HEYBOB

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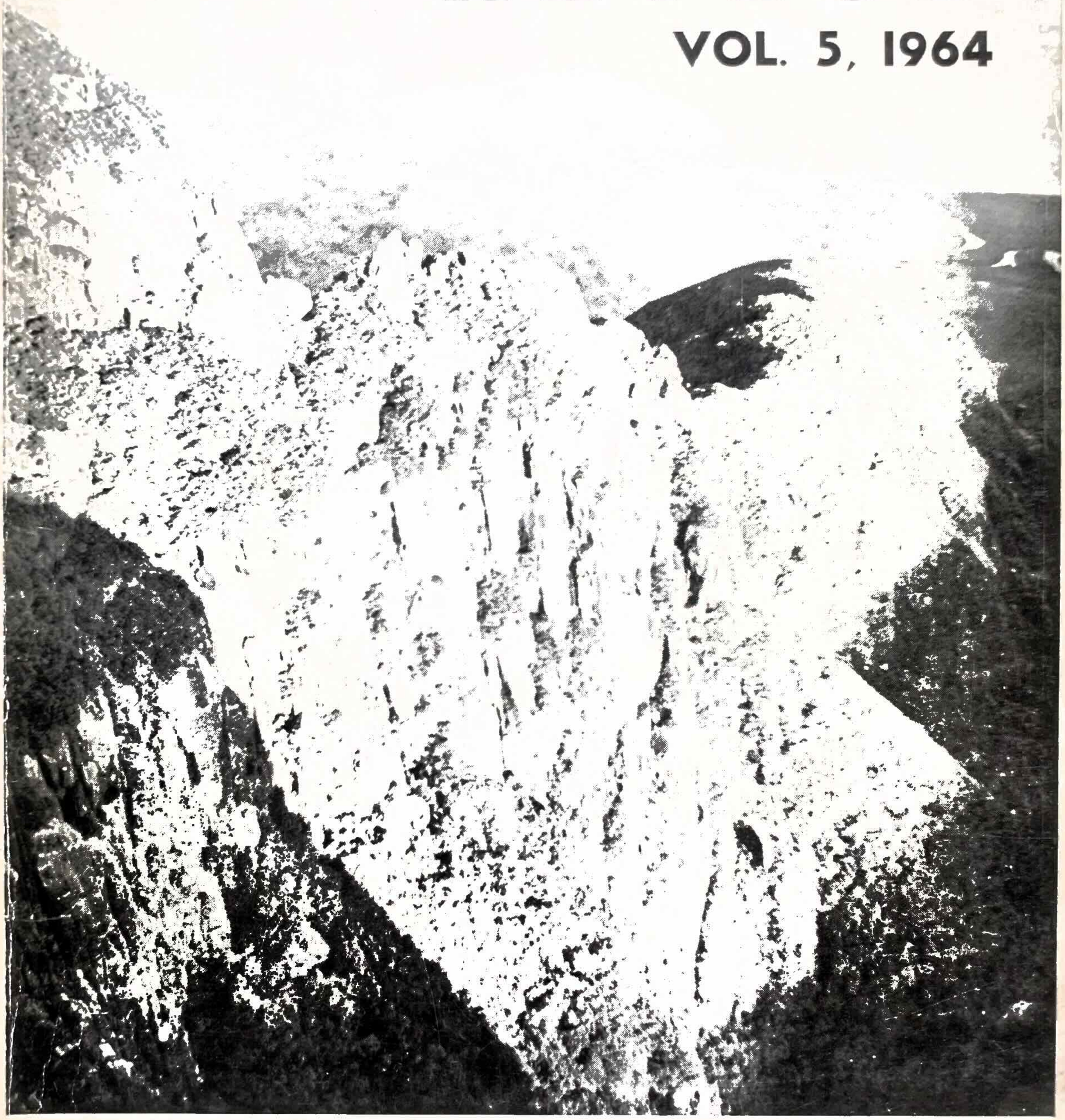

UNIVERSITY OF QUEENSLAND

BUSHWALKING CLUB

MAGAZINE

VOLUME 6

1964

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Cover Photograph: Lower section of the south-east ridge of Mt. Bowen, Hinchinbrook Island. Zoe Bay in the background.

Photograph and cover design by
John Comino.

E D I T O R I A L

BARBARA REID

They flee from me, that sometime did me seek.
Wyatt.

These words certainly sum up the trials of an editor seeking articles for Heybob! Anyhow, we're finally going to print with what articles feminine wiles and persistent nagging could force out of people.

Really, it's quite amazing that people don't rush to contribute to Heybob. After all, it's a marvellous opportunity to express to a sympathetic audience of fellow devotees just what bushwalking means to you - heaven knows we have to justify ourselves to the general public often enough. Besides, the thrill of your name in print! But I think it's all just another sad reflection on the way the club is deteriorating in its store of fanaticism lately - there just aren't any good controversies brought up any more. No-one wants to express himself loud and long. What happened to the badge? - and the hut!

I feel that next year will be a fairly critical one for the club. Many of the older experienced members will be heading for greener fields, and control will pass to a fairly new team. This is the rejuvenating chance the club needs - we just don't get lost enough often enough nowadays! We need some more enthusiasm, some fanaticism. - As a matter of fact, the movement might even have started in this mag.: some fool (sorry, Trev.) has dared to suggest that Springbrook might have more charms than Barney. Such heresy! - polytheism indeed!

Now, it seems to be an editor's duty to force important points to the reader's notice. I'd hate to be an insufficient editor, so I seize the opportunity to warn members to take a serious view of a trend beginning to be manifest in the club - I mean, all those chocolate biscuits for supper at meetings are just too much!

Finally, I would like to thank the contributors (such lyricism must surely be its own reward!) and all those who helped in producing Heybob No. 6.

Best wishes for exciting epics in the New Year!

HINCHINBROOK ISLAND, 1953

GEOFF. BROADBENT

In my extensive research necessary to rewrite an account of the club trip to Hinchinbrook Island in January 1953, I made the depressing discovery that I am now "an old decrepit member who has BEEN TO FEDERATION". Jon Stephenson has described this trip previously (Outdoors and Fishing, November 1953), but I will try to revive some of the memories from the days when we were young at heart.

Astonishing as it seems to a naturalised North Queenslander, we were forced to undertake this trip in January (when nobody with any sense goes nowhere). We hoped to climb Mt. Bowen (3600') and to attempt the traverse of its precipitous attendant, The Thumb. This had been attempted by a party from Scots College under Mr. John Bechervaise the previous August, but lack of water had forced them back. We almost suffered the same fate, but by the time we were washed off the Island we had no complaints about the water supply.

Our party included John Comino (who just made it by three seconds in dramatic fashion, with all his camping gear shoved down the front of his shirt), Ian McLeod, Geoff Goadby, David Stewart, Jon Stephenson, and a young lass who had intended to become a missionary but whom cruel Fate had caused to miss her sleeper on the first division. In the course of the two days' train journey she was taught how to drink soft drink straight from a bottle, several other party tricks, plus a smattering of bushwalkers' philosophy, and I feel confident that she's not a missionary now.

As we rounded Hillock Point on our launch trip up the coast from Dungeness, we had our first glimpse of Mt. Bowen and The Thumb, with its sheer 800' northern cliffs in profile. I have since flown around these peaks and gazed across the Island from the mainland as the sun sets over Hinchinbrook Channel, but I can still recall the mixture of awe and anticipation we experienced at the sight of our goal.

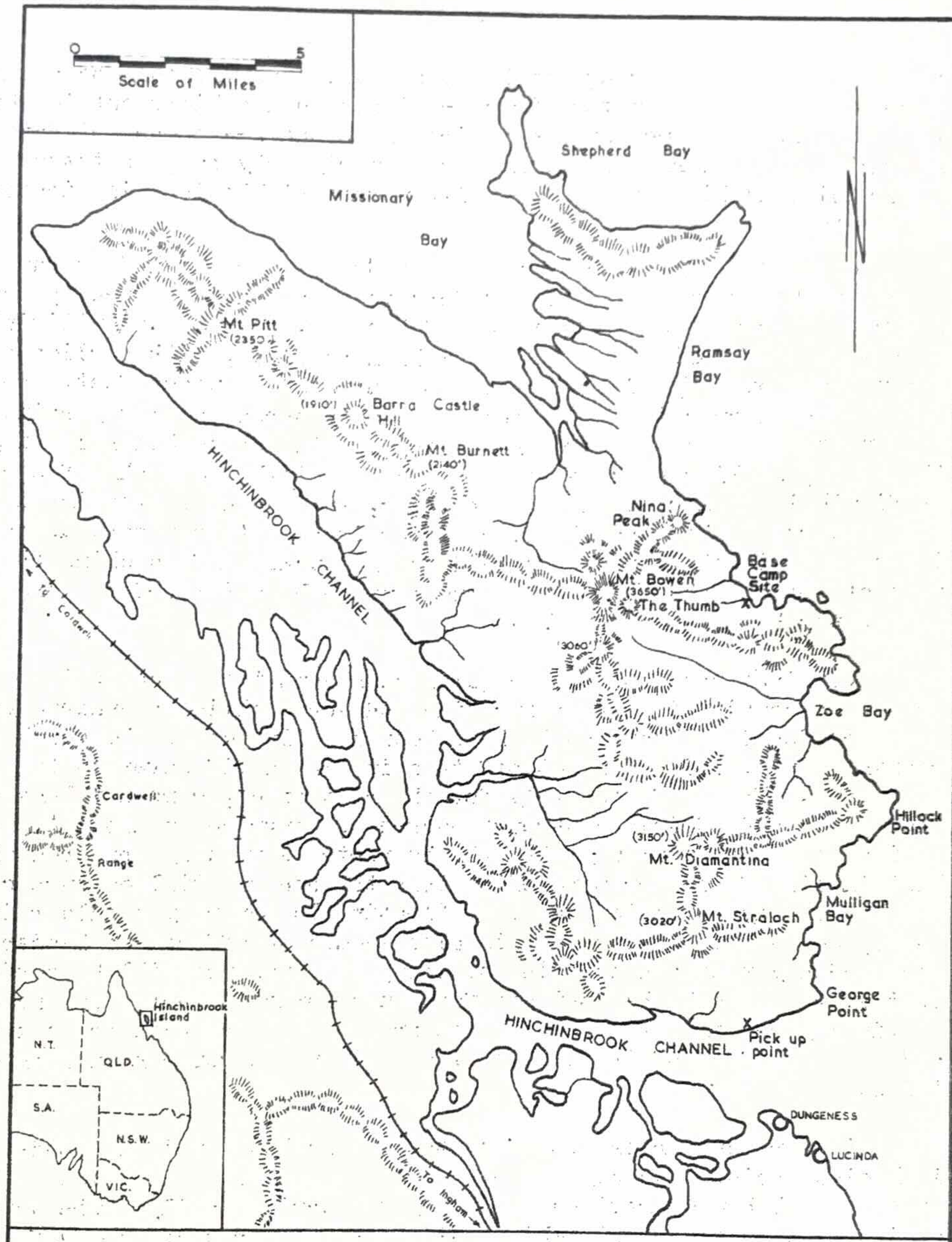
From a pleasant campsite in a small cove at the southern end of Ramsay Bay, we woke to a hot blue day, with an icecream of cloud on Mt. Bowen above us. We hurried the mosquitoes and sandflies through their breakfast and set off in two parties - David, Ian and Geoff. Goadby to follow up Warrawilla Creek to the main northern saddle and attempt the main peak; while Jon, John and I tried to traverse The Thumb.

The creek party slogged their way up through the humidity to make camp that night in the saddle. After a cloudy dawn they were able to follow the track of a party from Tully (December 1952), and from a small rock slab on the very summit were treated to a rare blue day on this normally cloud-swathed peak. Below, the curved beaches and headlands alternated, while almost fifty islands dotted the blue sea, among them Dunk, Bedarra, the Palms, and Magnetic. Westwards, the mangroved waterways of Hinchinbrook Channel highlighted the backdrop of the rugged coastal ranges stretching far to the north to Bartle Frere itself.

The ridge party soaked in sweat bashed their way upwards, with many a wistful glance at the creek below. We finally stumbled on the schoolboys' track, and more easily reached the main buttress before sunset. We managed to find water about 300' down a steep crevice on the northern side, and this probably made the difference between success and failure. A hot sun roused us at 8 a.m. and, after staring at some impossible routes on the northern side, we contoured up from the south. After an initial failure, our second lead finished at a wide crevice. John turned this by applying Newton's Fourth Law: if you climb up faster than you fall down, you will eventually reach the top. We traversed below the final wall to find water in the Bowen-Thumb saddle, then scrambled pack-free to the Summit of the Thumb to complete a cairn with a three-inch quartz crystal I had collected as ballast on the previous morning. The south summit of Bowen was reached in time for a most awe-inspiring sunset which, little did we realize, presaged the onset of the wet season.

Next morning we struggled through matted banksia to the summit and on to join the others who had spent the morning on a first ascent of the peak to the north of the saddle. Two days more were spent, between downpours, on trips to Nina Peak to the north and Agnes Island to the south. Memories of the campsite include the excellent fishing, Geoff Goadby's consternation as a giant centipede disappeared through a hole into the innards of his converted mail-bag pack, and the large brown snake which weaved its way, with head reared, two feet between John and myself as we stood in our shirts at dusk preparing to climb into our hammocks. (It continued straight on, unconcerned by the sight of two bushwalkers doing flying dives in opposite directions over their hammocks, struck gently at some trousers hanging up to "air" and then disappeared.

By now, we had to face the job of getting to the southern end of the island, which turned out to be quite a proposition. By the time we reached Ingham 36 inches of rain had fallen. As good lightweight campers



HINCHINBROOK ISLAND

we had left our rain gauge at home, but this was the only occasion on which I could get water direct - simply push a billy out in the open, and by the time you had a fire there was 2-3 inches of water. Bacteria got to work converting our formerly dehydrated potatoes to ammonia,and life became generally uncomfortable in this pioneering pre-porta-gas era.

Our first big hold-up was at Zoe Creek where we had to camp overnight before we were able to ford it as a roaring hip-deep torrent. After camping at the southern end of Zoe Bay, we reached Mulligin's Bay, skirting some booming waterfalls swollen by flood, with a glimpse through a cloud gap of a waterfall of over two thousand feet, spearing off the southern cliffs of Bowen to finally spread as misty rain. Ingenuously we waited a day on the edge of the broad beach leading to the south, still hoping to get a chance to climb the peaks of Stralock or Diamintina. A good surf was running, enlivened by floating logs washed down by the Herbert River making it almost as hazardous as Bondi is now. Typically, Stephenson and Comino ducked off to climb the nearest upright object, which turned out to be a forty-foot monolith at the northern end of the bay.

Our last day was to be a quick dash down the beach, but we woke to find a combination of spring tide and surf rolling a hundred yards into the jungle. What should have been a gully across the beach was a roaring creek, which Jon set off to swim like a lifesaver on the end of our ropes. These, fortunately for the rest of us, were not long enough. So off we paddled inland through pack-deep mangrove swamps. As we delicately picked our way through the roots, I vaguely wondered why the last in line fell over more often than the others, till my turn came, and I found myself watching every floating log over my shoulder in case one opened a pair of eyes. This also seemed to affect our leader, for Jon suddenly took a header in the swamp. It was not till he surfaced that we realised he had put his face in a hornet's nest. By the time we finally regained the beach, standard wear was reduced to rucksacks and hats - a form of dress which I hear is no longer condoned on club trips.

We were duly retrieved from the Island but remained flood-bound in Lucinda Point four days more, where we were kindly treated, with even a small house provided for us by the Waring family. The trip was a milestone as the first ambitiously planned club trip, and I fondly imagine still ranks as one of the best. Certainly, in trying conditions, one could not have hoped to be with a better bunch of blokes.

Editor's Note: For other accounts of this story the reader is referred to the following:-

"Adventure on an Island Highland" by Jon Stephenson, Outdoors and Fishing, November, 1953, pp. 450-453.

"Hinchinbrook Island" by John Comino, U. Q. B. W. C. Magazine, No. 1, 1959.

The former article is furnished with some excellent monochrome photographs of the Island by John Comino. An article entitled "We Visit Hinchinbrook Island" by John Bechervaise (Walkabout, April, 1953, pp.33-37) also contains very good photographs of the area and some notes of historical interest. Other historical notes are to be found in a letter to the editor of Walkabout, July 1953, p.46, by Jon Stephenson.

A BANKSIAN THROUGHWALK

ARTHUR ROSSER

Standing on Mt. Diamantina on Hinchinbrook Island in 1960 the idea occurred to me to run a trip along the elevated backbone of the island from Mt. Bowen in the north to Diamantina in the south. Water would be a problem, but otherwise the route looked excellent, being notably free of nasty vegetation - just an odd blade of grass here and there.

12th December 1961.

Our enthusiastic party arrived at Lucinda Pt. and found Mr. Garbutt who was to take us by boat to the bay past Agnes Island. To our surprise he took us instead across to Picnic Point, saying he would be back in the motning. My companions were: Ann Johnman, Ian Currie, Norwood Harrison (he was younger and newer then) and my wife Carol. These four threw off a decent amount of clothing and splashed and frolicked in the water. I told them about razor clams and stone-fish and stingrays and they heeded me not. Carol then discovered two stingrays in shallow water and they all came out thoughtfully and put on their sandshoes. It rained that night on Diamantina but not on us.

13th December.

Garbutt arrived early and took us back to Lucinda. We were puzzled by this treacherous behaviour; he said there was a squall near the island and let us buy ice-cream and coke at the shop. Ian bought

a tin of pears. Later, on the seaward side of the island, the boat commenced to rock a little. Garbutt suggested Zoe bay as a starting point, saying he did not want us to be sick. I vetoed this, pointing out that getting sick would not hurt us. I beamed at Ann who was off-white with a greenish tinge. I felt fine.

By the time we reached Agnes Island I was feeling poorly, and went into the cabin and selected what appeared to be Ian's new hat and hurled an interesting hurl of ice-cream and coke into it.. It would have been undignified for the trip leader to hurl over the side. Less fastidious than myself, Ann and Ian were doing just that. Ian hurled an intact half pear, which shows you how be holts his food, and Ann hurled a qualitatively and quantitatively undisclosed hurl. Ann is a bit secretive. The hat, as a matter of fact, belonged to Ann and not Ian, which was still satisfying in a quiet way. After that Ann lost a certain amount of personal freshness whenever she donned the hat. We camped on a little creek about a mile from where Garbutt dropped us.

14th December.

After a hot, humid night under nets, cowering in terror from millions of mosquitoes and kindred nasties, we discovered that the creek had stopped running, but eventually found a pool upstream. At the other end of the beach the creek we were to follow up to the saddle on Bowen was very dry and went underground near the beach. This lack of water was putting our trip in jeopardy; water parties are a nuisance if you have to descend three thousand feet every night to drink seawater. However, we started off up the creek. A small shower after lunch wet the rocks and made them slippery underfoot. We camped under a huge rock about a mile from the beach, our walking having been slowed down by the heat, which made swimming irresistible, and our 40 lbs. packs to 60 lb. packs. Ann lay down in a hollow and passed out. That night it rained heavily and I thought happily of Ann being drowned. It was disappointing to find the water only just reaching her next morning. The flood reached its peak as we ate breakfast.

15th December.

Our water problems were dramatically over, but we had to retreat from the roaring creek. The sun reappeared and we had fine views of glistening cliffs on the Thumb and on Bowen. Most of the day was spent cutting our way beside the creek, sweaty work which caused my spectacles to fog repeatedly. At 4 p.m. we decided to go up to the ridge on the right to camp near some rock pinnacles called the Fingers. This was most unpleasant in practice, there being deep holes and loose rocks hidden under long grass. The girls indicated that they were disappointed with the heat, their packs, the country and the trip. Norwood was very quiet and British. The Fingers' camp had an excellent view with close, extensive and impressive mountain scenery. We looked down on the Nina Peak ridge and I told them what an open and easy way to climb Bowen it is. We had covered about 3/4 of a mile that day.

16th December.

Everyone was suddenly weight conscious. Ann became generous with food. Currie insisted that it was foolish to throw out a few ounces from a 60 lb. pack. The rest of us quietly went on counting rice-grains and evicting stowaway ants. Norwood's trousers had given up at the knees and I gave him a spare pair. Ann threw away a pair of gaiters and I collected them for Carol. We returned to the creek through a little banksia, and found ourself in open rain forest. Currie stubbornly creek-walked while the rest of us cut our way through the jungle. It was satisfying to hear him lost and hey-bobbing in alarm up a side tributary. By noon we were at Casurina Campsite, about one half a mile horizontally. and 1,000 ft. vertically from the Fingers. We pitched two tents in conjunction, and dashed to the top of North Bowen for a misty view and then returned to the camp. Carol reduced her complaints slightly in volume and intensity. During the night Norwood was stung by a brace of scorpions and was a gracious host to a tick.

