To: Michael Meadows, Griffith University, Brisbane

From: Bob Waring

A Summary of some early Queensland climbing experiences, as recalled by a former member of the University Bushwalking Club, in July 2001

Hopefully these reminiscences will not contain too many inaccuracies or omissions when describing these activities, referring as they do to events commencing over 50 years ago.

My initial exposure to bushwalking and climbing actually consisted of a chance meeting with Dave Stewart on the stairs of the old George Street engineering building in 1947, at which I accepted an invitation to join the initial group and, unknowingly, initiated an interest in bushwalking and climbing which I was to pursue for forty years.

I believe that our very first trip was down to the Cougals, where we bashed our way through the lantana to go up the gully on the left hand side of the largest one, and then up the conical rock cone to the top. As this was my first outing and ignorance was bliss, I then left the group and attempted to walk directly down the damp and steepening rock in my tennis shoes, but finally realised that this would terminate my potential climbing career and returned to the summit.

A few weeks later, after an organisational session sitting on the ground in the adjacent Botantical Gardens, about eight of us arranged our first expedition, to Mt. Barney, and proceeded there by train and other means to form a tentless camp across from Hargreaves farm at Barney Creek. I do not remember exactly who were on that first adventure, except that many of the following pioneers were present -- Dave Stewart, Sid Williams, Bob Waring, Jon Stephenson, John Comino, Geoff Goadby, Jim Gadaloff, Shirley Courteney, Janet Teys, Natasha Potanin, Helen Reye, and Anne Webber.

It will be noted that some of the above were *girls*, strange beings which most of us had seldom encountered, particularly those of us who had been incarcerated for years in Grammar Schools. There were, however, no fights or other irregularities. The results of this first adventure were a partial ascent only, with numerous insect bites and general confusion, but a fine time was had by all.

The above was followed by several more similar amateurish assaults on the mountain, the first successful climb by our group being finally accomplished by a dash from the Saddle , by

John Comino and myself, after being expressly forbidden to perform this hazardous activity. We also inspected the short side of Leaning Peak, and with Ron Maudsley I traversed some of the Eagles Ridges and gazed down into the depths of the Mt. Barney gorge, which was my first view of a true alpine landscape.

Unfortunately, on that occasion Ron and I, not yet being true bushwalkers, were carrying our trusty 303 rifles, and, regardless of being told by John Hargreaves not to use them, I took a couple of shots at a boulder, which resulted in a visit by himself on our return to camp and our sudden departure, fortunately planned anyway. We had no difficulties with him in our future unarmed condition.

Also at about that time we had a nearly tragic experience when an inexperienced walker led a small group up Cronans Creek, taking them across a very steep heavily grassed slope above a dry waterfall about 50 feet high. A girl slipped and fell all the way down, experiencing very severe injuries. As this was in the days before portable radios, helicopters, and carrying first aid kits, the remaining six or so of us cut down small trees and removed our shirts to make a stretcher, then carried her out along the track. This was often on such steep side slopes that the lower side bearers regularly slid off and had to grab saplings to pull themselves back up, the upper bearers being bent over. John Comino ran ahead about a mile and a half to Hargreave's farm to call the ambulance. I heard later that she recovered after 10 months in hospital.

Soon after the above I was at a lecture in the Geology building when Jon mentioned a small ledge on the right hand side of Leaning Peak as being a possible route for its first ascent from Barney. I decided to check this out without delay, and was soon there by myself inching along the ledge, initially quite wide, but decreasing to a foot or so directly above the sheer wall down to the distantly whispering creek above the Portals. I was then confronted by a short vertical pitch, with a 15 foot high pile of thick slabs on its right side, appearing solid enough to chimney up against to the summit. I pushed against them with my right hand to confirm this, and had to immediately flatten against the wall as the whole lot collapsed and engulfed me in a large cloud of acrid rock dust as they jack-knifed out into space and spent the next 10 minutes thundering down into the gorge. I then climbed the wall and was on the summit of Leaning Peak, exactly 14 minutes since stepping on to the ledge. Rapelling down about 80 feet to the small saddle, I joined my bushwalking (only) companion waiting there, and we returned to camp.

I repeated this climb at a later date with John Comino without incident.

