HEYBOB

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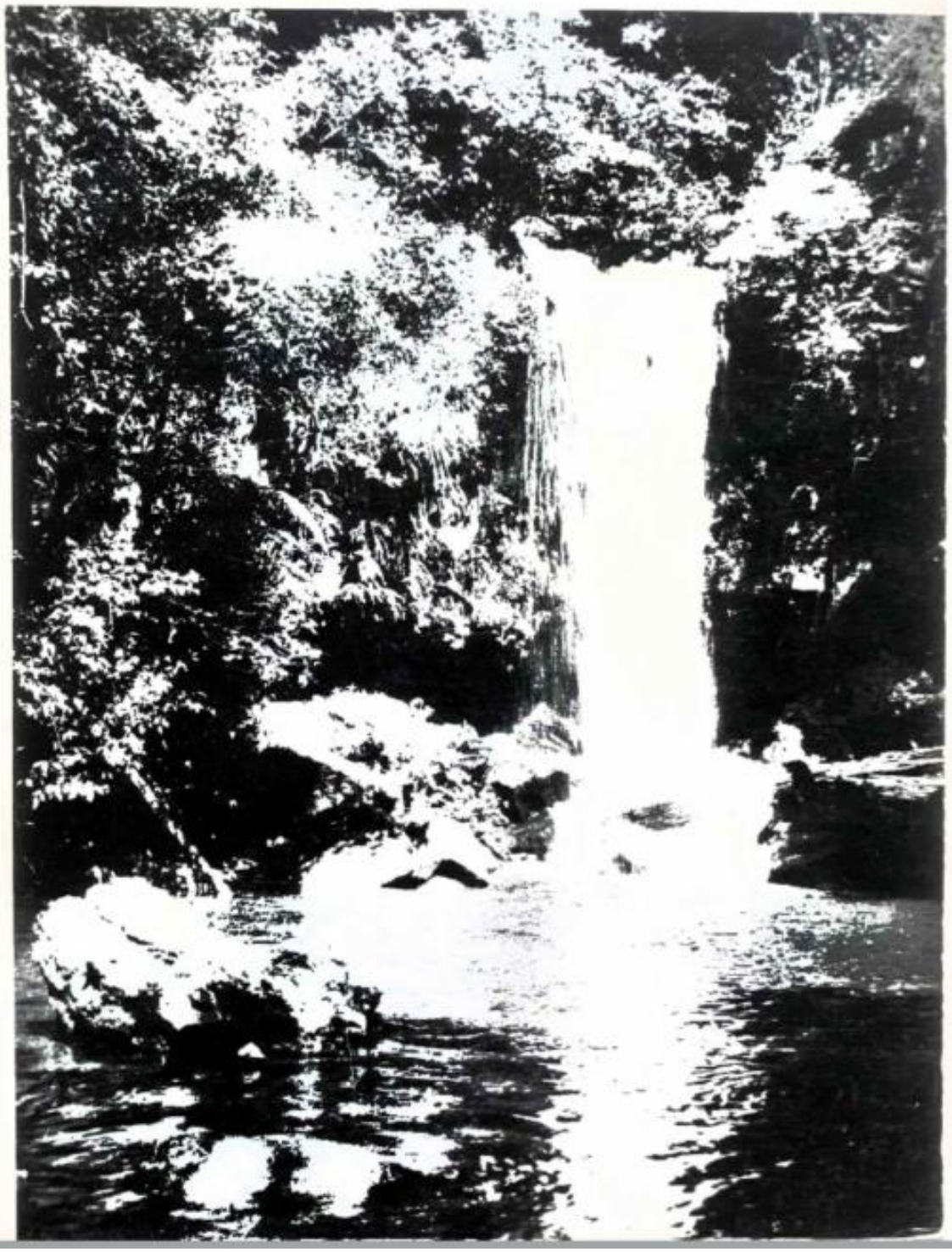
1968



HEY BOB

UNIVERSITY OF QUEENSLAND

BUSHWALKING CLUB

MAGAZINE

VOLUME 10

1968

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"HEYBOB" is the annual magazine of the University of Queensland Bushwalking Club.

Editor: Judy Marley

Business Manager: Ian Crellin

Cartoons and Sketches by
Sue O'Donnell and Doug Straker

Assistance in preparation of maps by
Jocelyn Whight, Doug Straker, Ken Grimes.

COVER PHOTOGRAPH : Falls on Cedar Creek, Tamborine Mt.

Photograph by courtesy of State Forestry Department

EDITORIAL

JUDY MARLEY

''Heybob'' is back, at least for another year, in its glossy-covered form.

With the continual arguments that go on within the Club concerning the justification for such an expensive magazine, one never knows when one may have seen the last of it. However, we are feeling quite proud of the quality of this year's production, and Ian still claims the price will be reduced!

This year the Club does not seem to have been as active as in previous years as a body of bushwalkers, and there has been a certain amount of unrest among members, even extending to a minor upheaval in the Committee. Perhaps this stems from the preoccupation of a relatively large proportion of the Club with matters political. Sitting around a campfire at night, after a long and exhausting day, provides a wonderful opportunity for discussions and arguments on all conceivable topics, and such discussions contribute substantially to the enjoyment and satisfaction to be derived from trips. However, interest in politics is not the sole reason, or even a major one, for joining a bushwalking club, and we may find that many of new members are somewhat disillusioned.

A feature of this year's activities has been greater interest in the running of private trips than in Club trips. This is a good thing, as one of the basic aims of the Club is to foster interest in the running of private trips. Also, the smaller parties are more manageable, and usually more enjoyable. But with this trend, we must be careful not to neglect our younger members, who may find it difficult to arrange to join the parties.

One issue worthy of our attention as a Club, is that of Conservation. Much interest is at present being focused in this direction. The Symposium in October 1967, on ''Caring for Queensland'', was a great success, and a Conservation exhibit was included in this year's R.N.A. Show by the Wild Life Preservation Society of Queensland and the Littoral Society. Our associated Speleological Society helped with the exhibit, and petitions were available for members of the public to sign. We should realize that now is the time for action on the matter of Conservation, as any destructive steps taken are usually irrevocable.

Finally, my thanks to all who have helped with the production of "Heybob", Vol. 10 – especially to Ian Crellin, for most of the general organization, Lea Johnston, who helped him with the advertising and the advertisers for their support.

WILDERNESS, OTHERS, AND I

DENIS TOWNSEND

The grey and sombre tones, last vestiges of a long but fading twilight, give way to an impenetrable blackness that envelops and isolates the tiny world of this hut. Within, the gloom is dispelled by the warming glow of a well fed fire, the flames of which lick around the blackened exteriors of an array of billies.

Warmth, diffusing outwards, fills the hut and its occupant, and passes upward to the assortment of wet and dripping garments that hang nearby, hopefully clutching at the dehydrating air. Against a background of rain drumming ceaselessly upon the shingle roof, the peace inside is disturbed only by the bubbling of the contents of a billy, or by the occasional splutter as a burning log disintegrates.

With the last pangs of hunger attended to, there is time to relax weary muscles and reflect on the passage of the day. It had been a slow passing, with mile upon mile of muddy tracks that looked, and were, soft, fringed by treacherous moss-clad banks that looked more solid but were not. There was mist that reduced vision to a matter of yards and progress to a seemingly endless progression from one red and white-capped marker-stake to the next, each one all but hidden from its neighbour by the mist and rain.

Rain - o yes - endlessly it fell, seeking out crevices in clothing and beating upon the face, to channel off along the nose and chin and thence to drop and drop to the already-drenched ground. Underfoot, where one was not plunged ankle or knee-deep into the yielding mud, there were some places where slime-covered rocks and logs offered precarious footholds, and an ill-placed footstep meant certain and sudden disaster.

Despite all this, today had, as indeed had similar days before, its brighter moments - when the mist parted to reveal the bulk of majestic mountains, their rocky heights upswept from the sodden green and brown plains. Mountain lakes appeared, lapping their black waters on deep green forested shores and sandy beaches, while, in the wet and glistening scrub or button-grass, gentle rustlings gave notice of the presence of some unseen animal.

There were people - some travelling alone, though most were in large straggling groups - all transient acquaintances in the wilderness. Mostly there is time for naught but a cheery greeting, hasty introductions, a few words on the route ahead and behind, and an all-too-soon farewell. Occasionally, a night is spent together, sharing a hut or campsite, a little food, a few yarns, and countless thoughts on matters both trivial and deep .....

Almost two years have passed since I scribbled the above words on the back of a porridge packet whilst on a trip into the Cradle Mt. - Lake St. Clair National Park in central western Tasmania. I reproduce them here as they still embody much of the significance and enjoyment I derive from bushwalking and mountaineering.

I have never considered these pursuits to be, as is often suggested, merely a means of escape from the realities of everyday life. Rather do I see them as yet another facet of life, offering brief sojourns into a world of beauty in nature where our appreciation of this beauty and of our fellow-travellers is less edited by the conventions of our society that are often so insensitively derived, falsely maintained and all-too-often, exploited.

Our society fails, time and time again, to realize that its future lies noting the maintenance of a quiescence produced by thoughtless conformity, but in the awareness on the part of each individual, of his or her own potential and limitations in the myriad of interactions with fellow-individuals. If, in a small but not negligible way, my frequent trips into the wilderness contribute something further to the development of this awareness, they need no other justification.

The more I see of life the more I perceive that only through solitary communion with nature can one gain an idea of its richness and meaning. I know that in such contemplation lies my true personality, and yet/ live in an age when on all sides I am told exactly the way through which life can be developed. Am I an exception, a herd outcast? There are also solitary bees, and it is not claimed that they are biologically inferior.

Cyril Connolly ''The Unquiet Grave'',

1945.

WIDE BAY, COOLOOLA AND LAGUNA

Doug Straker

In October 1967, the Australian Conservation Foundation conducted a symposium at the University of Queensland entitled ''Caring for Queensland''. One of the papers, delivered by J.E. Coaldrake, the Principal Research Scientist from the Division of Tropical Pastures, C.S.I.R.O., Brisbane, was “Planning for Multiple Use of the Dunes and Wallum''.

One of his main points was that an adequate system of national parks was urgently needed in the Wallum areas. He suggested a number of areas which could be set aside. These amounted to 9% of the total area of Wallum. This article is about one of these areas, namely, that approximately between the Noosa River, Tin Can Bay and the Ocean.

Access to Area

There are several ways; here are the best routes:

a. From Gympie, take the road to Tin Can Bay. Turn to the right off this road about five miles before Tin Can Bay. About fifteen miles from the turn the road reaches the ocean at Rainbow Bay, eight miles north of Double Island Point. The road is bitt1men all the way.
b. From Tewantin, cross the Noosa River on the vehicle ferry. Follow a well-worn track to the beach. Proceed along the beach at low tide. A four wheel drive is best, although the trip can be done in a conventional vehicle.
c. From Kin Kin proceed to the Como Forestry Barracks (grid Ref. 103-443). Turn right. Follow the road which leads to the lake at grid Ref. 279-594. The beach is accessible from here along the King's Bore Road. Throughout the area of coastal sandhills is an extensive system of vehicle tracks which are best shown on the forestry map of the area. The coastal sandhills are also accessible from the Rainbow Bay road. A four wheel drive vehicle is necessary anywhere off the main roads, or beyond Tewah Creek on the King's Bore Road.
d. The Lakes District and the navigable reaches of the Noosa River are most accessible by boat from Boreen Point on the shore of Lake Cootharaba.
e. Any of the beaches may be travelled at low tide by vehicles. Mudlow Rocks (ref. 293794) are not always passable, depending on sand cover, which changes with weather conditions.

A Brief History

The first men to see the area were the Aborigines. Evidence of this is found from the eugarie middens in the sandhills above the beach. Captain Cook is supposed to have named Double Island Point as he sailed along the Australian east coast in 1770.

In the years of colonization of Queensland the Wallum was considered worthless because of its infertility, so very few people except a few game-shooters, fishermen and sawmillers showed interest in the area. The scrub on the coastal sandhills contained magnificent stands of timber which were exploited by the early sawmillers. They sought mainly kauri pine and beech.

In the latter half of the nineteenth century a lighthouse was erected at Double Island Point - then a very isolated spot. All materials and supplies were brought in by boat, and they have been ever since because the water still provides the easiest access.

Changes came very slowly in the area. To the west of the lakes the land was of some use for farming and attracted a few people. The lighthouse keepers, feeling their isolation from the rest of the country, were glad of the company of visiting fishermen and encouraged them to return. Parties often came along the beach from Noosa and camped in driftwood shacks and tents near the beach.

The Forestry Department and the Army very slowly pushed tracks into the area from the west. These caused very little change because they were mostly suitable only for four wheel drive vehicles. As the Forestry increased sales of timber in the 1950's, better roads were made in the area, but still the beach and most of the hinterland was inaccessible to conventional vehicles.

So it remained until 1963, when a sand mining company built the bitumen road referred to in section (a) of "Access to the Area". This road plunges into what was one of the most inaccessible parts of the Wallum and sandhills.

The Early Timber-getters

There were two areas from which timber was taken. One was that of the Double Island Point scrubs, where logs were hauled by bullocks; then on tram cars, to the edge of Tin Can Bay. From there they were shipped by barge to Maryborough. The Tramway Scrub, where much of the tramline remains intact, bears a name reminiscent of that era.

The second area worked by the timber-getters was that around the Noosa River and adjacent sandhills. This supplied a sawmill on the north east shore of Lake Cootharaba. The mill ceased operating at about the end of the nineteenth century, and the site where it stood is now known as Mill Point.

Logs were transported to the mill by two main methods. One method was the same as that used to the north in the Tin Can Bay area. The other method was to haul logs to the nearest river by bullock teams, and then to raft them downstream to the mill. After the logs were sawn, the planks were shipped to the mouth of the Noosa River by barge and loaded on a coastal steamer.

Many relics of this old sawmilling industry remain - the old rafting grounds, the site of the mill - and these are easily accessible by boat from Boreen Point.

Flowers, Trees and All That

If you have never seen flowers blooming on the wallum in spring then this alone should provide sufficient incentive to visit the area. Acres on acres of color - broad yellows, small pinks, small and large fragile masses. Bottle brushes give splashes of colour to dense bush.

There is a large variety of vegetation in the area. Mangroves grow in the muddy fringes of Tin Can Bay. Vines with yellow and purple flowers grow on the sand dunes above the beach. Further from the beach, vines give way to banksia- thick, and scratches. Swampy wallum plains rise to sparse eucalypt forests on the ridges. Huge kauri pine trees grow in cool rain forest hidden in valleys and depressions where watervines hang and twist. Long valleys fall to secluded freshwater lakes and lagoons, edged with tall reeds.

Double Island Point

This isa grey-black outcrop of basalt with long crevasses cut deep into the tall cliffs by waves. Pandanus trees lazily overlook cliffs and long beaches, while below, porpoises blow and dive as they play in deep blue water. Small shells crawl over the rocks.

Tidal salt water lagoons nestle safely behind the point, giving protection to small sea creatures swimming, crawling and burrowing. Sand blowing over sand forms high white dunes.

Coloured sand in tall, crumbling cliffs has slid, showing blacks, whites, reds, yellows, pinks and greys - mostly reds, which contrast with the blue sky, making colours seem brighter. Fresh water seeps from the base of sandhills and runs over wide beaches to the salt.

White surf rolls constantly on beaches where long sandworms and shell fish live, while from high above, large fish-eating hawks look for food. Bent-winged frigate birds ride air currents above the cliffs as stormy weather approaches.

To The South

The Noosa River with the lakes threaded along it, provides miles of waterway for boating and canoeing. The surroundings are almost totally unspoiled and water birds abound in their natural environment.

A few miles to the north-east of the Lakes District is the Cooloola sand blow. It is on top of the coastal sandhills, exposed to the winds, which blow a fine sand spray across its surface.

If you ever get to know this small part of Australia I'm sure you will realize it is worth preserving in its natural state.

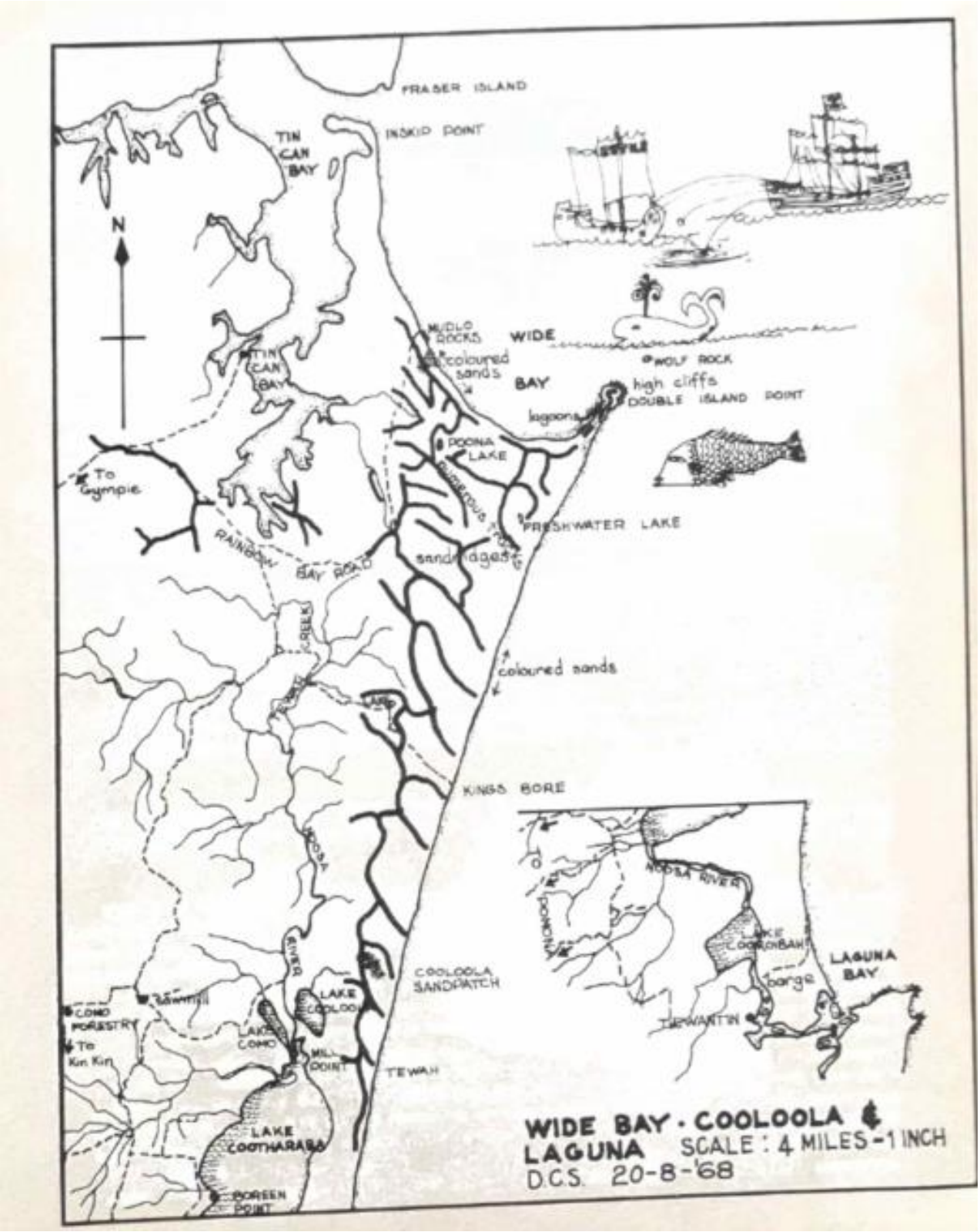
MAPS

Military	Approx. 1 mile : 1 inch series.	
Sheets	Wide Bay	9546 - III
	Cooloola	9545 - IV
	Laguna Bay	9545 - III
	Wolvi	9445 - I
	Cooroy	9445 - II

IMPORTANT

Permission should be obtained from the Forestry Department before travelling on any of their roads or entering their reserves.

