

# ESCAPE

CLUB COPY  
PLEASE  
RETURN

Townsville  
Bushwalkers'  
Magazine



30  
Aug.  
1989

Hello Bushwalkers,

I did say I hoped this second issue would come to fruition in August. Well, we've just managed to squeeze it in.

Thank you to all who have helped by contributing articles and photos.

Issue No. 3 will be ready in late November (fingers crossed!). Any and all articles, snippets of information, advertisements, photos, drawings, etc. are most welcome.

*Mary Jane*

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## FAMILY BUSHWALK

We've added an extra day-walk to our planned 1989 list of walks. Due to a number of enquiries we have decided to organise a bushwalk for all ages; families, and friends who might not normally take to the bush.

Everyone is welcome to join us on a walk from the Town Common, over Mt. Marlow, to Pallerenda where we will finish up with a picnic. Hope to see you September 10. More details inside.



BUSHWALKING CLUB EXECUTIVE

PRESIDENT	CHARLIE ALLEN
VICE PRESIDENT	MARK JENNINGS
SECRETARY	ALAN WATSON
TREASURER	GRAHAM WARD
NEWSLETTER EDITOR	MARY JANE HENDERSON
SOCIAL DIRECTOR	PETER MORGAN

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TOWNSVILLE BUSHWALKERS

TREASURER'S REPORT 2/2/88 - 31/1/89

Receipts

Balance carried forward	\$ 279.82
Membership Fees	\$ 170.00
Trip Fees	\$1540.00
NQCC Loan Repayment	\$ 300.00
Hinchinbrook Is. Deposit	\$ 200.00

\$2489.82

Payments

Federal Tax	\$ 7.70
Driver Reimbursement	\$1388.44
Loan to NQCC	\$ 350.00
Hinchinbrook Deposit	\$ 200.00
NQ Newspapers	\$ 10.50
NQCC Subscriptions	\$ 20.00
PO Box	\$ 23.00
Insurance	\$ 106.10
Don. Vincent School	\$ 50.00
Bal. 31st Jan 1989	\$ 334.08

\$2489.82

Graham Ward

## WESTMINSTER ABBEY

The dawning of another fine Sunday morning saw a fitting start to the day's walk. After meeting at 7am, 17 of us set off north. Driving down the road we could see what lay ahead of us. We had heard stories of steep cliffs, difficult climbs, and warnings to make sure we climbed the right peak, so we knew what we were in for, or at least we thought we did. We did not anticipate that the day's events would have such a lasting effect on us all.

At 9:45 am we left the cars at the end of the Dalrymple Track, following a track at first and then through sparse vegetation interwoven with lots of smilax. Anne's suggestion the we do the Dalrymple Track instead fell on deaf ears. As we climbed gradually, Ann asked why I had come on this walk. My instant reply of, "because I haven't done it before", sounded a bit crazy as I said it, but my mind was laid to rest as Anne replied, "That's the reason Ted came".

We had a 5 minute smoko at 10:55 at a small creek. Climbing steadily, we encountered plum pines, banksias, and licuala ransayii. The cloud cover was welcomed as it would've been very hot otherwise.

By 12:00 we had reached the first lookout. The wind was rather bracing, so we took a few photos and headed on up. Most of the others had gone ahead. There was a very steep, rocky climb which brought us to the base of a massive rocky peak. The boulders were quite large and there was a debate as to which way to go. Some had scrambled over the boulders, but Peter von Knorring and Ted went around the rocks looking for an easier route. The 8 of us at the back decided to await the verdict.

Then we heard Charlie call out, "Anne, I think this way's alright".

"No!" shouted Ted.

Mark called out, "This way's alright except for the tricky bit".

Then we heard Ched's voice, "Alan, I want a second opinion".

Silence followed until eventually Anne called out, "Ted, how far is it from there?"

Ted replied, "A bloody long way!".

The verdict was that not all of us would get to the top, so Charlie asked if a couple of us wanted to go on. Ted and Mike decided to turn back and the rest of us had no hesitation in doing the same. Ten of us made our way back to the first lookout. I decided to try to get a photo of the peak the others were climbing. One of the others saw Mark on a rocky outcrop near the top so we called out to him. We decided to have lunch there so we could monitor the others' progress. It was just before 1pm.



