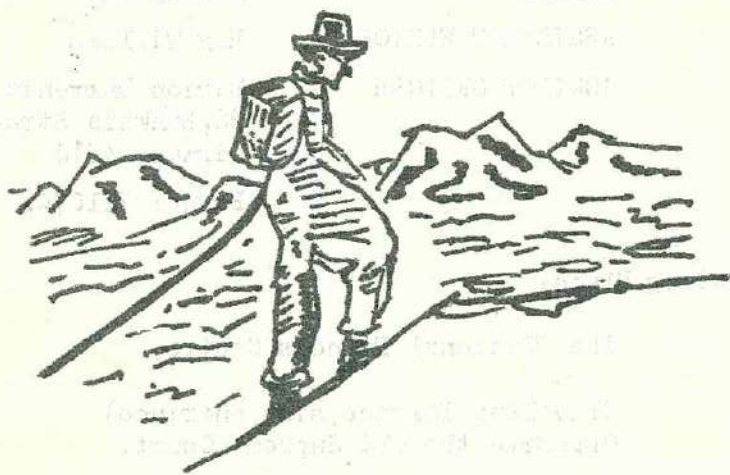


Townsville N.E.C. Bushwalkers



CHRISTMAS NUMBER

DECEMBER 1977

Townsville N.F.C. Bushwalkers Club

P.O. Box 494.
TOWNSVILLE.
Qld 4810.

Hon Officers:

PRESIDENT	Ron Ninnis
VICE-PRESIDENT	Lynn Murray
SECRETARY	Paula Milburn
TREASURER	Liz McLeod
EQUIPMENT OFFICER	
SAFETY TRAINING OFFICER	Andy Plunkett
EDITOR	Les Hyland
ASSISTANT EDITOR	Roy Williams
CONTACT OFFICER	Marion Darveniza 22, Banksia Street Kirwan, 4814 Phone: 731674.

Meeting Place:

The National Fitness Centre,
Cleveland Terrace(side entrance)
Opposite the Old Supreme Court.

Alternate Wednesdays at 20.00 hrs.

See list of meetings opposite.

**** TRIP PROGRAMME ****

End 1977/Early 1978

Dec 4	Running River & Peters Gate (Club Picnic)	1D B	Elaine Greenwood	\$3.20
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Dec 11	Walker's Creek	1D B	Lily Marcellos	\$1.50
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Dec 26/ 27	Keelbottom Creek	2D M	Chris Edwards	\$2.10
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1978

Jan 8	Crystal Creek (Mt. Spec)	1D B	Mark Richardson	\$2.10
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Jan 21/ 22	Herbert Valley (Yaminie Creek)	2D M	Ron Ninnis	\$4.20
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Feb 5	To be decided	1D B	Roy Williams	
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**** MEETING DATES ****

General Meetings

Social Meetings

Nov 23

Dec 7

Dec 21

Jan 4

Jan 18

Feb 1

Feb 15

Mar 1

Mar 15

Mar 29

3.

There's still time to change your Christmas plans!

by Ron Ninnis *

With interruptions from Liz McLeod(also co-walker)

- Location:** Southern Coast of Tasmania - Melaleuca to Cockle Bay
- Grade:** Medium; clear track; one high-level walking section over the Ironbound Range.
- Duration:** Five walking days.
- Features:** A magnificent combination of golden sandy beaches, views of mountain peaks, virgin rainforests in a wilderness area.
- Time of Year:** End December to end February for dry weather - Very high rainfall area.
- Access:** We hired a Tasair plane to Melaleuca.
- Equipment:** Be prepared for rain(heavy). We both wore sandals for footwear - sandals being easier to drag through mud than heavy boots - much to other walkers complete surprise.
- Additional Information** Write to Hobart Walking Club.
- Highlights:** 1)Melaleuca. Melaleuca is the home of the indomitable Denny King who has become a friend to all bushwalkers. He is a well-known Tasmanian identity ; he and his family operate a tin mine. We started out on the first of many button grass plains. The theme song of this article would well be "Mud, mud, glorious mud." To spite the mud the prettiest wild-flowers were always found in the gooiest mud.
- 2)Iron Bound Range. This is unusual in that the Eastern side, which we climbed, is completely bare. The wetter Western side has a track cut through horizontal scrub and leatherwood - a mass of entangled branches drooping with moss.

On the way up there there were panoramic views of the coast and many islands. On the top a jagged skyline comprising the Eastern and Western Arthurs and Federation Peak.

3) New River Lagoon. We waded up the side of New River Lagoon to the base of Precipitous Bluff. We camped during a heavy thunderstorm and spent the next day drying out instead of climbing P.B. as intended. (P.B. is short for Precipitous Bluff for those in the know!) Wading back down the lagoon was an experience I shall never forget. We were thigh deep in places and progress was slow because we had to test the depth of water ahead by means of a long pole. Mist was swirling around us and around P.B. with its jagged cliffs appearing ever so often.

