

MINI HEYBOB

This is the newsletter of the
University of Queensland Bushwalking Club

AUTUMN 95



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Launceston 7250

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UQBWC
C/- CLUBS AND SOCIETIES
UNIVERSITY OF QUEENSLAND STUDENT UNION
ST. LUCIA, QLD., 4072.

Consumer Report - Li-Lo Durability Tests

Executive Summary:

University tests have proven that on average five out of five cheap li-los will have structural failure on a trip through Obi-Obi Gorge; while only one of a dozen canvas li-los will suffer the same fate. Double and extra thick li-los used for the same purpose will be found to provide superb service for more than the intended number of passengers.

UQBWC consumer surveys embarked on a li-lo durability test on Obi-Obi Gorge on the 26th February, 1995. Starting just below Baroon Pocket Dam, nineteen qualified li-lo skippers conducted the test over several kilometres of obstacles. We tested the Paylittle Two-Tone Li-Lo, the Dollarsworth Floral, the Stock Standard Canvas, the Coleman Gargantuan, and the King Size Double Li-Lo. Initially all craft appeared to be coping with the wet conditions, but on one of the first major rapids one of the three Paylittle Two-Tone li-los suffered a catastrophic failure with a 30cm gash in its hull.

A substitute Dollarsworth Floral li-lo was inflated, but it proved a major disappointment - like the Fairstar it looked like fun, but never made it out of port as it had structural problems. The second spare Floral li-lo proved to have the same deficiency, so UQBWC consumer services can only strongly recommend that these not be purchased.

The canvas li-los were fairing well under the superb li-losing conditions. Plenty of water was flowing and the Obi-Obi Gorge test-centre was looking picturesque. With excellent water flow and cliffs rising to a hundred metres on either side of the creek, this was the kind of country that it is a pleasure to li-lo through - if your li-lo can take it. Unfortunately, none of the remaining Paylittle plastic li-los were up to the task, both suffering tragic failures on average rapids. An aging canvas li-lo suffered the same fate, calling in to question its long term durability.

Due to the failure of so many li-los, three of our testers were forced to share the Coleman Gargantuan Li-Lo, while three others were accommodated on the King Size Double Li-Lo (the "Bismark"). Although progress was slowed somewhat, this arrangement proved to be a lot of fun, and it was a challenge to ride the rapids and not lose any passengers.

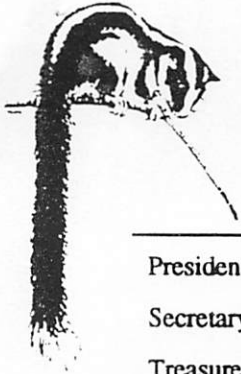
Editors Choice:

We recommend the Coleman Gargantuan li-lo, which has sufficient flotation to support two normal size people and one large person, and is a heap of fun. A drawback is the time required to inflate. A close run up was the King Size Double Li-Lo which came with all the features you'd expect in an aircraft carrier.

Test Laboratory Location:

The Obi-Obi Gorge Li-Lo test facility is located near Montville. It is reached by taking the Baroon Pocket Dam turnoff from the road between Maleny and Montville. The exit from the test facility is via a creek running into Obi-Obi Gorge on the eastern side. This creek leads up to Kondalilla Falls. Arrange a car shuffle as the start and end points are some distance apart.

David Shrimpton
Brett Watson



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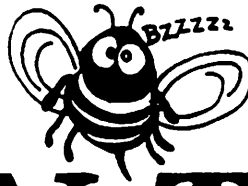
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This newsletter is published five times per year. The next issue will be printed in the week, beginning the 8th of May. Trip reports and other typed articles for the next issue, will be accepted up to the 3rd of May. Short messages to be included in "MAKIN TRAX" will 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.



MAKIN TRAYS

UQBWC is hosting a rescue training day at Ngun Ngun (Glasshouse Mountains) on Saturday 8th April 1995. This day will involve teaching prussiking, abseiling and anchor skills to a variety of groups from the federation of bushwalkers. Glenn Sharrock would like assistance from anyone in the club who has these skills and would be willing to pass them on to others. Please reply ASAP. Tel: 878 9076 (H), 365 3689 (W).

In an effort to reduce postage costs for this club, could those with a INTERNAL University of Queensland address please notify Eric Young via e-mail or telephone. Tel: 846 5383 (H), 303 3344 (W).

Dr. Micheal Olsen for the Federation of Rescue (FMR) will talk and show slides on mountaineering in South America. Date is 7pm, on 21st of March, Lecture Theatre 3 Hawken Building, University of Queensland. Donation of \$5 - \$8, Supper provided. Contact Glenn Sharrock, Tel: 878 9076 (H), 365 3689 (W).

Update your first aid skills! FMR is holding a First Aid Course at Barney Lodge, on a weekend in August, cost \$60 (course only), accommodation, bunk \$20, tenting \$10, includes an exam and certificate. Contact Glenn Sharrock, Tel: 878 9076 (H), 365 3689 (W).

ROGAINING - Last September, the club hosted Queensland's first metrogaing. A feature of the map was the lack of street markings. 44 competed in the 6 hour event, including Eric Young, Kate Campbell, Larissa Fitzsimmons, Bob Hoey, Kitty Carra, Duncan Young, Colin Canfield, Belinda Pursey, Paul Hill, and Ashlea Troth. On the 16th of January, New Zealand held it's first rogaine near Wanaka. The course elevation ranged from 1500 to 2000m and featured no trees. UQBWC was represented by Peter Allen and Peter Zund. Last weekend (4/3/95) the second Brisbane Metrogaing was held in the western suburbs. Again street markings were left off the map, and the use of public transport was allowed. Uqbwc was represented by Duncan Young and Kitty Carra, with Jane O'Sullivan and Peter Zund winning the mixed class and coming an overall second. If you wish to join this madness, come to the next rogaine in the Stanthorpe area on the 17 June. Duncan Young has been elected to the committee of the Queensland Rogaine Association.

Lake Pedder 2000 committee is currently campaigning for the unplugging of the DAMMED Pedder, their contact address is 130 Davey st., Hobart, Tas., 7000.

Federation's Annual Bushdance is on again, Jimboomba District Hall, Jimboomba, 31 March 1995, 7.30pm, Band is the ROYAL BOUNTY BUSHBAND, cost is \$8.00 with supper included.

For Sale: ONE PERSON TENT Serra Designs, Divine Light, upper Goretex, 2 aluminium poles, able to fit pack in and sit up in one end. Small vestibule. Used for 6 weeks trip to India only. \$200, Phone Michele 357 5098 (H), 864 4016 (W).

1995 Pilgrimage - Goomburra State Forest Park, September 9-10, Hosted by YHA Bushwalkers.

Moreton Island Protection Committee (MIPC) notify us that Cape Moreton Lighthouse land (150ha) could be sold to private developers. MIPC would wish to see the land incorporated into Moreton Island NP. Contact Darryl, 367 1778. Next volunteer weekend on Moreton Island, 24-26 March. Cost \$25, includes barge. Contact MIPC on 378 0822 (W).

Style Guide

When writing for this newsletter, please note the following.

- when mentioning club members, please use their full name, including surname.
- if using a wordprocessor, please reduce font size to 10 points.
- because we use a poor quality photocopier, could you ensure your article is well printed. If you don't have access to a laser printer, then supply your article on disk in a postscript or ASCII format.

Girraween and the Inaccessible Gulf

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(November 1994....I guess a late report is better than no report)!

Well this was it - my first club trip. I managed to con Glenn into letting me invite myself along on to Girraween on the week-end of the 26-27th November for some climbing, then on to Armidale on the 28th for my first experience at canyoning.