17th December.

After a further trip up North Bowen, admiration of the main part of Bowen and the complex northern mangrove channel system, a short water party and breakfast, we went to the top of Bowen proper and looked towards our objective, Diamantina. Norwood immediately predicted we would never make it to the beach in time for the rendezvous with the boat. This pessimisn shocked me. After all, we had come more than three miles and it was only the fourth day, with six days to go. Our immediate route went into a saddle and up to a low crest. For the first time we struck a long stretch of Banksia - not the worst sort of Banksia but enough to cause discontent in the ranks. The trouble with Banksia is that you cannot push it out of the way; it usually has to be cut. I pointed out that only one small saddle lay between us and beautiful, scrub-free, open Diamantina country. There was some sarcasm to greet this cheerful prediction.

Afternoon gave us our first taste of really grim Hinchinbrook country. Low Banksia threaded with wiry ferns is the ultimate combination, and for about fifty yards we had to crawl along on the ground, coughing and snorting from breathing in particles of dead fern. We did not come face to face with any taipans, possibly because no decent taipan would condescend to live in a miserable spot like that. The top of this ridge revealed more Banksia, followed by a rocky ridge, bare in places. Ann had a nice little slide towards a fifteen foot drop, but Ian saved her at the last minute. Ian is a kill-joy. On top of the bare rocky area we discovered another saddle and a bump between us and Deep Saddle where I intended to camp. In the saddle, beautiful, seductive Demoralizing Creek gurgled at us, a delightful campsite. I insisted on moving on. Carol objected noisily, the others quietly, but they were all too exhausted to resist.

Up to this point the trip had been extremely difficult; from there onwards it became a soul-scarring nightmare, every foot being a separate battle with horrid vegetation.

Reasonably lousy undergrowth led us to the top of the bump where we were disgusted to find cliffs. We looked down into Deep Saddle and across at Menacing Mountain, which also showed cliffs. Picking our way downwards we came to a spot which demanded rope-work. Norwood reached for the rope, found it missing. This was ghastly news. Norwood recalled seeing it on top of the cliffs and left in search of it. To our great relief he returned with it. Ann rappelled with her usual skill, stepped off the rope and onto a ledge six feet above the ground, stepped back and naturally fell six feet. This is Ann's way. She was unhurt.

With darkness upon us long rockslabs kept turning into cliffs or gullies thick with scunge. A ledge, about six feet wide, had a line of possible beds on it; there were strong objections to this vile campsite from the surly party, but, since we obviously could not continue, we camped. Carol alertly pointed out that there were poor beds, no wood, no water, possibly snakes and certainly landslides. Her tone was one of censure and bitterness. Leaving the girls in a disturbed state of mind the three of us found water nearby in darkness, by traversing across mildly sloping cliffs. We returned to find Ann and Carol preparing for burial under a landslide which was heralded, they said, by audible rumblings. These noises were due to a storm whose clouds were completely hidden by Menacing Mountain. They rejected this explanation with a wild look in their eyes.

Ian was being very quiet. He came out of the rocky lair he had selected for himself, warmed food and retreated again without a word. Ann began throwing equipment in the fire. I cleared rubble from a bed-site and piled it nearby, finding a centipede in the process. Norwood came along, kicked one rock into a hollow in this pile and called the result a bed. Later, Ann went to bed and wept quietly to herself, Ian crouched in his lair, Norwood lay on his pile of rocks and Carol enlarged on her previous predictions of mayhem and disaster. She became furious when the eccentric behaviour of the party became too much for me and I collapsed, laughing. For did not the delightful Diamantina country start on top of Menacing Mountain? We had come more than two miles that day.

18th December.

Norwood was up very early, although he maintained his bed was quite comfortable. The whole party claimed to be tireder than they were when they went to bed, and were all depressed by the 1200 ft. climb facing us on Menacing Mountain. After much traversing, stumbling, swearing and sweating we reached the bottom of Deep Saddle and after some time located water.

As we set off up Menacing, Carol became ill. The 1200 ft. climb was out of the question and we could hardly stop and wait for her recovery so reluctantly we decided to split up, Norwood and Ian to carry on with the trip while the girls and I went down the creek to Zoe Bay. A couple of miles down the creek, a bath and a feed were enough to make Carol feel confident of swift recovery, and she and Ann began to smile. This irritated me intensely as I wanted to complete the trip. Further down the creek we found a good ridge onto Menacing and I dashed up 1400 ft. to meet a startled Norwood and Ian and to arrange to meet them again the next morning. Returning to the camp via this clean ridge I found the girls finishing washing clothes and quite cheerful. Distance for the day was one mile.

19th December.

"Good heavens", said Ian in amazement, "she's smiling!" as Carol reached the top of the ridge the next morning. And so she was - for the last time. Short Banksia became thicker during the morning and there was no relief from the vegetation all day. Every inch was a sweaty battle, chopping and pushing and bashing. We covered a mile and this was good going under the circumstances. Good scenery was provided by Bowen and The Thumb but we did not appreciate it. Mullock Mountain was covered with Casurina and Banksia with tall bladed grass underneath. Just below the summit on a miserable creek in unbelievably thick grass and fern we made Depression Camp. Carol and I put up a tent carelessly, the others did not pitch theirs at all. It rained. Ann crawled over like a huge slug and put her head under our tent - the rest of her got wet. Norwood got wet, but he got wet every night, usually by virtue of his ludicrous tent-pitching. He was up very early in the morning and slumped miserably on a rock in the creek in light rain.

20th December.

Ian declared "Banksia" and "Banksian" to be swearwords. My optimism had gone; Diamantina Country was obviously far off. We could not give up as all ridges to the coast showed the brownish tinge of new leaf on Banksia. Heading away from the camp we followed a trail someone had thoughtfully beaten in the tall grass. Ian, walking last, became suddenly agitated and said we ought not to follow this trail. Coming to the end of it we found out why and hurriedly retreated. Rain and mist stayed with us as we headed for the top of Mt. Muck. Over Mt. Muck and on the way into Bottomless saddle we struck ferns, chest high and extraordinarily difficult to swim through. Once, pushing forward into the usual ocean of green, I fell over a twelve foot cliff, much to everyone's alarm. The ascent of Avoidable Mountain was in some ways better and in most ways worse.

Traversing around Avoidable through the usual gunga, sweating like pigs and snarling at everything, we crossed a little creek and then hit dry banksia, an efficient abrasive. Ian's trouser legs were worn off and he was not happy. We found cliffs not on the map and roped over them onto a razorback saddle. This being the most uncomfortable spot we had seen all day we decided to camp. We had come another mile. I found a double bed, Ian and Ann found single ones and Norwood was left over. He could not even put up a tent to his meagre standards of efficiency. We had a violent storm in the night, and I had to lower our plastic tent to within a foot of the ground. Gusts of wind roared up from east and west in turn. It thundered and lightninged. Ann hates lightning, which was some small consolation. Norwood was out in it all. In the morning, after little sleep, he found his left nostril clogged. He blew. A fat black leech was blasted out. While we were having breakfast in light rain I noticed a wet soggy thing lying neglected in the bushes - Norwood's sleeping bag.

21st December.

Up over a mucky pinnacle, a short saddle, another pinnacle, another saddle, a hillside of burnt and thus (gloat) dead Banksia and we were free - Diamantina Country! Rain and mist enveloped us. Carol became rheumatic. I was quite revived by the lack of vegetation but nothing could revive the others - depression, disenchantment and hatred of Hinchinbrook possessed them. Carol kept grabbing the map and running her finger down the nearest route to the beach. This highly impractical idea which would save a 1400 ft. climb in lovely Diamantina Country and would add three miles of savage coastal scunge appealed to everyone but Norwood and me. Ian was convinced we would miss the boat and be on the island for ever. We went up Diamantina, to camp at 2,700 ft. in a gale, with tents almost at ground level. Carol managed to persuade the others that a cyclone was coming and that nothing could save us. We had the one good fire of the trip. Distance for the day was 1½ miles.

22nd December.

The others thought my seven-mile last day was ridiculously optimistic, but freed from the Banksian chains of the previous five days we did it with ease. The last 200 ft. descent to the coast was like stepping into a furnace. That night we had the usual coastal sandflies and mosquitoes and another storm which flooded out Carol and me at 2 a.m.

23rd December.

As we churned away from the beach in Garbutt's boat Ian glared malevolently at the Island, which sat placidly in the ocean. "I am never going back", he said, quietly, intensely, and with passion.

A LETTER TO U.Q.B.W.C.

C.U.T.C.,
Christchurch,
New Zealand.

U.Q.B.W.C.,
St. Lucia,
Brisbane, Australia.

Dear Sir/Madam,

I am concerned about a friend of mine who went to Queensland to study. Until recently he wrote to me regularly mainly describing trips into the bush. It started five years ago, one week after he arrived in Queensland. Apparently he joined your Club - what do you call it? Yes, a Bushwalking Club.. They were to climb Mt. Ballow which consisted of playing Follow the Leader through spear grass, wandering across dry country in the blazing sun.until your pack is stuck to your back with sweat, and your throat was dry and tongue swollen. He said a fellow named Pete was leading at a cracking pace up a dry creek bed when he suddenly let out a whoop, dropped his pack and disappeared out of sight - and then splash! By the time my friend got there, 20 fully-clothed bodies were splashing round in a dirty pool; but he was so near dying of thirst, that he joined them, sank to the bottom, opened his mouth, and let the water run in until his stomach was at bursting point. But he was revived and able to complete the trip. Apparently everyone now produced a thing called a water-bottle which he describes as a 1/2 gallon plastic container which they fill with warm water plus a few beetles and wriggly things. He thought they were used as ballast to keep down the pace of the adrenalin boys, but later on he was astonished to see them mixing it with some powder to make FIZZY which everyone gobbled with glee.

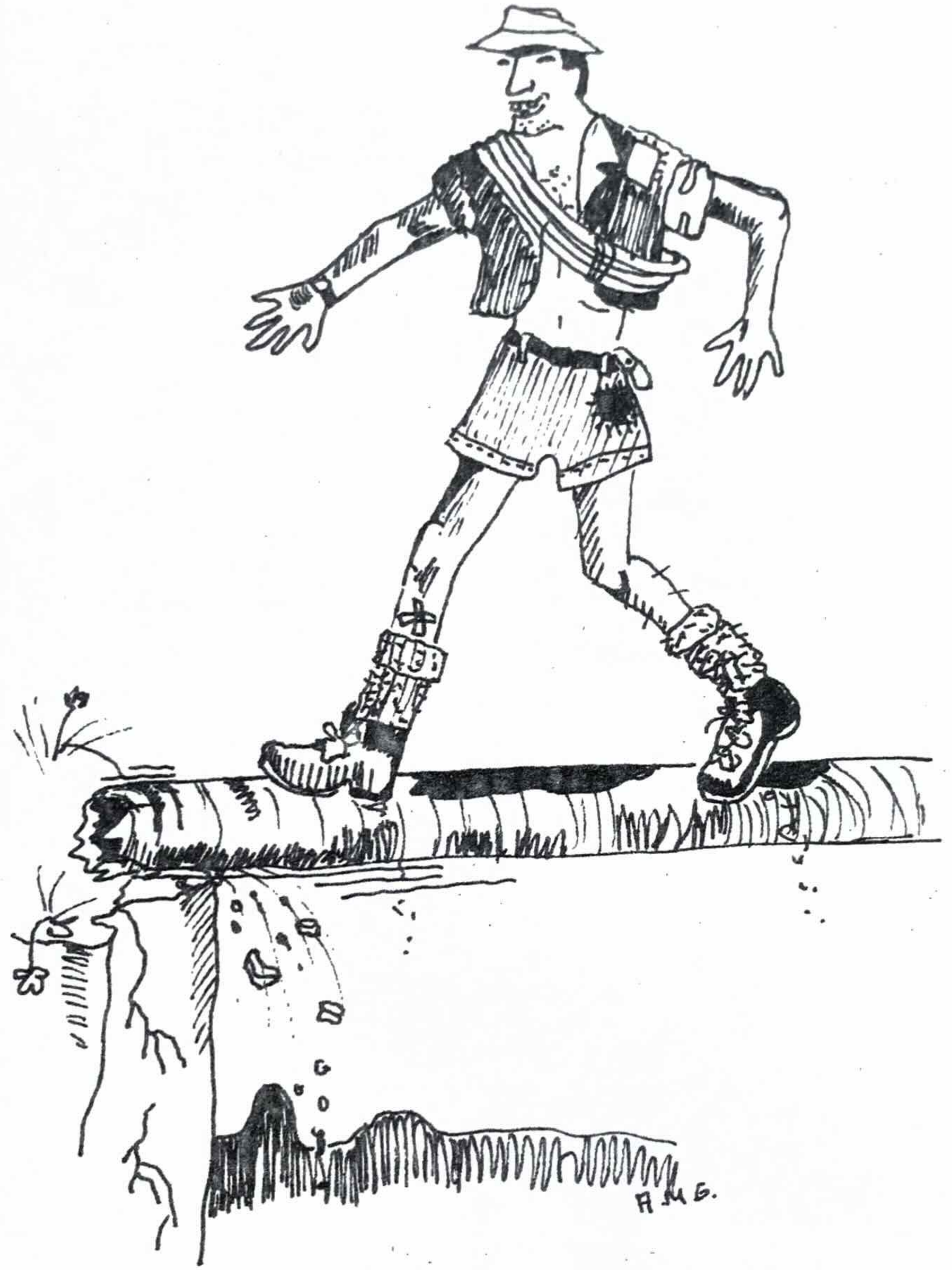
From the top of Mt. Ballow he describes a view of a Sacred Mountain called Mt. Barney and he said the old members pointed out its complex system of peaks, ridges and creeks. In the Saddle they pointed out the site of their memorial built by the Barney worshippers. Behind Barney lay the Ghost Mountain Mt. Lindsay - the few old members who had tried to climb it had been chased away by the ghost.

Something must have bitten my friend or else the sun was affecting him because at Easter he set out to do what was called the "Impossible". He must have been real green to get suckered into that trip. Glucose ridge just about killed him as he was not acclimatized to the heat. However he was revived in Emu Creek, then dragged up to Cann's plain and revived again at the creek at The Head. Apparently, he got quite a name for himself because whenever they came to water he would be in it completely immersed except for his boots. After Teviot Falls there was a long dry stretch to Watson Creek Falls. Part of this was along side a "tick fence" which is some six feet of inch netting and buried into the ground - you must have some mighty big ticks over there. From Watson Creek Falls they staggered over to Mt. Ballow, climbed it and descended towards the sacred mountain.

In Cedar Pass he met face to face with some large green leaves which Bill kindly informed him comprised the Gympie stinging tree. It was a most unpleasant meeting. Between Focal Point and Monserrat Lookout someone was nearly strungup for lousy navigating. From Monserrat Lookout they were able to gaze at the Sacred Mt. Barney. The numerous tracks leading up the slopes from Grace's hut and the Upper Portals was evidence that large numbers of the Club members had charged up to this vantage point to pay homage to the Sacred Mountain. All that remained was a small package of raisins. However these were rapidly consumed to replenish the energy of three tired bodies as they stumbled down to Grace's hut and staggered wearily over the Mt. May Saddle, all along thinking "How much further? - Oh!. my feet!" Keith's Landrover was a godsend that day.

My friend promised that he would be more selective from then on, but I am afraid he couldn't have had much to select from. His next trip was to the Tweed Ranges. He describes how some insane bods were carrying 80 lbs. of rocks to slow them down, while the rest used a slasher to penetrate the thickest patch of scrub, cut a circular track and continue round and round this until after dark. After tiring of this game they came to rest for the remainder of the night in a rocky dry creek bed.

It was an hour before midday next day before everyone was ready to continue into the jungle on their prickly expedition. Views were rare so that night a trek was organised to a Lookout - to see the moon rise. Water was even more scarce than views, so when they returned to their packs at midnight everyone flaked with exhaustion and thirst. Breakfast next morning consisted of eating anything that was moist enough to eat. The machete changed hands quite a few times that day as it took off the odd finger or toe. However, it eventually reached a left-handed expert but, even so, dusk was falling as they


GOD
A.M.G.

left the rain forest and descended from Paddy's Mountain into a lovely patch of lantana - Wot fun!

The milkman and paperman won by a long shot that morning but they were back in time for breakfast. My friend spent about a week thinking about trip selection as he dug prickles out of his hands.

His first trip to Barney was quite memorable. The sincere members of the party were lugging 80 lbs. mainly rocks as sacrifice to the Mountain. With the usual late start it is not surprising that they met darkness two-thirds of the way up Mezzanine ridge. A cold driving rain was an unexpected change and the hut was a welcome sight that night.

These first few trips always seemed the worst, like a baby's first few steps, but he was learning fast. He was becoming acclimatized to the conditions, the surroundings and the attitudes of his mates. He learnt the use of maps and navigation. Some obscure driving force kept forcing him on, trip after trip - to Lamington, Lost World, Barney, Lindsay, the Main Range, Wyberba - and even more out of the way places as Many Peaks and the Carnarvon Gorges.

I have the feeling that he is getting to like that place too much, in fact if he doesn't get away from there soon he will become so engrossed that he will be stuck there like an aboriginal wall painting. Enclosed is a sketch of my friend, which shall enable you to find him. When you find him, kindly tie his bootlaces together and poke him into his sleeping bag head first, put an airmail sticker on him, and send him home.

Kind regards

Me of C.U.T.C.

A Noble Epitaph

One moment stood they as the angels stand
High in the stainless imminence of air;
The next they were not, to their Fatherland
Translated unaware.

(From the gravestone, in Wasdale Head Churchyard, of three climbers killed on Scafell, 1903).

RETURN TO THE HIMALAYAS*

KEITH J. MILLER

The expedition has recently returned from Baltistan and this is its story set in one of the world's most beautiful Shangri-Las. Baltistan has many neighbours including Afghanistan, Russia, Chinese Sinkiang, India and Pakistan, yet it is known as Little Tibet and in its customs are many relics of both Tibet and the old Chinese Empire. Its tongue is a mixture of Urdu and Tibetan, though the language is written in Arabic script.

All this data illustrates its long forgotten and sometimes unrecorded history. Today China is knocking at its door again with Ladakh not far away. Baltistan lies secluded from its neighbours and is most difficult to reach, and should the monsoons be persistent, then five or even six weeks will pass before an aircraft may take to the air and zig its way through clouds - being careful to zag past the intervening peaks. The flight can be tricky since maximum altitude is 16,000 ft., yet Karakoram giants like Rakaposhi and Nanga Parbat over 25,000 ft. high are somewhere around. Fortunately, the expedition had good weather when flying into the principal town of Skardu.

The team was led by Dr. Jon Stephenson, geologist and surveyor, who in 1957 had made the journey to the South Pole by dog sledge in the Trans-Antarctica Expedition. Mr. James Hurley was to be the expedition's ethnologist, while David Haffner was mountaineer and a bad cook. Attached to the expedition was an officer from the Pakistan Army, Captain Sebastian Khan, who had not climbed a mountain before, and finally there was myself, as surveyor. Between us we represented four nationalities - a good ingredient for a selection of world-wide short stories.

The project had had several crises in the planning stages and we were consistently dogged by bad luck. Imagine my disgust, therefore, when after one'day's march into the hills, I had to be carried back to Skardu along with a dysentery bug. Three days without food in hospital (coupled with a previous voluntary two days) starved the bug to death, leaving me with a hole in my stomach. I was most unsatisfactorily fed by a glucose drip feed into my arm which cured my stiffened legs and allowed me, after seven days, to chase my friends and 35 pack mules into the hills.

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*Editor's note: This article is reprinted from the "Rugby Mountaineering Club Magazine", vol. 1, 1962, by kind permission. The story tells of an expedition to K12 in the Karakorams in which former club member, Dr. Jon Stephenson, now of Townsville University College, played a prominent role.

Two days out the dysentery returned, I didn't feel too happy about continuing but with an old friend from a 1957 expedition acting as my porter I journeyed on across the vast desert-like banks of the Indus and Shyok rivers. I was always relieved when entering a village oasis for it meant a drink of milk. It was the only meal I could stomach and though it may be hard to believe, I enjoyed the taste of the fluid which had both matted hairs and sour yellow curds floating in it. Travelling along gave me an insight to village life that I may not have otherwise seen. For example, a pretty young girl with two children offered to become my temporary wife while I remained in Baltistan. This is an old religious custom, but as she didn't understand that I was already married with three lovely daughters, and as I did not wish to offend her customs, I continued on to do two days' journey in one. Not having much food, I was keen to reach my companions quickly, so it was a 3 a.m. rise and a 5 p.m. stop. Early morning starts allowed three hours marching without the sun to blister my temper. During the mid-day hours, mirages of oats, soups and biscuits at base camp inspired me on.