4) Beaches. There are many excellent beaches with enticing and embracing surf. Rainforest sometimes came down to touch the beach and ferns form a guard of honour along the track. And through the ferns run crystal clear, cold, tingling streams.

5) Cockle Bay At Cockle Bay we arrived at civilisation in the form of a caravan park after being almost alone for 7 days. We were taken aback by the incredible Taswegian hospitality and warmth of friendship - the offer of a fresh crayfish and the facility of a ride back to Hobart.

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"Mountain River"

by Harry Kershaw

Human vanity can be stirred in many ways. It is a great source of satisfaction when one does something outlandish, an elation of feeling to go where one's compatriots have no ken.

The showers were getting lighter and farther between. The sun was mistily casting wan shadows when an even greater stimulus happened ; Ron arrived at our rendezvous - the Top of the Road. Without more ado, we trundled our baggage to the river telling the farmer we might be gone for a week, trimmed the loads in our Canadian and Ron's Kayak and started up the Herbert. For over two years I held the tantalising theory that a kayak would be an asset to travel up the Herbert Gorge. "Not so", my learned and most experienced canoe friend said. "Canoes go DOWN rivers, not up"! But the bug had bitten

5.

Mountain River(Continued)

me so deeply that, here we were, stubbornly paddling, pulling and even sometimes carrying our stacks of gear. Easy enough paddling along the "flat" reaches and we often lazily looked around as the green walls became higher and higher and more bursts of grey rock pushed through the forest cover. Jill & I had earlier had a witless "recci"(we forgot our maps), so, until our return we knew not where or how far we had been. It turned out we had been about a mile past Yaminie Creek and our knowledge of the terrain so far, later gave aid to our expedition.

Ron was off like a dog with two tails pressing up currents where we had to pull our clumsier craft and he was already casting camp somewhat below our previous Crocodile Camp (where we actually saw the head of a saurian). Although a lovely place, there was a dearth of firewood and our libations to Vulcan were somewhat meagre.

The weather was still improving and for the next three days "Jocund day" played sunnily round the "misty mountaain tops". Morning found us away again - but having walked beside the river you know the way - it is Club territory - past Sword Creek and Herkes Creek, up our second portage to our predicted camp at the confluence of Yaminie and the Herbert. Plenty of wood and we disturbed the valley quiet with a "respectable" crackling fire, before which we yarned until we nodded our way into our sleeping bags.

Morning, and fleeting mists around our up-river, unknown country ; higher steeper mountains ; more difficult going ? And as we quietly glided up the long lake, debated questingly on "round the corner" and the all-important 'ratio'. What! Maths on a canoe trip ? Well, hardly higher calculation, but a vague ratio does exist. Suppose, up river, we have 5 km of "flat" to 1 km of rapids, our ratio is 5 to 1. Roughly, the lower stretches, near "Top of the Road" would be around 8 to 1 which makes for easier, speedier travel, but as it approaches Yaminie the ratio would approximate to 5 to 1. Now, according to my reckoning, if we get below 3 to 1 it is not worth while to take a Canadian and a kayak would be redundant around 2 to 1. Accordingly, we left camp fixed, paddled light to the top of the first "lake" and then a day's walking "recci" to find if the next stretch was worth taking a laden canoe further. That is J & I did.

Ron, though at this stage he would never admit it, was becoming enamoured with kayak travel and essayed to take his craft as far as practical.

The walls of the Gorge became precipitous as we entered "The Bends", as we called this portion from our map reading. After these, still from the map, we noted that the river banks and the contours became parallel, so we dreamed up a long lake that would extend as far as Smoko Creek. Many facetious names we gave it, from Lake Conjecture, Lake Hope to our final Lake Hypothetical and we were quite excited to look round the next corner. Here the scenery is wonderful and at the last bend a spur of rock comes down from a high ridge and plunges right into the river; there is a lovely deep pool, floored with sand, and we couldn't resist a splash. We had already peeped over the steep rock a short lake, a small rapid but no long stretch of calm water. Our day-time had run out so we turned back to camp Ron getting there at least an hour before us. Again we drowsed and talked before the fire; then as the Southern Cross dipped into the hills, retired to sleep.

The next morning we regretfully said "Good-bye" to Ron as he returned home and we then packed and headed the canoe upstream. A flat mile and then a stiff current - so stiff in fact that the extra pressure snapped my paddle off at the blade. Not a great tragedy, but it meant that we only had control where a single paddle would suffice. Rapids rather longer than before as far as the long pool where we swam the previous day took us to a camp on a small patch of sand beside the water. As our camp-fire crackled we heard a great splashing, no doubt, crocodile instigated, but could see nothing but a seething turbulence and we were too tired to let it disturb our sleep.

