

ESCAPE



Sept. 83

townsville
bushwalkers

EDITORIAL

Here at last in bold black and white is....THE MAGAZINE!

Thanks go to those fine, tenacious souls who never quite gave up hope of seeing an '83 edition.

ESCAPE - That's the name of our magazine, and that's what this Club is all about. I can't think of a better way of escaping the trials and tribulations of our workaday existence than by taking off to a wonderfully peaceful spot with some great company in tow.

The start of the year saw quite a boom for the Club. Numbers on walks shot up well over the twenty mark. There was talk of changing policy to cope safely with this phenomenon. However, as the year has gone on, numbers have returned to more manageable levels. Maybe it's something to do with steep mountains or icy cold water. Anyway, welcome to those newcomers who have joined us this year.

There seems to be quite a few items in a lighter vein in this magazine. I suspect that most of us are actually blue bloods! I'd like to thank those industrious types who contributed articles for this edition. Karmen (Nisbet) has been a great help in doing the typing.

Good reading and good walking.

JAN

TOWNSVILLE NFC BUSHWALKERS

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Meetings : Held at the Townsville Environment Centre (next to Sorrento's Pizza, the Ingham Road end of Flinders Street) at 8.00 p.m.

September 14, 28
October 12, 26
November 9, 23

FOR NEW MEMBERS (AND OLD ONES)

Welcome to the Townsville Bushwalkers.

Before you start on your first walk there are a few hints to be passed on; they might also be relevant on your second (or fifty-second) walk too!

Most of our walking "territory" involves the use of right-of-way across private property. This right is zealously guarded by our Club as it has been won over years of mutual cooperation with property owners. We have in the past respected their property as if it was our own. If you are not prepared to do likewise, sorry, you are not welcome to walk with us. We are very conscious of this point, hence it is made most strongly.

You will get a Provisional Programme listing the intended walks and our regular fortnightly meetings. It is expected that (unless there is a very cogent reason) you will attend the meeting on the Wednesday prior to the walk (or the nearest Wednesday before the walk, as may be). At this meeting final arrangements are made, maybe the walk will be changed completely. Hence, to know the meeting place and time you should be at the meeting. On the programme the walks are roughly graded: E = Easy M = Moderate D = Difficult and Exp = Exploratory. For your own and others sake make your first walk an "E", or "M" if you have not walked before. In the Townsville area we do not normally walk on graded tracks as is the case in southern States hence you may find the going more difficult than you expect, particularly if the weather is hot. Don't be afraid to ask questions at the meeting, there is, naturally, some latitude in the grading, some require a little rock-hopping others necessitate more. Ask either during or after the formal meeting.

There are two schools of thought regarding footwear. Many advocate boots, but for a start sandshoes are quite adequate. If you are going to buy sandshoes for your first trip, talk to some of the members before you buy. There are some brands on the market with synthetic soles that become a death-trap on wet rocks - shoes that have a good grip may cost a bit more, but then, what price a broken leg or worse!

Our transport system is simple. At the meeting place several members will elect or be selected to take their cars. Everyone, including the drivers, pays the trip fee as shown on the Programme. This is used to reimburse the drivers for the cost of fuel plus a reasonable amount extra for wear and tear and overheads. This amount is normally paid to drivers at the meeting after the trip involved, so if your car is used you will not get your cheque for 1½ weeks after the walk.

TRIP CHECK LIST

WEEKEND TRIP:

Rucksack
Sleeping Bag
Waterbottle (if necessary)
Footwear - Sandshoes or boots
Hat (and sunburn cream)
Small Torch
Insect Repellent
Billy
Knife, Fork, Spoon, Mug, Matches

Food: Day 1 Lunch, Dinner Store in waterproof plastic
Day 2 Breakfast, Lunch (not glass) containers.
A bit extra for any emergency

Spare Clothes: Jumper (winter), Parka, (if weather indicates)
Swimming Togs
Tent (or Flysheet and Groundsheet)
Map and Compass
Camera (in waterproof container if necessary)
First Aid Kit: Crepe Bandage, Band-aids, Antiseptic, Needle,
Scissors or Razor Blade, Aspirin, Stretch Bandage,
any personal medication.

DAY TRIP:

Rucksack
Waterbottle (if necessary)
Footwear - Sandshoes or boots
Hat (and sunburn cream)
Insect Repellent
Billy
Knife, Fork, Spoon, Matches

Food: Lunch
A bit extra for any emergency

Swimming Togs
Map and Compass
Camera (in waterproof container if necessary)
First Aid Kit: Crepe Bandage, Band-aids, Antiseptic, Needle,
Scissors or Razor Blade, Aspirin, Stretch Bandage,
any personal medication.

It is also a good idea to have a bag with a change of clothes to be left in the car for your return.

One other point may be worth mention. If you have any particular medical problem let the trip leader know before the trip so that if action is required, it is informed action rather than an inspired guess. It goes without saying that we abide by the code of behaviour of the National Parks and Wildlife Service whether we are in a National Park or not. For instance, tins, bottles, foil, and other non-combustible materials must be carried out of the area. Do not pollute fresh water streams with soap. Do not disturb living plants for camp needs such as tent poles. Extinguish camp fires with water and/or soil before breaking camp. Do not burn plastic.

In Retrospect - Our walks this year.

Bluewater Forestry Area - Keelbottom W. and Starr Tributary. Jan. 29-31.

This opened up possibilities for future walks, good rainforest/open forest contrasts.

Waterfall Creek. Feb. 13.

Mozzies, mozzies, good swim's and more mozzies.

Kennedy Creek. Feb. 19-20.

Nice creek with good "Paulish" leaps into rock pools. Wonderful examples of impenetrable scunge on the way to the ridge. Shades of Circle View?

Bullocky Tom's Creek. March 6.

Fancy the Bushies being put off by 30 inches of rain!

Puzzle Creek / Running River. March 19 - 20.

Long hot walk with welcome swims. Ask Gavin if you want to know how to keep your 'jamies (or harem) dry in a downpour.

Hinchenbrook Island. Easter.

Wonderful! The enthusiastic throng chose from beach swimming, climbing Mt Bowen or dangling off the Thumb.

Leichhardt Creek. April 17.