After seven days, I was within four days of base, and by now the inside bug had left me to be replaced by its associates on the outside. Thè memory makes me scratch as I write. As the D.D.T. was at base also, I got there in one day three hours flat. Base camp was reached by 6 a.m. Sebastian welcomed me with soup and coffee - what luxury! He had seen me climbing up the glacier and thoughtfully had prepared a meal. This was one of his characteristics and the expedition became proud to have him not as a base camp lounger but as a full participant in our scheme. Never did he think of himself first but always put the party first.

The boys had been at base five days but had been besieged by bad weather. A few hours previously they had gone on to find a suitable Camp I. Next day, Sebastian and I set out with six porters and followed the upward tracks.

Our objectives were briefly (a) to find the mountain called K12 from the south west; (b) to survey it and its approaches; (c) to find a practical route to its 24,500 ft. summit; and (d) to reach that summit if time allowed. On the scientific side, we were to do studies in geology, ethnology and glaciology, and survey unexpected areas, but initially it appeared as though we would accomplish nought.

Twenty-five days of snow was experienced in the first 33 days and morale was low. Once we had to abandon Camp I in a severe storm and hurriedly retreat to base down a treacherous avalanche-strewn couloir. Many days were spent in poor visibility sitting by theodolites waiting to make a start on our mapping. A brief respite came and we hurriedly climbed back to Camp I from where David and I set out to climb a 20,000 ft. peak in order to see the terrain ahead.

At last we saw K12 and as the clouds parted we saw the final tower leading to the top - what a problem that would present. By 8 a.m. we had to retreat on steep soft unstable snow and rejoin the group at Camp I. Stephenson, Hurley and Khan were working prodigiously and their fine efforts enabled Camp II to be set up next day.

So far great technical difficulty had been avoided but now a crevasse barred a way to Camp III. It was 127 ft. wide and 112 ft. deep. There was no way up the hill but to go down into the chasm to see if we could find a way out up the other side.

The chasm was spectacular. Never in my life have I seen such a place. Often it was necessary to climb between great slabs of ice as though pot-holing. The sky-line silhouetted giant icicles 20 ft. long some 100 ft. above one's head, just waiting to drop off. Twenty minutes down there was enough to find an escape route out up the other side and many prayers were offered. Our troubles were not to end there, however, and before Camp III could be placed, fixed ropes had to be attached to a steep traverse to facilitate the moving of stores on to the col which housed our camp.

The wind then struck and for the next three days we sat in the tents and waited. Finally we had to retreat again, but this time we ventured down into the unknown snowfields to the north. Here we continued our survey work and then it became evident that Haffner and Khan were suffering altitude sickness and it became expedient to get them doen to base. The three of us fought to get back to Camp III in order to retreat back to the south, and I shall remember the many times I paused to rest and look back at Sebastian who was lurching along like a drunkard, but doggedly attempting to follow the steps I had kicked into the rotten snow. At the col it was decided that I should lead Haffner and Khan down but previous to this Stephenson and I were to have a quick look at the ridge and try to reach the summit.

What an abortive attempt we made. Within five minutes of leaving camp we were swallowed up in cloud. Then came a white-out in which it was impossible to discern the demarcation between ground and atmosphere. At this time we were advancing along a steep ridge when suddenly Stephenson walked over the edge and simultaneously I went through an ice hole. When we extracted ourselves we quickly descended to camp to be greeted by "That was a quick excursion to the top!"

In deteriorating weather, the two sick boys and I moved down. At the chasm it was decided to lower the loads down over the edge so that we could quickly traverse the bottom without packs. Alas, one of the packs jammed, so I climbed down into the crevasse alone.

The next I remember was being dragged out on a tight rope suffering a bad headache and no sense of balance not to mention seeing everything double. However, it was reassuring to see twice as many friends around. It appeared that a lump of ice had toppled off and had hit me. My sick friends now had a passenger to carry and somehow they got me down to base camp in two days between them. Often I fell into hidden crevasses; then how I longed for the luxury of home.

Stephenson and Hurley meanwhile had to retreat also. In a severe storm they managed to find the way down, and eventually at base we talked things over. We had done all we had intended to do except to reach the top. It was necessary for me to get to hospital, so I was despatched off quickly while Stephenson made arrangements to go back to Camp II to have a final attempt. The only person who could go with him was one of our porters, and with strong minds and bodies they returned to the mountain.

This period of the expedition yielded the finest prolonged weather. It lasted six days and Jon got a camp placed some 1,000 ft. above Camp III and the next day managed to reach 23,500 ft. A magnificent effort by a man of exceptional perseverance and courage. How frustrating to see from this point a gentle incline of a ridge leading to that summit stone.

However, all problems regarding K12 are now solved and the German party next year have our results and experience to use as a basis. We hope they put the last piece of the solution into the record book. What have we to show for our efforts? The survey yielded over 150 square miles of territory mapped, to mention but one topic of our final scientific report. The Royal Society graciously donated a grant to help finance the expedition which to us indicates that we did a worthwhile job.

Finally, I should add that all members recuperated in the hot suns of the Pakistan plains and returned home with several strong and life-long friendships made and with not faint hopes of renewing them soon in that land of high mountains and ice.

Editor's Note: For other records of this expedition to the SALTORO RANGE the reader is referred to The Alpine Journal, May 1961, pp. 147-50 and to The Himalayan Journal, XXIII, (1961), pp. 71-79.

WONDERFUL CARNARVONS

MARGARET MOSES

Carnarvons - instead of meaning some place in Western Australia or something - for me now has connotations of wonderful, happy things like camp fires, gorges, fairyland, singing, walking, chocolate instant puds and laughing. I'm still somewhat hazy about just where the Carnarvons are - except I know now they are in Queensland somewhere - but I'll never forget them!

Mention the Carnarvons and I think of Beatle records at Bob's place - Gordon driving the b.... bus - Rod Jnr. yelling that all he ever did was shoot a deputy down - Ken making beaut camp fires and singing "Tennessee Stud" - Gordon saying "All the girls turn the other way" - Jim blowing his whistle or, suddenly, materializing on Devil's Signpost - Hank yelling not "Heybob" but "Where the hell are you, mate?" - Don first thing in the morning looking like the first bloom of spring - Lynne and Don L. catching prawns - Colleen making endless instant puddings - Rod wanting to know who was cooking what for his breakfast - Von telling Gordon about the "Waterfall where we had lunch"- and . . . . . .

Things like hopscotch, hot buns, service stations, porridge ... now have magic because I think Carnarvons everytime I see them.

And then civilization again - you go about in a daze yearning for the freedom of the bush and, finally, you accept your routine life, and you almost convince yourself it was all make-believe.

IN THE RAVINE

The solemn roar
Of thunderous waterfalls and torrents hoarse
Pouring a constant bulk, uncertain where.
Crag jutting forth to crag, and rocks that seemed
Ever as if just rising from a sleep,
Forehead to forehead held their monstrous horns.

Keats.

CARNARVON NATIONAL PARK

J. SIEMON

As this year's trip to the Carnarvon National Park progressed, it became apparent that walking and photography were only two of the reasons for being there. The party divided into groups; one, somewhat larger than the others, was intent on seeing how many frogs (and others) it could catch; a small group studied the rocks and related features of the gorges; the third group watched the antics of the others. Only a few had any idea of how the gorge occurred, hence this article.

The formation of the rocks which are visible within the Park started over 200 million years ago in the Triassic period, in what is now known as the Bowen Basin. The Clematis Sandstone which is the oldest Triassic rock of the district, forms the cuesta-like ridge to the east of the C.W.A. Hut, marking the western limb of the Serocold Anticline. The rock is a white, siliceous, medium to coarse sandstone containing plant fossils. It dips at about 15° west and is the lower intake bed of the area for the Great Artesian Basin.

The main cliffs of the gorge are composed of the Precipice Sandstone which started forming about 180 million years ago in the Lower Jurassic period. This rock which also dips at about 15° west, is the main intake bed for the Great Artesian Basin. It is a coarse grained sandstone, with fine grained sandstones, shales and siltstones, the last being banded yellow, pink, white, mauve or purple. It is from these siltstones that the aborigines obtained ochre for their paintings.

Sedimentation ceased in the Jurassic period. About 60 million years ago in the Tertiary period the area was the scene of great volcanic activity, which extruded basalt and other volcanic rocks over a wide area. Today they still cap the Great Dividing Range and Battleship Spur to the south, and Consuelo Tableland to the north of the main gorge.

The Clematis and Precipice sandstones are fresh water sediments, the Precipice showing excellent examples of current bedding. Springs in the headwaters of the creeks give a water supply all year round in the upper reaches. The cliffs, in Precipice sandstone, at the mouth of Koolaroo Creek are of fresh rock exposed by a landslide in 1958. An oil patch on the cliff face has been growing in size since then, indicating that oil is present in the area.

To the north of the National Park is an area known as Reid's Dome. This is a section of the Serocold Anticline where drilling by A.O.E. located an isolated pocket of gas. Cattle Creek, with its headwaters on Reid's Dome, is a source of a wide variety of Permian fossils.

The present form of the Park started in the late Tertiary period, and since then all the forces of erosion and weathering have cut the great gorges and cliffs. Erosion and weathering, helped by vandals, are gradually removing the rock paintings from the walls of the gorge. These paintings which are over seventy years old will not remain for ever, and it is up to us to protect the work of the ancient landowners.

This year the gorge yielded some of its secrets to the zoologists, geologists, botanists and others who made the effort to go to the Carnarvon National Park. Those who went had a wonderful time, and most want to return.

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CARNARVON CREEK GORGE

ROD O'DONNELL

This year the U.Q.B.W.C. descended on the Carnarvon Creek gorges. The following is not intended as an extensive account of the Carnarvons but merely as a supplement to those already written (1961) and as an indication of the several places that should be visited for a complete concept of these gorges.

On a first trip, the best attack is to walk with packs up the main gorge using the fast tracks available, exploring the numerous side gorges as one proceeds. The flora of the area is unusual and very interesting. It is apparently one of the last remaining relict rain-forests which once covered most of Queensland, and as such is an intermixture of eucalypt, palms, mosses and fern trees. The fauna is mainly kangaroo, wallaby, emu and sulphur-crested cockatoo.

Hellhole Gorge: To reach "Hellhole" itself, it is necessary to climb up a small waterfall with the aid of two crossed poles. It may not look possible, and it necessitates a soaking, but it is well worth the "tribulation." The gorge suddenly narrows to about six feet or less, becoming quite dark, and then opens into a large circular pothole with a few feet of water at the bottom. To the left is a subsidiary pothole about four feet across. This is Hellhole. With the aid of numerous bootlaces we estimated a depth to be about 10 ft, though the hole is very cluttered.

Violet Gorge (Koolaroo Ck.): In contrast to Hellhole this is long and sinuous with much more open foliage. It is cool and damp and derives its name from the numerous violet plants which, when in bloom, must provide an enchanting sight. Several interesting side gorges run off to the south. The most distinct (probably the most recent) aboriginal paintings in the gorge are to be found on the main gorge wall at the head of a small dry gully about 200-300 yards westwards from the entrance of Violet Gorge.

The small gorge on the southern side lying in a direct line drawn across from the "island" at Aljon, has been described by Noel Eberhart (1963). Together with Aljon it forms the most picturesque area of the whole Carnarvon gorge. A very narrow chasm expands breathtakingly into a vast, silent, circular amphitheatre where no wind blows. The sides of the gorge have been perforated by large caves, the floors of which are composed of sand as fine as dust. One has the eerie sensation of being in a forgotten world.

Aljon: Aljon is truly the "fairyland" of the Carnarvons. Most gorges emanate a compelling grandeur, but Aljon is captivating in its picturesque minuteness. In this sequestered corner gentle fern fronds o'ersway a trickling watercourse sculptured in sandstone mottled with alga-

Potts Point: This is the southern end of the ship-like mass next to Aljon and is most easily ascended via a track in the small gorge on the eastern side. The view is across to the other side of the gorge and out towards the entrance, flanked by its stark off-white cliffs.

Kamooloo Creek Gorge: This contains the Art Gallery and Wongalinda Arch. The Arch is situated about two miles up this gorge. The gorge itself is alternately open, and canopied with foliage, and in parts the underground water is audible. The Arch is high on the eastern side and consists of a flat rectangular rock slab integral with the cliff sides, and bridging the entrance of an embayment in the gorge side. The Arch is accessible from directly beneath, or from further up the gorge. The remainder of the gorge was not explored but it looked interesting.

Parrabooya is notable only for its colour, for some particularly strong echoes obtainable at the top, and for a convenient shortcut running up a dry creek between it and the adjacent northern triangular mass. This shortcut leads one onto a sandy slope overlooking a fine swimming hole with some small fish.

Kooraminya Creek: This gorge is an exceptionally beautiful one especially for the first mile or two. It contains a prodigious number of caves and cavities often of fantastic shapes; several contain small bats. Meanders are common, with water level caves at the outer erosion side. Bedding in the sandstone is exceptionally clear, with text-book examples of horizontal and current bedding. A sign calls this gorge 3 Falls Creek but no respectable falls were encountered.

Boowinda Gorge: This is a vast example of the puissance of Nature. The smooth arcuate walls and sweeping meanders are mute witness to the torrents which once foamed through the rocky chasms.

Battleship Spur: This ridge is best approached by proceeding westwards out of Boowinda gorge at any convenient gully about a mile or two along the gorge. The view from Battleship should not be missed, and it completes one's concept of the extent of the Carnarvons. To the east, the white gorge walls are occasionally visible through the dense green foliage. To the north, the maze of narrow gorges appears quite remarkable.

An interesting round trip can then be made by entering into one of the side gorges on the southern side and returning along the main gorge. Here a rope will probably prove to be a blessing as it may be difficult to descend into some of the gorges without one.

The first unnamed gorge past Cathedral Cave with an A.P. marked, is interesting with some enormous potholes. The A.P.'s are further west than where suggested by the map and are quite poor.

Goothalanda or the Devil's Signpost and Arch Chasm to the north, and Mickey's gorge to the south of the C.W.A hut are also well worth visiting.

A NOTE ON THE ABORIGINAL ART OF THE CARNARVON GORGE

ROD O'DONNELL

At first the aborigines' rock art appears child-like and crude. However, behind these paintings, often made inconcinnous by their medium, is a philosophical and symbolic interpretation of the universe, which is not the mark of a child but which is the heritage of a centuries-old culture. The art of the aborigines conveys and perpetuates their ideas, beliefs and tribal knowledge - it is a link with the dead, with the "culture heroes" of the "dream-time", with the hazy totemic gods of their unique mythology - and as such is extremely vital.

The galleries played an important part in tribal life. They have a ritual significance, being the totemic centres for one or more clans, and they serve as a record of the folk lore and mythology of the group. The sites of these paintings and petroglyphs were sacred - here the elders discussed matters of deep religious and social significance and here the young male initiate was first introduced to the deeds of the ancient heroes.

Aboriginal art is best developed in north and central Australia where the numerous polychromes, the superior technique, and greater intricacies, almost reduce the Carnarvon art to insignificance. This marked difference is probably due to the proximity of, and contact with, more northern cultures and the fact that this was regarded as good "blackfellow" country.

The aborigines' art can generally be separated into one of the following subject headings:

(1) Anthropomorphic - of human figures
(2) Mythological - figures other than human
(3) Fauna
(4) Objects of material culture - artefacts, weapons, etc.
(5) Geometric forms
(6) Indeterminate - only the natives are coquizant with their meaning, if any in fact exists.

At the Carnarvons (4) and (5) are predominant. Several human figures wearing headbands and with ears and legs have been seen in the Carnarvon Ranges, which may or may not be in the Carnarvon Creek gorge. In any case these were not found. The representative forms are hands, feet, arms and emu tracks, boomerangs, clubs, knives, probable dilly bags or nets, leaves and zamia fruit with several variants of each form.

The art consists mainly of stencils. These are made in either of two ways by blowing powdered pigment from the mouth or from a small sheet of bark onto a wetted surface; or by blowing liquid pigment from the mouth onto a dry surface, with the pigment jets being directed onto and around an object held against the rock. This results in a spotty colouration, thickest near the outline.

Human hands, usually the left, are common and some feet are represented. The imprints belong to adults and children, possibly of both sexes. In a few instances, fingers have been turned down to produce a mutilated effect. The hands are in rows or groups, haphazardly or neatly arranged, and often overlapping. The arm as far as the elbow is commonly shown and often a pair of arms joined so as to result in a hand at each end.

The boomerangs are of two main types - the normal, symmetric, gently curved shape, and an asymmetric hooked shape. The former are more numerous and are often arranged in a vertical series of ten or more stencils closely spaced. The hooked boomerangs are often larger and usually are solitary in occurrence. Several lil-lils or bladed clubs and some stone knives are also present. Emu tracks and zamia fruit stencils are probably partly associated with the ritual for the preservation and increase of the emu and zamia, two common foods of the aborigine. Some retouching and recolouring of the stencils is evident and was performed in the hope of promoting a natural increase in the species. This would be the duty of the members of the clan whose totem was the emu or zamia.

Several Tjuringa and bull-roarers are present. Tjuringa are sacred stones or pieces of wood with an elongated ovoid outline up to fifteen inches long; they represent totemic motifs which embody the spirit of the clan. When tied with a piece of string and whirled around the head at ceremonies, they become bull roarers - the characteristic buzzing sound so produced is intended to ensure that no unwanted guests will be present at the ceremony. The presence of several tjuringa at the Art Gallery and Cathedral Cave is indicative of the sanctity of these places.

Symbols and geometrical motifs to be found include large black, red, or white crosses, circles, ovals - many of which have been elaborated into vulvas, and large criss-cross patterns which probably represent dilly bags or nets used to capture kangaroos.

These paintings are generally monochromes in red, white, black, yellow, and purple - red being the dominant colour. The pigments were most likely obtained from natural ochre, limonite, ants' nest dust, haematites, ferruginous sandstones, charcoal, etc.

The purpose of the galleries was probably multifold. The most interesting is their function in the initiation ceremony. The young man is taken by the elders and medicine men to the galleries for the first time, and the moral and mythological significance of the signs and paintings are revealed to him. Here the initiate learns of the mighty deeds performed by the ancient heroes with whom he identifies himself by touching certain marks. He is then led from gallery to gallery along the hero's route, indicated by hands and other markings.

Other prints may be concerned merely with the perpetuation of the individual or his presence in the cave, e.g. the aborigine artist may easily be saying: "Look! I have been here", or "Look! I have fine boomerangs."

The Carnarvon art is concentrated into two main sites - the main Art Gallery and Cathedral Cave. There are numerous other collections much smaller in extent, though often of high standard. The gorge was also used as a burial ground though most skeletons have now been removed. Cathedral Cave yielded a fairly well-preserved human skeleton wrapped in bark and tied with human hair string in 1938.

The age of the art is variable, as there are fresh and fading stencils and sharp and weathered engravings in close juxtaposition. The aborigines of the Carnarvon area, the Myall, were probably killed off around about 1880,so that the oldest paintings are probably more than one hundred years old. The more recent paintings are probably about 30 years old as signs of occupation were discovered in 1930-40. It is to be hoped that the remaining paintings will be allowed to die a natural death and not be subject to the depredation of curious tourists.

GEO. W. EEDY, Ph.C., M.P.S.

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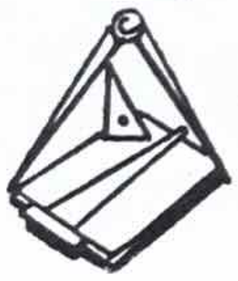





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ON CAMPFIRES

BRONWYN DAY

Ever since Prometheus stole fire from the gods to give to mortals, man has crouched with priest-like devotion around the fire. Unfortunately, this primitive pleasure has been somewhat neglected in an age of closed fireplaces, gas and electricity, and now can only be successfully indulged in by those "back-to-nature enthusiasts" who, in pursuit of beauty, truth, and other obscure ideals, go bushwalking.

The fire is the focal point of any camp and is the scene of frenzied activity at mealtimes. The ritual of the fire-lighting varies in intensity with the time, the place, and the degree of dryness of the wood. Blessed is he who manages to concoct a roaring fire from vastly inferior materials in pouring rain. Second only to this paragon at bushcraft is the energetic person who leaps from his sleeping bag at some frosty hour to hover in solitary splendour over his fire whilst the rest of the company feign deep slumber until it is well alight.

Then come the trials and tribulations of cooking! Inevitably this dedicated fire-maker has constructed a fire perfect for the needs of two or three, or even four people, so it is with deep chagrin and a sigh of resignation that he watches his fire being descended upon by a horde of people waving cooking utensils. At once his poor little fire is totally obscured. It is a mound of billies, dixies, and frying pans, balanced precariously - to fall with a hissing splutter as the wood disintegrates below. There is a wail and a rush to retrieve the ashy remnants from the fire whilst the vacant space is swiftly appropriated by cunning creatures eager to utilize the few remaining flames. Oh, the burning fingers and the constant manoeuvrings to escape the acrid gusts of smoke which seem to hover around one!

