

MINI HEYBOB



UNIVERSITY OF
QUEENSLAND
UNION
ST. LUCIA Q 4067

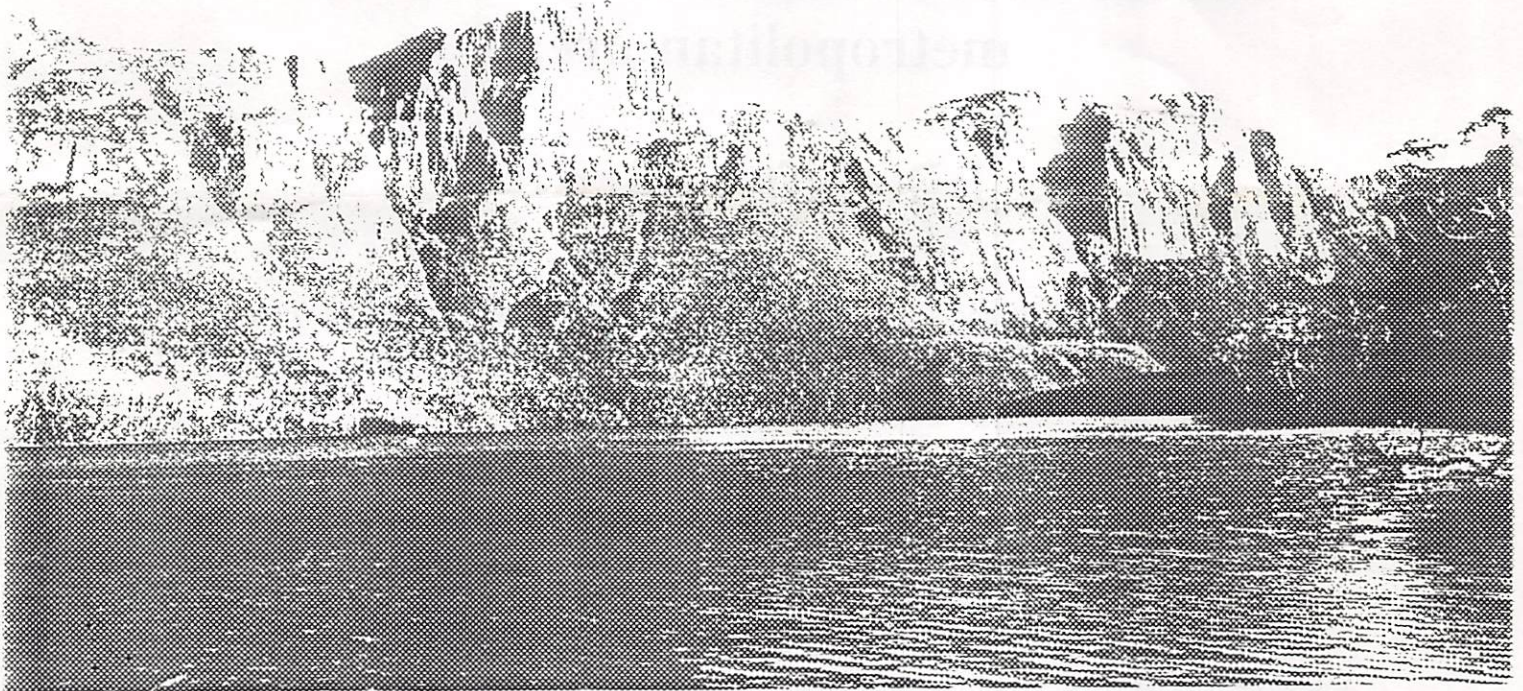


Janice Porter
52 York St.
Launceston 7250

This is the newsletter of the
University of Queensland Bushwalking Club

SPRING 94

IF UNDELIVERABLE PLEASE RETURN TO:
UQBWC
C/- CLUBS AND SOCIETIES
UNIVERSITY OF QUEENSLAND STUDENT UNION
ST. LUCIA, QLD., 4072.