Terrific rock slide and plunge! We have as many happy memories as holes in our pants.

Herbert Falls. April 23 - 25.

Unique start - 1.30 a.m. - 5.45 a.m. drive! Great rally driving territory. We enjoyed spectacular views and even a bit of abseiling. The river was unusually low.

Hen Camp Creek. May 15.

No old chooks, but droves of healthy young mozzies. Gorgeous Gorge.

Magnetic Island. May 28 - 29.

Our dedicated Club President received the Solo Walker of the Year Award.....a return ticket to Mozzie Island.

Bartle Frere. June 11 - 13.

Cold, wet and really great! It's a wonderful experience to spend three days in that unique environment.

Godwin's Peak. June 26.

- Q. How do you stop a bushwalker getting lost on a
- walk with scenic views?
A. Give him a dose of Donnagel so he can't stop
- to enjoy the view.

Mt Elliott. July 9 - 10.

Strenuous, but with lovely rainforest.
Pity Alligator Creek was nowhere to be found.

Bishop's Peak. July 24.

Pioneered a new way up and a shorter way down.
Great views of Hinchbrook, Herbert Valley and the
surroundings.

T U L L Y G O R G E

by A. Participant

"Storied of old in high immortal verse,
Of dire chimeras and enchanted isles,
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to Hell."

John Milton (1608-1674)

"Round and round the rugged rocks
the rugged rascals ran."

Anon.

Author's Note: The names and places in this story are real,
only the events have been changed to make it more interesting.

The moon still shone brightly on this chill November morn
as the party assembled, grim faced and quietly apprehensive.
"Right-o chaps, synchronize watches," Marion's flint edged
voice cut the morning mist as she approached the main group,
ice crunching under her sure footfalls. Someone had kicked
over an Esky in the gloom. "I thought you meant 4.30 in the
afternoon," bemoaned Geoff as he fought doggedly with his
sleeping bag zipper, hopelessly jammed. His plea impressed
no one. We all listened in silence as Lou explained again
why a walk which previously had been done as a two day epic
was being attempted in one day. "We won't have to stop so
many times and ask people the way." And we were going to
follow this man into the annals of history. Apprehension
mounted.

"Hey, my shoes are on the wrong feet," said Lily, and
indeed they were. They were on Suzy's feet. Suzy had forgotten
to bring her own shoes. But for this oversight the World's
Fastest Packer of 1982 Award would have been hers. "Come on,
let's go," said Dale. "It's six o'clock already." Actually,
it was only a quarter past five and she had been looking at her
compass, but the finer points of her argument were overlooked
by the still largely somnambulant assemblage. And so go we did.
Into the valley of boulders that was (dramatic chords).....
T U L L Y G O R G E.

Six thirty. Breakfast at last. Fairly easy rock hopping
so far. The largest rock to date was only as big as a goodly



sized room. The ones as big as Ingham cane farmers' domiciles still lay ahead of us. Some hardy souls swam in the large pool, some staying in for as long as it took them to get out, others staying longer, feigning enjoyment. Di did her mandatory thirty laps - not of the pool - of her muesli plate. She had forgotten her spoon.

Ahead lay the narrow notch in the escarpment which was the gorge. Beyond its opening, bright sunshine illumined thin wisps of early morning mist. Mist? Or could it be sulphurous gases rising from the fuming cauldron of a hideous one eyed mountain troll who was condemned by the Gods for a minor indiscretion as a youth to guard the entrance from the onslaught of determined bushwalkers and deal slow but certain death to all who dared to pass? "No, its mist", said Lou, reassuringly. "The troll's striking for shorter hours." And we were away again, winging our winding, wandering way over over wocks and wiver.

The rocks grew bigger, almost as you watched them. A difficult stretch (or in Keith's terminology 'a piece of cake') led to a Grey swiflet colony in an overhang come cave. These interesting little avarian troglodites navigate in the cave by emitting audible clicks (Spain et al., 1978) and receiving echos, much in the same way as bats do inaudibly. Many a happy moment was spent, knee deep in swiflet guano, observing the fledglings and emerging chicks in the twig and saliva nests on the cave walls. Lou picked a few fallen nests from the unsavoury pot pourri on the floor and said "They make soup out of these in China." Most of those present would have been happy not to have been so enlightened at that particular moment, given the less than ideal olfactory circumstances.

A further difficult stretch saw us in the gorge proper. It takes a sharp left turn immediately after the entrance. Steep sides. Narrow floor. Very impressive. On we clambered. Under, over, round and through rocks.

Paul, normally a front runner, tarried at the rear to give assistance to the slower moving members of the party as they struggled down precipitous drops, desperately in need of hand holds. "He's an asset to the club", said Graham. Glynnis seconded the motion by slapping Paul's face soundly. But was it merely coincidence that she was first in line at the next



rock where Paul's assistance proved necessary?

"How the hell did you get up there?", someone asked of Keith. "A piece of cake," he said, jumping down and climbing up again to show how it was done. "I think I might look for an alternate route, if you don't mind," came the reply.

Meanwhile, John was having problems. He had forsaken his boots in favour of a spanking new pair of KT 26's with triple overhead innersoles and his boots were having the last laugh. "Never again," he wailed as he wiped the blood from another shattered kneecap. "Old ways are the best ways". But, dear reader, fate had not finished with John on that day, as a glimpse at the following paragraphs will reveal.

"Is this the bit where we have to swim?" asked Dale tremulously. Indeed it was. Greg 'if-God-had-meant-us-to-swim-he would-have-given-us-fins' Arrowsmith had thought otherwise and was at this moment stuck on a ledge half way up one of the sheer sides of the gorge. "I thought I could climb round without getting my feet wet," he said later. We didn't call him 'the cat' for nothing. Luckily Alan came to the rescue with a deft piece of rock climbing and a length of rope which saw both of them stuck on the ledge in no time at all. Luckily Mary was there to give instructions, and the situation was saved.