Food, of course, is of the utmost importance; bushwalkers being notoriously enthusiastic where the stomach is concerned. Eating by firelight is infinitely preferable - the fitful light hiding any imperfections. Food is quite delicious then, the taste of any kind of food being reduced to the same nondescript uniformity anyway.

Many strange and wonderful packets find their way into a rucksack and one of the most interesting is "instant pudd"! This peculiar concoction has many appeals, its variety of form enabling it to pass as a milkshake, as a pudding, and as "fudge", depending upon its consistency. The reply to the question as to why it is so popular, is accompanied by an extremely innocent expression - "Oh, we don't like it! We just like making it, that's all!" What else is there to do but to take a deep breath and eat it?

Then there is a certain, budding engineer who, assuming a characteristic "lean and hungry" look, manages to derive a highly satisfactory existence by scrounging food off generous hearted fresherettes. His principle seems to be "Why settle for one dish when you can have a smorgasbord!"

How fascinating it is to sit gazing into the flames, meditating on many things, whilst the back grows cold and begins to ache, and the feet are so hot that one expects to see smoke issuing from one's shoes. The sight of a fire is enough to gladden the heart of any weary walker, and anyway, to my mind, one does not expect to be too comfortable on a bushwalk.

WINTER FIRELIGHT

Now that the pitiless pall of December's
  Detestable damp is a chill to the soul,
What have you seen in the moribund embers
  That stirred you to thought at the fall of the coal?
Was it a fancy, a dream, or a vision
  That called to your mind from the depth of the fire
The pine-wood, the lake, and the glance of derision
  From arrogant dome or provocative spire?

What is the sense of propriety boggles
  In civilised moments at pallets of straw,
The snoring companions, the glare and the goggles?
  What are all these to the sights that you saw?
Myriad visions are yours for the naming -
  Visions of clouds which dissolving disclose
Shadows of mauve and of violet framing
  The promise of dawn on the crown of the snows.

H.

From The Climbers' Club Journal

BOOKOOKOORARA, WALLAROO, BOONOO-BOONOO AND ALL THAT

WARWICK WILLMOTT

During the May vacation, while other members of this great organization of ours were looking at an insignificant hole in the ground, somewhere out in the Never-Never near Roma, it was thought by Don Hitchcock, Jim Miller and self that the Mighty Wallaroo Gorge was worthy of a visit. This edifice to the wonders of nature stands on the Boonoo Boonoo River 20 miles east of Stanthorpe, east of the Mt. Lindsay Highway in N.S.W. Our original plan was to camp on Friday night at Undercliffe falls, 5 miles east of Amosfield, on Bookookoorara Creek, and spend the next four days walking south along B'k'rara creek to the junction of the B'Boonoo River, south along this, through Wallaroo Gorge to B'Boonoo Falls. From here we were to head west to the highway, and hitchhike back to Undercliffe Falls. The disturbing fact was that the only map we had of the northern half of the area was an R.A.C.Q. road guide: this was useless. (The Military map is not published). However, we did have an army map for the southern area.

To start at the start, we arrived at Undercliffe Falls at 2 a.m., were frozen by a traditional Stanthorpe gale, saw a small cataract 10 feet high, 2 feet wide, declared it Undercliffe Falls, and went to sleep, satisfied and at peace with creation.

In the morning, when enough courage was gathered to face the world, clad merely in long pants, long socks, 3 jumpers, dressing gown and gloves, it was discovered that Undercliffe Falls were 300 feet high and 150 yards wide. This impressed us no end; we were emotionally overcome; so we took some pictures of Undercliffe Falls. Then we took some more pictures of Undercliffe Falls. We walked to the bottom of the hill and took some pictures of Undercliffe Falls.

Our intention was then to walk down this B'k'rara creek, but this was impossible owing to the fact that the creek was a torrent, the valley an extreme V-shaped gorge, and great huge boulders of granite blocked any move. So we walked on top of the ridge. This, we feel, was our downfall. The cursed thing meandered all over the countryside up and down, descending and ascending. By late afternoon we were out of sight of B'k'rara creek and were not in sight of B'Boonoo River. We weren't lost, merely confused, bewildered, but naturally knowing exactly where we were. So when we arrived at an extremely inviting grassy creek, we took one look at the contours, declared "We're on the Military Map" and announced that this was Hell's Hollow Creek. We camped here the night, once more at peace with creation.

Little did we know that this was the dreaded pseudo-Hell's Hollow Creek - one.

Next day we walked down this creek, and it was very pleasant, until we decided that it wasn't Hell's Hollow Creek. Walking on, extremely downhearted at the news, we stumbled on the Boonoo Boonoo River. We immediately declared "We're on the map" (We weren't). We cast our glances in the direction of the Mighty Wallaroo, but all that was visible was an overlarge gully in the middle of a vast plain. We don't trust the R.A.C.Q. any more.

That afternoon we headed south along Boonoo Boonoo River, taking it in turns to declare "We're on the map" and "We're not on the map" and all the while discovering pseudo-Hell's Hollow Creeks two, three and four. The Bo'Boonoo River impressed us greatly; quiet, deep, wide lagoons, alternating with deep granite pools and granite slabs, surrounded by green grassy areas. That night we camped just near the real Hell's Hollow Creek and slept, really at peace with creation.

Next morning, to a mighty bellow of self satisfaction "We're on the map!" we headed along the river to the foot of Boonoo Boonoo Falls. These impressed us greatly; they are 900 feet high and a very considerable volume of water flows over them. Once more we were overcome and took photos, and took photos, and photographized and took photos.

That afternoon we climbed a horrible hill to the top of the falls. (Have since been informed there is a flight of steps for tourists), and then headed west across a mountain with the name of PRENTICE, till we finally stumbled on to the Mt. Lindsay Highway at about 8.30 p.m. Slept exhaustedly that night beside a bridge, were awakened by a truck rattling across. Jim and I leapt up in horror, thinking it was an avalanche of rocks coming down the valley, which here was as flat as the Nullabor Plain.

Next day we had 19 miles to walk to the car, but a kind gentleman driving some cattle along in his semi-trailer squashed the three of us and packs into his cabin for about 10 miles, so eventually we were able to get an early start back to Brisbane.

In conclusion, and moreover, to conclude: the Boonoo Boonoo River and Falls are strongly recommended for a three day walk in summer, when one could relax in those inviting pools on the second day, and yet have an interesting and worthwhile route there and back.

.....

P.S. Anyone foolish enough to look for the Mighty Wallaroo in future deserves all he finds.

MT. ASPIRING

GORDON GRIGG

It was 2.30 a.m. as we started up the ridge, and so dark that the bulk of the mountain was barely discernible. Our crampons crunched on the crisp hard snow, and our ice-axes rang dully as we picked our way among outcrops of rock. The almost invisible snow beneath our feet seemed an indefinite distance away and we stumbled often. I was aware of my two companions by their dark shapes only, and occasional tautness in the rope between us as we cautiously felt our way along the lower slopes of the ridge. A couple of large gendarmes were passed - we turned them on the left, cramponning across the steep slope on the side of the ridge; three dark figures, roped together, moving ten yards apart and poised above the invisible glacier far below.

Soon it became less dark. The faint glow in the east was hidden by the peak which we could now see towering over us. The ridge ahead was visible, and our speed improved. I had been in New Zealand four weeks, and had experienced less than half a dozen fine days in the Alps. The previous day had been one of these. We had climbed from the head of the Matukituki Valley, over Bevan Col, and crossed the Bonar Glacier to make camp at the Colin Todd hut on the Shipowner Ridge at the bottom of the mountain. Even now as we climbed, a light air came in from the north-west, and it seemed that the present fine weather also was to be short-lived.

It became lighter still; a yellow glow silhouetted a steep, rough ridge to the left, and painted gold the summits of surrounding peaks. We climbed on in shadow, a little worried now about our route. By keeping left we now traversed under cliffs which prevented us from getting back onto the ridge. We were following the ridge, parallel to it, but much lower than its crest, and we hoped soon to find a break in the cliff line.

The slope steepened. We were now working up steep hard snow which fell away behind and below us to the Therma Glacier. Several crevasses were crossed; our ankles ached, and in places we kicked steps through the hard surface to relieve the strain of cramponning on the steep snow. Above us the slope seemed to steepen even more - ending under cliffs on the northern face. However, there was also a white tongue of snow standing out against the black cliffs which separated us from the crest of the ridge. It ran horizontally along a small break in the cliff line, and seemed to lead to the ridge crest. Once level with this ramp, we rested on the edge of a bergschrund separating snow slopes

from the rock, and surveyed the route. From close up it looked feasible, although we could not see around the corner. Belayed securely on the treacherously iced surface of the ledge, we moved across one at a time and shortly stood once more on the crest of the main ridge, higher on the mountain than we had anticipated.

The ridge ahead was broad and steep, and as we worked our way upwards between rocks and crumbling ice, the shadows were retreating to the valleys under the attack of the rising sun. The last part of the climb was over steep knobbles of wind-sculptured ice which crumbled under one's weight. This gave way to a narrow icy summit ridge several yards long leading to the pointed summit. It was 7.30 a.m. and in every direction steep black and white slopes fell to the glaciers. From horizon to horizon in two directions lay the Alps, the peaks merging into a golden haze in the distance. Lake Wanaka showed as a glinting sheet of water with the sun behind it. Westland hid under high banks of cloud which even now sent tongues into the river valleys under the influence of the rapidly freshening northwester. We took hurried photographs - our fingers, momentarily ungloved, becoming numbed in the biting wind - and after a last look, left the summit.

The short spell of good weather had broken, and we completed the descent to the hut in a white-out, luckily on the lee side of the ridge. After quickly packing our loads, we followed the previous day's footsteps back across the Bonar glacier and descended to the head of the valley, below the snow line.

The following day, while waiting to cross the flooded Matukituki, having shared the last biscuit for breakfast, we cut three ridiculous figures swatting sandflies on the grassy river bank. Two girls and a boy dressed in their only dry clothes, shirts and long woolly underwear, each nursing close the memory of the past few days in the high hills. It is a memory which lives with me still.

Muscles stretch and sinews tighten,
   bones take up your load:
Man before your troubles lighten,
   you must tread your road.
Youth is strong, and strength's to squander
   Hearts are heavy, loads are light,
Heavy hearts do best to wander,
   Hard worn iron grows bright.

Vincent O'Connor.

SOME LETTERS FROM R.T. COX*

Paris,
le 24 Fevrier, 1964.

Dear Pete, Pat, Grahame,

Am now a "Bleausard", having finally got around to going to Fontainbleau on Sunday. The C.A.F. (Club Alpin Francais, popularly "le Caf") climbs there every weekend and without any idea of what the organisation was, I went along hoping to be able to mix with them. Got on an electric train at 8.30 a.m. all done up in my knee-britches and long socks. Didn't feel so conspicuous when I found about a thousand other Parisians all wearing the same rig, on the train. Only a hundred or so of them were climbers! The rest dispersed in all directions at the town of Fontainbleau to go rambling ("faire la randonnee") in the Forest. 'Bleau is about ½ hour by train from Paris and is the chief centre of bushwalking type activities. I had no map, no idea what to do once I got to the town, but followed along after likely looking types carrying ropes and eventually started talking to a chap of about 55 called Charles who took me under his wing for the day. We walked for about 6 km, on tracks through the forest, to reach the boulders. There is a vast area of bush. You can get up on the little eminences and see wild looking forest to the horizons in all directions, rather surprising so close to Paris. The topography is almost dead flat, like say the city of Melbourne. The forest must be bloody beautiful in summer, pine trees with no scrub underneath, almost like a park. But in winter it's dead and grey, except where there are evergreen pine trees. It's criss-crossed by hundreds of roads and tracks and burning along the tracks one passes boy scouts out on patrol, ladies pushing prams, people riding horses, etc.

Finally we arrived at the boulders ("les rochers"), which are rather weird. They lie in a belt a hundred yards wide which goes for miles across the forest in a straight line. They average 10 - 15 feet high, closely spaced, very similar in appearance to areas of smaller boulders at Wyberba. Charles and I met up with a mate of Charles, called Jean, middle aged, good climber, would easily lead VS's. They looked after me for the day; I met nothing but kindness. Actually I was a bit of an attraction, while I was climbing my friends would explain to anyone around that I was an Australian which made me feel I was letting the old Patrie down every time I fell off! One climbs on individual boulders, or better one follows a "circuit". We spent about 2 hours on the "Blue Circuit". For a circuit, one climbs up one side of a boulder and down the other, then moves to an adjoining boulder and so on. The routes are

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*Ron Cox, well known to older club members, is at present engaged in physics research at Grenoble, France. In the accompanying colourful accounts, we learn of some of his early adventures in this country.
(P. Conaghan)

marked by small coloured arrows (blue for the Blue Circuit, etc.) painted on the rock. A circuit goes for perhaps 100, 200 yards and the effect is of climbing many pitches of fiendishly difficult rock. The boulders are mostly so low that a rope is unnecessary, one learns to fall on one's feet in the soft sand.

There are 4 grades. The Blue Circuit is Grade 2-3. I managed to get about 2/3 of the way round but had to omit several bits that I fell off repeatedly. Apparently above Grade 4 there is now an infinity of "impossible" climbs made by the cracks. Even Grade 4 looks impossible to me. The easy bits of 4 are vertical with no holds, the hard bits are overhanging with no holds. To see these young Tarzans armpulling up overhangs off fingertip holds is quite a revelation. I could imagine doing one or two boulders of Grade 4 but to do a circuit, such as the "Red Circuit", boulder after boulder for 2 hours seems beyond possibility at this standard of difficulty.

There were perhaps 50 people of all ages, shapes, and sizes climbing on this particular group of boulders. It was particularly mortifying to see delightfully shaped young ladies (and even more mortifying - others less well shaped) scrambling easily up Grade 3 moves that I couldn't do. But it appeared very obvious that above all, technique, not strength, is the king here. Jean and Charles instructed me all the time in the very rudiments of how to put fingers and feet on holds, it was as if I was starting to climb all over again. The rock looks a bit like a limestone. There are few holds. The texture is rather smooth so that the angle of limiting friction is very low. This makes the climbs where one uses pressure of feet difficult because one has to get the pressure almost normal to the rock. P.A. type boots are very useful for giving the extra bit of friction you don't get from vibrams; in fact P.A.'s were designed for Bleau. However, P.A.'s are now obsolete, everyone wears the newer R.D.'s (Raymond Delambert) which are similar, but, being in suede leather, last longer. Some people, including traditionalists, still wear vibrams. I wore boots although I have bought a pair of R.D.'s.

We gave it away about 2 p.m. and retired for lunch. Note that I had done all this on one plate of Kellogg's corn flakes. The Frenchman had done it all on a cup of coffee. Breakfast is virtually non-existent in France and yet they climbed until 2 p.m. without eating. By this time I was near starving. I ate with a group of climbers and the food and wine was liberally shared and passed around. They were all amused to see me drink orange juice which, along with milk, is only for children in France. The lunch was very matey and cheerful, I felt quite at home. They were interested in Australia of which they know very little except that there are no mountains. Everyone in France incidentally has heard of kangaroos but can't quite believe them. They ask you "Do you <u>really</u> have kangaroos?" and when you say "yes", they laugh hilariously. Many don't know that Australia and N.Z. are independent of each other, and of England.

After lunch (2 hours) I walked to the station with Charles on a rough track leading through the wild mulga. The weather which had been sunny turned to rain but this didn't damp my spirit. I had been pleased to have had some contact with French climbers and to have found no real difference (except from point of view of wine consumption) to Australians. Fortunately my French is now at a standard where I can communicate, with hesitation. It was very interesting to see what a fantastic training ground (and playground, for there are many non-mountaineering 'Bleau specialists) the Parisians have made out of this rather unpromising looking pile of boulders.

I am going to Grenoble on Monday 2 March to start a 4 month stage in a magnetic resonance lab. By an immense amount of delicate wangling I managed to extricate myself from the awkward position I was in when I arrived in Paris. I came to France intending to do magnetic resonance at Grenoble but my scholarship was for semiconductor physics in Paris. However, managed to con my organisation, tho ASTEF, into letting me go to Grenoble. I went down for one day for an interview with the Prof. The place is fantastic. The interview was something like this -

Prof: And this is our apparatus for high resolution electron spin resonance ......
Cox (thinks): Struth, I wonder if that 500 foot overhanging cliff I can see (out the window) across the river is climbable....
Prof: ..... for high resolution paramagnetic studies in rare earths and transition elements .....
Cox (thinks): Not much snow on those ranges 10 miles away that I can see (out the other window). Pity it's such a poor winter.....

Et cetera. I'll keep you informed about my, I hope, many activities. But I can tell you now that it looks like Paradise Found. And hope you all are climbing too.

Ron.

Grenoble
18/5/64.

Dear Pat, Graham, and Pete,

Time I reported my activities, feeble as they have been. At Easter I made a pilgrimage to Chamonix which is 80 miles by road from Grenoble. I went by hitch-hiking, left late Saturday and arrived 10 a.m. Easter Sunday. Chamonix was crowded with skiers and holiday makers and looked very touristy - more postcard shops than I've seen anywhere. The Aiguilles looked very high above. The southern sunny

faces were clean brown rock but the northern sides were all iced up. Snow covered all the lower slopes and there was no snow in Chamonix itself. There is often a metre of snow in the streets at Easter but this is one of the feeblest winters in living memory. Mont Blanc was a vast mass of ice, hazy and indistinct. The sun blazed down on the great areas of white above Chamonix and one was quite dazzled looking up. One really needed to wear goggles in town!

Having neither ice axe nor climbing partner, I contented myself with a peaceful three-hour walk up to Montenvers. There is a beautiful graded track which winds up through pine forest. There was deep snow in the forest from about 500 feet above Chamonix but fortunately people walking down from the Montenvers had plugged a good trail. It was very pretty, one got frequent, tree-framed views of the well plastered Aiguilles Rouges across the valley.

Montenvers, you are aware, is a hotel/restaurant perched on the moraine wall near the Mer de Glace, served by rack railway from Chamonix. Just after I arrived the last train went down and since the hotel is closed in winter I was left alone.

The view is of course: Charmoz to the right, Grandes Jorasses straight ahead (some distance away) and the Dru to the left very close and very high. I did nothing, just looked for an hour or two. I was even treated to a fine red sunset of which some slides are enclosed with this letter. After sunset, the sky clouded over and the landscape lost all colour. In greys and blacks it looked very inhospitable, very savage. The skyline crests are incredibly jagged, and the walls of rock streaked with grey verglas, the vast fields of snow all over the lower slopes and over the Mer de Glace made things look very desolate. The continual rattle and crash of falling rock echoing around the walls and the frostiness of the air helped the mood.

It was so cold that I couldn't imagine climbing bare-handed; these winter ascent boys must be keen men. I definitely felt that if I'd been enrolled for a climb anywhere on those crags I'd have been terrified. Presumably it's less scary in summer. In the last light I saw a party of five skiers far out on the Mer de Glace working down through the nearly invisible crevasses and I felt sorry for them. It would not have been nice out there racing the darkness.

I spent the night in the cellar of the Montenvers hotel; the wind had fortunately blown the door open. It was very dark, but cosy and relatively warm (still cold enough to lightly freeze my boots). While cooking dinner on the choofer I felt it would be good to have a

wee drop of something to drink. Next morning in daylight I discovered that one corner of the cellar was stacked full of crates of wine. Unfortunately I can't drink in the morning, not being French.

The morning weather was bad so I descended to Chamonix and hitch-hiked home. If I have dwelt in detail on this trivial ascent to the Montenvers it's because it was important to me - it really was a pilgrimage - and I wanted to describe my first impressions. In addition, I thought Pete would be interested to hear what the place is like in winter. You're probably surprised Pete to hear of the Montenvers deserted - no tourists!

The following weekend Fred Mitchell of M.U.M.C., well known for his exceptionally fast times on New Zealand peaks, came to visit me. He's been bumming around Europe all winter, having given his architect's job away. He reckons he has enough money to last two years. He recently went to Scotland to visit Basil. They had a bit of a grog up. Basil apparently can talk of nothing else but his jeune fille. Fred is now in Scandinavia and then goes through Russia, Poland, Germany, to arrive back in the Alps for the season. What a life! The Sunday he was here we made an attempt on Taillefer, a magnificent, massive 9400' peak 15 miles from Grenoble. We caught the Sunday morning bus up to a village at about 4000'. The snow line lay just above the village and from then on it was a long, long uphill flog. We were always thinking of turning back but mainly through stupidity kept going. The visibility incidentally was nil. We were in a complete white-out. We finally gave it away a bit after noon at about 8000', when we reached the first real mountaineering difficulties. What great climbers! I still haven't got a handle fitted to my axe and I felt a bit odd on this climb holding the axe head in my hand and trying to pretend it was a real axe. I was fairly pleased to have climbed so much soft snow without collapsing. Knee britches make this sort of thing much easier as one can lift the knee with more freedom than in ordinary trousers. The trip convinced me - everyone has to learn for himself - that the only way to climb in winter or spring is on skis. So I started skiing at nearby resorts in order to develop my skiing ability enough to go ski-mountaineering. The third time I went skiing (last week-end), in one of the numerous crazy busters that one has, I tore a ligament in my knee. Doctor's orders are no climbing for at least another two weeks. I was at least pleased I hadn't broken my leg. Skiing is very dangerous. One could easily do oneself in for the climbing season. It's now well and truly Spring and when I'm fit again I guess it'll be time to seriously think about climbing.