In addition to the above the group made memorable trips to places such as Ship Rock, where Geoff Broadbent impressed us with a solo ascent of a high vertical chimney, probably previously unclimbed, and we had an adventurous time squeezing through the narrow caves below it and jumping unbelayed across at least four feet, at 40 feet above the ground, to a conveniently located tree! There were also climbs of Egg Rock in the Numinbah Valley, and another similarly named car sized hollow boulder up on the west end of Beerwah with large natural windows, which on a later climb of the south face in 1957 I found was gone.

We also had several climbs up Tibrogargan by the usual cave and ledge route, and in 1951 Jim Gadaloff and I went up the crumbly west face of Crookneck, and of course on other occasions over Bertie Salmon's Leap at the missing column. There were also bushwalking ventures up Running Creek, where we saw Westray's grave (from the 1937 Stinson crash), and to Springbrook, Lost World, the main range north of Cordeaux, Moreton Island, and Point Lookout, which at that time was noted for the roar of the blowhole at Whale Rock.

The next challenge arose from the rumours that a prize of a hundred pounds had been offered in the previous century by the Emu creek sawmill for the first ascents of the Steamers, and was never claimed. This encouraged Jon Stephenson and I to plan an assault on the Mast, considered the easier one of the three. A few weeks later, carrying my new 3/4" sisal rope and mounted on my 1941 unsprung Model 18 Norton, we rattled up to Warwick and turned left for Emu Creek. Some hours later, after many creek crossings, mostly of the wet variety, we staggered into an abandoned loggers hut, and the following morning proceeded up to its western end. To make any progress this required throwing our ropes down top of the dense scrub and walking on them, as we approached the rock walls from the shaded south side. The best descriptions of these climbs are the originals done a short time later, which are as below.

(The two reports enclosed, by myself and Jon Stephenson, which also describe the first ascent of the pinnacle, could be inserted here, indicating that they are the original, apart from the minor corrections I have made to mine, now appropriate due to the passage of time. Readers will hopefully be aware that some of the descriptions in the above were more appropriate in 1950, and that later generations of climbers always find early climbs easier compared to their first ascents, due mainly to improved techniques and equipment.)

Regarding the ascent of the pinnacle, a disturbing event occurred as I was passing through the crevice described in Jon Stephenson's report. A large rock wallaby came bounding along the narrow traverse ledge and landed at high speed directly on my right thigh, almost knocking me off

into space, then slammed away again onto some small ledges and disappeared. A second, smaller one, presumably a female, which was following, then arrived from the same direction, but just leaped into the 80 foot drop down into the scrub below. We did not think this was a very good start for the climb.

I should also mention that I returned to the Mast a few months later and climbed it with Jim Gadaloff, and we decided to try a first descent of the east face of Crookneck. We made up the necessary 220 feet of rope and, having no descending hardware at that time, had to do it by classical rappel. Due, however, to the abrasive potential of this on our anatomys, we constructed a thick canvas pad which we each secured on the rear of our right leg for the descent. No problems were encountered, and fortunately we did not dislodge any rocks from above, and I don't think it even occurred to us.

In spring 1952 I commenced my travels, and lived in Calgary and Portland until 1965, then moving to Seattle and finally back to Calgary. I continued to climb until the early 80s, and had several very interesting experiences, which I will describe in a later review. However, I was back in Brisbane for 10 months in late 1957, and participated with John Comino in a poorly planned attempt to make the first descent of the big overhang on Tibrogargan. We went up to the summit with about 250' of nylon rope, which I believe was only 5/16" (8mm) in thickness, and contained a large knot, to be placed about 60 feet below the roof of the overhang, which we each proposed to pass by disengaging and refitting a 3/16" prusik sling when we arrived at that point. My aluminium Ravenel claw type descendeur was used for the main friction device, and we drew straws to see who would go first, which selected me. For some incomprehensible reason I then decided to go down the 5/16" rope without gloves. Commencing at the top 50' or so, which has some overhanging sections, I lost control of the descent rate and was just able to stop with my feet on the last ledge before I passed the wide ceiling 160' above the distant rock floor, where I would have arrived very soon. After a long pause I was able to climb and wrist twist my way back up, which must have amazed John as we had no means of communication.

Shortly after we climbed the south of Beerwah, with Geoff Goadby; and on another trip Ron Maudsley and I went up the granite domes at Wyberba, where I had an opportunity to admonish some climbers for attempting them in the rain with street shoes !