Meanwhile, John was having problems. At the end of the swim a huge boulder completely blocked the gorge, necessitating a rock climb out of the water. John was half way up, clinging by one toe and a little finger, when Di, who was immediately above him, asked politely for assistance, well, dear reader, it is reassuring in these days of loose morals and tight jeans to witness the act of gallantry which followed and realise that the Age of Chivalry is not dead but merely asleep. John let go his little finger to offer a hand. Controversy later raged as to whether his glasses fall off before or after he hit the water, but when he finally did resurface he was without them. "Oh well, they were insured", was his philosophic remark. Well done John. It's actions like that which made England what it is today. Indeed, so impressed was Paul by the incident that he reenacted it several times from ever increasing heights.

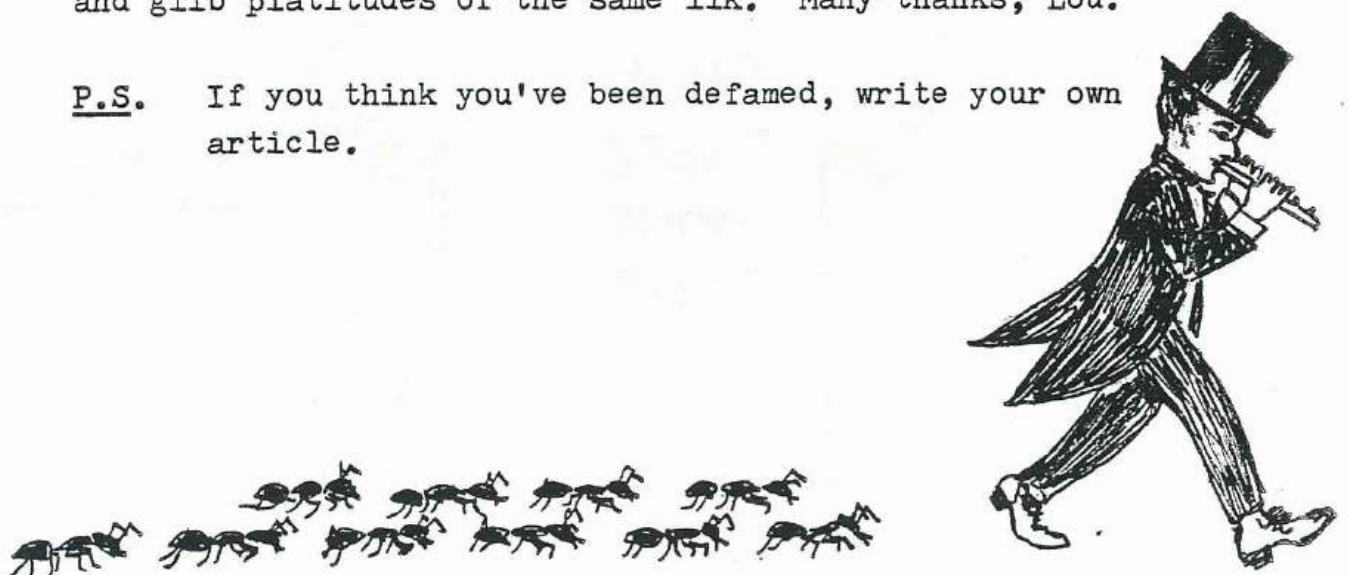
At the same time, the author, who was blazing a trail of his own, suddenly found himself in difficulties. Luckily he had at his disposal superior cunning, agility and strength and

was able to extricate himself from the situation with little trouble. He would like to go on record as not having been in the least bit frightened or shaken by the experience and to castigate those in the party who repeatedly referred to him as "smelly" from that moment on.

Well, dear reader, you must be wondering by now where all this is going to and, or rather if it is going to end, and so I shall be brief. For, those who were there need no reminding of the journey's travails, and those who weren't must be bored stupid by now. Who indeed could forget Keith's Diversion, which led half the party into the very midst of the largest heap of boulders yet encountered at a time when rain threatened to make them as slippery as greased pigs. "It's a piece of cake!" Keith said as he ducked some thrown by Dale, and a good thing too, for Dale's fruit cake has been known to bring down rampant rogue elephants. And who could forget being winched up the sheer cliff at the base of the once stupendous but now, thanks to QEGB, a shadow of its former self, Tully Gorge, by Alan. Or indeed Keith's climb of same sheer cliff, which by the way is rated 'impossible' by the Australian Guide to Rockclimbing and Wildflower Pressing. Or Greg's outburst when he discovered that the flimsy pieces of grass which were preventing, or perhaps only delaying, a fall of some hundreds of metres, were defended, somewhat relentlessly, by a species of ant which stung like the very dickens. He was not alone in his discovery. Indeed only Allan, who was leading at the time and had stirred the buggers up, remained in blissful ignorance. And one could go on, and on and, infact, one has.

So it was that we returned to the cars, via QEGB's cable car, tired but happy, after an exciting day to remember and glib platitudes of the same ilk. Many thanks, Lou.

P.S. If you think you've been defamed, write your own article.



NOVEMBER 6/7

ABSEILING

While the rest of the bushies were spending the weekend at Tully Gorge, I was tied up learning the ropes on an Abseiling course being run at Mount Elliott National Park. The course was run with Military precision by ex-Commando Bruce Parr and among the other 14 novices were : two firemen, three National Park Rangers and 4 of us from the City Council.

Saturday morning was spent learning the theory and practising knots until we could tie them with our eyes closed and behind our backs. After lunch we were ready to have a go at the nursery slopes starting with the simplest ascent and then the Geneva Technique of descending slopes- the only forward facing descent. By 5pm we were well and truly "tied" out.

Sunday started off with an hours revision and it was back to the nursery slope to practise full abseil technique and before lunch we were ready to descend a 25 metre cliff with quite a degree of skill. The afternoon brought mechanical abseil using metal carabiners and before long we were ready to face The Overhang.

This was to provide the biggest heart stopping descent but also the greatest adrenalin high. Our thorough training stood us in good stead and there were no back-downs or trapped fingers and most of us were rearing to go for a second attempt.

We rounded the training off with a Prussick loop ascent and the slow but safe "Descender" Technique. All in all the weekend provided a lot of fun, good exercise and a useful skill. If anyone else ever gets a chance to do a course I can really recommend it.

G.D.

(Gordon Downie walked with us for a few months at the end of last year. He first appeared sporting a "Gordon's World Tour 1980-1983" T-shirt. When last heard of he was roaming through Asia. I think he may have to obtain a new T- shirt with revised dates!-Ed.)