I was delighted to get your long awaited letter Grahame. Your French is very good but I find English easier to read so don't bother to write in French again. I can't understand why you cut steps on Kosciusko snow drifts, haven't you converted to 12 point crampons yet?

Thanks also Pete for your letter. Sorry you couldn't get to N.Z. for your holidays but as you say one should see North Queensland sooner or later. Keep thinking about getting a job in Switzerland. As I said before, it's alright over here!

See you all.

Ron

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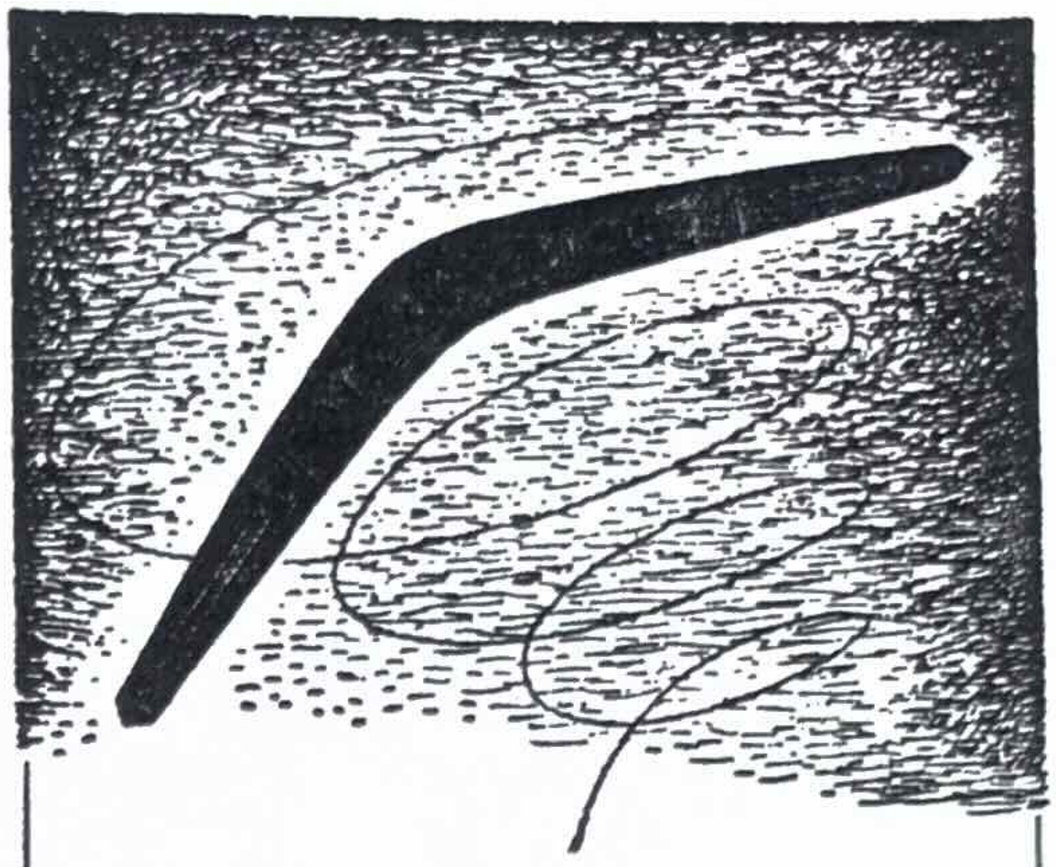

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SWITZERLAND

PETER REIMANN

One of the members of our party was the possessor of a fine rectangular vehicle called a "caravanette" which could carry eight people and convert by night into palatial sleeping accommodation for four. Not to bring this along on our month's holiday in Switzerland would have been a mistake.

So one fine July day we rolled into the French car-ferry "Compaigne" at Dover and celebrated our exit from England with the purchase of one duty-free Havana cigar of gigantic proportions.

France was sweltering hot and we ate fruit as if addicted. The garages doled out small packets of Eau-de-Cologne gratis to each passenger, which we plastered over our sweaty faces. The Marne country rolled by and we climbed past the grotesque overhanging lime-stone cliffs of the Jura mountains to cross the Swiss frontier with a flourish.

We were headed at first for Saas Grund which lies in the next valley to Zermatt in the district of Valais. But, as we wound around the hairpin bends almost barging into huge trucks driven at reckless speed, we began to wonder whether we would ever make it.

Saas Grund was a quaint cluster of houses and barns often indistinguishable from one another. Sundry cows wandered about with gay abandon. We slumbered in the village square below the local church with its distinctive spire. Every hour on the hour the bell tolled out the chimes of doom, shattering the peace of this silent valley - and our sleep. In the morning our vehicle was surrounded by a milling throng of the local inhabitants. It appeared that a religious ceremony was about to take place and a trumpet-band struck up enthusiastically by our sides. People peered in through the windows of our vehicle and made faces at us, and the process of getting up was a subject of great hilarity to the onlookers - and acute embarrassment to ourselves.

We made our escape to the mountains. One of our first climbs was the Lenspitze-Nadelhorn traverse above Saas Fee. After lunch at a pavement cafe we walked up the 5000 ft. of track in the heat of the afternoon to the Mischabel hut. It may have been a slog, but hut walks in Switzerland were always delightful. The shady pine forests would give way to the upper summer pastures crossed by cool rushing streams. Some-times you would pass a group of barns hewn from the local logs and perched on the steep grassy hillside. Or you may pass a wizened old lady dressed in black carrying an enormous basket on her back. Stop for a rest and with luck you may see a pair of marmots amongst some nearby rocks. At 10,000 feet you enter a world of snow and rock and you know that the hut cannot be much further.

The Mischabel hut was at 11,000 feet, a two-story dwelling with dining room and kitchen below and sleeping accommodation above. In the Swiss huts we visited one was not permitted to prepare one's own food. The cooking had to be entrusted to the guardian or a member of his family - a process of involved explanations on procedures of manufacture in a variety of languages and gesticulations. The invention of the instant mashed potato had not hit Switzerland at the time, and this curious cement-like powder, almost a staple diet to an Englishman, and consequently smuggled across the frontier, was a subject of considerable bewilderment to the guardian. No matter how worked-up we became about our powdered potato the guardian would just grunt in a manner common to all Swiss guardians. Eyeing in hungry fashion others eating we would prepare to sit out the long vigil until our meal was brought forth on steaming plates.

The people in huts were always interesting. Many nationalities would be represented and they were all friendly. Even the guides would vouchsafe the occasional professional hint on local conditions of snow and loose rock. All of the Saas guides wore red sweaters and balaclavas which set off their bronzed and weathered faces rather well. Most of them were of a surprising corpulence. Many people came up to a hut just for the day and one is liable to see anyone from the age of eight to eighty eating his lunch of bread, cheese and wine, totally unaffected by the 5000 ft. climb.

After tea one would adjourn to the front patio to watch the twilight turn the mountains opposite to a marshmallow pink as the reality of day gave way to the silent mystery of the night.

The Continentals were never fresh-air fiends, and the sleeping accommodation would be barred of all possible entry of extraneous draughts. Even if warm, the air soon became rather foul. But we were never successful in our attempts at opening a window. Even if we performed this act after everyone else had gone to sleep we invariably woke later to find that the window had been surreptitiously closed again.

We left the hut for our Lenspitze and Nadelhorn at about 4 a.m. and streaked off up the moraine at an undignified speed as if possessed of some innate urge. This is something I could never grow accustomed to. The pace was always furious. No time for that quiet moment of contemplation in that niche just built for the purpose or for the sacred summital nap. Every second of delay meant a concurrent further melting of the snow in the blazing sun. I was forever being rudely prodded awake on Swiss peaks to hear words sounding like "avalanche" or "rock fall".

The first light revealed a tired, grey dawn as we paused to rope up before the snowy slope leading up to the first rock gendarme. As we gained height on the narrow arete which rose in a series of giant steps to the summit of the Lenspitze the views must have been marvellous. But it is peculiar how indifferent one can become when so tired. It was our first big climb and we were disgustingly unfit. Altitude effects seemed to set in on us after 12,000 feet and breathing became noticeably shorter and faster. A thankful rest was forced on us below one of the gendarmes as a party ahead was dislodging a shower of rocks. The Valais is noted for its sometimes questionable rock. We had heard rumours however, that nowadays a more objective danger on the Matterhorn is falling sardine tins.

After an eternity of misery the top of the Lenspitze arrived and we collapsed in various heaps by way of a temporary recovery before setting off again along an airy ridge to the Nadelhorn at 14,300 feet. This would have been delightful had we been in a fit state to appreciate it.

This traverse seemed typical of the many that are in the Valais area. The Zinal Rothorn which we climbed by the north ridge from the valley of Zinal was a similarly long and thin mountain, looking almost unassailable when viewed end-on, but somewhat of an anti-climax if observed from the side. We were fit by the time we did this and the traverse along the saw-tooth rock ridge was unforgettable. Sometimes you would balance along the top; at other times you would be crawling like a fly on a wall around the side of a gendarme. One side was cold and windy and the other, in the sun, so warm and silent. And the views were superb. You felt as if you were in an exclusive world up there, our party its only inhabitants. At the top we met a party of cheerful Austrians who had come up from the Zermatt side, with whom we exchanged edibles. We had to hurry on as "mares' tails" were forming in the sky and our predictions were later borne out by a thunderstorm which caught us half way down to Zinal.

Although we had about nine successes we had our failures too. We attempted the Fletchhorn-Lagginhorn traverse, but the weather had other ideas, so we played canasta instead. For the Weisshorn we got up at 1 a.m., but as we moved up the icy flank of the Bishorn which we were to traverse, the wind blew stronger and colder. Dawn at 13,000 feet was nothing if not spectacular. Sheets of powder snow whipped up by the wind caught red in the sun poured off the cornice which hung over the inky blackness of the valley. The sky in the east glowed orange, but the western sky was a cold unwelcome purple. The ridge to the summit of the Weisshorn was blocked half way by an enormous rock step and we did not savour the thought of delicate rock climbing in this perishing wind which seemed to be obviously brewing up for something. However

we were not going to avoid a picnic even if not on this fantastic looking ridge. We dropped off the side, immediately got lost and spent the greater part of the day hacking steps down hair-raising ice slopes and verglas coated rock.

Then there was the time in the Bregaglia area in the Italian-speaking sector in the south-east corner of Switzerland when we set off to climb the north-east ridge of the Piz Badile. We had no guide book and could understand the locals less than they could understand us. We ended up in the wrong hut in the wrong valley. We were never to cast eyes upon our Piz Badile. However, we enjoyed the Bregaglia. All of the Valais climbs were long, involving something like 9000 feet between valley floor and peak, but here the valley floor was at 6000 feet and the peaks were only of the order of 10 - 11000 feet. Moreover, there was a wide choice of mountains to climb, mostly on very fine, solid rock. The area was less developed for tourists, although why is a question because the Bregaglia has a beauty and character all of its own.

In between the climbing we could tear down the tracks from the huts to "live it up" in the valleys. We toured the hotels of Saas Fee and listened to the yodelling-type folk songs being performed in each. We ate delicious meals and sampled many local wines. We joined in the revelry of Switzerland's National Day. We tried a "fondue" and watched a Guides' Festival. We swam in the pool of a hotel set amongst the vineyards, and watched a colour television juke-box grinding out the hit tunes of the moment. The emphasis was always on eating. We never stopped.

Even if we did not achieve anything of great moment it was a good holiday which had to end. Two of us had to leave before our caravanette, so we caught the Post-bus from Maloja to St. Moritz. The train trip to Zurich on hard wooden seats was occupied in eating, almost entirely. At Basel we indulged in a furthor gastronomical treat which left us horizontal and immobile in a nearby park attempting to recover.

As Switzerland receded into the background so we left our experiences behind us as a memory soon to be renewed again, we hoped.

To walk up and down hill is less wearying than to walk on the flat.

Aristotle.

TO AUSTRALIA'S HIGHEST HILL

NOEL EBERHARDT

"Old Smokey" rushed towards the Cooma station at the breakneck speed of five miles per hour. On arrival, it disgorged several queer locals and three strange foreign creatures wearing old clothes and carrying extremely large packs. These caused one old lady much concern as they repacked them on the station. She warned them to take plenty of warm clothes as well as good rain coats (was this a sign of things to come!), and informed them that "They had been had! as sleeping bags are much cheaper if bought at the factory. She admitted however that she had "not been as close as this to people like THEM before".

A closer look at these creatures revealed that one was a female (but a close look had to be taken before it became obvious). The two males could be differentiated as one had brown fur all over his face - most peculiar but it appeared both warm and itchy. They all kept looking at the sky and wondering if a prediction of a "wet" by the locals was true.

Once satisfied that all the important gear had been left behind - such as jumpers and long trousers - they left for the Transport Depot - i.e. the local milk-vendor who would give them a lift to Kiandra. As the bus (milk-truck) only had seats for two, the third member had to sit among the milk on a large carton which felt very soft, and to their amazement was filled with buns and small cakes. Upon arriving at Kiandra, they gave in to what seemed an overwhelming desire and raced for the milk-bar at the Chalet, but with "Coke" at one shilling per bottle, and other goodies similarly priced, they soon got sick of such goodies.

Now it seemed that the action would begin; they picked up their packs and set off at a furious pace down the road. After one hundred yards they stopped at a creek, and put up a tent - Yes, it was lunch time! Although little was eaten, lunch seemed to take a long time as the temperature was 87 degrees, and there was a long hot hill to climb. The poor creatures must have come from some desert place as they seemed fascinated by the wild flowers - except the female who was asked to provide foreground interest in the photos.

And so the first day passed - hot, fine, but pleasant, and camp was made at the 4 mile diggings. But away to the south could be seen the black clouds which showed that the old enemy of the U.Q.B.W.C. is not unknown in these mountains. But why should they worry about rain - after all the next morning dawned clear. Nevertheless, after passing the "Nine mile", and climbing Tabletop Mountain, the rain caught them. This brought forth loud noises which sounded awfully rude. They now produced compasses and after taking many bearings, and having engaged in several arguments, they tried to find the hut marked on the map. But the mountain fooled them; the hut was not there, but - Boy! did they get wet looking for it.

Most of the night it rained and it seemed surprising that they put up their crude shelters - so much water got in anyway.

Breakfast consisted of an indescribable mess, called porridge, but the one with the fuzzy face had several other names for it which he kept strictly to himself. This was the normal breakfast for the rest of their trip - Ugh!

The next day was one of constant bewilderment - nobody actually knew where they were, but with the rain and the cold they all wished they were somewhere else. However, while looking for a hut that afternoon the weather changed - it HAILED! Gee! was that a change. The night was spent in a hut occupied by a 'possum and three baby birds who seemed to resent their presence. At ten o'clock they left the hut and walked in the heavy rain and gusty wind two miles to the next one - now that's what I call a good day's walk. This hut at Farm Ridge was a ramshackle affair but it kept out the rain and, with two tents covering the walls, most of the wind.

They stayed at this hut for two days - Huh! they really thought the weather would change. This hut also had an occupant - Ronnie the Rodent they called him. He was very mischievous and ate part of their candle supply, sank his teeth into their cocoa bag, and frightened the female by trying to get into her sleeping bag - poor thing only wanted to be warm. Many brilliant schemes were invented to trap "Ronnie" but they spent too much time in their sleeping bags - I don't know why: the temperature was an invigorating 37 degrees at midday.

They could not stay here forever, so they moved on to the "Grey Mare Hut", missing the climb of Jagungul because of the rain - or was that just an excuse? The Grey Mare hut is noted for its murals, but after two days they had to forego these pleasures as their supply of food?!! (macaroni - rice - cheese - salami) was getting low.

After another terrible night in the Dickey Cooper Hut, (hut may be a misleading term as it consists of a roof suspended on four (or is it six) poles) they moved on through the rain past White's River Hut - home of that famous rodent (rat) Muldoon the Glutton, and then up onto the final range of the Kosciusko Block.

Up here the weather is "different". There is a frost until eight o'clock; then a beautiful clear morning until 10 o'clock; then it rains until lunch at one o'clock. The rain now stops for three-quarters of an hour and recommences at one forty-five. It begins to hail at two-thirty. A mist descends at four o'clock, and it is fine and sunny from five o'clock until dark.

The scenery of this area also seemed strange to them. The lack of trees seemed quite astounding to them, as a remark was made that "It would be no good for Boy Scouts but I suppose they could blaze the tussock grass or the wildflowers." The tiny glacial lakes sent them running in all directions with their cameras. Late in the afternoon they came across a common feature of this area - a locked hut. Amid mutterings of "break down the door" they camped at 7,000 ft. beside the snow - you should have seen the goose pimples on their bare legs - 7,000 ft., a frost, and short trousers!

The next day they saw their goal - Mt. Kosciusko. A shame that such a small hill must be Australia's highest mountain. But it got its revenge on them; for, after climbing it through the mist, they went down the wrong side.

And so their trip to these mountains ended - all vowing to return - I'm damned if I know why.

. . . . . .

In a more serious vein however, it would be impossible to give a detailed account of this 60 mile trip in this magazine. But even if this was done, it would only cover a small section of the Kosciusko State Park. Anybody wanting further information should obtain a booklet produced by the Geehi Walking Club called "Snowy Mountains Walks". This is available from Paddy for 7/6. One inch to the mile maps produced by the Snowy Mts. Authority are also available.

For walking in the region around Mt. Kosciusko - an area which I found the most satisfying - both primuses and tent poles need to be carried, as the absence of trees could cause some embarrassing moments. I am also informed that the weather is not always as bad as it is represented in this article.

THE CHILLAGOE LIMESTONE CAVES

KEITH HARRISON

The limestone ranges in the Chillagoe district are remarkable for their beauty as objects on the landscape, apart from the interest they create owing to the number of caves within their mass. From the surrounding flats they rise upward in bold bluffs and ranges to heights of from 100 feet to 500 feet, sometimes perpendicularly, more often from a confusion of fallen boulders, and they are covered with a vegetation peculiarly their own. The neighbouring country is sparsely covered with the usual bush timber - gum, ironbark and bloodwood, with ti-tree in the creeks. On the ranges are the fig-tree, bottle-tree, myrtle, wait-a-while, and numerous shrubs. On the limestone also is found a pigeon, known locally as the "lime pigeon", closely resembling the turtle-dove.

The limestone first makes its appearance about eight miles past Almaden, an old mining town about 60 miles west of Herberton on the Atherton Tableland. It occurs here as bluffs, great masses, 200 to 300 yards long and 100 yards wide, and further west merges into broken ranges extending almost five miles, and half a mile or more in width.

From a bushwalker's viewpoint, the creeks in the district are rather unsuitably situated. Thus there is the alternative of dry camping at the bluffs or camping at a shady creek miles from the nearest bluff. Experience soon makes one pick a spot a reasonable distance from the creeks as they become conference tables for millions of screeching parrots at about 5.30 in the morning. They do not let up until you are fully awake and at the stage of hurling rocks at them. The bluffs themselves are excellent for rock scrambling. The limestone has been weathered and pitted so much by the rain that with a good pair of boots it is virtually impossible to slip on the jagged surfaces. One thing to be checked when getting water in the area is whether or not it is polluted with arsenic compounds which are rather detrimental to one's health. There are numerous arsenic minerals occurring in the area and these are leached out of the rocks by the water. Creeks containing arsenic in their water usually have a distinctive yellow-brown deposit on the bottom, and rarely have any weeds growing in them.

Here and there in the ranges are large amphitheatres generally more or less circular, with the sides nearly vertical; these are often some acres in extent. These are formed on the sites of former caves, the roofs of which have fallen in bodily and now rest on the old floors below. There are hundreds of cave systems in the ranges; however, the Royal Arch system south west of Chillagoe is the largest and most spectacular.

The locals cheerfully informed us that the last group who went in without a guide took four days to find their way out so we went in search of a guide. It seemed that there were two people in the town who knew the caves well: the postmaster and the sheriff. The postmaster was chosen as we figured that if we all got lost, people in a town like Chillagoe would notice the absence of the postmaster a long time before they missed the long dusty arm of the law. So, armed with a guide and numerous carbide lights, we proceeded along what must be the world's dustiest road to the caves.