Lake Judd, Mt Anne Circuit, Tas. (K.L.Colthorpe)

UQBWC - E-Mail address
President - kay@plpk01.plpk.uq.oz.au
Club Notice Board - uqbwc@mincom.oz.au
Subscribe to Notice Board - uqbwc-request@mincom.oz.au

Executive Members

President	Kay-Louise Colthorpe	Contact Person	289 2847	365 1405
Secretary	Peter Zund	Mini-Heybob	848 5148	
Treasurer	Eric Young	Membership	371 0196	364 9999
Outings Officer	Ashlea Troth	Triplist	371 0196	365 6796
Safety & Training	Glen Sharrock	Training	378 4277	365 3689
Equipment Officer	Peter Allen	Camping gear	870 2820	365 4138
Climbing Gear	Glen Sharrock	Ropes, etc.	378 4277	365 3689
Librarian	Paul Hill	Archive, Maps	371 0196	
Federation Rep.	Anthony Smith	Liaison	289 2847	

Metrogain

9-4pm, Saturday, 8th of October

6 Hour event located in the Brisbane metropolitan area

BBQ afterwards

All are welcome, this is a good one to try if you have never been rogaining. Entry form and further details attached to this Mini-Heybob. This event is being organised by UQBWC for the Queensland Rogaining Association.

Help - Anyone who can help, please notify Jane on 365 2067 (bh) or Peter on 848 5148 (ah). We would like to borrow

- a marquee or similar tarp with poles/ropes to cover the registration area.
- dismountable tables and chairs.

People wishing to help with the BBQ afterwards but not competing are needed.

A few helpers are also required to help set up early on Saturday morning, this job won't prevent you from competing.



WOLLOMOMBI-CHANDLER RIDGE

I knew from the start this wasn't going to be an easy trip. The possums alone were bad enough. They had to be physically removed by the tail from the table where we were trying to make dinner. Merely beating them over the head with an empty soft drink bottle wasn't enough to stop these guys.

Wollomombi Falls near Armidale plunges a massive 330m into the gorge below, making it the highest waterfall system in Australia. Close by is Chandler Falls, and the water from the two combines in a section known as the Inaccessible Gulf, only its not inaccessible, not quite anyway. Between the two is the Wollomombi-Chandler Ridge. This is a razorback of alarming proportions and even more alarmingly loose rock. This is "28mm country" (a term I invented just then which will be understandable to photographers), where the scale of things is hard to comprehend, and Michele and I were attempting the classic hard trip up the ridge.

The descent into the gorge itself is a feat. The guidebook ¹ lists two options to get down and concludes both with "Good Luck!". In reality all that's involved is scrambling, scabbling and sliding down loose rock, which is fine, unless you're going first, in which case you have to dodge rocks from the person behind you. An hour later we were down on the boulder strewn floor of the gorge, evidence of the huge rock-slides which have occurred over time. I can remember a previous trip to this area, when a group of us were contemplating a 40m abseil into a dark pool. Without warning a spontaneous rockfall ensued from an adjacent cliff, peppering the surface of the pool like a machine-gun. Had we been in the pool the effect would have been similar. Anyhow, on with the story...

The climb commenced with a short pitch up a crack to gain the ridge proper. This was the only section where the climbing was at all technical. The guide gives good directions, so I won't repeat them here. Suffice to say that there are sections where the drop on either side of your feet is great enough for you to reach terminal velocity before making a nasty mess on the rocks below. The occasional trees along the way provide useful belay points to stop this happening. The trickiest bit is the "step", much like the Hillary Step on Everest, only harder. No actually it wasn't, but it did involve walking across a boulder which had formed a bridge across a gap in the ridge. It didn't give way, so its obviously stable. As stable as anything on that ridge which will probably collapse one day is anyway.

This is the type of place where you're constantly reaching the top of things and finding only air on the other sides. A couple of large blocks apparently bar the way, but these are easily bypassed. The last section was a scramble up through vine forest where I had the chance to knock rocks down on Michele for a change. We reached the top in two and half hours, from where it's only a half hour stroll back around the rim of the gorge to the possum invested picnic shelter. The views from here alone make it a worthwhile place to stop. A note on times. An editor of a Barney article once wrote "Trip times are for a small, fast party with light packs pursued by the Barney Bunyip." Allow a full day for this one.

¹A Guide to North-Eastern New South Wales - available UQBWC library.

GOSSIP AND NEWS



The AGM has just been held. 30 members attended, they voted a number of new faces onto the executive. Ashlea Troth replaces the Campbell family as the Outings officer. Glen Sharrock takes on Safety and Training and the climbing gear, relieving Vaughan and Rob. Anthony Smith fills the vacant position of UQBWC rep to the Qld. Federation of Bushwalking Clubs. The library position became a hot issue with three contesting for the position. Paul Hill was voted in as Librarian relieving Mal. The position of Conservation and Heybob editor are yet to be decided. Thanks to last years executive for putting in such a tremendous effort.

Constitutional Change : Amendments have been made allowing members of 10 years standing to receive honorary life membership of the club with full entitlements. Also the financial membership year has been readjusted to now end on the 31st of March. These amendments were unanimously agreed to by all present at the AGM and apply once ratified by Clubs and Societies.

