

Blurb

Welcome to the MINimum impact HEYBOB for October 1888.

At the September club meeting a new club junta was elected without most of the needless formality of a vote (any nominations? Only one? O.K. then, you're it). Now that we know who has been burdened with the shoulder of the responsibility, we can get on with some serious bushwalking, eating, and photography of slugs. Contact any of these people below if you need any assistance with bushwalking, eating, or photography of slugs.

THE JUNTA

El Presidente

Susan Muir

4/40 Hoorak St, Tarin a 4068

371 4865

Secretary

Leslie Tillack

42 Albert St, Ormiston. 4160

286 2684

Treasurer

Brendan O'Malley

35 Pinecone St Sunnybank

345 8844

Librarian

Edward Hooper,

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Equipment Officer

Robert Stevens

94 Highland Tee, St Lucia, 4067

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Conservation Officer

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Safety, Training & Outings officer

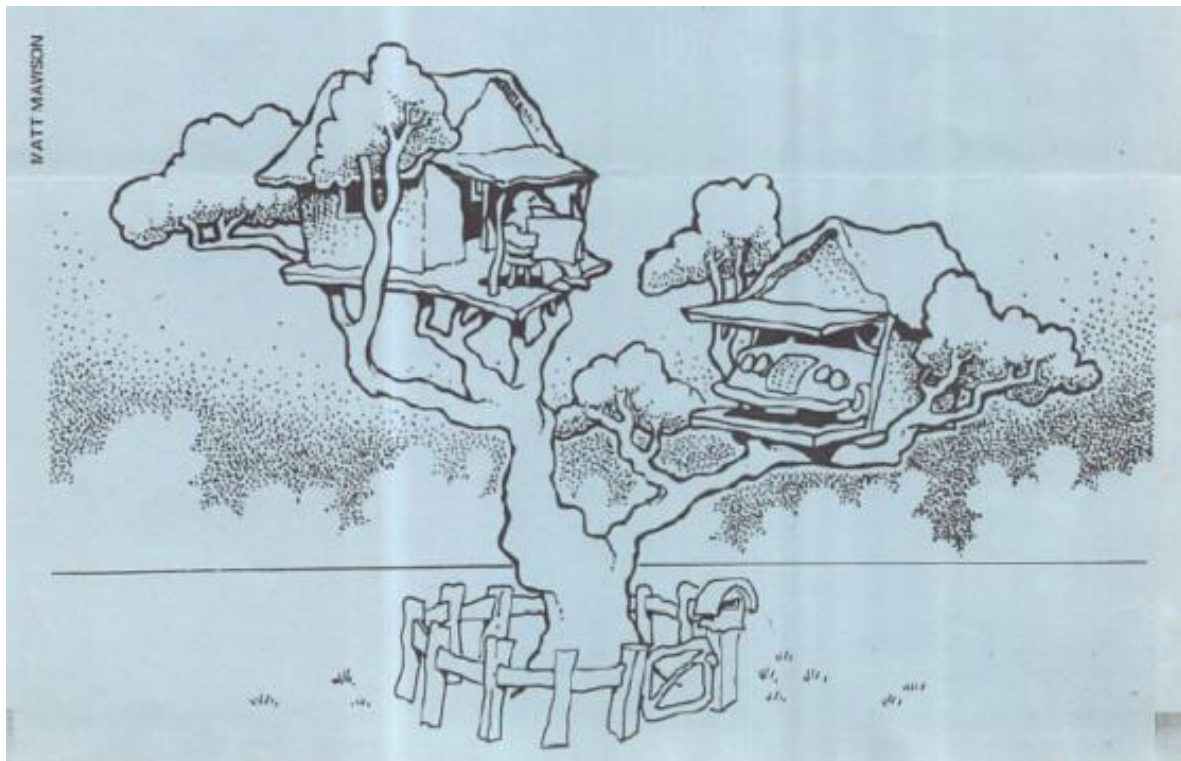
Donald Roberts

4/40 Hoorak St Taringa 4068

371 4865

Morals Officers

Jim & Tammy Bakker - Bankrupt in a mansion near you.



RHUBARBORIAL

This is the last mini-Heybob of the year. Trips have been tentatively planned for the next few months but due to exams. Dates and places may change two outings to remember are the Noosa River Canoe trip (the ultimate in gourmet living) and the Christmas party which is to be held at Leslie Tillack's place. Now is the time to plan the trips you have also wanted to do but never had the time e.g. Binna Burra to O'Reilly's and back in a day (4 days running).

As usual with the AGM, nominations were plenty with one position actually having two nominations. The present committee plans to uphold the principles of the previous committees. Previous presidents have left office to go to Tasmania, Japan and most recently Africa. You wondered why fees were raised this years trip is not yet decided but suggestions will be taken.

Good luck with exams or hope your tutor may be bribed.

Susan.

MORE BUREACRATIZATION – LESS LEISURE

By Don Roberts

In May this year a conference was held in Adelaide on a matter crucially important to bushwalkers. Naturally, no representatives from any bushwalking organisations were invited. The topic of the conference was the extension of the bushwalking leadership courses found in N.S.W. and Victoria to Queensland.