Back view :
Gordon's T shirt

THE CALL OF THE WILD

Robert Service

Have you gazed on naked grandeur where there's nothing else
to gaze on,
Set pieces and drop-curtain scenes galore,
Big mountains heaved to heaven, which the blazing sunsets
blazon,
Black canyons where the rapids rip and roar?
Have you swept the visioned valley with the green stream
streaking through it,
Searched the Vastness for a something you have lost?
Have you strung your soul to silence? Then for God's sake
go and do it;
Hear the challenge, learn the lesson, pay the cost.

Have you wandered in the wilderness, the sage-brush desola-
tion,
The bunch-grass levels where the cattle graze?
Have you whistled bits of ragtime at the end of all creation,
And learned to know the desert's little ways?
Have you camped upon the foothills, have you galloped o'er
the ranges,
Have you roamed the arid sun-lands through and through?
Have you chummed up with the mesa? Do you know it's
moods and changes?
Then listen to the wild-it's calling you.

Have you known the Great White Silence, not a snow-gemmed
twig a-quiver?
(Eternal truths that shame our soothing lies.)
Have you broken trail on snowshoes? mused your huskies up
the river,
Dared the unknown, led the way, and clutched the prize?
Have you marked the map's void spaces, mingled with the
mongrel races,
Felt the savage strength of brute in every thew?
And though grim as hell the worst is, can you round it off
with curses?
Then hearken to the wild-it's wanting you.

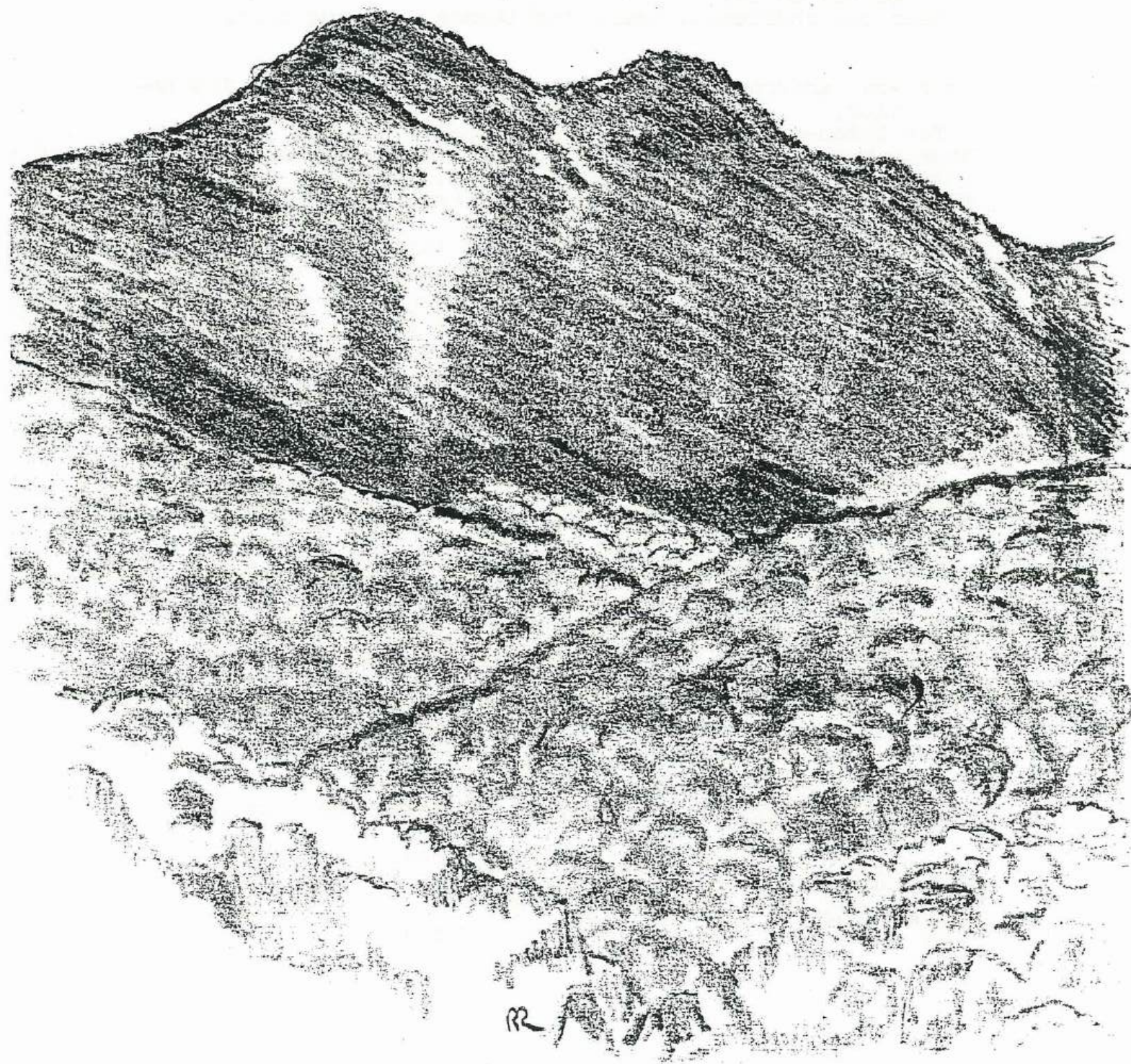
Have you suffered, starved, and triumphed, grovelled down,
yet grasped at glory,
Grown bigger in the bigness of the whole?
"Done things" just for the doing, letting babblers tell the
story.
Seeing through the nice veneer the naked soul?
Have you seen God in His splendours, heard the text that
nature renders?
(You'll never hear it in the family pew.)
The simple things, the true things, the silent men who do
things-
Then listen to the wild-it's calling you.

They have cradled you in custom, they have primed you with
their preaching,
They have soaked you in convention through and through;
They have put you in a showcase; you're a credit to their
teaching-

But can't you hear the wild?-it's calling you.
Let us probe the silent places, let us seek what luck betide us
Let us journey to a lonely land I know.
There's a whisper on the night-wind, there's a star agleam to
guide us,
And the wild is calling, calling...let us go.

.....

(Gordon D. left this behind to share with us.)