The next day we went round the rocky spur and found a grand camp on a high sand bank in most magnificent country. We pitched early and had an easy day as we now were in walking distance from Smoko and only over a stone mound to look for our dream lake. I perused our provisions and announced that we had only three more days, so, as we allowed two days canoeing to return to "Bessie" (our van), we were on our last forward day. Accordingly we packed a rucksack and set out for Lake Hypothetical and Smoko Creek.

Mountain River(Continued)

Our long lake turned into a series connected by short rapids. The valley widens into cattle-grazing country and here I saw the biggest taipan ever - even in museums. It was either sound asleep or sick as it was quite dormant but eventually it stirred and slunk back into a crack in the rock. It seemed a long way. We were glad of the shade trees and we thought every stream that opened into the Herbert was our objective ; Smoko Creek. Eventually we arrived, a most pleasant spot and the end of the "unknown" (as G. had walked down to here from Blencoe Creek). Returning we crossed the river to short-cut a long curve. All very well but now we had to cross back to camp. After abortive attempts, repulsed by deep pools, we forded on rounded stones but this, surprisingly, was shoulder deep and we emerged with some supplies spoiled in the drowned pack. Camp was not far away, however, and we dried out before a sizzling camp fire. This "Bend" camp was our finest, in the heart of a steep gorge, high rocky buttresses on both sides, but what amazed us was to find "sea-weed" high in the trees at least 50 ft. above the present waterline. What a surging mass of water the Herbert must be in the wet.

In deteriorating weather we broke camp as clouds and a cold drizzle descended on us. We were travelling with the flow, sometimes speedily which tempted us to shoot the rapids until one where we broadsided and were almost tipped out, bag and baggage, into the foaming water. Hot drinks were the order of the day and I claimed a record of lighting five fires in one day to satisfy our river-bank meals. Quite soon we reached our Yaminie camp and the next day saw us back to the "Top of the Road" after an exhilarating seven and a half days on the Herbert. As we arrived the farmer drove up, thought we had been away over a week and considered informing the police. We assured him we had not been in any danger and were only half a day overdue.

Back in Townsville we found Ron overjoyed by his speedy trip down - he shot all rapids but one - and a staunch convert of the up-and-down canoe concept on the Herbert. Already we were in "parlez" for the next time, the wild country above Smoko. Yes, there is great satisfaction in pushing on into the unknown.

Behind those glass doors ? Liz McLeod.

The following is not meant to be an exhaustive list of what that mysterious Bushwalking Club cupboard holds. Rather it is hoped that members will be made more aware of the useful, informative and invaluable material behind those glass doors.

Take a look! Have a browse! Here's what you will find:

Mini- To help you become familiar with Australia's Library flora and fauna.

Slater, P. A field guide to Australian Birds (Non-passerines)

McArthur, Kathleen. Queensland Wildflowers.

Marlow, Basil. Marsupials of Australia.

Kinghorn, J.R. The Snakes of Australia.

Scarth-Johnson, Vera. Wildflowers of the warm East coast.

Guides and suggestions on how to do it -
bushwalking that is !

The Melbourne University Mountaineering Club.

Equipment for Mountaineering : a guide to the choice of equipment for the bushwalker, rock-climber and mountaineer.

Bushwalking & Camping ; Paddy Pallin's Handbook of Australian bushcraft.

Now you're walking, try climbing !

Nock, Peter. Rock Climbing

Huxley, Anthony. ed. Standard Encyclopedia of the World's Mountains.

Cordage Inst. of Aust. Rope Today.

Where to go further afield

Hammond, M. & Young, T. (Brisbane Bushwalkers Club)

Walkers' Guide to S.E. Qld's scenic rim.

A recent acquisition has been a Geological Sketch-Guide to the Coral Sea Coast, Burdekin Outback & Sunshine Route by Eric Heidecker. It explains the origins of many popular bushwalking areas as well as relating " oddball bits of information "

9.

Behind those glass doors(continued)

Map Over 45 topographical maps, including the 1: 50,000
Collection 1:250,000 & 1:100,000 series.
Geological series 1:250,000 - Innisfail, Einasleigh,
Ayr, Clarke River, Townsville (with explanatory notes)
Aerial Photographs. Ingham, Townsville & Magnetic
Island areas.
Photo. East Face of Tibrogargan in the Glasshouse
Mts. showing routes put up by the Brisbane Rock-
Climbing club.

N.B. The last two items listed will be found in the
Weeties packet.