Under those schemes an individual acquires a certificate attesting to their competence in leading bushwalkers after undergoing a protracted (and expensive) assessment by a certification body. Although not yet mandatory for persons wishing to take parties into National Parks, the natural tendency of such a scheme is to render a certificate a prerequisite for entry. Apparently, those who possess a certificate are already being treated preferentially in some Victorian National Park.

Bushwalking leadership certification courses are a potential legerdemain (i.e. way of sneaking things in) for further unwarranted bureaucratic intrusion into personal leisure rights.

A subsequent meeting between the few who were invited (three people from Queensland!) to the Adelaide conference and interested parties yielded some disturbing results.

Susan Muir and myself represented UQBWC, while Ron Farmer and David Bouchard appeared for BBW and YHA respectively. The Scouts, police, Duke of Edinburgh Scheme and an organisation called the “Outdoor Educators Association” were also present.

Save for those representatives of bushwalking clubs, and to a lesser extent the Scouts, the meeting favoured the introduction of a certification course.

The strongest support for the course came from the Outdoor Educators, a body composed of teachers directed at servicing the requirement of school groups (mostly around Lake Moogerah). The position of the Outdoor Educators can be summarized as follows:

- a. There is a need for competent supervisors of outdoor activities, particularly those involving minors.
- b. No courses currently exist which teach the required skills.
- c. A Certification Course would be non-compulsory.

The Duke of Edinburgh representative affirmed this position, asserting that the Scheme regularly received offers of assistance from persons that they had to decline because the prospective supervisors were inexperienced in the bush. “Is there some kind of course that we can do?” these unfortunates supposedly ask.

To all the competent leaders in UQBWC, beware! You are the possessors of arcane knowledge that must be brought into the full light of day by the “Outdoor Educators”.

If the Duke of Edinburgh Scheme can’t attract appropriately qualified persons to run its activities, then perhaps it’s time for the Scheme to re-examine its objectives and/or existence. Standards must be maintained.

My riposte to this proposition was that it was one of the Twentieth Century’s greatest delusions that intelligence and skill can be institutionalized in a two week course. No one is born a competent

bushwalking leader, it is an acquired faculty. The course as mooted endeavours to engender “empathy, sensitivity, awareness, healthy self concept, motivation etc.”. It is easy to discern the hands, and beliefs, of professional teachers in this testament – the underlying assumption is that a few days of instruction can profoundly alter a person for the better.

It soon became apparent that the teachers were looking for more pieces of paper evidencing their qualifications, and exempting them from tortious liability. Indeed, it was openly stated that a Certificate would be beneficial in protecting teachers from litigation. Walkers familiar with the irrational fear or litigation within certain circles of National Parks administration (especially Warrumbungles and Victoria) will recognise the tired formula of one section of the “outdoor community” attempting to establish a system for their own benefit that threatens to become generic.

The proponents of a Certification Course avoided the obvious fact that persons requiring “outdoor skills” can join a club or even (shudder!) venture forth with a few friends. The way that tens of thousands of walkers acquired their competence is insufficient for the outdoor educators because

- a. Anyone can do it, that is professionals aren’t needed
- b. No tangible, written proof of competence is produced (thus partially shielding the holders from legal liability and simultaneously advancing careers)
- c. Outdoor educators share a justifiable apprehension concerning the competence of persons “practicing” in this “field”.

Reduced to its simplest, the outdoor educators are pursuing a Certification Course for professional reasons as well as genuine interest in standards.

Once introduced a Certification Course would have a natural momentum of its own, ultimately, and I am not alone in this belief, making a certificate a condition of leading bushwalkers into a national park. The argument that a Certification Course is required to prepare supervisors of minors in outdoor activities ignores the “inevitability of gradualness” inherent in identifying part of the “outdoor community” as having special knowledge or competence. National Park services are reticent enough to permit people to enjoy experiences within parks that don’t fall within the “totally safe” category. That, in a time when real wilderness has all but disappeared from Queensland, persons who should know better see some new, great danger in not equipping bushwalking leaders with some prepackaged “survival kit” prior to their entering the bush, is indicative of how far we are becoming divorced from nature. Inadvertently, the bush is being compared with the alien environments of the scuba diver or hang glider.

