



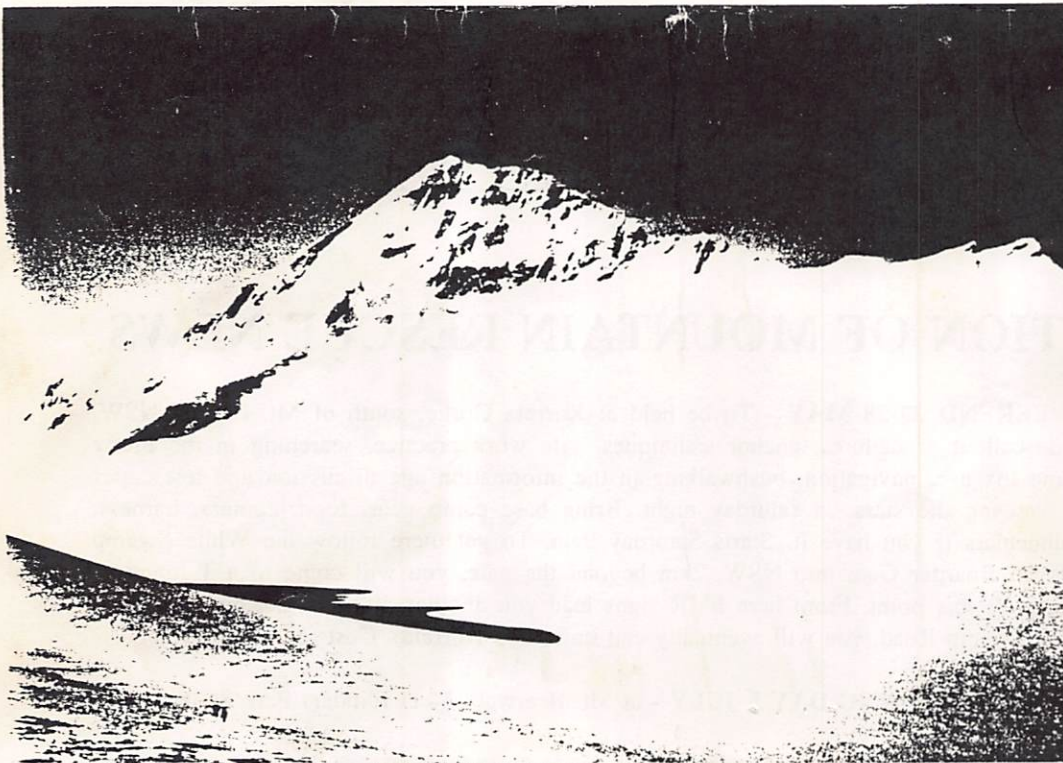
July 1995

Winter II, 1995

# MINI

Janice Porter  
52 York St.  
Launceston 7250

# HEYBOB



Mt Aspiring  
(Glenn Sharrock)



Wollomombi  
Chandler Ridge  
(Glenn Sharrock)



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## Executive Members

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President	Kay-Louise Colthorpe	Contact Person	390 4324	365 1405
Secretary	Peter Zund	Mini-Heybob	848 5148	
Treasurer	Eric Young	Membership	846 5383	303 3344
Outings Officer	Ashlea Troth	Triplist	371 0196	365 6796
Safety & Training	Glen Sharrock	Training	878 9076	365 3687
Equipment Officer	Peter Allen	Camping gear	870 2820	365 4138
Climbing Gear	Glen Sharrock	Ropes, etc.	878 9076	365 3687
Librarian	Paul Hill	Archive, Maps	371 0196	
Federation Rep.	Anthony Smith	Liaison	390 4324	
Conservation	Larissa Fitzsimmons	Liaison	217 7457	371 8632

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## FEDERATION OF MOUNTAIN RESCUE NEWS

**FMR TRAINING WEEKEND 27-28 MAY** - To be held at Korrela Gorge, south of Mt. Clunie, NSW. Topics covered include callout procedures, anchor techniques, safe work practice, searching in the Pretty Track creek area, flying fox use, navigation, bushwalking in the information age discussion and telescopes will be available for viewing the stars on Saturday night. Bring base camp gear, food, camera, harness, abseiling gear, and binoculars if you have it. Starts Saturday 9am. To get there follow the White Swamp Road through the Boonah Boarder Gate into NSW, 2km beyond the gate, you will come to a T-Junction, turn into private property at this point. From here FMR signs lead you another 200m to the camp. (if you don't turn off the White Swamp Road, you will eventually end up in Old Korrela). Cost for weekend \$5.

**FMR RESCUE LEADERS TRAINING DAY 8 JULY** - at Mt. Beerwah. Meet Flinders Park 8.30am. Call Ron Farmer for details on 365 3948 (W).

**FMR FIRST AID WEEKEND COURSE 5-6 AUGUST** - at Barney Lodge, cost \$65 (course only), accommodation, bunk \$10, tenting \$5, with toilets and showers. BBQ if you so desire at \$15. Includes an exam and certificate. Contact Glenn Sharrock, Tel:878 9076 (H), 365 3689 (W).

**FMR & FEDERATION BULLETIN BOARD** - Nth Dimension, with modem phone (07) 349 2739.

**FMR NEWS WORLD WIDE WEB PAGE** - on Australian World Wide Web pages - <http://www.anatomy.su.oz.au/danny/bushwalking/index.htm>

**FMR & RIAQ** (Rockclimbing Instructors Association of Queensland) have organised a night of talks. 30 June, 7.30pm Able Smith Lecture theatre. The early days of rockclimbing in SEQ (Rich White and Robert Straweski), Does Rockclimbing have a future (?), Display of early gear used. Contact Glenn Sharrock, 878 9076 (H), 365 3687 (W).