Magazines The latest copies are put on display and back copies
are kept in the boxes above the cupboard. For
interesting and often amusing accounts of what other clubs are
up to, read:

Mini heybob	Uni. of Qld Bushwalking Club
Jilalan	Brisbane Catholic Bushwalking Club
The Brisbane Bushwalker	Brisbane Bushwalkers.
Trampalong	Victorian Mountain Tramping Club
The Tararua Trampler	Tararua Tramping Club, Wellington N.Z.

If you're interested in caving there is "Down Under" - Uni of
Queensland Speleological Society.

As a member of the Wildlife Preservation Society of Qld. the
club receives their newsletter and their publication
"Wildlife in Australia". This magazine extends our "knowledge
of Australia's natural history" so that we may "become more
aware of the urgent problems of conservation".

The Townsville Environment Centre's Newsletter keeps us well
informed about local issues.

As an organisation with environmental interests the club
receives Ecos, a C.S.I.R.O. publication describing "research
findings of relevance to our environment".

The journal of the National Parks Association of Queensland,
N.P.A. News, keeps us up to date with National park matters.

The Townsville Bushwalking Club in print. Read all about it !
How the Club actually began. Who has been who and what they

have been up to in the past. It's all there in two scrap books containing newspaper clippings, photographs, and specially typed inserts. There are past newsletters still in existence too.

The Log Book The most valuable item in that little cupboard. It is unique. It makes fascinating reading for hours on end. Perhaps a little tiring too as you walk for miles through the superb bushwalking country of North Queensland. As experienced members have discovered and explored new walking ground, detailed trip accounts have been written up in the log book so that those that follow are able to retrace their steps. This log book is something to be treasured by all Club members and added to as further exploratory walks prove successful. May there ever be Bushwalkers to write in its pages.

-o-o-o-

Bushwalking to a Wedding

by Rick Williams

It ought to be worth some sort of a mention, after all, it's not every day that bushwalking types go bushwalking to a bushwalker's wedding, but that's the way it was. It started out that our past Treasurer, Elaine wanted to effect the splice on the weekend of the Tully Gorge Walk. To combine the two events it was concluded that President Ron, Lou and myself should leave Thursday climb Friday, be collected by follow-up party on Saturday and proceed to Ravenshoe for the big event.

The following comedy of errors, or whatever Shakespeare would have called it was what occurred. Ron and I left Thursday with arrangements to meet Lou and Marion in Tully at 18.00. Lou made it on time while I staggered in in my pollution generator at 18.30. Cold Chicken, Fish & Chips, and Tully downpour disposed of Lou, Ron and self left for Cardstone at 19.00 and camped at the combined cricket ground/stubby disposal area in Cardstone. Friday Oct 28 ; made peace at the power station and turned into the gorge. The day was overcast with sunny patches and the rock-hopping pleasant.

11.

Bushwalking to a wedding(continued)

The gorge is a horseshoe shaped chasm, probably up to 1000 ft deep that narrows in one place to some 70 ft with walls of 800 ft. Most spectacular. Wildlife was abundant with caves of rare swiftlets, variety of snakes and water dragons. Three quarters of the two mile gorge is reasonable but the last part is a scramble over rocks as large as a house with drops up to 40 ft between and cave systems complete with deep pools at river level. The passage requires a swim through the narrow neck of towering walls with pack afloat, unless of course you are cunning enough to bring along such a thing as a child's blow up surf-ski. It is quite a thing to have the wind sail your pack and boots across the water while you enjoy the swim. 15.00. The climb out begins. The start needs the aid of a safety rope and the hauling out of packs. It would be dangerous when wet since the rocks are smooth and thickly coated with algae. Half way up I found Lou a few feet above me with an extended foot and advice on a couple of the better grass tufts to bite on to. The reason - an exposed face some 400 ft to the base rock with an uncomfortably bare appearance. Camp Friday night ; Tully Falls top with cheery fire, gallons of tea and a good old yarn.

Friday also saw the start of the second party to leave from Townsville. Andy & Elizabeth, Lilly and Leon in Andy's Landrover. At 02.30 Saturday morning the last car with Mary left to meet Lee at Ingham guided by a map I supplied which was perfect but for the odd incorrect street name(You don't win then all). The map marks Mary, on time at 05.00. "Harloo" at Palm Avenue and Lee and Mary are away to meet Marion and the kids at South Johnstone to proceed via Palmerston Highway to Tully Falls to collect intrepid party. Meanwhile back in the jungle folks, trio walk two miles across top of falls and joy ride down cable car inspecting the jungle through rain and oil-soaked windows. Tour of power station and return via cableway. Andy and party view retreating gondola. We are unaware of their arrival. Conference at top of mountain. Lou suggests short walk back via road. Make note to talk to Lou about "short". Five miles later trio glad to see green Peugeot and Maroon Corona come over hill. Lunch back at Tully Falls. Andy and party ascend to the Tablelands via N.E.A. "H" road and proceed to Ravenshoe where they

book into a motel. (Don't say "what" like that).