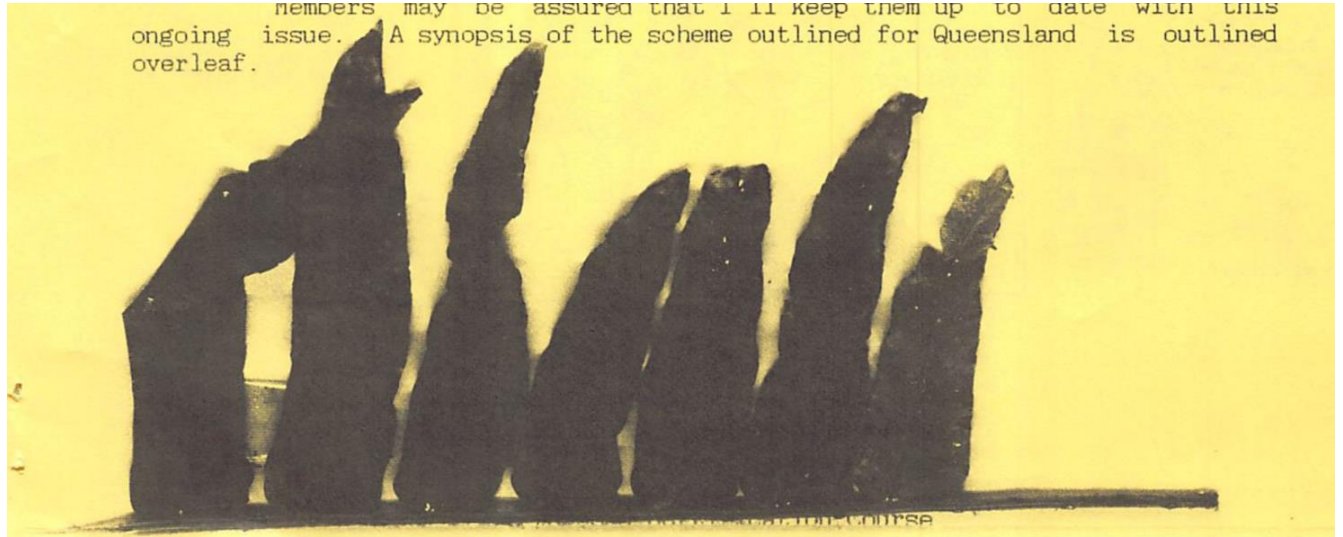
Despite the boom in bushwalking, and the accompanying increase in underequipped (both physically and mentally) people venturing into the bush, there has yet to be established any real rise in bushwalking accidents.

The push for a Certification Course is a pursuit of mediocrity.

The opposition from bushwalkers was regarded by the outdoor educators as both surprising and unsettling. Indeed, our judgement and competence was impliedly impugned by reason of our failure to support this self evidently intelligent proposal. This initial reaction was quietened by Ron’s conciliatory but firm espousal of our principles (and my own slightly more blunt response). It was agreed that a further meeting would be held once the scheme was more completely thrashed out.

Besides being surprised by our resistance to this “reform”, I received the impression that we were invited along as a matter of sufferance; to hear what had been decided for us, and to be sent away with a “don’t you worry about that”.

Members may be assured that I’ll keep them up to date with this ongoing issue. A synopsis of the scheme outlined for Queensland is outlined overleaf.



The proposed Certification Course

Elements of Course:

Prerequisite skills: rescue, weather, food, nutrition, environmental awareness, fitness, ropework, navigation, “self management skills”, etc.

The prerequisite skills are combined with “sensitivity, empathy, healthy self concept, interest, motivation, personal traits and behaviour” to develop “qualities” such as “decision making, group management, problem solving and instructional skills”.

The aim is to produce a leader with “competency, effective teaching, planning with sensitivity, ability to solve complex problems, and understanding of group dynamics and logistics”.

Contents of course:

1. Appraisal walks (two day walks) (Approximately cost \$48!)
2. A two day walk, some of which is off track. Assessors judge interpersonal skills, leadership, fitness, navigation, etc.
3. Interim assessment in varying conditions – “Cold/Wet”: mostly rainy conditions, around 12 degrees Celsius, involving knowledge of waterproofing, hypothermia prevention, fire lighting, etc. “Snow”. “Hot/Dry” in weather over 25 degrees Celsius, etc. “Steep terrain”: route planning, pack hauling, abseiling, climbing, when to use safety rope, knots, belays, anchors, calls, signals, equipment. Includes an assessment week.
4. Final assessment in leading a group in unknown country embodying one or more types of condition as specified above.

Costs (Approximately)

Appraisal weekend	\$48
20 to 28 days of training over 14 to 26 months at approximately \$26 per day	\$580
Two weekend assessment walks	\$124
Total approximately	\$750



Feral hippies on rampage

Apply Below

TRIP LIST TILL END OF DECADE

Most of the trips listed for the end of 1989 promise to be very easy trips for a relaxing end of the year. Since it is getting hot all trips are in cool rainforest or near large quantities of water.

OCTOBER

- 21-22 Southern Moreton Island
Large sandhills, small sandhills and beach. The small sandhills are more than 100 m high of course – EASY.
CONTACT – Bendan O’Malley 345 8844

NOVEMBER

- 4 (Sat) Lower Portals
The lower portals is a narrow gap in the Barney Creek gorge and is a very picturesque swimming spot. The lower portals is at the foot of Mount Barney – very EASY
CONTACT – Susan Muir 371 4865
- 11 (Sat) Mystery Trip
Go on a mysterious walk with the mysterious Don Roberts to a mystery location – probably in the rainforest.
CONTACT – Donald Roberts 371 4865
- 25 (Sat) Mt Warning
The mountain that always seems to be on the horizon from any high point in S.E. Qld. We may also investigate other areas of bushland in northern N.S.W. while we are down there for the day, since the ascent of Mt Warning by track is quick and easy – EASY
CONTACT – Leslie Tillack 286 2684