PUZZLE CREEK

Our trip to Puzzle Creek was not for the unfit. I found that the extra 4 or so kms that we tacked on made quite a difference. We didn't start without incident - a conversation with a supposed land owner created a bit of anxiety to start with. More will be said about that later.

It was good to see some water in the creek, as last walk I went on in this area was very dry, or even depressing at times. There were 23 starters (and finishers) which is a lot of people for this type of walk.

After the first set of falls we had a pretty uninteresting walk for quite awhile. In fact, I don't think we gained a great deal by adding the extra distance. However nothing ventured, nothing gained.

Our camp site for Saturday night was very good. There was plenty of room for large numbers and plenty of water. We had just settled in and down came the rain. I was dry, and the sight of everyone battling the elements brought a smile to my face. There's a lot to be said for a good tent.

Day two proved to be a bit of a swimathon for most of the day, which I didn't mind at all. It was an energetic day, and I think there were a few who were glad to see the cars at Eddie Harper's place. Thanks Eddie. It's good to see that ignorance doesn't touch all land owners.

That brings me to a point. Why has a grazier got the power to stop respectable people from crossing Crown Land or using natural waterways for recreation? Remember it isn't his land a lot of the time. He leases from the Government. That means it's still our land. Of course that's assuming it's Australia's Crown Land. One never knows does one? No grazier, cane farmer or anyone else for that matter should be able to stop an Australian citizen from walking on Australian soil. I'm not saying it shouldn't be controlled, I am saying it shouldn't be controlled by land holders who are generally ignorant of the activities of bushwalkers and other such groups. Unfortunately, I can't see this happening in the near future.

GREG ARROWSMITH



A
COUPLE
OF
FINE
DAYS
ON
THE
ISLE
OF
HITCH
'n'
BROOK

Once upon a time there existed a paradise amongst the coconut palms where natives would come from far and wide to visit. No one knew why they were there or what they did, until one day when I was flying over, I decided to stay and observe what seemed to me to be quite an euphoric existence. Here is my story.

At first glance, there seemed little sign of life from the array of colourful canvases. It wasn't for long though. The smell of an ocean breeze and the beginnings of a searing sun soon sparked activity amongst the happy tribe.

First to arise were Maid Marion and her followers - Jumping Jan, John and Jill, Daring Dave, Leaping Leslie and Tracker Ted, just to name a few. These were natives obviously intent on reaching higher goals in life. As they staggered under the weight of their packs. I made a silent prayer that they would return to their friends safely, as that mountain did look rugged!

Who were the other natives? Another dashing character seemed to be that of Jim alias "Fearless Leader", followed in close pursuit by his comrades Amiable Andy, Gentle Glynis,

Jubilant Jane and their friends. They'd decided to commune with nature along one of the islands many beautiful scenic hiking trails.

What were the other natives doing? I noticed very little movement. Were they really alive? Relief.....there was a sign of life. Gallant Greg was bravely twiddling his toe, fishing line in situ. My attention was drawn to a splashing noise. Was it a shark? Visions of "JAWS" came to mind. At closer range though it appeared Delectable Dale was attempting to catch a few waves. Obviously training for the Stubbies Surfing Championships '84.

Languishly lazing under the coconut trees were lovely Liane and Dashing Doug totally absorbed in worldly literature. Occasionally their mouths would open to slowly munch on tropical fruits or to offer Canadian pancakes. Sounded delicious. Suddenly an intruder sprung forth from the bushes. It was Rugged Richard with a simply gi-normous backpack and looking extremely tired. He fitted into this whole decadent scene well.

As I nearly dozed off during a lull in the activities I was startled by a loud burst of laughter ringing through the air. Curious now, I detected the aroma of simply yummy food on this private, uncrowded beach. Admidst a friendly atmosphere, I discovered the Lyn and Les lovelies, Lily, Joe, Allan, Mary and Anita sitting down to enjoy one of their world famous ten course gourmet meals.

And so the day passed. The regularity of eating, sleeping, sunbaking, swimming and "salt free" showers in the pleasant nearby streams soon became apparent. As the sun began to sink into the wide blue horizon, Fearless Leader and his happy troop reappeared deciding to forego any more excursions and to join the beach party scene.

With the day drawing to a close, the natives began a ritual of displaying their expertise as "Chef's Extraordinaire." Lou - the "Pancake King" tried his success at flipping a pancake. However, his gallant followers - Brave Ben and Agile Alistair were not impressed. "Let's keep this one a secret from Maid Marion, hey boys!" Lou was heard to murmur. Soon the rumbling of stomachs was broken by the sweet voices of

Melodious Marge and Ravishing Ros in complete harmony with Sharon, Cheryl, Heather and Bill. But where was Flutacious Russell? Of course, he was fluting away amidst clouds of Mt Bowen.

Exhausted by the strenuous day's activities, the troops fell soundly asleep to be awakened a few hours later by cries from Alistair and Ben that the Easter Bunny had managed to find his way through the tent door. As the day passed tranquility was yet again broken by the sudden arrival of more mountaineers - Courageous Keith, Prancing Paul and Bear Foot Steve. All too soon, it was time for the beach natives to meet hill natives. At last, they came springing forth from the mountains. There was Maid Marion, Graeme Two, limping Gavin The Great and all their successors. Wow, it certainly seemed to have been a successful expedition. They all looked jubilant.

As I watched them board the vessel back to civilization, I reflected on how privileged I was to have had a bird's eye view of the natives at play. And now, to all my readers who ever philosophise on the "Meaning of Life", I urge you all strongly to visit the Isle of Hitch'n'Brook - 'cos that's where it all happens.

Your roving reporter,
Hovering Helen.

BUSHWALKERS AND CONSERVATION.

Of all groups that 'go bush' for pleasure, bushwalkers are the most active and have the most intimate and direct contact with the bush.

They go out of their way to make sure that they are not isolated from the bush. Generally the aim is to walk, climb or paddle through isolated and topographically interesting areas far from roads, camping areas and all facilities.

Apart from getting to the chosen venue vehicles are not used; no trailbikes, 4WD or power boats. The walker provides all the effort needed for locomotion.

A minimum of gear is taken; no folding chairs, eskies or cold tinnies. All the gear has to fit into a backpack.