For further information about the area contact the author through the University of Queensland Bushwalking Club.



CONSERVATION AND A NEW AREA IN THE NEAR NORTH

WENDY SULLIVAN

Conservation has undoubtedly been one of the issues stressed in 1968, involving enlightened members of the community. People are at last beginning to become aware that even in an age which worships man-made mechanical creations rather than those of nature, natural phenomena have intrinsic, immeasurable value. Species of animal, bird, and plant life are becoming rare, and regrettably extinct, and unique geological formations including sandy beaches and limestone caves are being allowed to become washed away or blown up respectively. Once destroyed, these are gone for all time. Our progeny and theirs may not know these things.

Individuals including Gerald Durrell, Margaret Mead, and David Fleay have involved themselves in this issue, and have waged, and are waging, gentle war against destructive, greedy men. Their weapons include expressed knowledge, humour, sweat, tears and influence. Their small successes will encourage others to take up the cause and protect their natural heritage.

As bushwalkers, our responsibility in conservation cannot be denied. As tracks penetrate further through forests, along ridges and beside lakes and streams, those using them are welcome to do so, provided they leave as little evidence as possible of their trespass. It is inevitable that as areas such as Tasmania's Lake St. Clair - Cradle Mountain Reserve bear more and more footprints of visiting walkers, some kind of track supervision becomes necessary. Thus human involvement in the preservation of nature need not detract from the area's appeal to walkers, even if they are conscious that many have shared and are sharing their experience.

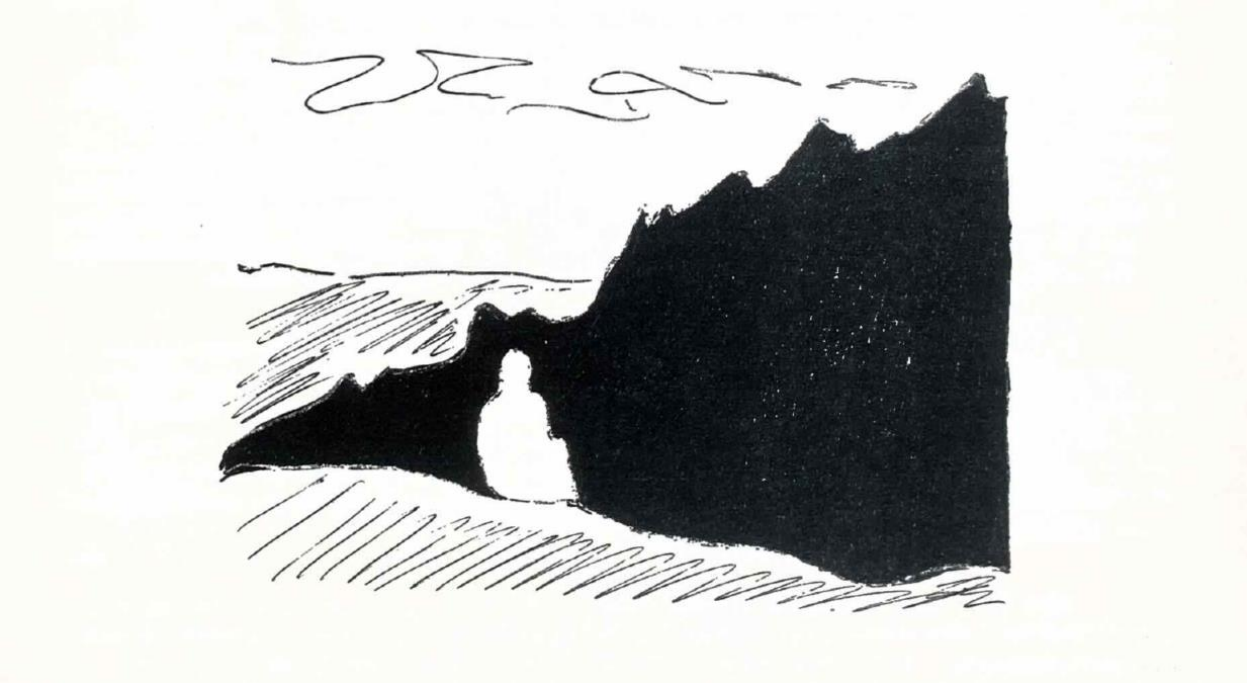
A recent refreshing experience of visiting a ''new'' area - Gheerulla Creek - reminded the walkers of the value of conservation. For once we neither saw nor felt the haunting presence of others.

Access to this area is via Mapleton approximately 8 miles from Nambour. (See Nambour or zone 8 military map). The grid reference for entrance to the area is 991934. We descended about a mile and a half down the gully marked on the map, through dense lantana and rainforest. The gully became at last rocky, then a chain of ponds enveloped in green denseness of forest and piccabeen palms, gradually lightening to the noisy brightness of a running creek which was a tributary to Gheerulla Creek. After lunching at the junction of the waters we proceeded eastwards up Gheerulla Creek. It proved to be also a series of pools much larger this time, spilling from one to another in a series of cascades: Often the rock was deceptively slippery, and in several places the rock walls of the creek narrowed, forming miniature gorges and necessitating ''up and over'' manoeuvres. We had negotiated about - wait for it - two hundred yards in stumbling haste when unexpectedly before us lay the end of thevalley. A steep curved rock wall appeared, shaped like half a basin with a wide ledge dividing the upper falls from the lower. In all the height of the falls is about 100 feet. The volume of water splashing whitely down these as yet unnamed falls was not great owing to the relatively dry preceding months. There were concentric circles of watermarks around the rocks and on the face of the rock wall, giving evidence of past watery abundance.

We climbed up the steep wooded slope about fifty feet to the left of the falls, emerging on the wide ledge half-way down the basin. To our astonishment it was pot-holed with enormous cauldrons - smooth sided deep and cylindrical. They varied in volume and diameter and were partly filled with dark stagnant water. The largest would have been thirty feet deep and twelve feet in diameter.

We negotiated the remaining rock face fairly easily, despite some exfoliation of the basalt, and continued some distance along the creek. About 200 feet above us was what appeared to be a lookout, so leaving the creek below we climbed on to this, clutching blackboys and bottlebrushes in our ascent. From here we looked right down the valley to the Kandanga Range. We realized that to continue along the ridge behind us would in all probability take us back to the road, however we reluctantly turned back as we had left our packs at the lunch junction. Before clambering down the creek, however, we followed it upwards for several miles, seeing more waterfalls and cascades.

This area, the rest of the party will agree, merits further exploration - a weekend trip would be a worthwhile experience.



EAST FACE OF MOUNT BARNEY - SECOND ASCENT 26th APR , 1968

PAUL CAFFYN

GRADE: SEVERE (5)

After truding up South Ridge through the mist the day before, Rick White and I were pleased to find on emerging from the Barney Hut on Friday morning that, although the sky was still heavily overcast, the rain and mist had cleared. We had arrived at the hut at 5 p.m., and after cooking a meal over the symbolic smoky fire, settled into our sleeping bags for a long sleep, only to be awakened half an hour later by, ''There's somebody in the hut. Are you asleep?''

Following breakfast (a tin of peaches and cream) we walked up through the moist vegetation to East Peak, where we dropped our packs. With all the climbing gear draped over us, we scrambled down South-east Ridge, until an abseil and a scrub bash took us to the large shallow cave at the base of the East Face. A tree was utilized as a belay and we roped up.

A flake on the wall of the cave, which was on the point of breaking off, almost proved my downfall. But after dancing across it, draping a sling around a tree, and clipping the climbing rope into this, I felt a little easier. The rock, carefully camouflaged by numerous species of mosses and lichens, was literally oozing water, thus making friction boots a nuisance in climbing, rather than an aid. The next part of the first pitch involved a traverse around a rib and into a groove, which I climbed up using a beaut layback hold in the back of it, until I reached a scrubby shelf and a belay tree. From the cave I had climbed through an arc of 180°, and towards the top of the pitch, the rope drag was very inconvenient. I clipped into a sling around the belay tree and called to Rick ''Climb when ready'', but because he was in a cave recessed into the face, he could not hear me. A succession of tugs on the rope spurred on his progress and he eventually reached my stance.

Rick led on to the next pitch, which was graded ''very difficult'' (4). Up fifteen feet from the stance, he traversed left on to the face, and then up a slab where the holds were few and far between, to a tree runner. There were about forty feet of runout to the tree runner and nowhere to hammer in a piton. Up higher, he reached another tree belay and called me up. The second pitch is an enjoyable pitch, with good sound rock, very little scunge, and already the exposure causes the adrenalin to be pumped a little faster.

The third pitch was also graded ''very difficult'', and I led up a hard slab on clean rock to a fair-sized tree-runner at the base of the right hand chimney. (There are two chimneys, which are both weathered-out dykes running up the face. The right hand one is less overhanging). The chimney was almost awash with running water, and the walls of it were covered with slimy vegetation, and my friction boots were a bloody hindrance. I struggled up the chimney, fighting grass and running water until, twenty feet up from the tree runner, I hammered in a piton and clipped the rope into it. A little higher in the chimney it began to overhang, and almost over the overhanging section, in an impossible position, I fell.

Just above the piton runner, I managed somehow to check the fall, and with the most vicious chimneying and bridging I have ever done I was over the ''…''. The chimney above was not overhanging, and hence a little easier, but still dripping wet. I wandered up it until, astride a black boy, I banged in a channel peg which, once it was tied off with nylon tape, proved a good belay. On being called to ''Climb when ready,'' Rick shouted back that he and the pack would not fit in the chimney. The pack was a small one containing water and extra slings. Since we were climbing with doubled No. 2 nylon rope, Rick tied the pack onto one end of the rope, and I pulled it up to the first runner and tied it off. He struggled up the chimney, almost

plopping off at the top of the overhanging section, and soon Rick, the pack, and I were reunited astride a black boy.

To begin the next pitch, which was graded ''severe'' (5), Rick stood on the black boy on which his belayer was sitting, and traversed out on to the face. The chimney above had become too overhanging for us to proceed up it any further by freeclimbing. The exposure out on the face was really tremendous n hundred feet of clean air below, and the base of the cliff line could be plainly seen. Even with two good piton runners Rick took a long time on this pitch.

On being commanded to climb, I untied from the channel peg, removed it from the rock, and by standing on the black boy, traversed out on to the face. Each move was a committed move, for as you made a move upwards you hoped to hell there was a handhold there. The stance where Rick had set up his belay was a rock-and-earth ledge which just protruded from the face, and it appeared that it would fall at any tick of the clock. By this time the old adrenalin was really racing around the system.

My turn to lead, and it was up another severe pitch. A delicate hand traverse and up slowly until the first runner was reached. This was a channel peg which had been left in position on the first ascent. The rock was clean – no portable handholds, and no cluttering vegetation. A few more feet up I inserted a cracker in a small niche in the rock. I climbed up a series of overhanging blocks which had good jug holds behind them, until I reached a small ledge. Then I saw the bolt belay. The bolt belay consists of a bolt hammered into an aluminum sleeve which is placed in a hole drilled into the rock. I placed a hanger* on the belt and clipped into this with a karabiner. The actual ledge was a phenomenal stance, for it was six inches wide and two to three feet long. Rick climbed up, removing the runners, and joined me.

The next pitch was the crux, graded "severe, question mark" on the route guide, and it just so happened that it was Rick's turn to lead. (I had planned the climb carefully). The cave mentioned in the guide was visible just above, but the two lines up into it were apparently holdless. Using a sling clipped into the krab on the hanger, Rick was able to tension-traverse into a wet chimney which led up to a tree at the base of the cave. We decided that it would be better to belay from the back of the cave, instead of from the bolt, when attempting the roof of the cave, so I put on my friction boots (only two sizes too small) and delicately traversed into the groove, and up to the tree that Rick was using as a belay.

The cave extends back into the mountain for some thirty feet. The floor of it is a sand deposit inclined at an angle of 50 degrees and covered with wild raspberry vine. Two pitons, a leaf blade, and a channel were used to set up a belay at the back of the cave. Following the guide sheet, Rick chimneyed up to the roof of the cave and then out to the extreme lip of it,where a bar of rock projected down a few feet. Unable to progress past it, he came down and attempted to chimney up directly below the lip of the cave, and so into the chimney out and beyond the roof of the cave.

After a few more minutes he gave up, and told me it was my turn, but in no uncertain terms I told him that I was not going to lead this pitch, as you had to lasso a rotten tree. Time was wasted as we each told the other that he was the star climber.

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* a piece of bent melt with a key-hole shaped hole in the centre. This fits on to a bolt and a krab can then be clipped into it.

But on with the P.A. 's, ** ironmongery etc., and I bridged quickly up the edge of the cave, until I was in a chimneying position beyond the roof of the cave. Unable to progress any further I asked Rick what the guide said, to which he replied, "Lassoo the tree", to which I replied, "What tree?" Rick wandered down to the edge of the cave and pointed out a small, scungy, rotten- looking tree, which was growing out of the rib on the right hand side of the chimney. The chimney just above me was impossible to climb, for it was overhanging and all the handholds were portable.

The "tree" was twelve feet above and six feet out from where I was situated. I pulled up the rope and tied on to it some extra forty feet further along; meanwhile, Rick was belaying me again. I pieced four pitons on a karabiner and tied it to the end of the rope. After four attempts, the pegs etc. were flung over the tree. Several flicks of the rope later, the projectile was level with me, but out of reach. With one more flick I grabbed it to complete a full circle of rope around the ''tree''.

After telling Rick what I was doing, I swung out on the rope, pendulumned twelve feet, and pulled up hand over hand to the ''tree''. This, of course, was hollow and rotten, but I still draped a sling around it and used it as a runner. A small bush to my right was also used as a runner. My right arm by this time had seized up, (so to speak), as it was glued to the tree which was the only hand or foot hold. By wedging my arm between the rock and the tree I pulled up and slipped into the chimney.

About six feet above the tree, the rope with the krab on the end of it jammed behind the ''tree'' and twice I had to climb down to the tree before it would run freely. By this time I was shaking. Chimneying up and over that difficult bit, I found a FOOTHOLD (the first on that pitch), and I managed to hammer in a sound piton. When my rope was clipped into it, I gave vent to my feelings with an enormous sigh of relief. The chimney was, of course, wet, slimy, and bloody awful, but twenty feet higher there was a tree runner. Not very sure where the stance was, I went up around a small overhang, and on to a small ledge inside a larger overhang, with a tree just in reach.

I then called to Rick, who wanted me to haul the pack up on one end of the rope, but because of the runners and the overhang, it was impossible. Using about a dozen slings Rick dangled the pack below him. (I had run out of slings on this pitch, and on the last tree runner, used four karabiners around it.) He bridged up to just below the tree, and, as I kept a tight tension on him, he pulled up hand over hand to the tree. But, as he was about to reach for the ''tree'', the pack swung free from the cave floor below, and the star climber came very close to plopping off. He removed the sling from the ''tree'', and after a few choice words he arrived at the peg runner, then climbed up to the stance. We were both exhausted.

Rick led out to the left from the chimney, on to the seventh pitch - graded ''hard; very difficult'' (4+) and he had little trouble until the chimney began once more. The slimy chimney was negotiated by pulling up on grass hanging down it, then over a loose block overhang to a tree belay.

I came up and led through on to the next pitch, and up above us we could see the exit gully. An enormous block came loose under my grip, gashed my leg in passing, and left me hanging by one hand from a small tree. The rock was deflected from its path by a rock wall, only inches away from Rick. Almost 110 feet of runout before I reached a tree belay. Rick joined me, and together we emerged from the exit gully on to the ridge just below East Peak.

** a tight-fitting French rock-climbing friction boot.

After coiling the rope, we had a quick drink of water, and walked up to East Peak where we signed the book. There was no feeling of conquest or pride - just physical exhaustion - and a pledge never, never to attempt another Tillack climb. It was a tremendous relief to take the friction boots off after seven hours on the 1000 foot face.

Then, with dusk rapidly approaching, we set off down Rocky Creek, heading for home as fast as our little legs would carry us.

He has not learned the lesson of life who
does not every day surmount a fear.

Emerson.

While far below men crawl in clay and clod,
Sublimely I shall stand alone with God.

M.D. Leitch
''The Summit, Mt. Everest''

EAGLE ON LEANING PEAK

CAROL BROWN

World spun giddy with a wheeling speck,
Turned sunward, circled round the sky,
Shimmered above the peak in breathless air.
Minute on granite rocks below you there
We stood, admired with straining neck
Your curving grace, and heaving up the packs,
On to the peak we plod with heavy boots.

SOUTH WEST TASMANIA - THE ULTIMATE TRIP

BILL CROSSMAN

It is not intended that this article shall give a step by step account of a trip from Lake Pedder to Federation Peak, but rather that it shall at least highlight parts of the trip, and be of help to people planning a similar trip, which must surely be among the most rewarding, but also the most arduous, in Australia. For those whose interest is mainly in their stomachs, John Bluhdorn has compiled an excellent article on Food.

First, a short note on equipment. This paragraph will probably be enough to put anybody off going to the place. But if you persevere, I hope to be able to convince you that a trip to Tasmania, be it the Reserve or the South-West, is well worth the effort. Because of the nature of the trip - it will be around two weeks- equipment in good repair is essential. Pack frames and fabric must be in good condition, as must boots. You must be prepared for absolutely foul weather - the worst you'll ever experience - at any time of the year. Hence adequate tent accommodation is essential for all the party, a good quality sleeping bag and large groundsheet are a must, and a good anorak is required. Take warm clothes - scarves, gloves, etc. It is also very advisable to keep one set of clothes dry all the time. As tent poles are practically non-existent, you must carry them. A well stocked first aid kit is essential. Our party suffered a lot from foot troubles - infected blisters, etc. - and also some uncomfortable effects after drinking from one of the creeks. However, water there is generally of good quality, and there's plenty of it. Ours was probably an isolated case, but Entero-Vioform tablets did help. The only campsite where there isn't a copious water supply is Goon Moor, but when we were there it rained like blazes, and all we had to do was to dam up the creeks running through our tents! A rope is needed for pack-hauling, and is handy for the ascent of Federation, though not necessary.

We flew into Lake Pedder, a flight through light rain and 40-60 knot headwinds. The first view of Lake Pedder was unforgettable, as was the bumpy landing! The Franklands provide a fitting backdrop for this beautiful lake. The next morning we set out for Junction Creek. The track is found by walking south along the beach, then heading up the bank to the left and picking up the markers. Except for one section, the track is well marked throughout, and adequate directions are given in the Route Guide available from the Hobart Walking Club. However, the times quoted for some sections apply only to maniacal bush-runners. From Lake Pedder to Junction Creek shelter is a long day's walk (about 12 miles). The next day we rested at Junction Creek, mainly because it sleeted without respite all day. The following day we started off for Cracroft Crossing. This is again about 12 to 13 miles down the Arthur Plains. It can be done in a day, but we made it an easy two days, camping the night at Seven Mile Creek. All along the plains one is rewarded by magnificent views of the Western Arthurs, great quartzite buttresses glistening in the sun - yes, it did shine for some of the time! – and magnificent silhouettes in the setting sun. We also saw a plane making airdrops on one of the high moors - the pilots really know their job.

From Cracraft Crossing (do NOT confuse with Cracraft Junction – which is a hell of a long way from Cracraft Crossing!) to Pass Creek, the track is not marked and the Route Guide is not much use. From the shelter, walk south towards the Razorback and cross it at an obvious low saddle. From the saddle traverse east along the Razorback until you are away from the trees below. Go down the Razorback, over a little low ridge, and across a creek (I've forgotten its name). Climb up on to the plain and walk straight across it to Pass Creek campsite. It can be recognised by some forlorn-looking tent poles. Use them, but don't flog them, as they are almost heirlooms! Pass Creek isa pretty scungy camp site. From here a track goes between two ridges to a clump of trees at the bottom of Luckman's Lead. It is better to camp here as it is

quite sheltered, and there is plenty of room, although you may have to search pretty hard for fire wood. A ''choofer" using Shellite comes in very handy, and the party should have at least one. From Cracraft Crossing to Luckman's Lead is about half to three-quarters of a day. Do not attempt to go any further than this in the day. From the top of the razorback we had our first view of Federation - thrusting its huge fang skywards - again an unforgettable sight. The huge quartzite tower was shimmering in the sun, and we wondered if we would perhaps reach the top.