A SMALL PORTION OF FOOD

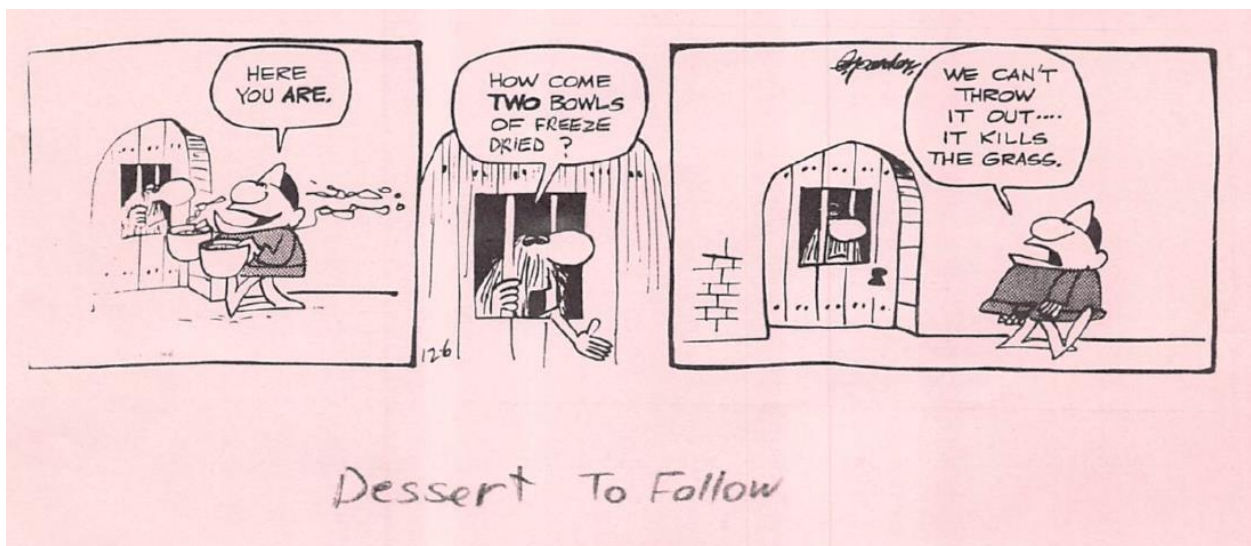
Food is important on bushwalks, particularly long ones. Even some experienced walkers in the club have come down with mild cases of (Shock! Horror!) FOOD POISONING. The usual reaction goes along the lines of “I don’t know why I’m sick. I haven’t eaten anything but those rotting vegetables”. Or blaming the water for your vomiting and diarrhoea when you have been eating the same vacuum packed sausages for the past three days.

The main aim in selecting food is to reduce weight. Also you want food to still be in an edible state by the time you eat it. This can be achieved by taking freeze dried food, but there are several problems with this:

1. Great expense, unless past use by date (risk it).
2. Dried, so need heaps of water (only a problem when you have to carry all your water).
3. You often need to refer to the packet before you have any ideas of what you are eating (I am not joking).
4. Some are almost inedible and can safely be left outside all night without the fear of anything eating them – beware of backpackers pantry brand especially.
5. With various kinds you may find that your boots are more tender and your socks have a better flavour.
6. Freeze dried cheesecakes are too small.

Another way of getting real dead animal with longevity and low weight is salami. Salami has an added advantage in that it is so fatty that you can grease a frying pan by dropping in a slice of salami. The strong flavours and fatty nature of salami make it easy to achieve great culinary disasters, so watch out.

Various dried meals are sold in supermarkets, and some are quite palatable with the addition of extra vegetables. Some notable exceptions are Suimin (an expensive way to buy egg noodles and a cheap way to play Russian Roulette (Salmonella!)) and Vesta. Dried meals aren’t cheap, and as a general rule feed half or a third of the number of people they say they will.



Textured Vegetable Protein (TVP), designed as a meat substitute for vegetarians comes in two forms – one resembling sawdust (soya mince) and one resembling meaty bites (soya chunks). TVP has almost no flavour of its own, but soaks up surrounding flavours when cooked, particularly the chunks. Using the chunks in a well spiced curry you can fool yourself that you are eating meat. The chunks swell to more than twice their original size, and are tender when cooked. So far this almost sounds like an ad for TVP, so I will add that it is only good if used sparingly with lots of vegetables, and that methane adds to the greenhouse effect (subtle hint). The mince I do not recommend.

Another solution is to completely veg out towards the end of long trips. A variety of good vegetarian recipes applicable to bushwalking (i.e., quick, simple and high in starch, protein etc.: walking takes a lot out of you) exists in many cookbooks, so I won't go into them. One thing to remember is that lentils take far less time to cook if you rinse them a lot first (usually there isn't enough time to soak them).

Some sort of high energy munchies are vital on bushwalks, something to munch on quickly when lunch is postponed but you have stopped so that people can photograph slugs. Scroggin is ideal, a random mix of nuts, dried fruit and some breed of lolly – chocolate (compound chocolate is cheaper than ordinary chocolate and has a higher melting temperature), barley sugar, boiled lollies or whatever.