We likewise head for Ravenshoe and Little Millstream Falls for swim/clean-up. Back to Elaine's flat where Lee is asked to use her car as bridal car. On to the wedding where Helger and Elaine with no immediate family walk hand in hand to the altar to the strains of "Morning" from Peer Gynt. (Helger is Norwegian, Elaine Canadian of Norwegian descent being married in an Australian Bush town). After the wedding on to the R.S.L. where a feast was prepared by well wishing townspeople and members of an Alternative Society Group. Dancing went on to 23.00 then all retired, some to tents others to units with plush carpets and room service. Bushwalkers you said !

Sunday, early breakfast. Lou and Marion are away via the Palmerston. Andy and Lee to the Millstream Falls then back to Cardstone via the "H" road which passes through the Malan tableland district and on through miles of State forest to Tully Gorge. After only getting lost once we all finally met at Cardstone for a swim and a meal of fried and roasted Black Bream provided by a benevolent electrician from the power station. Members were invited to join the Tully Falls Club, the initiation for which is to dive into the local waterfall and let the current and boil spew you out at the other end of the pool. It was interesting to note that a certain white water canoeist declined to enrol. One more stop at Cardwell and Andy was off in what had now become the pumpkin-mobile. (Leon was trying to convert the uncomfortable Land Rover into a stately carriage and brought along a load of material in case he saw his fairy Godmother). Ron and I by gracious invitation spent the night at Ingham with the folk who board Lee. We accompanied them to church where a chap gave a talk on his teaching activities in the Solomon Islands. He afterwards informed us that he had been a bushwalker and had once been in New Zealand where he saw a chap on the Fox Glacier drop into a crevasse clutching his precious ice axe. The name of the man who made the black hole was Lou Darveniza. Ron and I returned to Townsville, put on a cup of tea and listened while the A.B.C. at 10.10 played "Morning" from Peer Gynt.

Ravenswood.

by Paula Milburn.

Ravenswood is one of the most treasured and historical areas of the Townsville hinterland. The town situated about 84 miles south of Townsville, is inhabited by approximately seventy people at the present time. There are two Hotels, a Library, the local store and service station combined. Ravenswood is known for the discovery of gold there in 1869. The rush was short-lived as Charters Towers supplanted Ravenswood in 1872 although the decline did not set in finally until the First World War. If you go there today you will see evidence of the Gold Rush in the old relics of the tools the miners used, some ancient and some modern in their own way. The brick curbing of the streets and the architecture of the buildings is beautiful in its representation of a bygone era. The shame of it all is the vandalism of the unusual lace ironwork on the balconies of the two remaining hotels. The gas lanterns hanging precariously from the old timber ceilings are still in good shape regardless of their age and the weather. They are but a few which lit the once chaotic night life of this town.

The still standing headstones of the local graveyard are still in good condition bearing the names and almost the life stories of some of the people who lived there. The Browns who ran the hotel had quite a few children some of whom lie with the memory of Whooping Cough, Typhoid and other diseases which swept the town. The upturned rusted cars are found buried in their own graveyard of weeds and grass. Kitchen utensils can be found mainly on the outskirts of the town. The ashes from the once busy local blacksmith can be found to this very day, with some of the tools he used in his trade. The National Trust is very interested in this historic town but fears that while tourism could confer benefits it could on the other hand result in destruction if not planned carefully.

What do you think the Townsville Bushwalkers could do to contribute to this historic town? Any ideas?

Beginner-sailors Island Party

Comprising: Sher-al(boat)
 John Reilly(skipper)
 Tony Kollenberg(yachtsman)
 Michael Hannon(navigator and author)

Set off from Townsville Monday evening October 26 after a full days hasseling with supplies and equipment. Spent that night at the home of Margaret and Arthur Thorsborne where we received much valuable information about Goold and Hinchinbrook Islands.

Launched Sher-al about 09.30 Tuesday morning Oct. 27 from Cardwell. The sea was quite rough with a moderate to strong wind : we learnt quickly about sailing that morning. Arrived eastern side of Goold Island about 11.30 and set up camp by a coconut tree - there is also a creek on that beach.

After all attempting to climb the tree for the fruitwe resorted to throwing stones. When this failed, largely through lack of stones, we tied a rope around a heavy shell which eventually hooked around a nearby tree. Upon climbing the tree to retrieve the rope, Tony discovered he could reach the coconuts by using the jib pole and shaking them down. Tuesday evening was spent fighting off sandflies and mosquitoes. Don't buy "Dimp" poison - it doesn't work.