As no other group, bushwalkers experience, see, feel and hear the bush in a direct and immediate way. The bush is right there all around them, wet or dry, hot or cold, silent or noisy. Branches smack the walkers in the face, they slip off wet rocks, the stars are very bright, the trees tower above, there are flowers and fungi here and there, birds call all around. It is right there, there is nothing in between.

And yet.....

It seems that so few bushwalkers know much about the bush. Few know the names of the plants and the animals let alone the relationships between these and the overall environment.

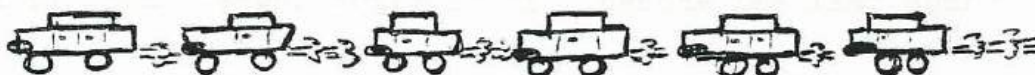
The bush is not just rocks and creeks more or less overgrown with green things which are eaten by beasties and all of it just for walkers to push through or scramble over. It is a whole complex of responsive, living organisms; beautiful, all of them interrelated and constantly changing in response to pressures. "Where did I see that before?" "How does it fit in?" "How come it's here and not over there?" But many bushwalkers zoom past, racing to the top.

Although bushwalkers, of all the groups, have most to lose if the wilderness is lost they, in general, are not very active in lobbying for the conservation of the wilderness. Bushwalkers demand a lot of the wilderness

but take very little. The wilderness has to be real wilderness. Vehicle tracks, facilities, litter and the proximity of civilisation detract greatly, even at a very low level of presence, from the degree of wilderness. Bushwalkers have very little impact on the wilderness, usually only footprints and campsites remain and only photographs are taken. Compare this with the effects of the bulldozer and the 4WD loaded with stubbies.

The values of bushwalkers are really special, they are worth expanding and promoting. Not everyone wants to go bushwalking, and a good thing too, but everyone should be aware of the world around them, including the bush, and know what it is. The public at large should be helped to understand that there is a need to look after the wilderness now and in the future. Some times people need to have things pointed out to them and bushwalkers should be sufficiently well informed and be prepared to be involved in the conservation debate.

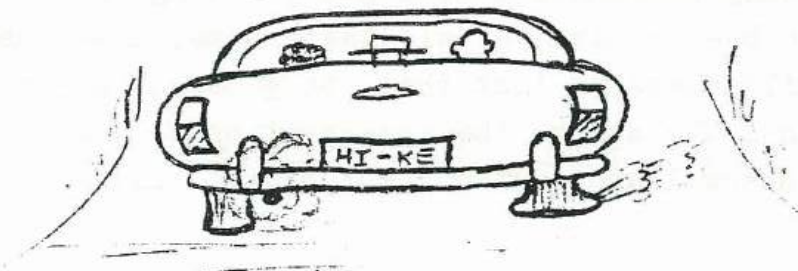
Graham Muller.



EXTENDED TRIP - CAR HINTS.

1. Leave a large bottle of water in the coolest part of your parked car.
2. Place a bundle of fresh clothes in the car for the return journey.
3. An emergency meal pack left in the car on long trips is a good idea in case of a delay or a late start back home.
4. Even if you don't carry a large powerful torch, it is a good idea to leave such a torch in the car when a trip is expected to be a long one or an exploratory one. That extra light source is a great bonus upon return to vehicles in the dark.

(This has been copied from the May 1981 magazine. -Ed.)



BARTLE FRERE

Below is an excerpt from an article by Robert L. Jack. It may prove interesting to those intrepid souls who braved wind, rain, mist and freezing temperatures to reside in Bartle Frere over the Queen's birthday weekend. Logan Jack climbed Bartle Frere after spending some time around the Russell River area with the legendary Christie Palmerston.

We left the terraces on February 8th to ascend Mount Bartle-Frere, having been joined by Mr. E.S. Clarke and a black boy. We struck off the track at Toonpan boro-ground, and soon fell into the valley Moochoopa Creek - a roaring torrent among granite boulders. Suddenly the bed of the creek became dry, the water having disappeared under the boulders and sand. We kept to the dry bed for about half a mile, jumping and scrambling from boulder to boulder. The blacks, at least, found this mode of progression easier than cutting their way through the jungle. We, who had not to do the cutting, would have preferred such a track. At the end of a half a mile the creek reappeared at the surface at a place known as Tattin Camp (1660 feet).

From Tattin Camp we kept up the left bank of Moochoopa Creek. At first the ascent was very rough, over loose stones, mostly of granite, with some of basalt. About a mile up we crossed an outcrop of basalt, but our way lay for the most part along the edges of great boulders of granite. Late in the afternoon we made Moochooli Camp (4,050 feet) - Mr. Palmerston's camp on his previous ascent. Behind the camp was a landslip, facing southward into a deep valley, that of Wankaroo Creek, which falls into the Russell above Coojeehah Creek.

Early next morning we resumed the ascent, and in half an hour had a view of the summit, which for the time was clear of clouds. There was no change in the nature of the rock - all the same granite. We saw a few kauri pines. A Tree-fern (*Allosphyllum*) attained a height of ten or twelve feet, and continued to the very summit. After crossing a head of Wookara Creek we emerged on an almost bare platform of fine-grained granite called "Moromban". The crevices between the little granite boulders were filled with a small wiry fern (*Gleichenia Dicarpa* - R. Brown) among which other plants

were scattered, notably a lovely orchid with a waxy white flower spotted with vermillion (*Dipodium Insifolium* - F. Mueller), a low tangled heath (*Styphelia*), rushes (*Galmia Psittacorum*) - R. Brown), Lycopods like the British species (*LL. Claratum*), and a sideroxylon. The next open spot, Choorichillum, 150 feet below the summit, had a very small wiry grass among boulders of fine grained granite. Among the plants I bought from the summit, Mr. T.A. Gulliver, F.L.S. recognised a red-berried protaceous plant (*Alyxia inscisifolia* - R. Brown), a rhododendron, the only species known in Australia, and only hitherto found on Mount Bartle-Frere (*L. Lochi*) *Lepidodendron* is a Himalayan genus: the daisy-like flower *helychrysum oxylepos*: the fern *polpodium bakeri*: a small orchid (*Bulbophyllum*), probably of a new species: and a small Sundew (*Drosera burmani*, Vahl).