A recommended menu for a weekend trip is listed below. For longer trips it should be remembered that bread and eggs only last a couple of days, while eating fresh meat beyond the first day in warm weather is asking for digestive problems. I've suffered from my cooking, not it's your turn.

Breakfast:

Porridge or muesli
Powdered milk
Sugar
Tea or coffee or milo
Fruit

Lunch:

Bread or biscuits
Margarine
Cheese
Salami
Sardines
Tomatoes
Various spreads – jam, vegemite, etc.

Dinner:

Dried soup
Spaghetti
Pizza on pitta bread
Vegetable curry
Omelet and/or bacon
Steak or sausages – for first night if carried frozen
Lentil curry

Rice pudding

Boiled fruit and custard

Munchies:

Chocolate, sweets, nuts and dried fruit (Together known as scroggin)

Sweet biscuits

HINCHINBROOK TRIP (30/8 – 11/9)

We were regurgitated from the bowels of the McCafferty's bus. Twenty-four hours along, after enduring the worst Queensland roadside cafes could throw at us, after our brains had been forced into near catatonia by Terence Hill/Bud Spencer movies and endless vistas of eroded brown pastures, and after less than ten hours combined sleep, Don and I arrived at Cardwell.

We knew it was Cardwell, and not the Pacific islands backdrop of Jason Donovan's recent stirring movie (sic) because only in far north Queensland can you stand on a sandy beach stretching out of site, the blue sea gently lapping at the toes of the bulldozed mangroves and all totally deserted save for the occasional bloated, cirrhotic body of a local.

Yes, it was the start of another Hinchinbrook trip.

Don and I had arranged UQBWC's umpteenth trip to this 20 000 ha tropical (near) wilderness at the last minute, after it was decided wading through snow drifts in the Blue Mountains would be a trite unpleasant. We opted for a warmer holiday venue, and although I had had doubts about the weather we were greeted on our first day in Cardwell with thirty-plus degrees of heat and an incredible amount of heat haze.

As it turned out, day one on the island was goddamned hot as well: so were days two and three.

In fact, it was so hot Donald, for the first time in his illustrious bushwalking career, piked out on going up Pineapple ridge (I must admit, his decision may have been influenced by my pathetic whimpering and urging to go back to the beach).

So, for the first two days of our odyssey we wandered down to Zoe bay (from Gold beach). Even this was something of an effort since the humidity was as incredible as the weight of our packs.

Along the way we passed morons from every country in the world. These people were so stupid they had to ask directions on a track which is marked every fifty to hundred metres with rock cairns, orange metal arrows and tape – and in many places all three. Even I was only able to get lost once.

My third day on Hinchinbrook was spent lying in our tent, waiting for my boot soles to glue back on to the boot uppers. Alarming cracks stretching halfway along the soles had appeared that morning and it looked as if my only hope of actually starting the trip, after a two thousand kilometer bus journey, rested with the adhesive powers of sane wetsuit glue I had picked up from an American walker.

Donald's third day on Hinchinbrook, on the other hand, was spent walking down to Mulligan's falls, clutching his stomach all the while so as to keep his freeze dried dinner from making a ghastly re-entry into the world.

Yes, the trip had started well, in true UQBWC tradition. Near food poisoning from pies we had eaten just before the ferry left for the island was quickly followed by the discovery that all my water bags were leaking, the initial trip plan was cancelled because of crushing heat, my boots (and later Donald's) had begun to fall apart and Donald was struck with more illness on our third day.

But we would not give up. The trendy boat operators had (we subsequently discovered) called us skinny runts and doubted we would ever make it past the beach. Five days later we had proved those airheads wrong by conquering Mt Bowen once again.

Day four on Hinchinbrook was much more pleasant than the first three. As we ascended Zoe creek we gradually left behind the touro-backpackers and the infuriating march flies and started to enter some magnificent country. The mountain range running down the length of the island was now, more and more, surrounding us and by the time we reached the confluence known as the junction sheer granite massifs were rising on either side of the creek, which was now strewn with large boulders and flowed pacifically over smooth rock slabs.

We left the junction at about three and pushed further upstream before making our campsite. That afternoon was perfectly sunny and the weather had become suddenly and pleasingly mild. We continued until late afternoon and then bashed out a tiny and uncomfortable campsite on the steep right bank of the creek.

There was another superb day following, and we rock-hopped up past more and more massive boulders until we reached the junction of Thumb creek and Zoe creek. This was reached at about twelve and so we were not expecting to reach Thumb saddle that night. As it turned out we did make it, and with half an hour of daylight to spare. The climb up to the Thumb saddle was nowhere near as arduous as either us had imagined and apart from encountering horrific lawyer vine on the eastern side of the major waterfall, one small but frightening climb up another waterfall and a dead-end near the top it was a fairly straightforward ascent.

That night we ate freeze dried Spanish pilaf. All I need say is that even the voracious bush rats did not recognise this as food. The remains of it were untouched next morning.

After collecting water and meeting up with another walker, an interesting bloke who teaches skydiving and goes bushwalking in his spare time, we climbed the Thumb itself. This was harder than I had expected, probably because the last time I did it I was only carrying a day pack - this time I was encumbered with a huge through pack. The view from the top was also not as great as on my last trip since it was cloudy out to the horizon and bitterly cold and windy.