From the bottom of Luckman's Lead the climb starts - almost 3000 feet. From here follow the route guide, although the times are rather fast. If you can't find the track, just look for a cairn - the whole route is fairly well supplied with them. From Luckman's Lead to Goon Moor was a hard day. As soon as we reached the top, the foul weather rolled in - we were to have six days of unbroken mist, bitterly cold winds, rain, sleet and snow. When the mist lifted, we were able to get tremendous views of the Northern Lakes and Lake Cracroft on the one side, and Lake Leo on the other. The route from Luckman's Lead to Goon Moor is fairly well defined. Goon Moor is very exposed, and by going down to the left, one can find the Lower Goon Moor campsites, which are utterly scungy and depressing. They are somewhat sheltered from the wind, but they are small and cramped and muddy. However, there are no others and you just have to stick it out. We also made our acquaintance with Scoparia - beautiful when it flowers, but terrible to fall into. I once heard the leaves described as a rosette of razor blades. Fortunately a track is cut through it all.

From Lower Goon Moor, head up to the top and pick up the track. For us this was another day of mist, etc., but in the short periods when it lifted we could see Federation, and even Bathurst Harbour at one stage. We passed through the Four Peaks - literally through one of them - the track goes through a cleft. Here a rope is required for pack-hauling. We almost froze as we waited around for our packs. We were on the south-western side with nothing to stop the wind. From the Four Peaks we made our way on to Thwaites Plateau. There is a campsite here, but water can be scarce. There are no campsites between Goon Moor and Thwaites Plateau. Thwaites Plateau is the starting point of the Forest Chute which leads eventually on to Bechervaise Plateau, from where the climb is made – if you 're lucky.

We continued on up to Hanging Lake. From Goon Moor to Hanging Lake is a full day. By a stroke of luck we found our air-drop - the mist lifted just at the right time when we were there. Hanging Lake is in an unrivalled setting. It nestles under the summit of Geeves Bluff (approximately 3,500 feet) and is separated from Federation by a great cleft. At the bottom of this cleft is Lake Geeves, and the ground falls steeply, almost sheer, down into it.

We were stuck in our tents for two days at Hanging Lake waiting for the weather to clear. It was a vain hope - it rained, sleeted and snowed all the time. We had about five minutes' sunshine in the two days. We made floors for the tents from air-drop straw, and lay inside our sleeping bags. Outside, the mud was six inches deep. After two days it was time to leave - we'd had it and we couldn't spare another day. We retraced our steps, after losing the track for about an hour in the mist on Thwaites Plateau. We spent another windy, wet night at GoonMoor - this time we had the company of some Adelaide Uni. people. Needless to say, the campsite was crowded. They had had the weather also, and turned back the next day. If they had stayed a day longer they would have been able to climb Federation in perfect weather.

We gradually made our way down, visiting the grave of John Stuart on the way- a grim reminder that you have to be very careful not only whilst walking, but health-wise also. The next night was spent in the comparative luxury of the dry, sheltered Luckman's Lead site. From there we went back to Cracroft Crossing, picking up some air-dropped food at Pass Creek on the way. At Cracroft we had a very welcome

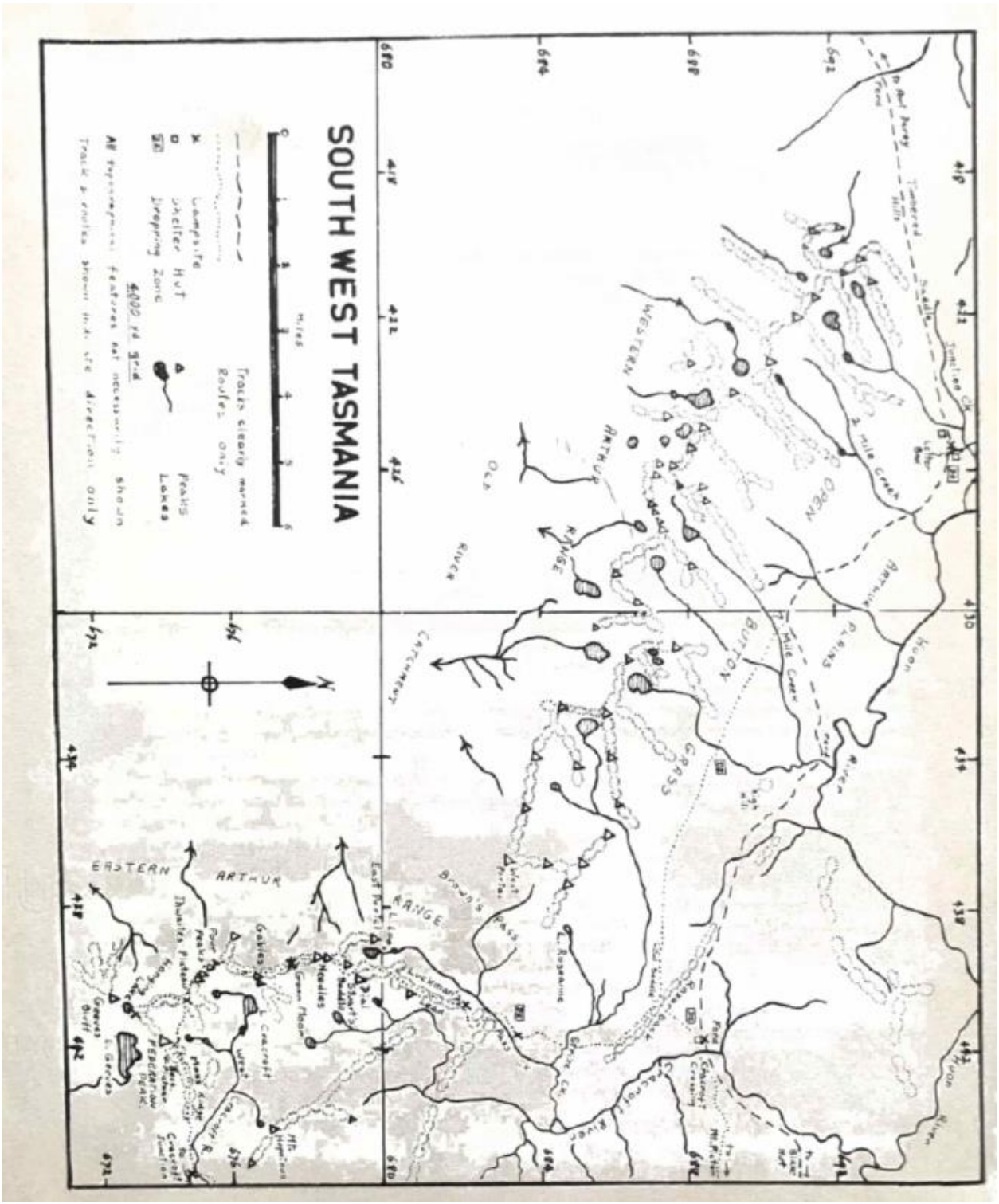
rest day - we slept, washed, and even swam a bit. The weather was perfect, and Federation laughed at us in the sun!

The final day was from Cracroft to Blake's Hut Forestry Camp over the ''Yo-Yo'' trail. This is described in the Guide as a ''soul-destroying slog'' and it is! Twelve miles of up and down. But take heart - you can miss out the worst of it. A few miles from Cracroft is Green Plate Corner, so named because of a plate nailed to a tree. From here there is a marked route called the River Track which eventually links up with a track along the Huon River. This is followed for a couple of miles and rejoins the Yo-Yo trail after all the yo-yo's. We didn't find this out until too late. That night we enjoyed the hospitality of the forestry workers at Blake's Hut - they were really tremendous to us. Next day they gave us a lift to the Picton River suspension bridge. From the end of the dirt road, about a mile from the bridge, we got a lift with a forestry foreman, then by taxi to Geeveston.

Next afternoon a dirty, scungy bushwalker, unshaven for three weeks, booked a room at the most luxurious motel that he could find in Hobart. The following night he and his companions - now strangely different (they were clean!) – dined in the most expensive restaurant in Hobart.

The trip to the South-West has left many impressions, even though we didn't climb Federation. The beauty of the lakes and mountains; the foul weather – I can never forget that!; and the sight of Federation mocking us in the sunshine after we retreated.

The construction of the route along the Eastern Arthurs to Federation was a tremendous feat, and we often wondered how on earth the first people to investigate the area ever got there. The route is rough, but safe. To my mind, South West Tasmania offers the ultimate in walking experience in Australia, and I'm bursting to have another go at Federation. Once you've got the Tassie bug, you've got it for life!



SOUTH WEST TASMANIA INFORMATION ON FOOD AND AIRDROPS

JOHN BLUHDORN

The following article is compiled from the experiences of a party on a South-West trip conducted between 31st January, 1968 and 15th February, 1968. Thus the thoughts expressed should only be taken as a rough guide, as other parties may encounter completely different conditions. The members of our party were Bob Leavy, Pam Leavy, Anne Marks, Geoff West, Michael Bourke, Bill Crossman, John Siemon and John Bluhdorn.

The trip was conducted as follows: We flew into Lake Pedder, then walked in along the Huon Plains, up and along the top of the Eastern Arthurs, to Federation. We camped at Hanging Lake, returned along the Eastern Arthurs, and walked out to Blake's Opening over the Yo-Yo track. From Blake's we got lifts and a taxi out to Geeveston.

For information on the route and on airdrops, see ''Tasmanian Tramp'' Vol. 14, 1959.

First, a word about airdrops. These are flown in and dropped by the Aero Club of Southern Tasmania. Food etc. is packed in drums, which are then sealed and placed in hessian bags with straw padding. These bags should be brightly painted for ease of recovery. A label must be attached to the bag with the following information: Name of party, sequence number of bag and drop zone, address of party leader and anticipated date of recovery. In case it is not recovered, also include date after which it may be used by any finders, e.g.,

U.Q.B.W.C.,
No. 2 of 4, Pass Creek,
R. Leavy,
P. 0. Box 300,
TOOWOOMBA.
Recovery Date: 4. 2. 68
May be Used After: 1. 3. 68

The label must be strong enough to withstand a lot of knocking about. Some of this information should also be painted on the bag: drop zone, sequence number and party name, e.g.

U.Q.B.W.C.
Pass Creek
No. 2 of 4.

The weight of each bag should not exceed twenty five pounds. Bags must be delivered to the Aero Club at least one month before your trip is due to start.

The Aero Club has recently instigated a new method of charging for drops. Under the old system, your drops were combined with those of other parties until the aircraft was fully loaded, and the costs were split up between the parties involved. This often reduced the cost somewhat. They must have realised that they have us ''over a barrel'' because the new system charges a flat rate of fifteen cents PER POUND. That includes the weight of food, packing, drums, everything! So watch that weight!!

Apart from the airdrop expenses, freight must be paid for getting the food to Hobart. Rail is the cheapest way here.

The expenditure on food itself may be somewhat reduced since the quantities required will allow you to purchase at bulk discount prices. This was done for us by Bob Browning, who owns the store at the St. Lucia shopping centre. We had sixteen airdrop bags in all. Four of these were dropped at Pass Creek near the foot of the Eastern Arthurs. The other twelve were dropped at Hanging Lake. Of these, eleven contained food etc. and number twelve was filled with plastic bottles and tins of shellite. This was done so that shellite would not contaminate the food if tins etc. broke open in the drop. It carried the risk, however, that if that bag was lost, we would be without cooking facilities.

Food etc. should be packed as far as possible in such a way that the loss of one or two bags does not seriously affect the food supply. Food for four days (to get us to Pass Creek) was carried from Lake Pedder.

The factors which make assessment of our food situation difficult are first, that we had a lot of bad weather. People did not feel like standing out in the wind and sleet, cooking, so that most of the food we ate was cold. And second, Bob and Pam pulled out at Goon Moor. This meant that, at Hanging Lake, we had food for eight people between six of us.

Cooking on the trip took two forms. On the plains where wood was available, we used fires and cooked most of the time. On top of the Range, wood is very scarce (only Scoparia wood being available), so primuses have to be used for cooking. If it is windy (and it will be!) the primuses can be put into airdrop tins to shelter them. This makes turning them up or down very tricky (and often spectacular, as you will know if you have ever tipped a burning primus on its side). The only other practicable way is to cook inside the tents. We tried this for a while, but mostly gave it up when we found that the roof of the tent above the primus was getting scorched.

Because of these cooking difficulties we lived mostly on cold food. (Would you believe pineapple and ham?) We should have used the primuses a lot more. I think that under these conditions hot food is important in helping to maintain energy reserves.

Concerning the food itself, the first aspect to think about, and this is essential, is that the diet should be properly balanced to meet all bodily requirements. Inadequacies in the supply of even one important element can cause serious problems of sickness which could affect that party's chances of survival if difficulties were encountered.

Variety is another important factor to consider but, in my opinion, not as important as some people think. When allowing for variety, avoid unnecessary luxury. This, I feel, was the main weakness in our food situation. Luxury items are usually more expensive and heavier. Keep it in mind when planning your food that, in the final analysis, YOU have to carry it!

As I mentioned before, plan your packing so that the loss of one or two drums will not leave you stranded, for example, with no salt or sugar. Also allow for losses due to breakages. Another factor which for a trip such as this must be given some consideration, is cost. This is linked with weight in the case of airdrops and freight. Also, as mentioned before, luxury items are usually more expensive.

Commodity	Quantity	Comments
Rolled Oats	18 lb.	This is one packet per day – we only used ¾ packet per day between eight people.
Milk	18 lb.	We were running out by the end of the trip.
Soups		Take plenty of soups – good in cold weather.
(1) Asparagus	8 pkts	This was very good, but we did not use them all – at 2 packets per meal, 20 would have been sufficient, but you don't have soup every day, especially in hot weather.
(2) Assorted	20 "	
Tuna	4 x 1 lb.	Very good, but a luxury.
Rosella Meals) Pine & Pork) Veg. & Beef) Tomato & Veal) Pine & Veal)	24 tins	These were good to eat, but required heating and were very heavy and expensive. I do not recommend them.
Potato	10 lb.	This was too much – we only used 5 lb. I feel 8 lb. would have been sufficient.
SURPRISE Peas	30 pkts	This is two packets per meal. I personally would say too much.

Commodity	Quantity	Comments
Rice	4 lb.	If we used any it was only 1 lb., but it would have been a good reserve supply if other food was short.
Asparagus (10 oz. tins)	12 tins	This is a luxury item and very heavy. We only ate about 6 tins.
Fruit	)	These were beaut, but in these quantities were heavy, and luxury items.
(1) Large tins	)	
(a) Peaches, pears	)	
apricots	9 tins)	
(b) Pineapple	5 tins)	
(2) Dried	)	These are good stewed up. (Water is no problem in Tassie).
(a) Apricots &	)	
peaches	8 pkts)	
(b) Apples &	)	
prunes	4 pkts)	
Brown Onion Sauce	4 pkts	We added some to a stew, but it was really unnecessary.
Sal Vital	4 tins	What would a trip be without Fizzy?!
Raisins	4 pkts	Good
Sultanas	4 pkts	Good
Toilet Paper	16 rolls	Too much. 10 - 12 rolls sufficient.
Matches		
(a) Ordinary	12 boxes)	
(b) Greenlites	12 boxes)	Take plenty
Butter concentrate	17 tins	1 tin per day - too much. We only used about half to three-quarters of a tin per day.
Rye crispbread	9 pkts)	These break easily, are not filling, and
Enavite	2 pkts)	are a low-calorie food - bad. Only use is as an excuse to spread honey etc.
Vitaweat	2 pkts	Don't break as easily, but same arguments apply.
Ham (non-refrig)	5 x 2 lb.	Good, but a luxury and heavy. Five tins too much.
SURPRISE Beans	2 pkts	Personally, I think these are much nicer than Surprise Peas.
Rice-a-Riso	4 pkts.	We did not use these - they take a lot of preparation.
Sunlight Soap	1 pkt	
Ghee	2 tins	Don't bother. Use butter concentrate.
Fruit Juices	)	
Orange large	2 tins)	Luxury, but most enjoyable.
P/apple small	2 tins)	
Carnation Milk	8 tins	Mostly used powdered milk. Tins handy but heavy. 8 tins too much.

Commodity	Quantity	Comments
Herbs	1 pkt	We didn't use these. They are unnecessary but only weigh 1 oz.
Glucodin	3 pkts	Take plenty of this - good stuff.
Date Rolls	10 lb.	These were home made, and very good substitute for bread.
Fruit Cake	1	Very good.
Powdered Egg	75 oz.	This is good stuff, but we didn't eat it all - 50 oz. is enough.
Tin Openers	3	Spread out among drums.
Scourers	3	We took nylon scourers - pretty useless. Steel wool is better.
Bacon	20 lb.	This was in 2 x 10 lb. (cut into four 5 lb. pieces) and was very good. It kept very well and was delicious if cooked in slices 1/8 to 1/4" thick. It was easily cooked.
Cheese		This is good stuff - take plenty - also take different varieties. Smoked cheese and Edam are delicious.
Dried Onions	Many packets	We used about 1 packet in a stew - only take small amount.
Brunch	50 pkts.	This stuff is not worthwhile. It consists of powdered milk, sugar and flavouring. If you want it, make your own. It is expensive.
Shellite		I don't know how much we took, but the containers filled up an airdrop drum. That was too much, even if we had done a lot of cooking.
Batteries		Put spares in airdrop. We put ours in with the shellite which leaked and ruined some.
Trenching Tool	1	Handy for burying drop drums.
Plum Pudding		Luxury, but very good.
Salt	3 lb.	2 lb. would have been sufficient but more would be needed under other conditions, e.g. hot weather.
Sugar	32 lb.	4-5 lb. were lost in the drops (packets break easily) 25 lb. would have been sufficient.
Tea	3 lb.	This was plenty.
Coffee	½ lb.	Plenty
Ovaltine	2 tins)	Both of these were very good in the
Milo	2 tins)	cold. Sufficient, but more could have been taken.

Commodity	Quantity	Comments
Jam	6 tins	We ran out. 1 or 2 more tins would have been good.
Honey	6 x 1 lb.	This was always in demand, but unfortunately it was in plastic jars which broke easily.
Vegemite	4 x 4 oz.	This amount was plenty since you usually don't eat great quantities at a time.

Freeze Dried Meat: Meat which we provided, and which was processed for us by the Department of Primary Industries, as part of an experiment. This was very good compared with that sawdust retailed as meat. We had mostly beef, and some chicken. The chicken was superb, but very expensive, since 12½ lb. of bird yielded only three pounds of meat. The only drawback in this set-up was that the meat was packed in inconvenient (bulky, not heavy) tins.

One item I haven't mentioned yet was eight tins of soft drink. This would have been all right in good weather, but scolling soft drink while standing in a snowstorm is ridiculous!

It is very easy now to look back and say that this was good and that was bad. The organization of this most important factor of the trip is, however, a very difficult thing indeed. Let all those who undertake this task realize its heavy responsibility. You must plan for any weather, any mishap that is likely to occur (and some that aren't), and still have a manageable situation. To avoid complaints later, everybody in the party should have a hand in the planning.

I hope that this report has helped someone, even if only in a small way. If it does, it will have been worth the effort.

THE PHYSICS OF A SLEEPING BAG

THE REV. DR. JOHN STEELE

Michael Faraday used to say that all the known laws of Physics were illustrated by the burning of a candle; nobody could claim this honour for the humble sleeping bag. Yet the application of elementary Physics can help you to make the best use of a sleeping bag, and may even determine whether you survive.