Record migration rates to Tasmania: Vaughan (Vogon, Black Hat) has decided to continue his southward migratory path, originally from Innisfail, and heading for Hobart. It is suspected after a short spell in Hobart, this species will continue onto South America via the South Pole.

North Queensland-Atherton? Yes, Ian Sinclair (UQBWC) and Andy Page have just held the first rogaining event in the north on the 10th of September. Good one Ian! Meanwhile preparations are well advanced for the first Queensland Metrogain to be held in Brisbane on Saturday, 8th of October.

Congratulations to Glen Sharrock for achieving the **Rock Climbing Instructors Accreditation**. As he says, "its'not for the faint hearted".

Club Notice Board? Since last Monday Eric has since up a electronic notice board for the club. Available to all those with E-mail access. To subscribe to notices posted on the board send mail to,

uqbwc-request@mincom.oz.au

to post messages on the board, mail to

uqbwc@mincom.oz.au

This service is provided to enable all to sell items, advertise bushwalks, tell about trips just been, or get advice about equipment, walks, etc. Eric encourages all to use it.



This newsletter is published five times per year. The next issue will be printed in the week, beginning the 7th of November. Trip reports and other typed articles for the next issue, will be accepted up to the 2nd of November. Short messages to be included in the "gossip and news page" can be received up until the day before printing. The newsletter is co-ordinate by Peter Zund, and all articles should be handed to him or mailed to UQBWC, c/o. Clubs and Societies, University of Queensland, St. Lucia, Qld., 4072.

Ice Climbing at Blue Lake....Not

Attendees: Colin Canfield, Dave Little, John Little, Geoff Seawright

Author: Geoff Seawright

Our Mission: To practise ice climbing in controlled conditions on the ice cliffs at Blue Lake.

Blue Lake's Mission: To stop us.

Final Score: Blue Lake 1, Climbers 0.

I had climbed with Dave in the Himalayas and New Zealand. His brother, John, had introduced Dave to the joys of outdoor pursuits. This introduction was of no use on our trip as there was no joy.

Colin and I flew to Sydney where Dave picked us up and drove to his brother's house in Canberra. This was to be the most difficult route finding on the expedition as Dave had only ever arrived at his brother's place drunk. We toyed with the idea of getting him drunk to aid navigation. As we wandered the suburbs looking for someone who might know Dave's brother, Colin commented, "Hey, there's a person. Oh no, it's only a potplant." This allowed us to form an opinion of the appearance of Colin's friends (a theory which I have subsequently confirmed).



We drove to Jindabyne and rented cross-country skis, scoffed some last cappuccinos and headed for the ski tube. I had never been on the ski tube before but it was identical to the Ipswich line right down to the irritated, non-communicative scowl on the passengers, a scowl which I had perfected from years of commuting and which I quickly adopted.

The tube dropped us at Perisher from where we caught an oversnow caterpillar truck, the driver of which promised to drop us on the ridge above Charlotte's Pass. Several weeks ago Charlotte's Pass set a new record for the coldest spot ever recorded in Australia at -23C. At first we were confused by the sea of smiling faces as we left the oversnow. We thought they were looks of envy - we were wrong.

The Dream

As Colin emerged from the oversnow he smashed the filter of his camera just by looking at it. This rendered it useless and Colin must always live with the fact that I took three whole photos which he did not. This is the first time anyone with a camera has taken less photographs than me.

At 1pm we were standing in our skis with our 30 kilogram packs on and the sun was out. We made quite an impressive sight. It would be a shame to ruin it but finally I took a step forward and fell over. Getting up with a 30 kilogram pack on is hard work on some of the smaller planets of our solar system (I've tried it) but here I needed a Mars bar by the time I was standing.

The first two hours were quite pleasant as we headed north on the 5 kilometre ski to Blue Lake but finally we crossed Snowy River and started ascending the ridge on the other side. The headwind made such difficult work that we removed our skis and John went a step further and threw his down the slope. Colin liked the idea and jettisoned his as well. I was about to throw mine when someone mentioned that they would have to be paid for. This suddenly created the ridiculously artificial situation of being concerned about the well-being of my gear.



We could only have been two hundred metres from the lake when we realised we were not going to make it due to the blizzard. A snow shelter was quickly dug and a two man tent erected in the increasingly strong winds. The four of us huddled in the tent until the ugly question of food arose. Luckily the Mars bars were inside so we each scoffed two. With this firm carbohydrate base, we started dreaming of more substantial fare. Being a doctor, Dave suggested we could all have a hit of his Pethidine but we did not consider this in the spirit of the early adventurers. Colin finally cranked up the cooker and the pleasant aroma of boiling water drifted over the hungry climbers. John had picked the wrong weekend to give up smoking.