I was feeling rather ill by this time as well, and when we set off for Bowen the following day - after a really nauseous freeze dried rice pudding breakfast - I was not a happy boy.

The usual navigational difficulties were encountered in ascending the range opposite the Thumb, and we ended up on a crest at the very end of the range after an hour of slogging. The view was much more exhilarating from here since it was perfectly sunny again.

We made it to Mt Bowen, the highest peak on Hinchinbrook, by mid afternoon (up yours boat operators!). By this stage my stomach was sending out urgent distress calls, and I spent that night retching bile into the ferns, at half-hourly intervals.

More misfortune visited us, for by the next day Donald had realised he had broken his toe. We spent two days getting off Bowen, via Pineapple ridge, during which Panadol eased my stomach cramps but proved useless for Dan's aching appendage. Overall, Hinchinbrook '89 had its moments, but it can't compare to the magnificent '87 trip.

EXITSTENZELLISM – A TRIP TO MINTO CRAGS

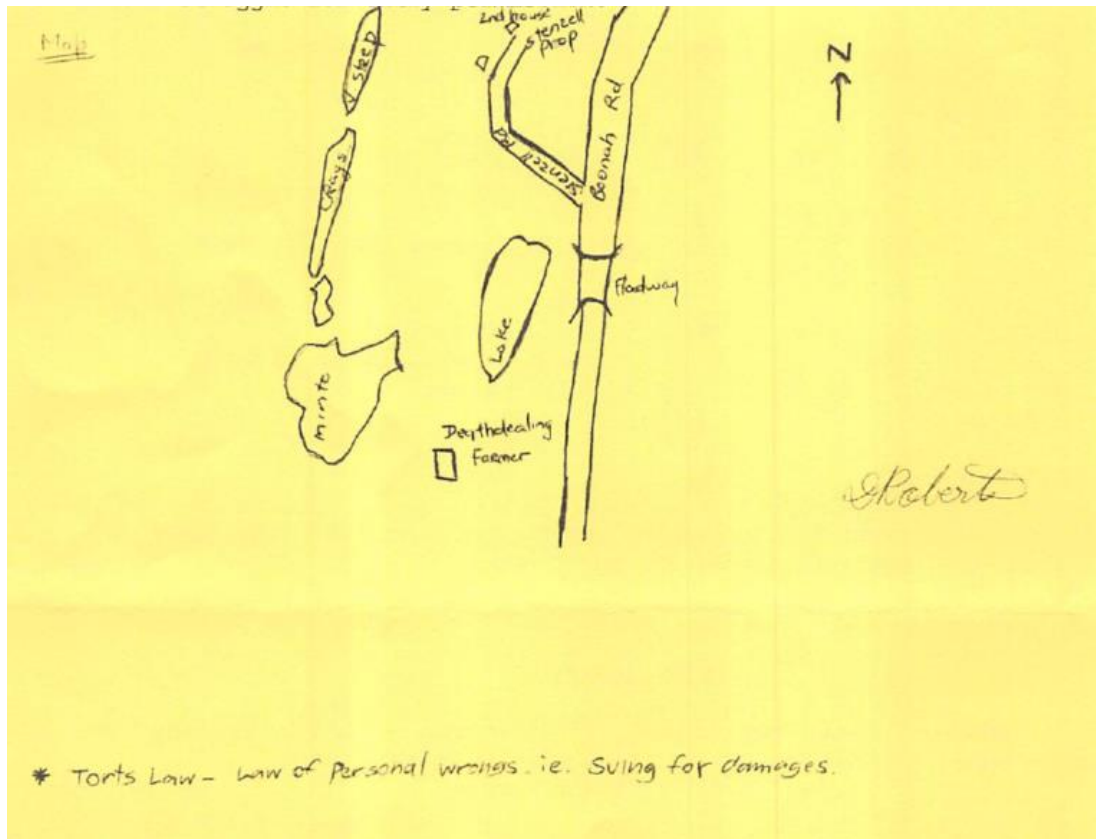
8/7/89

Walkers: Susan Muir, David Boston, Donald Roberts

On the way to the Boonah Border Gate, Minto Craggs provide an imposing rock wall thrusting out of the bland farmland. The remnants of a trachyte dyke, the Craggs are unfortunately straddled by two properties whose owners are inimical to bushwalkers. At the picturesque southern end dwells a farmer who has shot at trespassers in the past, obviously in the commonly held, but mistaken belief that land ownership is akin to a license to kill. At the northern end dwell Noel.J. Stenzell, a gentleman of more amenable nature but similar convictions.

If visiting the Craggs, drive up Stenzell's road and introduce yourself to Mr Stenzel. Be prepared for a longwinded assault upon the country's legal system, the vagaries of torts law: personal injuries, your deficiencies, the inadequacies of uni students, etc. Interject and proffer a homemade "indemnity" form to protect Mr Stenzel from the horrors of litigation. Expect 30 minutes of rambling before obtaining permission to cross the land.