This newsletter is published five times per year. The next issue will be printed in the week, beginning the 10 July. Trip reports and other typed articles for the next issue, will be accepted up to the 5 July. 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, 4072.

## FMR Training w/e May 1995

Even before we arrived at Korellan Gorge, the three basic themes that were to dominate the weekend had begun to emerge. First our lack of adequate directions, second our lack of warmth, and third our lack of agreement between Peter Zund and Dave Shrimpton.

Noone, it seemed, was quite sure exactly where we were meant to go, apart from "down this road for 2 k's or so", 2 k's became 10 and we were about to give up and kiss Wilson's Peak instead when we saw a T-junction in the road and an FMR sign! Unfortunately it pointed in the direction of "away up that mountain" rather than along either road. After a few minutes fiddling with it, reading tyre marks and testing wind direction with our fingers, we kept going as if we hadn't seen the sign.

We did this each time we came to another FMR sign and soon we were there. After noting that everyone had brought along a 4x4, setting up camp and pulling on warmer clothing - we meandered to where everyone else was milling about and the week-end began.

We had an initial chat about what FMR is, who's in it, what it does, how UQBWC helped found it, and so on. We learned the basics of how a callout works - someone calls either the police, FMR or their club contact person. Assuming your club contact person isn't injured or in the missing party, Fmr recommends any 2 of those 3. In any event, FMR will notify the police and vice-versa, so who you ring doesn't really matter.

Then FMR swings into action. Some set up a command post in a big spiffy room the police let them play with while others collect all the gear they'll need, set up base camp and proceed to do everything needed to find you.

Next, and before lunch, we were split into groups of 3 or 4, given an SES radio and told to map Korellan Gorge. UQBWC stayed together and along with another Dave from Ipswich, off we went under the call sign "Romeo One". Yours truly got to play with the radio and say all the techno lingo stuff!

We tramped and trudged for a while, looking at the gorge, eventually realizing it was bigger than initially suspected. Off we sped along a convenient road to seek the end of the gorge to better gauge the scale our map needed. As we reached the end we were told to come back for lunch. Our earlier observations had suggested a nice bit of rockhopping in the gorge, so we decided to follow its base back upstream.

This turned out to suck.

The base of the gorge was in fact, at that end, full of bullrushes, spiny vines, slippery rocks and so on. We trudged on doggedly until giving up and electing to follow the ridge line back after all. This meant, of course, ascending the near sheer, scrubby, undergrown, tangled, vine-ridden, loose soiled, dare I say crappy and rather big walls of the gorge.

We were last to return for lunch, late and dishevelled. After lunch we had a chat on new technology and FMR - the uses we could put to email, bulletin boards, worldwide web and so on. UQBWC was prominent in its innovative use of such high tech stuff.

Then the sun went down and it started to get really cold. We stopped talking and went to collect firewood - by the truckload as it turned out. Soon a cheery fire was blazing away. Those who didn't go - ie, you, missed out on a wonderful meal cooked on Dave's MSR and Pete's chooter. They also missed the discussion of chooter versus MSR and the 4 battery Petzl is better than the 2 battery Petzl. Pete and Dave were in good spirits trading insults on each other's gear.

As we trudged off into the dark to play astronomers I was voted worst dressed UQBWC person - German Army Great Coat, leather gloves and a blue scull-cap-thing from Mountain Designs - I was truly ugly, but a bit warmer. Eventually our guess to turn left at the cross road paid off and we found everyone else and the telescopes, since UQBWC was hell bent on redefining "fashionably late". we spent several hours stargazing at Jupiter, Sirius, Arturus, Mars, Libra, Scorpio, the coal sack and a great galaxy of other stars. One by one the others retreated down the lonely road to the fire. UQBWC stayed to the bitter end (the bitterly cold end it turned out)!

We rejoined the campfire eating the jelly that had hardened in the few hours we'd been stargazing. Sitting around the fire we waxed lyrically about National Parks politics, Peter's trip to NZ, other bushwalking politics, and war stories of great trips in the past.

As I huddled in an UQBWC sleeping bag and lying on a foam mat borrowed from Ron Farmer of FMR trying not to notice all my body heat escaping out of the tiny hole in my sleeping bag hood - I wondered what do I need to make this campsite complete? And came the answer - the sound of happy camping drifting on the wind - some bugger snoring like a chainsaw!

Without me noticing, it had turned into tomorrow. I stuck my head out of the tent and watched the steam rise from the ground. We breakfasted and then my notes say "9 - talked about something". Then we went abseiling. Because we had beginners and more comfortable abseilers, they set up several straightforward abseils and a tricky one. The tricky one was to abseil over a knot.

Peter was surprised to have a rock wallaby dart by him as he descended (speaking of descenders I am now convinced that stioch plates are the work of the devil and that figure 8's are used in heaven).

Then, during lunch, Graham wandered off. Shock horror! Surprise! We all asked to go look for him. Unfortunately Dave was abseiling at the time, so he got to stay at base and Romeo One went off with Peter, yours truly, Dave from Ipswich and another guy whose name escapes me. Due to mutual misunderstanding and quirky geography, Romeo One got separated from everyone else. We also found Graham. It seems neither of us were where we were meant to be. It was a very short search as we'd reached our initial starting position. I was calling that we were ready and Peter, bored, walked a few metres, heybob's twice and found Graham.