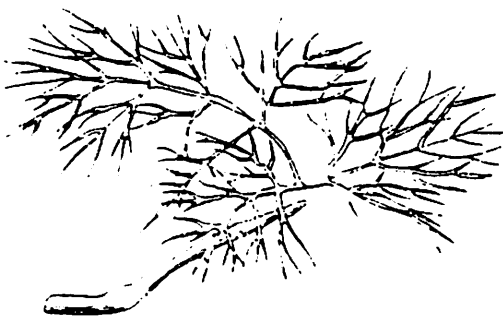
The Reality

The waiting caused an even more ugly issue to arise. Dave had not relieved himself for several hours and refused to leave the tent. A water bottle was going to have to be nominated. I quickly pointed out that my water sack was not appropriate, Dave indicated that his water bottle had sentimental value as it was used in the Himalayas and John noted that his was brand new and that he had just given up smoking. So what to do...Colin was cooking and had not registered an opinion which was unfortunate for him because we all urinated in his bottle. I am not sure he minded as the next day I saw him drinking furiously from it.

No one slept terribly well; there were feet in faces, fists in backs and some babies may well come out of the encounter. We looked out the next morning to see the gusts were just as bad as yesterday and that there were periodic whiteouts. We decided to return and drink cappuccinos for the rest of the day. For Dave and I it was simply a matter of ski-ing off but for John and Colin who had de-skied it was half a metre deep footsteps the whole way back.

On one of the occasions when I was smugly eyeing off my long, sleek skies in front of John and Colin, the elastic in my skipants exploded and not even a climbing harness would hold them up. Every 10 metres I had to stop, grab the sides, do a small jump in the air with a 29 kilogram backpack (ok, we ate a few Mars bars), and pull them back up. This was very frustrating and finally, as we were an all male party, I ignored them.

We stood above Charlotte's Pass at 2pm, only 25 hours and 24 Mars bars after alighting from the oversnow, exhausted, wiser and one of us with his skipants around his knees. We each had a swig of Dave's Drambuie and savoured the warmth (or did we accidentally get Colin's water bottle?). I couldn't help thinking that Reinhold Messner would never have rolled up looking like this. But then RM has never taken on Blue Lake...all fourteen eight thousand metre peaks but no Blue Lake. He can never really describe himself as a man until he has reached it.



Courier Bushed

On the 11th of August, the Courier-Mail published the following article in its 'Day by Day' page (below). The article bore a striking resemblance to our own article 'Tims Tips' in the gossip and news column of the Winter I Mini-Heybob published on the 12th of May.

Bushed

TIM Fischer is true to his belief in the rugged self sufficiency espoused by the National Party of which he is federal leader.

Mr Fischer, a keen bushwalker, was spotted by a Brisbane group of similar inclinations on a recent trip to Mount Walsh National Park, west of Maryborough.

Ignoring the pouring rain, the intrepid Mr Fischer set off into the wilderness with minimal equipment and without any of the high-tech gear the city slickers deemed essential.

Perhaps it was a legacy of his service in the Vietnam War, when sleeping bags and comfortable backpacks were unheard of

edited by
NEIL WISEMAN

Tim's Tip: On a recent trip to Mt Walsh N.P. we had the "privilege" of running into National Party leader Tim Fischer. Apparently he is a keen bushwalker. Wasting no time he trundled off in the pouring rain to climb Mt Walsh, while seven "hardened" bushwalkers from YHA and UQBWC (Peter Z. & Reg) decided to give bushwalking the flick that day, Tim ("our hero" - Ed) was not perturbed by the weather. Tim is the antithesis of a gear freak, demonstrating the need only for willpower not raincoats or warm clothes. Tim also gave his advice on where to walk such as Carnarvon Gorge to Mt Moffat and, in particular, in Bhutan. See you in Bhutan Tim!

There certainly were no reporters at Mt. Walsh that rainy day. This shows how desperate the Bronco's-Mail gets to fill it's pages. A plug for our club is the least you can give us when next you (Courier-Mail) turn to the Mini-Heybob for 'news'!!

THE STEAMERS

by Glenn Sharrock

A fruit cake, a bundle of pitons and it was on. An attempt to climb the Steamers called the Funnel and the Mast, and what a hell of a choss scrambling, adrenalin pumping, fit of a weekend it turned out to be.