The Craggs are easily approached and reached. Once on top you can proceed south for some way towards the central plug. Views up Barney Gorge, the Main Range, Mt Maroon, etc are available. All in all Minto Craggs are quite pleasant easy walking, coupled with sane amusing scrambling, the only price of entry is a tiresome struggle for entry permission.



CLUB GEAR!

The club has a large range of bushwalking equipment at reasonable rates for club members only. Advertised trips have priority. The equipment officer is Rob Stevens (Ph. 371 1181)

EDICTS

1. Gear should be booked by the WEDNESDAY BEFORE THE TRIP.
2. Please pay for the gear when you pick it up - a receipt will be issued.
3. Please return gear by the WEDNESDAY OF THE FOLLOWING WEEK and leave a note to say who you are if nobody is around.
4. Air and DRY all gear before returning. Good gear costs the club HEAP\$, so please look after it.
5. Use the supplied inner sheet with sleeping bag to keep them clean. Wash the inner sheet if necessary.
6. Any lost pegs will be charged at the exorbitant charge of \$1.50 each. (Lightweight aluminium pegs are expensive!)
7. Two first aid kits are available for loan at no charge, but please replace any items you use.

GEAR HIRE RATES					
Packs	DAY	WEEK	Tents & Flies	DAY	WEEK
Lowe's	\$1.00	\$4.00	K-mart Tent	\$0.50	\$2.00
Day Packs	0.50	2.00	+ Groundsheet		
Mules (Old)	0.50	2.00	Paddy Fly	0.50	2.00
			+ Groundsheet		
Sleeping Bags	DAY	WEEK	4 Man Flies	0.50	2.00
New	\$1.00	4.00	Eureka Sanarak	1.00	4.00
Old	0.50	2.00	For Blizzards!	DAY	WEEK
Snow	2.00	6.00	Olympus	----	\$10.00
Misc.	DAY	WEEK	(\$150 Deposit)		
Gas Stoves	\$0.50	----	Black Ice Mrdn.	2.00	8.00
Sleeping Mats	0.25	1.00	(\$100 Deposit)		
			Ultimate	1.00	4.00
Climbing Gear					
Rope & Equipment \$1 per person, on the condition that there is at least one experienced rock ape per group.					

CLUB LIBRARY

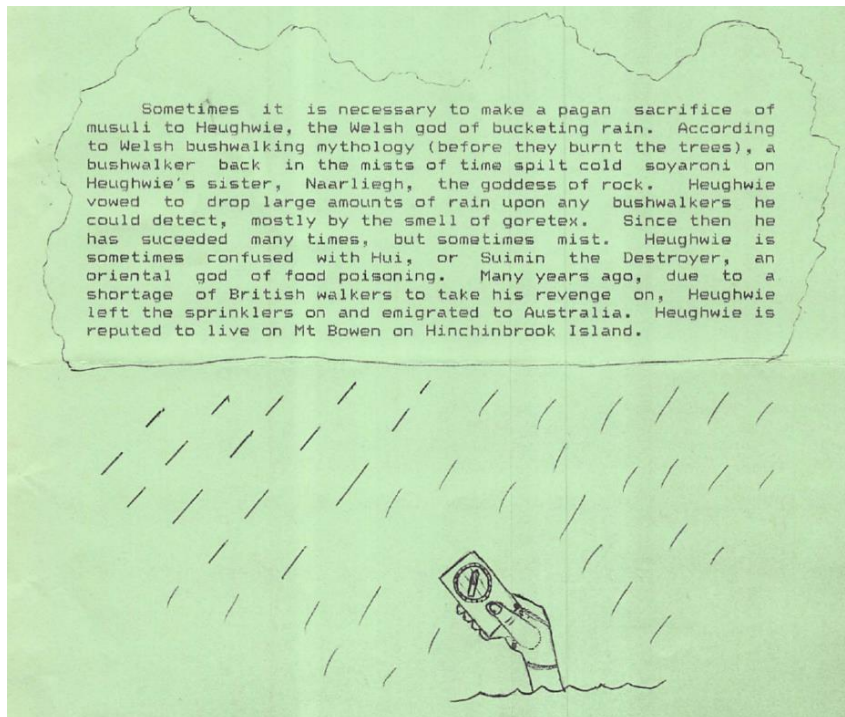
The club library has moved! It is in the protective custody of Edward Hooper, 120 Carmody Rd, St Lucia 4067, phone 870 9554. The library contains maps, old club magazines, many environmental journals, walking guides (NSW, QLD, Tas), plus books on flora, fauna, photography, climbing, mountaineering, survival, bush skills, and wilderness areas. (Such as S.W. Tasmania, N.Q. Rainforests, Australian National Parks, etc.)

It has been recently catalogues, so now there are some very few excuses not to read about the wonderful places where you can walk, swim or get shot at by the locals.

MIPAC (MINIMUM IMPACT) BUSHWALKING.