In 1962 I made my last climbing visit to Queensland, and took the opportunity to complete the unfinished business at Tibro. Having discovered that Pat Conaghan had a 200' 3/8" nylon rope, as I now did, we decided to try the rappel again, with the ropes secured to widely

separated anchors to prevent rotation. We passed both ropes through the Ravenel for friction, and added one travelling prusik for additional security, gloves not being needed for the low speed descent. The exposure was very thrilling, and we each walked over to the normal route to take a photo of the other while he was going down, and had a great view of the landscape and the pineapple plantations on the way. By this time I had small radios, which fit in a shirt pocket and had a range of over half a mile, which greatly improved the safety of the climb.

I am sure that numerous more challenging adventures have been accomplished over the past 50 years, and hope that with these reflections, more will be inspired to enjoy the beauty, challenges and comradeship of exploring their natural surroundings.

1st August 2001

(The two Reports to be included, as proposed in narrative)

FIRST ASCENTS OF THE STEAMERS - 1950

By. Bob Waring
26 Jan 1951

During August and December, 1950, first ascents of the "Steamers" were made by members of the University Bushwalking Club, being an important contribution to the progress of Queensland rock-climbing.

These formations are situated about 12 miles south-west of Cunningham's gap, and are reached by road through Warwick, travel over the last eleven miles being hindered by many creek crossings which may make a substantial hike necessary. So-called because of their resemblance to a ship's funnel and mast, they rise majestically from a long ridge covered in rain forest, which slopes down towards the Emu creek sawmill. Further up the ridge can be seen the western cliffs of Mount Robdrts, while a large box-like mass almost at the sawmill itself is known as the official Mt. Steamer. There are also another pair of smaller pinnacles, one of which would not be difficult to climb, along the crest; the other may provide a very interesting problem.

The Steamers themselves consist of two pinnacles between 450 and 500 feet high, which are rhyolitic residuals, and except for the actual route up the mast present very smooth and solid rock faces wherever they are approached. The mast, or easterly steamer, is most peculair in shape, being 150 yards in length with a width at the summit of between 3 and 15 feet, the narrowest part being near the centre, at a slight depression which can be seen from the valley. Another pinnacle lies to the east of the mast, separated from it by only a few feet, and as far as is known this has not been climbed. The funnel, which is the most severe of the two, is much wider than the other, and measures thirty yards across by about 130 yards long, trees of medium size being found on top. The remaining ~~of the~~ small pinnacles are to be found just to the west of the funnel, the buttress facing east appearing to slant at 45 degrees. This is also crowned by a peculiarly shaped rock.

The first ~~attempt~~ ascent was made on the mast on August 24th, by Bob Waring and Jon Stephenson, and will be described first.

THE MAST - 24/8/50

Proceeding ~~by motorcycle to~~ within three miles of the climb on the previous day, the creek was followed further up and camp was made for the night in the lower of two huts belonging to the Emu creek sawmill. On the Friday, the creek was followed down again to between the 19th and 20th crossing, where it is left and a way forced, if not picked, through the dense rain forest for 600' upwards to the ridge between the steamers, which are about 250 yards apart. The southern side of each is densely surrounded by raspberry and other bush, while the north faces are flanked by clear temperate forest, which extends right down to the north branch of Emu creek.

Walking along the base of the mast, a chimney was eventually picked near the western end about 30 yards along the southern side, and was hacked and scrambled up, leading onto an overgrown verandah about 80 feet from ground level. From here the western extremity rises in 400' of buttress, which are more exposed than they appear during the climb, and belays, although not used in this expedition, are necessary for safety.

On leaving the wide verandah two chimneys on the northern side of the lower buttress may be used, or the buttress itself may be climbed, although this is rendered difficult by the looseness of the rock. One of these chimneys is at an angle of 100°, and marks the termination of the most successful previous attempt, many years ago.

After the upper, or wider, chimney, a large balancing rock was encountered at the foot of the next buttress, which may be avoided by a rather delicate traverse to the right. This traverse, which is 350' above base level, uses undercut holds and passes beneath an overhanging cave, terminating on a large detached flat slab. From this slab a journey up a steep loose section leads to the base of the remaining two buttresses. The alternative route from the balancing rock is a steep climb up the edge of the rock, which is exposed and frequented by portable handholds. The extreme looseness of all the sections encountered was no doubt due largely to the absence of any previous climbing at these levels, and I always remember a large bush spinning down from one of the rockfalls.