After a late start from Brisbane on Friday night we proceeded to Girraween - stopping every so often to pray to the great god of cars that Glenn's commodore would actually make the distance. I was repeatedly told that "the car will make it to Armidale" and "you'll love the canyoning"....I'm not sure whether Glenn was trying to convince himself or me - I figured he was working on the assumption that if you hear something often enough, eventually you start to believe it!

We finally managed to arrive at Girraween late Friday night (or was that really Saturday morning) and camped out under the stars. The next morning I was presented with several large volumes of climbing journals, books and photos "just to get a feel for the place"...had I known I would be expected to digest my own bodyweight in climbing information before breakfast - I may have had second thoughts!

After a brief discussion of my bad eating habits (hey - doesn't everyone eat chocolate milk and apples for breakfast) we pondered our food situation. Luckily Glenn had packed my chocolate sprinkles and the cat's urinary tablets - so we were bound to survive. I'd brought along my mandatory packet of instant noodles - my theory being that if you have instant noodles there's always something better to eat!

Another miracle saw all my climbing gear and food fitting into a small day pack and we departed for the first pyramid. The adventure had begun!!

Several years later (or so it seemed) - "ve reached ze summit". After taking in the views and eating (again!) - we embarked on some "training". First I had to educate Glenn about the correct names for the gear: prussick loops were actually "the little purple loopy things", the jumars were the "purple and gold metal things", and that the pink rope was no longer to be called dynamic, but rather "bouncy". Now we were using terminology that I could understand!

After setting up a couple of metres of rope - and attaching almost every piece of equipment I owned - I was starting to get comfortable with the concept of prussicking, dumaring and attaching and removing various parts of the gear. I'm sure the only possible scenario we didn't cover was what I should do if a heard of polar bears wearing sombreos and eating tacos descended from the heavens bearing sub-machine guns!

On to the real thing!! Glenn lead climbed Asana (18) while I seconded ... at least I'm told that's what I was doing!
After setting it up for me - I worked out how to prussick/jumar up and down. We should really do this jumar business on Tuesday nights at KP cliffs - it's sooooo much easier than climbing!

After lunch we headed off to the second pyramid to do Rourke's Rift (14). This climb wasn't particularly difficult - but very balancy. Thankfully I had borrowed some sticky shoes (thanks Greg) and had my security gloves -

so there was no stopping me!
This was despite the fact Glenn took perverse pleasure in placing the anchors in the most inaccessible positions that were nigh on impossible to remove (I guess he had to have his fun somewhere)! We now have an agreement that if he puts gear placements in deliberately inaccessible places - it may just stay there!

Once "on ze summit" we contemplated the possiblity of transforming a water catchment into a spa - and abandoned it in favour of getting off the granite rock before it rained.

The descent track was fun - after some persuasion I decided to abandon my "butt wedge" technique of descending on all fours, and tried walking down while leaning forwards. Glenn assured me that were I to fall he would either catch me, or I'd splatter on the ledge below - neither of which particularly appealed to me!

However, it was reassuring to know that this is what I should be doing if I were mountaineering with crampons and an ice-axe - silly me - I knew there was something I forgot to pack!

The afternoon was spent lazing around, and hiking down and up the first Pyramid again to get our sleeping gear. Whilst Glenn tried persuading me that that it would be fun to camp on top of one of the rocks, I had my sights set on a large flat area where I wouldn't fall to my death if I happened to roll over during the night.

After a fairly bad demonstration of how not to cook a vegie stew, and how to create utensils from a plastic bottle (oops - I forgot those as well), we settled down for another night under the stars. In the morning it was *not* reassuring to note that no little animals had eaten our remaining food!

The following morning was fairly lazy - we climbed 1 rock (the name escapes me t the moment) and set up a Tyroloean traverse to Balancing Rock. After securing myself to the top anchor I was happily falling asleep while Glenn rigged up the rope on Balancing Rock. Glenn then had a captive audience while we waited for some religious people to leave. "How would you like to learn some knots"...seriously what choice did I have - I'm stuck on the top of a rock and nly he can let me down! Actually the knots were quite fun..although I did get a little worried when he started practising tying nooses!

We then packed up - and headed on our merry way to Armidale - once again praying to the great God of cars that we would arrive safely.

The Inaccessible Gulf....any intelligent person would have realized this was not going to be just a walk in the park. Glenn assured me I'd love it - "it's just bit of a walk down a gully, a couple of abseils, some rock hopping, swimming, and a walk up a track to where we started"....

Yes folks, alarm bells should have started ringing loudly at this point - it was all sounding far too easy and simple.....as I was to discover!

What this really meant was you do your best impression of a human bulldozer down 400 vertical metres of loose rocks, scree slopes and detachable vegetation (I'm now a gold member of the frequent fallers club, and feel obligated to use the words "rock below" every time I speak)!

The "couple of abseils" included a 50m abseil from an overhang into a pool of water below - bearing in mind the fact that the contents of my bladder and I nearly parted company a couple of times before I started - once I'd taken those first few backward steps - it was quite a buzz (provided I didn't look down, too often)!

The "bit of rock hopping and swimming" involved clambering up, under, around adn through some large rocks, wandering along dry swimthroughs and sliding into green slimy eel-infested pools - basically just what your average person spends their week-end doing!

The walk out was the only part of the day that bore a remote resemblance to the original description. Mind you - there were some awesome views along the way!

All in all it was a fantastic introduction to real climbing and canyoning!

Loretta Davis...



Letter from the Hollyford.



Dear Jonathan.

You may be jealous about the great time I had doing a circuit walk down the Hollyford Valley, out to Martins Bay, around to Big Bay and back via the Pyke River Valley. I started this walk from the Hollyford road end, which is a side road off the Milford Sound road. The weather was very changeable at the time, misty with occasional light rain. I was ready for the worst, having packed all my cold weather gear as well as 10 days food. With good weather I should be able to get around in 8 days.

At the start I met a couple of veteran bushwalker's who had just completed the walk. They were scratched and tired, and proclaimed never to come back again. This commentary was contrary to the enthusiasm of a local deer hunter for the Hollyford. I was warned of possible difficult river crossings in the Pyke Valley and that when the water level was low in Lake Alabaster, it possible to walk around the edge. With that advice I pushed on, first was a side trip to Humbolt Falls which are over 300m.

The first four days I planned to follow a well made track out to Martins Bay, there after it is a illdefined foot pad. Soon the old road gave way to a the NP track which wound its' way along the true right of the Hollyford valley. Within 2 hours, I passed Hidden Falls and Hut. By now it was raining steadily and I took a break in the hut. There were views of water cascading off their steep dark walls of the Darren Mountains. It was early, or so I thought, to camp, so I pushed on to Lake Alabaster Hut. By now the track was a wash with water and all the colours of the ferns on the rainforest floor were brilliant. This section of track is a photographer's paradise. After passing Homer Falls, I noticed it was rapidly getting dark. Having no watch on me, I guess I must have left Hidden Falls Hut about 5pm. With little light left I passed Pyke Lodge, a private Lodge of Hollyford Walks Ltd. It was unmanned and latter proved to be a valuable asset to the area. A further 30 minutes saw me arrive at Lake Alabaster Hut. (8.30pm)

Jeff, a bushwalker from Christchurch was there. He also planned to walk the same route and we decided to join together. The rain pelted down during the night, but come morning the skies were clear. Jeff was off early to tackle what is known as the Demon Trail, along the true right of Lake McKerrow. Maybe it is his diet of fresh meat and Drumbuie which makes him an early starter. I arrived early at Demon Trail Hut to find sandflies squatting around the Hut. The track has many ups and downs similar to the Yo Yo track of Tasmania. Jeff tried his hand at catching some trout while I admired the views of Lake McKerrow with the Darren Mountains as a backdrop.