Naturally Vaughan and Michele wanted to chat before we left on that fateful Friday late in August. My car was losing oil from the auto transmission and brakes in frightful proportions but this did not deter or frighten us at all, we had done some mountaineering and thought we knew how to handle rock the consistency of wheatbix, rock that chills the blood of weather worn diehards, rock that falls apart if you touch..... no look.... even if you think about holding it. Yes, we had no doubts, we would climb both the Funnel and the Mast and even get back to Warwick in time for pizza and coffee, the UQBWC social club could do no less. It was to be a relaxing weekend, run out a few pitches, have a yarn and some good food. What a joke!

After stopping in Warwick to collect the safety component of the weekend, Colleen an old friend from Armidale in the rescue squad, we drove like the maniacs we felt like to reach Emu Creek under brilliant midnight moonlight. The Sawmill ruins cast eerie dark shadows against a blue field, it was a cold clear night and the ghost of the sawmill was about, a bad omen for climbers. The old boiler looked like a grey elephant as I refolded my climbing rope and belted my head against it to make a comfortable pillow. As usual I camped out in the open thinking sombre thoughts and imagining the howling wind in darkness at the summit of a frigid remote peak, wishing I was there, totally alone, lying in a cocoon of survival within a few meters of the summit, the hard uneven ice pushing against my back in a cramped snow cave, my teeth chattering and body slowly freezing.... and then I fell asleep.

Morning and grey elephants, ghosts and icy peaks were all left behind and only the stark reality of a beautiful pleasantly cool Queensland day disappointed me. The Queenslanders cowered behind polar plus and wool and gear identical to that required for an Everest Ascent, while us New Englanders showed the habitual toughness of the region by striding about unconcerned in T Shirts and shorts, while in reality we gritted our teeth against the chill while Vaughan and Michele pretended not to notice. A quick breakfast of dry mini wheats with condensed milk and we drive to the base of the hill, my car nearly getting stuck in a creek and Vaughan quite calmly assuring me he would never take his car up there. Up the hill to the Funnel, we meet the Brisbane Bushwalkers who started an hour or two before us and are out for a day walk. Dump the packs and a quick look for an easy way up.

An hour later we find two old pitons and a block of wood bashed into a soaring finger crack on the north west wall and rope up. In addition to the usually gadgetry I carry a 2.5 pound hammer, pitons and a 2 huge unnamed pieces of aluminium the Armidale rescue squad didn't want. Reluctantly I stepped up to the cliff and lead the crack to gain the piton which was very lose and rusted, a psychological belay, the best kind. The block of wood pulled out and the handholds rang loose under blows from the fist, welcome to the Steamers, I hope your stay will be a scary one.....A few meters later with moves I found very difficult a small ledge lead



out left and up. Some interesting moments occur trying to gain a higher ledge 20 metres below a crumbling roof as a tree nearly rips out and the only decent holds are the ones you dig with your hands. what a nightmare pitch. At least 19 on horrific rock with a bloody hammer sticking you where it hurts, I think, never again, and wish I was on ice or in the pizza shop in Warwick. Belt in a dodgy piton and dig a seat to belay from, there are no anchor points. Vaughan starts up and falls in the crack crux, thankfully the rope drag stops me being pulled out of the seat. He arrives at the ledge totally shattered and then leads out over the crumbling roof, taking around one hour, showering rock that slammed into my helmet and shoulders, I wait for the big one which never comes and think about a story I was told recently of a climb called Antichrist on Mount Maroon, the scene of the biggest fall in Australian Rock Climbing History.

A fellow affectionately called TB by his friends is attempting the first pitonless ascent of the Antichrist, a long horror show around grade 20 with an extremely sustained free first pitch. The face hangs tall and imposing above the wide valley 400 metres below and TB stretches and strains and cranks through the committing moves and is out a full rope length, only one foot from the only possible belay tree when his hand hold breaks sending him plummeting breaking a sling and a nut, 150 feet to land just above the ground. He didn't climb after that for 16 years. I look up and wonder what it would be like to see Vaughan fall 150 feet, and before I know it I'm wishing, fall Vaughan please fall....

Vaughan reaches a good tree and I second up getting clobbered by the rock the rope brushes from the face, a refrigerator sized block that rings extremely hollow terrifies me because it holds up a roof that no sane mining engineer would go under. I go under the roof and pull through to the ledge with significant relief, Vaughan Andrews is mad, we look at each other and laugh hysterically. The solo to gain the top of a crumbling ridge seemed easy after all that and we rigged a fixed rope for the girls.