The top two buttresses were very sharp, and were conquered directly, we were then able to walk in single file along the top.

A cairn was built and the eastern end visited, progress being most convenient along the edge of the north face owing to a growth of wattle sdrub flourishing on the wider portion of the summit.

The descent was made without incident to the verandah, the same route being followed as for the ascent. On negotiating the bottom chimney the rottenness of the mountain was further illustrated by an avalanche of boulders, which cut ~~one of the~~ my new rope into four pieces, and narrowly missed the other.

The climb of the mast took ~~20~~ not over 30 minutes, without belaying, the use of which would have been an improvement from the scenic as well as the safety viewpoint, ~~distractions being less disastrous~~.

The same afternoon the funnel was examined, and an attempt was made at the same place where the successful climb was carried out three months later. The attempt failed because of lack of equipment and time, and would not have been made if the magnitude of the task had been known.

We returned to camp on Friday night and made the journey to Brisbane the following day; one down, ~~one~~ two to go!

THE FUNNEL - 2/12/50

The big attempt was planned for the 2nd of December, by Bob Waring and Kemp Fowler, the latter, although not a member of the University Bushwalking Club, being a member of the staff of the Physiology Department. On Friday the trip was made to the first ford, followed by an 11 mile walk in the rain, and the struggle upwards through the jungle to the top of the ridge. Camp was made as darkness fell, in a palatial cave set into the base of the cliff on the northern side near the western end, and only 75 yards from the scene of the morrow's attempt.

During the night the rain eased and dawn revealed fast moving clouds flying down the valley, with the pinnacles bare and apparently dry, the only reminder of the vanished storm being the incessant roar of the wind as it tore past the sharp eastern buttress, leaving the north face in a strange calm. Not risking time on breakfast while the weather lasted, we took advantage of the lull and started the climb at 6 A.M.

The ascent of the edge of an enormous flake of rock, which stands several feet apart from the main mass, led to a pointed platform which provide a perfect stance for the belay to the big ledge above. This ledge is 76' d from the ground, and is reached by a short 25' pitch consisting of a lower section using sunken holds followed by a touchy traverse across a steep bare slab. The ledge was attained in less than half an hour's climbing, and is provided with a large boulder which was used as an anchor for the main climb, and for the descent. The ledge is surmounted by a ~~ghastly~~ overhang, which is cut to the left by a loose vertical gully, and further to the left by a bigger overhang. Two attempts were made to climb straight up from the ledge, but were both soon abandoned, the magnitude of the overhang being greatly underestimated.

The only possible method of attack from the ledge consists of an extremely severe traverse to the right, followed by the negotiation of a steep broken section, all of which abounds in small overhangs, and at the time of the climb was partly covered in dripping moss.

On leaving the ledge a descent of about 6 feet led to the base of a green bush, which was used in conjunction with friction holds to reach the top of the first of two small bare buttresses, about five feet above the level of the ledge and 20 feet to the right. From this buttress, which was slimy, it was necessary to ~~step~~ through space ~~about 4'6"~~ to the second, which also sloped outwards at about 60°. After leaving the first buttress, but not before, a concealed cavity handhold about 2" square will be discovered above the second, and may be used while a mossy ledge is gained, several feet further up.

From here the route followed more broken rock vertically upwards, a prominent crack being useful for jammed fist holds towards its base, but widening further up. This crack contains loose stones, and in one place a knee hold is necessary, which ~~can only be avoided~~ by going further to the right and negotiating a difficult smooth section, which is slightly overhanging. On leaving the crack higher up the end of the major rock climb is reached at a small gum tree, the belay ~~for the second man~~ being taken from a much larger tree which projects almost horizontally further to the left. Time taken for the traverse was an hour and a half, during which a hundred feet in height were gained.