Graham it seemed had hurt his leg and needed help. I radioed this in. Then another Graham, working with our mobile relay station, Echo, fell over and hurt his ankle. Both calls went out within five minutes of each other. It got more confusing when both Grahams gave their positions as "two log crossing on the road". We finally worked out what had happened ie. that 2 Grahams had injured ankles at a crossing on a road, but not the same Graham, crossing or road.

Shortly afterwards we ran out of battery power for the radio. We could hear people calling us, but they didn't hear us. Eventually our Graham stood up and we all walked home. Later when we looked at a map, we discovered that neither our Graham nor Romeo One had been where we were meant to be. But at least we found him so UQBWC can be proud.

I think it taught us all a lesson about planning, coordination, and how easy mistakes can be made, even in a small area with radios to link us all up.

Anyway, we then had a fairly quick debrief and went home. In what I am told is almost a record, we were off and away by 3:20pm. As we continued homeward, we drove by a beautiful sunset of wispy cloud, died red, orange and pink. And so, by dying sun sinking into the horizon, Dave doggedly kept his eyes on the horizon and to his size of the iodine versus silver tablets debate.

Patrick Earle....

## Sand Mining...

The Queensland Government halted a beach replenishment program at the Tangalooma resort on Moreton Island after finding sand was being mined illegally from virgin wooded hills behind the resort.

The Minister for Lands, Mr Smith, who administers the resort's special lease, dispatched inspectors to the island yesterday following an enquiry on the work from The Australian.

The inspectors reported back to Mr Smith that the excavation was extensive and that the resort did not have a permit for the work.

The resort had been ordered to apply for a permit for sand removal and to prepare a long-term, sustainable beach renewal program in conjunction with the beach protection authority within the Environment Department.

A spokesman for Mr Smith said the resort's lease would also be examined to clarify its provisions.

"The resort has permission for beach renewal, but they had no permit for this program, and what they were doing was unsustainable" the spokesman said.

Moreton is 96% national park and the Tangalooma resort describes itself as environmentally sensitive and responsible.

The resort's main attraction has become its controversial dolphin hand feeding program, while it also has exclusive rights to provide whale watching from the water under permit from the Environment Department.

It is privileged in having the sole commercial lease on the 38km long sand island, which boasts the world's highest sand mountain, and a lease that extends to the low water mark.

On Thursday the resort began bulldozing a 100m high dune behind the resort, and transferring the sand to the beach in front of its main community buildings, felling scrub and trees as high as 20 metres in the process.

By the end of the xday more than 30 truckloads had been deposited, replacing sand washed away by strong westerly winds and king tides earlier in the week.

The resort has closed the beach to the public and does not allow non guests at the resort after 6pm.

About 60 Japanese tourists pay up to \$400 to be flown into the resort from the Gold Coast each day to hand feed the dolphin pod with fish supplied by the resort.

The dolphins are encouraged into the resort jetty after dark with underwater electronic signals and floodlights.

Guests also hand feed pelicans and other seabirds on the beach.

## Frigid Zone...

I thought it was about time for my first quick trip report from 'Deep South'.

Myself and a group from the ANU Mountaineering Club decided to take advantage of the cold weather on the weekend and headed off to Blue Lake for yet another attempt at some ice climbing.

9am Saturday morning saw us heading off from Guthega all stumbling with our huge packs on the atrocious snow, or should I say ice. Fairly soon we were all as comfortable on skis as we were going to be and headed off into the distance. Followed almost immediately by Mark (our intrepid leader) trying to overtake me from the inside and collision - one bent stock, balance was now even more fun!

After 5 hours of largely painful skiing and some really nice patches of snow here and there to break the trip, we arrived to a completely frozed Blue Lake with lots and lots of ice. There was not really time for a climb today, so instead it was up to large perfectly good cliffs to throw ourselves off and practice our self-arrests. (a couple of people had also perfected the stock self arrest on some of the very steep ice slopes getting there). The speed of descent with a 20-30kg pack is amazing.

After an hour or so it was out with the ice boots and crampons in time to learn some serious traversal techniques. After 100m of walking sideways along a 75% slope I suddenly felt my left give way. The crampon had decided it had had a hard life and had given up. Some very makeshift repairs and the most carefully selected ice axe placements got me down again, albeit a bit nervous. The first of 3 crampons to go in the same way.

A slow relaxed dinner (after repairing of all MSR's in the camp) many cups of tea and chocolate under an absolutely perfectly clear sky with a full moon made for a wonderful evening.

Next morning it was up to another cloudless day and so straight down to the lake itself. The cliffs around were covered in clear beautiful water ice. We set about destroying it. We put up 2 topropes. One about 8m, and the other about 20, both vertical. Jane started on one and I started on the other. About 8 feet up a really solid cliff and back down again. Arms pumped. I traversed and found some softer ice, much easier. Only 1 or 2 hits to place the hammer and axe rather than 6 or 7. The strain on the forearms in incredible, much harder than rock climbing. But the feeling of exhilarance of standing on 6 points of metal, hardly digging in, yet feeling secure was unbeatable. I made it up around 10m before the arms finally gave up once and for all; back down and then a belay of Miriam, and then back to camp to return home.

Lunch, then the four of us who had to work tomorrow; Miriam, Brian, Ingrid and myself, headed home. Five hours later we were sitting in my nice warm car, braving the icy roads heading towards coffee, garlic bread and chips at Cooma.

Thought I might give you all a taste of the alternative types of bushwalking for those of us at below 0!

Colin Canfield.....