- Please remove all rubbish from the bush. Everything taken in must be taken out again. Also collect litter from the bush even if it's not yours. This means don't bury or don't burn, just simply place it in your rubbish bag.
- Always double check your camp site before departing for equipment or rubbish left mistakenly. Trip leaders should check the whole area before departure every morning.
- Defecation should always be buried as deep as possible and away from water courses and especially of course water courses that flood.
- Don't take anything but photographs. Leave the flora and fauna alone where possible. Don't disturb animals unnecessarily. Minimize damage wherever possible off tracks and keep to tracks if they exist.
- Please be careful with fires or stoves in exposed, windy and dry locations. We all love to sit in front of a fire and talk about the true meaning of life but population pressure is getting such that fires will probably be prohibited in most National Parks within 10 years. Think Globally and Act Locally.

Sometimes it is necessary to make a pagan sacrifice of musuli to Heughwie, the Welsh god of bucketing rain. According to Welsh bushwalking mythology (before they burnt the trees), a bushwalker back in the mists of time split cold soyaroni on Heughwie's sister, Naarliegh, the goddess of rock. Heughwie vowed to drop large amounts of rain upon the any bushwalkers he could detect, mostly by the smell of goretex. Since then he has succeeded many times, but sometimes mist. Heughwie is sometimes confused with Hui, or Suimin the destroyer, an oriental god of food poisoning. Many years ago, due to a shortage of British walkers to take his revenge on, Heughwie left the sprinklers on and emigrated to Australia. Heughwie is reputed to live on Mt. Bowen on Hinchinbrook Island.



UNIVERSITY OF QUEENSLAND BUSHWALKING CLUB MEMBERS 1989

CURRENT FINANCIAL MEMBERSHIPS

Life Members

BAKER,A. c/o Dept. of Anesthesia, Uni. of Otago, N.Z.

BAYLISS, David Hoskins St, Hall, A.C.T.

EBHERT, Jan & Noel

EDWARDS, Paul 39 Barkala St, The Gap. 4361

GRIMES, Janeen & Ken 13 Dewar Tee, Sherwood.

PARSLOW ,Jolyon P.O. Box 50, Mt. Nebo

POLLITT, REG 22 Couldrey St, Rainworth. 4065

SIEMENS ,John 15 Trenton St, Kenmore.

STEPHENSON, John c/o Geology Dept. James Cook Uni.

STEWART, David 8 Ackall St, Kenmore.

Members

ARMSTRONG, Paul 4/68 Bellevue Tee, St Lucia, 4067

BARNHAM, Kevin 4/28 Sundridge St, Taringa, 4068. 870 3138 c/o Chemistry Dept.

BARTRAM, Alan 22 Crotty St, Indooroopilly, 4068. 378 0238

BIGGS, Brenda 1/41 Miskin St, Toowong, 4066. 870 3403

BOSTON, David 8 Eislely St, Tingalpa, 4173. 390 6181

BOUGHEY, Michael 2 Pirrie St, The Gap, 4061, 300 1883

BRIERLY, Nerida 95 Lacey Rd, Carseldine. 263 5368

BRUCE, James 16 Sixth Ave, 4030. 857 1061

BRYANT, Katryn 25 Harvard St, Kenmore, 4069. 378 5685

BURROWS, Mark 15 Watcombe St, Wavell Heights, 4012. 359 4126 c/o Library Audio-visual,
Undergraduate Library

BUSH, Alexander 1/344 Swann Rd, St Lucia, 4067. 870 4604

BYROM, Helen 227 Stanley Tee, Taringa, 4068. 371 1469

CARTER, Jennifer 16 Disraeli St, Taringa, 4068. 378 9410

CASSIDY, Peter 274 Pullenvale Rd, Pullenvale, 4069. 374 2387

CHAPMAN, Peter 24 Yardley Ave, Ashgrove, 4060. 366 6538 c/o Dept. of Anthropology & Sociology. U.Q.

COLLIER, Lisa 2 Anderson Ave, George Town, 7253. Tasmania

COUSIN, Kathryn 240 Formosa Rd, Gumdale, 4154. 390 6641

CZERWONKA-LEDEZ, Ben 22 Archibald St, West End, 4101. 844 1438

DAVIS, Richard Beach in Tonga..

DENNIS, Carina 33 Orleigh St, Hill End, 4101, 844 7894

DIETZGEN, Ralf 3/29 Sir Fred Schonell Dr, St Lucia 4067. 870 3707

DREWS, Nigel 64 Altandi St, Sunnybank, 4109, 345 8560

ESATON, Andrew 22 Archibald St, West End, 4101. 844 1438

EDEN, Jodie 1/14 Alpha St, Taringa, 4068. 870 8773

ELMES, Sylvia 9 Linum Place, Bellbowrie, 4070. 202 6371

ERSKINE, Peter c/o St Leo's Colege, St Lucia, 4067. 371 2677

FARREN, Mark 6/103 Sherwood Rd, Toowong, 4066. 371 5932 c/o Dept. of Metallurgy

FORBES, Paula 2/51 Cunningham St, Taringa, 4068. 371 2196 c/o Chemistry Dept.

FORD, Jack r/41 Miskin St, Toowong, 4066. 870 3403 c/o Students Union

FORDYLE, Peter 21/17-21 Ganges St, Hill End, 4101. 844 9997

FREIRMUTH, Beat 254 Sir Fred Schoneil Dr, St Lucia 4067. 371 5196

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