Travelling up a steep overgrown slope a secondary cliff was revealed, which merged into the main face to the right and decreased in height to the left, as the eastern buttress was approached. Original plans to ascend this cliff directly were discouraged by the activities of a slab as large as a kitchen table, which decided it had been there long enough just when it was being climbed upon, and nearly terminated the expedition. The wall was followed to the left and surmounted with the assistance of a small tree at the extreme eastern end, and the flat summit area had now been gained. The western end was visited, and what was judged to be the highest point was marked by a cairn of 8 stones, the return trip was then made along the edge of the south face to avoid the almost impenetrable wattle scrub. It may be mentioned here that the south face, on which an alternative attempt had been considered in August, ~~is~~ appears quite impregnable.

~~it~~ necessary to locate the main ledge from above, which ~~we~~ managed at the third trial, and a sapling growing in a small gully was prepared as an anchor for the doubled rope. A sensational rappel over an overhang 60 feet in height and projecting 12 feet now landed ~~us~~ on the extreme edge of the ledge; for this manoeuvre 150 feet of rope being necessary. The boulder was provided with a sling and used as an anchor for the second rappel, which was also overhanging, and followed down onto the flake of rock used in the ascent and thence down onto the ground. We returned to Brisbane the same day.

On descending to the lower edge of the sloping verandah ~~we~~ now found

was → it was

, where Kemp was waiting, me

For anyone desiring first class rock climbing in magnificent surroundings the Steamers cannot be over-recommended, the mast in particular being the most spectacular and awe-inspiring mountain one could hope to visit, while the funnel is more advisedly left to those who are equipped and capable of the attempt. The use of at least three pitons will be necessary in any repetition of the traverse from the ledge, if any semblance of rope protection is maintained, ~~failing this a bottle of disinfectant may be helpful~~.

It is hoped that the climbing activities of members of the club during 1950 will be followed by even greater successes in the future, as many fine ascents remain to be done, and rock-climbing under our local conditions is one of the most enjoyable activities we can pursue.