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# MINI HEYBOB

## Bald Rockers Boldly Bag Big Boulders

Following our conquest of northern hairy rock, the furry plains, various areas of Elton John regrowth and the Geoff Matthews Artificial State Forest, Bald Rock and Girraween beckoned. We set out in late June, a small, tastefully dressed group of 5 (Paul Hill, Ashlea Troth, Hugo the Dutchman, Larissa Fitzsimmons and myself) and were joined in early July by Eric Young and Kelly Southee.

Being open-minded, I had not yet chosen a route for our trip. Fortunately, many of the group's members were willing and able to offer advice, and I soon had a number of possible destinations. As we were camped in the Bald Rock carpark, we decided to climb Bald Rock, since that would not be very far to go. We would then descend Bald Rock and walk away from it, towards another bald rock, this time called South Bald Rock, (presumably due to its position relative to the first, the original, the defining Bald Rock).

Care would be taken en route to avoid the other Bald Rocks in the area: Middle Bald Rock, West Bald Rock, Alopecia Dome, and the Smooth Hairless Mounds, which could only be a distraction.

On the steep climb to the summit of Bald Rock I, as trip leader, chose to fall back and ensure no stragglers were left behind. In this I was almost completely unsuccessful. The summit (once my vision had cleared) offered sweeping views over much of Girraween and Bald Rock National Parks, and the rock itself was quite spectacular. Acres of smooth granite rising above the plain, with a few patches of bush wedged into cracks or perched on flatter areas.

After descending the west flank of Bald Rock we soon struck a road, which led us along the edge of Girraween National Park and, within about 2 hours, to our destination. Due to the strong winds we chose the more sheltered of the two established campsites. There was much water in the swamp, and although looking a little brown, it tasted better than Brisbane water.

The rock now demanded our attention. Bald as a brass egg, it towered above us in a rather intimidating way. Only after we had all viewed it through Kelly's rose-tinted spectacles, and drunk nice hot cups of tea, did we feel up to the task. In the end the climb was straightforward, though the wind on the summit meant

that we could hardly hear what Eric was saying. (I caught something about ... encryption? Maybe he's planning to zipfile his conversation so he can get his ideas out faster? I'm not sure).

Sleeeeeeeeeeeep. Sleeeeeeeeeeeep. (Hugo snores (in Dutch)).

Sunday morning, and with torches and warm clothing set out about exploring the innards of South Bald Rock. A rock with innards? SBR is even more impressive and multifaceted than BR, being littered with a number of enormous boulders, and dissected by cracks filled with more boulders and little creeks. Caving in the cracks felt very adventurous, with some challenging rockclimbing and bellycrawling. An attempt to reach SBR's 'second summit' was abandoned as too hard. A challenge for the geologically bent?

Finally, we walked b

ack to the cars, tired but happy, dirty but still tastefully dressed, satisfied but still eager for more on another dynamic, thrusting, challenging, heartwarming UQBWC walk. Coming soon, wayhey, what a thrill!!!

Simon Hoyle...

## Farewell Peter Z.

After many years of service as the faithful club Secretary, Heybob Editor and trip Leader extraordinaire - Peter Zund has departed Sunny Brisbane for even sunnier Bundaberg.

Fortunately he'll still be around on email, and has even volunteered to furnish some articles on the Bundy environs for our future reading pleasure.

On behalf of the club I would like to wish Peter all the best for his new career, and thank him for the fantastic effort he has put in over the past years.

Loretta Davis....

## From the Editor

In Peter's absence - I'll be looking after the Heybob. If you would like to contribute - please email your articles to me (lorettad@mincom.oz.au), or send them to UQBWC, Clubs and Societies, Uni of Qld, St Lucia 4072.

Any suggestions on the new format or ideas for future articles are most welcome.

Loretta Davis....

## The Gossip!!!!!!

National Parks are having a lantana clearing day on Saturday 22<sup>nd</sup> July, 1995 at Boombana. As usual, helpers are requested to be at the car park by 9am, with gloves, eye protection, insect repellent and lunch. If interested, call Ruth Read on 970 9436 or Ken Sandercoe on 356 4592.

FMR are holding a weekend first aid course on 5-6 August 1995 at Mt Barney Lodge. The course will be run over the 2 days from 8am to 4:30am. The course is \$65, plus \$5 camping fees per night at Barney Lodge. There are only a couple of space still available - so if you're interested, call Ron Farmer at work on 3653948.

The club has bought a new slide projector for use at meetings. It uses the popular rack cartridges, and will reside with the President. Louise would like to hear from anyone who can make a wooden carry case for it. Any volunteers should contact Louise at home on 390 4324.

Congratulations to those people who competed in the Bundeemer Burn Rogaine on the 17<sup>th</sup> June. Unfortunately I don't have any details of the final scores - maybe someone can send them to me and I'll include them in the next newsletter. From all accounts, it was a great event. Thanks also to Paul Hill who organized the practice rogaie in preparation for the "real thing".

Loretta Davis.....

## Climbing Expo...

UQBWC in conjunction with the Rock Climbing Instructor's Association of Queensland and the Federation Mountain Rescue co-hosted a Traditional Climbing Expo on the 30<sup>th</sup> June.

The evening was a great success with over 100 people. Rick White present a slide show on the history of climbing in South East Queensland - with an astonishing number of "first ascent" slides of popular climbs at Frog Buttress, and other more exotic locations.

There was also a display of historical climbing equipment used over the years (although I have my suspicion that many people actually still use some of this gear on their racks - making it more of a hysterical climbing equipment display when their partners viewed the home-made chocks and cams).