The summit of the mountain (5,438 feet) is of normal granite and is capped by an immense granite boulder. We found a tree on the top marked "P 26 Oct 1886", recording the only previous ascent (by Mr. Palmerston) to the highest point of Queensland. Mr. Clark and I left similar memorials of our visit.

We had not the good fortune to get a good view: the top was clear enough but beneath us was cloudland. We did manage, however to catch glimpses of Double Island, Mt. Mulligan (on the Hodgkinson) and Stewart's Head (at Herberton) through momentary rifts in the veil. It was, however, worthwhile to make the ascent to breath the delicious air, which seemed to lift the weight of years off one's life, and was especially pleasing to travellers who had breathed only the jungle atmosphere for a week.

Mr. Clarke parted with us at the top to cut his way back to his camp, while we made for Geraldton. We did not manage to hit the best way down, as shortly after leaving the top we plunged into deep scrub. We got into very rough country, with gullies, immense boulders and very dense scrub (not jungle proper, but a low woody brushwood which had to be cut down for every step we made). Our difficulties seemed to get the longer the worse, and at nightfall we camped beneath a waterfall of about eighty feet, where there was hardly room for us to lie down straight (2,650 feet).

We started at daylight on 10th February, and gradually worked our way out of the gorge in which we had got entangled. We struck after some time, an old black's camp, which brought us out on the diggings track, about half a mile west of Tachappa. The whole of the country met with, from the summit to Tachappa, was of normal granite. Mr. Palmerston camped on the Russell, while I pushed on to catch the steamer at Geraldton, accompanied by one boy carrying my swag. Having obtained a horse at Goondi plantation the last three miles were accomplished in comfort, and I reached the wharf at 7 p.m. just as the "Palmer" was in the act of leaving. We arrived in Townsville in 21 hours.

GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OFFICE,
TOWNSVILLE, 17TH MARCH, 1888.

ROBERT L. JACK.

BODE'S ODE - TO BOWEN

On Easter Saturday morn,
We set off some two hours past dawn.
Our objective was then- to climb majestic Bowen,
Then return Monday noon to the shore.

We started some way up a creek,
But sadly it led toward Nina Peak.
So alack and alas, Marion got out the compass
And we cross-countried to the right creek.

We crissed and we crossed
The large rocks cloaked in moss.
Yes, we struggled a lot, and became rather hot
As the packs on our backs gained not lost.

Then, at last it was there -
There near vertical stair,
That would lead our great rabble to the base camping saddle.
So we ascended by grabbing thin air.

We looked for a site,
For the next two nights.
So while the water was got, Rus and Ted found the spot -
Small and sheltered with access to heights.

The next day at six,
We gagged on our Weet-Bix
In an effort to be going before the sun was glowing.
So, we departed at 7.36.

Then on, on, on, and on.
Till breath and strength were gone.
We struggled to the summit - slaved and toiled until we'd done it.
Aah... what a scene there was for us to gaze upon.

There at the top,
In a cairn made of rock,
Was a list, where those named conquered Bowenand fame.
So we added our names to that lot.

We were stunned with the ease -
Climbing Bowen was a breeze.
So down that foot-worn track we finally headed back.
Our return was with hardly a wheeze.

On our last and final day,
We struggled on our way.
Past the Pineapple's rough end we had to descend.
Till we got down to Black Sand Bay.

To reach our boat ride,
We had to challenge the tide.
So around the headland, where we could all hardly stand,
Our party struggled to gain Ramsay's side.

As we took our last look,
At the wondrous Hinchbrook,
We all gazed back at that rugged mountain track.
And swore to return by hook or by crook.

MOUNT SPEC : 1916

After leaving Mt Benham, the track easterly to Mt Spec ascends a timbered ridge and immediately enters dense tropical scrub at Phillip's hut on the right bank of Prospector's Creek. From this creek there is a fairly good dray road through the dense scrub to the summit of the range. The road then follows the range southerly in the scrub country to as far as Johnson's hut which latter is just off the Kangaroo Hills field, on the eastern fall at the headwaters of Saltwater Creek. Johnson has been mining here for 20 years and has made a vegetable and fruit garden for his own needs. Pine-apples, passionfruit, sweet potatoes and lemons thrive well here, more by reason of the continuous scrub rains than of any virtue in the poor granite soil in which the plants are growing. The growing of produce here for other than local consumption is decidedly out of the question seeing that the packers charge £6 per ton on stores to Mt Spec from Ingham. Phillips also has a small garden at his hut and succeeds in growing vegetables and fruit well for his own use. A considerable quantity of excellent cedar and other scrub timbers are to be found through this scrub area. With the exception of a few small patches of soil-covered flats this scrub belt is rough hilly country and the granite rock outcrops in all directions. Apparently the only advantageous use to which it might be put would be by cutting down the scrub and sowing of grasses with the object of carrying out dairying operations, but such a cause would not only necessitate the construction of an expensive road down Jacobsen's track but would also destroy valuable scrub timbers, in addition to which the ravages of the scrub tick would most certainly have to be reckoned with. It should also be remembered that at numerous places through the scrub alluvial and lode tin have been worked and there is more than a probability that further prospecting will reveal still other deposits in the future, notably between Mt Spec and the Cloudy Creek tin mines.

Sgd. E. Cecil Saint-Smith
4th Gov. Geologist.
7th September, 1916.

(Allan W. found this snippet in the files of the Mines Dept. in Charters Towers.)

THE LEICHHARDT LAMENT

by Lesley Wightman

There once was a group of wholesome bushwalkers,
Who were not only good walkers but good talkers,
How they loved to ride
That Leichhardt slide,
But for some of the jumps several were baulkers.

They got to the place about eight,
For them t'was not on to be late,
Over the rocks they did glide
Till they got to the slide,
Upon which their bums they proceeded to grate.

Ah this hole was a spiritual place,
Where white stubbies could turn into lace,
Bathers would disappear
Undies and other gear
Would magically turn into rock face.

The holy spirits finally left their place of calling,
From behind them threads did keep falling,
By the end of the trip
If your eyes did perchance slip
The view was quite often appalling.