Just then we heard what sounded like thunder. It took a moment for us to register what had happened - - a massive rockslide. I had a sickening feeling in my stomach as I didn't think anyone could've survived if they'd gone down with the rockslide. The sound was so long and thunderous and the cliffs so steep and sheer.

There was some shouting but we couldn't hear what was going on so we sent Ted to find out. We tried to work out who may have been in the rockslide by a process of elimination. Mark was on the top. We thought we could hear Ched, Charlie, and Alan. Just then Ted returned. The news was that Alan had broken his arm. Ted, Glenn, and Mike went to help with first aid kits, etc. All we could do was wait.

Eventually Mark arrived. After hearing our story, he went back to find the others. Not long afterwards they all returned minus Ched and Peter.

This is Alan's story . . .

"Charlie was just behind me and I stepped sideways onto two large boulders at the top of a narrow chasm. Suddenly, the boulders I was standing on shot out from underneath me before I could get off them. I closed my eyes and thought, "This is it". I fell twenty feet straight down and then slid a further ten feet with boulders raining around my head. I came to rest at the bottom of the gorge face down with a large boulder on my back, hardly able to breathe.

Somehow, with my good left arm, I managed to get the boulder off. I made use of my first aid kit while I waited for Charlie."

Later Ched and Peter joined us, like Mark, oblivious to the drama that had taken place.

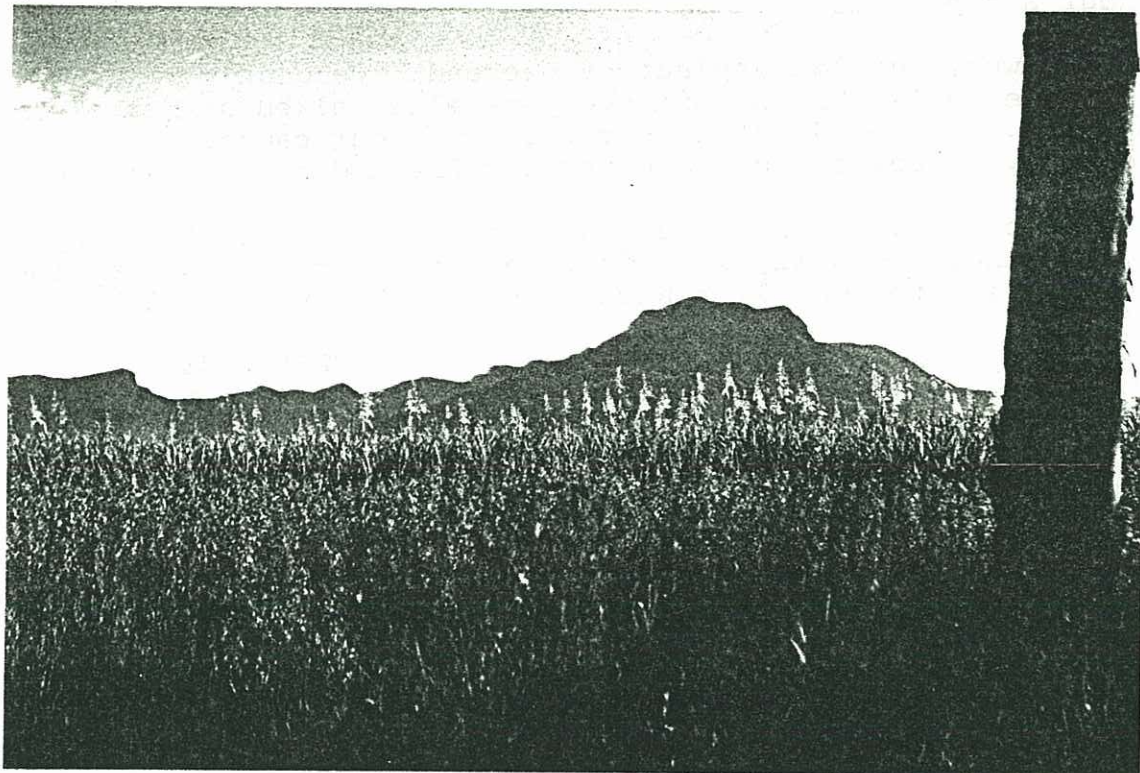
As we descended the steep slope riddled with loose rocks and smilax, I thought how well Alan was doing. It was hard enough with two good arms and no pain. The descent took three hours.