Boxing Day greeted us with another glorious day, enabling us to reach Hokuri Hut by early afternoon. It was warm enough to take my first bath in the lake. We looked out for Dolphins as this is the only place in the world where recorded sightings of Dolphins swimming up into a fresh water lake. The week before some walkers were fortunate enough to see some Dolphins do just that. (recorded in hut log book). Also recorded in the log was an account of some fisherpersons killing a Fur Seal in the lake. These seals come regularly into the lake to fish. At this end of the lake a number of fisherpersons live in batches along the lakes shore.

Day four dawn beautiful, we were heading for Martins Bay and Long reef Point where we would camp. Within 2 hours we reached the airstrip of Moe's place. Moe runs Martins Bay Lodge and is a pilot. We went for a cuppa and inspected the place. They also run a jet boat service up the Hollyford river and aircraft transfers. Within another hour we saw the ocean at the mouth of the Hollyford river. Here there are sand dunes blocking off the ocean from Lake McKerrow. The lake was once a fiord, but sediment has turned it into a freshwater lake. We soon reach the remains of Martins Bay Hut which burnt down a few years ago. This was a nice looking camp site at first. We set up camp and head down to the point to observe the Fur Seal Colony. The point is rocky and the seals were well camouflaged amongst the rocks. Suddenly one barked at me from about 5 metres, it's fangs clearly visible. The seals are very protective of their colony. Latter in camp, we discovered the very hostile locals, swarms of sandflies trapped us in our tents till sundown.

The next morning dawn beautiful, we left early for Big Bay. Jeff walking ahead about an hour. The coast line was very rocky, and the water too cold to swim in. After about 2 hours, I reached Davey's place at the southern end of Big Bay. He is a fisherpersone along with his son. They are fours days walk from the nearest

road end. They have an elaborate batch to live in. Davey invited us in for a cuppa. He offers accommodation to travellers in return for house duties. He has lived in these parts for most of his life. Formally a deer hunter, he turned to fishing after the helicopter wars for deer hunting areas. Staying at his place at the time was a girl who just walked from the Jackson Bay a four day trip along the coast. There is no track along here, nor are there any beaches to make walking easier. Further down Big Bay we came across a old Sea Lion, which had come to the southern end of Big Bay to die. There is a colony at the northern headland of Big Bay. For the entire length of Big Bay, there is a wide sandy beach.

After 2 hours we reached the northern end of Big Bay, where there is a village of batches. Soon a plane landed on the beach and two very young (cira 15 years) boys with rifles slung over their shoulders's got out to start a two week hunting trip. They were staying with the *mayor* of Big Bay, a permanent resident who latter invited us in. It was too early still and we felt we should move on while the weather remained good. After another 2 hours, we camped near the Dry Awarwa River on the Big Bay - Upper Pyke track. This area has one of the largest stands of *White Pines* left in the country.

The next day we planned to get to the Olivine Hut, which required the fording of three major rivers. For the next two days we required good weather as the route was flood prone. In the morning there was a hot northwester blowing, this was sign of rain within 24 hours. As we crossed the Pyke River 2 hours later, it started to spit. We had difficulty finding large red poles which marked an old track through the flax. Eventually we found a very overgrown track which led through the bush to Lake Wilmot, it was raining.

Soon after lunch (2pm) we met a lone walker who had just crossed the Barrier River. He said the crossing was marginal. Along the way we met another lone walker, a veteran bushwalker who had also single handed cross the rivers. Two hours later we came to the raging river. It was white with standing waves forming in it. Before we thought too much about it, we linked arms and crossed. Jeff was upstream and was swept off his feet, while I maintained balance, just avoiding being knocked over. The water was waist deep. (Too deep to attempt a safe NZ river crossing).

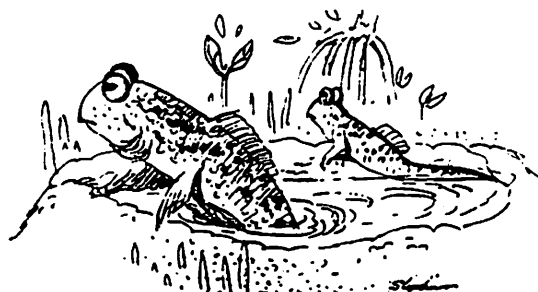
We survived that crossing, but within half an hour we were confronted with the second branch of the Barrier River. This was only knee deep and easily crossed. By now the rain was pelting down and impressive water falls were cascading off the mountains which rise abruptly either side of the Pyke River. Next we cross three more deep (up to chest deep) slow moving riverlets before reaching the Olivine River. Fortunately a cage crossing had been installed 5 years ago across the river, as it was twice as big as the Barrier River. On the other side the Olivine Hut was a welcome sight, after a 12 1/2 hour slog down the Pyke.

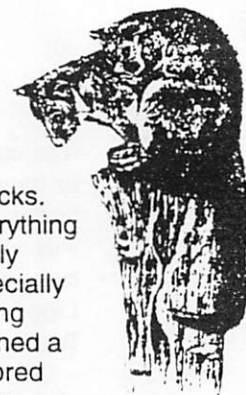
That night it rained steadily and sunshine greeted us next morning. Today we planned to reach Lake Alabaster Hut. This section is reputed to be harder than yesterday. Within 3 hours we reached the northern end of Lake Alabaster. The young feller we met at Lake Wilmot yesterday, told us to find a 2m high red pole on the lakes edge. From here we were to walk 100m into the lake, then cross a gravel bar across Alabaster creek to the lakes western edge.

The red pole was no where to be seen. We walked in chest deep water along the lakes edge to find it. It was now obvious we could not cross Alabaster creek. We decided to wait for the water level to drop. Within 2 hours a jet boat from Pyke Lodge came up the lake. It passed without seeing us as it headed up the Pyke river. On it's way back we were spotted and they agreed to take us for \$25 each. They took us for some jet boating up Alabaster creek, to the falls. We were invited to Pyke lodge that night, we retold our story to their guests. The Pyke Lodge is only 20 minutes walk from the public hut.

That night Jeff and I celebrated the end of a great trip at Pyke Lodge. We were fed apple crumble, custard and beer/wine by the hosts, Jim and Joules. We also finished off the bottle of Drumblue Jeff had carried. Next day we walked 5 hours to the road end.

Signed,
Peter Zund, 7/3/95.





South American Wanderings Summer 94-95

Behold, the lone wanderer has returned to rest her weary legs and wash her smelly socks. Nowhere is a place, for I have been there and there is nothing in it. It is like space, everything is so bloody far apart. After an epic 5 days of flying I arrived in Buenos Aires and promptly slept for 24 hours. BA's a great place but they have one hell of a traffic problem, especially since most of them drive like Eric. After 5 days of inhaling car exhaust fumes and getting uproariously drunk on the \$1 litre bottles of local beer, I felt my spanish had at last reached a satisfactory stage of incomprehension that I could venture South. Here the men are bred hard-so hard they make Glenn look like a Boy Scout whose greatest achievement has been to get his knot tying badge. I would have fallen madly in love, got married and had children if I could just understand what the hell they were saying to me.

Went to inspect the climbing area near Bariloche, called Cerro Cathedral. Absolutely superb. I wanted to stay and I could have as I was offered a job as a cook in one of the Refugios (huts). I told him that I was the master of making bland food even blander and gave two references if he didn't believe me (Vaughan and Glenn expect some correspondence). Still he must have been desparate as the offer still currently stands for next year. I think he had lost a few too many brain cells high altitude climbing or while carrying the tables and chairs up Huascaran for the Social Climbers. Bade a sad farewell, with a promise to practise my cooking but as it was not New Years I feel no obligation to keep it (not that I usually do anyway). Decided Argentina was getting too expensive so I ducked across the border into Chile, intending to stay 2 weeks and staying one month. After looking around Puerto Montt and north, south and east, I decided to catch the boat further south to Puerto Natales. Here in Puerto Montt while waiting for the boat I made the incredible discovery of an UQBWC walker who somehow had got lost in transit from this years holiday destination New Zealand (hope it was good guys). Nevertheless I took poor bewildered Colin under my wing and together we wandered far and wide, both bewildered.