The largest cave in this system was about 170 feet long, 100 feet wide and about 40 feet high. Other interconnected chambers were 70 to 80 feet long. Many of the chambers in the caves were devoid of ornamentation, presenting only dingy, sombre walls of rock. These are contrasted with the dazzling whiteness of other portions of the caves, particularly of the columns and clusters of stalactites. Often the limestone is crystallized, and presents to the carbide lights the facets of countless thousands of tiny crystals which sparkle with magical beauty. Coralline limestone is also prevalent - so named from its resemblance to fine coral. To another form of deposit the term "drapes" has been given. Over the projecting ledges, smooth rounded white coverings are found, as though a cascade of milk had been suddenly frozen and arrested in its fall. In many places, predominantly in the "Ballroom" chamber, these drapes hang from the roof or wall singly, like curtains from 10 to 15 feet long.

This three hour trip through the caves, enlivened in our case by a lamp which kept emitting too much gas causing impressive explosions which effectively singed one's arm, is well worth the fee charged by the guide. It is hard to believe when you are in this area that only sixty miles away are some of Australia's densest rainforests, and this proximity serves only to intensify the contrast between the two areas.

A CLIMBING RHYME

Little Bo-Peep
Finds buttresses steep,
In gullies and cracks you'll find her;
Leave her alone -
She's always known
By the boulders that fall behind her.

C.L. Inker.

SOME LESS FREQUENTLY TRIED SCRAMBLES IN THE GLASSHOUSES

ALAN FROST

From Tibberoowoccum we get an excellent view of Crookneck and Beerwah, but apart from this the only peaks worthwhile are Beerwah, Crookneck and Tibrogargan. There is a conventional way up all these, but other routes are not often tried.

BEERWAH:

The South face is the most interesting. It has all the requirements of great climbing enjoyment - accessibility, relative length timewise (cf. the easy routes of the three peaks), little scunge and an abundance of buttresses and chimneys of sound rock. These are mostly in pitches which can be made safe, but with sufficient exposure to add the required spice. There are probably n ways of climbing the face, but fewer alternatives if you want to finish right at the top. I believe this face was first climbed by John Comino, Jon Stephenson and Bertie Salmon (?), then by Jon Stephenson and Geoff Goadby, then by Jon, Geoff, Peter Barnes and myself in 1953*. One could clamber up this slope many times and probably never go the same way, and this makes it still more enjoyable.

My experience on the East face is limited to a descent by this route after our climb of the South. It seems quite climbable, but not impressive.

The West face of Beerwah is much smaller than the others, and finishes at a point not much higher than the cliffs on the North face. However, it is very steep and uninviting except for a large and long open chimney which terminates in "shell rock", a large bubble in the rock with various portholes. Raoul Mellish had planned to rappel down the chimney years ago, and John Comino was interested, but the first ascent was made in Odtober 1956 by myself and Dave McGibben, a dental student who had just begun climbing. A fortnight later it was climbed by myself, Peter Barnes and Geoff Goadby. John was invited but could not make it.

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*Editor's note: Mr. Bert Salmon recalls that he first climbed the South Face of Beerwah before 1932, possibly 1929 or 1930. He does not know however, if this was the first ascent of the wall.

CROOKNECK:

Apart from the formidable East face and the walk up the South there is still the West and the North of Crookneck. The route up the north is obvious and just as easy as the south, except for one pitch about one-third of the way up, where a short traverse should be done with care. After this, a short scramble brings you out on the eastern lower portion of the summit ridge.

The West is not much more difficult but it is infinitely more dangerous, Portable handholds lurk in all directions, just waiting for the inexperienced to grasp them. This face is quite narrow, marked on the northern side about half way up by an impressive overhang. The summit is probably only held up by a marble sized rock under this overhang. The route leads up the ridge to this steep section, then traverses across the face onto a slight ridge which leads straight to the summit. This is not the place for a big party, as the rock is too unsound.

TIBROGARGAN:

Even Tibrogargan with its impressive East face and various routes also has interesting climbing on the South face. Peter Barnes and myself had wanted to look at it years ago but didn't get around to it. Tim Cassidy and I finally had a go on 15th June this year after galloping up the west and north of Crookneck, then to Tibrogargan and the caves route, down the west side and around to look at the South.

At the foot and approximately the middle of this face is an obvious gully which rapidly becomes very steep, then continues as a line of cliffs, mostly slightly overhanging, which crosses the face obliquely to the right. It finishes at a knoll well down from the summit of the face. It should be possible to climb up at the foot of this line of cliffs, but it would probably be difficult to climb out above this line of overhangs and straight up the face. To the east is the formidable South-east wall - definitely a Cox job, offering no real challenge to one unaccustomed to hardware.

Just to the west of the gully is a buttress which offers access to the face above the oblique line of cliffs, and further to the West is another steep face rather like the South-East wall. The route we took led straight up some exposed but not difficult pitches and through two patches of scunge which more or less divide this part of the face into three, From the upper patch we tackled a small open chimney which proved tricky. This led up till we were about 100-150 feet below the top of the face, which was a mass of overhangs, and the rock looked nasty.

It may be OK to skirt this to the right, but again it looked nasty and a hell of a long way to the bottom. We took the left - a traverse, a 20' pitch, a scramble, and we were there.

A rope of two can be very fast and we did not waste any time, but this face took us about 1½ hours. As there were no visible boy-scout painted arrows, we believe this to be the first ascent.

So the Glasshouses can offer more than the North Beerwah, South Crooky and East Tibro. There is much for the rock scrambler to do intermediable between these three and the hardware lined east of Crooky.

Some More Climbery Rhymes

Swing away, climber, on the belay
If the rope holds you'll dangle all day;
If the rope break there's no need to fall
Read what to do in Climbing for All.

Baa, baa, Second-man, have you any rope?
No, sir, no, sir, not a blinkin' hope.
Bah, bah, Second-man! Climb a little way -
I only need another foot to reach a big belay!

C.L. Inker.

THE INITIATION OF A KIWI

GLASSHOUSES 1963

TONY ROBINSON

Feeling quite anaemic from the night's enouunter with mosquitoes, I emerged from my sleeping bag and glimpsed the University of Queensland Bushwalking Club by light of day. A random scattering of rhythmically swelling and shrinking cocoons lay under the gums, giving the general impression of sleep. By force of habit, gained from my local Kiwi club, I had risen about sixish and half expected to see keen, alert trampers already eating over a dying fire. At half past six, the only change in the scenery was the position of the sun so I crept back into my bag and lay there absorbing the surroundings and making good my recent loss of blood.

This sort of country was completely strange to me. The gums projecting from the often grassy ground, the dry gullies, and the occasional anthills all new. I was used to damp, fern-choked bush covered in moss and vine, pushing up to the light. The air wasn't cold and damp either, but rather warm, which made for a sticky uncomfortable heat inside the bag. I was considering this when a bod stirred, emerged and stood outside his collapsed bag. I presumed this action to be some sort of signal, for he was soon joined by others, swarming everywhere, and generally getting organized. Fires were lit and billies containing rare assortments of food were boiled on the perimeter. After bludging a frying pan, I tucked into some sausages and, listening to the general noise, deduced that we were going to climb Crookneck first. My initial impression of this peak was an alarming-looking leaning spire of rock which stuck straight up out of the undulating carpet of gums. On revolving slowly two other mountains could be seen - not quite as impossible looking as the first, but again pushing abruptly from an almost level plain. They were Beerwah and Tibrogargan.

That night, while sitting in cave one, half way up Tibro', I thought over the day's happenings. Crookneck wasn't as hard as I had imagined, but for some unknown reason, New Zealanders are assumed to be born rock climbers. When I asked "What do I do next?" after coming across an impossible looking bit of rock, cries of "But you're a New Zealander", didn't seem to be quite the answer I wanted; but not wanting to destroy the illusion, I bumbled on. That afternoon I managed to scramble up to the caves and now was eating a healthy meal. I still couldn't get used to the heat and saw the folly of bringing woollen clothing. Thirst was another problem. I would never curse snow and wet mountain streams again. Oh! for cool, cool water.

The next morning I stretched pleasantly-sore leg muscles and peeked out to see what the day had to bring. People were scurrying around the cave and occasionally peering out eastward. Seeing a marked difference in "Rising" hour, I climbed out and started on some meat-roll and bread - thinking that today much was to be done, and that an early rising was required. Then everyone went back into their sleeping bags! Ah well, apparently the sunrise had not been worth photographing. Talking and joking then pursued, with various appeals to the "morals" officer (who was obviously in the next cave), until we were interrupted by the sound of activity in cave three. This was another signal, and breakfast was soon on the go.

With breakfast over and things packed, we all climbed out of the cave and up to the top of the mountain. Much confidence was gained on these rocks, and the feel of the top-rope was encouraging.

We ate a large lunch back at the campsite, and it was at this time I was introduced to the practice of initiating by "fizzy" drinking. It must be drunk in one breath and also held down. At the time I had a prickly sensation in my stomach, owing to an overdose of bicarbonate, but later, the peculiar laxative action of this strange brew hit me, and afterwards my intestine hung limp inside me - exhausted. I kept quiet about this and caught up with the rest of the party who had now nearly reached the top of Beerwah. The view was something: Crookneck stood up from the ground like a new pin in the sunset, while Tibrogargan sat behind it, dark and hunched, content with second place; Beerwah's shadow was lengthening, gradually covering tree after tree. At dusk, people were still scrambling down the mountain-side. Soon a brew was made and everyone stood round staring into the fire, trying not to think of the mundane things of the morrow.

These things I will remember for a long time, but just in case I forget - I've written it down.

LOOKING DOWN

Not the height, it is the declivity that is terrible. The declivity, where the gaze shooteth downwards, and the hand graspeth upwards. There doth the heart become giddy through its double will.

Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche.

THE BARNEY PEAKS IN A DAY

TIM CASSIDY

The idea of climbing the peaks of Barney in a day was originally that of Peter Barnes, Alan Frost and Geoff Goadby some ten years ago. Their attempt failed because of lack of fitness - it was just after exams - and the conditions experienced on the mountain in late November.

Earlier this year Alan and I had teamed up to do some of the more conventional climbs of South-East Queensland. Our reasonably fast climbs of this period encouraged Alan to attempt the clamber over Barney and realise his ambition of a decade ago.

We had met Barry Smith frequently at the Vet. School and he was coaxed into coming along on a reconnaissance expedition up Eagle's Ridge, over Isolated Peak, and thence via North-East Ridge to the North-Leaning saddle. Here we were to attempt the Comino-Waring Ledge around Leaning Peak, as the alternative route down onto Moonlight Slabs and up the gash in Leaning Peak would necessitate a considerable drop in height from the Isolated saddle, and an exhausting scrub bash up this gash.

With this in mind, we left Brisbane at 3.30 a.m. on Saturday, 29th June. After leaving Drynan's Hut we had an exciting ride in Alan's 1500 VW on the Barrier Ridge Road to the Lower Portals, finally abandoning it near Drynan's Spray Dip on Barney Creek.

We started climbing at the Portals at 6.30 a.m. with light packs: mine had only a day's food, a 160 foot rappel rope, and a pair of sandshoes; Barry's pack, a mountain mule, didn't contain much either, but bore some scars from 85 lb. loads carried in New Zealand river valleys.

Alan led off and we passed over the first two knolls easily, debating for a while how to clamber down to attack the next pitch. This was quite steep and Barry and I were belayed up it. I meandered ahead at this point for a while until we came to Tom's Tum where we abseiled down the last thirty feet or so. Here Barry earned our thanks by showing us the "friction-less" abseil with nylon rope, simply by taking a turn of it around the snap-link. At the time, I had five blisters on my hands from the very rope used. On this side of Isolated are some good slabs which aided our progress, and the three of us were on top of it at 10 a.m.

To get off Isolated and onto the saddle to North Peak we took a southerly route via slabs and an interesting chimney. From this saddle you get uninterrupted views of Leaning peak and the steep bare slabs leading up to it. From here, the gash leading up to the peak from the Moonlight slabs can be seen also. We had climbed the peak by this route a month previously when we found the gully choked with undergrowth, but it still provided some good climbing in places.

The ledge could be made out from here and Alan expressed his awe of the great wall below; while I mentally calculated the drop from the ledge onto the slabs below, and the amount of strawberry jam we'd both make from rapid contact. From this point to the next saddle we enjoyed some good slab climbing, eventually coming out at the base of Leaning Peak. We could now see the ledge, outward sloping,bearing off steeply to the right. Although the rope was of little real use as a belay, Alan ran it out, and the 150' took him to the first stance - a clump of stoloniferous eucalypts which formed an excellent anchor. I quickly joined him, and he led off on the next leg. From here the ledge, always steep, became narrower, the rock less stable, and the exposure more obvious. As there was no belay point, Alan disappeared and after about 10 minutes we heard his bawling out that "the .....rope was jammed"; I meandered along the ledge to join him, coiling the rope for a while till the necessity of hanging on with all appendages became imperative, and eventually found myself at the end of the ledge. Here Alan had passed the belay rope around a small tree, so I untied, tied on again, and started up the last and very steep pitch. Nearly there, and well-belayed, I looked down beneath, almost two thousand feet over the same slabs we had admired on the ascent: further away, and lower still, was Barney Creek sparling in the winter sunshine. This was a most impressive sight. Shortly after, I joined Alan at his belay point and after a dirt scramble was on the summit of Leaning. Alan came up and after a quick consultation we decided there was enough time to attempt the rest of the peaks that day. With that in mind, we fixed the sling and rappeled down to the ledge, gathered our scattered gear for the scramble up to North Peak which was reached at 1.15 p.m.

At the bottom of North Peak, I had a great drink which slowed my progress considerably; but not Alan or Barry, and at 1.45 p.m. we signed the log book on East peak.

Optimism was high when we considered our chances - four down and two to go, West and Midget Peaks. In this frame of mind we dropped down to the hut, the like of which has never been seen in New Zealand (according to Barry Smith).

A quick lunch, and by now decidedly weary, we started off through Rum Jungle to the top of West Peak, reached at 3.15 p.m. Now the only peak left was Midget, which seemed to disappear for a while as we scrambled down its ridge which is rarely climbed now - and justly so. We found it hard to push through the vegetation, which in many places was cunningly wound with strands of Dodder which impeded progress; our language, already inflamed with fatigue, now rose to even greater heights.

We took the more easterly fork of the ridge after Midget and dropped off it into a short tributary of Barney Creek. The time was now 5.15 p.m., and the rock hop down to the Lower Portals was commenced after a life-giving draught of Barney Creek water put fresh heart in us.

It was now quite dark and it took the next four hours to get us out of the creek. Rock-hopping for three at night with one torch requires considerable co-operation, and frequent slips were dealt with only by our great reserve of colourful language, saved especially for this kind of eventuality.

Time went on, and there remains only confused memories of great water-washed boulders partly illuminated by a torch beam, and the sound of falling water. The scrubby banks gave way to rock walls and Barry now informed us we were almost in the Portals. As he had never seen them we were impressed with his knowledge of mountain streams when we found out later that he was right.

The thought of retracing our steps in the pitch dark was too terrible to contemplate, so we looked for the nearest way up. Using the torch, Barry spotted ledges which we decided to tackle. Alan led up to the first stance, a narrow ledge, and by grabbing a small tree I heaved myself to the next, followed by Alan. Barry declined to use one of my holds (a dead tree trunk) which suddenly became portable.

From here the way up looked less inviting. Alan lead up to the left and belayed the pair of us up to the next stance. The last obstacle was a steep slab. A series of good hand-holds presented themselves, followed by a shove from Alan, and I was walking up a slab to the ridge summit. Shortly after, Alan and Barry joined me, and all that now remained was a walk down the slope to the track and back to the car.

Barry recovered the anorak which he left near the Portals early in the morning - we had covered some ground since then! At 10 o'clock we were back at Drynan's Hut and joined up with a party that had climbed Mt. Maroon that day. A quick burger at the Mt. Lindsay diner, and a weary drive back to Brisbane ended a very long but enjoyable day.

SIMSAGA AND THE RAINS

"Downhill I came, hungry and yet not starved;
Cold, yet had heat within me that was proof
Against the North wind; tired, yet so that rest
Had seemed the sweetest thing under a roof."

Edward Thomas.

INCIDENT ON EAGLES

ROD O'DONNELL

Friday night - Barney Road.
Lyn: "Take care of yourselves, you lot"
7 a.m. Saturday morning near the Lower Portals
Gordon: "John, I'll leave your car keys under the rear wheel
Two hours later - breakfast, you see.
Gordon: "I'll carry the rope to the Lower Portals"
(typical Grigg - get the easiest part)
Trevor: "Oh, I'll take it"
11 a.m. - Lower Eagles
Jan: "I don't feel too well"
Gordon: "Well - I'll take Jan back to my car and you can go on yourselves."
1 p.m.

Conversation turned to a comparison of the various routes up Barney and Dick remarked

"It's always good to have an escape route just in case anything happens"

2 p.m. - On a short abseil
Dick: "What are you doing?"
Rod: "Just seeing if I can still tie a double bowline."
3 p.m. - Southern face of Tom's Tum
Dick: "Gee! Look how deep that gully is!"
Trevor: "Hey, there's an eagle" and all eyes searched.
Then Allison fell. Swiftly, silently and headlong.

"Lookout!" yelled Anne. Momentarily nothing had meaning save the falling body. The dull impact of climber and rock and the suddenness of Allison's disappearance into the gully jolted all minds back to the urgency of the situation.

Trevor leapt on to a nearby overhang and slipped the rope around the only tree. Our eyes caught for a fleeting instant before he dropped down into the gully. I suddenly realised that he would be the first to find the body. Dick and Anne scrambled down off the face as I pursued.Trevor with bandages and pullovers. Why, why did it have to happen to us?

Allison was found 60 feet down the steep gully in a thicket which saved her life. She was still conscious and a brief questioning was sufficient justification to ease her into a more comfortable position. As far as could be detected, only a possible broken arm was apparent. Warmth, cups of tea and a long, quiet rest were quickly on hand.

The only way out was back up the abseil and God bless Pat Conaghan for his French mountaineering films. After helping Allison up the steep ascent to the overhang, nimble fingers set to work to follow the example of the Frenchmen. Our casualty, sitting in a double bowline, was tied securely to Trevor's back and both were then hauled bodily the twenty or so feet. Trevor's function was to act as a sort of shock absorber by keeping Allison out from the wall.

A belated attempt to decamp was forced by approaching dusk to be abandoned. An early night was Saturday night!

Small satisfaction was obtained on Sunday when the promised "rain in south east Qld" again played truant. Allison, arm in sling, was quiet but ready for the return. Careful belaying by Trevor was necessitated on the northern face of Tom's as Allison and I carefully picked a route down. This proved to be rather tense for the whole party. Once it was accomplished, however, a comparatively easy trek back to the Lower Portals was managed by leaving the ridge as soon as possible and moving along the gully.

About noon Sunday we appropriated John's car and departed for Brisbane. Dick was deposited at Rocky Creek to rendezvous with the rest of the party at the hut and "explain" to John.

Tribute must be paid to the sympathy and understanding of Allison's parents on our arrival that evening.

Monday's news was encouraging - not even a bone broken, just numerous bruises, scratches, and a black eye.

A thankful sequel to an incident on Eagles.

The amiable Fortune deceyveth folk;
the contrarie Fortune techeth.

Chaucer.

FIRST AID

BARRY BAKER

This does not pretend to be an article on all of first aid; it offers only the basic principles. Everybody who goes into the bush away from civilized facilities should have been trained to look after himself in emergencies, and this includes first aid. Really, everyone should attend one of the St. John's Ambulance first aid courses which are organised several times each year, or failing this, everyone should read their book "First Aid to the Injured".

The first principle is that there should be no panic - the patient will be doing enough of that for everyone! No matter how little you know of the treatment, you should remain calm and try to use common sense. Given this apparent calm, there are four principles on which all treatment hangs:-

i. Remove the cause
ii. Control blood loss
iii. Send for help
iv. Treat shock

These apply to ALL emergencies.

REMOVE THE CAUSE.

This is probably self evident if someone is squashed beneath a large boulder, but often tends to be neglected when it comes to glass or small foreign bodies in the wound.

CONTROL BLOOD LOSS.

This is always important - often more important than the Cause Principle, for at times, with a large artery, there are only minutes separating life from death and some of them will have gone by the time you reach the victim. Remember with blood loss the ONLY correct thing to do immediately is to place very firm pressure over the actual site of the bleeding. After this has been controlled, such fancy touches as pressure points may be tried; these, however, should never be applied first as they may not be in the usual place or there may be another artery supplying the area.

SEND FOR HELP.

This is self evident but not always possible. For safety, a party should consist of at least four people (one to stay with the injured, two to seek help). However, everyone has been on trips of fewer numbers, and would realize that the particular situation will have to decide priorities, particularly the relative ability of the members of the group to render adequate help to the injured. Before leaving the injured, his EXACT position should be ascertained and written down, as memory at moments of tension can be remarkably deficient.