The main purpose of a sleeping bag is to keep you warm, and the bag does this by insulating you from the air above and the ground below. As every student knows, heat can be transferred by conduction, convection or radiation. Since air does not appreciably conduct heat, air is used as the insulating material in a sleeping bag. Convection is prevented by separating the air into small regions or cells, and this is the function of the down or feathers, etc. To make the bag work properly, shake it and fluff out the down, to restore the air that was lost when the bag was packed. If you forget to fluff out the down, you will not have the maximum number of air cells. Some bags have insufficient down, or are badly quilted; considerable heat loss occurs, especially at the seams.

The part of the bag between the sleeper and the ground becomes squashed, and very little air remains to insulate the body from the ground, especially under the hip and shoulder. An air mattress is most desirable. Do not think an air mattress is only for ''softies''. Even if you don't need it to protect you from the hardness of the ground, you will sometimes need it to keep you warm. It can help in two ways. Firstly, it prevents conduction of heat to the ground by providing a thick layer of insulating air (but some heat will flow by convection). Secondly, it distributes the pressure due to the weight of the body, equalizing the squashing of the down, so that the air cells within the bag are never completely deflated. For most efficient use of the bag, you should avoid squashing it while getting in; this means trying not to ''touch bottom'', that is, not to put too much weight on one part of the air mattress, as you squirm into the bag. It is obviously wasteful to buy an expensive sleeping bag unless you are prepared to use a mattress with it. Instead of an air mattress, some people prefer plastic foam, which works just about as well.

Incidentally, if your plastic air mattress develops a small leak (as is likely if you ''touch bottom'' on rocky ground, with or without a groundsheet), it can usually be fixed with scotch tape or band-aid. This is because the weight of the body increases the air pressure inside the mattress by about 1 lb. per square inch; if a hole one-tenth of an inch in diameter is patched with scotch tape, the force exerted by the air on the tape is a small fraction of an ounce.

In the sleeping compartment of the bag, air convection will occur if there are temperature differences. If the neck of the bag is left open on a cold night the temperature gradient may cause a miniature typhoon inside the bag; an endless supply of freezing air is transferred by convection to most parts of the body. It is not sufficient to wear a pullover, a scarf and beanie; pull your head in and tie the bag up tight, but keep the knots simple if you suffer from sudden attacks of claustrophobia. Don't worry about suffocating; a one-inch hole will allow all the ventilation you need, by convection, if the air outside is cold.

Water vapour from the breath or from perspiration escapes through the bag. This happens even if the bag is a near-perfect insulator. The vapour diffuses through the air cells, and does not carry the air with it. It is a mistake to cover the sleeping bag with plastic or with a ground sheet, as the water condenses on the under-side and moistens the bag. This moisture reduces the insulating efficiency of the bag. Also, any cover will partly squash the air out of the down. For protection from rain, perhaps the best solution is to

tie a rope between two trees as a support for a plastic sheet, allowing plenty of ventilation for evaporation, not to mention breathing.

Why do some sleeping bags attract dew? Dew settles on objects that are colder than the air. If your sleeping bag never receives a deposit of dew, it must be letting a lot of body heat through. Dew is the sign of a good sleeping bag. Good bags have a shower-proof exterior to stop dew from seeping in.

But no sleeping bag is a perfect insulator, and therefore it is desirable to camp in a place where heat transfer from the outside of the bag is minimal. Avoid windy positions. Remember that the exterior of the bag loses heat by ''black-body'' radiation, and this may be compensated for by camping under objects that are relatively warm and radiate energy back to the sleeping bag. The clear sky is very cold indeed, and will return almost no heat to the bag. A cloudy sky is better, and a forest or cave is better still. When travelling in cold, exposed places, carry a tent as a good standby.

The colour of the sleeping bag is not crucial, although a red bag is an advantage if you are lost in the snow and hope to be seen. A dark colour will radiate more energy, but it will have the advantage of easily absorbing the sun's rays. Infra-red rays from the sun help to dry out the bag after rain or dew, and ultra-violet light, which kills bacteria, should be allowed to sterilize the interior of the bag.

Physics can help you to understand and use your sleeping bag. Perhaps some day, somebody will even succeed in receiving 4IP on the zipper of his bag, and that, too, will be explicable.

SUMMER SNOWFALL

I. R, CRELLIN

The fire spluttered as the cold drizzle drifted down into the huge open chimney which took up most of one wall of the rough hut in Dixon's Kingdom. As I looked out of the doorway I saw the strange white misty swirlings of rainy snow as they swept up the valley from the Tasmanian central plateau, towards the bulky mass of Mt. Jerusalem, now hidden in cloud. Slowly the mantle of white descended and as darkness fell there was a strange lightness over the foliage, as the snowflakes fell, paused, then melted into nothingness.

''Ridiculous! '' I snorted. ''It's mid-summer- it can't be snowing!''

It was New Year's Eve, and as we made our way back to our tents pitched behind the hut, we knew that we were in for a cold night and probably a wet sleety New Year. That night, only the tip of my nose peeped from the little opening in my ''Hotham", but even it didn't suspect what was going on as I slept. Next morning, New Year's Day, the tent roof sagged under its weight of snow. This was to be expected, but when I opened the doors of the tent and looked out, a sight of unexpected and awesome beauty met my eyes.

The black pine trees were laden with branch-loads of snow, the hut roof was like icing on a cake and all around lay several inches of clean, crisp, white snow. Our spirits rose. We had cancelled our attempt on Mt. Rogoona due to low cloud the previous day and had come straight into the Walls of Jerusalem area instead. Now there was the chance that we could climb Mt. Jerusalem and see the area under snow. However, as we cooked breakfast at the cavernous fireplace in the hut, and as our smoke went up, the cloud came down, as did our spirits. Only Bill was happy about this. He grabbed his fiancee and his fishing rod (collapsable variety) and went off down the valley to fish for trout in Lake Ball. While the rest of us seized a mid-morning opportunity to climb up the Temple of Jerusalem during a break in the cloud, Bill and Penny caught several beautiful fish which they prepared, and we ate, for tea that evening. Fresh mountain trout is a melt-in-the-mouth delicacy never to be forgotten.

From the Temple we could see over the entire Walls of Jerusalem area and when the cloud broke, often only for seconds, we could see to the west the mountains of the southern Reserve around Lake St. Clair. This area east of the Reserve and to the east of the Mersey River is covered by myriads of glacial lakes. The plateau surface is dotted with silver splotches when viewed from a high feature such as the one we were on. We looked down to Herod's Gate, through which we had passed, to the waters of Lake Salome, where we spent a bitterly cold lunch-time trying to light a fire with wet wood. A howling blizzard swept over the lake to the towering black West Wall which was highlighted by a covering of snow. We knew that the next day we would have to retrace our steps back to the Mersey River to the Forestry road beyond Rowellan Dam. Here the Fish River rushes as a torrent down a cleft in the plateau between Clumner Bluff and Howell's Bluff, to spread out in an alluvial cone structure, emptying itself into the Mersey River in a multitude of confluences.

Next morning found us trudging over the water shed separating Lake Ball and Lake Salome. We slushed through the mucky alpine peatsoil. It is like a sponge, as each step squeezes water from it, and you often sink calf-deep in its softer spots, knee-deep where it's muddier. The cloud, rather than breaking, was thickening, and the wind was increasing in its savageness. As we passed along the rocky foreshores of the lake, through its dark groves of pine trees, sleet began to sting our faces and the wind whipped us like a

frenzied creature. We passed into a narrow cleft in the mountains at the outlet of Lake Salome. This was Herod's Gate, the way out of the Walls of Jerusalem area, and one of the several gaps between the Walls. It is less than a mile in length and has a steep slope down to the stream below. The wind was funnelled up this gap and blew up almost vertically, getting snow and sleet underneath our waterproof jackets. The snow was sticking to the front of our jackets, and to look at one's companions was as to look at a group of disembodied spirits :floating in a rushing cloud. We were like white ghosts. As more snow stuck to us and as we flexed our bodies, slabs of snow would drop off the jacket and a new coating replace it almost immediately.

After we had passed through Herod's Gate on to lower land (about 3,000 feet) the weather became more friendly. We were below the cloud and snow still performing on the higher land, and could open up the fronts of our jackets to combat overheating, a problem which didn't arise higher up. The upper slopes of Howell's Bluff were a blaze of colour with the Tasmanian Waratah, (a member of the same genus as its mainland cousin, and a particularly beautiful red flower), as we made our way down the slope to the waiting cars.

We drove out down the Mersey Valley, through the rather English countryside with hawthorn hedges, shelterbelts of trees for the fat sheep in the lush pastures, and the English trees planted by the early settlers. We passed the townships of Mole Creek and Deloraine in beautiful clear sunny weather and when we stopped for petrol the attendant assured us that it had been like that all weekend. We turned our heads to the mountains still crowned with black stormheads, and where it was probably still snowing. But our immediate problem was the holiday traffic - the people who had enjoyed the sunny New Year weekend only twenty miles, but some several thousand feet in altitude, from where we had spent ours.

This, I hope, will be a word of caution to those planning a Tasmanian trip even in mid-summer. It is not the sort of place where one can travel ill-equipped or with little planning, and survive. You can be lucky, however, there is a memorial hut in the Park at Lake Rodway to two unfortunate people who died in the Park of exposure some years ago. In May 1965, Ewan Scott, a fine walker in the peak of health, and a member of Launceston Walking Club, died while trying to save David Kilvert, who had been trapped by a sudden snowstorm in the Cradle Mt. area. Be warned - when the weather breaks in Tasmania, it really turns bad.

Knowledge of use of a map and compass in a fog, or of how to pitch your tent in a blizzard or on soggy ground, cannot be gained in Queensland. However, you can prepare for such an eventuality by being thoroughly trained in the use of the equipment and by ensuring that you buy only top quality, suitable equipment. You can get periods of up to two weeks of intensely clear, sunny weather in Tassie, and under these conditions it is magnificent. But Nature can be cruel in Tasmania, so be prepared.

John Siemon has had a letter from one of our members now in Tasmania furthering his studies. Phil Leask writes in a similar vein. He points out that walking in the South-West and in the rest of Tasmania, is a deadly serious business at any time of the year. He says that the H. W. C. publication ''Safety in the Bush'' should be carried by all parties as it has many helpful, perhaps life- saving hints on river-crossing, first aid, preparing campsites, air-drops and a myriad of other things which crop up there, but are not commonplace in Queensland.

Overall, if you want to go to Tasmania, plan well and ensure that both you and your gear are fit to meet the challenge. If so, you will find Tasmania a very rewarding experience.

Often he wonders why he went.

- Rupert Brooke

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NOTE ON THE NORTHERN FLINDERS RANGES

S. G. BOYDELL

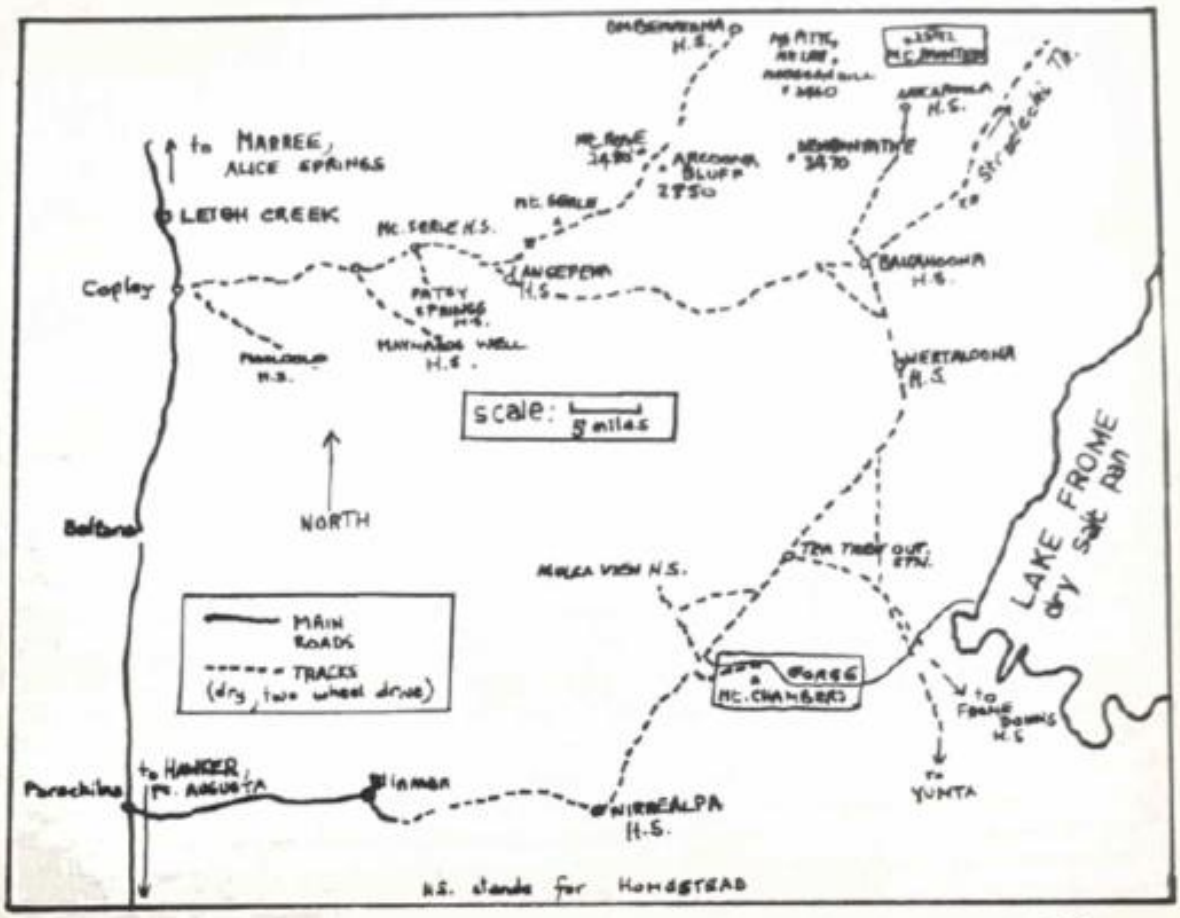
In "Heybob" Vol, 9, there is a short article on South Australia's Flinders Ranges, dealing mainly with the southern three-quarters of them, that is, south of Parachilna, including the famous Wilpena Pound. During May 1968 some Landrover-owning friends and I visited the northern end of the ranges, and spent a few days in the Mount Painter area, and another two in the Chambers Gorge; just west of Lake Frome. To quote from the R. A. A. guide: "Areas are probably the most rugged in the Flinders Ranges, and to date some sections have not yet been traversed by white man!" However, the Mount Painter area is the site of a recently announced Uranium find by Exoil, so there are a few recent roads (although frequently four wheel drive) that make the area more accessible. There is even a sort of Tourist Motel being forced upon the landscape near Arkaroola homestead, within ten miles of Mt. Painter.

Mt. Painter (2590') and its environs provide some really fascinating scenery. The geological structure is amazingly prominent and varied, and all the area is coloured in rich reddish-brown (really sunburnt) shades. The vegetation is fairly sparse and one has no difficulty in navigating by landmarks.

The Mount Chambers area (including the Chambers Gorge) is an area well worth visiting. The Gorge is possibly the best of the Flinders Ranges gorges and is about five miles long with its sheer walls of sedimentary rock frequently rising for hundreds of feet. It offers good scope for the camera fiend - assuming that it doesn't rain (considered rare) as it did on our trip. It is possible to drive a four wheel drive vehicle along the Gorge (if one is careful), but the scenery is missed if this is done. Mount Chambers itself should provide really great views along the Gorge, and is a large slice of mountain characterised by many red rockfalls down its sides.

This part of the Flinders Ranges offers quite unusual and interesting country to the rainforest-weary bushwalker, and the scenery is very pleasantly different from the East Coast (including Tasmania). Perhaps variety is to be found outside New Zealand!

Printed information about the area is limited to a map and booklet available from the R. A. A. , and various geological maps (which are not terribly useful).



THE NORTHERN FLINDERS RANGES

MORETON ISLAND - VISITED AND REVISITED

NEIL DOUGLAS

Scarcely more than thirty miles from Brisbane is an almost unique bushwalking area which is virtually untouched by the hand of man. This is the vast sand deposit of Moreton Island. Unlike Stradbroke, almost all of the island is uninhabited except for the Tangalooma Tourist Resort and the Cape Moreton Lighthouse. It seems to have had some ''strategic'' importance during the World Wars, as there are ruined houses and bunkers near the north-west tip of the island, and bunkers along the south-east coast, most of which are in the process of falling into the sea. A telegraph line once ran down the middle of the island between these installations but this has substantially rusted away. The remainder of this great expanse of sand is for the most part covered by virgin scrub which contains some surprisingly tall timber, considering the nature of the soil. The only part of the island which is not an ancient sand dune is Cape Moreton itself, which is rhyolite and sandstone. This situation may not last much longer, however!) as tourist organisations, land developers, and the Stradbroke Island beach mining companies are at present casting greedy glances at Moreton Island.

Access is by launch to Tangalooma, which makes four journeys each way weekly, departing on the forward journey from the Hamilton Game Fishing Wharf. For a weekend trip, departure is at 6 p.m. on Friday and the return journey commences at 3 p.m. on Sunday from Tangalooma. (There is also one at 2 p.m. on Monday for long weekends.) The best map to use is probably the Redcliffe 1 Mile Military Map.

It is not possible to cover the whole island by foot in one weekend. Two other club members and I made two trips, one in July 1967 and the other in July this year, as winter is by far the best time of the year for walking on the island. On the first trip we walked northwards from Tangalooma to Cowan-Cowan Point by night on the Friday, which was unusually difficult because the recent flood rains had caused large subsidences of the high dunes into the sea, leaving a mass of dead trees and other debris in the sea directly at the bottom. The following day we walked around the northern coast, where we were beset by hordes of marauding soldier crabs, to Cape Moreton, and then about eight miles down the east coast to our campsite for the night. On a fine winter's day this is a very pleasant, if long, walk. Sunday dawned not so fine and we set off down the coast again in drenching rain. After five or six miles we turned inland and began a scrub-bash of about six miles to the east coast, hoping to strike it near Tangalooma. Moreton has a kind of thick-prickly scunge not generally found on the mainland in south-east Queensland, but which resembles that on parts of Fraser and Stradbroke Island. Consequently, we arrived back at the launch with about as much time to spare as one might allow for catching a tram in Brisbane.

Nevertheless, it was a very enjoyable trip and we returned this year to explore the southern half of the island. Remembering our tight schedule of the previous year, we degenerated and used a track which runs from Tangalooma to the east coast, instead of scrub-bashing. (We noted with some inquietude that this route is also popular with wild boars, judging from the footprints.) It is difficult to find the entrance to the track from the east coast side, if you want to do the trip in reverse. Incidentally, by leaving the track about two-thirds of the way across and heading north for about three miles, Mt. Tempest (913'), the highest sand dune in the world, can be reached, but it's said to be covered with scunge pretty well to the top. The area surrounding it has recently been declared a National Park. After striking the east coast, we headed south for about ten miles and camped for the night. On Sunday, after a fairly short scrub-bash westwards, we came to the foot of the ''Big Sandhills'' which are several hundred feet high and completely devoid of vegetation. These have some interesting erosion forms similar to those found in the Sahara. The view

from the top of them is terrific. Apart from all of the other major islands in the bay and much of Brisbane, many of the mountains of the Scenic Rim are visible, some (such as Mt. Barney) up to 80 miles away, as well as the Glasshouses and the ranges west of Nambour. From the dunes it is a walk of about eight miles back up the beach on the west coast to Tangalooma.

One of these trips, or a variation of them, is well worthwhile. Possibly the northern half of the island is more interesting than the southern if you intend to make only one 2-day trip, although both have points to recommend them. One thing to note is that there is very little fresh water on Moreton (although there is some in places), so the old water bottle is necessary. Just one other tip - hurry!

The bulldozers may get there before you do!

Beyond the East the sunrise, beyond the West the sea,
And East and West the wander-thirst that will not let me be.
Gerald Gould - 'Wander-Thirst''

Solvitur ambulando (it is solved by walking) - the
motto of the philosophic tramp.
F.W. Maitland.