Wednesday morning we proceeded to the Northern end of the island where we landed on a rocky beach just off Mona Island where there was good swimming and a plentiful supply of coconuts. We continued on to the old hermit's beach at the southern end of Goold Island where we found his cave with a steady supply of fresh water piped out of the rocks and at the eastern end of the beach a track up to his garden where all that remained was a long stone wall and a few mango trees. The beach, however, was plentiful in large oysters. That evening we returned to our base camp having successfully circumnavigated Goold Island. We slept at the southern tip of the island hoping the wind there would keep away the insects.

Beginner-sailors Island Party(continued)

Thursday morning was fair sailing weather when we tacked across to Hinchinbrook resort for a meal. When we returned to the boat we found it high and dry on the beach so we trekked through tropical rainforest to Shepherds Bay and cooked a shark we had caught that morning. The evening we spent on the boat where no insects could find us.

On Friday morning we headed around Cape Richards and down to Nina Beach where it was too rough to go up the creek at the northern end of the beach for shelter. We continued sailing to a peninsular beach off Agnes Island where we camped the night. There was a rich supply of oysters and an even richer supply of ... mosquitoes.

Saturday morning we sailed up the creek at the northern extremity of Zoe Bay where we set up camp on the beach which was very well fortified with coconuts. That afternoon we walked to the northern end of the beach where there is another creek that we followed along a good track to a waterfall and large pool often frequented by the Hinchinbrook resorters.

The next day we set off to follow the other main creek to the ridge thence on to a mountain south of Diamantina. However due to our physical condition and the thick undergrowth upon leaving the creek we only reached the ridge and then returned to sleep at the top of the waterfall.

On Monday morning we left Zoe Bay to reach Lucinda but due to the large swell and strong winds were forced to return to the creek for shelter, running short on supplies we spent the afternoon resting after our traumatic escape from the sea. In the afternoon we fished for our tea but caught S.B.A. probably because we had no bait. Tuesday we were more fortunate ; it was a calm day with a fresh wind . We set off early for Lucinda and arrived before lunch. Finding Lucinda a

half-horse town we sailed on to Cardwell after a visit to the Lucinda Store, and arrived in Cardwell just in time for a hearty tea.

Wednesday morning we obtained supplies (and fat bellies) and set off for the Brook Islands about 11.30. After sailing all day and making very little progress we made it to Cape Richards at dusk. About 07.30 on Thursday Oct. 6, confident that the wind would come up we headed for the open sea where - determined not to succumb to modern technology - we sat, and sat, and sat as the day got hotter and our skin became drier we pulled on the outboard engine and arrived at South Brook Island within a half an hour. These islands are a fantasy of colour ; well worth a visit. There are luxuriant vegetation, clear deep water, sandy beaches and rocky cliffs as well as a beautiful reef surrounding the entire group. The islands are rich in sea and animal life - including hungry rodents. Soon we climbed to the top of the lighthouse where there is a magnificent view to all horizons. We camped on the most Northerly and largest island where the beach is protected from the winds.

Tony and myself walked round the island ; a task only to be performed at low tide and then by the very keen. Meantime the skipper rested and caught up on some reading. On Friday we explored the other islands, viewed the reef and slept. Saturday morning we headed for the Family Group and set camp at Wheeler island where the advantage is fresh water from a creek which has been tapped and marked on the main beach. For lunch we had our first mackerel - all four foot of it, or thereabouts.

We arrived at Dunk on Sunday morning after an exciting battle with the sea. The camping area at Dunk was the first place we had to share the grounds with other people ; we had almost forgotten how to relate after being sea bound for so long. That afternoon we walked through the native tropical rainforest up a well-worn track to Mt. Kootaloo. After becoming civilised - a Western and a cabaret - we left about 08.00 on Tuesday for Cardwell reached about 12.00. A fitting finish was another lagre mackerel (not quite 4ft) caught on route.

Ups and Downs in the European Alps Roland Gregory.

For a combination of breathtaking alpine scenery, invigorating mountain air and strenuous hiking, the Swiss Alps are to be highly recommended. Different but equally enjoyable, are the Dolomites of Northern Italy. On a memorable holiday trip I was able to sample both areas in near perfect weather.

The hike began from Grindelwald, a picturesque (most Swiss villages could be described by that adjective) little village set in a lush green valley close to Interlaken in Central Switzerland. The quaint architecture of the Swiss cottages with their overhanging eaves southward-facing positions and colourful window boxes of geraniums are fixed in my memory. The towering snow-capped peaks and several glaciers visible from Grindelwald served notice that I was now in the Bernese Oberland. Hiking in the Alps is very much an up-and-down affair. i.e: progress involves climbing out of one valley, over a pass, down into the next valley and the process is then repeated again and again ! Rebellious leg muscles must be firmly controlled as must any urge to empty the contents of a (too heavy ?) rucksac.