That day's incident has made me realise the dangers of bushwalking. Alan was unfortunate to have stood on the wrong rocks and very lucky to have survived with a broken arm. It occurred to me that if he hadn't been carrying a pack which cushioned the boulder against his back and head, his injuries would have been a lot worse. This walk would certainly be one I wouldn't forget and one I wouldn't be doing again.

GLYNIS



WESTMINSTER ABBEY





## HINCHINBROOK REVISITED

22-23 APRIL '89

Less than a month after Easter, eleven people set off again for Hinchinbrook Island. The original party was to number thirteen, however, two of those (Ched and Peter Von Knorring) on arriving at Dungeness, decided that the weather was not favourable (their goal, Mt. Diamantina, was hidden in cloud) and headed home.

Others in the group had also planned to tackle Mt. Diamantina. They quickly set new sites and decided to follow Alan to Zoe Falls. Peter and I had never planned to wander any further than Mulligan Falls where we camped with two others.

The trip overseas was quick and WET. I would never have recognised the beach at George Point as our Easter landing point as we arrived at high tide and there was virtually no beach at all. The walk along the sand took about an hour and the walk from there, through the bush to the campsite at Mulligan Falls less than an hour more.

The pool at the foot of the falls was very full - too full to safely swim in. Not that we wanted to. We were cool enough without a dip.

It was a wet, but not unpleasant weekend. We didn't venture beyond the falls though most everyone else walked as far as Zoe Falls. Those adventurers returned to our campsite the second day, happy to huddle under our fly and enjoy a hot cuppa.

The walk back along the beach was not wholly pleasant, being wet and windy. Happily we didn't have to wait too long at the pick-up point for our lift back. We were happy to head home.

MARY JANE

## I CLIMB AGAIN

I went back to W.A., hoping to pick up the threads of a climbing club after a gap of 30 years. Of the Western Australian Climbing Association, I only knew John Watson, so, on finding out where they were staying, I wandered onto Weir Farm on a very hot January morning.

Helen Peak was the objective - a short ride and a long walk to this pointed mountain, well over 3000 ft. and situated at the northern end of the long Western Ridge of the Stirling Ranges. The going was beastly hot, and after an hour we made a drink stop. Two members, concerned for an old man - I was 65 - came over and asked me how I felt in this scorcher. I assured them I could take a bit of heat, and thanked them for their enquiry. Another torrid hour, another stop, and a considerate question of how I was. This Club certainly looked after aspiring, perspiring members!

The sizzling mountain did not seem to come any nearer, and the gradient became steeper. Five people decided to turn back, leaving only John, Richard, and myself in the fray. They soon left me behind, and the last I saw of them, they were turning a corner below a steep buttress. No path, but I could see where they had trodden the low bush down. There was even a slight breeze up here, as I plodded up the steep slope, clambered over a short rock climb, and there they were, sitting down just below the summit. John was saying, "If we had longer, we could cross Pyongurup, down a grassy rake, and get off by the "Three Arrows", all of which I put in storage, to be used later for an even hotter adventure. The view was magnificent, but we had to tear ourselves away, sign our names in the visitors' book - yes, it is that difficult and isolated - for the sun was now declining. We reached the cars, tired, but peak-happy, on the edge of dark. Later, on knowing the Club more, I changed my opinion of their kindness to new members. They did not come to me for my welfare, but could not for shame turn back, with an old man going on, and were trying, in asking me how I was, to persuade me to do just that. What they did not discern was, that I had been acclimatizing in the Stirling for a week or so, whereas they came bang into the heat from their air-conditioned offices in Perth.