COOLOOLAHSANDPATCH

KEN GRIMES

This is an area totally different from any other bushwalking areas (except Stradbroke and Fraser Islands perhaps). It is situated on the coast north of Noosa. Access is from the west through a State Forest, or alternatively, if you have a Jeep (or V. W.), you can drive out to the beach to the north via King's Bore, and drive down the beach. However, navigation might be more difficult, as the sand patch cannot be seen from the beach. Anyway it's more fun from the west as you will see below.

Heading north along the Bruce Highway you turn off through Pomona and head for Kin Kino. At Kin Kin you turn right just before the town and head east. From here you follow your nose for about seven or eight miles to where there is a sharp turn-off to the right at the top of a hill near a Forestry Station. From here on you are in a Forestry Reserve and large signs saying ''No entry without Written Permit'' remind you that perhaps you SHOULD have got that Permit after all. Past the Forestry Station the first turn to the right (about three miles later) will take you past a sawmill and on to the Noosa River. On the last stretch of this track drive carefully, as some of the low bridges are not all there and you are likely to end up on three wheels, while the fourth one lies under the bridge. At the end of the road there is a fishing shack. This belongs to Mr. Ho Spring of Cooroy, who apparently likes people to ask permission to leave their cars there.

Well, now that we have got here, let's have a look at the area. The sand patch is now about three miles to the North east, but cannot be seen yet. What will impress you most as you climb out of your cars is the Noosa River. The reason for this is that it is about eighty feet wide and n feet deep, and somehow you have to get across to the other side, complete with packs. For this I strongly recommend that you have several lilos in the party. If you have no lilos, (we didn't on the first trip), you will become rather agitated and after trying unsuccessfully to build a raft you will notice that an old rusty grader nearby has a rather battered petrol tank attached to it. This doesn't appear to have any holes in it (apart from the cap and the fuel line). If you plug up the holes it will float very well. After you have floated a few packs across to the other side you will notice that it is no longer floating very well. You will suspect a leak. This can be prevented by enclosing the tank in a large plastic bag, (donated by Graeme who has all sorts of rubbish in the back of his Citroen). Anyway to cut a long story short on the second trip we took lilos and avoided all the panic that occurs when the owner of a pack observes the rapidly rising water line and … etc..

Having crossed the river you head due east and will immediately be most impressed by a mile and a half of wallum swamp. This area is at its best after a little rain (and at its worst after a little more rain). At first sight the swamp will appear to be nice and flat, but as you start to cross it you will find that it is full of holes. These holes are slightly larger than your leg AND HAVE NO BOTTOM. As they are covered by the reeds etc. you do not see them until ... oops!

Don't laugh too loudly when your intrepid leader drops into one of these your turn will soon come - in fact it will probably come several times before the end of the day. If you are careful you can manage to jam both legs into the same hole (ask Norm about the details of this technique). You can then sit there while your ''friends” take photos before helping you out. Another form of amusement in the swamp is provided by the Banksia flowers, which make a most satisfying thud when they are thrown at people's packs.

Towards the end of the swamp, if you are lucky, you will find a number of peat islands. These are floating, with channels between them. At first these channels will appear to be an easy jump, but you won't

discover till after you jump that the edge of the next island is not as solid as it looks. Also, if you stay on any island for too long, it will start to sink - so make sure that you are not at the end of the party.

WACKO! Dry land at last. I suggest that you stop for lunch before pushing on to be impressed by the next stretch of country. This is about a mile and a half of old sand dunes, heavily forested with Banksia and suchlike friendly beasties. Navigation through this is hell, and rather than try to follow a route on your map, it is best just to put your head down and head due east. In the last half mile the vegetation is more open in the valleys. Views can be had by climbing trees.

At the end of the dunes you drop down the cliffs (steep sand slopes) on to the beach. This is your campsite. Water can usually be found by digging in the beach above the high water mark at a point below the exit of one of the valleys. Amusements on the beach include swimming (in summer), throwing coconuts, sliding down the cliffs, popping jellyfish floats, chasing crabs, etc. etc. etc...

On the second day if you head north along the beach for half a mile or so (depending on where you came out the day before), you will come to a valley that leads up to the sand patch (269439 on the Cooloolah 1 mile sheet). This valley can be recognized, as it is the only one in this area which comes out at beach level. All the others have a bit of a drop over the cliffs. Follow the valley up (keeping to the northern side for the last bit) until you hit the sand patch.

The sand patch will be the climax of the trip, (though perhaps not quite as much fun as the swamp). It is over a mile long and a bit under a mile wide – an enormous expanse of loose sand, along which you will walk and walk and walk until you nearly lose sight of the surrounding vegetation. At this stage, all the photographers on the trip will go slightly insane and use up all their film, (a good thing, as they won't be able to take embarrassing pictures in the swamp on the way home).

The lower part of the sand patch has a pavement of dark ironstone pebbles which give a funny negative effect with people leaving white footprints on a dark surface. There are also ridges with a skeleton of eroded concretionary ironstone. If you keep your eyes open you may find a few Aboriginal stone artifacts. Further up, the sand becomes white, but in places if you kick your feet in you will find bands of yellow and brown just below the surface. Looking back at the foot of the valley, you can see the outer line of breakers in the ocean. From the top of the sand patch there is a beaut view to the west and an interesting slide down through the trees which have been buried by the advancing sand.

Returning home, head straight across the swamp to a low ''island'' at 232456. Most of the way is fairly easy (less pot-holes and somewhat drier than the route to the south). But to make up for this the last 150 yards are across a "creek" and involve wading in water two or three feet deep. You will find that the bottom is not very solid, so don't stand still for more than ten seconds or you will begin to disappear downwards. From the island you will find it better to continue due west to the river and then follow this south to the crossing. A diagonal ''short cut'' can be rather scungy in places.

In conclusion, the area is well worth a visit as it is quite different from more usual bushwalks and has a number of memorable sections which are well worth the effort, (the river crossing, the swamp, the beach, and the sand patch itself). The best times to visit the area are in spring when the wildflowers are out in the wallum swamp, or in summer when the swimming is more enjoyable. Don't forget to take a few lilos or something to float the packs across the river.

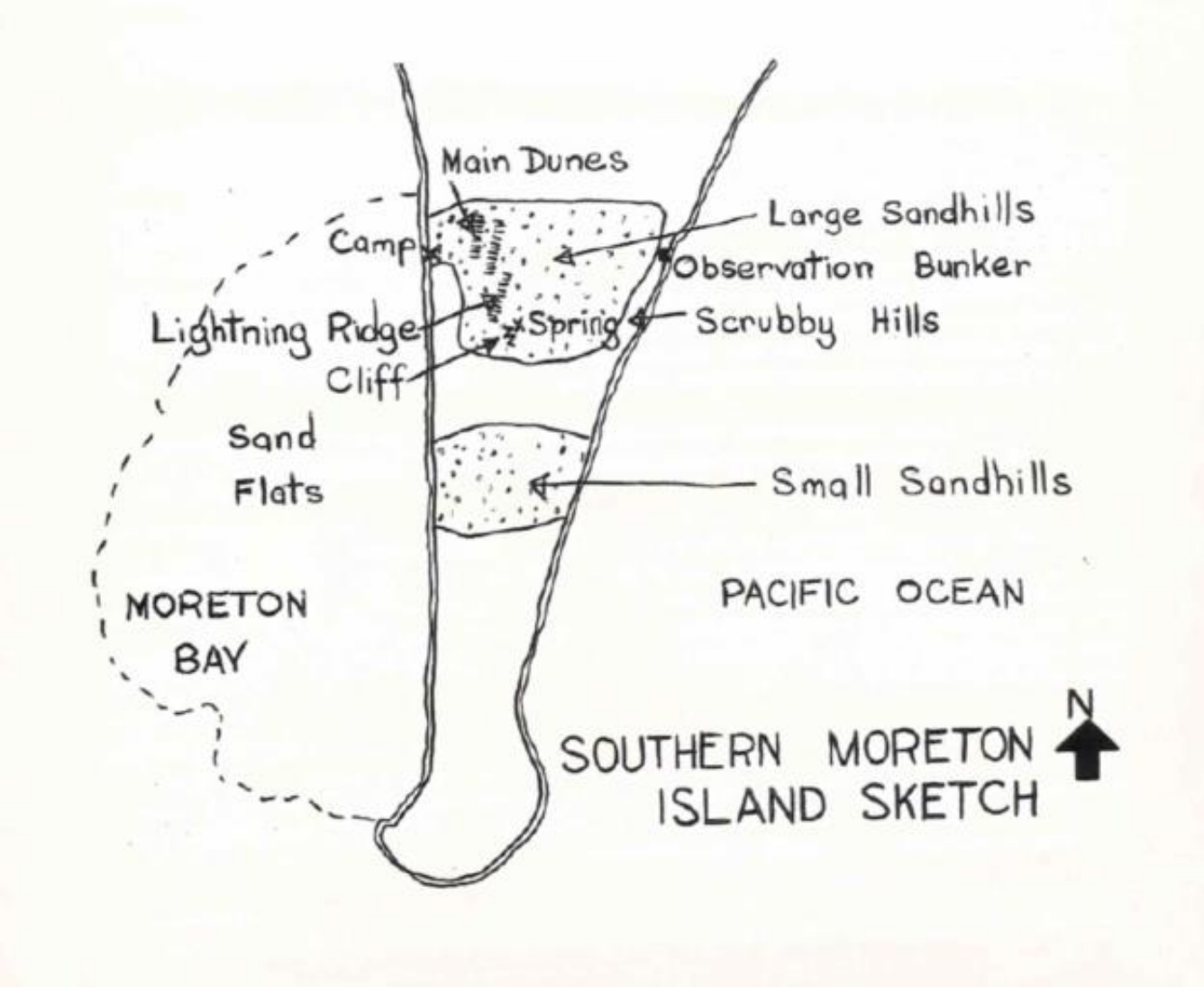
The map used is the Cooloolah 1:50,000 Military sheet (approximately 1 mile = 1 inch) available from Watson and Ferguson. This sheet does not show the road into the area, however, and the Gympie 4 mile sheet is portably the best for this.

MORETON ISLAND

JOHN BLUHDORN

Have you ever dreamed of living on your own desert island, away from the worries and cares of the world? Even if you haven't, I have! (I'm just an escapist at heart, I guess).

Happily, there is a beaut place as near to the ideal as you are likely to get close to home. (The trouble is … it is so close to home that nobody gives it a thought!) Only twenty miles across Moreton Bay is the tourist hotel at Tangalooma. Unless you have your own transport, you'll have to go across on the tourist launch ''Tarobo Lady''. Bookings are made by contacting the hotel (Phone Tangalooma 3). The charge was six dollars ($6) return, at last count.



You can soon leave the tourists behind simply by walking about half a mile along the beach. That is about as far from the safety of the bar and the swimming pool as they usually get.

If a degenerate basecamp is envisaged, (and on Moreton Island they can be really degenerate), a good spot is the Large Sandhills. These are near the southern end of the island and may be reached by walking an easy eight miles along the bayside beach. You can't miss them, since they are a huge expanse of open sand about five hundred feet high. There is a good campsite at the foot of the sandhills, behind a row of trees. Water may be obtained from wells (easily dug) at the campsite, or from a spring about a mile from camp across the sandhills. Near the spring there is a sand cliff which drips water (See map p.42 – NOTE: this was in the original copy, this is now on page 50).

From the campsite, easy walks may be arranged to the Small Sandhills, over to the ocean beach, or even around the southern tip of the island. The ocean beach curves away northwards towards Cape Moreton (the lighthouse can be seen from anywhere on the beach). Fishing is reputed to be tremendous in the gutters which run all the way along the coast.

An old concrete observation bunker on top of the scrubby hills behind the beach marks the back door of the Large Sandhills. The Small Sandhills are open sand from coast to coast. All the way across the sandhills, you can find old timber which has been carved by wind and sand, sometimes giving almost needle-like points.

Another interesting feature just south of the main dunes is Lightning Ridge. This is a sand dune which is covered in a sheet of red sandy rock. The rock often occurs in bubble like formations, giving the general appearance that the whole sand surface has been fused and then broken up.

Very extensive sand flats (not mud) occur on the bayside. They contain a wealth of life in the forms of shellfish, anemones, U-tube worms etc.

A reminder of what you are missing out on hangs over the western horizon. A large black smog cloud marks Brisbane. The sandhills on a clear night are a real delight. Looking to the west, the lights of Brisbane sparkle warmly, while the Milky Way glitters coldly from above. A bright moon bathes the sand in a blue light that makes edges, rises and falls in the sand indistinguishable. Running along in the eerie light, you suddenly find yourself treading thin air, then tumbling down the sandy slope.

If you feel energetic, or just want a lazy beachwalk, start from Tangalooma walk north around the end of the island, south along the ocean beach to the sandhills, and back to Tangalooma. This is not a hard trip but I think you will enjoy it more if you take your time. Water is no problem, since many good creeks run out from swamps on both sides of the island.

A few miles north of Tangalooma is Cowan-Cowan. The only inhabitants there are Mr. and Mrs. Wadsworth. The old Army installations there are worth looking at. The Bulwer wrecks, which used to form an anchorage, are the next feature on the northward trip.

From Bulwer, Cape Moreton may be reached either by continuing to follow the beach, or by taking one of the island's two roads. The road trip means about nine miles of hot, dusty, monotonous walking. The beach continues north for a while, and then veers eastward along the northern edge of the island, passing sand dunes, lagoons and Yellow Patch. The latter is just what it says, and is one of the main landmarks used by ships entering Brisbane. This route is about seven miles, so I think you know which way to take. You can probably guess which way our party went! We were lucky enough to get a lift through to Cape

Moreton along the last few miles, in one of the few vehicles on the island. This was driven by a very friendly bloke who works for one of the many sandmining companies that want to exploit the mineral sands on Moreton Island.

At Cape Moreton, the main attraction on the spectacular headland is the lighthouse. It was built by convict labour. The cliffs of Cape Moreton (the only ''hard'' rock on the island) are interesting to scramble around at low tide.

Off now down the Ocean Beach about seventeen miles, to the sandhills. Several creeks are encountered along the way, one of them leading into a fresh-water lake, (not a swamp), Blue Lagoon. Outcrops of peaty sandstone (beach rock) make progress slow along some sections of the beach, but even that is not difficult. Coloured sand cliffs and aboriginal midden heaps are found just behind the beach. The latter contain some artifacts, if you are interested in anthropology. One of the biggest heaps is at Eagers Creek. This is the largest creek on the island, and there is a very good campsite beside it, amongst some trees. Here you can have the luxury of camping on real, live GRASS. (By now you should be glad to get off the sand). An old broken-down hut is there as a sign of long-past habitation.

Some fishermen's huts are encountered south of Eagers Creek. One of these belongs to the tourist hotel, and marks the end of the only other road on the island (from Tangalooma).

If you have aspirations of climbing Mt. Tempest (at 919 feet it is the highest sandhill in the world), I believe it can be done from here.

As people who have been to Fraser Island will know, real bushwalking (i.e., inland) in this sort of country is hopeless. Short excursions in from the beach are the best means of seeing inland features. The stretch from Eagers Creek to the sandhills is devoid of creeks, but there are a few soaks, and I feel sure that wells would give fresh water.

Walking on the ocean beach is easy enough at any time of day. On the bay side, high tide causes some difficulties. This is because, in a few places (especially between Tangalooma and the Sandhills), trees have fallen across the beach. This makes low tide the best time for walking.

I have not yet been to Fraser Island, but from what I have heard, Moreton is very much like it, on a reduced scale. Moreton Island, however, is much more accessible, and one week's leisurely walking will enable anyone to see most of what is there. But if you are anything like me you will want to return. Summertime may be a bit too hot and wet. The best time of year is probably the August Vacation, when there is the greatest chance of good weather.

Try it! You may discover that you are almost as much of an escapist as I am.

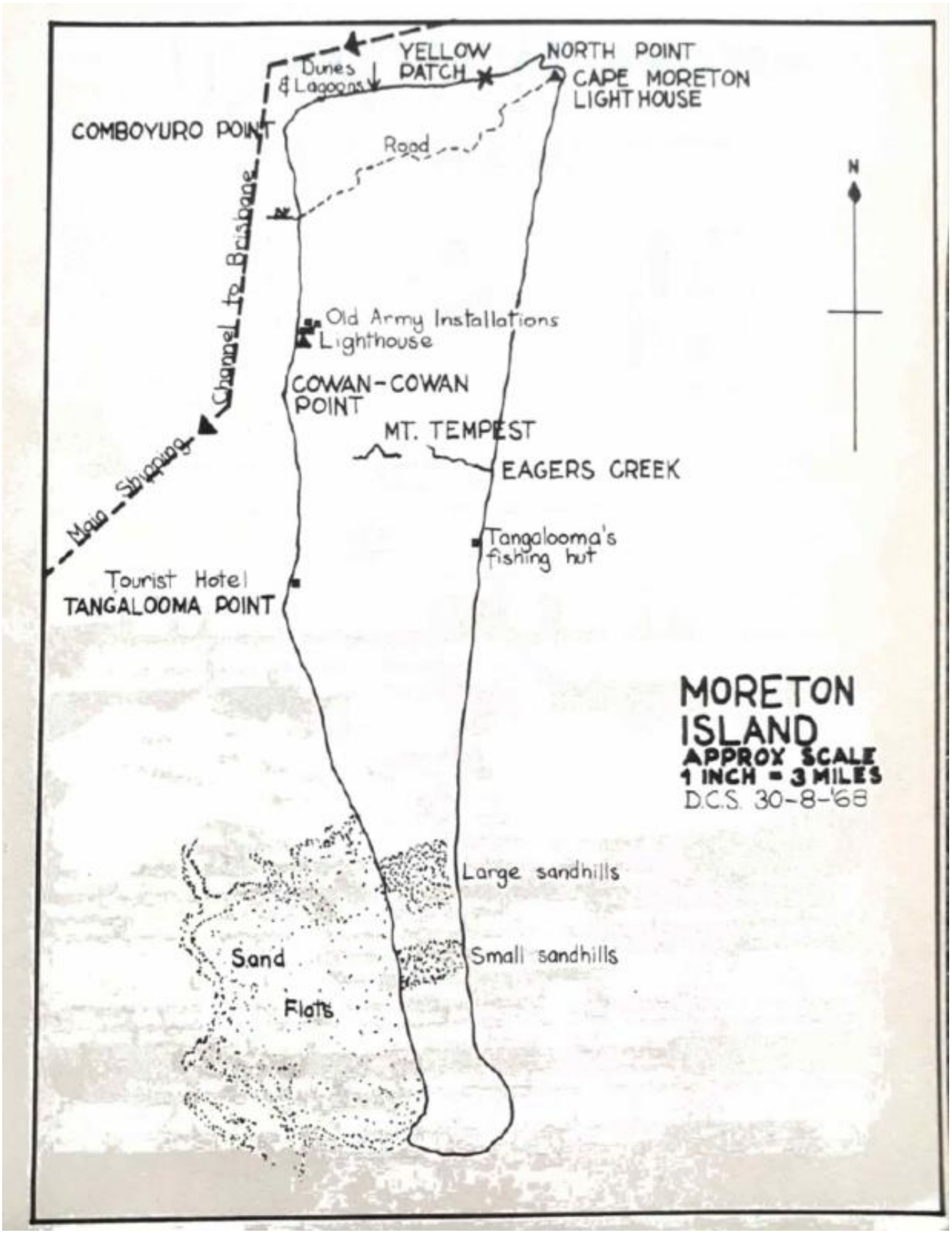
MAPS

On military maps, Moreton Island is split into two. The most useful map is that of the northern half, which is part of the Redcliffe sheet.

Don't put too much faith in this map, since it was made in 1944 and many features have changed since then. As an example: in our attempt on Mt. Tempest (from the bay side), I took bearings on the Cowan-Cowan lighthouse. These gave ridiculous results on the map. We found out later that the lighthouse had been moved since the map was made.