After the 4 day boat trip to Puerto Natales, on which we both experienced anti-gravitational forces on the food we ate, we arrived on Christmas Eve in Torres del Paine. We set out to do the hard 7 day trek carrying 10 days worth of food (including a litre of wine for Christmas which the Chileans thoughtfully pack into tetra-paks). We were expecting untold hardships and pain like we had never experienced before. After 4 1/2 days we arrived back where we started, with a ridiculous amount of spare food. We lengthened it too by doing the side trip to the Torres lookout. Superb weather the entire time with views of tall granite spires, smooth polished faces of unclimbed rock tempting the climbers to sully their faces (Glenn where's your bolting kit). Their size is actually incomprehensible and to sit at their feet in the shadows of their majesty is divine. To look up their 1000 metre faces at the incredible array of natural lines is to awaken the fear in even the most suicidal of solo climbers of the Beerwah Bolt route. It would be madness to attempt them, but it has to be done. Anyway-after salivating and dreaming gibberish for 5 days we decided to see some real scenery. We went to heaven. We went to a penguin colony near Punta Arenas (well I thought it was heaven but the others may beg to differ). After this short but very pleasurable digression we got down to the real stuff. We went to FITZ ROY. Forget all the previous drivel about Torres del Paine, here is where the climbing action is. Here you can rub shoulders with some of the world's top climbers, waiting in the base camps for the bloody wind to die down. You too can call them lazy bums before you recognise them.

Yet again for the 7 days we were in the park we had perfect weather. The Fitz Roy group are a series of exsquisite granite spires that appear from the flat, dry Patagonian steppes like a series of teeth, their sharp sides cutting into the sky. Have to see them to believe them. I would kill to climb there but alas I fear I would die. The weather is so extreme. The wind is almost constantly blowing at gale force and the weather moves in from the coast with astonishing speed, unseen to most sheltered by the granite faces. They do have many deaths there because of the extreme nature of the climbing and the weather. Blah Blah Blah.....

>From here my bewildered companion felt a calling and headed north, desiring to cleanse his body in soul refreshing BA. I myself chose something more mellow and colder. I went to Ushuaia, as far south as I could go. It is the most southerly city in the world and it bloody feels it. In the entire week we had a maximum temperature of 5 C and it even snowed (it's at sea level by the way). Passed several days in Tierra del Fuego. Don't think too highly of the national park as it was full of car campers, mainly large Argentinian families and it is also full of

rubbish. They have thrown rubbish everywhere and there is no effort made to clean it up. Lovely countryside though, very wild and rugged. This time spent meditating in the bush over and it was time for me to return home. Another horror flight , including an unscheduled 12 hour delay in Auckland airport, and hey presto I was back in warm, humid Hobart. (it was 12 degrees). Bloody glad I'm not coming back to Brissie.

Entonces, termino mi mini-novela. Espero que todos son muy bien. Espero tambien que todos tuvean un feliz navidad and bueno ano nuevo. Jane tienes que translatar este por todos.

Chau mis amigos. Escribere cuando regreso de Antarctica. PS Tienen que ir a Patagonia . Es barbaro. La gente chilenos y Argentinos son muy simpaticos y divertido. Pero Argentina es muy caro. Es el mismo precio, mas o menos, que aqui, tal vez un poco mas caro. Chile es un poco mas borrato pero no es como Peru o Bolivia. Los precios en Chile son mas similar que aqui . Los paisajes Argentinos son muy similares a Australia de central. Es muy plano, seco y no hay nada, ni animales, arboles ni edificios. Bueno, es todo por el tiempo. Hasta luego y buena suerta.

Michele 21/1/95

Burnett Gorge 19/2/95



For any and all who are interested, Eric's not-so-lazy trip to the top of Burnett Creek was slated for Sunday, as well as the jaunt to Mt Greville. We spared more than a thought for the bods out there during the day, we also had more water than expected, but with wetsuits on we hardly noticed the rain. Here's an excerpt from a note I just sent covering the trip anyway, read and be envious.

And laughing there was a-plenty (albeit hysterical laughing). The road in was flooded, so we walked 6 km or so (2hrs) there and the same back. There was much mud, and everything was plastered with it. That didn't worry anyone because the 6 stream crossings we made were so fast and turbulent that even the muddiest sock was refreshed and people had to cross four abreast to get any kind of safety. We were walking in an atmosphere of growing doubt, the water was higher than ever seen before, perhaps the falls will be dangerous? On the other hand the stuff could all be flowing from one or another of the many tributary creeks, we pressed on to find the answer with a casual lack of concern about what we might find. The walking was great after a week indoors.

When we finally reached the head of the Burnett Ck. falls-system the flow had dropped and seemed pretty manageable, but there were mutters that the "best" section was three falls down from the start and it was tricky to get out from there once committed to checking it out. Simon and Eric conferred, Colin was consulted, the rest of us looked on blankly with trusting enthusiasm.....

The first three falls were good clean fun, there were tricky bits (only in the respect that it is tricky to stay dry and out of the main flow when the rope leads you over it. Very do-able. People started to relax and Simon showed us the real meaning of flair in abseiling with your feet wet. It was very pretty, and it was pretty cold. Fortunately we were all wearing wetsuits of one kind or another (and thermals and packs etc..) and it took the most deliberate downpours of rain to dampen spirits. This coincided with the start of the "long falls" where there were three drops in close succession. Each fall needed a rope and they were connected by a narrow alley between cliffs with swim-deep water and nowhere to get out except at the top of the next fall. Eric, Simon and Colin, went first, having the corner in canyon-ing experience to hand and each wearing full leg wet suits, (a mere coincidence or is there a hint of prior knowledge there?). They were to set themselves at the beginning, middle and end of the cascade, clipped into the bolts (this canyon was fitted with bolts and karabiners at most drops) and helping the rest of us get onto the next rope, or in Colin's case, ashore.

While the positions were being set up the rain came down. The noise drowned all hope of hearing what was going on down below, and a tenseness settled over the crowd, would we be following them down or walking out, and how would we know which if we really couldn't hear the whistles or shouts. "I've often wondered" I said at this point "if the fact that one is already wet, clammy and shivering helps you into other states of mind that usually produce the same sensations, like say, fear". Tom, Nicole and Tony just stared. Now, convinced that I had managed to name our dread I felt happy to offer hope and plowed on to add that "I don't think that this would be nearly as scary if we weren't clammy, wet and shivering to start with..." For some reason, this went over like a stone or rather, as a few were thinking, - like the body of a mangled abseiler into a plunge pool. Oh well, scratch psychology from the reading list this semester.

After what seemed an eternity of half heard shouting, there came the whistle, Simon's signal that all was well and the first person could drop on down... I mean abseil. The first cliff was dry (due to the use of a tree away from the fall as an anchor point) but it made up for it by being an overhang. After a short swim and a yak to Simon there was a 5 m abseil down to the next trough and there was Eric. I will not forget the look on Eric's face as he described what to expect, "You may get pummeled by the water, spun 'round and bashed into the cliff a little bit," he offered "actually you should get used to it, its inevitable..."