Special thanks go to Glenn Sharrock for coordinating the event, Ron Farmer, Glynn Thomas, John Gardner, and Greg Toman (who makes a mean cup of tea)!

Last but not least, a HUGE thank-you to both Rick White and Rob Staszewski for their efforts on the night!

Loretta Davis.....

### Leaderless Ascent of Mezzanine Ridge on Mt Barney

*Author: Geoff Seawright*

*Group: Peter Allen, Hugo Arends, Roberta Field, Rosie Field, Peter Forder, Paul Hill, Andrew March, Janice Porter, David Radnell, Geoff Seawright, Kelly Southee, Ashlea Troth, Eric Young.*

*Date: 9 July, 1995.*

All great exploits have a leader - one member of the team who stands proud and whose decisions are unquestionably followed. A person who can scream "Jump off that cliff" and the reply will come back everytime "How fast shall I fall". If missions can be judged by the dominance of their leader then the leaderless ascent of the Mezzanine Ridge rates alongside some of the great failures of the century.

Ashlea began the fierce lack of rivalry by instigating the trip but declaring herself non-leader at the carpark - a bit like being the pilot but refusing to fly after takeoff. Eric was then thrust into the limelight by leading the thin razorback which makes up Mezzanine Ridge. Just when the mantle of responsibility seemed to settle comfortably on his sturdy shoulders, he took a wrong turn, leaving Kelly on a section of rock which was too difficult. As she fell, she had the foresight to slow her fall with her right knee which she had already injured twice - thereby keeping her total injury count to a minimum.

4a

By the time our group of 13 had reached the vegetated section above the ridge, we were on our fifth leader (well, sixth, if we count the fact that Peter Allen was a token leader overnight until he failed to spring out of bed at the time he recommended everyone else should). Our advance was slowed momentarily by a 20m gully for which we set up a rope for handholds. I declared myself "technical leader" for a dizzy 5 minutes after which I remembered that the rope had been rejected by the Australian Washing Line Standards Committee (AWLSC) as "too dangerous to hang wet clothes on".

With all the organisation of an Italian intersection, our group erupted into a disarray of splinter groups ferreting away at the great mountain, getting lost, falling off rock faces, sliding down grass slopes. It would even have brought a tear to the eye of ...of... someone who led a lot of failed expeditions (I can't think of anyone; I guess they don't make the history books). If the universe tends to maximum entropy (randomness) and minimum enthalpy (heat), then we were truly an evolved group. Because there was nowhere else to go, all 13 ended up on the summit of the East Peak. Even this number was the source of some concern as we all thought there were only 12 in the group at the carpark. However no-one could quite pinpoint the mystery guest, so the problem was shelved.

Having climbed the highest mountain in the Netherlands, Hugo attained a personal best in summiting the East Peak (1351m), his previous best being shattered by about 1351 meters. It was also a great moment for David who climbed barefoot and was sponsored by the Queensland Podiatrists Association. After a leisurely lunch, the group broke into two distinct factions - those wishing to descend the SE Route (12 people) and those wishing to descend Peasant's and they were going to because they owned the car keys (Paul). The group then became equally split (not easy with 13) when Peter Allen announced that the SE Route would be exciting and quick.

After the cacophony of potential decision makers simultaneously making different group decisions, we descended Peasant's. Inevitably conversation went to belly buttons and it became clear that Janice and Andrew thought that test tube babies didn't have belly buttons. Presumably they are transplanted into ever increasing test tubes until they graduate to the full 44 gallon drum from which they finally enter the world.

We agreed to meet at Beaudesert for a cappuccino and it was in keeping that Rosie, Roberta and both Peters went missing and never arrived.



Hugo summits another great Dutch peak.

## Mt Barney: Long Leaning Ridge and the Moonlight Slabs

Participants: Peter Allen, Peter Forder, Larissa Fitzsimmons,  
Ashlea Troth, Ryan, Brett Watson.

Peter Allen had a plan to ascend Long Leaning Ridge on Mt Barney. We would walk in to Mt Barney waterfall and set up camp. From there, we could "zoom" up the ridge and "zoom" down the moonlight slabs in a day. In Peter's scheme for classifying walks there are really only a couple of grades - easy, and horrendous. The middle ground is covered by the word "doable" - which usually means he hasn't done it, but when he does, he'll put it in the horrendous category. Without overnight packs for the ascent we should "zoom", as it was certainly "doable", and the moonlight slabs were in the "easy" category.

We began the trip on Friday night, by walking in to the Barney waterfall. The track to the lower portals is somewhat uninteresting in the daylight. At night, by torch-light, it is no more exciting, but at least it isn't hot. It was a beautiful clear night, and once walking it was a pleasant temperature. Walking along Barney Creek was very nice. The walk in on Friday night was to allow an early start on Saturday morning. But after a fairly long dinner stop in Beaudesert and the walk in it was after midnight before we got to bed.

Half way through the night Peter Forder woke up with major stomach pains. He suspected food poisoning. The culprit - a rather innocuous looking muffin.

The following morning, none of us rushed out of bed. Not that it mattered - we still had to wait for Ashlea to arrive. She walked in from the Lower Portals car-park that morning. Fortunately she got up a bit earlier than the rest of us. When she arrived Peter generously offered her a muffin (the twin of the suspect), before we eventually started walking from our Barney waterfall camp site at nine o'clock.

We walked to the start of Long Leaning Ridge by following Barney Creek upstream until we reached the entrance of Barney Gorge, and ascended the ridge directly beside the Gorge entrance. As with all Barney walks the climb was steep, eventually coming to a set of cliffs. We climbed the first set via a little gully. Continuing up the ridge a second steep section was reached which required scrambling. Above this scramble we had the first of many excellent views of Eagles Ridge that are obtained on the ascent of Long Leaning.