FOR MORE INFORMATION

See any of these people - they will probably be able to answer some of your questions: Margot Greenhalgh, John Henderson, John O'Donnell, Peter Comino, Trevor Patterson, Bill Anderson or John Bluhdorn.



A DEGENERATE TRIP TO CONONDALE

RON SWANBOROUGH

Friday night saw thirty bushwalkers littering the Kidney Lawn, all hoping to go to Booloumba Creek - in three vehicles. Finally, after some discussion, six of us set off to come in from the north of Booloumba Creek Falls.

The trip was an exciting one - the highlight of which was a fast rundown the range from Mapleton, on a one-lane winding dirt road. After sitting on the brakes for several minutes down this road, the brakes faded out, leaving us in the lap of the gods - and a thick fog. After finding the correct turn three miles past Kenilworth, we headed along the Sunday Creek Road towards the junction of Booloumba and Lobster Creeks. Two o'clock on Saturday morning found six bushwalkers bedded down in the middle of the Forestry Road.

That morning (at eight o'clock), the party - two Robyns, Helen, Sue, Ralph and I - headed off along the ridge between Booloumba and Lobster Creeks. After discussing our planned route with a timber hauler, we decided to alter (throw away) our original plan, and confidently walked on. Several miles on, after a pleasant lunch (shared with ants and leeches), we moved off to the west of the ridge and soon found ourselves scunge-bashing up and down some small ridges and valleys. Thoroughly bushed, we dispensed with maps and compasses and played the game by ear (sounds of a waterfall coming from the west - or is it the south-east?)

Finally, whether by chance or precision, we followed an open ridge down to the Bundaroo Creek Falls and there met up with Tony Meadows' party.

After this, we decided we now knew how to get back easily, and degenerate ideas were evolved, e.g. set off early on Sunday and head for Caloundra (fun).

Nine o'clock on Sunday we said our goodbyes, (little did we know), and headed off up the open ridge towards a Forestry road (mythical). After exploring five square miles of terrain between Lobster and Bundaroo Creeks we arrived back half a mile from the falls, (yes, I do mean the ones we left at nine o'clock), where we met Tony Meadows' party heading out.

Then we started again, and strolled nonchalantly (with perhaps just a little sweating and panting) into the scunge. Just half an hour later we came out on to the Forestry Road, (a bit of unconventional navigation for which Ralph must be given credit), and headed off down the ridge in the drizzling rain to the car.

A FEW INTERESTING FACTS AND FIGURES

Prizes awarded under new Gold Star Bushwalking Scheme:

i. A Gold Star and a pint of blood to me for catching most leeches.
ii. A Gold Star and drafting equipment to Ralph for initiative shown in throwing away the maps.
iii. Gold Stars must also be awarded to Helen, Sue and the two Robyns for:
    a. their bravery in trusting our navigation.
    b. their optimism in expecting to spend Sunday at Caloundra

ROAD TEST

Test Car:

a ‘56 HOLDEN F. E.

PERFORMANCE FIGURES

i. Top speed 3. 63 mph. (6 people and packs).
ii. Negative braking effect in second gear going down a range.
iii. Design of back passenger compartment forms an efficient whirlpool as water rushes through.
iv. Temperature gauge indicated "Radiator blew up twenty minutes ago".

MT. D'AGUILAR - MT. SAMSON NATIONAL PARKS

JOHN SIJMMONS

The twin peaks of Mt. Samson are a feature of the ranges behind Brisbane. On the clearest days they can be seen from Springbrook and Cunningham's Gap on one side, and Moreton Bay and the Blackall Ranges on the other. Both Mt.Samson and Mt. D'Aguilar are contained in National Parks which border the Maiala National Park at Mt. Glorious.

The Country on the easterly flanks, around Mt. Samson, is mainly open forest with grass slopes and rocky outcrops, and rain forest in the gullies. The banks of major creeks, within a mile of civilization, can be counted on to contain vicious lantana, but once away from this buffer zone the lantana problem is minimal. For a mile or so around Mt. D'Aguilar, the ridges are covered with heavy rainforest. Lawyer vine crops up from time to time, in isolated, avoidable pockets.

Access Routes (on foot):

1. From Mt. Glorious via the graded track to Green's Falls, then rock- hopping and cliff-dodging down to the junction with Cedar Creek, at some pretty cascades. This is a down route only, but is very interesting, with rugged views and splendid cascades. Any other routes from Mt. Glorious to Cedar Creek should be avoided because of dense scunge and lantana-choked creeks.

2. From Upper Cedar Creek sawmill, follow a track through a banana patch to a swimming hole on the creek. Rockhopping up to the ''junction'' puts the rest of the area within striking range.

3. A rapidly deteriorating road into South Kobble Creek is the best way to get at Samson from the east end.

4. The big ridge from t. Lawson on to the shoulder of Samson should only be traversed down, as the lantana-bashing required around Lawson is easier this way.

Points of Interest:

1. Past the ''junction'', Cedar Creek provides very enjoyable rockhopping for the mile or so until the banks close in to form what is known as Love Creek Gorge. Above the waterfall at the upper end of the gorge, the creek becomes scungy, and the best way out is up the steep slope to the north side of the falls. This puts the whole length of South Kobble Creek in walking range.

2. From the ''junction'', Mt. D'Aguilar can be ascended directly up the ridge on the north bank, being careful to find the best way through some small scunge patches. Do not go too far to the right when climbing here. Time to the summit is approximately an hour and a half. Some views are available during the ascent but none from the top.

3. From Mt. D'Aguilar or its attending ridges there are two alternatives: following the rim of the range eastwards to Mt. Samson, or heading NNW along the main ridge until the slope down to Love Creek Falls is met. From the latter, South Kobble Creek is traversed. It is advisable not to head for South Kobble Creek anywhere between Samson and this ''access point'', because the N.E. of D'Aguilar and the N. W. of Samson are a jigsaw of spurs and connecting saddles. This area

is dangerous to anyone who doesn't know the lay of the land exactly venturing into this area, allow several hours for resulting embarrassment.

4. The whole length of South Kobble Creek (a down route, preferably) is very pretty, with open rain forest containing magnificent eucalypts; waterfalls and cascades; and good views of the surrounding ridges and valleys. Provided you keep to the creek (lantana becomes quite thick on the banks) walking is relatively easy. There are several small waterfalls which require care in traversing, and the really large specimen (ninety feet sheer) can only be negotiated by skirting high around the steep southern bank to the next tributary gully. After a mile more of rockhopping, bank-swapping, and swimming (if appropriate), open country is reached - easily, if you find the best cowpads through the lantana at the end.

5. Mt. Samson is reached by traversing along the easterly rim from Mt. D'Aguilar; but more easily (and directly) by climbing from South Kobble Creek on to the ridge between Mts. Samson and Kobble. Excellent sweeping views are obtainable from the summit.

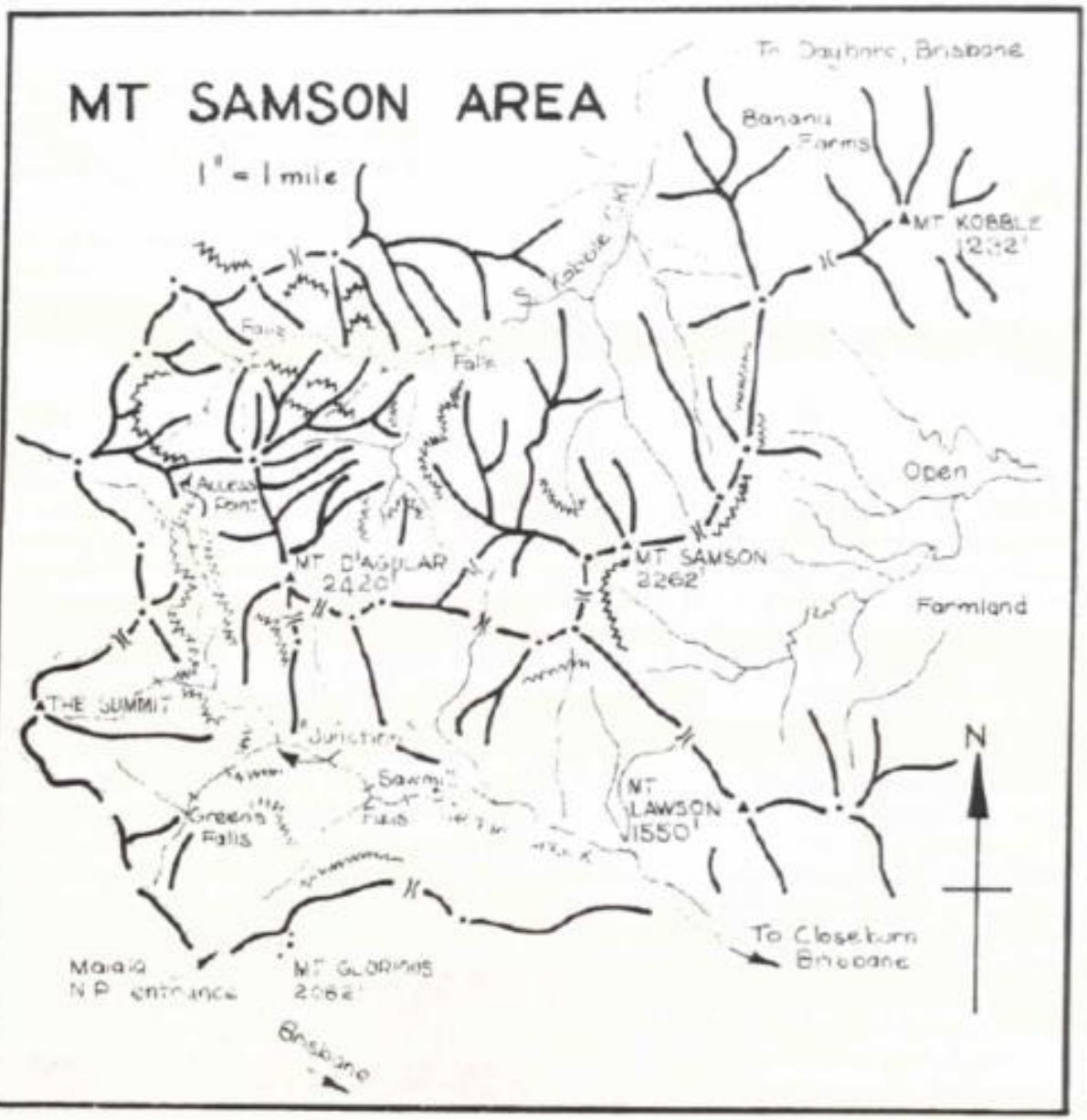
6. The source area of South Kobble Creek can be reached by following a good bush road past Mt. Glorious and the Summit to within half a mile of the 'access point'' mentioned earlier. The military map shows this best.

Generally:

The area should be more often visited than it is, for despite the fact that it is close to Brisbane, it has much to interest any bushwalker – pleasant cool mountain streams, magnificent forests, a great variety of flora and fauna, and especially in spring and summertime, a great variety of orchids are in flower. Whole cliff-faces have been seen covered in creamy ''lily-of-the-valley'' and dainty-pink ''fairy bells''. There are also a tremendous number and variety of fungi. The feeling of being so close to home, and yet so far from civilization is engendered by those views of rugged mountainsides and valleys while the uncluttered bush has its own special call. The area is different; it is not like a Lamington nearer home or like a Barney Jnr. It has its own special beauty, and deserves to be kept this way. Please visit it to find out for yourself (but take along a sharp machete in case you meet any lantana).

Road distances from Brisbane are: Mt. Glorious, 30 miles; South Kobble Creek, 36 miles; Upper Cedar Creek, 27 miles.

Map - Samford 1" 1 mile (Military).



THE CHILLAGOE CAVING AREA

NORM KELK

The township of Chillagoe lies 120 miles west of Cairns. It was once the centre of a mining industry, but after 1943, when the copper mines closed, the area gradually depopulated. There are still many ruined mines and processing works to be seen there.

The town itself consists of two hotels, a butcher's shop, a general store (which sells everything except 3. 6 volt torch bulbs), a police station, an open air picture theatre, and a Post Office, which is also the Department of Native Affairs, the Commonwealth Bank, and the Forestry Department. A hospital, a railway station, a camp site and an aboriginal encampment are situated at a short distance from the main town.

There is a train service to Chillagoe on Tuesdays and Thursdays and a Bush Pilot's service twice a week. The road from Cairns is bitumen as far as Dimbulah. After Dimbulah it becomes a fairly good gravel road which is impassable in wet weather. The roads and general features of the area are adequately marked on the Army 4-mile Atherton map. There is no one-mile map of the area.

The caves lie mostly in huge bluffs which rise nearly vertically out of the rolling grassy plains. The bluffs are of heavily weathered limestone rather similar to that at Mount Etna. They lie mostly in an area extending from Almaden in the South West to the Walsh River in the North East. The most well-known caves lie within a few miles of Chillagoe. Information about some of these can be obtained from Mr. V. Kinnear who is a full-time guide employed by the Forestry Department. He can be found at the Post Office, where his wife is Post Mistress. The only cave map in the area is owned by Mr. Kinnear, (although the Sydney Speleological Society probably has some).

This map shows the position of entrances on some of the bluffs within about five to ten miles of Chillagoe.

The caves are in many stages of formation and decay. Some of them are apparently dead, and are full of dry coral and collapsed formations, whilst others are still forming new flowstone, rimstone and other formations. Helictites are known to exist in some of the upper reaches of the main tourist caves (the Royal Arch Caves), and several caves can be followed right down to the water table. There are many caves which are at least as extensive and of as high quality as those at Mt. Etna, (with the exception of Resurrection).

There are caves of all levels of difficulty, long ladder pitches being necessary in some. There are also potholes in the area, some observed near Mungana being more than sixty feet deep.

One of the most interesting features of the area is the grottoes. A grotto is a hollow bluff, the inside of which is open to the sky. Inside the bluff the plants and trees are protected from the wind and dust by a wall at least 200 feet high. The moisture collects inside and the flora becomes extremely green, delicate and undamaged. This contrasts markedly with the dry dusty plains on the other side of the wall.

There appears to be much wild life in the area. Kangaroos, wallabies, curlews, scrub turkeys and other bird life are common, while typical cave fauna such as bats, swiftlets, rats and rock pythons are readily found.

When visiting the area, a car would be very useful as most of the caves are some distance from the main town and there are few travellers from whom to hitch lifts. It would be possible to visit the area any time

except during the wet season (February and March), when the roads are impassable (even for VW's and Land Rovers), and many of the caves are flooded.

A good general article on the area has been published by Hamilton-Smith (1966). This article contains an elementary introduction to the geology and biology of the area, although it does include some inaccuracies. It also contains a useful bibliography for those wishing to do more library research on the area.

Reference:

Hamilton Smith, E., (1966): Caves of the Chillagoe District, North Queensland, Helictite, 1966, 53-59.

By taking a certain amount of trouble you might still be able to get
yourself eaten by a bear in New York State . . . . Solitude is
receding at the rate of four and a half kilometers per annum.

Aldous Huxley
''Tomorrow and Tomorrow and
Tomorrow", 1956.

''WALLAROO''

JOHN' SIEMON

About fifty miles north of Injune, the Injune-Rolleston Road cuts down through the Carnarvon Range. For about five miles north of this point the road is lined on both sides by sandstone cliffs and bluffs of varying height.

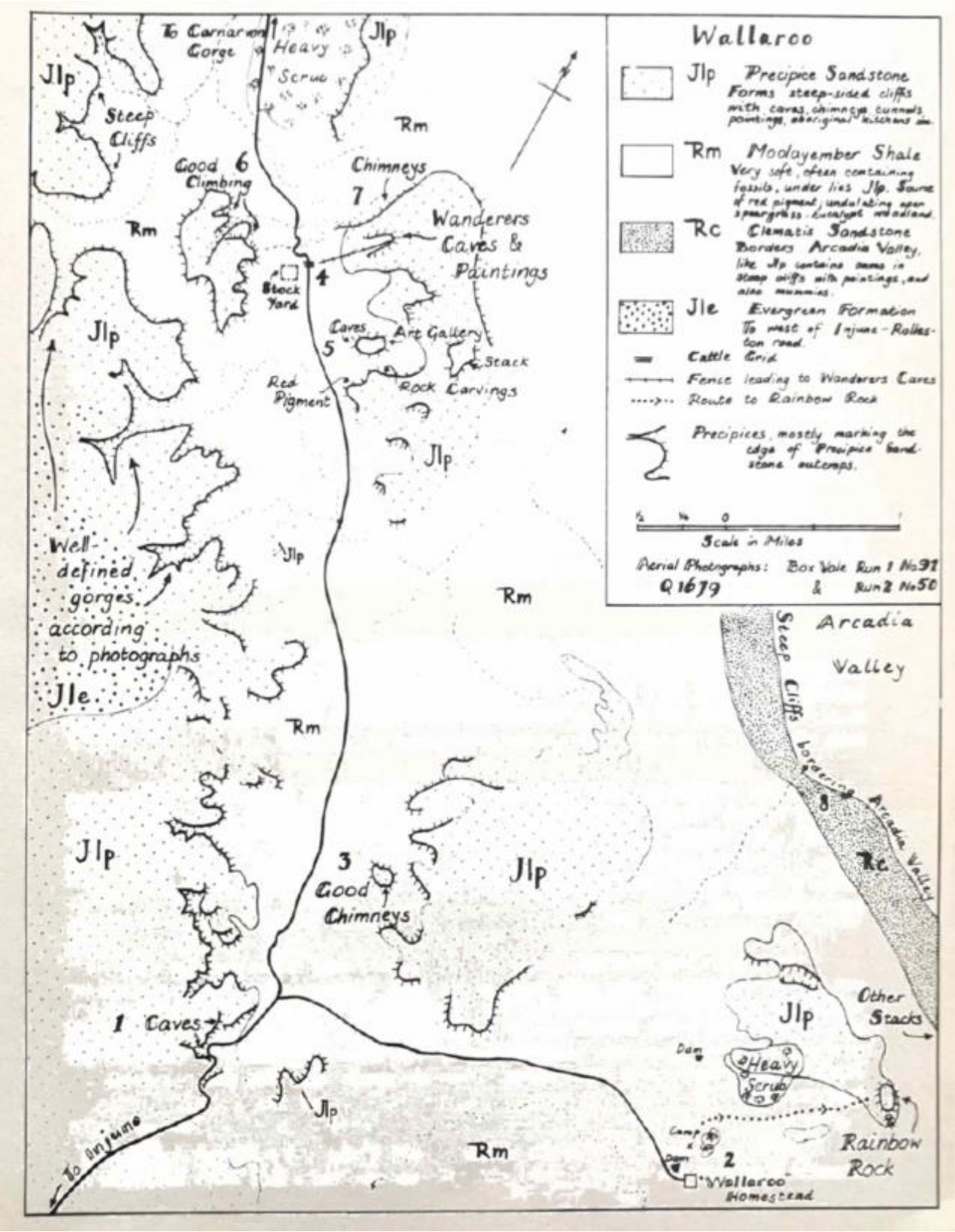
About a quarter of a mile past the grid at the bottom of the range, a road leads off to the east to two properties - ''Wallaroo'' and ''The Basin''. On both of these properties there are further outcrops. These outcrops were found to be of great interest by the 1968 Club Trip to Carnarvon, which was held up by rain and bus breakdown.

As shown on the accompanying map, the outcrops are composed of Precipice Sandstone - white clean sandstone, weathering to become very friable, and in places red with iron stain, and showing marked cross-bedding.