He was serious! I have never seen Eric serious before, and considering, the subject matter I had no idea what to think, it was certainly sobering. Anyway, while he was saying this I was trying to stand up and clip into the rope (with limited success, my pack having a little more water freeloading in it than I like). At least the embarrassment of fouling the safety tape while

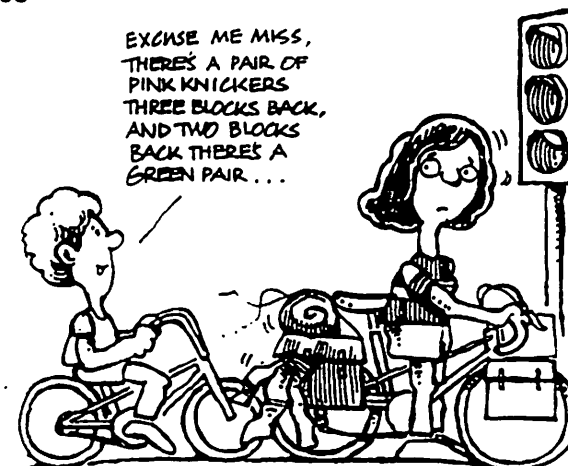
unclipping it didn't stop me from noticing more immediate hazards to self respect. A twenty metre drop with twenty-odd centimetres of water going over it makes quite a sight from the top. If it wasn't raining I'm sure I would have dug my camera out. Funnily that's all I could think about (must have been hysteria). Colin was at the bottom shouting, but there was no hope of hearing it and as he wasn't making "back off" signals I went down.

Five metres, OK, ten metres, still OK, but by now the rope was hanging straight into the falls and there wasn't any purchase for the feet to keep on the left hand side. So I swung. So what if there is a big stream of water there? As we all found out, water like that is VERY heavy after a good drop, if you put your head into it looking straight ahead you can't see OR breathe. With my strangely fitting wetsuit (stolen from Glen, draw your own conclusions) I couldn't look down and breathe at the same time either so had to swing out to the right. The helpful thing I could then hear Colin shouting was DROP, which after all is a lot better an idea than swinging back into a stream of water like that. Amazingly I found myself at the bottom and in one piece, and I've never been so thankful to not have had a "slow" descender. I felt that even more strongly when the next two people got stuck under the falls for quite a while, patiently working more and more rope through their gear. We even got one person inverted for a while. There were also a few heart-stopping moments when a pack fell out through the waterfall and we were all wondering if there was still a person on the rope but apparently you get less resistance from the water that way. We all made it down, what a buzz.

The rest was just mopping up, another small fall, some trudging through rain-forested creek, a change from neoprene to cotton and by the time we got to the bottom the water level at the creek crossings was down a foot. Mind you, it was well and truly dark by the time we got back to the cars, and an unbearably long distance to the nearest food at Beaudesert. A day of activity in the cold like that and even grease-trap food like KFC seems edible! Noone got hypothermia, and I didn't even get to light the stove (or use half the equipment that a gear freak like myself considers as standard for any trip further than the corner store, like compasses, knives, or compression bandage):-) The most serious injuries of the day both went to Colin, who when pioneering the "big one" lost yet another pair of glasses (despite having taken the precaution of strapping them on) and a TEVA sandal. Col' spent the rest of the trip as a blind man with one shoe, one black shoe.

I think that in fact cold, wet and clammy had little to do with the way we all felt afterwards and no little thanks goes to the "old hands" such as Simon and Colin and especially to Eric for organising the whole thing in the first place. Calm, confidence and a feeling of, "oh yeah, we've been through all this before" that comes from such people is the best thing to help those who haven't seen what they're up against get in and have a really good time.

Graham Harden 20/2/95

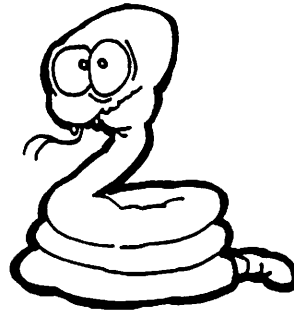


Kosciusko to Kiandra

Participants: David Shrimpton. Brett Watson

24/12/94

'Twas the night before Christmas
When my car packed it in,
The drivers' side wheel bearing
Was making such a din.



Santa might not like the Christmas Eve traffic, but that's no reason for him to put the hex on everyone else's car. We resorted to plan B - after carefully packing our first aid kits and ensuring our ambulance subscriptions were up to date, and having bidden our loved ones goodbye, possibly for the last time, we caught Greyhounds sardine can on wheels to Thredbo via Sydney, Canberra, and Cooma.

28/12/94 Thredbo to Mt Kosciusko

Thredbo was bustling with people. Pleasant though it is for a ski resort, we stopped only long enough to fill some water bottles and repack our packs before setting off for the alps on a magic carriage - the Crackenback chairlift. This saved 600 metres of climbing effort by ascending to the top of the ski runs above Thredbo and beats walking any day! From there our path was obvious - too obvious. Due to the large numbers of people walking from the resort to Kosciusko the NPWS have installed a raised metal walkway. This has effectively reduced the erosion, and also made it possible for the completely clueless to accurately locate the summit.

After only an hour of walking Dave declared that he could happily go home now. He had seen the melted and refrozen remains of some snow drifts on the eastern slopes of the Ramsheads. But he didn't go home, and spent the next six days rueing his decision not to quit while he was ahead.

The track passes by Lake Cootapatamba, one of the glacial lakes. Shortly after this it meets the road to Charlottes pass. We decided to preserve our energy for the final push, and set up camp beside a tributary of the legendary Snowy River.

29/12/94 Mt Kosciusko to Mt Twynum

After time spent photographing the tributary of the legendary Snowy River and numerous wildflowers we ascended Kosciusko, and enjoyed the views. We had departed only just in time, as the stream of daywalkers was already beginning to arrive. As we descended to the saddle between Kosciusko and Townsend, we glanced back and saw a stream of people - one every 50m ascending the mountain like pilgrims to a shrine.

We followed the track north towards Muellers Peak. We climbed this peak and enjoyed a superb view of Lake Albina, before walking to Mt Townsend - Australia's second highest mountain, and a much more interesting peak than Kosciusko. We admired the view into Geehi Gorge, and pondered the distant looking Mt Jagungal.

Returning to the main track we walked on past Lake Albina, and over Caruthers Peak, which is situated above the diminutive Club Lake. From the saddle between Caruthers Peak and Mt Twynum we descended to Blue Lake - the largest of the glacial lakes, and a superb place. Rock and ice walls form the edge of the lake on its north-west side. A beautiful waterfall was cascading down into the lake. Year

round the lake remains at a constant temperature suitable for supporting a unique crayfish. Apparently it also suits Dave, who swears black and blue (!!!) that the water wasn't cold to swim in.

We returned to the main track and walked another kilometre before collapsing after a hard-days walk.

30/12/94 Mt Twynum to Schlink Pass

The following day we finally left all the day trippers behind as we ascended Mt Twynum. The peak baggers amongst us ticked off number three, as we admired the view which was marred only by the ski runs from Blue Cow to Guthega. Proceeding north we summited Mt Anton, a low rocky outcrop to the east of the track, and Mt Anderson, a round knoll to west of the track.

We proceeded on the climb up to Mann Bluff and Mt Tate, a rocky outcrop with fantastic views of the main range. From here the track leads down across Consett Stephen Pass, and up to a long rambling plain known as the Rolling Ground and the Granite Peaks, which end to the north at Mt Dicky Cooper Bogong. There are a couple of good exit points off the plain. One way leads eastwards via a saddle to Whites River Hut. Another way is to go to the end of the Rolling Ground and descend directly to Schlink Pass (a saddle between Dicky Cooper Bogong and Gungartan). We compromised (or stuffed up) and descended from near the end of the Rolling Ground through scrub and ended up at Whites River Hut.

Whites River Hut was the first alpine hut that we had approached closely, and was somewhat of a disappointment. Actually two huts, one was small and occupied, while the larger one smelled like a bushfire. Despite the fact that we were very tired, we opted to walk on to Schlink Pass, where we camped the night. The best campsite at the pass (under trees) had been taken, but we were too tired to expend effort looking for a beautiful site. Our "wilderness" campsite ended up being right beside a road and 330kV powerlines.