Day two saw us again gripped up on bad rock, this time on the Mast. Michele lead a pitch on the North Arete which turned dangerous and had to be soloed down to recover the gear. Vaughan and Michele turned there attention to the west wall while I walked to the top of the Stern with Colleen, singing ship songs and contemplating the vastness of the sea. New Englanders know when to take a break and recover from bad rock phobia.....

Back to the Mast by 2:30pm and find Vaughan in the grips of another run out pitch below the west headwall, he relishes bad rock. We dodge rockfall and warn tourists and I teach Col how to climb a tree, the banana benders come down bent and frail, aged by defeat, another failure. Then Col and I turned our attention to the North Arete and climbed two nasty protectionless pitches where the rock breaks away when you unload it. Colleen very thoughtfully replaces any broken handholds for the next group of psychopaths. Two roped and two soloed pitches get us within 20 metres of the summit, but time is out and the ropes are below, damn I hate that. Pizza in Warwick tasted good only while we ate it and I found myself wishing we had gone to the summit after all.

Now Turtles

The loss of so many dugongs in Hervey Bay is very alarming. However, there are now reports of a growing number of turtles dying in Hervey Bay. The numbers of turtles turning up on Mon Repos beach has been progressively declining for some years and now the question has to be asked will the loss of turtles be as great as the loss of dugongs in the longer term.

EPIC ADVENTURES INCORPORATED

Unwilling participants: Simon Hoyle, Larissa Fitzsimmons and myself

On the 17th July a trip to Tibrogargan in the Glasshouse Mountains was organised as an introduction to multipitch lead climbing. Perusing the guidebook I noted some small climbs at the top of the mountain that I hadn't done and mentioned them as possibilities. No go, I was under orders from Vaughan to give them multipitch and to give them exposure (blame him not me). The challenge was on: to find the most wicked line on the face, and I excelled myself.

A second perusal landed on Lancelot, a four pitch grade 7. How bad could that be? (We subsequently changed the name to Swearalot). After a short hunt around we found the base of the climb and geared up, enthusiasm prevailing. I managed to combine the first two pitches into one but should have realised that this was no mortal grade 7. The rock was very steep, with sections slightly overhanging so the weight of our packs would pull us precariously off balance. It was also typical glasshouse rock so portable handholds abounded. The protection was abysmal. There was nothing and what was there was so far apart that I was faced with the uncomfortable thought of ledge-splatter falls. At one point I encountered a rusted piton and after wriggling it around with my fingers clipped into it regardless. Desperation was now prevailing. At least it would retard me and terminal velocity wouldn't be attained. At the tricky section I had unceremoniously dumped my pack and left Simon to haul it up after him. Shortly after I was sitting happily on a ledge belaying the other two up to me. It wasn't the biggest ledge and with the three of us we had to do some tricky manoeuvring. Jelly babies restored enthusiasm, at least in the others, and I was off again.

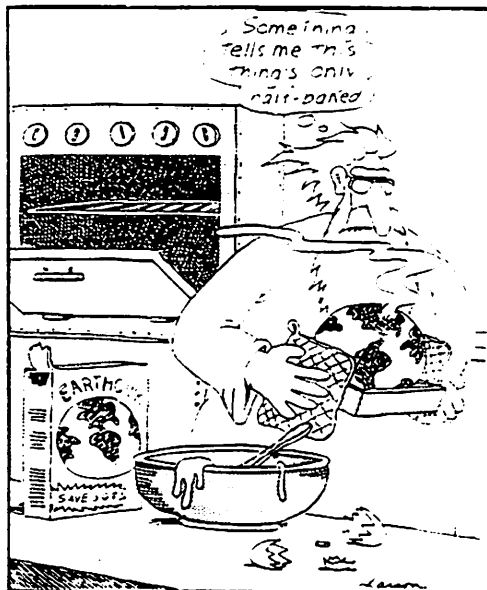
We were on the terror traverse and desperation, plus a few other emotions, prevailed again. It soon degenerated into a competition to see who could find the best expletive that accurately described the predicament. We were in exposure city. I traversed right from the ledge underneath some large overhanging blocks that looked a bit too precariously balanced for my liking. There was no way of avoiding looking down as when you looked to see where you were putting your feet you were looking directly at the ground 50m below. After some very desperate moves I was onto easier ground but had traversed a bit too far. There was no way I was going to back track so I looked for an alternative. Straight up looked alright so I gave it a go, leaving my pack clipped into my last runner. I made a few moves before it became too overhanging and the rock too crumbly. Spotting a ledge a few meters further to my right I aimed for there to set up another belay. Once safely anchored I brought the others across to me. Simon came first, traversing slightly higher than the ledge on which I was sitting. He was then faced with a blind downclimb as it was slightly overhanging and no rope to catch him if he fell. About 1m above the ledge his foot slipped and he landed unceremoniously and very heavily on my lap. It was then Larissa's turn and judging from the expression in her voice, she really wasn't enjoying herself. She also traversed higher than the ledge and was placed in the same predicament as Simon. It was a horrible feeling knowing she was going to fall yet there was nothing I could do. Simon moved to give her a hand and caught her as she fell, then both of them fell back onto my lap. More jelly babies, though this time enthusiasm could not be restored. All they could do was help subdue the fear. The day was getting late and we were still at least one pitch from the end of the climb so I wasted no time in setting off again. This was definitely no mortal grade 7.