The places of interest (marked on the map) are:

1. On west side of road between grid and ''Wallaroo'' turnoff. Caves (overhanging rock), some paintings, possibly worth investigating higher up west of road.
2. ''Wallaroo'' Homestead - track heading west from homestead past dam, and then about one mile N. E. Large outcrop with numerous overhanging caves, one remarkable ''handle'' joined top and bottom to cliff face. Many excellent aboriginal rock paintings - mainly hands with other ''things'', numerous tunnels, many large enough to crawl through.
3. About one mile along the main road north of ''Wallaroo'' turnoff - high bluff to east of road. Wide cracks in sandstone provide excellent rock climbing and scrambling, if care is taken - no paintings.
4. About one or two miles further north along road, before steep drop down range just past grid - outcrops about 1 mile east of road. Excellent caves, some almost right through outcrop, one about sixty feet deep. Numerous pillars and lace work in the caves. Numerous crawlable tunnels. Many paintings.
5. Outcrops east of road between 3. and 4. - with paintings and some caves.
6. Outcrops – cliffline about half a mile north along road on western side, caves, tunnels and paintings.
7. Outcrops to east of road - not visited but probably interesting.
8. Area to east of ''Wallaroo'' - Spring Creek - not visited but is reported to have caves, paintings, aboriginal burial grounds - would require trip with packs and probably water.

Further information can be obtained from the Club, as areas mentioned are on private property and permission from owners would be needed.



AN ATTEMPT ON CARNARVON GORGE - MAY, 1968

HELEN KERSHAW

Transport: One Volkswagon

People: One Physiotherapist, one motor mechanic, one Geologist, one Anthropologist(?) ... secure in their knowledge of muscles (sore from pushing the VW); car engines (when the VW broke down); indigenous terrain, rocks etc. (a sore point, re the opal we should have brought back!); aboriginal culture (handy for ghost stories in the middle of nowhere).

Armed with enough food for four people for two days, or rather, enough food for four normal people for fourteen days, we got an early start for the Gorge at 4 p. m. on Saturday. However, at Condamine, the VW stopped dead with a bout of hiccups.

So here we stayed the night after vetoing an idea to gate-crash a local ball- cum-everything at the School of Arts. The town policeman tossed up whether or not he'd book us for vagrancy - while Ian cheerily cracked jokes in the background. However, he turned out to be a nice policeman, and hunted up the local mechanic and a spare part for the VW.

So far there hadn't been a break in the clouds since Brisbane - but it never rains in the Carnarvons in May - so we arrived in Roma on Sunday, bought the last frying pan in town, and headed for Injune on a cup of coffee and advice from Sue's uncle. Ten miles out of Roma we had our first taste of mud-ski-ing – better than television as far as keeping your eyes glued ahead goes!

After a rehabilitating swing and lunch in the Injune playground, we decided to trust to luck, and in drizzling rain andgeneral muck, slipped off up the track. We met a few locals coming the other way, saying things like: ''Yer mad to keep going, take it from me!'' and others, ''Arr, you'll be all right!” So over the little range we went until a series of long hills and steep gullies presented a problem worth pondering.

Now for a few hilarious hours we screamed round in the pouring rain, in our one set of clothes, (the rest were in the 'bus), laying and re-laying a track of branches, rocks etc. in front of the VW, and pushing it up the hills. We finally got moving along a flat bit and nearly ran into a man in the middle of the road. He was more or less stuck also, and told us we'd be better off where we were for the night. Then a land-rover came along, from the north, and took him in convoy back to Injune.

And so we sat in the car for an hour, wet, filthy and freezing, tossing up between a night in the VW or in the mud. We had two tents that were supposed to be waterproof, so the mud won. A fire was beyond our wildest dreams until Ron went to sit on a log, found it rather warm considering the time of year and the inclemency of the weather, and then unearthed a pile of burning coals. After much ''yahooing'' and addition of petrol, the four of us stood steaming round a huge blaze, stuffing ourselves with something revolting, yet decidedly HOT. Then it was into the tents and, lo, came the rain and the wind in the night, washing first Ian, then Ron, into the car, leaving Sue and me thinking dire thoughts.

But, morning eventually came, and with it the bliss of a nice cup of coffee made on mud. Then we heard a bird singing and thought ''Aha! It must be going to fine up!'', but it turned out to be a man - a Mr. Piggott - who was stranded down the road a bit with his wife and three small children. He borrowed some tea and we agreed to press on in convoy.

Thanks to a nice big Falcon battery the run-down little VW roared into life, and off we went, every now and then leaping out to heave the other car through the mud. Finally both cars slowed down in a stretch of black soil called Turkey Nest Scrub, which was now sufficiently dry to cling to everything it touched. The Falcon proved too heavy and slid off into the gutter, settling comfortably to the axles, and after some discussion we in the lighter car set off to get help from the Piggott's neighbours on Rewan Station, only a few miles from the last turn-off to the Gorge.

Then our luck ran out - really for the first time on the whole trip - the VW bogged in a large puddle. We tried in vain to free her, so Ian, just on dusk and in more pouring rain, ran the eight miles to Rewan for help. Sue, Ron and I had a pleasant wait, tucking into the food and watching the puddle rise inch by inch around us.

Some time later we were out of the bog and headed for Rewan again, while our saviour, Mr. McKinley, went back for the Piggotts. After roaring through Carnarvon Creek with the greatest of ease, we arrived at the house, wet, smelly, etc, and begged the use of a shed for the night. But, typical of the western hospitality, Beth McKinley took us into the warm kitchen, provided heavenly hot showers, fed us, and made up the spare beds. Not long afterwards, Robbie McKinley and the Piggotts made it back safely and the whole thirteen of us settled down to a warm dry night.

We stayed two nights at Rewah and could not have been made to feel more at home, despite the fact that the McKinleys pull dozens of would-be tourists and bushwalkers out of the bogs around the Carnarvons.

Finally the weather cleared and the roads dried up, so we thought we'd try once more for the Gorge. However, Carnarvon Creek completely over-awed the VW (a bus would have made it though) only six miles from the Devils Signpost, and sadly we headed north for Rolleston.

The VW was now sounding a little sick, and on speeding through a puddle south of Moura, came out sounding like a motor boat, and much worse by the time we reached Cracow. Not daring to turn the engine off we headed on for Eidsvold. Twice we stopped involuntarily, once in the middle of a single lane bridge. Then Ron found two wires in the engine that didn't seem to be doing anything, joined them together, and away we went again, this time using a torch as a headlight in an effort to save power.

But we made it to Eidsvold just in time for one of their regular blackouts, and eventually got through to Mundubbera, and a grandparent by phone, to say four of us would arrive sometime to spend the night. And so we did, and once more enjoyed beds and all the food we could eat.

The next day we thought we'd better do some bushwalking for a change, and tried to find the Auburn Gorge, but failed. So we played bush-rangers instead.

Sue had her place lined up next for a ''visit'' and we spent the last few days of the week at ''Kooralgin'', getting in the way of Mr. Armstrong's harvesting, riding(?) Sue's pony, rock-hunting with amazing fervour, and looking for caves and extinct volcanoes.

By now it was Sunday, and despite an invitation from a deaf prospector to go north with him to Agate Creek and get rich, conscience prevailed. We headed back to Brisbane, filled with sublime wonderment at our courage and fortitude, secure in our knowledge of bushcraft, and in our discovery of self-reliance and self-sufficiency in the face of daunting odds.

P.S. Many thanks to those who rescued, fed and housed us - and made us welcome into the bargain.

After the rain cometh the fair weather
- A fable (Aesop)

CATARACT RIVER

RODERIC TIMMINS

Just before Easter this year, Ken Grimes suggested that the Cataract River, east of Tenterfield, might be a good area to visit. Information he had received on the region indicated that a useful four-day trip could be run, with attractive scenery, and the additional spice that the area would be new to this club. Having acquired a car-load of interested people, and after driving around in the mist for some time on Thursday night, we camped. Access to the area is from the Tenterfield - Casino road. About nineteen miles from Tenterfield, turn north over a bridge at Sandy Creek and follow this road to the intersection of the road and Boorook Creek. There is no good campsite on the northern bank of the creek, where we camped (??!), but there appears to be some room on the southern bank.

On Friday morning the party ambled off down Boorook Creek. On the map, (and I believe that this sheet is difficult to obtain), - and I forgot to tell you which map, so I'll tell you now - it's the Drake Military one-mile series. Let's get back to where we were. On the map, Boorook Creek has a pronounced ''S'' bend (355233), and a waterfall was found here. The previous lack of club interest in the area left most of the features of the area without names, so we took the liberty of naming these falls the ''Kerry O'Donnell Falls''. On the left bank at the top of the cliff line is a set of ruins, and from a brief conversation held with a local, the party concluded, possibly erroneously, that these were the ruins of an old smelter. On to the Cataract River, where we found, just below its junction with Boorook Creek, a feature which can only be described by one word. It's a cataract. Perhaps ''rapids'' might do, but the party's first impression of the river was that it was aptly named. In one of the pools in this cataract a large platypus was encountered. He came back for a second look, and then, having decided that we were a real collection of hoods or some such, shot through. This cataract ends in a long pool, beside which lunch was devoured, and in which a skinny psychologist found a rock just below the surface somewhere in the middle. Standing up thereon he pronounced in grave tones, ''For my next trick ... '' and then failed to tell us what it would be. Oh well!

The next reach of the river was rather uninteresting, but the one after that offered a more attractive river regime. This degenerated after some time, but then came good again with an area of large slabs. This ended with the river's channelling into a chute which was rather sporting to leap across. One gallant male, endeavouring to assist a delicate (?) female across, found himself being rescued by the damsel. Two islands, only one of them marked on the map, were found, with a good campsite just above the lower one. Desiring to press on, the intrepid party found itself in up to its neck. At a bend, the river, with much splashing over rocks, runs into a large pool. Unless the party is prepared to climb very high on the sides, (and we weren't), the only other alternative is to swim. Hence, again taking the liberty of naming things, we called this bend ''Thurakami''. We collapsed at the campsite we found about 300 yards further on, but only a little further on a good campsite, ''Weeronga'', is available. The name means ''sleep'', by the way.

On Saturday we wandered down to the copper mine on the junction of Crooked Creek. From there we continued on down the river, stopping for a bite of lunch somewhere, to Morgan's Creek. The party was rather pleased by the meandering lower reaches of this peaceful little creek. The walking was easy, and was generally found to be so for most of this creek, unlike some others I know of. At map reference 396292 a small island covered with short turf, level, and (apart from the lack of elves) a perfect campsite, inspired one member of the party, an avid reader of Tolkien, to name the place ''Rivendell''. Another spot about

500 yards up the creek, and just as good, furnished us with a suitable place to rest our bones, wake to Easter eggs, and to press on up the creek on Sunday.

Although it was not marked on the map we found a road heading west, at reference 381310, about a mile and a half above our camp. Most of Morgan's Creek to this point had been in open grassland, but shortly after the road, rainforest closed in around the creek. Wandering slowly up the creek, we finally camped about 600 yards above a prominent creek junction (359351). On Monday we climbed the Main Camp Range to the west of us, and heading south along its crest, found a road which we followed thereafter to the car, arriving at about one o'clock.

Actually, if we had realized how easy the Morgan's Creek bit was going to be, we could have explored up Crooked Creek a while, and possibly examined the feature marked on the map rather tersely, ''RED ROCK''. Leaving this bit out, it would actually make a good three-day walk - a good first day to the copper mine, then second day up Morgan's Creek to the road, or to our campsite. There isn't much for camping in between, so be warned. The third day climb up on to the Main Camp Range, and walk out. Some easy exchange vehicle type trips could be managed by taking a second car up the Main Camp Range road. It was in good condition when we went over it, but you know earth roads! The map shows a track leading to the Crooked Creek copper mine from the Casino road, and this was OK at the mine end, so it could be another possibility for access.

One name I left out was the one for the cataract with platypus area. Generally the names were aboriginal, (though ''Kerry O'Donnell'' isn't aboriginal that I know of), and preference was given to New South Wales dialects if my reference indicated several choices. Hence the cataract with platypus area became “gaya-dari”, or “platypus”. The lagoon below the copper mine became “eurobin”, and the area of flat slabs (383239) “bonelya”, for “bat”, since one member of the party, an obsessive compulsive speleo, claimed to have smelt bats in a bit of a hole.

Actually there was quite a variety of fauna, including snakes and wallabies and along with the scenery this made the trip well worth the effort.

NOTES OF SOME FAMOUS BUSHWALKERS

There's a pleasure sure in being mad,
Which none but madmen know.

- Farquhar

He who can draw a joy
From rocks, or woods or weeds, or things that seem
All mute, and does it - is wise.

- 8. Cornwall

A little fire is quickly trodden out
Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench.

- William Shakespeare

Therefore, let the moon Shine on thee in thy solitary walk
And let the misty mountain winds be free
To blow against thee.

- William Wordsworth

Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes
Hills peep O'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

- Alexander Pope

A NIGHT-LIFE FOR BUSHWALKERS?

BEV RILEY

The first thing one must do before an article is written is to think of a title: supposedly the anchor of one's ideas. Well, I've been sitting here vainly seeking inspiration, and drifting into that hypnotic student stare that is prevalent round the library mainly at assignment time. It's just not bringing me any closer to a solution. Big deep breath - you'll probably need it, too, where we're going – and a new paragraph.

This article is written to all those dedicated and keen bushwalkers who think that walking and climbing are done only during the day, in the light. You can get your exercise in the night in the dark too. Don't let me lead you astray! Have you ever tried caving? Just a minute before you turn the page. It is actually very similar to bushwalking, with lots of extra bits thrown in besides.

What can you do while bushwalking? Well, there's walking (for some skipping), climbing, chimneying, abseiling, rock-hopping or wading, or resting. You can do all of those while caving. What's the difference? It's dark and you're underground.

So who wants to go under the ground? You do, but you just don't realise it, yet. Who wants to be out in the nasty old fresh air when they could be in a musty, humid cave? Not only can you walk for miles (if you like going round in circles) - there are exciting rumours of a seventy-mile cave area up in the big unexplored north - but you can crawl! It's hard figuring out plausible excuses for worn-out knees to parents, though.

Crawling isn't only a sign of an immature person. (Well, maybe it is!) It's also done when a cave narrows, say to a height of two feet. Then, to show that cavers are even more pantheistic than bushwalkers, they give homage to Mother Earth by going even lower. It's called the abdominal rub. Locomotion is by elbows and hands flagellating out in front, and legs dragging behind. It's possible to get through twelve-inch high tunnels this way.

The part I like best is the Wee Willie Winkie bit - not in a nightgown, but rushing around with a lamp in your hand. Cavers use carbide lamps as they throw a fairly good beam and are more dependable than most torches. It's rather over-awing and eerie to stand in the centre of a dripping cave, fifty feet underground, and all alone. The lamp's beam stretches out, trying to touch a wall or the roof. Finally when it rests on something tangible it may turn out to be a sparkling stalactite or shawl.

You may be used to nice green scenery with birdies singing in the trees and a massive mountain towering up above you or in the distance. Well, turn yourself inside out, and come down into a mountain. There can't be promises of any breath-taking vistas, for you pass from the macrocosm to the microcosm from telescopic to almost microscopic: a tiny glowing crystal reflected in the light; a drop of water forming on the tip of a stalactite; a little scurrying beetle; or the fluted edges of a shawl. The view stretches only to the outer edge of the light. It's all wrapped in an atmosphere of agelessness, in which Time is the Creator, not the Destroyer.

Close to Brisbane the caving possibilities are limited. The closest area of some size is near Texas, which some narrow-sighted non-conservationalist politicians are thinking of flooding by building a dam - Pike Creek Dam. Ashford is just over the border in N.S.W., about forty miles from Texas, and has promises of some interesting pot-holes which haven't all been entered. Further afield still, are Kempsey, north of

Newcastle, and Mt. Etna near Rockhampton. A vacation trip to Chillagoe or Camooweal is being considered, where the large areas of limestone are hoped to yield some bigger, more exciting caves.

In concluding, if you have worries of being afraid of things in the dark, like trogs, trolls and dwarves, rest assured, for we've never seen any - just cavers!!

So for a better, brighter, more exciting year, try caving. Ten out of ten speleos do it, why not you?

FIRST DESCENT OF ''JOLLY ROGER'', MT. ETNA

PAUL CAFFYN

Situated high up on the cave-riddled limestone outcrop of Mt. Etna can be found an entrance to a cavern, now known as the ''Jolly Roger''. It was discovered during the University of Queensland Speleological Society's expedition to Mt. Etna in February, 1968. The cave is so named because Henry Shannon, who found the entrance, did not have enough energy to clean the rubbish out of it, and the actual exploration and descent was effected by Mike Graham and myself. “Piracy!” Henry called it, and thus the cave was called the ''Jolly Roger''.

After breakfast the four of us set off up Mt. Etna in light drizzle, and we pottered around searching for new entrances. Henry pointed out a small entrance, and went looking for his “Belt” Cave. The entrance lies in a cleft in the limestone, and the floor of the cleft is formed by soil and rotting vegetation. The removal of a large rotten log and sundry vines widened the entrance considerably, and Mike was able to drop down on to a shelf inside the cave. I followed him down to the shelf, then down a fissure which was just wide enough to chimney in, until twenty feet down we reached another shelf.

From the shelf there were two passages, one dropping down to the right, and the second a small fissure directly in front. The right hand passage petered out, but after removing some rocks from the fissure Mike slipped through it. On the surface it was raining heavily, and down the fissure, where Mike had disappeared, the sound of rushing water was ominous. Margot Greenhalgh had caught up by this stage, so I forced my way down the squeeze. My feet felt thin air, but were then grabbed, and guided on to a foothold. I then swung across and joined Mike.

We were sitting under a roaring waterfall which tumbled from the ceiling of the cave some twenty feet above us. The floor was composed of flowstone and in one corner there was a gaping hole through which the water disappeared. The squeeze which I had come down, came out directly over the hole. Margot was sent off to capture Henry, who had all the gear, and soon ropes, wire ladders karabiners and prussic slings were passed through to us. A belay station was set up, and the first ladder attached to a wire trace, which was arranged around a projecting knob of limestone. Thirty feet of ladder was lowered down the gaping abyss. Rocks which were dropped down the hole did not appear to stop, for the roar of rushing water drowned out their contact with the rock below.

Mike's helmet disappeared through the hole, and for twenty-five feet he swung free on the ladder, until he reached two small ledges. Henry then came into the cave and belayed me while I climbed down to Mike. I was carrying another thirty feet of ladder. The ladder was joined on to the one above, and then dropped down the fissure below. Belayed by Henry, Mike climbed down the ladder.

For the first ten feet, he was up against a vertical wall, but then he swung free over the drop, and the full force of the waterfall struck him. At the bottom of the ladder, now sixty feet long, there was no sign of a bottom to the cave, so he began climbing up again. In doing so, the waterfall extinguished his lamp, and in darkness he continued up to join me.

We shouted to Henry to pull up the belay line and tie the sixty feet of ladder to the end of it. He then lowered the ladder till it was level with us, and we attached it to the standing line via a figure-of-eight knot and a karabiner. Mike let me go down first. I climbed down a few feet and swung underneath the waterfall. It was miserable, as the water poured down the back of my trog suit and filled up my boots. I had to tilt the carbide lamp so that water would not put the flame out. The ladder was hanging free for

most of its length, and the cold water from the fall seemed to be directed down it. The roar of the falling water drowned out any conversation between Mike and me.

I reached the bottom rung of the ladder, but because my glasses were covered in condensation, I could not see the floor of the cave. As I was leaning out for a better look I fell off. Tension on the belay rope caught the fall very quickly, and from where I was suspended I could see the floor a few feet below me. After a few loud shouts of ''Slack!'', Henry lowered me to the floor of the cave, and I quickly moved out of the way of the falling water. From the belay station to where I was standing was a 100 foot free ladder drop. A fissure some three feet wide and twenty feet high ran down into the mountain at an angle of 30°, and down this the water was cascading. After twenty feet the fissure did a 90° turn to the left, then a 90° turn to the right fifteen feet further down, and there the water was tumbling down another deep drop.

By this time Mike was half way down, and his lamp had been extinguished. Above the next waterfall another 120 feet of rope was tied to the standing line, and I abseiled over the drop. The abseil was only about twenty-five feet, but under the waterfall once more. I reached a flat floor, from where I half climbed, half abseiled, down another fifteen feet to a level floor of the stream bed. This had a drop at the end of it, down which the water disappeared. When Mike joined me I threw a rock down the hole, but instead of bouncing against rock, it gave a resounding splash, as if it had hit a large volume of water. The water level was only six feet below me, but level with my eyes on the wall to my right there were several lines of froth bubbles. The water level in the sump must have been six feet higher only a short time earlier. Mike also had a look down into the sump and then we beat a hurried retreat.