31/12/94 Schlink Pass to Tumut River

The following morning we walked on to Valentines Hut. This is a beautifully maintained hut, and judging from the visitors book it is justifiably popular. Leaving the fire trails at this point, we walked along Valentine Creek to Valentine Falls. This drops 150 metres in several cascades, with many delightful swimming holes. The water was freezing, but a swim was felt to be necessary, and was enjoyable, with the water at the base of the falls bubbling like a spa bath.

After crossing the Geehi River we rejoined the Valentine Fire Trail and walked to Grey Mare Hut. A dozen tents were clustered around the hut. We were outnumbered and decided to press on. But first we had a look at the interesting collection of old gold mining relics lying around the hut. These included crushers and a huge flywheel.

Inspired by the approaching shape of Mt Jagungal we pressed on to the base of the "crouching lion". We camped at a pretty site on the Tumut River.

1/1/95 Tumut River to near Boobee Hut

We ascended Jagungal via the southwestern ridge, following a track which started at our campsite. The summit of Jagungal provided superb views in all directions. To the south the alpine peaks of Kosciusko, Townsend, Twynum et.al. appeared very distant. We descended Jagungal to the north, and emerged on the Grey Mare Fire Trail near a Snowy Mountains Authority weather station.

We sped along the fire trail, visiting O'Keefes Hut, and then Mackeys Hut. As we examined the homely Mackeys Hut we noticed literature left by the Jehovahs Witnesses. This conjured up images of two guys in white shirts and dark trowsers industriously peddling their mountain bikes up the fire trails, bringing the message to the Jagungal wilderness.

We left the fire trail at Mackeys Hut and made our way north toward Boobee Hut. By some quirk of nature we failed to locate the hut, despite finding gold mining equipment that had been used by the original hut dwellers, so we made camp on a ridge nearby. As the afternoon shift of march flies departed the evening shift of mosquitos arrived in plague proportions. We had discovered the worlds largest mosquito breeding ground, and the mosquitos had the same contempt for "Rid" as the flies. The evening meal was a very quick affair, as we hurried to the protection of the tent.

2/1/95 Boobee to Four Mile Hut

Until this point the weather had been superb, but overnight it turned overcast and cool. Clouds closed in around all of the peaks. From our campsite I had taken photographs of Jagungal at sunset the night before, but it was no longer visible.

Realising that the weather was unlikely to improve this day, and that views from mountain peaks would be only of cloud, we decided that our best course of action was to proceed north, and not bother with any diversions. The walking was fast along the Grey Mare Fire Trail, and the Tabletop Mountain Fire Trail. Throughout the day we walked through mist, cloud and light rain, until we finally came to near the top of Tabletop Mountain. We knew the peak was only a short way south of the track, but we also knew that in the circumstances we would never be sure if we had accurately located the highest point, and that even if we did, we wouldn't be able to see anything.

We continued on past Nine Mile Diggings, where the scars of intensive sluicing for gold are evident in the hillsides. Our objective had become Four Mile Hut, where we hoped to spend the night in more comfort than our small tent would provide in the rain. When we did reach it, the delapidated exterior belied the cosiness of the interior. We soon had a fire going to dry us and our clothes, and warm the tiny hut.

Reading the visitors book at Four Mile, we found that people universally appreciated the character of the hut. One person said that it was almost as good as Boobee Hut!

3/1/95 Four Mile Hut to Kiandra

The following morning in spite of the fact that the weather had improved, we were keen to finish walking and head into Cooma to relax. The walk to Kiandra proved to be very quick, taking only a few hours, and we were soon on our way back to civilization, courtesy of Adaminaby Bus Lines.

Useful Information

The route we selected to walk is basically the same as is described in John Sisemans' book "Alpine Walking Track". This proved to be a very useful book.

Gordon Burgess of Adaminaby Bus Lines regularly provides transportation for walkers. He will cater for any sized walking group - from 1 to 40. Contact information:

Gordon Burgess
Adaminaby Bus Lines
Phone: (06) 454-2318



- THE STYX CANYON -

A Guide to Northern New South Wales Walking Canoeing, Caving Climbing published by The University of New England Mountaineering Club in 1967, and in its fourth impression in 1981, refers to the Styx Gorge as the "last great problem" of the Macleay River catchment area. This problem was solved on the 24 October 1981 by David Bayliss, David Goss, Chris O'Neill, and John Vaughan following seven full days of reconnoitring involving much abseiling and jumaring during the preceding weekends. Chris was the prime mover in exploring this canyon, following our exhaustion of other canyoning opportunities in the area.

Ron Farmer, Jane Hibbard, Karren Horrigan, Peter McLachlan, Chris O'Neill, Ross Smerdon, Don Smith and I had the pleasure of traversing the canyon in October 1983, since the canyon was in full flood during 1982. It is hoped that this article may assist other devotees of canyoning in safely exploring this part of the world.

Incidentally, Jane Hibbard is on record for having done Claustral Canyon in the Blue Mountains at night, naked, and in winter and you thought you had done it all!

Access to the canyon from Armidale is gained by following the Grafton Road through Wollomombi and turning off at the Kempsey Road. Entry to the Styx canyon can be made from Falls Road which leaves the Kempsey Road 2km past the bridge over the Styx River. The upper reaches of the gorge can be reached from the east by way of a number of fire roads off Raspberry Road, which leaves the Kempsey Road 1.5km past Falls Road. From the west, access to the lower gorge can be made via Spike Island Road, which leaves the Kempsey Road at 137173 (Jeogla 1:25000).

Below the Kempsey Road the Styx enters a spectacular canyon with three major waterfalls. After approximately 1.5km the canyon opens out to form a steep-sided gorge dominated by towering rock bluffs and rainforest. Downstream the gorge opens out and dry sclerophyll forest dominates.

At the turn of the century this area was surveyed for a hydroelectric scheme. Construction workers were lowered into the upper section of the canyon to build a viaduct and generator, which were subsequently destroyed in the next flood. Various parties from the University of New England Mountaineering Club had attempted to enter the canyon from a number of points. They realised that rockclimbing equipment was required for abseiling what proved to be seven waterfalls and 250m of swimming.

The heights of these falls are 10m, 2m, 5m, 25m, 9m, 1m, and 70m. There is also a 40m waterfall at the start of the canyon but it is easily passed. Ideally the best time to do the trip is during a summer drought, however Chris in his impatience saw October as being the first opportunity after encountering earlier horrendous torrents of water.

Starting on the true left bank of the river, we scrambled to the base of the 40m waterfall. After a 10m swim and traversing some boulders we set up a fixed rope at the top of the 10m waterfall.

A small boulder next to the left side wall was used as an anchor. At David Bayliss' suggestion, Chris had earlier abseiled the true right of the falls, until 2m from the top he encountered the second water chute which would have committed him to the main water chute near the bottom. The combined force of this water had deterred Chris the previous weekend to a more prudent course of action which we now followed. We abseiled between the main and second chutes where we caught the full force of the second chute before descending behind the main chute and into the pool, a boiling cauldron of white water.

Behind the waterfall, below the main chute, you are surrounded by solid surging walls of water which are impossible to see through. I delighted in being here, so much so my companions became alarmed that I had drowned and were visibly relieved when I emerged. You are huddled 50cm above the violently agitated mass of white water totally surrounded by the deafening roar of the falls. A very deep breath is required to escape the surge of the water. Buoyancy jackets helped us to avoid this potential stopper.

For those not enamoured with the prospect of abseiling these falls, you can always use protection in the crack on the true right. Three stoppers should do the trick, enabling you to abseil from a point away from the falls.