TREAT SHOCK.

This often is a priority but should have to take precedence over the Help Principle only in cases of small parties, otherwise the two can be looked after concurrently. Shock should be treated by stopping the blood loss and lying the patient down - with feet raised if possible. The patient should be kept warm but NOT HOT - one blanket in Queensland would usually be adequate. All tight clothing should be loosened and any wet clothing changed if possible. A warm drink of coffee with plenty of sugar should be given if he is able to swallow fluids, and the patient should be encouraged to take an active interest in the passing scene, as progression of shock when asleep may be difficult to establish. There is only one exception to all the above and that is in cases of suspected back injury: these victims should be covered where they lie and not moved at any cost. If conscious, they can be given a warm drink as suggested.

As a rider to the section on shock, remember that the injured should have all broken bones and dislocated joints splinted so that they cannot be moved. This will lessen the shock and ease the pain. Likewise, when transporting an injured patient, make sure he has the maximum of comfort possible in the circumstances.

So much for the principles of first aid; let us now look at some specific examples which may be of use in the bush:

SNAKE BITE:

The major problem of all mothers; this is luckily very rare, as snakes are really very law-abiding and often just plain scared of humans. However, anyone who walks in the bush without knowing the treatment should see a psychiatrist. If possible, in cases of snake bite, the snake should be killed and brought back for identification, but the patient's interests should come first. Obstruct the blood flow from the bitten part by means of a tourniquet placed either around the thigh or upper arm as these are single-boned limbs and allow vessels to be occluded thoroughly. Next, wash the surface of the skin (saliva will do in a real emergency); this is to remove any venom dribbled by the snake. Then, incise the fang marks (poisonous snakes leave two prominent fang marks separated by $\frac{1}{4}$ - $\frac{1}{2}$ inch) in the direction of the length of the limb about 1 inch long by $\frac{1}{4}$ - $\frac{1}{2}$ inch deep, taking care to avoid incising any vessels or nerves. The cuts should be encouraged to bleed freely and should be washed out with water as well. The limb should be kept as still as possible, since movement encourages the spread of venom. The tourniquet should be released by means of the double tourniquet technique every 20 minutes for $\frac{1}{2}$ - 1 minute and can be left on for only 2 hours. The double tourniquet technique consists of applying another tourniquet below the first but not as tightly, thus

obstructing only venous blood; then releasing the first tourniquet for 1 minute - this should cause pain to the patient. The patient should be given the routine treatment for shock and transported to a doctor or hospital as soon as possible. If the patient stops breathing, commence artificial respiration immediately. If the bite is elsewhere than on a limb, it is not possible to place a tourniquet, but other procedures - particularly incision - should be carried out as quickly as possible. Thus standard snake bite equipment, which must be carried by everyone on his person and not in his rucksack because it is often left behind, is:- one 2 feet length of 1/4 inch rubber tubing for a tourniquet, and one razor blade, preferably GEM brand which has a guard on one side.

BURNS AND SCALDS:

The first thing to do is not to remove clothes or break blisters but to cover the area with a dressing soaked in sodium bicarbonate (baking soda) solution and to immobilise with a firm bandage. Then, keep the patients warm and fill them up with fluids as they are going to lose a great amount from their injured areas.

EYES:

Remove the cause if possible then instill eyedrops and cover with a dressing; if it is not possible to remove the cause, just use the eyedrops and cover the eye.

HEAD INJURY:

This is serious and the patient must be removed to a doctor or hospital as soon as possible. The things to remember, if the patient is unconscious, are to see that an adequate airway is maintained by lifting the chin well forward, and to ensure that there is given NOTHING by mouth.

Everyone in the club should be aware of what items are in the Club First Aid Kits - and, most important, should know how to use them. In addition, it is suggested that each member carries his own snake bite kit, some band-aids, ½ oz. tube of "SAVLON" and some aspirin tablets, together with the knowledge of the principles of CAUSE, BLOOD, HELP and SHOCK. To anyone wanting help or advice on first aid, I shall be only too happy to oblige, and can assure you that "a little knowledge may save a life".

SPRINGBROOK

TREVOR VOLLBEN

In the past, the mention of Springbrook has brought forward such comments as: "Springbrook! - too civilized!"; or, "Can't be too good. I've never heard of it"; and a variety of vacant and uninterested looks. The purpose of writing this article is to inform people of the potential for bushwalking possessed by this very beautiful area of south-east Queensland, and to help impress upon people the fact that any area of bushland, whether it be rainforest or wallum, has its own secret charms waiting to be discovered by the genuine bush-lover.

To begin, where is this place? Springbrook is an easterly offshoot of the Macpherson Range and as such is situated east of Binna-Burra. The southern end helps to form part of the Queensland-New South Wales border.

Essentially, Springbrook consists of a plateau (3,000 feet) fringed by high cliffs to the east and south-east, and several subsidiary ranges or ridges, the three most interesting coming from the north-east.

The first of the ridges to be described is that forming part of the Queensland border. This ridge is best approached from the road that runs up Tallebudgera Creek. The ridge rises to form the double-peaked Mt. Cougal (2,400 feet) which may be climbed by a rather steep ridge and hence onto the larger southern summit by way of a break in the cliffs - which may be difficult to find. An interesting few hours may be spent in traversing the saddle between the summits. The highest most southerly summit provides an excellent lookout, the view covering the Tweed valley, Mt. Warning and the Nimbin Range, the Tweed Ranges and Mt. Springbrook with its magnificent cliffs. At the time I visited this spot, an excepticnal number of whip-birds could be heard in the valleys below and a "Heybob" raised a surprising number of echoes.

The ridge joining Mt. Cougal to Springbrook provides some very interesting walking. Unfortunately, there appears to be no simple way to the top of Springbrook because of the seemingly unbroken cliff line. Personally, I am convinced of the existence of a way to the top and intend attempting to find some way up later this year - time permitting.

From the base of the cliffs the only thing to do is to return to Tallebudgera Creek by an old track, overgrown in parts and offering (with a little deviation) the sight of some beautiful waterfalls known locally as Gorge falls. Permanent water may be found close to the base

of the cliffs by following the creek beds to the north side of the ridge. The old track mentioned above may be found crossing this creek. This ridge is particularly interesting in that it was first surveyed as the Queensland border in 1863 by Surveyor Roberts. An interesting account of this massive task is given in Arthur Groom's book - One Mountain After Another. I think that this ridge is worthy of a visit to appreciate, to some small extent, the work done by the pioneers.

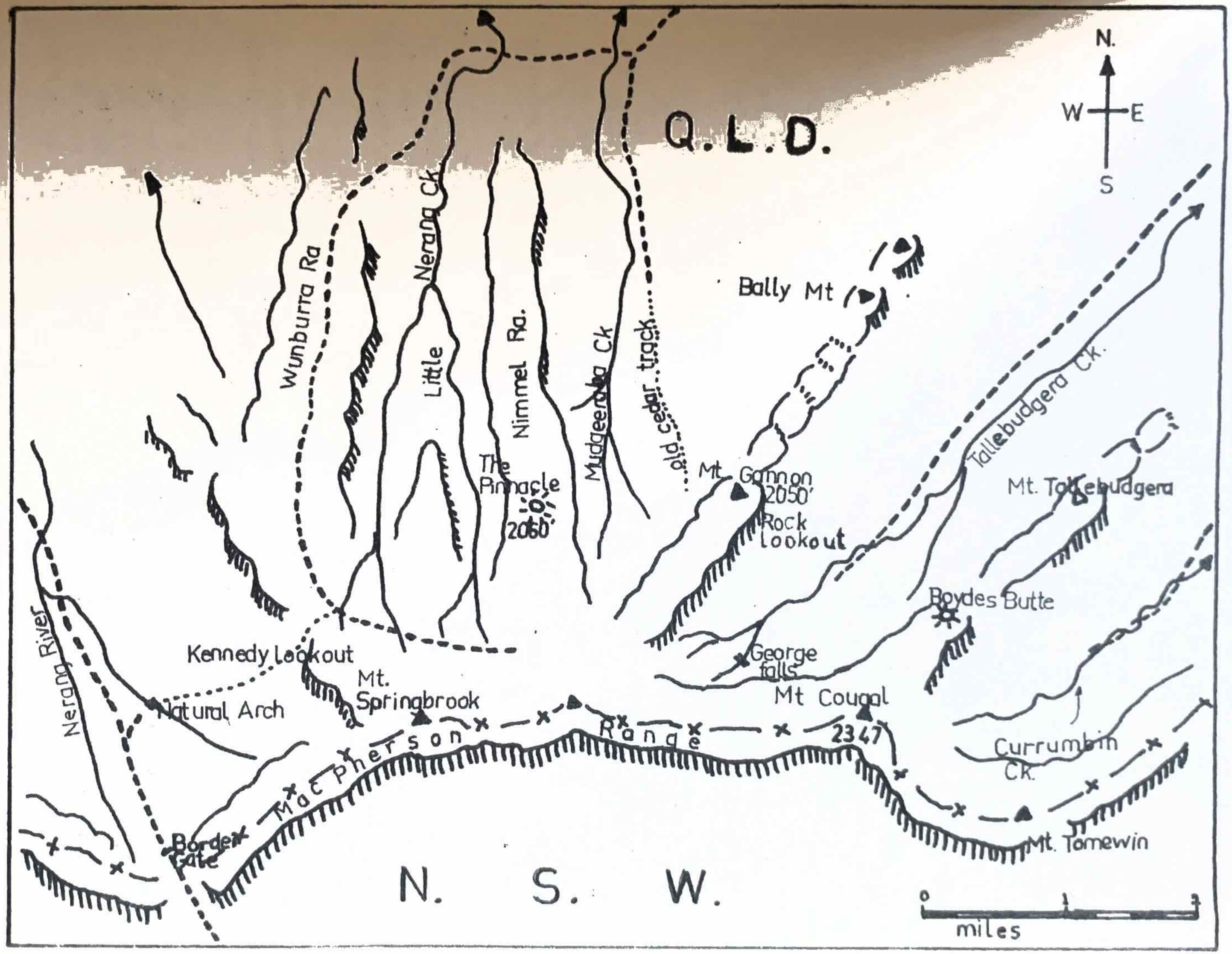
The second noteworthy ridge is that forming the watershed between Tallebudgera Creek and Mudgeerabah Creek. The view from the top of Mount Gannon is not remarkable, and to get to the top requires considerable scrub bashing through some very scratchy cyclonic rainforest. Closer to Springbrook there is a large rock outcrop which is easily climbed and has a very good lookout raised above the surrounding trees. This is an excellent spot to have lunch. The ridge is best gained by following an old cedar-getters' track (a slowly disappearing monument to our pioneers) through the rainforest from the end of the Neronwood Road (approached via Mudgeerabah) until a creek, with permanent water, is encountered. By striking directly uphill from this point, the rock outcrop is reached. Following this ridge presents one with a small amount of rainforest which gives way to a wetter eucalyptus forest.

Parts of this route lie along a broad rock parapet strangely like the top of a wall from which one can look across level with the tree tops on either side. Going from the beginning of the old Cedar track to Springbrook provides one with a long but grand day's walk, the memory of which has remained with me for several years.

I have never visited the ridge west of Mudgeerabah Creek. It is better known as the Nimmel Range. The main feature of this ridge is a rocky outcrop known locally as the Pinnacle. This ridge would be well worth a visit in that it provides the latter part of a good two-day through walk including the Mt. Gannon ridge.

A way down into Numinbah Valley, to the south, exists. This is over Kennedy's Lookout and thence through a break in the cliffs. From what I have heard, it would provide a good down route as it is reputed to be a long uphill slog.

So that's Springbrook. Civilized you may say - I admit that a road goes to the top of the mountain - but does that matter? Look at Binna Burra. I feel that I have not done justice to this spot in this mere verbal description and I hope that this article will inspire some adventurous type to realize this place is worthy of a visit.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Mudgeeraba Ck
old cedar track
Bally Mt
Tallebudgera Ck.
The Pinnacle 2060'
Mt. Gannon 2050'
Rock lookout
Mt. Tallebudgera
Boydes Butte
Nerang River
Kennedy Lookout
Mt. Springbrook
Natural Arch
George falls
Mt Cougal
2347
MacPherson Range
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RED ROCK GORGE

KEN GRIMES

My first trip to Red Rock Gorge was carried out mainly from a geological point of view. We only spent half a day in the area, but we saw enough to arouse our interest. As a result Keith Harrison, Keith Smith and I went on a geology-cum-bushwalking trip to the gorge one weekend in April this year.

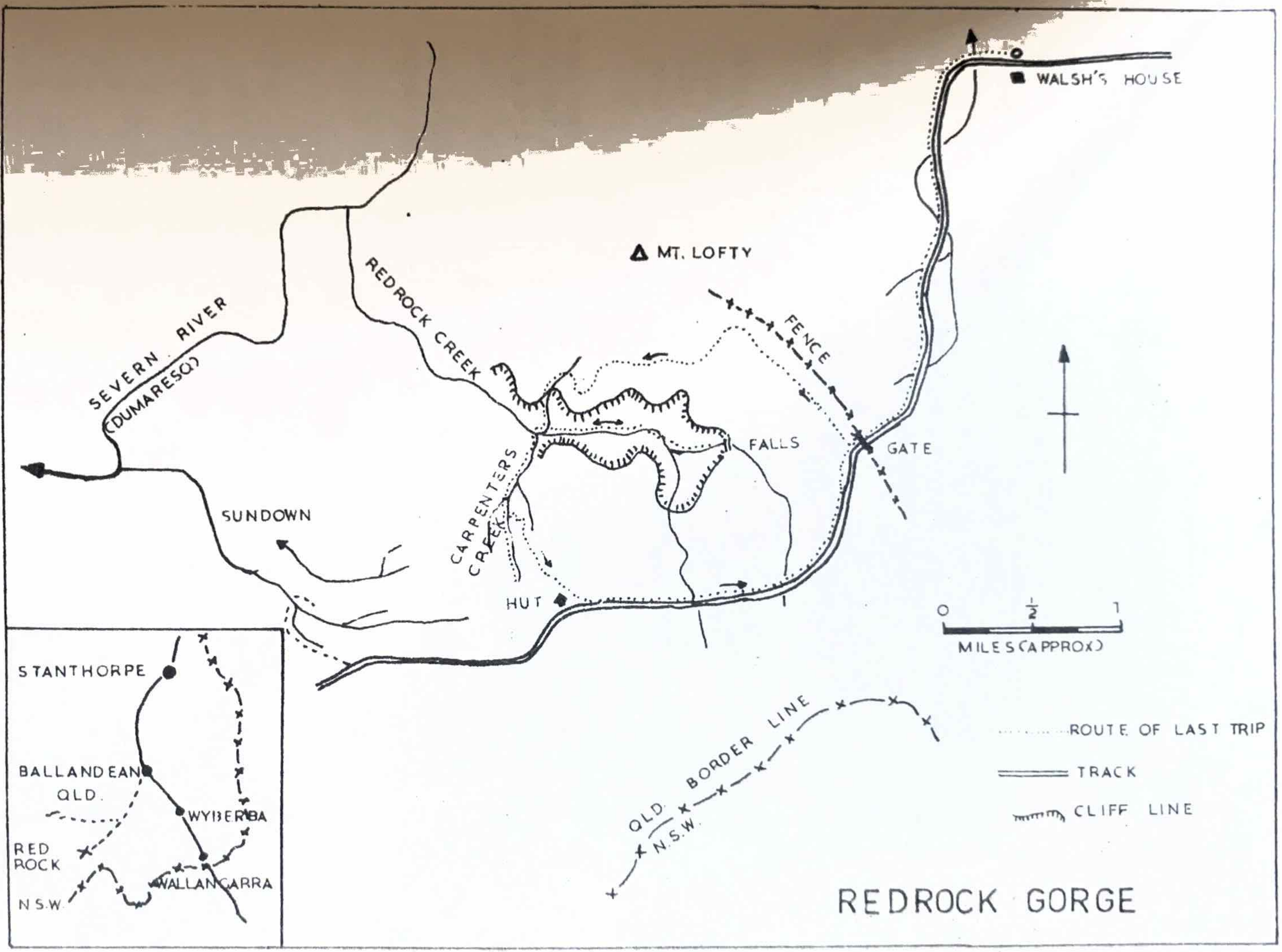
The gorge, which lies about 20 miles S.S.W. of Stanthorpe, is reached by travelling south from Stanthorpe along the highway to Ballandean, and from there you go west along a gravel road past the Ballandean homestead to Walsh's house. From here it is about 4-5 miles by foot to the gorge. We finally reached Walsh's house at midday and walked up the track for a little way until we came to a pool where we had lunch. We then followed a goat track along the fence for a while in an attempt to dodge the scunge we encountered closer to the creek on the first trip.

The track petered out after a while, and we dived into the scunge. The scunge in this area is particularly scungy! It is composed of thick, tough, bushes which one member said was called "Banana bush". However, we had dodged the worst part and after a few hundred yards it began to clear out a bit. A bush fire had gone through this area and killed most of the bushes. We were now running parallel to the gorge and got glimpses of it through the trees.

We finally reached the area marked on the map as the "Bee-hives" (for reasons unknown), and spent the rest of the day searching for the mines reported to be in the area. We finally found these and went to work with our hammers, collecting large piles of wolfram, molybdenite, and other minerals.

As there was an excess of dead wood in the area, we built a huge campfire and sat about 30 feet away from it warming ourselves. Next morning we found that the heat had caused the granite underneath to split into large exfoliation fragments.

Next morning we rose early and descended into the gorge via a small gully, and breakfast was had at the bottom of the gorge. We left our packs here and rock-hopped up the gorge. The boulders in the creek bed are of typical Stanthorpe size, and made the trip quite interesting in places. About half way up the gorge we came upon a clump of our old friends - the gympies. With a bit of rain and a few leeches, we could have felt quite at home.


WALSH'S HOUSE
MT. LOFTY
REDROCK CREEK
SEVERN RIVER
(DUMARESQ)
FENCE
FALLS
GATE
SUNDOWN
CARPENTERS CREEK
HUT
0 1/2 1
MILES (APPROX)
STANTHORPE
BALLANDEAN
QLD.
WYBERBA
RED ROCK
WALLANGARRA
N.S.W.
QLD. BORDER LINE
N.S.W.
ROUTE OF LAST TRIP
TRACK
CLIFF LINE
REDROCK GORGE

In places the granite has been well-jointed - both vertically and horizontally. The latter splits the creek bed up into a number of flat floors separated by steps.

The head of the gorge is very impressive - red cliffs rise straight up, and have been partly polished by the action of water. Joints are few and far between here. However, there were a few small trees and bushes growing out of what appeared to be a ledge half way up. I tried to climb up to a small "ledge" about 20 feet up but I lost momentum before I reached it and had to hang by one hand from a rather insecure bush while I took a photo of the cliffs. Keith Harrison took a movie of my descent in the hope of getting a spectacular crash. He looked extremely disappointed when I reached bottom in one piece.

After suitable "Aw-ing" and "Ar-ing" we returned to our packs and left the gorge via Carpenter's Gully. We spent an hour or so in the gully searching for a giant staghorn which we had been told about, but finally gave up in disgust. (I think we must have been in the wrong branch).

We discovered a jar with a note in it written by some previous walkers, and left suitable comments in it before climbing up the side of the gully - a 40 degree slope with plenty of scunge. We had a rest on top, and a lunch of "Dino" (ugh!) and instant pud. (Yum!).

A short walk took us to the road and a hut where we filled the water bottles. We returned to the car at about 4.00 p.m. and thence returned to Brisbane.

We for a certainty are not the first
Have sat in taverns, while the tempest hurled
Their hopeful plans to emptiness, and cursed
Whatever brute and blackguard made the world.

A.E. Housman.

AID TO FRESHERS

JIM HUTTON

With the greatly increased membership of the Club it is becoming more difficult for freshers to get to know all the older club members. For this reason this magazine features for the first time a glossary of people to aid freshers in recognising older members, or where they may find them.

Gordon, your president, may be found anywhere probably sleeping on Jan's lilo dreaming of catching freshwater crayfish on Mt. Aspiring.

Norwood, your secretary, devising an atomic reaction to break up a lengthy discussion at a club meeting.

Noel, your treasurer, looking for dental decay in the teeth of the Carnarvon aborigines.

Don, dreaming of his snake collection as he leads his party into the never-never.

Barbara, looking for a husband.

Elaine, looking after Barbara in the meantime.

Barry B. circumnavigating the slopes of Mt. Worendo, or looking for the mystery track.

Rod T. smoking a foul-smelling pipe to put people off their food so that he can eat it.

Clare and Sybil, amid a maze of cooking utensils making sweet and sour.

Ken and Von, segregated and camouflaged under their floral tent.

Mags, sitting at Ken's fire smoking a pipe.