The next meeting was quite a different affair - at Wilyabrup, where great hunks of rough red granite tower over the beaches of the Indian Ocean. I was the tail of a three-man rope on "North Climb", where I found just enough difficulty to make excitement. Dave James pointed out "Banana Split". It takes its name from where, fully a hundred feet from the ground, a 40 foot bent strata surmounts a near vertical wall. I noted with satisfaction, a dark crack running along the "banana", for I still had that climber's asset, strong fingers. Imagine my horror in finding not a sharp-cut crack, but merely the junction of two convex surfaces. The only hold was to clench



one's fists between the surfaces - known as hand-jamming - which I had never done before. Dave carefully "jammed" across the 40 foot traverse and disappeared round the corner. Then my turn - I scrupulously clenched and unclenched my fists, only making slow and horribly difficult progress across the great bend. To add to my terror and mental stress, the footholds were mere wrinkles, no larger than a thumb-width to stand on, above that great granite wall. Strength was fast ebbing away but I MUST NOT FALL! A 40 foot pendulum swing over that rough granite would graze my flesh to the bone! I could feel all use, mental and physical, draining from me, and I became a limp rag as I turned the corner to place both feet on the lovely wide ledge. I had made it - I remember, between my feet, and a 100 feet below, John and a half dozen of the Club giving me a hand clap - but at what cost? Sagging at the knees I staggered along the last even few feet, and could only croak, "Oh, Dave!" His face a big smile, he pointed a forefinger at me - "You're a BLOODY MARVEL! When I get to be your age, I'll think myself lucky to walk to the climbs, let alone go on them!" I collapsed at his feet.

Yes, "Banana Split", a great chastener - but funnily enough, "won my spurs" with the W.A.C.A. I recovered after lunch sufficiently for John to take me on three more rule-of-thumb climbs. The sun was still hot, and John asked me if I'd like a swim. With a hand wave in the girls' direction, I informed him I had no swimwear. For the second time that day I faced a pointing finger, "O-o-o-h! You come from the prissy state! We don't bother about swimming costumes here!" So, we all trooped down to the beach, threw off our clothes and had a lovely splash in the blue water.

HARRY KERSHAW

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#### LITTLE-KNOWN CLUB FACTS

Harry Kershaw is one of four of our Honorary Life Members. Harry was granted this distinction on May 20, 1979, his 70th birthday.

Other Honorary Life Members are:

Flt. Sgt. Alan Davey	January 17, 1962
Alistair Darveniza (age 8 days)	April 17, 1974
Alan Watson	March 2, 1988



## FIRST AID KITS

This years Mount Westminster Abbey walk is one that Alan Watson will probably not forget for some time. His accident was completely unpredictable and in no way could be attributed to careless or risky behaviour. As such it serves at least as a reminder that no matter how cautious we are, we must always be prepared for accidents.

What the incident revealed was that a number of regular walkers are not bothering to carry first aid kits. This subject was discussed by the club some time ago. The conclusion being that we would be foolish to rely on only one or two members to carry kits. An experience such as Alan's can leave an individual isolated and entirely dependant on the contents of their own pack.

Everyone, except visitors to the club, should carry a first aid kit. The following contents are suggested:

- 1) Stretch bandage. 10cm \* 1.5m \*2
- 2) Sterile triangular bandage. \*1
- 3) Range of sterile dressing strips (band aids)
- 4) Safety pins. 3cm \*2
- 5) Sterile non adhesive dry dressings. 5 \* 5cm \*2
- 6) " " " " " 10 \* 10cm \*1
- 7) Roll of adhesive strapping. 1.25cm \* 2.5cm \*1
- 8) Alcohol swabs. (cleaning around wounds). \*4
- 9) Antiseptic powder.
- 10) Burn cream.
- 11) Tweezers and needle.
- 12) Stingoes.
- 13) Painkillers. (panadol etc)

First aid kits off the shelf are often not suited to bushwalking, so check their contents.

Hope we see Alan in the bush again soon.

Charlie.



## FOOD REVIEW TWO

### PUB NIGHT AT THE COMMONWEALTH

It was a cool winter evening (21 July) when several hardy, hungry bushwalkers met at the Commonwealth Pub in South Townsville for what turned out to be a very successful and tasty meal.

Not everyone, of course, had the same meal, but everyone reported in favour of what they ate.