We ascended further up and around to the west, before being confronted with a crack to climb. It was quite clear that this was "the way" but to make it even clearer, someone had left a hex hanging out of a tree growing in the crack. We were standing on a nice wide ledge below the climb, but below us lay a significant cliff drop.

Peter Forder bravely volunteered to lead the climb, so Peter Allen pulled out his brand new (pristine, white as snow) rope, and they roped up. In spite of a few wishes that he had brought his rock shoes, Peter made the climb look easy - giving the rest of us false confidence. After climbing the short crack, he scrambled another thirty metres up the hill side and attached the rope to a tree, and then came back down to belay the rest of us up the climb.

Larissa went first, and quickly discovered that it wasn't a particularly easy climb. After a few tiring attempts, Peter F. tied some hand-holds in the rope to make the top section a bit easier. Goaded on by Peter Allen's exhortations that it was "just a walk" Larissa made it up. Ashlea and Ryan each followed, and once they gained Peter's ledge, they each attached a prussic to the static line and headed up the hill. With static lines all over the place this trip was beginning to look like a serious summit attempt.

Peter Allen then had a go. He reached the top after a bit of effort - only to fall. It wasn't quite the easy climb he thought! After I'd gone up and Peter A. had a breather, he prussiked up



the climb.

Finally, with all of us once again together at the top of the climb and all the ropes retrieved, we continued up the ridge, which turned into a nice little razorback for a short section. When the ridge became a climb again, we contoured around to the right (avoiding climbing a rock outcrop) and then ascended a gully. At this point we were at a steep section where long and short leaning ridges join. Ashlea showed no fear and headed up, unfortunately without the rope. So Peter A. headed up after her, and placed a static line which the rest of us used as a safety when we climbed up. From there, a few more minutes walking brought us to the top of leaning peak. Not before time really - it was already 4 o'clock, and we still had to get down the mountain. We obviously hadn't been doing enough zooming.

The first step down was the abseil off Leaning Peak, and then, after some descending, the abseil down into the saddle between Eagles and North Peak. I had the pleasure of being last to do this abseil, by which time it was dark, and I was cold and harnessless (having given mine to Ryan, who didn't have one). As compensation, there was an attractive sunset, and as the glow began to dim an old plane flew by, dipped a wing, headed toward Mt Maroon, and then off into the sunset. Eventually my turn came, and I once again recalled why the last time I did a classic abseil I vowed never to do it again. It is just not comfortable, *especially* when you have to abseil over knots. At the first knot the rope transformed from 11mm down to 8mm cord. Five metres further down, it transformed itself into 5mm cord. Fortunately we didn't need to find out whether Peter A. had some 2mm cord and if he'd use it for abseiling, because by the end of the 5mm section, we were down on a ledge from which we could walk and scramble down into the saddle.

The plan was to descend from the saddle via the moonlight slabs to Barney waterfall. After a short break for junk food, and a little chat about how none of us particularly fancied sleeping out tonight, we had a bit of a hunt around for the right saddle.

Our descent route was via a gully to the north of the saddle (and west of the rock outcrop). The gully was steep and full of loose rocks. When it became very steep, we used the rope to abseil. Peter A. went first, I followed, and then came Ryan. Ryan had become my "shadow". Without a torch, he was carefully following in the footsteps of the enlightened. Ashlea came next, finishing off the descent with a call of "oth roab" - which is how you say "off rope" with a maglite in your mouth.

Below this point, the gully became a bit less steep, though certainly more loose. We had located the "moonlight scree slopes". A few rather large rocks came down, and at a couple of points Ryan took some big slides. Each time, when asked if he was OK, Ryan cheerfully replied "Oooh yeah!!!" He was doing amazingly well without a torch, and Ashlea was too (because the maglite batteries had died).

The descent was taking ages. The moonlight slabs appeared mythical, though Peter A. vowed that they existed and that they were "quite easy". Much comment was passed on how we were going to just "zoom" down. We appeared to be "zooming" down just about as quickly as we "zoomed" up. Eventually we did reach some nice open slabs and another waterfall. Tonight appeared to be the night to practice abseiling in the dark. We probably practiced more rope skills than those doing the FMR training weekend.

Once at the bottom of the abseil, I remembered I had some spare batteries. I blame my tiredness for it taking me an hour to remember that I had them. But Ashlea was pleased, because the maglite was once again in operation.

The end of the creek was in sight - in the minds eye at least - and we began speculating about whether Paul Hill would be at the campsite to meet us, whether he would have cooked us dinner, and whether he would have the billy gently boiling, ready to produce that cup of tea we were craving. No such luck. After descending the remainder of the creek, and making our way down beside the Barney waterfall on its northern side, we discovered Paul happily asleep. Who can blame him - it was eleven o'clock at night.

The following morning we got going rather slowly. A late breakfast, a few relaxing hours by the creek, and then a couple of hours walking back to the cars, and we were on our way home.