From Grindelwald the trail led up (of course) past the north face of the famous Eiger, a steep wall of rock and ice towering thousands of feet above the track. The partly shrouded Eiger dominated the scenery most of the first day. Green pastures were dotted with grazing cows busily producing the raw material necessary for production of that delicious Swiss chocolate and Swiss cheese. Elsewhere, the lush grass was being mowed and sun-dried to serve as stock food for the long winter ahead. Overhead, the Swiss airforce aerobatically contributed to the world's energy crisis, no doubt relishing the freedom to play about above such breathtaking grandeur. Lunch was had on that first day beside a small waterfall: three uninvited goats needed much persuasion and a few choice words before they abandoned their attempts to eat my rucksac and contents and drink the billy of tea

I had painstakingly brewed with solid fuel tablets. Lots of dayhikers passed by on the track, no doubt wondering about the sanity of this foreigner in shorts(My God!) and staggering under the load of a very bulky rucksack. I mean, to blend in with the locals, one needs the "European Uniform" of knee-length sox meeting knee length trousers, checked shirt, jacket, a light day-pack and a cute little hat bristling with feathers and badges. So you can see, I stuck out like a sore thumb, in shorts and a Tee shirt which seemingly advertised a gaol-breaking gang called "Townsville Bushwalkers". On the descent into the little village of Wengen (pronounced Vengen) at the end of day one, I spotted three nervous chamoix on the mountainside.

Next day, the descent continued to the bottom of the valley and the town of Lauterbrunnen. The view up the valley was of great sheer cliffs, waterfalls, and overlooking it all the mighty bulk of the Jungfrau. One felt completely dwarfed by the magnitude and grandeur of the landscape. An easy stretch followed striding along the flat valley with a visit to the Trummelbach falls, a waterfall within the mountainside. The the gradient increased and it was "puff-blow" again. Once I was detoured around a section of the mountainside by some characters carrying automatic rifles and soon the sound of shooting echoed around the mountains. Either the Swiss reserve army was practicing or the Swiss have a mighty direct way of settling neighbourly disputes!

So on and upwards, once surprising two grazing deer, until darkness and white mist crept up and I began to despair of reaching the next hut before daylight failed. Then through the mist a building loomed! It was a primitive farmhouse occupied by a family while they tended their cows grazing here in high summer pastures from June to September. I enjoyed their kind hospitality and stayed the night even though the bed was in the hayloft above the pigs(above - I said not "with")! A jug of hot milk

Ups and downs in the European Alps(contd)

was a most welcome supper. Sleep was a little difficult as some of the pigs insisted in talking in their sleep, and all about outside was the tinkling and tonkling of the bells about the necks of grazing cows and goats - the net effect was not unlike an Indonesian gamelan orchestra gone mad! Then in the early hours of the next day the cows were milked(of course) also within the same building! No, sleep didn't come easily, but I deemed the experience worth it.

Next morning with rucksack heavier by almost 1½lbs of home made cheese, the intrepid adventurer sallied forth into the misty unknown followed by a herd of goats in single file, bells jangling! Eventually I gave my four-footed hiking companions the slip and advanced up the mountainside with swirling mist often obscuring the magnificent panorama. Then followed a particularly gruelling slog up a long steep scree slope to Sefinenfurgge pass at 2612 metres. At the top, I joined a crowd of hikers hoping for a break in the mist to reveal the scenery, but no luck! Over the top a similar steep descent began and soon the track was passing down through green pastures again and after a shower of rain, the cloud disappeared and the sun shone on the beautiful Kien valley. In such idyllic surroundings, "photographic stops" and "stops to admire the scenery" were frequent.

Across a river and then the ascent began again, but only to Bundalp, the next "campsite". The fourth day of the hike dawned cloudless and even the old legs were starting to feel "run-in" and didn't rebel at the sight of the steep climb up to Hohturli pass at 2800 meters. What a view from the top! Rugged, snow-covered mountains, glaciers and deep green valleys were so sharply defined in the startlingly clear atmosphere. The serenity was broken by the crowd of people at the Alpine hut (if a three storied edifice of stone can be called a hut?) on the pass and two ski-planes landing on the glacier below.

Down and down, later, into the next valley and soon past beautiful Oeschinen Lake with its sheer cliffs and

glacial fed waterfalls on one side and pine forest on the other. From there a mere one hour to Kandersteg and the end of this particular hike.