Of the Crumbed Fish and Vegetables (\$5.00) Marion had to say, "Nice. The fish tastes like reef fish of some sort. There's more fish than crumb but the vegetables have had all the goodness boiled out of them."

Both Jim and Charlie chose Crumbed Fish and Salad (\$5.00). Jim commented, "I like it. I'll come back here again." Charlie said, "It's good value for \$5.00. There's more on my plate than on anyone else's."

Graham had the Calamari Platter (\$8.00) and reported, "The salad was yummy - nice and fresh and the calamari was very nice - not rubbery at all."

Both Jenny and Peter Morgan recommended the Honey and Chili Bugs (\$9.75). Peter said, "Fresh....delicious. The honey and chili blend in together well."

We were treated to a very brief description of Ben's Fillet Mignon (\$9.00). He said, "Small but nice."

The Chicken Cordon Bleu (\$6.00) was Glenn's choice and he told us enthusiastically, "This is nice." He did however appear somewhat perplexed that the plate his meal was served on was smaller than the plates the fish meals were served on. "Could have been more of it" he commented.

Glynis and myself also ate chicken, Chicken Kiev (\$6.00) which was as Glynis said, "Very garlicy". I also discovered that it is a dangerous meal as I attempted to cut into it with my knife and splash myself with the "very garlicy" sauce.

Several people began their meals with an entree of garlic bread. Less enthusiasm greeted this than did the main meals.

Nearly everyone had dessert. There was considerable confusion regarding the pie. Apple???? Pecan???? Hot???? Cold???? Most people ended up with apple pie (cold). They cleaned their plates. Peter and I shared a very light, tasty pavlova. All desserts were \$2.00. As well, coffee and tea were available for \$1.00.

Not only was the food a success, the atmosphere was inviting too - lots of greenery and pleasant service.

MARY JANE



## AN IMPROPTU SATURDAY MORNING WALK

### Over the Town Common Heights to Pallerenda

I can well recommend this varied three hour walk. We spotted a wide variety of birdlife and vegetation on the well-marked trail. We, that is, Glenn, Glynis, Isabelle, Jon, Ben and myself. The trail leads from the end of the Town Common dirt track, over Mt. Marlow and across to join the Aboriginal wild fruit trail near the BBQ area at the end of Pallerenda.

It is an extremely good path until reaching Mt. Marlow. Then range markers guide the walker through rainforest patches interspersed with huge rock boulders --- all within a cooee of Townsville.

From the heights of Mt. Marlow we could see the Palm Island group, Hinchinbrook Island, and Magnetic Island. Then, turning the other way, we could watch planes taking off over Townsville Harbour and of course the beautiful swamplands of the Common.

It is definitely an advantage to have a birdwatcher as an accompanist on such a walk and Glenn was able to provide identification of birds flying high above us, close in the trees, and far below in the swamp (with the aid of binoculars). We spotted figbirds, magpie geese, a wedge-tailed eagle and black ducks being harassed by a swamp harrier.

We were attacked by the smaller mosquito variety (*Anopheles bancrofti*) whilst taking a morning tea break on a rocky outcrop overlooking the Common. Later on Glenn spotted a green tree snake.

Nearing the end of the trail we saw evidence of much of the plant life that supported the early Aborigines, including *Pandanus spiraki* and the Burdekin plum.

We were the only walkers on the track that morning until the end when we met two walkers strolling from the Pallerenda end, not realising the track continued on for a further three hours or so.

We originally thought the track ended at Shelly Beach until Parks and Wildlife informed us otherwise. It was well worth the pleasant walk --- so close to Townsville and with the perfect spot for a well-earned BBQ at the end.

JENNY



# Join US



## FAMILY BUSHWALK AND PICNIC

Join us on Sunday, 10 September for a not-too-taxing walk from the Town Common, over Mount Marlow, to the beach at Pallerenda.

We will leave the Aitkenvale Post Office at approx. 8 am and anticipate the walk will take 3 hours, bringing us to our picnic site close to 12 noon.

Bring: good walking shoes (no thongs or sandals!), sunscreen, hat, one litre of water (each), and your picnic.

For more information, definite departure details; etc. ring after Wed. 6 Sept.:

Marion or Graham on 71 6803  
Peter or Mary Jane on 79 8271