Brett Watson

### TRIP LIST: JULY - SEPTEMBER 1995

If you need to know more information, recruit people for your trip, want to suggest trips for the next trip list, or enter your trip in the outings diary, phone Ashlea (Outings Officer) 371 0196 or 365 6796 or email: ashlea@psych.psy.uq.oz.au

- July 16** Mt Huntley/Sentinel Point A moderate daywalk. A good opportunity to visit scenic Main Range National Park. Ascending up Mt Huntley to the western saddle to Sentinel Point, which is an excellent lookout. Moderate. Contact Brett Watson 365 3982 or 300 1270.
- July 23** Mount Maroon An excellent day trip with close-up views of central Scenic Rim and Mt Barney. If we're all feeling keen we may ascent via Paddy's Plains. Moderate. Contact Ashlea 371 0196 or 365 6796.
- July 22/23/24** Mt Ballow Circuit A hard three day walk. Montserrat Lookout provides wonderful views of Mt Barney. It includes an interesting cross-section of vegetation from eucalypt to rainforest. Hard. Contact Geoff Murphy 808 8733 or 207 5156.
- July 28** NPAC Winter Bush Dance At Assembly Hall of Holland Park State Highschool, Cavendish Road. Starring: "The Villains". Begins at 7.00pm for dancing to start at 7.30pm. Cost is \$10 and supper is provided. Contact NPA office on 367 0878 or Larissa (by 21st July) on 217 7457 or 371 8632.
- July 29/30** Bunya Mountains A lazy (cold?) weekend at Bunya Mountains, northwest of Brisbane. Contact Graham Harden 378 7755 or 877 9430.
- August 02** Meeting The social event of the month. Starts at 7.00pm. Trips discussed. Tea and bikkies and slides. In Clubs and Societies room. Contact Louise 390 1324.
- August 5/6** FMR First Aid Weekend Located at Mt Barney Lodge. Here is an opportunity to get your Senior First Aid certificate, or renew your old one. Cost \$85. Contact Joe Finn on 848 4642 or Glenn Sharrock 378 7755.
- August 12-13** Nature and education walk Experience plants, animals and edibles in SE QLD forests. Contact Graham Harden 378 7755 or 877 9430.
- August 19/20** Long and Short Barrabool Ridges A through walk on the western side of Mt Barney. Includes rockhopping up Barrabool Creek. A bit scrubby, so gaiters or long pants are recommended!! Contact Ashlea 371 0196 or 365 6796.
- Sylvester's Lookout to Mt Cordeaux The Northern Main Range/ Mistake Mountain Region. Intermediate overnight throughwalk requiring navigation skills. Considerable rainforest, but good views of Bare Rock at Sylvester's Lookout. Car Shuttle required. Limit 6 people. Moderate. Book by 13th July so NPWS permits can be organised. Contact Geoff Murphy 808 8733 or 207 5156.
- August 26/27** Cycling Weekend A fun weekend cycling through South western border region of QLD. A Mountain bike or sturdy road bike is needed as dirt roads will be encountered. Contact Larissa Fitzsimmons 217 7457 or 371 8632.
- September 3** Mt Bangalore-Mt Bell At the southern end of the Main Range National Park. The day will include a visit to Bangalore Gorge. It will be exposed and a head for heights would be helpful. Moderate to Hard. Contact Brett 300 1270 or 365 3982.
- September 6** Meeting 7.00pm in Clubs and Societies room. Tea, bikkies and slide show included. Contact Louise 390 1324.
- September 9/10** Minages Mt and Burrumiee Double Peak Superb views. Moderate to Hard throughwalk. Contact Peter Allen 870 2820 or 365 4138.

UQBWC members - Fri Jul 14 16:16:13 EST 1995 - (188 members) Contact Eric Young with corrections/changes.