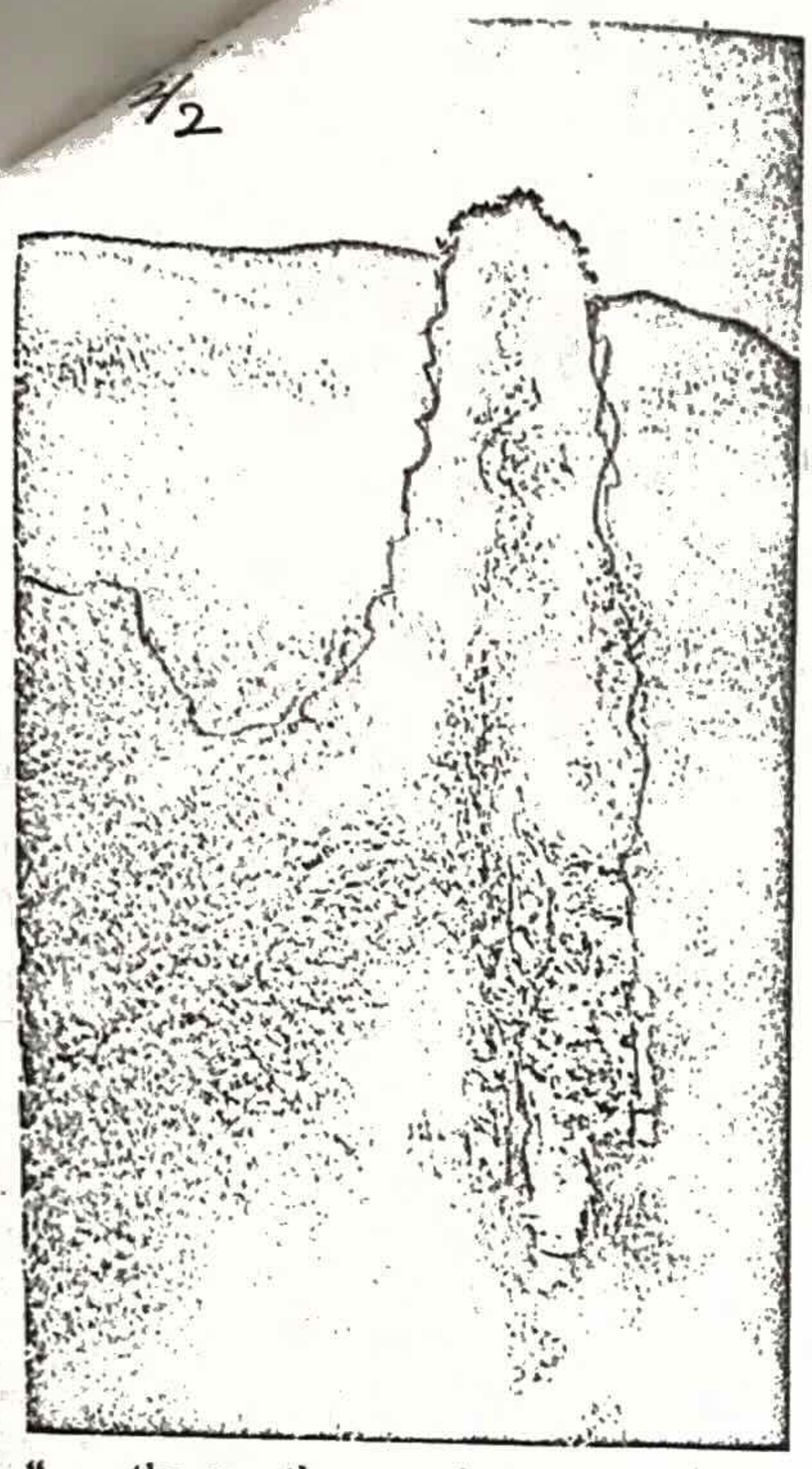
The Steamer Formation

By J. STEPHENSON

QUITE the most interesting feature in the Main Range of south-eastern Queensland is the little-known Steamer formation; this rarely visited rock pile is remarkable, but remote, and its existence is scarcely known away from the near edge of the Darling Downs around Warwick. Partly as a result of its isolation, but more on account of its technical difficulties, a little more than two years ago the Steamer held in its rock towers three virgin rhyolite crags, which, however, have all since been ascended.

The formation lies cradled in the rugged western flanks of the Main Range, well concealed within a few miles of the main watershed among a nest of high ridges and winding valleys and gorges. It follows the length of a ridge, some five miles long, which falls westward from the range a few miles north of Mt Roberts to the junction of the uppermost branches of Emu Creek. The Main Range in this portion of the State is built of the eroded remnants of a thick Tertiary lava succession; basic lavas compose this succession in most parts, but in certain portions the range contains a zone of acid lavas towards the base of the volcanic rocks such as occur in the Steamer area. These resistant rhyolites possess a contrasted topography and rise as cliffs. Mostly these cliffs serve to square off ridges and produce plateau-like mountains; the Steamer is exceptional in that erosion has dissected the rhyolite sheet more completely, to leave pinnacles as remnants of the formerly continuous sheet. Through time the valleys of Emu Creek have worn down into the lavas, while, in addition, their ever encroaching sides have interfered with one another along the Steamer ridge to leave a toothed residual.

The "prow" of the Steamer is at the western extremity, where a sharp buttress is the starting point of a plateau a mile long and roughly pear-shaped in plan. This plateau, with its almost continuous cliff line, ends suddenly eastwards at the first col in the ridge. A small tooth of rock farther on gives way to the first major tower of the formation



"... the greatly rugged western flanks of the main range ..." (Here is the Mast.)

—the "Funnel". This square-sided fortress is half a mile from the second and higher tower, the wedge-shaped "Mast", notable for the narrowness of its summit. Each of these crags is girdled by walls more than three hundred feet high. In years past these two features were vaguely known as the First and Second Masts respectively, but in view of their shape "Funnel" and "Mast" are more descriptive and more apt. The third tower, known simply as the "Pinnacle", is only half the height of the Mast, and is separated from its eastern end by a narrow crevice one hundred feet deep. From the gap east of the Pinnacle the ridge crest jumps several hundred feet up to a knob, itself very nearly another pinnacle, and proceeds in a more gentle fashion along a broadening plateau to attain its highest point at the crest of the range before dropping for the last time, as the "Stern", some thousands of feet in the escarpment which is a feature of the eastern battlements of the Main Range. Thus the ridge rudely resembles the said steamer, steaming westward.

IT is not known who first explored the area and named the formation; likewise little is known of the first attempts made on its rock piles. Interest was aroused following timber developments in the area, and with the opening of a timber

Creeks. The difficulties of climbing the Mast were thought so insuperable by one Toowoomba man in the year 1917 that he is said to have offered £100 for its conquest. At least three attempts made on the Mast covered the lower section of the western ridge, but in 1950 none of the three peaks had been ascended.