Below these falls is a 50m swim which brings you to the top of the 2m falls which we jumped from the large boulder in the centre. By jumping to the left into 4m of water you avoid the shallower white water which is only about 1.5m deep. These falls are followed by another 50m swim to the top of the 5m falls which can be passed by scrambling down the slab on the true left and jumping the last 2m into the pool or by scrambling down the rock wall on the true right and then swimming the pool.

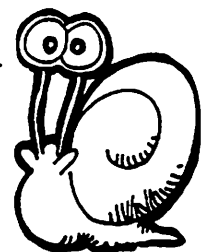
This pool is 20m in diameter and is followed by boulders at the top of the 25m falls. We traversed to the right climbing 9 m to abseil from a tree into a pool at the bottom of the falls. From this point you may climb out the side of the canyon. At the bottom of this abseil is an 80m swim to reach the ledge at the top of the 9m falls. An abseil or an exposed traverse to a point 1m above the pool is possible. I chose to abseil. I'm not really into exposed traverses when they are optional. A short swim leads you to the 1m fall which is easily jumped. A swim to the shore leads you into a more walkable part of the canyon, making it a pleasant stop prior to the 70m finale.

After 500m you reach the top of the 70m falls. We scrambled up the gully on the true left to the crest of a razor back. A 40m abseil brought us to the slabs adjacent to the top of the 70m falls. Chris proceeded to tell me that he had abseiled off a small rock bollard 35m into the pool below, the last 20m being a free abseil. I examined this bollard which has probably since eroded away due to its insignificance, and suggested that we should run the risk of abseiling off some saplings, regrettably placed in the stone chute to the left. This we did, and it ranks as being among the best abseils in the area.

Yes! even better than abseiling Ebor, Wollomombi or Chandler's Falls. The falls are spectacular with a huge flow rate whipping up a 50cm swell in the 100m diameter pool at the bottom. This is due in part to the fact that the bottom 40 m of the falls is a free fall and that the walls rise to over 300m with an exit of only 6m. I have never forgotten the sense of insignificance and intense humility I experienced in abseiling into this pool. Due to the rope drag we had great difficulty in hauling the rope down while we struggled in the cold water. From these high walls spontaneous rock falls occur with frightening regularity. We did not tarry in the narrow exit.

Our day was long and therefore I recommend an early start in traversing this interesting canyon.

REG POLLITT
24/9/94



Autumn Triplist '95

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

March 10 Slide Night. At David Shrimpton's house. Will probably cover a walk done in the Snowy's and around Kosciusko over Summer. ph 371 3460 (hm) or 365 1539 (wk).

March 11 Mystery Walk A nice, easy and relaxed walk near Brisbane. A 30 minute walk is all that is required to get to a great swimming hole. Bring your lunch and togs. Contact Peter Zund ph 848 5148.

March 12 Bike Ride A scenic bike trip along Canungra Creek to stop for lunch at The Cougals National Park. A Devonshire tea stop is guaranteed on the way back! A reasonably easy bike trip of 40 to 50 kms with only 'rolling' hills. Road bikes are fine. Contact Colin Canfield ph 018 197 943.



19th March Ballanjui Falls - Louise is planning an easy day walk in Lamington NP. Contact Louise 289 2847 (H)

March 25-26 Border Ranges Weekend. The Border Ranges run along the Queensland border and within the scenic rim, including the Tweed range area. Peter is planning a moderate two day 'through walk' in this area. Phone him for more details on 848 5148.

1-2 April Weekend walk in Lamington (I am not sure where) this will be a moderate walk. Contact Louise 289 2847

April 2 Day walk. Not sure where yet, but it will probably be a long, moderate walk Contact Ashlea Troth ph 365 6796 or 371 0196

April 8-9 Stretcher Track - Border track - Mt Widgee. Long hard two day 'through walk'. Situated in the Albert creek/Christmas Creek area. Ring Dave Shrimpton for more details. pn 371 3460 (h) or 365 1539 (w).

April 8 Federation of Mountain Rescue (FMR) day. Glenn is doing his bit for UQBWRC and holding an abseiling and basic rope skills day for all clubs involved in FMR. It will probably be held in the Glasshouse Mtns. Contact Glenn Sharrock 878 9076.

EASTER

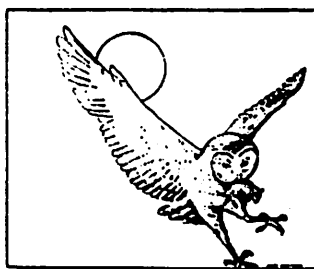
April 14-17 Lever's Plateau. Lever's Plateau encompasses an area from Mt Glennie to Richmond Gap in the Border Ranges. An easy to moderate 4 day through walk is planned. Contact Anthony Smith ph 289 2847.

Main Range Traverse. A 'classic' throughwalk in SE Qld. It requires 4 days and offers outstanding views. You must be of a reasonable fitness to do this walk. It is not for inexperienced walkers. Contact Duncan Young ph 892 4093.

April 29/30/

May 1

Main Range Area Peter is planning to spend the long weekend in the Main Range area and take a moderate day walk up to Mt Bell and Lizard Pt (great views!). A moderate two day walk is then planned from Emu Creek to Teviot Gap via the Steamers and Lizard Pt. Contact Peter Allen ph 870 2820