The first fifteen feet were climbed fairly easily, but the twenty-five foot waterfall, which would have been difficult in wet weather, was very thin. Using the standing line and chimneying, I reached the top almost exhausted. I belayed Mike, who had to be hauled up. After coiling .the rope, we returned to the base of the ladder, and I called out to Henry to belay me. To reach the bottom rung of the ladder I climbed on to a chockstone about six feet above the floor of the cave. For the first thirty feet all went well, until the waterfall extinguished my lamp. My arms were beginning to lose their strength, and cramps were playing havoc with my legs, hence I had frequent spells on the last few feet of ladder. In complete darkness I reached the top rung, but I could not feel the ledges, and it was not until I pendulummed from one side of the fissure to the other than I found them. After some thirteen matches I managed to get one alight, but alas - because of the condensation on my glasses I could not see my carbide lamp, which was in a niche six inches in front of my nose. A few matches later, and with my glasses in a pocket, I lit my lamp. Mike then tied on to the end of the standing line, and while Henry kept a belay on me, I belayed Mike up the ladder. A large piece of limestone fell, knocking Mike's feet off the ladder and leaving him suspended by one hand. Soon after, his lamp was extinguished and he blacked out for a short time. The water pouring down the ladder was a great hindrance as the rungs were made very slippery, and the carbide lamps were extinguished very quickly. Exhausted, Mike joined me on the small ledge.

We coiled the bottom ladder, while Henry pulled up the top ladder and clipped it into the belay slings. Henry threw down the belay rope, and I tied on to the middle, with Mike on the other end of it. With the old ladder clipped into my belt, I pulled up to join Henry at the belay stance. Mike followed. Dragging the gear behind, we climbed up to the entrance and out to the surface. It was pitch dark and still raining heavily. From entrance to water level, this cave is approximately 218 feet deep.

In adversity a man is saved by hope.

Menander

NEW TRACKS IN '68 - or, ''HOW TO GET LOST''

DERYK COOKSLEY

My introduction to this subject occurred in 1967, when a three-day trip to Barney extended to four days under Mike Meadows' guidance, (''Heybob'' 1967).

The Club-organized trip to Booloumba Creek set the pattern for all the trips that I went on this year. Here there was a party of nine, that had a substantial backing of compasses (3), but no map. Hell, nine experienced bushwalkers don't need a map! Give the maps to the inexperienced group - ''she'll be apples!.'' On Monday morning, when we were back-tracking to the cars, we checked out at least two new routes. (Massive viewpoints were found that would have been missed if we had followed the theoretical tracks). Several interesting points emerged here. Half a pound of apricots doesn't go round three times for breakfast (some starved after the second round), and leeches prefer to attack the face rather than the feet at night.

After this episode, I saw the advantage of private trips, where new areas could be explored without the sanction of the Club, yet using the Club constitution for protection: "... to encourage individually planned trips".

The first of these trips was to Wyberba, where Jenny was going to act as guide, and Denis provided free-hand drawings of Army maps of the area - but couldn't correlate them: e.g., "if you drive over a grid, you've gone too far!!" We got to the house before the "New Underground River" and were asked by the owner if we knew where to go. "Sure", we answered, "Jenny's been there before". Well, two hours later, we had seen some fantastic balancing rocks, and checked numerous potential spots, until Jenny admitted, "Gee, all these ridges look just the same". But we had a fantastic time with the balancing boulders and I'm sure no-one had been there before.

That afternoon, we tackled the Pyramids. Jenny had climbed the first of these, and acted as an able guide along the well-worn rocks, but, on the second Pyramid we checked a new route, and Max Noble was heard to mutter, ''I thought you said there wasn't going to be any rock climbing this trip''. -- Oh, well, you can't win them all. Anyway, we tried again on Monday to find the ''New Under- ground River'' following the directions of the owner, and spent several hours in the chambers. Towards the end, several voices rose in dissent against my sense of direction - just because they were bushed! Perhaps my best effort was at the old underground river, where I had a rough idea of where it was, and found it on my first attempt - (typical high-class navigation!)

The latter effort can be compared with my effort near the Teviot Falls, where I plotted the way down from a ridge to where I thought the car was, (here I had a map but no compass), and then led the party down - via a completely different route. To my complete amazement we came over a small ridge and there was the car. Now, if I'd followed the correct track …

After an A.B.C. Youth Concert I led a party of six up to the caves on the east face of Tibrogargan to watch the sun rise. After this effort, we followed what I thought to be the caves route to the top, and on the way down, John Shera (who was leading another party) pointed out the caves route. So, if I'd gone up the orthodox caves route, we would have missed out on "short and sweet" and followed the same track twice - how boring!

My crowning glory came when I organized a trip to Lamington to see the Stinson wreck. (On a trip several years earlier, I'd missed Westray's Grave and run out of time before we reached the wreck). Well, we found Westray's Grave all right, after we'd met forty girls from the Kedron Park Teachers' College, who would have swung our ratio from 7:2 to 7:42 - very favourable, but no-one took advantage of it - bushwalkers! We also found the wreck, after I led a splinter group along a newly-blazed trail that led to the base of a cliff - very interesting. On Sunday the fun started, when I led the party along a ridge parallel to the one leading to Mt. Widgee, and having the same topographical features. I had gone along the ridge four years previously, and Chris Wood had traversed it at night. One thing is sure: not many others have done this ridge that terminates in cliffs needing two abseils over an 80' cliff that finishes up in a scunge-filled creek. Some were very thankful that they had practised their abseiling, while Nerida did her maiden abseil head first, until corrected, and then completed it with her eyes shut. Boy, what an experience - now, if we'd taken the ridge to Widgee …

After this effort, I planned a 1 - 2 day trip to Upper Cedar Creek Falls - i.e., planned for one day, and if we decided to “check a new track” - two days. Well, one day was sufficient, but I didn't want to spoil my record by coming home early - parents would have thought we had got bushed, and so had given up and come home early.

After these trips, I'm now a competent guide for any party that wants to explore new areas - but bring twice the usual amount of food, because I'll be sure to find a few new tracks!

THE FUTURE OF THE GREAT BARRIER REEF

E.J. HEGERL

The following article is the text of an address given by Mr. E.J. Hegerl of the Queensland Littoral Society at the public meeting on ' The Future of the Great Barrier Reef'', Tuesday, 16th July, 7.30 p.m., Abel Smith Lecture Theatre, University of Queensland, St. Lucia, Brisbane.

The continual and expanding clash of interests between those bodies and individuals concerned with conservation or the proper management of natural resources, and those who would exploit such resources for personal profit, often tends to generate far more heat than light. What may now be termed the Ellison Reef Controversy has commenced to manifest such symptoms, and I am grateful for the opportunity to attempt to present some thoughts - and some facts - which may be of value to conservationists and the Queensland public.

Our organization - the Queensland Littoral Society - was formed in 1965 to foster the study of aquatic life and prevent the misuse of our aquatic resources. Since its inception the Society has carried out underwater surveys, primarily of the fish fauna, on over sixty reefs from far North Queensland to Central New South Wales. A considerable amount of this work has been carried out in Barrier Reef waters.

Last year, we were invited by the Wildlife Preservation Society of Queensland to carry out a biological survey of Ellison Reef and to present our evidence before the Mining Warden's Court in Innisfail, in order to determine if Ellison Reef were a ''dead reef'' as claimed by the mining lease applicant.

The expedition was financed by conservation and skin diving groups and several large commercial organizations, but most significantly, all supplies and five boats were provided by local residents of the Tully-Innisfail area, some of whom were cane farmers, who supposedly would have benefited by a two dollar a ton reduction in the price of agricultural lime if the mining had been permitted. In fact, in discussions during our travels between Townsville and Innisfail, it soon became obvious that quite a large percentage of North Queenslanders are strongly opposed to permitting any mineral exploitation on the Barrier Reef.

As well as this, our discussions revealed that a great many people are confused or have even been misled by the term "dead reef". This is not entirely surprising as marine biologists have only just begun in recent years to understand the complexities of coral reefs, but it is this lack of understanding both on the part of the public and many responsible Government officials that perhaps poses the major threat to the future of the Great Barrier Reef.

Those who wish to exploit the Reef appear to be buttressing their arguments with statements to the effect that this so-called ''dead reef'' may be bodily carried away without harming the Barrier Reef proper. This point needs some explanation. They have even gone so far as to imply that this will be in some way beneficial to the Reef and its associated organisms.

The logical extension of any classification which describes reefs as “living” or ''dead'' is that there exists some sort of gradation in coral reefs, based on their varying components of living and dead coral. It is presumably the aim of groups who are interested in mining to apply, or have applied for them, this sort of classification to reefs, based on the amount of living corals present. In regard to this, I should like to point out that it would be an exceedingly difficult task to arrive at any meaningful estimate of the living or dead components of coral reefs. However, the main issue we are confronted with does not concern

the relative abundances of coral on any given reef, but whether it is appropriate to use in any sense the terms ''living'' or ''dead'' as they have been used in recent public statements. The only justification for the use of such terms is a purely geological one that takes no account of the tremendous diversity of plants and animals on a reef, other than corals. Even in speaking of corals, only coral coverage is obviously considered here, rather than species composition. The literature does contain some accounts of the distribution and relative abundances of corals and other organisms at a number of localities on the Barrier Reef. These provide accurate, detailed, but essentially static descriptions of reef environments. We feel the stage is now set for an intensive and more functional quantitative approach to the investigation of the coral reef environment. It is now desirable and necessary to complement these earlier studies (mostly on large non-motile organisms) with research that takes into account estimates of patterns of movements, relative abundance of species, diurnal-nocturnal, and seasonal fluctuations in numbers of the more important motile animals on representative reef environments. Some work of this nature is in fact already being carried out by the Australian Museum under the leadership of Dr. Frank Talbot.

It is on the earlier work based on a static picture of a reef that some of the arguments that favour exploitation appear to be based. Careful investigations of the flora and micro-fauna present on the so-called ''dead reef'' area and the utilization of these as food by larger organisms would quickly disabuse anyone of the notion that this area was ''dead''.

A further point which we should mention here is the tendency to ascribe beneficial influences to the removal of reef substrates such as sand and coral debris. It has even been implied that these particular areas would "blossom forth" with growths of coral in response to such ''husbandry''. We say in reply to this that there is little or no justification for assuming that the factor limiting coral growth in these areas was solely the presence of sand or sediment. However, this is a minor point when one considers the real implication of this line of thought, and this is the incredibly arrogant assertion that as a by-product of reef mining we will in some way improve the lot and the conditions of the organisms associated with the reef in question. As is well known, coral reefs constitute highly productive areas with abundant and diverse faunas. The different animals that comprise these faunas use in varied and often quite unsuspected ways the mosaic of different habitats that constitute a coral reef. To imply that we can improve this balance which is the product of a long evolutionary history is simply a most unsubtle ''red herring''.

There is one final point that is worthy of consideration. It is that studies on the spawning patterns of some reef animals indicate that the eggs and larvae they produce will be carried to other reefs. It should therefore be borne in mind that interference with one reef could conceivably affect the numbers of animals occurring on other reef systems.

We do not wish our case to be construed as an irrational and pavlovian response to any hint of exploitation of the beautiful Barrier Reef so dear to tourist brochures. We simply feel that with the present state of biological knowledge, it would be most unwise to embark on a course which would involve the wholesale destruction of habitats, regardless of what scale it is carried out.

Although a scientific survey of the Great Barrier Reef is essential in order to gain knowledge of the complex biology and the geology of the Reef, we feel that a short-term concentrated effort (on the lines and scale apparently envisaged by the Government and other bodies) will be completely inadequate for effectively advising on conservation and exploitation and will probably be biased toward opening the way for greater exploitation. Rather, long-term studies encompassing many scientific disciplines are essential and should be encouraged without their aim being to label areas as “exploitable”.

Such is the paucity of scientific knowledge, the potential of an unspoiled Barrier Reef, and the extensive world-wide concern for its future, that the Society believes it is imperative that a national body be formed or designated, adequately supported by Commonwealth funds, to undertake and co-ordinate research and ensure the preservation of the Reef. We believe that such a body could provide the best possible means of determining the wisest use of one of the world's great natural resources.

As well as the establishment of a national Barrier Reef Authority, we further advocate the declaration of the Great Barrier Reef in its entirety as a Marine National Park such that:

1. There be a total ban on all mining which takes the form of removal of any substrates (such as coral, coralline rock, sand and rubble etc.)
2. Further oil and gas drilling should be permitted only on the condition that detailed plans have been made to deal with oil spillages, and that Government Authorities are instructed to have adequate facilities and equipment available to deal with all oil spillages quickly and in a manner which is not detrimental to aquatic life.
3. Pollution from mainland sources (such as sugar mills, power alcohol plants, pesticides from agriculture, etc.) should be studied by some independent organization with funds provided by the Government. Methods of controlling pollution should be quickly implemented and responsibility for supervision specified.
4. A substantial number of islands on and near the Barrier Reef should be set aside as total fauna sanctuaries, and on islands where development for tourism occurs, development for the construction of buildings, paths, jetties, etc., should proceed under the proviso that there be minimum. disturbance of habitat. Also, on such developed islands, areas of special biological and other significance should have restricted public access where necessary.
5. A number of Reef areas should be set aside as reserves where no fishing or other interference by man be permitted, except for the purpose of scientific study.
6. There should be safeguards to ensure that commercial and recreational fishing activities in areas other than scientific reserves are not adversely affected, that is, only normal fisheries regulations should be imposed and enforced.
7. An effective Barrier Reef National Parks Service should be formed to advise on, and police, park regulations. This authority should be established and administered by the national body already referred to.

In summary, our reasons for suggesting the forms of protection outlined above are as follows:

1. Large non-cavernous mainland limestone deposits occur in North Queensland and consequently we feel there is as yet no justification for mining limestone from the Great Barrier Reef on the basis of short-term economic gain.
2. Relatively little scientific research has been carried out on the reef when its size and complexity, proximity to the mainland and potential are considered. There is as yet an almost total lack of knowledge of the Reef its currents, geology, biology, and the interactions between these factors and consequently we have no way of assessing whether interference with the Reef will have far-reaching and totally unpredictable detrimental effects on Barrier Reef research, tourism, and fisheries.
3. The Barrier Reef could quite conceivably become one of the world's major areas of coral reef research, and as such would be the focal point for the convergence of large numbers of scientists of many disciplines.

4. The Barrier Reef has a large world tourist potential and it has been estimated that by 1975, it will be worth more than $200 million per year to the tourist industry.
5. Although only fairly lightly exploited at present by Australian fisheries, the Great Barrier Reef is capable of supporting a sizeable fishing industry which probably will rapidly be developed in the coming years.

In closing, I would like to say that although we have heard several views expressed as to the possible methods of approaching the problem of effectively conserving the Great Barrier Reef, we are all united by a common realization that while Queensland at present possesses a resource of outstanding international interest, its future may be endangered by its very complexity.

I urge all of you to tell as many people as possible of the problems of Barrier Reef conservation, and perhaps you might also care to write to your State or Federal parliamentarian expressing your concern for the future of the Reef.

I hope that you will consider every possible way in which you can personally assist conservation and scientific organizations in their efforts to save the Barrier Reef.

Let this be one case in Australian history where future generations will feel no doubt as to the wisdom of our actions.

For further information, contact Queensland Littoral Society,

P.O. Box 82,
University of Queensland,
St. Lucia, Brisbane.

SLEEP

Which is the sky?

The pale or the dark?

See the trunks, catching the flare from the ashy log

Taste the smoke and feel its warm, windy breath on your hair

There is a star –

Then the pale blur is the sky,

How the leaves huddle in the dark.

I can feel the ground swinging in a circle

Up the trunks, through the leaves, threading the stars,

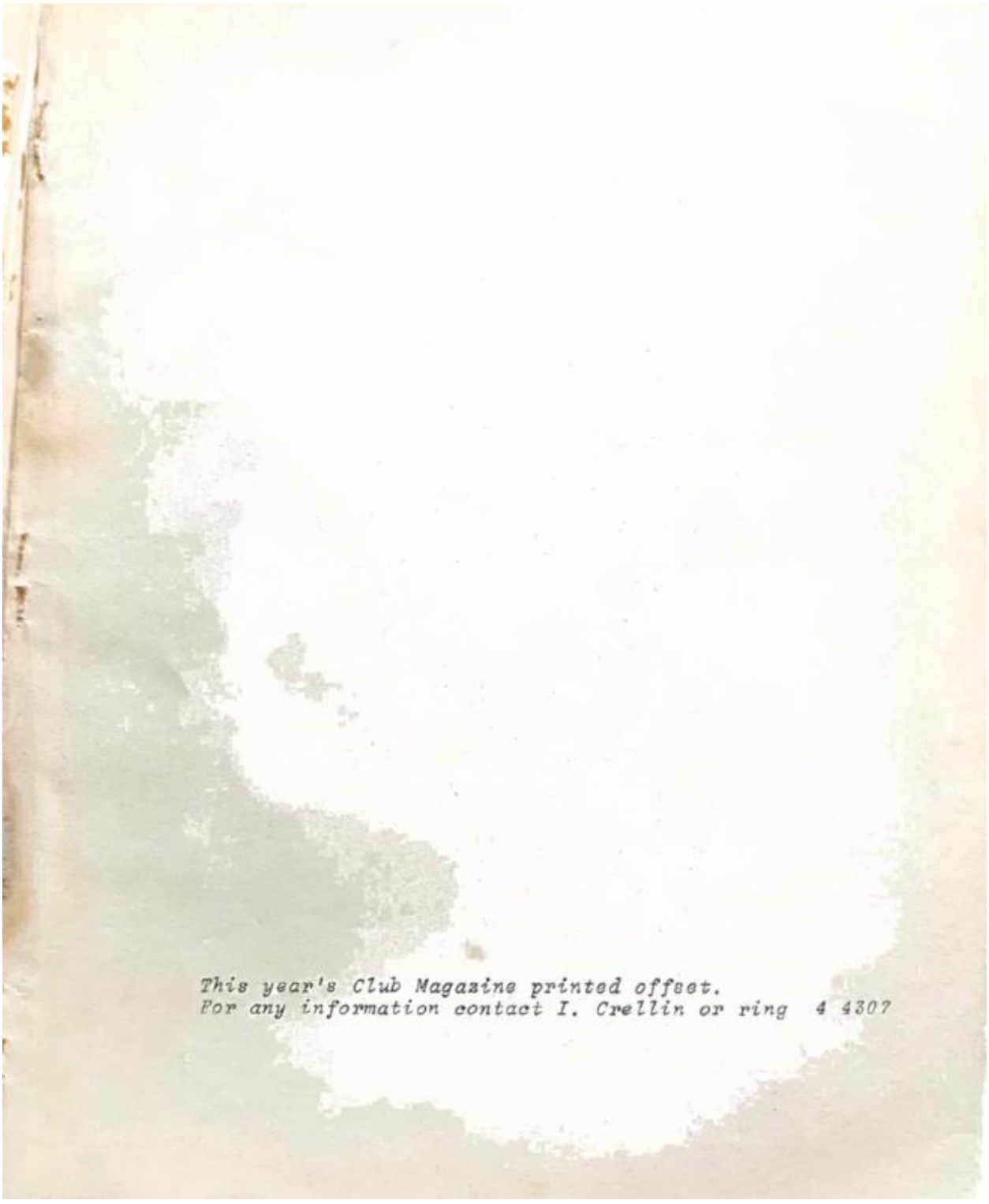
Circling my mind;

The smoke blows thicker now,

Perhaps it is sleep.

HELEN KERSHAW

Thankyou for the splashing creek,
Thankyou for the flowers so sweet,
Thankyou for the birds that fly,
Thankyou for the clear blue sky,
Thankyou for the .....
.....



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