.....

Orienteering is basically a matter of solving problems when you're buggered. The reason this is fun is it gives you a sense of satisfaction, as well as a delicious feeling of tiredness. Like hard bushwalks, it's the tough ones you remember. But the agony only lasts a couple of hours (at the most). Better than all weekend! And while you're doing it, you're really so absorbed,

you don't notice it..

Here's how it works.....

You take your compass, a triffic pair of sandshoes, and yourself. You front up to the start, pay about 60¢ (maps cost money) and enter whatever event you like, from.dead easy to gut buster. Front up to the starter with map and clue sheet, and go. (at one or two minute intervals).

Not so fast. First, mark your map. You will have from 5 to 20 "controls" to visit. Plot your course to your first one, and go!! Along a track for 100 metres (pant, pant), take a bearing on a creek junction (busy, busy). Measure distance. Is the direct route best? O.K., we'll try it...off we go. Bloody great ridge (gasp, gasp). Am I on the bearing? Is that track on the map? Christ, I must be too far left. How far? There's another bloke. No, he might be on a different course. Best to head for creek. There it is. Follow down. Marker should be here - YES!! IT'S THERE! Click control card. Now, next control: "Termite mound, 20 m. high." Bloody hell, a needle in a haystack. Better head for that track junction and pace from there. Off we go!

And so on. It gets you in. It gets you fit. It's competitive, but only with yourself. It's challenging, but you determine the challenge. You can get satisfaction even if you don't do well. The buzz when you see that control (a small plastic number) right on line, is only matched by the despair when the bloody thing is nowhere to be found.

You can do it on odd weekends when you're too busy to bushwalk. It'll give you the incentive to jog all week to do well. And when you do bushwalk, you'll be fitter and you'll see tough navigational situations as a challenge.

Put some zing in your spring!!!!!



"I didn't realise we had to be roped together INSIDE the tent, Mr Winslow."

THE ROYAL VISITOR

by Bob Hoey

Anyone who has walked the Overland Track in Tasmania's Cradle Mountain/Lake St Clair National Park (i.e. done "the Cradle Mountain walk"), in summer, will have fond memories of mud, slush, leeches, mud, cold, wet, bog, quagmire and mud (depending on the weather). In fine weather there are compensating side trips and superb scenery; in foul weather the trip can be generally miserable.

What renders the track so muddy are the hordes of walkers using it. Because of the wet climate and poor drainage the ground becomes waterlogged and plant roots penetrate very short distances only. Once the vegetation and its roots have been trampled away there is nothing to render the soil solid underfoot, and, being almost permanently wet, it quickly churns into mud. This makes walking delightful (tales of blundering into waist deep bogs are definitely to be believed).

In foul weather, walking in cold wet conditions through deep mud can be very exhausting; in fine weather, doing numerous side trips, as well as walking through deep mud, can also be tiring. Therefore people often collapse into one of the numerous huts along the way and dry out, relax and seek refuge from the ever-present, engulfing mud.

The thought of anybody sitting in one of these huts, awaiting a 'refeened' personage, whom (they expect) would be delicately tripping through the miles of slush and black stinking mud just to pay them a visit, is so ridiculous (especially when one is in that situation) as to be incredibly amusing. Consequently, it was a delight to come across the following entry in the Kia-ora Hut logbook:

Today is my birthday and I'm huddled in here,
before this dear fire where I'm toasting me rear.
I've changed all me soaked stuff and put on me dries
and whipped out me top hat and starched me bow ties;
for me darlin' confided to me this wet morn
that the Queen she was a comin',
'cross the Overland a 'hummin',
to shake Micky's hand on the day he was born.

I've steamed and I've scorched the smell out of me socks
and I've parted and plastered me sweet-scented locks.
My darlin's scraped leeches from all o'er me hide,
and the crayfish in me whiskers that came for the ride.
For a scruffy scrub lad is a figure of scorn,
and when the Queen sees me
she'll seize me and squeeze me
and give me a kiss on the day I was born.

I've polished the crystal and decanted the wine
and a coat of old Dubbin has made me boots shine
the enamel on me comparte is a trifle chipped off
and me best silver Scouts' knife carves quail for your toff
for when the Queen pants past Ossa and rubs her sore corn,
no leech will came near her
the black bog will fear her
for she's bringin' me knighthood for the day I was born.

Michael Gill
February 9, 1978

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