I had to downclimb a short section before traversing around a small

arete until I was on easier ground. Shortly after the climbing became easier, albeit still poorly protected, and I made short time to the bushy ledge at the top of the climb. By this time communication with the others was impossible so I waited until Simon realised I was no longer climbing. He emerged on the ledge shortly after and we swapped belay stances so I could hang over the edge of the cliff and talk to Larissa. Larissa slowly and bravely made her way up to us and after a while we were reunited once again. From here we had to traverse across to the bushes on our left from where we would be able to bushbash our way to the top. I walked across dragging the rope and between Simon and myself we set a prussik traverse for Larissa. By the time we were all in the scrub it was very late and darkness was approaching. We set off hurriedly through the scrub but after a while of bushbashing and scrambling we realised that we still had a long way to go so we decided, rather undemocratically, that we would return to the beginning of the scrub and abseil. Darkness was nearly upon us when I descended hoping desparately that there would be a ledge and abseil point further down. In the deepening dark I spotted two, each on either side of me, and opted for which I thought looked like the best one. I set down on a small ledge with two small but very sturdy looking trees just as darkness fell. Luckily Larissa had remembered her headlamp so by the light of this we were able to set up our last abseil. The other group had seen our light on the cliff and headed up to meet us as we descended arriving just after my touchdown, shortly after 6pm. Once down relief overwhelmed me, but the epic was not over yet. Larissa followed swiftly, arriving with joyous and exhausted delight. We were all seated at the base of the cliff recounting our tale of terror when Simon knocked a very large rock off that came crashing into the bush beside us, sending us scattering like startled rabbits. Once Simon was down we let out a sigh of relief that soon died when it came to pulling the rope down. Somewhere it had become jammed and it wasn't going to come down without some very hard work from Glenn and Simon.

We trudged back to the car in a wearied daze and drove to the Burpengary Mobil for the usual milkshake and food before driving back to Brisbane. Upon re-reading the guide description I noted the comments which stated "an extremely hard G.7. exposed and poorly protected". Next time I will heed the comments. Still, Larissa and Simon are talking to me and even better, still climbing.

Michele Elmes



In God's kitchen



"Listen. You want to be extinct? You want them to shoot and trap us into oblivion? ... We're supposed to be the animals, so let's get back out there and act like it!"

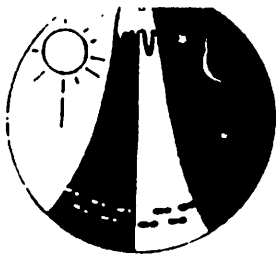
Sept 18 Traverse of the Lost World Plateau, west to east, long
energetic day walk, moderate grade, some exposure contact
TRIP LIST Peter Zund 848 5148

SEPTEMBER - OCTOBER 1994

If you need to know more information, recruit people for your trip, want to suggest trips for the next trip list, or enter your trip in the outings diary, phone Ashlea (Outings Officer) 371 0196 or 365 6796.