In August, 1950, J. R. Waring and I decided to determine the difficulties of the "unclimbables". We travelled from Brisbane via Warwick and Emu Vale and camped the first evening in an ageing timber hut set in scrub on the south branch of Emu Creek. The next morning, 24th August, we attempted the Mast from its western end. An easy gully and a chimney opened on to a timbered bench, above which moderate to difficult climbing took us up a succession of rather thrillingly narrow buttresses, which, in general, could be turned by chimneys on their northern sides. The crux of the climb was a forty-foot buttress perhaps three hundred feet above base level which demanded careful treatment. We crashed through the stunted brush near the summit and were amazed to find its limited dimensions. In contrast to its comparative length—nearly one hundred yards—the summit is at no point wider than thirty feet and is generally much less. In the middle it is only a foot in width, and the sheer north and south faces are most impressive, falling without relief to the tree tops hundreds of feet below. During the descent we discovered a cairn recording an attempt made in 1939, at the top of the timbered bench.

In the afternoon we reconnoitred the Funnel—certainly this was sterner business. We started up a large flake on the north-eastern side which gave way to a very difficult ascending traverse. Bob Waring, climbing well, steadily forced his way up a stubborn thirty feet to gain a five-foot ledge eighty feet above the ground. Above this, difficulty increased sharply, and in view of the hour we terminated our attempt with Waring retreating "en rappel".

In early December of the same year Waring returned with K. T. Fowler. They slept in a cave within one hundred yards of the flake at the foot of the Funnel and began the attempt at six a.m. on 2nd December, on an overcast morning after rain.

Waring led confidently to the broad ledge and from there was well belayed by Fowler. The overhang directly above the ledge proved impracticable, and Waring was forced to make an exposed traverse of thirty feet followed by a strenuous sixty feet of vertical work, and thus reached the first belay point on this severe pitch — a small gum tree. This manoeuvre required almost all their one

took an hour and a half. But the problem was solved, and from a timbered step a careful scramble, heightened by a close experience with falling rock, took them to the flat summit area, more extensive than that of the Mast. (Waring)

The final tower was scaled by Waring and J. T. Comino in late January of 1952. This, the smallest of the three (two hundred feet high) and the least spectacular, is a discouraging problem to commence. It is a wedge with a long narrow summit like the Mast, but it has square ends as well as sheer faces on the sides. The route up actually began on the north face of the Mast, and led for eighty feet with moderate difficulty to the foot of the crevice separating the two crags. Thence a traverse, followed by a difficult set of pitches — some verging on the severe — brought the climbers to the last virgin summit. Waring had made his third "first ascent" on the formation.

SINCE the first ascents on the Steamer only the climb on the Mast, which is the easiest of the three climbs, has been repeated — on two occasions. The standard of climbing on the Funnel may be described as severe, on the Pinnacle as less so, and on the Mast as slightly more than difficult. Protection by rope technique is satisfactory only on the Mast, where there is an adequate succession of good belay platforms. The lead on the Funnel above the ledge approaches the suicidal, and Waring found that what drove him on was only the thought of a return which was very severe and perhaps impossible.

Scope for climbing is unlimited for enthusiasts, both on the pinnacles and on the cliff lines in the Steamer area. Suitable for climbing in rubbers, the rock is weathered in smooth, rounded fashion generally, and, as is common in Queensland, safeguards with belays often cannot be given through absence of anchor features and adequate stances. The Mast is, without doubt, the most fascinating climb to be had in Queensland, and could easily become a standard route.

The setting of the formation is fitting, yet one of contrasts. Clothed in dense rain forecasts, Mts Roberts and Superbus (the latter the highest point in southern Queensland—4,500 ft) shoulder their way to over 4,000 ft, while comparable heights, clothed in open forests, rise to north and west. Conn's Plain, on the southern side of the valley, is a "bald", similar in nature to the better-known examples on the Bunya Mountains and elsewhere. The Main Range, in fact rugged and wild, includes some of the best scenery of its type in Australia. Because of its unusualness and spectacular moulding the Steamer rightly deserves wider recognition as an Australian scenic