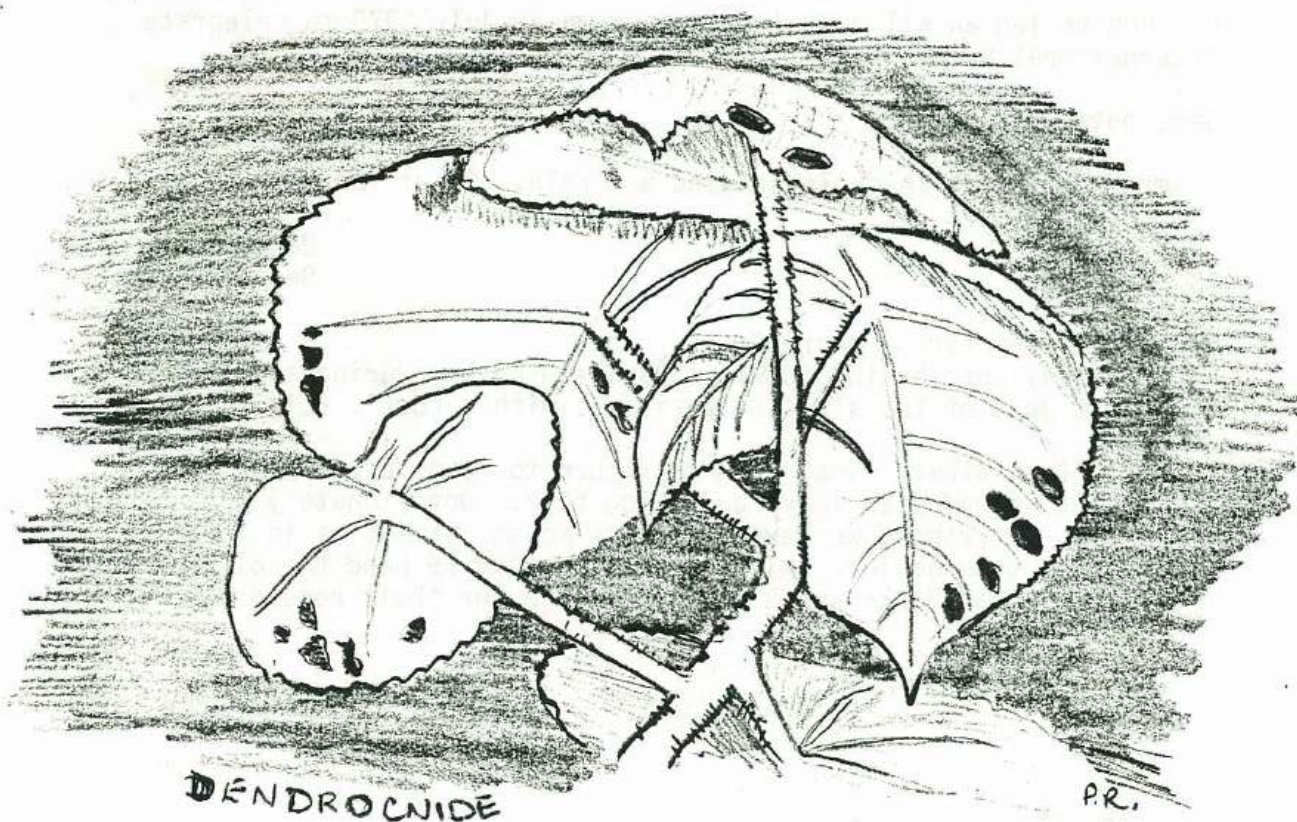
Now they've all returned to the city,
And this really is a very great pity,
For with holes in the pants
One stands not a chance
To be thought of as cute, quaint or witty.

So next time you head up to the slide,
Ensure you've developed a good hide,
So that on that long rock
You don't leave a buttock
But keep it firmly attached to your side.

MORE ABOUT OUR FRIENDS IN THE BUSH

If you have, after all the solicitous warnings and careful descriptions you have received, finally managed to stumble into or brush against the dreaded Gympie, here is a compilation of advice on what to do about it:

- Place Elastoplast on the affected area and immediately tear it off.
- Shave the area.
- Apply Stingose.
- Apply Xylocaine.
- Apply anti-histamine cream when it reaches the itchy stage.
- A bush remedy is to rub the affected area with the leaf or stem of Cunjevoi.
- Apply Dettol.
- Keep the area warm and away from cold water.
- Jump immediately into cold water.
- Have a stiff drink and try to think of other things!



MOUNT DIAMANTINA

The log book from the top of Mount Diamantina on Hinchinbrook Island was recently recovered by the Y.H.A. (Youth Hostels Association) Bushwalkers of Brisbane.

The condition of the book was very sodden and had been for some time. They managed to dry the book and most of it is still readable.

It contains entries dating back to 1913, though rewritten more than once. This book was rewritten by the Brisbane Bushwalkers on a trip dated 18 July 1956 from scraps of paper found in a bottle at the summit.

An entry claimed the first ascent was John Robinson in 1897. There was no record until 1913, when three people left their mark including an empty shot gun cartridge.

Some early entries are:

15 December 1925 D. Clark and P. Collins from Sydney;

6 June 1927 Alec Williams and - Taylor;

December 1928 W. Morrow from Townsville.

A group of ten from Ingham District climbed on 9 July 1939. A party of seven from Warwick Scots College did the same on 22 August 1952.

The Townsville NFC Bushwalkers made an entry dated 19 December 1971 (Peter Reimann, Steve Coleman, Ted Kelly, Liz Bourne and Bart).

Liz Bourne led an all women's group up on 21 July 1975 to celebrate International Womens Year.

Some notable comments:

"Camped overnight in cyclonic wind and rain. Great fun was had by all".

UNBWC,
December 1976.

"Pleasant view for 30 metres".

"It's really cute having shower in a sleeping bag during a cyclone".

"Oh - the joys of 101 sleeping positions with a rock". (Liz Bourne).

Brisbane Bushwalkers were going to return to Mount Diamantina last August and intended to leave a new log book. Unfortunately they never got there. I propose we have a trip to Mount Diamantina in 1984 and leave a log book behind. Also, I propose that we hand the old log book over to National Parks and Wildlife Service for their records or archives.

JIM CAMERON