- Sept 17 **Bushranger's Cave, Natural Arch** An afternoon walk to Bushranger's cave and an opportunity to view the glow worms at Natural Arch in the evening. Leaving Saturday afternoon and returning late Saturday night. Take lunch and dinner. Contact Louise Coulthorpe 289 2847 or 365 1405
- Sept 17 to Oct 2 **Cross-country skiing** A group of 8 adventurous UQBWCers will be attempting to brave the ice and snow, whilst the remainder of the club enjoys the sun back in Brissie. Trip leaders are Vaughan and Michele.
- *
Sept 24/25 Nothing planned for this weekend so far due to the majority of trip leaders being away at the snow, or otherwise committed. If anyone wants to lead a trip contact Ashlea on 371 0196 or 365 6796
- Sept 30 **Metrogaine** Entries are due for teams wishing to participate in this UQBWC organised event. Get more information and entry forms from Peter Zund 8485148
- Sept 30 to Oct 2 **Bike Tour** A three day bike tour is planned by Belinda. The destination is not yet decided on but it will be a reasonably hard ride of 100+ kms a day. Contact Belinda Pursey 369 6295
- Oct 1 **Spicer's Peak** An easy overnight walk to a well known Main Range peak. This trip is limited to 4 people so get in quickly! Contact Anthony Smith 289 2847
- Oct 1/2 **Moreton Island** Circumnavigation. A long, hard weekend. Contact Glenn Sharrock 378 4277 or 365 3689
- Oct 5 **Meeting** 7.00pm Axon Room
- Oct 8 **Metrogaine** An UQBWC organized event. If you would like to volunteer to help, get entry forms, or find out more information contact Peter Zund 848 5148
- Oct 9 **Mount Maroon** A moderate day trip. Rather than taking the 'tourist route', this trip will ascend via Paddy's Plains. Should be quite pretty with the wildflowers at this time of year. Contact Colin Canfield ph 846 5383
- Oct 12 **Executive Meeting** 7.00pm at Ashlea, Paul and Eric's house.
- Oct 15/16 **Main Range** Emu creek - Lincoln Wreck - Lizard Point - Steamers - Emu creek. A moderate weekend walk, taking in many scenic features which make the Main Range National Park so interesting. This walk is limited to 6 people. Contact Ashlea Troth 371 0196 or 365 6796
- Oct 16 **Australian Rogaining Championships** Held in Gudagai, central NSW. Contact Glenn Sharrock 378 4277 or 365 3689
- * Oct 22/23 **Whale watching** From Harvey Bay. Contact Eric Young 371 0196 or 364 9999
- Oct 29/30 **Nightcap National Park** Weekend trip. Contact Ashlea Troth 371 0196 or 365 6796
- Nov 2 **Meeting** 7.00pm in the Axon Room. A new trip list will be compiled.
- Nov 5/6 **Canyoning** weekend. Abseiling and rope skills are necessary. Hard. Contact Glenn Sharrock 378 4277 or 365 3689

* If you would like to go whale watching on this weekend, let Eric know by October 3.



METROGAINE

Saturday, 8th October 1994



The University of Queensland Bushwalking Club invites you to participate in Queensland's first six hour Metrogaine - a short rogaine held in a metropolitan area

- Date and Time:** Sat. 8th October from 10am to 4pm
- Location:** The Brisbane metropolitan area
- Map:** A pre marked, 1:25,000 colour topographic map will be available from 9am.
- Course:** Will cover a combination of streets, parks and bushland with some good views.
- Facilities:** Toilets and water at the assembly area.
- Barbeque:** A barbeque will be available after the event at a cost of \$4 per head with pre-school children free. Please indicate on the entry form if you are likely to stay for this.
- Team size:** A minimum of two (no maximum number). Why not take the kids and make it a family outing? Children under 11 must be accompanied by an adult.
- Fee:** \$8 per team member. Pre-school children will be free. Family maximum of \$20 will apply if all in the same team.
- Entries to:** "Metrogaine", c/- Jane O'Sullivan, 18 Witton Road, Indooroopilly, 4068. Please include a large (22cm x 11cm), stamped, self-addressed envelope for your final instructions. Cheques should be made payable to the "Queensland Rogaining Association"
- CLOSING DATE:** Friday, 30th Sept. 1994. No refunds for cancellation after this date
- Late entries:** Must be received by Wednesday, 5th October and MUST be accompanied by a late fee of \$10 per team. Will only be accepted at the discretion of the organiser.
- Final instructions:** Will be posted to the team contact on Monday, 3rd October
- Enquiries:** Business hours - Jane O'Sullivan (07) 365 2067
After hours - Peter Zund (07) 848 5148

METROGAINE ENTRY FORM

Classes: Men Women Mixed

Categories: Open Veteran Super-Veteran Junior Family Novice

(Please tick the appropriate box)

Veteran: all team members over 40 years on 8th October, 1994
 Super-veteran: all team members over 55 years on 8th October, 1994
 Junior: all team members between 14 to 18 years on 8th October, 1994
 Family: all team members from the same immediate family
 Novice: all team members in their first rogaine event

NAMES	Year of Birth	Fees		Total
		Event	BBQ	
Team leader				
1.				
2.				
3.				
4.				
5.				
6.				
TOTAL				

Address of team leader

Phone (W) _____ (H) _____