TRIP TO CONDAMINE GORGE

DON HITCHCOCK

Why is it that people stare at a bushwalker when he walks up Queen Street, machete in hand, at 4 p.m. on a Friday afternoon? People at North Quay seemed most interested as I waited for Warwick Willmott and Jim Millar to pick me up.

At 4.30 we were away, picked up Rod O'Donnell at St. Lucia, and motored off to the wilds of the Upper Condamine. Purpose - to find the Condamine Gorge, have a look at Queen Mary's Falls, and perhaps climb Superbus.

We arrived at Killarney, and after a bit of poking around, found the right track (not a road) which paralleled the Condamine, crossing it at numerous places. Eventually we came to a felled tree across the creek crossing and we camped for the night. Next morning we followed up the river to the gorge - it is not particularly impressive from the valley floor.

When the upper portals of the gorge were sighted, we climbed the side of the gorge and walked back along the ridge until we came to a point overlooking the camp, and with a magnificent view of the Darling Downs. The gorge looks much more like a gorge from above - it was probably named from an air survey.

After lunch at the car Warwick drove the trusty Standard to Brown's Falls. These are notable for their four alternating layers of columnar basalt and what appears to be weathered rhyolite. After looking at Dagg's Falls (which had the same structures) we made like tourists to Queen Mary's Falls.

After such a degenerate sort of day it was felt that something more strenuous was in order, so camp was shifted to the foot of Superbus. Next morning a frugal lunch was packed -not even any fizzy - and we set off up Farmer Joe's paddock, dodged a line of cunningly concealed rabbit traps, over a fence, and into thick rain forest. At last my machete was put to legitimate use, having bought it three or four trips ago and using it solely for opening cans. After fighting through scunge and raspberry, the top was reached; we ate lunch, dropped the pack, and set off for the cliffs of Superbus overlooking the Steamers.

We managed to get onto the wrong ridge, and could only see the Prow and the Funnel. On the way we found a wide, clear timber track. We decided this was too good to miss, so Warwick and Rod collected the pack, and at 3 o'clock we set sail down the mountain. It soon

became obvious, however, that the road was heading north towards the Emu Creek sawmill. We struck off into the bush, and eventually came to a creek heading south-west. This was rather unfortunate, since we wished to head south-east, but we decided this was of little consequence; we could head off cross country when the rain forest gave cut. Five hours after leaving the top, we were still rock hopping, or rather creek wading in the dark, with only stars to see by, and very few of these since the valley walls were steep. At half past eight when the valley showed no sign of widening out, it was decided to stop for the night. We had no sleeping bags, but we built a fire after charging around in the bush looking for wood. It was bitterly cold; Rod had only a shirt although the rest of us had jumpers and a jacket. No one felt like singing around the campfire, so we contented ourselves with drying our socks, shivering, and discussing the lack of sleeping bags on such a cold night. (The town of Warwick not far distant, that night had a minimum temperature of 20° F.).

Rod and I cut some bladey grass to spread on the damp earth under a briar thicket. When all the wood we had collected was burnt (1 a.m.) and no one felt like getting any more, we prepared to bed down for the night. An ingenious system for equalizing body warmth was worked out. Three of us lay down side by side, while the fourth lay across the others. Every half hour each of us moved to a new position. There was no chance of getting to sleep; we passed the night by asking how long till the next change and comparing the relative weights of the members of the party. It was found that the warmest spot was lying on top of the other three, not in the middle of those on the ground as may have been expected.

At five I got up, found some more wood, and started a fire. We huddled around this until half past six, and set off with a hearty breakfast of a quarter of a slice of dry bread and eight and three-quarter peanuts each.

Three hours later we reached the car. It had taken two and a half hours to climb Superbus, but it took a total of eighteen and a half hours to come down.

At breakfast on Sunday we were talking about climbing Wilson's Peak if we got back from Superbus in time. The trip up Superbus must surely qualify as one of the most epic of all epic half-day trips.

A MAGAZINE ARTICLE

ROD TIMMINS

Barbara asked me today if I had written anything for the club magazine and I must confess that up to now I have written two articles, but feel that neither is any good at all. I nearly finished one on the Carnarvons, but that wound up as a dozen pages of foolscap and I still hadn't said all that I would have liked. Ah! Woe is me! What to write about?? T'other one was actually written last year after the Clague versus Hutton match in last year's mag. I think Hutton won on a technical knockout that round but I thought his style lacked a little. Too much up and bash 'em if you ask me - left himself wide open. Could have knocked great holes in his argument.

However, enough of that. It wasn't a good article either so it was dumped too. I must write about something tho'. Or someone ..... our inglorious president perhaps? A character sketch of Grigg? No, maybe I'd better not - he's bigger than I. Norwood perhaps? Hmmm... That's a bit difficult tho' - Norwood is Norwood and what more can you say? Noel might be better. No, there's a problem there too. What if I say nice things about him and then find out he's rigged the books? - or nasty things and find out he hasn't! No, we will scrub Noel. Potts would say cruel, nasty things and Barbara wouldn't publish this if I wrote about her. Gee, I dunno. I've tried five people so far and can't write about any of them. I think character sketches are out.

Let's try something else. I did think about writing an article on the hydrodynamics of a fanning hat, but that turned out harder than I thought. The integration signs would be difficult to print and by the time I had explained about continuum models and inviscid fluids, (I always thought those lectures would come in handy someday - now I can use all those words I have in my notes) I would have used up about 40 pages. And just think of the complications when I would be considering a hat at transonic and supersonic speeds! Shudder! Much too complicated.

I could write about a trip. Now, which one? Australia Day? It rained. Terrible trip - no, it's out. Somerset Dam? Wasn't much. There were a few private trips though; now, what were they? Barney via Logan's? - too hot in the middle of summer. The Steamers? - rained. Of course there was Freshers' - no, it rained there too. Barney via Mezzanine? HA!!! How many trips is that? - six? No, trips are out too at that rate.

I could try some science fiction - that might get a laugh or two. Let's think .... I could write a story about two little Martians stranded on earth, who enjoy themselves by upsetting bushwalkers' billies into the fire by the use of their hyper-magnetic anti-gravity guns. Why, the malicious little brutes! No, I don't think I'd be any good at science fiction.

What about the sex life of the lesser spotted"Santa Claus "? No, that would probably be censored. Or maybe the inside of a ping pong ball. Come to think about it, there doesn't really seem to be much to write about at all. For shame, for shame!

You know, I don't think I'll write a magazine article after all. Besides - Barbara probably wouldn't publish it, Potts would say cruel words, Noel probably has run off with all the money and a dental nurse, Norwood might not be Norwood and Grigg is still bigger'n me!

Thought for a Second

How fair a prospect is a bright backside!

Henry Vaughan, 1646.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE BORDER RANGES

REV. JOHN STEELE
(Chaplain of St. John's College, Univ. of Qld.)

Many people with church or sporting activities at weekends are limited to day trips on their only free day. With a reliable car, you can visit one or more of the highlights of the border ranges in a single day. While nothing can replace the experience of camping, a day trip allows you to cover considerable ground, especially as you have little to carry; one small pack will serve three or four people. This article is written to assist you to make the best use of the time available, and is based on actual trips made by the author. Information on roads given here has been checked within the last twelve months.

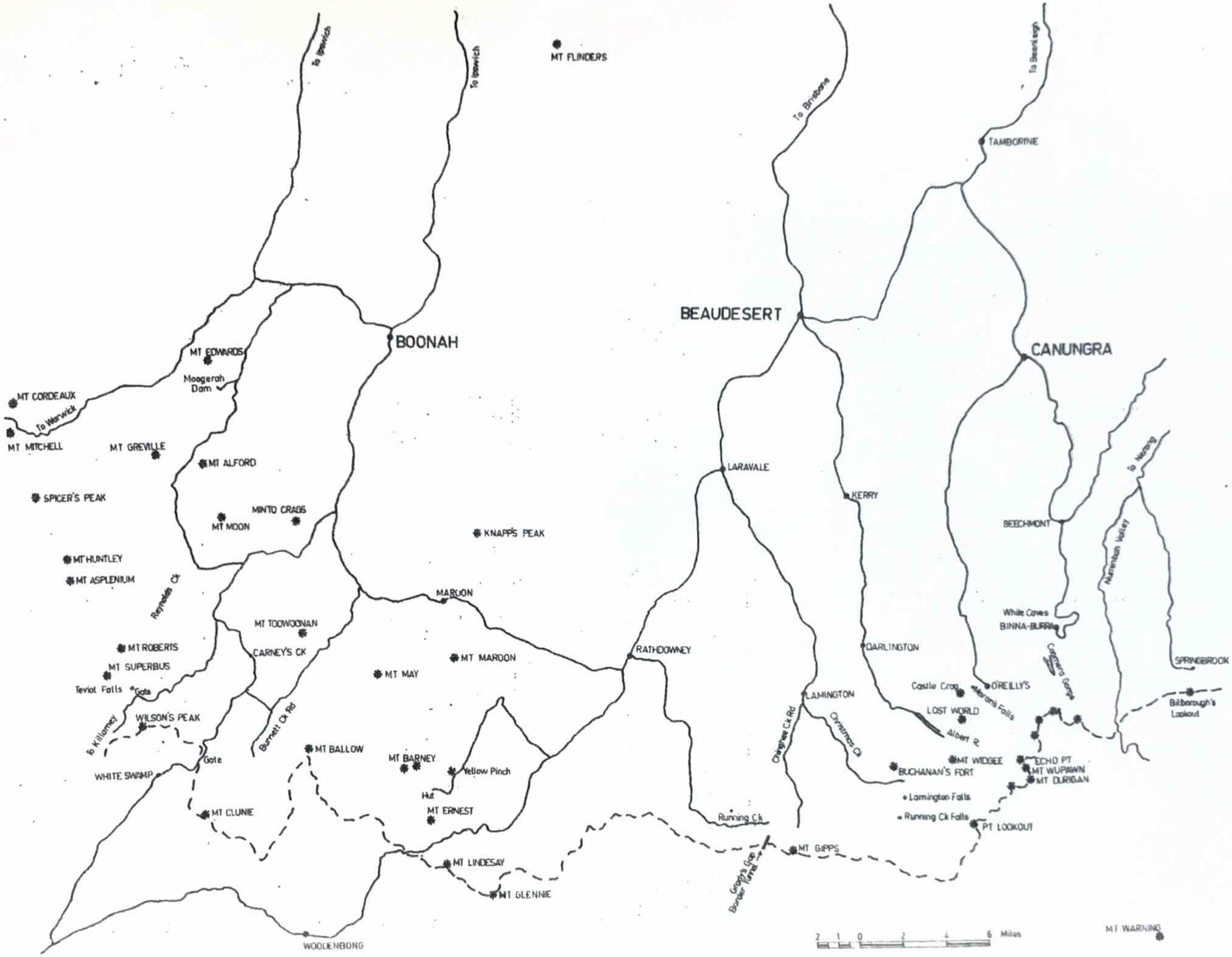
The first requirements are the R.A.C.Q. Tourist District Maps for Gold Coast-Northern Rivers and Warwick-Stanthorpe. Forestry or Parish Maps are useful when hiking, but roads shown on them are often non-existent. Also, some petrol company maps are misleading. A good rule of thumb is, if the R.A.C.Q. map does not record a road, it is not easily trafficable. You have more time for walking if you know exactly where to park the car. Trying to drive through doubtful creek crossings will lose time, and only a few hundred yards nay be gained.

1. MT. BARNEY

Barney enthusiasts who do not scorn the South Ridge can reach East, West or North Peak in a day trip, but an early start is advisable. Mileages from the Barney View turnoff at the Mount Lindesay Highway are as follows:

4.0 miles.	Turn hard left at end of bitumen.
5.7 miles.	Proceed straight ahead (Barney Creek turnoff on right)
6.9 miles.	Turn right at fork.
7.2 miles.	Wooden bridge over Logan River.
8.0 miles.	Ford across Logan. Not recommended unless water is shallow and you have somebody to push. Dry out brakes before driving over Yellow Pinch.
8.7 miles.	Yellow Pinch. Deep ruts in road.
9.5 miles.	Concrete bridge across Logan
10.2 miles.	Forestry hut at Cronan's Creek

Walk up South Ridge, reaching the Barney hut in about two hours. Total time from Brisbane to the summit is about five hours.



To Ipswich
To Ipswich
MT FLINDERS
To Brisbane
To Beenleigh
TAMBORINE
BEAUDESERT
CANUNGRA
BOONAH
MT EDWARDS
Moogerah Dam
MT CORDEAUX
To Warwick
MT MITCHELL
MT GREVILLE
MT ALFORD
SPICER'S PEAK
MINTO CRAGS
MT MOON
KNAPP'S PEAK
MT HUNTLEY
MT ASPLENIUM
Reynolds Ck
MAROON
MT TOOWOONAN
CARNEY'S CK
MT ROBERTS
MT SUPERBUS
Teviot Falls
Gate
MT MAROON
MT MAY
RATHDOWNEY
LARAVALE
KERRY
BEECHMONT
To Nerang
Numinbah Valley
White Caves
BINNA-BURRA
DARLINGTON
Coomera Gorge
SPRINGBROOK
Bilborough's Lookout
Castle Crag
O'REILLY'S
Moran's Falls
LOST WORLD
Albert R.
LAMINGTON
Christmas Ck
Chinghee Ck Rd
BUCHANAN'S FORT
MT WIDGEE
ECHO PT
MT WUPAWN
MT DURIGAN
Lamington Falls
Running Ck Falls
PT LOOKOUT
Running Ck
MT GIPPS
Grady's Gap Border Tunnel
To Killarney
WILSON'S PEAK
Burnett Ck Rd
MT BALLOW
MT BARNEY
Yellow Pinch
Hut
MT ERNEST
Gate
WHITE SWAMP
MT CLUNIE
MT LINDESAY
MT GLENNIE
WOODENBONG
2 1 0 2 4 6 Miles
MT WARNING

2. EAST OF BARNEY

(Gold Coast-Northern Rivers Map)

Border Tunnel. Take Running Creek road from Rathdowney. The road can be followed as far as a farm about 13 miles from Rathdowney, and about 1/4 mile from the Border Tunnel. A good picnic site is where the road fords the creek below the farm house, but the ford is not recommended for cars. Walk across the range via Grady's Gap, slightly to the West of the tunnel, to the Border Loop Siding. Walking through the tunnel (5/8 mile long), though memorable, is a little dangerous, and a torch would be an advantage.

Running Creek Falls. Follow the Christmas Creek road from Laravale. At Lamington, turn right to Chinghee Creek. This valley has a fascinating series of bluffs on alternate sides. Proceed across Mt. Chinghee to Mt. Gipps' School at Running Creek. Leave the car near the school, and walk up the creek through open fields for about 2 miles (in dry weather it may be possible to drive). Then walk through forest for 2 or 3 miles to Running Creek Falls in the left branch of Running Creek.

Buchanan's Fort and Lamington Falls. Proceed along Christmas Creek Road to the National Fitness Camp. Gap Creek Road to the right is not recommended for cars, but Christmas Creek Road can be followed a further 2½ miles to Campbell's dairy near Waterfall Creek. Buchanan's Fort National Park is then on the left, a fine view of Mt. Widgee is ahead, and Lamington Falls (500 ft.) on Waterfall Creek is to the right in an amphitheatre. It is possible to walk to the foot of the falls, but they are sometimes nearly dry. A good view may be had from the top of Buchanan's Fort. Pt. Lookout near the head of Christmas Creek, is considered too far for a single day's trip.

Mt. Widgee or Lost World. Follow the Kerry Road from Beaudesert. Near Darlington, views are afforded of Moran's Falls and Castle Crag. On the R.A.C.Q. map, the road fords the Albert River near Lost World and continues to the Youth Hostel. For Widgee, do not ford the Albert, but take the right hand road to a farm about 2 miles further on. To avoid dense lantana, climb as much as possible through cleared fields before entering the forest. On meeting cliffs, skirt along to the left to find a way to the top. To climb Lost World, leave the car near the ford and climb the razorback, which is followed to the top. When nearing the top, move along below the cliff to the left to find a way up. At the top, picnic where the creek falls over the North-East edge.

Echo Point. Drive to O'Reilly's Guest House, and walk 5 miles on graded tracks. Water may be collected on the track about 3½ miles from O'Reilly's. Echo Point is an excellent picnic site, with views of Mts. Warning, Worendo, Wupawn and Durigan.

Coomera Gorge. Shortest way is via Canungra to Binna-Burra. Leave the car at the entrance to the graded tracks, and walk 4 miles to the Gorge. The White Caves near Binna-Burra can also be seen in the time available.

Springbrook. Drive through Nerang to Numinbah Valley, then to Springbrook and proceed to the end of the road. Walk 1 mile to Bilborough's Lookout (4120 ft.) with excellent view of Mts. Warning, Cougal and Tallebudgera, as well as the coast.

3. WEST OF BARNEY

(Warwick-Stanthorpe Map)

Burnett Creek. Pass Boonah, "Coochin Coochin", Minto Crags and Carney's Creek, then turn left to Burnett Creek at the foot of Mt. Ballow. (The Burnett Creek road between Mt. Toowoonan and Mt. May is attractive but has some difficult crossings). Proceed up Burnett Creek to the sawmill in the State Forest. In dry weather it may be possible to drive on a timber track up to the border overlooking Woodenbong, but permission should be obtained at the sawmill.

White Swamp. According to the gatekeeper, there is no swamp. The road does nevertheless yield good views of Mt. Ballow, Mt. Clunie and Wilson's Peak.

Teviot Brook and Wilson's Peak. Follow "The Head" road. Creek crossings are easy, and caves can be explored where the road passes through a gorge. The road becomes very steep until the first gate is reached. From this gate (88 miles from Brisbane) Teviot Falls can be seen within walking distance. A very early start could make Wilson's Peak accessible.

Reynold's Creek. Head South from Moogerah Dam, for majestic views of Mts. Huntley, Asplenium, Roberts, etc. A short hike to the Mt. Edwards' gorge at Moogerah Dam can be included in this trip.

BUSHWALKING AND LIFE

R. LEAVY

I take this article as an ideal opportunity to present my (probably much too diverse for many people) ideas on what is called, for want of a better name, bushwalking. Credit or abuse for what follows should be directed at those who, by their questions, inspired these thoughts - and that person who requested a contribution for the club magazine.

My ideas were formed owing to the time and again reiterated question "What do you see in bushwalking?". Not being able to reply with a most profound philosophy on this pastime, I would adopt the air of: "Must I explain my existence?" However, since then, I see that several reasons can be given.

I am not one who bushwalks because - "I hate the city"; "I love to get away from it all"; "Ah! the freedom of the hills"; "The peace and quiet" ... and so on. In rejecting these reasons, I don't mean any conviction by doing so - I don't even know if anybody thinks of bushwalking this way. I suppose these reasons are tied in somewhere but certainly not directly so. For a basis for my reasoning I look to Doug Clague who said: "I'm queer, I admit, but I love to climb Barney in raging winds, driving rain and bitter cold". I am in sympathy with his sentiment. Russ Tyson said "You like someone, because -, but you love someone, in spite of -". My "becauses" are probably so similar to yours I need not even outline them. My "despites" are cold nights, hot days, fires that won't start, fires that are too hot to get near, thirst, hunger, weariness, scratches, and leeches.

Huddling, almost frozen, around a feeble fire in a Lamington forest provides a suitable contrast to the mighty fires from the heaps of tinder-dry wood in the Carnarvon Gorge. The comparisons of wet days and dry; sleeping gorgeously in Cave Four on Tibrogargon and under dangerously swaying trees at the Lower Portals; climbing the scunge in Barney Gorge and planting a foot on firm Logan's Ridge rock; trips that turned out beautifully and trips that turned out in near tragedy - all these helped to provide my food for thought on this subject.

Thus my love of bushwalking seems to be based on contrasts. But these contrasts mentioned are of only minor significance in comparison with the experience of ALMOST DYING. From a forgotten song and a forgotten composer, only one phrase remains in my mind -

"To really live you must almost die". Sliding down a steep, slippery grass ledge in opaque mists on what was supposed to be a part of South East Ridge of Mount Barney, but what was too close to the East Face for peace of mind, made me feel closer to death than I'd ever felt. At that moment I felt how wonderful it would be jus to keep on living and I then felt closer to God than I'd ever felt before. (The atheists now groan). I think that that experience combined with one or two other similar situations, really brought me to appreciate just being alive. In my happiest moments I also feel very close to God.

If you can fathom anything from that sermon you may read these thoughts from my mind: If I can feel no despair in a desperate situation - one where the aroma of mortality seems to float in with the fog - I am on the way to feeling no despair, regardless of any setback in life; the "battle of life" is one stage closer to being won.

So, as you will not easily follow, I bushwalk because it makes me enjoy my existence.

SOLITARY

To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold,
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean,
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled.

Lord Byron, 1820.

.....

Under high cliffs and far from the huge town
I sit me down.

Coventry Patmore.

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