Next point of call was Zermatt, nestling at the foot of that jagged fang of rock reaching 4478 metres into the blue sky - the Matterhorn on the Swiss Italian border. I never grew tired of looking at its beauty. The youth hostel in Zermatt seemed to have been taken over by Aussies and Canadians. When introducing oneself as an Aussie, the usual reaction was "What, not another one!" From Zermatt there are many trails with marvellous hiking potential. All tracks lead up through fragrant pine forests into the open alpine meadows. The walk up Gornergrat (3130 metres) afforded panoramic views of the Gorner glacier, Matterhorn and numerous other alps as well as the summer ski plateau on the Italian border. A railway up to Gornergrat puts that place within reach on any one and this particular day it was like Bondi Beach in mid-summer. A descent to Zermatt via one of the little lakes was much more peaceful. The most enjoyable hike was that to the summit of the Mettlehorn (3406 metres), with incredible views all round and even back to the Eiger and Jungfrau in Central Switzerland. That trip was lengthened by first climbing the wrong peak by mistake, having to descend, cross another snowfield and eventually gain the summit of the true Mettlehorn! That's true determination or sheer madness - I prefer to believe the former!

Unfortunately I had to leave Zermatt after four days and two days later was breathing the invigorating crisp air of Misurina in the North Italian Dolomites. Misurina is a collection of hotels, restaurants and souvenir shops nestling beside a small lake and shrouded by pine forests and towering, craggy, much eroded mountains. The area consists of mountainous outcrops separated by valleys, invariably containing little villages and often lakes and streams. The prominent outcrop of rock nearby comprised three pillars named the Drei Zinnen or Tre Cime Laveredo depending on whether one was German or Italian. With vertical faces of 600-700 metres these were a rock climbers joy as are, indeed, many of the mountains in the Dolomites. Incredibly beautiful

Ups and downs in the European Alps(continued)

panoramas were the rewards after long hikes up through fragrant pine forests, past crystal clear lakes, over moon-like rocky landscapes and up steep scree slopes where two steps up meant one step back in an avalanche of loose rocks. A number of chamoix and a squirrel watched curiously from a distance.. A memorable day's walk around the Drei Zinnen in a landscape of saw-toothed and fantastically eroded mountains ended with a scramble down a dry creek bed and several dry waterfalls reminiscent of trips in North Queensland. The energy crisis worsened as the Italian airforce frolicked above with gay abandon.

Four days of perfect weather(apart from one afternoon when I was caught in the mountains in a brief storm and pelted with ice!) and time caught up again - I had to move on. Next day as i left and headed into Austria,the weather changed for the worse fortune had been on my side to give me two memorable weeks in Europes most beautiful alpine areas.

Food.

Ron Ninnis

At the end of a hard day's walk I always fully agree with the person who first said that there is nothing quite like food. I then look at what the other walkers are munching and marvel at the number of Cordon Bleus with alfoil delights. With many necks around Townsville discovered by Bushies to have fruit trees laden with fruit, I can certainly say that food is dear to the bushwalker's stomach.

Just imagine the following menu:

- * Oyster a la Hinchinbrook.
- * Killymoon Bream with Ollera Lemon
- * Mt.Bartle Frere wild raspberries and native mangosteens with Garrawalt passionfruit.

Here are some tempting Townsville specialities a la billy:

- 1) Tuna. Mix one packet dehydrated potato with hot

water. Add 1 can tuna. Sprinkle with $\frac{1}{2}$ packet Parmesan cheese.

2) Andy's Damper mix. Requirements; 1. A quantity of whole-meal flour self raising (if plain you need baking powder too) 2. A quantity of sugar 3. A pinch of salt 4. A quantity of milk 5. Mixed fruit in the packet 6. Peanut oil for greasing the camp oven 7. Butter, Honey, Golden Syrup etc to go with the finished damper. *** Basic steps in mixing dough:

1. Sift a quantity of flour, about $\frac{1}{4}$ lb three times adding two tablespoons of powder, half cup of sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of salt (Note sifting is very important if the damper is to rise)

2. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ packet of Mixed fruit.

3. Now add milk to make the dough. Add enough so as to give yourself a mix similar to that made for scones.

4. Grease the camp oven with the peanut oil.

5. Sprinkle a little flour about the camp oven and then place in the dough mixture.

6. Even out the dough, then slice it into 8 equal parts to permit the penetration of heat.

7. Have a fire prepared with glowing coals; place the oven on and shovel coals on the lid and around the base.

8. Allow to cook for 25 mins - pull off, check the condition and if necessary cook another 5 mins.

9. If you don't follow this: watch me do it sometime.

3) Judy's Cheesecake. Requirements; $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups crushed Arrowroot biscuits, 3 ozs melted butter.

Mix and press into tart plate. Allow to set in fridge.

Filling: Mix 8oz Philadelphia cream cheese & 1 tin condensed milk until smooth/ add one third cup lemon juice. Bananas, passionfruit can be added. Cream cheese should be removed from fridge for 2 hrs or so to soften.

I promised not to mention Snake steak or Galah stew... so I won't.

* * * * *

May your Editor wish all members a very happy Christmas -

Happy holiday to those going away and to those members leaving us for good or an extended period we hope you will prosper and think occasionally of the Townsville Bushwalkers.