UQBWC members - 5 - (259 members) Contact Eric Young w

UQBWC members - 5 - (259 members) C

Name	Phone	Work Phone	Name	Phone	Work Phone
ABSOLON John			GREENBERG Natasha	371 9094	
AITKEN Karen	371 3993		GRIMWADE Michael	371 7889	
ALEXANDER Julie	074 912 412		HARDER Cherie	871 9459	
ALLEN Peter	870 2820	365 4138	HARNSA Katie	871 9297	
ANDREWS Steve	252 9134	365 4787	HARRIS Michelle	358 4267	
ANDREWS Vaughan	002 23 1203	002 21 5362	HARWOOD Michael	870 5236	377 0204
ARMSTRONG Satya	379 5785		HASKINS Malcolm	379 5682	
ASHBOLT Vanessa	366 6923		HAULETTE Ryan	377 1573	
AVERYT Elinor	371 7176		HEALY Tim	367 0131	365 3982
BAHNISCH Michael	201 1207		HENDERSON Brett	371 9470	405 5017
BAKERMANS Marja	870 4473		HENZELL Jocelyn	378 1395	
BARNETT Chris	378 1963	365 4561	HEWGILL Anna	371 5814	365 4805
BASMAN Regina	217 8609		HILL Paul	371 0196	
BATTY Sarah	878 1924	221 4392	HJORRING Curt	371 8632	
BEAVIS Celeste	366 4103	365 2924	HODGSON Katherine	2177881	
BELL Pippa	871 8512		HOEY Bob	818 3171	
BLOCK Ann-Maree	870 9136		HOFFMANN Florian	870 4096	
BRAND Michael	371 9692		HOGARTH Kate	847 1428	
BRANS GROVE Kaylene	379 5013		HOWARD Anthea	391 4939	365 3062
BROOKES Darren	844 4235		HOYLE Simon	217 7457	365 2450
BROWN John	870 1375		IRELAND Derek	395 3095	844 2244
BROWN Lachlan	369 4338	875 7942	IRELAND Joanna	395 3095	844 2244
BROWNE Sonya	289 2025		JENKIN Graham	398 7549	365 4157
BRYANT Andrew	300 2872		JENKINS Scott	871 9181	
BRYANT Mark	371 1751		JOHNSTON Amanda	349 3410	
BRYANT Rachel	352 6869		JONES Lorna	870 3249	
BULL Anthony	377 1481		JONNSON Rebecca		
BULL Inger & Anthony			KAHAN Lisa	871 9235	
BULL Inger	377 1481		KERR Michelle	844 5493	
BURGESS Glenn	379 1318		KERWICK Carmel	398 5364	343 3877
BURMEISTER Kerrie	857 5268		KETTERINGHAM Tony	870 3373	862 0214
CAMERON James	371 1015		KIDSTON Jamie	371 9771	
CAMPBELL Kate	368 2746		KIRKWOOD Andrew	376 1074	
CANFIELD Colin	846 5383		KISSEL Susan	870 4473	
CARA Kitty	870 2668		KOCH Christina	846 7938	
CELINA Mathew	378 5768	365 3626	KRAMER Michelle	371 3469	
CHIANG Lambert	869 0246		KRUEGER Vanessa	371 6427	
CHAPMAN Richard	870 3447		LAIRD Geoff	846 7934	
CHINN Michael			LAWRENCE Nick	371 5973	
CHRISTIANSEN Ingrid	374 1969	877 9630	LAYLOR Glen	351 5372	
CHRISTIE Wendy			LEB Jenny-Ann	371 6793	365 5766
CLARK Victoria	075 730 743		LEE Travers	369 4259	
COBBY Sophie	172		LEIGH Justin	376 4683	376 4233
COHEN Michael	371 3587		LEVIN Ilse	871 9233	
COLLIER Janet	371 6880	365 2450	LEWIS Craig	345 2212	
COLLIS Glen	300 6203	365 2491	LLERENA Maricel		
COLTHORPE Kay Louise	289 2847	365 1405	LODGE Bernadette	378 6280	365 3644
CONNING Dolina	284 6397		LOOMIS Katie	217 8530	
COWLEY Robyn	892 3164	365 1457	LOUGHNAN Marion	870 2143	365 1273
CRANE Rachel	279 0188		LUI Josephine	870 0528	
CROUCH Simon	352 6775	237 1502	LUND Sylvie	367 1608	
DAL SANTO Robert	870 5951	365 6687	LVISI Kerry	3717176	
DALY Marian	7		MAGGS Amanda		
DANCER Robert	32 1EW, United Kingdom		MAN Yun Tai		365 5888
DAVIDSON Jane	379 2249		MANNERS Eric	371 5463	
DAVIS Loretta	015 370 474		MASKREY Ewan	871 9685	
DEVAR Peter	888 2648		MASON Huw	300 6441	857 7088
DOBBYN Esther	349 9283		MELLIFONT Cat'y	857 3649	
DOLON Michael	871 9148		MELLSOP Nick	376 2692	
DONDENO Anna			MELTZER Anna	870 2090	871 0799
DWAN Kathryn	371 9816	225 2403	MILNER William	292 0842	226 1584
DWYER Toni	870 3115		MINSHALL Gerri	369 7083	
EAGLES Debbie	289 1429		MOLITOR Nicole		
EARL Patrick	394 2681		MORTON Clinton	824 6308	
EKINS Merrick	378 9395	365 2854	MORTON Cristina	824 6308	
ELIAS Helena	367 1580		MOUTE Q	359 2528	350 8837
ELLWOOD John	371 9176		MULLINS Caroline	376 4715	
ELMES Michele			MULLINS Louise	376 4715	
EUSTACE Colin	390 1657		MUNCH Elisabeth	870 4353	365 4729
EWING Pam	871 9197		MURPHY Geoff	207 5156	808 8733
FAIRFIELD Meredith	371 1721		MURPHY Rachael	870 4458	
FARMER Ron	365 3948		McDERMOTT Lisa		
FARRALL Leah	871 9149		McFADDEN Andrea	357 6379	
FIELD Roseanna	870 0995	856 4006	McNEILL Kevin	359 0458	365 2242
FISHER Sue	378 3619	365 6579	McROBERT Carol	367 0131	
FITZSIMMONS Larissa	217 7457	371 8632	NICHOLSON Camille	376 7441	
FLYNN Sarah	397 0652		NOLAN Rachel	281 2443	
FORD Janelle	377 1590		NORMAN Phillip	300 2005	371 6677
FORDER Peter	871 0056	8313194	NORTEN Michelle	397 6370	
FORRESTER Kim	371 9058		NOYES Megan	371 3587	
GALLANT Jen	371 0668		O'BRIEN Patricia	263 2802	
GOLDSTON Andrew	878 1874		O'CONNOR Kiritleo	870 9034	
GOUGH Helen	279 1839		O'KEEFE Andrew	355 2037	
GOUGH Jenny	279 1839		O'MALLEY Brendan	371 9059	252 6124
GRAY Michael	366 2832		O'NEILL Cath	344 3691	

Name	Phone	Work Phone
O'SULLIVAN Brian	371 1765	
O'SULLIVAN Jane	878 9076	365 4811
OLOMAN Aidan	870 9593	
OLSON Lisa	870 5951	
OSMAND Darren	870 0627	
OSMOND Darren	371 1472	
PAPPAS Michael	371 7176	
PASSFIELD Sarah	366 4214	
PAYNE Julie	803 5146	800 1814
PETERSSON Dorothy	265 1052	
PHILLIPS Michelle	268 1656	
PONOSUK Sarah	371 3464	
PORTER Jaico	003 345 232	
PRANGLEY Andrea	373 6893	
PRETTY Denise	892 7071	
PRICE Kerry	371 6575	
PRICE Suzanne	273 5470	237 1434
PURSEY Belinda	369 6295	
QUERENGASSER Klaus	344 1018	
QUIRK Rachael		
RADNELL David	217 8609	
RANGIAH Ryanne	891 5379	
RATHON Walter	848 4959	
REEVES Ben	353 3708	
REVILLE Kylie	371 2946	224 2126
RICHARDSON Jane	871 9151	
RICHARDSON Scott		
RIEKENBERG Eric	8707331	
RILEY Alison	871 0890	
RILLORTA Suanette	870 9243	
ROBERTS Andrew	878 9728	878 2255
ROEBUCK Rebecca	870 7251	
ROGERS Jane	843 1180	
ROSENAENGEL Andrew	359 6097	
ROSS Edward	369 3274	
RUBIE Elisabeth	366 7526	
SANDLER Jodi	844 7323	
SCOTT Ann	892 5809	
SCOTT Michelle	369 1641	
SEAWRIGHT Geoff	870 1400	
SELINGER Brad	379 8638	
SHARROCK Glenn	892 4228	365 3687
SHERIDAN Sarah	371 9165	
SHRIMPTON David	371 3460	365 1539
SIBILIN Carla	372 9749	
SIEBECK Ulrike	8710974	
SIMMONDS Ryan	371 3796	
SINCLAIR Ian		
SKINNER Ian	278 2950	224 5095
SMEK Andrew	377 1510	
SMITH Amy	217 8560	
SMITH Anthony	289 2847	
SMITH Maree	287 6852	
SOU Sook Hann		
SOUTHEE Kelly	846 5383	221 5366
STAFFORD Janice	268 1222	
STAWSKI Nikolai	074 467 943	
STEPHENS Aune	217 9715	210 0330
STERZL Kurt	351 1585	365 3985
STONE Bree	379 8279	
STRONG Michael	846 7263	
STUECK Florence		
STUMP David	371 4452	365 3517
TIMMERS Peter	367 2119	
TOMASCHKE Paul	378 1328	
TRIMBLE Ryan		
TROTH Ashlea	371 0196	365 6796
TURVILLE Nathan	273 4415	
TWAMLEY Jason		
VERKAAIK Tom	398 5364	
WADDELL Kyeema	871 1039	
WATANABE Shigeu	871 1592	
WATSON Brett	300 1270	365 3982
WATTIE Craig		
WAY Tracy	871 9144	
WEINER Heather	3719418	
WICKERS Jane	391 4939	
WILSON Rosanne	263 9491	
WITTIG Katie	871 9291	
WOODS Joy	174 41 5899	808 8733
WOODSIDE Catherine	878 4798	
WURTEL Monica	371 5156	
WYNER Dana		
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 YOUNG Eric
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