Name	Phone	Work Phone	Name	Phone	Work Phone	Name	Phone	Work Phone
ABSOLON John			KENAN Anne	366 3653		VAN DER MERVE Jackie	878 5494	
AITKEN Karen	371 3993		KERWICK Carmel	398 5364	343 3877	VERKAAIK Tom	398 5364	
ALLEN Peter	870 2820	365 4138	KETTERINGHAM Tony	870 3373	862 0214	VICKERS Joan	378 6741	365 3187
ANDREWS Vaughan	002 23 1203	002 21 5362	KIRKWOOD Andrew	376 1074		WADELLE Kyeema	871 1039	
ARENDS Hugo	878 9468		KISSEL Susan	870 4473		WATTS Rachael	353 2492	
ASHBOLT Vanessa	366 6923		KRAMER Michelle	371 3469		WALKER Jody	378 1226	
AVERY Elinor	371 7176		KRUEGER Vanessa	371 6427		WATANABE Shigeu	871 1592	
BAHNISCH Michael	201 1207		LAVERY Greg	378 8330	365 3946	WATSON Brett	300 1270	365 3985
BACKERMANS Marja	870 4473		LEIGH Justin	376 4683	376 4233	WATTIE Craig		
BARNETT Chris	378 1963	365 4561	LEVIN Ilse	871 9233		WEST Meg	262 3376	
BARRETT Janine	217 9482	365 2881	LIEN Thanh	871 8584		WILSON Rosanne	263 9491	
BASMAN Regula	217 8609		LOOMIS Katie	217 8530		WOODS Joy	074 41 5899	808 8733
BATTY Sarah	878 1924	221 4392	LU' Wai Kum	0011 852 27149275		WYNER Dana		
BEAL Hilary	377 1352		LUKE Amette	878 5998		YANADA Cathy	871 9261	
BEAL Eleanor	379 6146		LVISI Kerry	3717176		YOUNG Duncan	892 4093	
BEAVIS Celeste	66 4103	365 2924	MAN Yun Tai		365 5888	YOUNG Eric	846 5383	303 3344
BELL Pippa	871 8512		MANNERS Eric	371 5463		YOUNG Jack		
BOORMAN Rob	208 4998		MARX Anthony	878 9814		ZUND Peter	848 5148	
BOWEN Christopher	857 4028	391 4433	MASON Huw	300 6441	857 7088			
BRANDER Rafael	378 5768	365 1136	MELLIFONT Cathy	857 3649				
BRAXTON-SMITH Tony	878 9609	271 2433	MELTZER Anna	870 2090	871 0799			
BROWN John	870 1375		MILLER Duncan	349 0326				
BROWN Lachlan	369 4338	875 7942	MOLITOR Nicole					
BRYANT Andrew	300 2872		MONKS Andrea	262 2220				
BRYANT Rachel	352 6869		MORICEAU Alain	371 0282	268 8546			
BULL Anthony	217 7039		MULLINS Caroline	376 4715				
BULL Inger	217 7039		MULLINS Louise	376 4715				
CANFIELD Colin	06 247 6665		MUNCH Elisabeth	870 4353	365 4729			
CHANG Lambert	869 0246		MURPHY Geoff	207 5156	808 8733			
CHRISTIANSEN Ingrid	374 1969	877 9630	McDERMOTT Lisa					
CHRISTIE Wendy			McFADDEN Andrea	946 5420	287 4845			
COLLIER Janet	371 6880	365 2450	McGRATH Daniel	892 5501				
COLLIS Glen	371 0969	365 2491	McNEILL Kevin	359 0458	365 2242			
COLTHORPE Kay Louise	390 4324	365 1405	McTAVISH Jane	378 7978				
CONNING Dolina	284 6397		NORMAN Phillip	300 2005	371 6677			
COWLEY Robyn	892 3164	365 1457	O'CONNOR Killilee	870 9034				
CRANE Rachel	279 0188		O'NEILL Cath	344 3691				
DALY Marian			O'SULLIVAN Brian	371 1765				
DANCER Robert			O'SULLIVAN Jane	878 9076	365 4811			
DAVIDSON Jane	379 2249		OLOM AN Aidan	870 9593				
DAVIS Loretta	378 9710	365 3394	OSMOND Darren	371 1472				
DEVAR Peter	868 2648		PALELLA Paul	263 2540	870 7078			
DOBBYN Esther	349 9283		PAPPAS Michele	371 7176				
DONDENO Anna			PASSFIELD Sarah	366 4214				
EAGLES Debbie	289 1429		PASSMORE Margaret	871 8554				
EARL Patrick	848 2016		POLLITT Reg	371 7087	844 3411			
ELIAS Helena	367 1580		PONOSUK Sarah	371 3464				
ELMES Michele	002 235 289		PORTER Janice	003 345 232				
EUSTACE Colin	390 1657		QUIRK Rachael					
FAIRFIELD Meredith	371 1721		RANDELL David	217 8609				
FARMER Ron	365 3948		REEVES Ben	353 3708				
FIELD Roseanna	870 0995	856 4006	REVILLE Kylie	371 2946	224 2126			
FITZSIMMONS Larissa	217 7457	371 8632	REX Leigh-Ann	355 6386				
FLYNN Sarah	397 0652		RICHARDSON Scott					
GASTEEN Gayle	366 0736	259 7175	ROBERTS Andrew	878 9728	878 2255			
GOUGH Helen	279 1839		ROEBUCK Rebecca	870 7251				
GOUGH Jenny	279 1839		ROSENAENGEL Andrew	359 6097				
GRECO Sam	395 2367	266 1488	RUBIE Elisabeth	366 7526				
GRIMWADE Michael	371 7889		SALOMONE Joe	350 2387	266 1488			
HAM Letitia	366 3454		SCOTT Michelle	369 1641				
HARDEN Graham	378 7755	877 9430	SEARLE Adina	217 8369				
HARRISON Katie	871 9297		SEAWRIGHT Geoff	870 1400				
HARNSA Katie	871 9297		SELINGER Brad	379 8638				
HARRIS Michelle	358 4267		SHARROCK Glenn	878 9076	365 3687			
HART Andrew	871 9843		SHRIMPTON David	371 3460	365 1539			
HAULETTE Ryan	377 1573		SIBILIN Carla	372 9749				
HENDERSON Brett	371 9470	405 5017	SIMMONDS Ryan	371 3796				
HENZELL Jocelyn	217 8976		SHEK Andrew	377 1510				
HEWGILL Anna	371 5814	365 4805	SMITH Amy	217 8560				
HEYWOOD Jillian	217 8592		SMITH Anthony	390 4324				
HICUOX Jane	871 8698		SMITH Maree	287 6852				
HILL Paul	371 0196		SOUTHEE Kelly	846 5383	221 5366			
HJORRING Curt	371 8632		STEPHENS Anne	217 9715	210 0330			
HODGSON Katherine	2177881		STERZL Kurt	351 1585	365 3985			
HOEPNER Jenny	371 9673		STONE Bree	379 8279				
HOEY Bob	818 3171	227 7796	STUECK Florence					
HOFFMANN Florian	870 4096		STUMP David	371 4452	365 3517			
HOYLE Simon	217 7457	365 2450	TAYLOR Glen	351 5372				
IRELAND Derek	395 3095	844 2244	THIESFIELD Brodie	821 0998	365 4321			
IRELAND Joanna	395 3095	844 2244	TIMMERS Peter	367 2119				
JEACOCKE David	378 7812		TJIA Liam	847 2788				
JENKIN Graham	398 7549	365 4157	TRIMBLE Ryan					
JENKINS Scott	871 9181		TROTH Ashlea	371 0196	365 6796			
JOHNSTON Amanda	349 3410		TRUVILLE Nathan	273 4415				
JOHNSON Rebecca			TWAMLEY Jason					